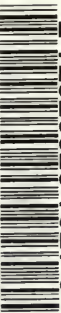


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St. Joseph Lilies

1919: X: 1-26.

Our Lady of Peace
First Class or Lower





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 5, 1919.

NO. 1

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Exorcism.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

SATAN, who didst see the glad creation rise
 'Neath the hands of Him, the solely wise,
Vade retro nobis!

Satan, who wert apple of His eyes,
 Blinded now for evermore with lies,
Vade retro nobis!

Satan, filled with pride and wilfulness,
 Who didst play so sore with God's distress,
Vade retro nobis!

Standing in the glory of the Throne,
 Thou didst think to match it with thine own,
Vade retro nobis!

Satan, gaping on the Cherubim,
 Who didst mock the wistful Seraphim,
Vade retro nobis!

Satan, wandering ever to and fro,
 Plotting, sharing all sublunar woe,
Vade retro nobis!

Satan, lording o'er the nether pit,
 Where the unrelenting legions sit,
Vade retro nobis!

WE are going to eternity as fast as time can bear us. The feasts of Our Lady fly by like the lights upon a line of railroad. Let us watch them well, making them landmarks of grace on our great journey to eternity. Let us keep those feasts now in such a way that the memory of them may hallow our deathbeds and make them peaceful.

—Canon Sheehan.

An Ancient Marian Sanctuary.

BY THE REV. ROBERT BELANEY.



OPPOSITE the sub-Apeninnes, to the northeast of Rome, in the diocese of Tivoli, there rises to the height of about 4000 feet above the level of the sea, a large rocky mountain called Guadagnolo, deriving its name from the small town built on its summit. A little below, on the slope of this mountain, stands the sanctuary of Our Lady of Mentorella. A huge rock on the lower side of it seems to have been placed there to prevent the sanctuary from sliding down into an abyss some thousands of feet deep. This shrine has been celebrated and greatly venerated from the first centuries. The little place, in the earlier annals of the country, bears various names. It is called Vultuilla, Bulturella and Vulturella,—all derived evidently from the Latin root, *mons vulturum* (the mountain of falcons). Even at the present day these birds build their nests in the cliffs of its rocks, where no enemy can reach them.

The traveller who has the courage to ascend the mountain will, if the sublime beauties of nature affect him, feel well repaid for the pain and fatigue of the journey. Not only will he find an ancient basilica of great historical renown, but also a sanctuary of the Mother of God, still the centre of the most fervent devotion of the inhabitants of the twenty odd towns and villages which stud the beautiful

panoramic region that lies around it in the distance.

Among these towns is the far-famed Subiaco, the birthplace of the Benedictine Order, whose members were the founders of that civilization which drove barbarism and ignorance out of Europe. The plateau on which the basilica is built is about fifty metres square, or about 2600 square yards. Though little more than a barren rock, it is rich in precious records for the ecclesiastical historian and the topographer, in spite of the ravages of time and the ruthless hand that has tried to diminish their number and to mutilate their character. The track which leads to it from the valley, at the base of the mountain, can hardly be called a road, though there is no other direct way of reaching the shrine. A mule is the only animal that can be trusted to take one thither. It is amazing to see with what steadiness that sure-footed animal trips along the ledge of a precipice, where one false step would be fatal to it and its rider. But the danger of the ascent is forgotten when one beholds the beauty of the approach to the sanctuary and the grandeur of the scenery for many miles around. Profound veneration seizes the pilgrim as soon as he enters the sacred edifice.

A brief notice of the few things of interest which have escaped the waste of centuries may be welcome to the antiquarian and to many others who can not have the pleasure of visiting the sanctuary. They are prized not so much for their intrinsic worth as for the fact that they explain where the dark veil of oblivion has been thrown over the events of the past.

The property, formerly of much greater extent, belonged to the noble family of the Anici, which holds a distinguished place in history. St. Silvia and her son, St. Gregory the Great, early descendants of this family, made over the property to the Benedictines of Subiaco, by a deed which is still extant. The place at that time, as appears from the document,

was known as Mons Vulturella de S. Maria. According to several historians, the glorious martyr St. Eustachius (called Placidus before his conversion) was the possessor of it.

Placidus was a renowned soldier in the time of Trajan. Baronius is of opinion that he won his distinction in arms by feats of valor and bravery at the siege of Jerusalem, under Titus and Vespasian. He was a keen sportsman and was in the habit of hunting on these high mountains. One day he was pursuing, with his companions, a large stag, and felt an eager desire to capture it. The stag, finding itself almost within his grasp, with a sudden bound planted itself on a rock beyond his reach, and stood right in front of him. Placidus, "instead of making it his prey, became himself the prey of the grace of Christ"; as St. Damascene beautifully expresses it: *In ipsa venatione venatur*. It was there, as is generally supposed, that our Blessed Lord appeared to him between the antlers of the deer.

The spot pointed out as the scene of the apparition is close to the present basilica. Nor is there any reason for doubt in this matter; the tradition has never varied or been disputed. Some traditions, like certain rivers, can not be made to change their course. When Placidus, with his wife and two sons, Agapitus and Thecpiustus, embraced the Christian religion, he often visited this venerated spot, so near and dear to his heart; and it is natural that he should desire to consecrate it by his grateful prayers and devotions. What the place was to him and to his family and retainers, it would be to the other inhabitants of the country as time went on, in an age when Christianity was everywhere making its conquests, and winning innumerable souls throughout the Roman Empire. Hence it was that Mentorella had so great attractions for the Emperor Constantine that he built on the spot a magnificent basilica, which was dedicated to the honor of the Most Blessed Mother of

God, and consecrated by Pope Sylvester.

Brief as the earlier documents are, sufficient information may be gleaned from them to substantiate the traditions that the first basilica was built by Constantine, dedicated to Mary, and consecrated by the above-named pontiff. There is proof that from this time it became celebrated as a sanctuary of Our Lady. There is still existing in the wall where the original altar stood, a reredo carved in wood, of an ancient and antique mould, representing Pope Sylvester surrounded by a number of ecclesiastics in the act of consecrating the temple; and the name of the pontiff is engraven upon it. By his side is the stag with the image of our Saviour between its antlers, as represented in all the ancient pictures. There is nothing to show that this tableau is a work of the first century, but there are sure indications that it was not carved later than the second,—the period from which Christian art, acting in concert with the Christian faith, dates its birth.

Again, our unwritten and written traditions of the early Church in Italy tell us that St. Benedict was born of the noble Anici family, and that before building his monastery at Subiaco he spent some months in a little cave—later converted into a sacred grotto—in the rock, which rises about seventy feet high, within a few steps of the walls of the basilica. For twenty miles round the cave is still viewed, as it ever has been, with great veneration by the people, who at certain times of the year come in crowds to pay their devotion to the Mother of their Lord, as pictured to their simple minds in the sacred image. To that visit of the saint to Mentorella, ecclesiastical tradition attributes the erection of a monastery attached to the church, which for many centuries belonged to the Benedictine Order. In that solitude the religious became the angelic consolors of the multitudes of pilgrims who fled to the sanctuary of Our Lady for protection from the enemies of the faith in times of persecution in Rome.

About the year 1000 A. D. it appears that this property had gone into other hands. We find a noble lady, named Rosa, making it over by a “deed of gift” to the monastery of St. George and St. Andrew in Clivo Scauri, in Rome. The sanctuary of Our Lady is also mentioned in that deed. The above facts are recorded by the Rev. Father Erhard, O. S. B.; and other historians make mention of the wonderful devotion manifested in olden times by all classes, who flocked thither from every part of the globe to pay homage to the Mother of the world’s Redeemer.

The present sanctuary retains little more than a vestige of the first basilica. What it is now architecturally is due to the zealous labors of the celebrated Athanasius Kircher, S. J., a priest of singular piety and extensive erudition, and the founder of the museum in Rome that bears his name. Devoting himself to the study of sacred as well as secular archæology, he travelled over every part of Latium in pursuit of its treasures. On one of his excursions, in the year 1660, he stumbled upon the sanctuary of Mentorella, which had long been abandoned, owing perhaps to the plague of the preceding century. The thought of so venerable a temple’s lying in ruins in the centre of a land which had been trodden by the sacred feet of Christ’s first Vicar, and so long consecrated to His Blessed Mother, was more than he could endure. The begrimed image of Our Lady, which he found buried under the débris, seemed to wear an expression of intense sorrow, as if pleading with him, for her Divine Son’s sake as well as for her own, to replace her dishonored image in her chair, where she might receive and reward the loving homage of her devoted children.

His deep love for Our Blessed Mother, and the memory of the apparition to Placidus, fired Father Kircher with the determination to restore, as far as possible, the temple and its sacred image to their

pristine dignity. For the success of this pious design he did not doubt that Our Lady would intercede for him with her Divine Son. Letters soliciting pecuniary aid were written at once to such persons as he thought might take an interest in the work, and his appeals were most successful.

Father Kircher crowned his work of restoration by a solemn celebration of the great event on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, in 1664. Every village and town within the wide horizon around sent large delegations to take part in the ceremony. On the previous evening thousands of people—old and young, mothers with their children in their arms, maidens and young men supporting their aged and infirm fathers, grandfathers, and grandmothers—gathered together at the foot of the mountain that they might be ready at the first streak of dawn to begin the ascent. As the path then did not allow more than two persons to walk abreast, the line of devout pilgrims extended from the base of the mountain even to the door of the sanctuary.

To see the track, or pathway, by which the long files of pilgrims ascended from the valley to the sanctuary, a stranger would conclude that their first act on reaching the end of the journey would be to sit down, to rest and refresh themselves. Nothing of the kind. They hastened to enter the shrine and prostrate themselves on the cold stone floor, some kissing it, others watering it with their tears. Rapt in prayer, they remained for hours before the altar, at the back of which is the image of Our Lady. In the heavenly joys that filled their souls all the fatigues and perils of the journey were forgotten, and only at midday did they interrupt their devotions to take some refreshment. Night and day the sanctuary resounded with psalms and hymns of praise to God, and with petitions to Mary for her intercession and assistance. As the pilgrims entered the basilica, the sweet face of the Virgin seemed to smile upon them, as if inviting

and welcoming them to her feet, that she might present them to her Divine Son.

After going to confession, all received Holy Communion, and that solemn act concluded the pilgrimage. With this heavenly food to comfort and sustain them, the pilgrims departed for their homes, which some of them did not reach till the evening of the second day. For long afterward they could think and speak of nothing but the delightful hours passed at the ancient shrine of Our Lady of Mentorella.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for your reward is very great in heaven.—ST. MATT., v, 10-12.

I.—THE SUMMONS.

A BOISTEROUS evening in March in the year of grace 1601. A wild northeast wind, sweeping up from the sea, rages like a hurricane through the exposed streets of the Old Town elinging round the rock which bears aloft the ancient castle of Edinburgh. Some malignant spirit might possess the stormy gale, for it seems bent on mischief; it rushes fiercely through the main street, whirls round corners, rattles windows, whistles shrilly through door and window crevices, leaps in gusts down wide chimneys of low-roofed dwellings, and drives back pungent clouds of smoke into many an angle-nook, where honest folk were hoping to have enjoyed rest and comfort after the day's toil.

High Street, the main thoroughfare, shows little sign of life, though it is but six of the clock. It is growing dark, and gleams of light are showing from windows imperfectly shrouded by their wooden coverings. The lanterns slung at rare

intervals from creaking poles have been lighted as usual, but the officious wind has extinguished many. Their custodian may well leave the task for the wind to finish; he need scarcely trouble to venture out at nine, as his duty requires, to make all safe for the night.

It is by no means an inviting prospect for any wayfarer to force his way along the deserted street; yet one appears in sight from the direction of the Lawn-market. It is with difficulty that he manages to struggle against the gale, or even to keep his footing when some more than usually fierce gust assails him. Yet, with his cloak drawn closely round him, he perseveres on his way, swinging himself from time to time round the corner of some wynd for a breathing space. On one of these occasions he draws a paper from his dress, and studies it as best he may by the feeble flicker of a street lamp. Then, once more wrapping his ample cloak around him, he struggles on. Soon he reaches the locality he is seeking. He turns down the narrow entry of a close, and, counting carefully the doors of the small houses as he passes along the dark lane, he stops before one of them, and knocks cautiously,—not so loudly as to arouse the attention of neighbors, but distinctly enough to attract notice from within.

The door opens into the ordinary living-room of the house. Near the hearth are grouped a little family circle. Adam Sybald, a working goldsmith—a splendidly built man of forty,—is seated on a bench under the wide bow of the overhanging chimney. Adam is a fine specimen of sturdy manhood. His ruddy, handsome face, with its short curling brown beard, is lighted by keen dark eyes and crowned by a thick growth of curly hair, which falls over his wide collar behind. Janet, his wife, sits a little way from the hearth; she is some years younger, evidently, though there are lines on her forehead and round her grey eyes which speak of anxieties unbefitting a woman still youth-

ful. In spite of her grave expression and inordinate paleness, there is a certain beauty in the delicate face and the gentle patience written there. She wears the customary dress of working folk,—a dark gown with white kerchief folded over the bosom, a small coif of white linen almost entirely concealing the strands of black hair drawn loosely away from her face. She is busy with her distaff in preparation for spinning.

Farther away from the fire, behind the mother's straight-backed chair, two small children are busy with some engrossing game. The elder is a boy of about eight; the other, a tiny girl, almost an infant. Both are strikingly like their father in feature and coloring. An older girl of about twelve is kneeling down by the spinning-wheel, adjusting it for use. She is like neither Adam nor his wife; her flaxen hair and deep blue eyes have nothing in common with the man's brown locks and Janet's still darker tresses. The little Katie and eight-year-old Davie are the youngest of a large family. Between Davie and Rob, the eldest, aged fifteen, many little ones were born, only to take flight to heaven after baptism. The elder girl bears no relationship to the family. Elsie is the orphan daughter of a dear dead friend, Marion Bowie. Janet Sybald had brought her up from infancy as tenderly as her own bairns. To the little ones she is an elder sister; their childish simplicity knows nothing of her real parentage.

Man and wife are talking together in low tones, unheeded by the children at their play, when the quiet knock at the door makes itself heard. For the moment there is a kind of startled silence. Both glance towards the door and then at each other. A look of fear springs into Janet's eyes. The man, better able to control his emotions, shows, nevertheless, a trace of anxiety, as he rises to answer to the summons. For they have been speaking of matters which in that troublous time might bring swift punishment for their mere mention.

In a second or two Adam has recovered his normal calm, and, striding to the door, takes down the bar which secures it. Though he opens it cautiously enough, a fierce blast of wind rushes in, almost driving¹ before it a man swathed closely in his cloak. A cloud of smoke fills the room, as the door is closed and barred again. When the atmosphere is clear, the newcomer stands revealed with hat and cloak removed,—a youth of about twenty. His face, though flushed with his recent strenuous exertion, is somewhat thin and careworn. A sparse beard and mustache of tawny yellow fringe cheeks and upper lip. His rather worn doublet and breeches are fashioned more like the dress of a serving-man than of an artisan such as Adam; their texture, too, is of finer make.

The man salutes his hosts with some courtesy, and, at Adam's bidding, seats himself near the fire. Then, after a careful glance round the room and a survey of its occupants, he leans towards Adam, and in a low voice delivers his message.

"Master Burnet'd have ye know," he said, "that he's staying in the city twa, three days. There'll be preaching Friday and Saturday at Mistress Monnypenny's in the Canongate, about two o' the clock each morn. He's biding with Christian Guthrie in Beck's Close,—maybe ye know the house?"

Adam nodded assent.

"If ye'd wish to speak with him," the visitor continued, "ye can go up into his chamber any night after dark. Ye'll find a bit ladder round at the back; and if ye see a light in the chamber above, ye'll know Master Burnet's free. If all's dark, or if the ladder is set up against the window, ye must bide a while. He'll either be away or there'll be another with him already."

"What about the mistress, here?" asked Adam, in cautiously guarded tone, "an' the biggest lassie? They canna' weel climb the ladder."

"Master Burnet'll see them before the preaching, to be sure. 'Tis but men and lads he'll allow in the chamber."

"Then that's a' right," was Adam's reply. "My biggest loon an' me'll go to the preachin' Saturday, an' to Guthrie's chamber Thursday night. The wife and the lassie'll be there Friday."

"Well, well," summed up the messenger; "then all's settled. I'll ask my master to be good enough to see yourself and the lad Thursday about seven o' the clock,—will I?"

"Surely, if ye'll be sae kind," said Adam. "But I didna ken as Robbie Guthrie was wi' us."

"Robbie's nae Catholic, true; but a harmless body enough. He'll deny the wife nothing in reason; and he's not ignorant, ye may be sure, of her belief."

He rose as he spoke and began to resume his shrouding cloak.

"Will ye no bide a while by the fireside?" asked Janet, kindly.

"No, no, I thank ye, mistress," was the answer. "I've others to warn before night sets in. I'd best be stirring."

So, with kindly greeting, he departed, slipping out quietly and swiftly through the door which Adam opened for him, into the obscurity of the windy close.

As man and wife sat down again by the hearth, their minds naturally harked back to the subject of their previous conversation.

"'Twas wonderful, indeed," remarked Adam,—and Elsie, the fair-haired foster-child, with the assured air of sharing all family secrets, sat down by Janet's side to listen. "Just as we were speakin' aboot St. Benedict's Day, and how it was kept in my young days by the monks, who should come but yon priest's loon to bid us to the feast! For Saturday will be the twenty-first day o' March,—the very day he went to heaven. That's why I said sae readily I'd gae to the preachin' Saturday, mysel', and ye and the lassie o' Friday."

"So that was why ye fixed it thus!" cried Janet. "I couldna' understand why ye should make up y'r mind sae readily."

"Aye, aye, that was the reason. Ye'll no mind the monks, maybe; ye bided

too far off, and ye'd be but a wee lassie then. But when I was a little loon, such as Davie yonder, there'd be four or five o' them still biding at New Abbey. The laird—he was a Maxwell—had been reared in the monastery and taught by the monks; he loved the place too well to suffer any casting down o' the buildings, as was done elsewhere. So the country round about was never wanting priests long after Parliament had put doon religion; my mither'd take me on a Sunday to the preaching and all, just as if there'd been no change made. And the monks were fine men,—fearless and full of life. I mind one o' them putting his hand on my head and telling me to be always a good loon and say my *Ave*, and never give up the Faith I was christened in, spite of all threats and wiles, but to hold firm to it till death. Aye, and I mean to do that! No man shall force me to deny my Faith, though he tear me to pieces!"

And in his energy he struck a sounding blow on the settle where he was seated.

Little David, startled by the noise and his father's uplifted voice, glanced up apprehensively from his play.

"What's to do wi' daddy?" he cried in his shrill treble.

"Nothing, nothing, dearie!" said his mother reassuringly, as his father's ready smile gleamed out; and the laddie turned again to his game.

"The child's over quick, I reckon," half-whispered Janet. "'Twill be hard to keep him from talking to the neighbors' bairns about religion, when he gets a bit older. He's a good laddie, and loves to say his *Ave*; bless him!"

"Never fear, wife," Adam answered resolutely. "The loon's canny enough to mind all ye tell him. He'll keep his own counsel, ye'll see; and Rob'll set him good enough example."

Then they drifted off into recollections of Adam's childhood, spent near the once famous Cistercian Abbey in Galloway,—New Abbey, or, as its more popular title ran, "Sweetheart," from the embalmed

heart therein enshrined of the beloved husband of the Lady Devorgilla, who had founded the monastery three centuries before. When all other such holy places were wrecked and ruined by fanatical opponents of the ancient Faith of which they had been the strongholds, many of the monks, through the protection of powerful nobles, still clung to their old home, and kept alive for well-nigh half a century the practice of the Catholic religion among the people of that countryside. Even as Adam was speaking—although, perchance, he was not aware of it—one of their number was still avoiding the attempts of Presbyterian authorities to seize and imprison him, and continued to say Mass and administer the Sacraments to a faithful remnant there.

The Catholics who clung to their Faith in Scotland at that day, did so under grievous conditions. The Government, stirred up to fresh animosity by Presbyterian hatred of "Popery" and all its belongings, had at the period of which we write shown still greater energy than before in seeking out and punishing with the rigors of the iniquitous laws passed at the Reformation, all practising Catholics of any importance, trusting that fear of the consequences would restrain those of lower social rank.

Priests were few indeed: a mere handful of brave missionaries were the sole spiritual helpers of distressed Catholics. They lurked in hiding-places, at the risk of liberty or even life, to labor for their brethren. In spite of cruel and unjust laws, threatening seizure of goods, imprisonment, banishment, and death should they dare to return from exile, they did not shrink from any dangers or hardships in pursuance of their sacred calling. Frequently were they able to bring back from apostasy those whom weakness had caused to fall away, and still more frequently did they prevent by timely aid such impending lapses.

One such courageous priest now venturing to the aid of the hidden Catholics

of Edinburgh was Father Alexander McQuhirrie, a Jesuit. For reasons of caution, he often passed under the name of Burnet. It was his serving-man who had just visited the Sybalds, with the information that Mass would be said on two successive mornings that week in the house of wealthy Catholics. It was but part of a necessary precaution—persisted in to some extent by the Catholics of two centuries later—that Mass and confession were not openly alluded to; “prayers” or “preaching” stood for the former, and “speaking to him” for the latter.

“And right glad I am, wife,” was Adam’s summing up of the conversation, “that I’m able to make my Easter on St. Benedict’s Day. I mind well how the monks treasured his memory,—the old ancient saint that started them hundreds of years since. ’Tis thankful I am for the grace!”

A louder knocking at the door sounded, accompanied by a cheery whistle.

“There’s Rob!” both father and mother exclaimed in concert.

Adam opened the door without delay, and in ran a fine, tall lad of fifteen, greeting all with boisterous glee. His parents as well as Elsie and the little ones, beamed with pleasure at the sight of him. His face was featured like his father’s; but he had dark locks, like his mother’s, though with him they were a mass of curls; he had her dark grey eyes, too.

“What’s ado, laddie?” asked Adam, as the boy seated himself on a stool by the fire, with one little bairn on either side of him, and Elsie’s blue eyes shining a welcome, as he smiled at her affectionately. “Why out of doors at this hour? ’Tis near bedtime, surely.”

“Nay, nay, father,” he laughingly cried. “We’re no such early birds at the Bailie’s. Elspeth wouldna rest till I was willing to bring ye tidings of Master Burnet—and the Mass,” he added in a lower tone.

“Eh, laddie!” cried his mother. “But the loon’s just left that was sent to bid us come.”

“Then he found the house all right!” said the boy. “Elsbeth was feared he wouldna understand her directions. So that’s well!”

“I’ll tell ye now, Rob,” his father remarked. “I promised that ye’d go wi’ mysel’ to see Master Burnet Thursday night, and Saturday to preaching.”

“Right!” was Rob’s answer.

“Begin y’r prayers soon, laddie,” advised the careful mother, “so as to be well prepared.”

“Aye, mother!” he said. And in his dark eyes glowed a fire that spoke of deep faith, and more than boyish courage to profess it.

“I’ll lie here Friday night,” Rob continued; “and then father and I’ll be ready good time for starting. And Mistress Agnes bid me tell ye, if I happened to see ye, that she’ll come i’ the morn to teach the bairns their book?”

“That’s all right, laddie. I’ll be ready and waiting for her.”

“Well, now ’tis time ye were away,” said Adam. “Ye’ll find the Bailie’s door steeked against ye, if ye dinna take care.”

“No fear o’ that,” laughed the boy. “’Tis but a bit past seven yet. They’re nae such early folk.”

But he obeyed on the instant, kissing his mother and the two bairns, and patting Elsie on the cheek, before he followed his father to the door and vanished into the night.

“Come, Davie and Katie!” the mother called to them. “Kneel and say y’r prayers before y’re bedded.”

The little ones obeyed with much gravity, kneeling on either side, with clasped hands resting on their mother’s knee, Davie led, and Katie joined in *Pater* and *Ave*,—all in broad Scots. Then Davie said his *Credo* and *Confiteor*, his Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition, with a concluding prayer for “father, mother, Rob, Elsie, Katie, and Mistress Agnes. Then, kneeling at their father’s feet, their brows were signed with the cross, as “father’s blessing” was invoked

upon each; afterwards, under Elsie's guidance, they retired for the night.

"'Tis rare and considerate of Mistress Agnes," remarked Adam, when the children had left, "to busy hersel' wi' the bairns as she does. She'll make scholars o' them, ye'll see!"

"She's a kind and gentle maiden, bless her!" said Janet. "Few young damsels of her degree would trouble about poor folks' bairns. May the good God reward her for it all!"

(To be continued.)

The Exiled Piper.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE piper who was hungry he was dreaming
of the deep,

The sea that's like a meadow still with azure
blooms asleep.

He was dreaming of the beaches wide that spread
like sounding brass,

The torn nets flung for drying on the needles of
the grass.

The piper who was hungry he was thinking of
the noon,—

The noon upon the waters that is fuller than the
moon.

He was thinking of the silence of the sunrise sea
at morn,

And of the village in the bend where he a youth
was born.

The piper who was hungry he was sick for clouds
of gray,

For taste of brine upon his lips and for the sting
of spray.

And he was sick for sight of blue—the blue of
paradise,—

Oh, what can feed an Irish heart like sight of
Irish skies?

The piper who was hungry he loosed without his
door

The caged gull that was drooping for the dancing
wave once more;

And the soul of him went yearning with its flight
across the foam,

For beyond the streams and mountains lay the
little hills of home.

A Little Soldier of Christ.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

FOREWORD.

THE road to Posillipo skirts the shore of that world-renowned, much-sung bay which all nations and all ages have agreed to call the loveliest in the world,—the blue bay of voluptuous Naples. Along the delicate elliptic curve, tiny waves wash into life the sand or outstanding rock. Villas and gardens extend in green profusion from the hilltop to the water's edge, mingling sweet perfumes of flowers with the soft breath of the sea. Opposite, across the bay, rises Vesuvius. At night a crimson light burns in the crest of it, like a circlet of molten rubies. But a yet more wonderful hour is that following sunset, when the placid bosom of the gulf spreads at the foot of the volcano in flakes of turquoise, through which plays the iridescence of the opal. The great of imperial Rome once had summer palaces and sumptuous gardens in this spot of incredible delights. All this should be said, for it is an integral part of the lives of those who see and hear and breathe upon that enchanted shore.

On the road to Posillipo one of the villas stands back a little, on the sheltered side, where the green-clad hill bars the winds from the north. An avenue of trees leads from the gate to the door; and palm trees and roses flourish together around the house as they do about the nestling white villas of the Riviera. You enter a marble hall, with tall chairs of antique style ranged around it, and that typical atmosphere of the Italian dwelling familiar in history and in romance. A cool drawing-room, of stately proportions and of the same dignified and indescribable charm, opens beyond it.

Here, in this beautiful home and amid the beautiful surroundings with which God had favored him, a child, whose soul was even more beautiful, lived out his

short and perfect life. One with the vivid and picturesque Southern people among whom he was born, their thoughts, their warm emotions, their sweet tongue were his. He was a child of the aristocracy, which is not at all the same thing as being a child of wealth. For while the child of wealth is only too often pampered, spoiled, and ill-mannered, the child of the aristocracy, whether wealthy or not wealthy, is most carefully bred and educated, is totally unspoiled, and sedulously trained in courtesy and consideration for others. This, at least, is the Italian ideal. And the charming, refined simplicity and innocence of the child is most jealously guarded.

Livio Capece Galeota was descended from one of the families of which it used to be said that of Three C's was the whole nobility of Naples made up: Caracciolo, Caraffa, and Capece. The latter had their origin in the tenth or twelfth century, and in the fourteenth were lords over a half-score feudal dependencies. Many men of their house took the Cross and went forth to battle for the Holy Land under their own banners, across which the waves of silver-blue (heraldry insists upon this particular hue of "azure shot with silver") undulated upon an argent field. Later they boasted distinguished representatives in every field of leadership,—bishops, captains, and ambassadors. Through his mother, Livio inherited the old, proud historic past of the Colonnas of Rome, so famous in Medieval story. Some strain of the old blood passed into the boy's generous veins; and to it no doubt he owed, at least in some measure, the dominant and imperious trait which marked his character. He was an intelligent, active, robust boy, and a happy and rather noisy one. But the matter of supreme interest in this little life of seven summers is that, before he was five years old, he had fallen in love "desperately and irretrievably" with that adorable elder Brother, who Himself loved children so much that He said the Kingdom of Heaven was for such as they.

We do not propose to tell the story of Livio's life. His mother, an admirable mother, will tell it so much better than we could; for none knew better or more intimately than she did that brave, resolute, joyous, and exquisitely open spirit, so lovable in its sweetness and candor, and so rare in its high spiritual quality. She does not make any claim for him save that he was "spotlessly innocent." And elsewhere: "He did try so hard to be good, and did not always succeed. But perhaps his divine Friend permitted this." The wonderful thing is the child's love for this divine Friend. He never forgets Him, never overlooks Him. He is continually writing Him little letters, delicious in their confidence. And from the time he begins to know Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, he becomes infatuated with the mystery; his whole soul turns to it; it grows to be his central and chief motive force. This at an age when he was in very truth an infant. For if you will look around you at the children who are five years old, or six years old, you will realize how much a baby a child of that age still is. He is full of the impulse of play, full of sudden and unexpected mischief and pranks. In the midst of the best behavior he will begin to skip or run, even in church, or to speak aloud there, and you are never quite sure of him. But this boy, who was thoroughly a boy and a very real and objective one, forgot even his play with his brothers in the garden when the thought of his Friend in the Eucharist came uppermost in his mind.

He was a very beautiful child, with large, thoughtful eyes that looked, sometimes brown and sometimes of a green-gray, the genuine shade of hazel. His expression was bright, and alert, with a suggestion of mirth at the corners of the lips, in spite of their teasing sweetness and of their firmness. The whole countenance—brow and mouth and resolute chin,—intensely noble in its modelling, held more than the promise: it showed,

even in the chubbiness of infancy, the actual presence of strong character. That is why those who loved him chose well the motto for the silver-edged memorial card from which the manly, happy little face smiles out: "A little but strong soldier of Christ." And, in reality, his will be the privilege of those who go forth from among us in all their loveliness and innocence—namely, that, as a matter of fact, they never die. He will live on in his radiant and jocund beauty, a child of seven, tossing his curls in the golden sunshine, and shaming older and colder souls by the sublime and ingenuous passion of his own heart. The little lover now has found Him whom he sought. But people will go on cherishing the bright and sweet childish presence as though he still moved and spoke and was tangible—such a real little fellow, and so natural—in their very midst. And he will cheer and console many others who, their paths of life lying too far apart, could not tread, even if they would, the enchanted road to Posillipo. His mother speaks.

Ad majorem Dei gloriam.

I.—A BRIEF DAY.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Our little Livio, the sixth of our children, was born on the 30th of November, 1910, in a villa near Vitulazio. On the following day the aged pastor baptized him in our own chapel. Lovely even from the first, Livio grew ever more attractive, and was soon the preferred darling of all. Pretty, gay, intelligent, he filled the whole house with his happiness.

When he was nineteen months old, he fell very seriously sick and his life was despaired of. We could not bear the thought of losing him: the mere idea was as death to us; but the Lord gave us strength, and we bowed our heads.

A physician summoned from Naples found his condition extremely grave but not hopeless; he proposed removing him to the city by auto, as in Naples he could

have better care. I promised our Blessed Lady of Pompeii that I would bring Livio to her shrine of the Rosary, to thank her, if she would cure him. And certainly the vow must have been pleasing to her; for, after a few days passed in a critical state, he began to improve and was soon quite well again.

When he was about the age of three his beauty had developed into something altogether out of the common: a form of the loveliest mould, the head of an angel covered with golden curls, eyes limpid as heaven, a smile that was at once sweet and mischievous, and such an open expression! When he went down the road of Posillipo in his little blue cape and his white felt hat, the women would call one another to the doors to see him pass. "Here he comes!" they would say one to the other.

But the angelic and alluring features were only the outward expression of something far more precious—his soul, which was opening up like a fresh and fragrant flower in the first rays of the sun. His character began early to manifest its salient traits: an immense wish to be good in spite of the tendency to domineer, a very firm will, and a great fear of displeasing God. Preferred by all, indeed spoiled by his sisters, he would instinctively have claimed everything for himself; but he learned early to give way to others and to do violence to himself.

He was about four years old when, seeing his brothers and sisters approach the Sacrament of Penance, he, too, desired to go into the "little house," as he called the confessional; and he made his first confession at the age of four. His first act upon entering the confessional was to deposit his hat with all simplicity upon the confessor's knees;¹ and the Father having given him two "Hail Marys" to say for his penance, Livio was of opinion that one would be enough.

¹ In many parts of Italy it is customary for men and boys to approach the confessional from the front and to kneel before the priest.

From that time on the dear little one began to take his share in the life of the older children. He used to go to confession every week; and he was admitted into the ranks of the children adorers of the Blessed Sacrament, who meet every first Thursday of each month in the chapel of the Sisters of Our Lady of Hope. He was quite the youngest of them all, being only four and a half. Once, during the instruction, he burst out into violent weeping, and insisted upon leaving the chapel and upon being taken home, at all costs. I was obliged to leave the others there and to do as he wished. And only after we had reached home did he confess the cause of his desolation. "The priest," he stammered out between sobs, "said that children are often naughty and disobedient and that they make Jesus unhappy. I don't want to hear him any more!" He had taken wholly to himself the good Father's remarks.

Little by little the desire to make his first Holy Communion began to possess him; and when his brothers and sisters went up to the Holy Table, he would mingle in with them, and go and kneel, with his little hands folded, at the foot of the altar. Nobody took his action seriously. "You are too young," some one said to him.—"And too wilful," added his brothers.

Once only the priest who was to say Mass, merely to satisfy the child, told him that next time he, too, should receive Holy Communion. Livio believed him, and did not forget the promise; but when next time he saw himself passed by—oh, how much he wept! It was a regular storm of passion. And yet—mystery of the soul of a child!—who will ever understand it? Who could say if only his thwarted will was the cause of his weeping, or that immense, unappeased desire in him, his ardent wish to receive Our Lord,—a wish called forth by Jesus Himself, the Friend of little ones, and not understood, and combated by others?

Oh, the little ones! How often it does

happen that they are misunderstood! How little they are considered! And how ill they are interpreted! While God takes such pleasure in them and places His delight in those hearts that are so pure, men are inclined to regard children more as inanimate objects than as living beings. They consider the care of their bodies necessary—and the souls? "Leave them vegetate," is the common expression; "do not oppress them." And that is a minor evil in comparison with the scandals by which their great innocence, the supreme beauty of childhood, is contaminated.

"But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. . . . Take heed that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father who is in heaven." (St. Matt., xviii, 6, 10.)

But when the eyes of Jesus have rested upon one of these flowers—some blossom which He has forechosen from all eternity to adorn the celestial gardens,—then He Himself takes care to cultivate it; He converses heart to heart with the soul of His predilection, and causes it, all unknown to those who surround it, to penetrate the secrets of His infinite love.

Livio was growing up vigorous, handsome, and very lively. Gay and bright as he was, he soon began to take an interest in his brothers' lessons; and he endeavored to learn to spell, and applied himself earnestly to the task of forming pen-strokes. His ambition, naturally, was to do whatever he saw the older boys doing.

One day he decided to write a letter—to Jesus in heaven. He asked me to take down what he would dictate, as he wanted to go over the words with his pen:

"DEAR JESUS:—When am I coming to heaven? Papa has gone out. Mamma helped me to write it. My little brothers and sisters are at home, and so is mamma. There is a picture of papa and Giuseppe

[the oldest brother]. If I say the 'Hail Mary' for papa every day, then I go out, and so do my brothers. Anna [the little sister next to him in age] is sleeping.

"THY LIVIO."¹

These are his first confidences to Jesus in writing. He spent the whole morning going over the pencilled words with his pen; and when, with the greatest care, he had finished the little missive, he went and hid it in the chimney. The following day, to his great satisfaction, the letter was gone. After this for several days he was seen to go every morning to look for the answer, but it did not come at once. When at length he found the little envelope in the chimney, he stood as though turned to stone. Pale, motionless, his eyes never left it. In his innocence he believed that it was our Blessed Lord who had come down in person to deposit a message in the fireplace.

"You take it," he said to me, his voice gone, and weeping with emotion. And he waited, breathless, for me to read it to him. That little letter was his joy. He made me read it over and over again, and then went and hid it carefully away, for fear his brothers should get hold of it.

This first success encouraged him to write back again immediately to his divine Correspondent. But he wanted to be able to do it all himself; so he set about learning to write in good earnest, and with so much patience and perseverance that very soon he was able to put his words together. He had uncommon strength of will; and once he had determined to do a thing, as long as he succeeded in doing it, no labor, however great, seemed to him to matter. In saying this I do not mean to hold him up as a perfect pattern. No: he was not different from the majority of children of his age; he, too, had his caprices, his little rebellions, and slight

disobediences. But if you could only succeed in staying his thoughts upon Our Lord, and upon the sorrow that wayward children cause Him, oh, then indeed he quieted down immediately and was restored to good behavior!

Poor little fellow! He wanted so much to be good! "But I can't do it!" he often exclaimed, full of discouragement at his little shortcomings. Yet Our Lord must have been pleased with his efforts; for He assisted and rewarded him with sensible proofs of His divine grace. Jesus loves children so much! . . .

Livio had realized this predilection of Christ for little children. One day some person said to him that Jesus had no use for him, because he was too young and too bad. "Big people are bad," he answered resolutely, "and Jesus loves the little ones, more." His faith was great, and his confidence in God so profound it would have struck even an unbeliever. He had recourse to Our Lord with the absolute certainty that he would be heard and answered; and, in truth, he ended by obtaining many graces.

One day he sat at the table studying. There was a small altar of the Sacred Heart in the room, with a nice statue, which the little girls had adorned with fresh flowers. One of them noticed that Livio was studying diligently,—more so than usual. "What is the meaning of this miracle to-day?" she asked in sport. "Because when I study well," the dear child replied with candor, "the Sacred Heart smiles at me."

How much I wish that I could remember many similar occurrences in his life! Often I thought that I would make a note of the things he said; but the fear that he might notice what I was doing, and that I should be the cause of his losing his unconscious simplicity, always held me back. And yet no day passed but some new stroke of the brush went to increase the beauty of that picture which was so soon to be finished.

¹ A peculiar, untranslatable charm of these little letters is that he addresses his divine Friend in the second person singular: "*Tu*," "*Tuo*"—"Thou," "Thy,"—a mode of extraordinary sweetness and intimate tenderness:

Colonel Temple's Nieces.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.

COLONEL TEMPLE laid down his cigar with great care, as became a bachelor and likewise a housekeeper. Ordinary persons might have dropped the lighted end on the tablecloth; but Colonel Temple carefully found an ash receiver, and then looked out at the lilacs and sighed. The lilacs were budding in the small garden at the back of his dining room, and all of a sudden he felt very lonely. He had reached the age of sixty; he had been recalled from his retirement to perform some special war work in Washington, but this was all over now. He looked at the cross glittering in the sunset over the oaks between him and the little town of Sherbrooke, and felt all of a sudden out of tune with life. That the Colonel had ceased to smoke was a sign of the deepest depression. The shadows falling on the golden cross added to his feeling of dislike for the world; and yet his part in the world, from the material point of view, was not at all bad. He had a reasonable income, even after all the taxes had been subtracted; he had an agreeable, old-fashioned house, with a big lawn in front and a pleasant lilac walk at the back. He had a good cook, which to-day is almost a sign of opulence,—and yet he looked unhappily out of the window and said to his old friend, Major Whitford, who was drawing heavily at a briarwood pipe, at the opposite side of the table: "At my age, if a man has no wife and children, he ought at least to have a religion."

"I've always told you so," replied Major Whitford, stuffing the big bowl of his briarwood with a new wedge of tobacco. "I've been a Catholic, as you know, ever since my marriage thirty-five years ago; and it has been the only consolation I have had when the bottom seemed to drop out

of life. Now, Martha always says that the great solace of religion is not when you have a great sorrow or a great disappointment, but when life suddenly becomes a dull, gray, hopeless kind of thing."

"I wish your Martha were here now," said the Colonel. "But I suppose if she weren't visiting the children in New York, you wouldn't be here. Married men are so wretchedly selfish. They have no time to sacrifice even to their oldest friends. I'd like to hear Martha talk on the subject of religion. It was a good thing in the army. Those Roman chaplains could always be appealed to at any rough moment,—and we had some rough ones. I suppose, for discipline, the Catholic Church is the best of them all, but beyond that I know nothing about it; though I did knock a big bully down once for telling lies about a priest. I was off duty then and in mufti, so it turned out all right."

"You've leisure now" (Major Whitford paused to jam the recalcitrant tobacco in tighter) "to study the subject: why don't you do it?"

The Colonel glared at him.

"Do you expect me to begin by reading at my age the New Testament, the Koran, the Vedas, and even the Christian Science proclamations? In fact, I am too old to study anything; one of the most joyous reasons I had for leaving West Point was that I did not have to improve my mind any longer."

"Well," returned Major Whitford, "go and hear sermons in St. Andrew's yonder."

"What good would that do?" retorted the Colonel. "I have gone and heard a lot of sermons, assuming that everybody knew all the allusions in them, and was already convinced of everything the priest said."

The Major gained time by slowly drinking his cup of coffee, and inquiring whether there was any *crème de menthe*. He supposed the Colonel had something left in the house, in spite of the fever for drinking which the coming of Prohibition had plainly forced on even the temperate. The Colonel had the liquor, and the maid

came in bringing it properly *frappé*. The Major had gained time. He was not much of an apostle. He felt that the Colonel needed religion, above all the Catholic religion. But he wished Martha were here; any attempt of his to convert the Colonel might drive him away; theology was such a delicate matter!

"Why haven't you tried to teach me something about religion, Bill, in all these years?" The Colonel asked this question with an apparently fierce gleam in his blue eyes, and he curled his white mustache violently.

"I've always tried to teach you by example," the Major answered meekly.

"You have been an unholy failure then," retorted the Colonel.

"Martha says," observed the Major, quite willing to change the subject, "that you have two charming nieces living alone in New York, wearing themselves out with Red Cross work. She says that they are rather devout young women, and very nice, too. Why don't you send for them?"

"To tell the truth, Bill, I was thinking of that,—at least I was thinking of sending for Alfreda; she's the elder. They're cousins, you know,—daughters of my two dead sisters. Alfreda, in fact, has suggested herself. It seems she is engaged to a young chap, who has suddenly developed tendencies. She does not believe in mixed marriages; and she'd like to come to this quiet place, as she says, to think it over. I quote from her letter received to-day. She 'wants to commune with her own soul; lead the interior life'; and she thinks that it might be done here very effectively, as she understands that I am rather a quiet person, who was very fond of her mother. She adds that she is a tolerant person, and will not interfere with any religious prejudices of mine, since she expects to be entirely free herself. The other niece, Marie, is rather a pretty girl, too; and very amiable, your wife says; but I think I'll try Alfreda first, as she seems to be the more religious, and will probably argue me into something or other.

At any rate, when you have gone to join that wife of yours, this house will be so lonely that I believe I'll commit suicide, if I don't have somebody here."

The Major looked around at the walls of the comfortable, amber-tinted dining room, with the clusters of yellow-shaded candles and late narcissus on a shining tablecloth. The Colonel had spared no pains in making that dining room as bright as possible.

"It's a mighty good house," the Major said. "I shouldn't mind having one like it myself. But Martha, you know, prefers to be a transient, and to move into any rented house that suits her. I am a little that way myself."

"I wouldn't mind following good golf around the world, if one couldn't get it here; and sometimes I think I'll start on a journey to follow the track of the strawberries, ending somewhere in the North where you can get them in November; but we are talking nonsense. The main thing is how am I to get out of this wretched, desolate, blue state of mind. Sometimes I lie awake at night, and wonder where I'd be if I died. You remember that dissolute old regent, the Duke of Orleans, said to a very disreputable friend: 'If there should be a world beyond this, we should be awfully sold, shouldn't we?' Well, I'm sure there is a world beyond this; but I can't grasp any hand that is likely to lead me to the gate of it, or help me to solve the problem of what I am to believe about it all. Oh, I know what you are going to say, Bill! You are going to say that I ought to find some consolation over there in the Episcopal church, which was my father's and mother's. But whatever Dominic Mulford or his successor did for them, the present man only deluges us with talks on civic duty, and the atrocities of the Hun, and the gospel of success, and self-help in business for young men, and that sort of thing. It does not help me at all, though a lot of his parishioners rave about him."

Major Whitford was silent. He felt

rather shy. He was not a man who wore his heart on his sleeve, or who had great fluency in expressing his inner sentiments. He gulped down the remainder of the *crème de menthe*, choked a little to gain time, and then said in a still small voice:

"Did it ever occur to you to pray?"

"No," said the Colonel, frowning, as if his friend had been impertinent,—“no,” he repeated. “I haven’t prayed for years, since I was caught in an *impasse* in the Philippines; and then I could not remember anything except the first four of the Ten Commandments. Oh, I’m not laughing! I knew the Lord’s Prayer, but I couldn’t say it by heart now.”

“You prayed all the same,” said the Major, softly.

“Oh, you’re too literal! I *meant* to pray, I will admit; but no staunch Protestants of my acquaintance would admit that kind of thing as a prayer.”

“I don’t know about that.”

The Major saw that his old friend was very much in earnest. He had nothing to say. He determined to ask Martha, who had the reputation of securing anything reasonable through her prayers, to make a novena for the salvation of the Colonel; he himself—he resolved, but did not say so—would assist.

“But why don’t you send for the Catholic niece, Marie Delberg? She’s not the prettier, but Martha says she is very gentle and sympathetic.”

“Oh, that’s not what I want!” answered the Colonel, irritably. “Alfreda, I judge from her letter, is a militant person; she doesn’t like to be called a Protestant, because she’s a High Church Anglican. I judge that she will leave me no peace until I hear all the arguments possible for a form of religion which at least seems to be the kind a gentleman can adopt. My father always said that no gentleman could be either a Methodist or a Baptist, because the Dissenter always treats God as an equal. You can’t do that,” added the Colonel, emphatically; “it’s not natural; it’s not logical; it’s against all rational

discipline. And, then, besides, most of these Protestants interpret religion to suit themselves. They’re all free-thinkers in a certain way. Now, I know that Alfreda is not a free-thinker: she accepts all her beliefs on authority, she tells me; and if she convinces me that her authority is right, and that her religion makes life more comfortable and peaceful, I’ll sit in the front pew with her every remaining Sunday of my life. You don’t know what it is, Bill, to feel that your best cigars are no consolation, that your old books will shortly become unreadable, that there is nothing whatever fixed in life,—even your garden passes the moment it reaches its bloom, and you’ve got to face a possible extinction sooner or later.”

“Extinction!” repeated the Major, indignantly.

“Well, I mean that all the pleasures and interests, including all the usages you have been accustomed to all your life, must pass away: they must become extinct. And this means that all that is best, most interesting, most vital,—all that makes life worth living goes into the mist of the unknown. Good heavens, Bill! Don’t you see what I mean? People are amused when others say they are bored. If you work, the Dominie at the church says you can never be bored; but of late I have found that work itself is a bore. It leads to nothing, if you just have to do it because it’s an earthly duty to do it.”

“I must say,” returned the Major, after some thought, “I’ve never been bored. I always have the feeling that whatever I do with a good intention, even if it seems stupid sometimes, is only part of my preparation for another world.” He blushed as he said this, for he was always shy in speaking of matters of this kind.

“Oh, shut up, Bill! You know very well it’s Martha and not religion that keeps you from being bored.”

“Why,” replied the Major, aroused by this insinuation, “Martha herself would be bored if it were not for her religion,

Do you think that those Sisters in the orphan asylums, caring for those little children night and day, would not be bored, if it were not for religion? I watch them: my wife has one special asylum, to which I am often taken. And, believe me, in spite of all the talk about blue eyes and golden hair and the charm of childhood, childhood by the score to be taken care of is not exactly paradisiacal; yet Sister Euphrosyne seems to enjoy it."

"I can believe that," Colonel Temple said, with a sigh. "I know that I am well off here. I do miss the Club in Washington sometimes, and regret the bridge; but even that had begun to pall. The truth is," the Colonel added, with fire in his eye, "this way of bringing up children without any religion and allowing them to choose for themselves is all nonsense. You Catholics have a lot of faults; but, in the interests of the future lives of your children and in discipline, I believe that they ought to be prejudiced when young in favor of some kind of religion. My people left me to choose."

The Major laughed; his pipe was in full glow now; and he could afford to give all his attention to the conversation.

"Prejudice," he said, "is an unusual word to use; but, with the Bible out of the schools, and the New Testament merely part of a course in English in our colléges, I was not surprised the other day when a young undergraduate friend of mine, who had seen a thrilling picture in one of the cinemas, asked me whether 'Judas Iscariot' wasn't a dago name."

"I am not surprised," said the Colonel. "But if Alfreda comes here, she'll give me a gentle and easy course in what I ought to know about religion."

The Major laughed again. "Alfreda is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen; but I wouldn't say that anything she does is going to be easily done. In my opinion, her religion creeks too much; but I suppose she'll be the best antidote possible for the doubts of an ignorant, hard-headed old curmudgeon like you."

"Why doesn't she marry Robert Wycherly? She's been engaged to him some time. He's all right. He did get into a scrape in town because he lent his automobile to one of his superior officers, who had been his own chauffeur in real life; but that was an error of heart rather than of head, and it couldn't have occurred in the regular army. He did his work well; he was a good, brave private in the ranks; and he's worthy of much more praise than hundreds of these majors and captains that swaggered about Washington in uniform, holding down 'coffee-cooling' jobs. He's made good in the bank; he has a nice little income of his own; and Alfreda, like my other niece, has three or four thousand a year. What's the trouble?"

"Alfreda says (she's High Church herself, you know, and her hair would stand on end if you called her a Protestant) that she converted Rob from a Low form of belief; but it seems she started him on the wrong track, for now he thinks that the only logical conclusion of his journey is the Catholic Church; she says she will not make a mixed marriage—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the Colonel. "She doesn't want to marry that young chap, simply because he has come home a private. She's just like half a dozen fool young women I know, who think that just because a young chap volunteered when he knew it was his duty and kept working away at whatever his superior officers told him to do, he ought to have been made a captain, at least. For real idiotic snobbishness give me some of your American women who don't know anything about the real army. Let Alfreda come," added the Colonel, fiercely. "I'll take these ideas out of her. But why doesn't she drop him at once, instead of hanging on in this way?"

"Oh," replied the Major, laughing, "she says that, following the rules of the ancient British church—which, as the earliest church founded in England, was entirely pure and untouched by the corruptions of Rome,—she is betrothed to

him, and that, according to the rules of that ancient Celtic denomination, she is almost as good as married to him."

"British church!" exclaimed the Colonel. "From what I have heard about those old Britons, they painted themselves blue, and were not very particular about the marriage ceremony,—if that's what she means. Let her come, however; and when she's tired of it here, I'll ask little Marie; she's a Roman Catholic like yourself, and I suppose when she comes I'll have an awful time trying not to tread on her religious toes. But speaking of Alfreda, I can't help believing that she's got her eye on some other man. Why wouldn't little Marie do for Rob Wycherly?"

"Don't ask me," said the Major. "I'm not a matchmaker. Good-bye, old boy! I'm off to-morrow; but I'll be back toward the end of June, and see what these religious experiments have left of a naturally weak mind."

"All right!" said the Colonel. "Bring Martha in Junè, and I'll give you a dinner that will make her green with envy."

(To be continued.)

The Seventh Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE popular rhyme concerning the weather on St. Swithin's Day, a version of which is to be found in "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1697, is familiar to us all; but it may not be so generally known that, in some parts of England, there is current a quaint saying that if it rain on this feast, July 15, "St. Swithin is christening the apples." The lines in the Almanac just referred to run thus:

In this month is St. Swithin's Day,
On which if that it rain, they say,
Full forty days after, it will,
Or more or less, some rain distil.

We notice, after a cursory glance into old records, that the same belief prevails in various European countries, though differences are apparent in respect of the par-

ticular day in question. For example, in France it is not only the feast of St. Medard (June 8), but also that of Saints Gervase and Protase:

S'il pleut le jour de St. Médard
Il pleut quarante jour plus tard;
S'il pleut le jour de St. Gervais et de St. Protais,
Il pleut quarante jour après.

The Saxons called July *Hey Monath*, "because therein they usually mowed and gathered in their hay harvest"; and our old poets used to speak of this season as "sweet summer time, when the leaves are long and green."

In old calendars we see noted the fact that "on July 12 died Robert Stevenson, engineer of Bell Rock Lighthouse." This reminds us that it was a good monk, one of the abbots of Aberbrothock, who first conceived the idea of attaching a bell to this dangerous and celebrated Inchcape Rock—Scape Rock, as it is termed in the oldest charts,—or Bell Rock. This rock, it will be remembered, lies on the coast of Scotland, about twenty-four miles east of Dundee Harbor, directly in the track of all vessels making for the estuaries of the Friths of Forth and Tay.

History tells us that many church bells disappeared during the reign of the sacrilegious and avaricious Henry VIII., "in order to be sold as mere metal"; and it is curious to note that ships attempting to carry bells across the seas have foundered in different havens, such as Lynn, Yarmouth, etc. We also read that, "fourteen of the Jesus Bells being wrecked at the entrance of the harbor of St. Malo, a saying arose that when the wind blows, the drowned bells are set ringing."

Of a certain Bishop of Bangor, who sold the bells of his cathedral, it is recorded that "he was stricken with blindness when he went to see them shipped." And of Sir Miles Partridge, who won the Jesus Bells of St. Paul's, London, from Henry VIII. at dice, that this receiver of stolen and sacred property was shortly afterwards "hanged on Tower Hill."

In the days of the ancient Faith and true

Catholic piety, queens and noble ladies delighted to throw into the mass of metal that was presently to be cast into a bell, their gold and silver ornaments,—a circumstance that was recorded on one old bell in the chapel at Sudeley Castle.

The inscriptions on bells, so various, devotional, and interesting—such as “Ave Maria”; “Hail Mary, full of grace”; “Blessed be the Name of the Lord”; “Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy upon us”; “St. Peter, pray for us”; “Archangel Michael, come to the help of the people of God,”—were generally placed beneath what is termed “the shoulder of the bell,” and preceded, in by far the greater number of cases, by crosses. Coats-of-arms are also of frequent occurrence,—probably indicating the donors.

Bells were sometimes cast in monasteries under the superintendence of abbots and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. They were also the gifts of kings and churchmen of high rank, in France as well as in England. In the former country, many of the bells have inscriptions of the same character as our own; whilst others are ornamented with small bas-reliefs of the Crucifixion, fleurs-de-lis, seals of abbeys, donors, etc.

The science of bell-ringing has been explained by early English writers “in essays bewilderingly technical”; and bells have their literature written in many a quaint volume, in Latin, French, etc. Needless to add that the tones of our new bells are far less mellow, musical, and rich, than the old.

Hand-bells were used for calling servants; and, as time went on, they became really costly table-ornaments. Horace Walpole possessed a very fine silver one, believed to have been made by Benvenuto Cellini for Pope Clement VII.

July 17 is memorable in the history of France, because it was on this day, in the year 1429, that Charles VII., owing to the efforts of a simple peasant girl, was crowned at Rheims. This young maiden, it need hardly be said, was Jeanne la

Pucelle, whose name in these times is so constantly on our lips.

The 25th of this month is dedicated to St. James the Great, Apostle; and there is an old saying in Herefordshire that—

Till St. James' Day is past and gone,
There may be hops or there may be none.

Another proverb declares that whoever eats oysters on St. James' Day will never want money. It is both curious and interesting, in this association of oysters with our saint, to trace the ancient badge of the scallop shell adopted by pilgrims to his famous shrine at Compostella. Tradition says that St. James preached the Gospel in Spain, and afterwards, returning to Palestine, was made the first Bishop of Jerusalem. During the Ages of Faith, his shrine at Compostella was visited by crowds of devout pilgrims from all parts of Christendom; and that our nobility were not laggards in this respect, we see from the fact that many English Peers carry scallop shells in their arms. St. James' Day has ever been considered auspicious to the arms of Spain. In fact, the Spaniards deem it a lucky day.

St. Anne, the mother of Our Lady, whose feast we keep on July 26, was held in the highest veneration in the days when England was called the Dowry of Mary, her stainless child. The proof of this, if proof were needed, is to be found in the love of our Catholic forefathers for this name, and the many maidens, from the highest to the lowest, who bore it.

IN his book entitled “Veiled Mysteries of Egypt,” Mr. S. H. Leeder cites the following proverb which the Egyptians often use in conversation:

“If you censure your friend for every fault he commits, there will come a time when you will have no friend to censure.”

“He who is standing on the shore may as well be a swimmer.”

“Man is often an enemy to things of which he is ill informed.”

“Knowledge without practice is like a bow without a string.”

In Memory of My Mother.

“YOU are right: yes, more than ever I am devoted to my mother. It is not marvellous, since it is to her that I feel I owe my life twice over.”

“Twice over?” I queried.

He smiled but did not answer; and I did not press the question. We men are shy—even though, as in this case, brothers—of speaking about such things as touch us very deeply: shy or awkward, which you will.

I, a priest, had come for a visit to my brother's home, where for many years my mother lived. The devoted care given, by both my brother and his wife, to our now aged and feeble mother, whom I had not seen for a long time, consoled me greatly. That of my brother touched me specially: he waited upon her with womanly tenderness and affection. Perhaps I had looked upon this beloved eldest son as only worldly and thoughtless. Later I learned the meaning of his words, “Twice over”; and as I have been asked, in honor of Our Lady, and in memory of a mother's heroic trust and love, to write this little history, I do so, reserving the names. My mother is long since dead, but I owe it to her memory to respect her humble simplicity.

Many years ago my brother was in an artillery regiment stationed at X—. An epidemic of typhus broke out; he was stricken, and the attack was pronounced fatal. The hospital authorities hastily informed my mother, ‘with deep regret, that her son's case was hopeless,—death was imminent.’ Hopeless! Her boy's life beyond saving? Who but a mother realizes what *that* verdict means!

It was the custom in our village, as in many another where true faith and simplicity reign, for those in sorrow or difficulty to go to Monsieur le Curé, the confidant and adviser of all, the father of the flock, God's priest. To him, therefore, my mother went in her bitter grief.

“Father, what *can I do* to save my boy's life?”

The Curé was silent: he thought a while. A pilgrimage to Lourdes was starting from a neighboring village, and on the way it would pass the town of X—, where, in the hospital, my brother lay dying.

“My child, join the pilgrimage to Lourdes,” was the Curé's reply.

The simple preparations were quickly made. Furnished with her Rosary, her prayer-book, and a little basket of provisions, my mother set out for Lourdes.

Third-class carriages in France, in those days, were not arranged for comfort. The entire journey was made in a cramped compartment, seated on a hard wooden bench. After many weary hours, the train reached X—. The priest who accompanied the pilgrimage, and who knew my mother well and was aware of her sorrow, had been watching the sad figure in the corner of the carriage, her lips moving in constant prayer. But now, as the train entered the station, he noticed the lips ceased to move; the eyes closed, and the fingers tightly clasped the crucifix attached to her Rosary.

“Madame M—,” said the priest, tapping her on the shoulder, “this is the station of X—.”

“Yes, Father, thank you! But” (the voice was almost inaudible) “I am going on to Lourdes.”

Some passengers had already alighted, more pilgrims entered the train, the signal was given, and the journey to Lourdes resumed. The town of X— was left behind, and the priest felt that a mother's heart had been left there also; or had another Mother taken it into her special keeping? Lourdes is reached. The pilgrims, with prayers and hymns, and some with tears only, go in procession to the Grotto, that spot of wondrous benediction and consolation. They kneel at Our Lady's feet, assist at Mass,—and with them is my mother. She gives her provisions to a poor beggar, reserving a small piece of bread; and this, with water from the river,

forms her meal. She is present at the pilgrimage devotions—Vespers, etc.,—and kneels again in the Grotto.

The signal for the departure of the pilgrims is given, and the return journey begins. Once more the train stops at X—.

“Madame M—,” the priest says quickly, “we are again at X—. Will you not *now* alight, and go to your son?”

He hastens to open the door,—nay, he is almost eager to *lift her out*, with the thought of his own loved mother in his heart. My mother’s hand detains him.

“No, Father,” she falters. “I am returning home without going to see—my son.” Her voice breaks, and she looks into the priest’s pained and wondering face. That look made him understand more clearly than the whispered words which he bent down to hear: “I have offered this sacrifice to the Mother of God. She will restore him to me, I trust, on earth; if not, then it will be in heaven.”

The train steams out of the station. The priest is silent; and as he opens his Breviary his hand trembles, so plainly and clearly does another Voice sound in his ears: “O woman, great is thy faith!”

Upon my mother’s return home, Monsieur le Curé came to her house for tidings. Whilst there a letter arrived from the medical officer of the hospital at X—. Monsieur le Curé, to whom it was handed, opened and read:

“Madame, we have given you unnecessary alarm: your son’s life is saved. How? That I am unable to tell you, for I do not know. I can say truly I have done my best for him, but most assuredly it was not *I* who cured him.”

My mother fell on her knees to thank God and His Holy Mother, Our Lady of Lourdes; but no words came,—only tears. Yet Monsieur le Curé understood, and felt sure that the Master knew how deep in her grateful heart the memory would be forever cherished of that answered prayer,—the Heavenly Mother’s response to an earthly mother’s trust and, surely in will, heroic sacrifice.

Glimpses of a Better Era.

IF there was ever a period in the history of the world when human philosophy might have seemed warranted in questioning the truth of the proverb, “’Tis an ill wind that blows no man to good,” the years 1914–1918 assuredly constituted that period. Not only the mere philosopher, but the Christian moralist, may well have found it difficult during those blood-strewn years to convince himself that there could be any silver lining to war-clouds so sable, or that then, as always, Providence was “from seeming evil still educing good.” True, the Sage of Chelsea had told us that “in the huge mass of evil as it rolls and swells there is ever some good working toward deliverance and triumph”; but in the frightful maelstrom of carnage that was apparently engulfing all civilization, Carlyle’s dictum could not but seem a mere fanciful theory. Only the devout and unchangeable believer in the inspired word of St. Paul, “And we know that to them that love God all things work together unto good,” could confidently look beyond the universal storm and wrack, and envisage actual benefits accruing to the world from the mightiest and deadliest conflict known to history.

The greatest and most enduring of these benefits only the coming decades can make manifest; they are as yet but seedlings whose development and growth is a matter of time, and we can at most only conjecture their future magnitude. Other benefits of the World War, however, are even now plain to be seen by all men of true understanding; and they can not but reassure those who, throughout the recent blood-stained years, never gave up their loving confidence in the Providence of our Heavenly Father. An interesting summary of such benefits we take the liberty of quoting from a pastoral instruction of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand:

“God’s judgments are, indeed, to us

incomprehensible. His ways unsearchable (Rom., xi, 33). Yet, full on its upper surface, the war has shown such God-given benefits as these: There has been a great revival of religion, especially in France. The conscription of the clergy in France was intended by its authors as a deadly blow to religion there. Under the divine guidance, it has turned out to be a missionary influence of capital importance. . . . The social condition of the workers has been enormously improved in the older lands. And the world is on the eve of a period of reconstruction which promises to end or mend unwholesome methods and ideals that have long been a standing menace to true social peace and progress. There has been a serious and much-needed check to the insane and vicious extravagance which increasingly marked the years before the war. Work and discipline have found the idler, the drunkard, the rich loafer; and the wealthy lower orders have at last had their characters beneficially remoulded, to some extent, by the novel experience of self-sacrifice, useful toil, plain fare, and the stern drudgery of training-camp and battle-front.

"These are a few upper-surface glimpses of the way in which God makes 'all things'—even the evil that men do—'work together unto good' for those that love Him. But they are only glimpses. We see here but little scattered fragments of human life and progress. But God's views are long views. He alone can see the full sweep, the final results, of the great panorama that history is unfolding."

Even the outbursts of Bolshevism in various parts of Europe, and indeed in our own country as well, are perhaps the deep heavings of the ocean after a tempest rather than the ominous swell that heralds a coming storm. Only the ultra-optimistic could have looked for an immediate return to the untroubled days of peace; but, let us hope, with each passing month the tumult will grow less and the nations will revert to the normal tenor of peaceful industrial and social progress.

Notes and Remarks.

Any one nowadays with the courage of his convictions must be willing to bear reproach, and a great deal of it. When, a few years ago, the seeds of anarchy first began to be sown in the United States, those who sounded a warning were decried as pessimists, "calamity-howlers," etc. The parlor publicists declared, in what Mr. Taft calls "pussy-foot words," that nothing was to be feared from Socialism; that anarchistic ideas were held by only a few cranks here and there, who liked to hear themselves talk; and that the very atmosphere of a law-abiding country like ours was fatal to the growth of noxious weeds that might flourish elsewhere. But now that a systematic Bolshevistic agitation is under way, that well-organized conspiracies to destroy our Government have been discovered, that bomb-makers and bomb-throwers are active—so much so that \$1,400,000 have been voted to apprehend and suppress them, and the State Guard of the Metropolis has been mobilized, to demonstrate with what speed approximately 8000 armed men can be rushed to points where lawlessness is likely to get the upper hand,—*now* the most comatose citizen sees that it is time to wake up and "get busy."

The drastic and enormously expensive measures that have been adopted to prevent riot and destruction among us would be unnecessary if no red flag had ever been allowed to float in the United States, and if the first anarchist to raise his voice in public had been suppressed. A conflagration has been started. Let there be care that it is not spread by any efforts made to extinguish it.

No Catholic had a moment's doubt as to what would be the Pope's answer to the members of the American Episcopalian Commission for the Pan-Christian Congress, or any fear that it would not be exquisitely courteous and kindly. Though

ludicrously preposterous, the appeal to the Head of the Church to participate, on an equality with representatives of the various Christian sects, in a congress for the promotion of "Reunion" was only smiled at by Catholics. The unconscious ingenuousness of the appellants was offset by their evident good faith, which no one could question, much less laugh at. It is to be hoped that disappointment over Benedict XV.'s answer will not have the effect of blinding any one to the enormity of the request made of him. What his Holiness said should set all serious non-Catholics thinking, and convince them that the only possible way to secure Christian Unity is to join the Christian Church. An "authoritative summary" (as it is called) of the Pope's reply is given by the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet*, as follows:

"The Holy Father stated that, as successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ, he had no greater desire than that there should be 'one fold and one shepherd.' His Holiness added that the teaching and practice of the Roman Catholic Church regarding the unity of the visible Church of Christ were well known to everybody, and therefore it would not be possible for the Catholic Church to take part in such a Congress as the one proposed. His Holiness, however, by no means wishes to disapprove of the Congress in question for those who are not in union with the Chair of Peter. On the contrary, he earnestly desires and prays that if the Congress is practicable, those who take part in it may, by the grace of God, see the light and become reunited to the visible Head of the Church, by whom they will be received with open arms."

Mr. Philip Gibbs, the famous war correspondent, has been telling large audiences in England that the only way to prevent another war more dreadful and catastrophic than the last is to have the great democracy of the United States very closely allied with England in the counsels

of the League of Nations. We have our doubts about this. The League is by no means an accomplished fact, and a large number of American citizens—perhaps an increasingly large number—are strongly opposed to it. Of the truth of another statement made by Mr. Gibbs, however, we haven't the slightest doubt—"We shall never get a full measure of American friendship and understanding until the Irish question is settled,—until the Irish people are granted the measure of self-government which they desire."

Dissatisfaction on the part of non-Catholics with the lack of religious instruction in the public schools, and opposition to the centralization of the control of education in the Federal Government because of the injurious effect of such control in the matter of the religious instruction now imparted in private schools,—these are gratifying signs of the times. The more widespread becomes such dissatisfaction, the more assured the hope that American statesmen will eventually recognize that non-religious education is a bane, not a boon, to American children; and will exert themselves so to reconstruct our educational system as to safeguard the interest of the souls, as well as the bodies and minds, of our country's boys and girls. As typical of what is being said in some quarters, and being thought in more, we quote from an editorial article in the *Detroit Free Press*:

To a great extent, the present educational system, with its minimum of required studies and its maximum of electives, tends toward what might be called political agnosticism. The children of the day may even be said to be growing up to be cosmopolite atheists, in so far at least as any national and patriotic ideals are concerned. Just as the Catechism and the Ten Commandments are much less of a feature to-day than formerly in the average child's life, so are such Americanizing creeds as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Ordinance of 1787, and other great American documents growing less and less a factor in everyday education. In these days of so much scatter-brained thinking and living, when even the children are allowed to elect their studies, it is

well to recall and vitalize once more those great fundamentals embodied in the Ordinance of 1787 in the words: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

Religionless schools were not meant by the framers of that Ordinance.

When the time comes for a fuller Life of Father Damien than has yet appeared some very interesting material for it will be found in "A Vagabond's Odyssey," by A. Safroni-Middleton. On account of being published in England during the war, this delightful book has escaped notice in our country; and we have yet to see an adequate review of it anywhere. During his sojourn in Honolulu, the author became acquainted with an old Hawaiian named Kooma, who had known Father Damien intimately, and learned many details of deep interest concerning the dread lazaretto on Molokai, and the heroic priest who there sacrificed his life for its stricken inmates. Our readers will be grateful to us for quoting at length from a volume which perhaps none of them, for the reason given, have ever seen or heard of:

Sitting by his side, by the window of his humble homestead, while native children romped under the palms out in the hot sunlight, I talked to Kooma of many things; and, hearing that he had known Father Damien, I at once plied him with questions....

Years before Damien went to Molokai, a handsome Hawaiian girl, who lived at Kahalo, loved a Society Island youth, who had, with his parents, emigrated to the Sandwich Islands. The father of the maid disliked the youth, who was an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and so would not encourage the lad's attentions to his daughter. For some time the lovers met in secret; for love laughs at locksmiths in Hawaii as well as elsewhere. One night, as Damien sat by his fireside in his lonely hut after his humble meal, the love-sick maid appeared at his door. Crossing her hands on her breast, she bowed, half frightened; and, after much hesitation, pleaded to the Catholic Father on the youth's behalf, begging him to help her, for she was in great distress; and, knowing that Damien was a great missionary and priest of the white God,

she suddenly fell on her knees and confessed all. She was in trouble through the lad; and, telling Damien this, she laid her head on his knee and cried bitterly; for the kindness of his eyes soothed her and made her feel like a little child. Gently bidding her to rise, the Father told her to cease from troubling, and said: "Go, my child, home; tell thy father all; also that thou hast told this thing to me, and I will come soon and see him."

The priest did all that he promised; and the next evening the sinful youth who had brought sorrow to Ramao (that was her name) appeared before the hut door wherein lived Father Damien, and, shamefaced, hung his head for a long while. Kooma, who sat telling me all this, added: "And the great white Father put the spirit of Christ in Juno's [the lad's] heart; for he became good, and worked hard, and was forgiven for that which he did, and they were happy and had many children; and I learnt to love Juno in his manhood, for he was a good father and kind to the maid, who was my daughter!"...

* * *

Few were surprised when at length Father Damien volunteered to go to Molokai and administer faith and comfort to his lost children in exile. He taught them to be patient as he walked amongst them and crept by the lazaretto huts of death, knitting their shrouds, and gazing with kind eyes on their faces till they ceased to see and feel, and he buried them. Lonely indeed those nights must have been as, alone with grief and silence, his bent form hammered and hammered, beating out the muffled notes that drove in coffin nails; for he made the last beds of his dead children,—digging their graves and burying with his own hands many scores of the stricken dead, until he himself, at last succumbed to the scourge....

* * *

From Kooma I heard much of Damien's true character, his love of justice and his impulsiveness in hastening to help the weak, regardless of all consequences. Once while Father Damien was eating his supper, a Hawaiian appeared at the door and said, "Master, trouble has befallen me and my home"; and then he told the priest of a tragedy that had occurred. A native girl through jealousy had stabbed another who had sought her lover, and was either hiding in the forest or shore caves or had killed herself. All night the native and Father Damien searched, and at length the girl was found, almost lifeless, covered with blood, on the shore reefs seaward from Kilanea, her body lying half on the sands and half in the waves. She had slashed herself and had nearly bled to death. Damien carried the girl for miles in his arms, bandaged her and

saved her life; also the life of the girl she had stabbed so viciously in her jealousy. When they were both well again, he brought them together, made them embrace each other and swear to forget all, with the result that they became greater friends through being erstwhile enemies. Each secured a lover to her liking, and ever blessed the great Father who had befriended them instead of handing them over to the authorities at Honolulu....

* * *

The sad peasant priest of Louvain has been dead these many years; he lived and died without ambition, and only in heaven may know the earthly fame he achieved. Well may we believe how beautifully he would smile, forgive, and touch with his lips the brows of his erring detractors, with the same spirit that made him live and die for his fellowmen with the certainty of one final reward,—a stricken leper's grave in far-away Kalawao.

"A Vagabond's Odyssey" is an octavo volume of 328 pages, and is published by Grant Richards, London. It recounts in glowing words some of the author's experiences and adventures in many lands,—among them the United States, Samoa, Japan, Australasia, Spain, and the South of France. Mr. Safroni-Middleton is not a Catholic.

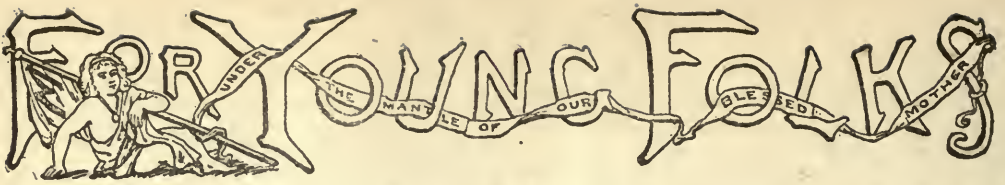
Major-Gen. Wood is a man to our liking, perhaps because he is so unlike some other prominent men that might be mentioned. He always has something to say when he talks, and he always means what he says. He said many good things in his address at the Commencement exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, and his manner of saying them left no room for doubt that they were all meant. In reference to the problem of unrest and Bolshevism, he exclaimed: "Put down the red flag! It stands for nothing which our Government stands for. It is against the integrity of the family, the State, the nation. It floats only where cowards are in power and where democracy has been replaced by mob rule. It represents everything which we want to avoid. These are times of dangerous world psychology. Avoid the dangerous doctrines of the hour that are masquerading under

the banner of 'liberal ideas and progress.' It is time now to keep our feet on the ground, our ideals and purposes high, our eyes on God."

Gen. Wood had also something noteworthy to say—not new, but noteworthy on account of being so well said—on the necessity for maintaining the best possible relations between Capital and Labor; the necessity for recognizing that a workman is neither a machine nor a commodity, but a man entitled to the fairest treatment, the best possible wage, and the fairest living conditions; and the necessity for treating Capital justly and giving it an adequate return for its risk and its intelligence.

We have solved so many difficult problems in this country, it should be easy to find a way of avoiding the slightest injustice to Capital while doing full justice to Labor. If there were a better disposition on both sides to follow that way when found, there would be no great trouble about finding it; and it would have been found long ago.

A pretty story about Lincoln that we had never heard before, and that will probably be new to most of our readers, is related in some random reminiscences by one who had the privilege of accompanying the great man to Gettysburg, where he was to deliver his famous address. At one of the stopping places of the train, a little child, with a bouquet of rosebuds in her hands, was lifted up to a window of the car. With a childish lisp she said: "Flower for the Prethident!" Lincoln had been speaking of the many lives sacrificed and the many hearts and homes rendered desolate by the war; but his sad face instantly brightened when he heard the child's words; and, stepping to the window, he took the flowers, bent down and kissed her, saying: "You're a sweet little rosebud yourself; and I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness." A simple little story, but it well deserved the telling.



Mother of the Rose.

BY ERIC WEST.

THEY called her Mother of the Rose;
For when our Saviour bled,
Where every precious blood-drop fell
There bloomed a rose of red.
And Mary as she homeward trod
Plucked every crimson bloom,
And with a mother's tender love
She placed them on His tomb.
And there like candles did they glow
All through the silent night,
And enemies who sought His tomb
Were fearful of the light.
O Mother of the Rose, look down
Upon thy child to-day;
And like a tender mother drive
My enemies away!

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

I.—AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

"TIM, my lad," said Mr. Drimel, who had just finished inspecting the garage of which he was the proprietor, "you have done good work this week, and I'm well satisfied with you. You may have a holiday until Monday morning."

"Thank you very much, master!" replied the young apprentice in mechanics. "And, seeing that I have two days off, I think I'll pay a visit to my Uncle Layac, at Albi."

"Just as you like, my boy. I don't see any objection."

And Mr. Drimel, turning around, started for his office. Before he reached it, however, Tim addressed him again:

"Will you please allow me to take one of our motor-cycles to make the trip?"

"No, I won't mind, provided you solemnly promise to do no speeding. I shall be responsible, you know, if any accident should occur. Do you give me your word that you'll ride moderately?"

"Surely, sir; I'll be very careful."

"Very well, then; you have my permission."

Tim chuckled his satisfaction; and a few minutes later, proudly seated on his quivering machine, rode out of the garage and took the long, level road that leads from Toulouse to Albi.

While he is wheeling along at the brisk rate of twenty miles an hour—it would be forty if he hadn't promised not to speed,—perhaps we may as well tell our readers something about him. Tim, then, was an orphan, thirteen years of age, fairly tall and well-built, with flaming red hair and blue eyes. That is a combination not very common among French boys, especially so far south in France as the city of Toulouse; but our young hero was only half French. True, his father when living figured on the city's rolls as Timothée Origan; but that father had come to Toulouse, some thirty years previously, as Timothy O'Regan, of County Tipperary, Ireland. A commercial traveller for a Dublin house, the father had wooed and won a charming French maiden, Marguerite Layac, and, yielding to his young wife's entreaties, had settled in Toulouse. Several children were born to the couple, Tim being the only one to survive infancy, and his birth cost his mother her life. Five years before the opening of our story, the father had also died, committing the care of his boy to his brother-in-law, a well-to-do merchant of Albi. Uncle Layac took good care of his young nephew; and as the lad gave every evidence of becoming

a mechanical genius, and begged to be put out as an apprentice to some trade, the uncle finally consented to his entering the establishment of his friend, Drimel. Tim liked both his employer and his work, at which he had been engaged a full year when he took his motor-cycle trip to Alti.

It was early springtime, and the fields and lanes and trees and bushes were blushing a pretty green beneath the first caresses of the April sun. Tim, who had scarcely left his garage for three or four months, was delighted with the beauty of the landscape, and drew in long breaths of the pure country air with great satisfaction. As he proceeded on his way, however, the sky, which had been a bright blue when he left Toulouse, began to be covered with big black cloudbanks.

"Hello!" said the young cyclist to himself. "There's evidently going to be a thunderstorm before long. I'll have to make Albi before it breaks."

Thereupon, despite his promise to Mr. Drimel, he deliberately increased the speed of his machine; and the motor-cycle, as if dreading the approaching storm, bounded forward at a rate a good deal nearer fifty than twenty miles an hour. Away sped Tim, through small towns, villages, and hamlets; and it was a miracle that he did not fall foul of pigs, ducks, and chickens, to say nothing of occasional pedestrians who were hurrying to shelter. Notwithstanding his speed, however, he saw the impossibility of reaching Albi before the threatened downpour. In fact he was still eight miles from his destination when all at once it grew dark as night, the lightning flashed across the heavens with an uninterrupted glare, the thunderclaps came quickly one after another, and the clouds emptied themselves on the earth as though another deluge had begun.

So violent, indeed, was the storm that Tim could not see five yards ahead of him, so he was obliged to take refuge in an old hut which he had passed a few moments before. He had not been there five minutes

when a thunderclap fiercer than any previous one smote the atmosphere; and Tim, trembling from head to foot, saw a large ball of fire descend from the sky and strike a poplar tree not more than a hundred yards away. The tree fell instantly across the road.

"Oh," cried Tim, as he made the Sign of the Cross and pulled out his Rosary, "it must have been my guardian angel that prompted me to give up the attempt to reach Albi, and Our Lady that kept that fireball from hitting this old hut."

In the meantime night had fallen,—a very dark night, with no moon, and with a torrential rain still coming down. It looked as if our Tim would have to spend the next dozen hours in the hut instead of in his uncle's comfortable home; and the prospect was not a pleasing one. He had just made this reflection when his ear caught a sound, distant as yet, but one that he knew quite well. It was the noise of a motor; an automobile was approaching.

Tim looked out to see the machine go by, and suddenly by the glare of the two big headlights he saw the poplar lying across the road.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "I hope they've seen that tree!"

It was too late for him to give the alarm; for, scarcely had he seen the obstacle when, either because the chauffeur had not put on the brakes soon enough or because they had not worked well, the heavy machine did not stop but went plump into the uprooted poplar.

"Oh, the poor people,—the poor people!" cried Tim, as he hurried out and ran at full speed to the scene of the accident.

Fortunately, there was more fear than hurt, at least to the passengers. They were all safe, although the hood of the car was battered, the glass broken, and the guards considerably injured. The automobile had not upset, and so the travellers, after the first moment of fright, were able to get out without difficulty. They were assisted by the chauffeur, who, seeing that he

could not stop the car, had jumped onto the road just before the shock.

Two persons descended from the car,— a distinguished-looking man about fifty years of age, and a charming little girl who might have seen about one-quarter as many years.

"Well, chauffeur, what has happened?" asked the gentleman, his voice trembling a little.

"We ran into a tree that lay across the road, sir."

"And how comes it that you didn't see it in time to stop?"

"It looked to me from a distance as though it were a hedge on the side of the road; and it was only when I got within twenty yards of it that I saw, too late, my error."

"Unheard-of folly or stupidity!" exclaimed his employer, as, with a gesture of impatience, he turned from the chauffeur and rejoined the little girl, who had seated herself on a branch of the fallen tree and was crying bitterly.

As for Tim, he was not at all surprised at the accident. He himself had driven by night; and knew that chauffeurs, tired by the monotony of a road which, illumined by the headlights, stretches indefinitely before them, sometimes fail to distinguish precisely the objects ahead, and occasionally run into a wall which they have mistaken for the continuation of the road.

Keeping these thoughts to himself, however, he joined the chauffeur, who was looking over the car, and, telling him that he was employed in a garage, offered his help in putting things to rights.

"May you help me? Well, I should say so! Come on, and let's overhaul the old girl. She's pretty tough, and I suppose we can put her in shape to continue the journey."

They accordingly set to work, pulling the machine back from the tree, and then, placing the two headlights on the ground, began to examine the essential parts of the mechanism. While thus employed Tim learned who the travellers were that

had escaped unharmed from an accident which might easily have proved fatal, if the automobile, instead of sticking to the body of the tree, had upset and pinned its occupants underneath. The gentleman was a rich banker of Lisbon, by name Manuel Tilbasco, and the child, his daughter Mariena. They were taking a pleasure trip through Southern France, and had hired at Biarritz the car which had just furnished them with unwonted emotions.

While chatting, the chauffeur and Tim had discovered, much to their satisfaction, that nothing very serious had happened to the machine. In fact, the principal damage was the utter ruin of the two front tires; and as the chauffeur had extra ones in reserve, it would not take more than half an hour to replace them. In the meanwhile a favorable change had occurred in the weather. The rain stopped as if by enchantment; and the moon, a fine full moon, looked out radiantly from a gorge formed by two great cloudbanks that had become separated.

Mr. Tilbasco, who had succeeded in calming his little daughter, drew near the car, and he was soon utterly astonished at the knowledge and skill shown by Tim, whom up to that time he had scarcely noticed. It was indeed Tim who gave points to the chauffeur as to the most expeditious way of putting on the new tires, and repairing such other minor damage as the accident had caused. The chauffeur accepted his advice in good part, and even condescended to remark:

"For a mere apprentice, you're a wonder. I'll say that for you."

(To be continued.)

IN some countries of Europe old people are employed in gathering wool from the bushes in sheep pastures, where it has been plucked from the animals on passing; and the expression, "His wits are wool-gathering," is said of a boy who wanders in his mind like an old and feeble person.

The First Fourth of July.

BY H. TWITCHELL.

THE meetings of the Peace Conference at Versailles, with the momentous questions under consideration, suggest other meetings with equally great, if not greater, issues at stake, which were held over one hundred years ago at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia.

Here was assembled the Continental Congress; and seated in their high-backed chairs, some of which can still be seen, the members discussed for many weary hours the proper thing to be done in view of the growing oppression by the mother country. The situation was most dramatic. Burdened beyond further endurance, the struggling Colonies felt that the time had come for them to declare themselves free. At last a committee of five was appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence to be sent to the King of England. These men were: Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Rodger Sherman, John Adams, and Robert Livingston. But as Thomas Jefferson wrote most of this all-important paper, he has been called "the father of the Declaration of Independence."

The preparation of such a document had been bitterly opposed by the minority. "It will mean a break with our mother country," they said. "But it is necessary that we send word to the King that we will no longer submit to his tyranny," was the answer of the majority; and so the matter was debated day by day.

After the document was drawn up, Congress spent a few more days in this room going over the paper item by item, and making changes here and there, just as the Peace Conference has been doing with its peace treaties. When the vote was finally taken, many of the delegates were instructed to vote against it; so the matter was delayed again, until it was agreed to make a unanimous vote of the thirteen Colonies. And when this

final vote was taken, the Declaration of Independence was formally accepted and signed.

The president of the Congress, John Hancock, was the first to sign his name. His signature was written in large, bold, black letters. If you were to visit Independence Hall at present, you could still see the table upon which the Declaration was signed; and standing upon it are the silver inkstands, and the "shaker" that held the sand used to dry the writing, as there were no blotters then.

It must have required a great deal of sand to dry that heavy signature, and Hancock said in tones of satisfaction:

"There! John Bull can read my name without spectacles. Now, let him double the price on my head; for this is my defiance." Then the great man turned and looked appealingly at those members of Congress who had so long opposed the measure, and said in a grave voice: "We must be unanimous: there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together."

"Yes," replied Benjamin Franklin, his eyes twinkling with humor, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall hang separately."

Then one by one these brave men signed their names to the paper which gave us our liberty. Among them was that noble Catholic patriot, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who outlived all the other Signers, dying in 1832.

In the belfry of the Hall hung a bell, which had always been rung to call the people together when they were loyal subjects of the King. This bell had been brought over from England, where it was cast and made by Thomas Lester. It was modelled after the famous big bell called "Old Tom," which was in the clock tower of Westminster in London. During its journey over, the bell was so badly damaged that it had to be recast.

When the Declaration of Independence was being considered and debated, it is said that a large, excited crowd gathered

outside, waiting eagerly for the signing. "Will they dare do it?" was the question flying from lip to lip. Finally it was given out that in the event of the signing, the bell in the steeple would be rung furiously.

The old bell-ringer, Andrew McNair, was waiting with his hand on the rope, all ready to ring; while down below his little grandson waited impatiently for the men from the great Hall to give him the signal. At last the door was opened and this message was given:

"The paper has been signed. Tell your grandfather to ring the bell, so that all the people may know the good news."

Then the boy ran up the stairs, shouting: "Ring, grandpa,—ring!"

The famous bell rang out its joyous peals proclaiming liberty to all the waiting people. Great was the rejoicing on that Fourth of July, 1776. People cheered, shook hands, and even wept for joy. During the years that followed, the old bell rang many times to celebrate the anniversary of that first Independence Day. It also tolled the death knell of many a patriot who gave his life in the cause of liberty.

On July 8, 1835, it tolled for the last time during the funeral services of Chief Justice Marshall, a hero of the Revolution. Then it suddenly cracked and was silent forever.

Since that day, the Liberty Bell, which announced the commencement of our Fourth of July celebrations, has taken several trips. The latest one was an extended trip across the continent to the Panama Exposition, at San Francisco. On this long journey, although voiceless, did it not again, by its mere presence, "proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof"?

PRESIDENT GARFIELD used to say, and much is to be learned from his words: "I never yet met a ragged boy without feeling that I owe him a salute; for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under that shabby coat."

The Dog of Pompeii.

DO you ever hear of Delta, the good dog of Pompeii? You all know, at least, that great city was destroyed many hundreds of years ago by a torrent of lava which poured down from the crater of the volcano Vesuvius. This volcano is still active; it is situated on the Bay of Naples, Italy, nine miles from the city.

When, in recent times, men began excavating to find the ruined and buried city they saw that many animals and human beings had left traces which could be recognized. Among these remains was the skeleton of a dog, stretched across the body of a little child. Without doubt he had run to protect his young master at the first intimation of danger, and died at his post. On his collar was an inscription which told that his name was Delta, and that he had three times saved the life of his master, Sevorinus: once by dragging him from the sea when he was in danger of drowning, once by driving away some robbers who would have killed him, and on another occasion by slaying a savage wolf that was about to attack little Sevorinus.

And after this fine record of brave deeds Delta ended his life in the pursuit of duty; for it is likely that so fleet-footed a creature might have saved himself by running away from the danger.

Sunday.

ONE of the most celebrated of English lawyers, Sir Matthew Hale, is said to have been the author of the following lines, the first two of which have become a proverb throughout England, and wherever the English language is spoken:

A Sunday well spent
 Brings a week of content,
 And health for the toils of the morrow;
 But a Sunday profaned,
 Whate'er may be gained,
 Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"An Appeal to Your Reason and Sense of Fairness" is the title of a tiny pamphlet, intended for distribution among Senators and Congressmen, to furnish them with "inside information" about our parochial schools, etc. An excellent idea, though we should very much like to see it differently actuated.

—Lives of Brother Lawrence and of Venerable Bede, both by non-Catholic authors, have just appeared in England. The French mystic of the seventeenth century is well known for his advocacy of the practice of the presence of God. Venerable Bede was a theologian and historian of high rank,—“the greatest master of chronology in the Middle Ages,” Dr. R. L. Poole calls him.

—An octavo leaflet of exceptional interest and importance just now is "Catholic Education," the sermon delivered by Archbishop Glennon at the opening Mass on the occasion of the sixteenth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, lately held in St. Louis. The discourse is a model of right reasoning, uncompromising Catholicity, and forthright discussion of existing dangers and the means to oppose them. It should have the widest possible circulation.

—One could wish that all the statistics given in the Official Catholic Directory were as complete as those, for instance, of the diocese of Oklahoma. But the publishers (P. J. Kenedy & Sons) are not to blame for what the Directory may lack in this respect; they are at pains to state that the information presented is printed exactly as it was submitted by ecclesiastical authority. The complete edition of the Directory for 1919 (which made its appearance last week) is a bulky, though not unwieldy, book, well printed on good paper. The pictorial section is an interesting and not unimportant feature, to which the editor would seem to have given special attention.

—"Bolshevism: Its Cure," is the title of an exceptionally important book by Mr. David Goldstein and Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, to be published next month. The authors are converts to the Church from Socialism, and were the first in the field with a popular work against its false doctrines. Their new book is intended to attract the attention of all who oppose Socialism to the Church, the all-powerful force that holds aloft the symbol of the Cross as the only hope of social justice in the world to-day. The book is also intended to fortify the faithful

by presenting substantial data and sound arguments, so that they may meet Bolshevism with the understanding of what it is, whence its source, and what is its cure. Bolshevism, according to Mr. Goldstein and Mrs. Avery, is "a mere nickname for Socialism in its latest developments." The appearance of this timely book will be eagerly awaited.

—Rather interesting news comes from London in reference to the former home, at Waltham Cross, of Anthony Trollope, the mid-Victorian novelist. Our elderly readers of English fiction will not need to be reminded that Trollope's forte lay in describing life in the cathedral towns. The house in which many of his novels were written is now a convent school of the Daughters of the Cross.

—We have received from the Angelus Press, Detroit, a 16mo brochure of twenty-four pages, entitled "S. O. S. of the Parish Schools." It contains selections from a series of editorial articles published in *The Angelus*, and is of the utmost interest to all who are concerned with the future of Catholic education in this country. The booklet is an alarm-cry against "the one-time local, now fast becoming general, attack on our parish schools," and is well worthy of extensive circulation.

—In an illustrated pamphlet of twenty-four pages, printed at Westmead, N. S. W., an anonymous writer tells the interesting and edifying story of the founding and progress of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart. It is a story that ought to be told more fully, for there is much to learn from it; among other things, the wisdom of establishing new religious communities for special needs, and of recruiting and training the members in the countries where they are to labor. The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart is exactly suited to conditions that obtain in Australia; is in full sympathy with Australian ideas, ways, and life. Its members go wherever there are poor children in need of instruction, often into the heart of the bush, where for perhaps a month at a time they may be unable to attend Mass. The principal object of their institute being to relieve the most lamentable of all forms of poverty, the lack of religious education, they hesitate at no sacrifice that may be demanded of them. Their first school was a stable at Penola, a little town in South Australia. It was opened on the Feast of St. Joseph, 1866. The Congregation has now three hundred and seventy-one establishments,

and the number of its members has increased from two to twelve hundred.

—Delightful additions to our store of Mediaeval literature are "Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages," by M. G. Segar and E. Paxton; and "A Mediaeval Anthology," by Mary G. Segar. (Longmans, Green & Co.) Some of the pieces contained in these books are widely known; others, and not the least interesting, are unfamiliar. Although Miss Segar tells us she has modernized all the poems in the Anthology, the majority of her readers will need the glossary to be found in the first-mentioned work. They are indeed companion volumes. Both have excellent Introductions and copious informative notes. Among the religious poems we find this exquisite "Orison to God":

Lord, my God all merciable,
I beseech Thee with heart stable
That I may ever will that thing
That most may be to Thy liking,
And wisely follow ever Thy will:
Definitely learn and then fulfil
What will help Thy name and bliss.
My state ordain as Thy will is;
All Thine asking and all Thy will
Do in me, my Lord, fulfil.

Lord, all things that Thine be
Leof¹ and dear make them to me.
And Thou alone, Almighty King,
Out and over all other thing,
Ever be most in my liking.

AMEN.

¹Leof, beloved.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.

- "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
 "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
 "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Cunningham, of the diocese of Concordia; Rev. Anthony Lauer, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. William Sheridan, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Joseph Jageman, diocese of Lead; Rev. Uldoric Godin, diocese of Manchester; Rev. Bernardine Weis, O. F. M.; and Rev. James Hoover, C. M.

Mother Immaculata, Sister Borgia and Sister Helena, of the Congregation of St. Joseph.

Mr. E. R. Jenson, Mrs. Saveria Agius, Mr. Martin Lavelle, Mrs. Paul Shurr, Mr. Thomas Walsh, Mrs. Daniel Campbell, Mr. Timothy Foley, Mr. Joseph Benning, Mr. Edward Murphy, Mrs. Mary Campbell, Mrs. Catherine Ulm, Mrs. A. Rush, Mr. Patrick Driscoll, Mrs. Patrick Driscoll, Mr. H. C. Brashears, Mr. J. M. Johnston, Mr. J. T. Broughal, Mrs. Matilda Stevens, Mr. Nicholas Kihm, Mr. George Wilks, Mr. Joseph Kane, Mrs. Edwardina Rondeau, Mrs. Catherine Clancey, Mr. Robert Smith, and Mr. Jacob Runder.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."
 For the Foreign Missions: A. G. P., \$5.
 For Bishop Tacconi: M. C., \$1; D. H. Stroud, \$25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 42.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Precious Blood.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MARY E. MANNIX.

COME, let us adore the Saviour of mankind!
 He who on the Tree His Precious Blood has
 shed,
 Now on His altar throne forever do we find,—
 The King of all the world, whom all the world
 once fled.

How can we forget His promises sublime,
 The Cross, the Mass, the Blood, the Godhead
 over all?

O Lord, we haste to Thee, from every race and
 clime,
 Thy Love to clasp and hold, Thy sorrows to
 recall!

Come, let us adore; for Christ awaits us here.
 Be ours each slight to soothe, each grief of
 His to share:

For every bitter gibe, for every cruel sneer;
 For every thoughtless word, a deep and fer-
 vent prayer.

O sacrificial Lamb, there are no earthly stains
 Thou wilt not purify in that bright crimson
 flood!

All miseries and sins, all sorrows and all pains,
 Shall vanish in the fount of Thy Most Precious
 Blood.

EVEN He that died for us upon the Cross,
 in the last hour, in the unutterable agony
 of death, was mindful of His Mother, as if
 to teach us that this holy love should be
 our last worldly thought—the last point of
 earth from which the soul should take its
 flight for heaven.—*Longfellow.*

Our Lady of Peace.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.



PEACE—Our Lady of Peace—
 how sweetly the name strikes
 us in this toilsome and weary
 world! It seems to waft a
 breath of heaven into our overheated and
 noisy atmosphere, and speaks to us of a
 far-off land where the suffering and the
 heavy-laden shall be at rest.

The venerable statue that for three
 centuries and more has been honored under
 this title is to be seen in an out-of-the-way
 part of Paris, close to the cemetery whose
 tragic story we have related in these pages.
 It is now the property of the nuns of the
 Hearts of Jesus and Mary, commonly
 known as the nuns of Picpus. Under the
 shadow of their chapel is the cemetery
 where, in 1794, thirteen hundred victims
 of the Reign of Terror were cast into a
 common grave; and where the descendants
 of many of these heroic victims—among
 them General Lafayette—have been
 buried. Strangely enough, our Blessed
 Lady of Peace now reigns in a spot fraught
 with memories of horror and pain.

The statue is small—not more than
 twenty-five inches high; it is of dark
 wood, almost black, and represents the
 Blessed Virgin holding her Divine Son
 on her left arm. Our Lady has a girlish
 expression, and the Holy Infant holds in
 one hand a cross, and in the other a globe.

The origin of the statue is lost in
 obscurity; but as far back as the reign

of the Valois Kings, in the sixteenth century, it belonged to the noble family of Joyeuse, and was regarded by its members as a most precious treasure. The lords of Joyeuse were a valiant race, who distinguished themselves in the Holy Wars as champions of the Christian cause; and one of them is a most striking and picturesque figure of the day.

Henri de Joyeuse, like his older brothers, was a brilliant military leader; but, together with a passion for human renown and glory, he seems to have had a craving for nobler and higher things. These holy aspirations were doubtless developed by his fervent devotion to Our Lady of Peace, whose statue became his property when he succeeded to the duties and privileges of head of the ducal house. After the death of his wife, he broke with the world, left the court and became a Capuchin monk under the name of Frère Ange.

But this first retreat from the world was not of long duration; for, thinking to render better service to the Catholic cause, then imperilled by the fierce attacks of the Huguenots, Ange de Joyeuse left his cloister in 1592, with his superior's permission, and took command of the Catholic troops in Languedoc. His was a singularly noble character: energetic, self-denying, and wholly devoted to religion. In 1600 he considered himself free to return to the monastic life that he had not ceased to love, and he died shortly afterward at Rivoli, while performing a pilgrimage to Rome. He was only forty-six years of age.

When he joined the Capuchins, Henri de Joyeuse brought with him the statue of Our Lady of Peace, before which he was accustomed to pray. The sons of St. Francis possessed at that time a convent in the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris; and the garden of the convent was in part the gift of Frère Ange, whose family mansion stood close by. Nothing now remains of the monastery, which was, we are told by ancient historians, large and well built. The Capuchins were at that period deservedly popular in France: they pos-

essed more than four hundred and fifty monasteries and numbered ten thousand religious. In their church of the Rue St. Honoré was the tomb of Frère Ange, the warrior-monk to whom the convent owed its prosperity; and also that of a celebrated member of the Order, Father Joseph le Clerc de Tremblay, the friend and confidant of Cardinal Richelieu. Church and convent have long been swept away, and only Our Lady of Peace remains of the past glories of the once famous monastery.

At first the statue was not kept in the convent church, but in a niche above the doorway. Here it remained sixty long years; and often, it is said, a radiant light, for which no human agency could account, was observed around the holy image.

On the 22d of July, 1651, as is related, a large number of persons of all ages, in different parts of Paris, moved by a common impulse, flocked to the feet of Our Lady of Peace, drawn thither by an irresistible and mysterious attraction. During the following days the influx of pilgrims continued to increase; many came barefooted, and extraordinary graces rewarded their confidence. The annalists of the shrine have kept an exact account of these favors; they quote the attestation of surgeons and doctors who certify to the supernatural character of the facts recorded.

In consequence of the extraordinary influx of pious pilgrims, it was decided to remove the statue to the interior of the church, whither it was transferred on the 25th of September, 1651. Here the favors continued as before; and the years 1652, 1655, 1658 and 1659 were full of marvellous occurrences, proving Mary's power and her clients' confidence.

Among the pilgrims who visited the shrine in 1658 were Louis XIV. and his queen. A few months previously, the King having fallen dangerously ill at Calais, two ladies of the court—the Duchess de Vendôme and the Marquise de Senecy—made a novena on his behalf

to Our Lady of Peace. He recovered, and attributed his cure to the intercession of our Blessed Mother.

When the Revolution of 1790 broke out and the religious houses in the kingdom were suppressed, the provincial of the Capuchins, Father Zénon, determined to provide for the safety of the precious image. Before leaving Paris, he looked around him for a soul courageous and trustworthy enough to accept what was in those evil days a perilous office. His choice fell upon Mademoiselle Papin, a brave and holy woman, whose brother was a priest. She accepted, and kept the image till 1792, when she also was obliged to leave Paris. Fearing to take the venerated statue with her, she gave it to Madame d'Albert de Luynes, who had been a *chanoinesse* of the chapter of Remiremont until the Revolution cast her adrift upon the world. This lady was accustomed to pray before the holy image when it was in her friend's possession, and she consented to take care of it until better days dawned for France. In a written document she attested that the statue belonged to Mademoiselle Papin, and that she was simply its guardian for the time being. Mademoiselle Papin died shortly afterward; and her sister, to whom the image now belonged, consented to leave it in the hands of Madame de Luynes during the remainder of her life.

In 1802 Madame de Luynes caused its authenticity to be officially recognized by Monsieur de Florac, then vicar-general of Paris, whose testimony still exists; and a few months later she obtained from Rome that an indulgence should be gained by those who prayed before her beloved Lady of Peace. Madame de Luynes died in 1806; and Monsieur Coipel, Mademoiselle Papin's nephew and heir, gave the precious image, of which he was now the owner, to the Mother Superior of the convent of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary at Picpus. On the 6th of May, 1806, it was reverently transferred to its new home; and after a

lapse of fourteen years was again exposed to public veneration.

On a sultry day in the month of August, at a time when Paris is well-nigh deserted save by the passing stranger, we visited Our Lady of Peace in her quiet home at the far end of the great city. Our object was twofold: we wished to pay homage to the venerable image, and also to pray on the spot where, among the victims executed at the Barrière du Trône, lie those sixteen holy Carmelites, whose intercession we had of late successfully implored.

Our first visit was to the burial-ground, whither we have already led the readers of THE AVE MARIA; and, passing near the tomb of Lafayette, we reached the enclosure. Here, under the green trees, sleep the men, women and children, the rich and poor, duchesses and workwomen, courtiers and peasants, whom the guillotine ruthlessly destroyed in the space of six weeks. We knelt and prayed, while the golden shafts of the summer sun cast a hot radiance over the silent spot. Then, retracing our steps, we crossed the cemetery, whose gravestones bear the noblest names in France, and entered the convent church. Outside, the distant roar of the Paris streets brought an echo of the busy world; inside, all was cool, quiet, restful; only the chant of the nuns breaking the silence as they knelt, a snow-white army, before the altar, pleading with God for the souls of men, living and dead.

After the Office, a kind old Sister made us enter the choir, and took us to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, behind the high altar. We knelt before the little image that Ange de Joyeuse and the seventeenth-century pilgrims loved so well; and we reflected that many tales of anxiety and sorrow had been poured out at her feet from the times of the Valois Kings to the dark epoch of the Reign of Terror. And now again in our own day our Blessed Lady's power has not diminished, nor has her tender heart grown cold, as the ex-votos that surround her shrine can testify.

On each side of the high altar are two

large marble tables, bearing the names of the thirteen hundred victims whose remains are resting in the shadow of the church. We are again struck by the contrast between the tragic memories that haunt the cemetery without and the restful influence within. A special and pathetic significance is attached to the fact that our sweet Lady of Peace has made her home in a spot fraught with memories of pain and crime, softening them by her restful and ever-soothing presence.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

II.—TREACHERY.



HE cloaked messenger, on leaving the Sybalds, went from the exposed heights of the Old Town to the lower and more sheltered level of the quarter known as the Cowgate. There, amid embowering trees, stood the mansions—many of them of much stateliness—inhabited by the more aristocratic portion of the community.

A slender moon had arisen and shone with sufficient light to guide him along the wooden road. But the wind was still strong; and as he pressed eastward, making his way against it with bowed head, he was all unaware of a wayfarer approaching from the opposite direction. In spite of the efforts of the latter to avoid a collision, the two came to a standstill.

The messenger's astonished exclamation and profuse apology revealed his identity to the other.

"Why, Geordie, man," cried the latter, amusedly, "what's come over you, that one can not take a bit o' walk but you must needs attack him like a night-thief?"

"I little thought to meet you, Master Doctor, at this hour," said the other, as he recognized the well-known voice. "I'm away to warn some of our folk that Master

Burnet is in town this week. He'll be in the Canongate" (caution struck him, and he lowered his voice to almost a whisper), "at Mistress Monnypenny's."

"I'm glad to know that," was the reply. "On what day will it be?"

The man discreetly lowered his voice, as he gave the necessary directions.

"That's well. I shall be there both days. I'll tell the others, so you need not trouble to come to the house."

Then with mutual salutations they took each his way.

A man glided out noiselessly from the shelter of the trees hard by, and cautiously followed in the wake of him who had been styled "Doctor." He kept him in view until the broad street was reached known as the Grassmarket. At the door of a house of some pretensions, amid others more lowly, he saw the man knock, and after a minute or two enter. The pursuer ran forward to make sure of the house, and reached it as the door closed. He waited for a space in the silent street, then knocked—not too boldly.

The door was opened by an old serving-man, grey-haired and wrinkled, clad in quaint but faded livery. He held a lamp high above his head to gain clear sight of the visitor.

"Is Master Doctor within?" asked the latter.

"Aye, surely. What might ye want with him?"

"My mother's sore sick, and I'd like the doctor to visit her. She bides down Corbie Close, back o' Canongate. Would his Honor come, think ye?"

"Unless she's in great danger, I'd be sorry to see him go out to-night. He's been away all day, and he'll be just about taking his bit of supper."

"Nay, nay, I didna mean to ask him to come to-night. She's no' so bad as a' that. The morn will be time enough."

"It can not be said," rejoined the old servant, "that Master Barclay ever neglected the sick. If you wish it, he'll go to-night, I make no doubt."

"Nay, nay, I'll call in the morn, if she's no better. That'll do well."

"Well, well, then good-night to you!" said the old man, evidently much relieved.

It was a room of fair size, in the upper story of the house, in which the subject of the conversation was at that moment divesting himself of his heavy boots, seated in a large oaken chair near the hearth. There was little appearance of luxury about the apartment,—scarcely of comfort, indeed. The walls were hung with faded, moth-eaten tapestry of dingy brown hue. A few high-backed chairs were ranged along the walls. Under the high arch of the fireplace a bright fire of logs was burning, and near by stood a table prepared for a meal.

The man himself looked to be about thirty years of age. His face was rather long and thin; his pointed beard and mustache were dark brown. An expression of kindly humor lighted up his rather plain features when the old servant entered. He greeted him in broad Scottish dialect, as he often teasingly did; for the old man had lived long out of the country, and had abandoned his native turn of speech for the more correct diction of the educated class; and his master delighted to remind him of the fact.

"Weel, Andra," he cried, "there's nae mistake but I'm fair hungry. Bid Bessie send up a guid, hearty supper."

"She'll do that, Master Willie, never fear. Ye'll be sick tired o' walking."

"I am that, Andra man. Eh, it's no' an easy task to tend the sick poor! Yet it's what I've a rare liking for. It's work that's weel becoming a Christian man."

"That's true enough, sir. But I'm thinking it might be as well to take some care of your own health. There's too much travelling about—it appears to me,—after folk who give you little thanks and less pay. I often think it might have been as well if you'd stayed in France, across the sea yonder. Not that I've overmuch love for French folk myself; but there's liberty over yonder for a body to hear his Mass

in peace, which is more than can be said for this side o' the water."

"Was there a knocking at the door below a few minutes since?" asked his master.

"There was, sir. Some stranger-loon was asking for your Honor. His mother, it seems, is sore sick. But, anyway, she's not bad enough, he says, to take you out to-night. He'll call in the morn."

"What name did he give?"

"Faix," cried the old man, breaking into broad Scots, "I'm getting more daft day by day. He told me no name, and I forgot to ask. He was far from handsome to look at, anyway."

"No matter. He will call again if he needs me," said the other. "Let me have supper now."

Master William Barclay was a scion of a notable family of Aberdeenshire, and could claim kinship with more than one noble house. Entirely devoted to study and good works, he had not yet married. Passing with distinction through the University of Louvain, where he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine, he went to Paris, and there acquired a reputation for sound learning, both in law and medicine.

But his attraction was to devote himself to the sick poor; and to that end, chiefly, he returned to his native land and settled in Edinburgh. A man of sincere piety, he sincerely mourned the downtrodden state of the Church in his unhappy country; though, like many another ardent spirit, he looked forward with confidence to its resurrection in a not too distant future. Meanwhile he gave himself to his chosen work, consorting with none, except a few familiar friends of like aspirations; for a Catholic could not do otherwise if he desired to practise his religion under existing circumstances.

Doctor Barclay's two devoted servants, Andrew Ferguson and his wife Bessie, had ministered to his wants both in Louvain and Paris, and, as a matter of course, accompanied him to Scotland.

Leaving Master Doctor to enjoy his

well-earned meal, we will accompany the "stranger-loon" who had sought his aid for a sick mother. After making a minute examination of the house and its neighborhood, with the evident design of impressing its locality upon his memory, he made his way, by climbing the steep lane known as the West Bow, into the higher level of the Lawnmarket. Among some low-browed, meanly-built dwellings were many houses of more pretentious style. These were the habitations and warehouses of well-to-do burgesses. The man paused before the door of one such building. It was a lofty stone house, with many mullioned windows in the broad wall-surface under its gabled roof.

It was growing late, for eight o'clock was striking; yet the man ventured to knock sharply upon the narrow, iron-studded, oaken portal in the round turret jutting on the street at one end of the building. The porter was evidently in no hurry to answer to the summons; for the knock had to be repeated more than once before the door was opened. The strongly-built ruddy-faced serving-man who appeared, lamp in hand, had been apparently disturbed in the course of his supper; for he had economized time by taking a good mouthful before leaving the table, and was still occupied with its mastication. He looked anything but pleased at the sight of so insignificant a caller at that hour; but his unfinished morsel, and the eagerness of the man without, prevented the indignant protest which his eyes, forestalling his tongue, eloquently revealed.

"It's late to be troubling ye, I know well," burst out the caller. "But I must speak wi' the Bailie, if he will see me, on a matter of life and death. Would ye kindly ask his Honor if he will see me for twa, three minutes?"

Wat, the porter, was taken at a disadvantage. He could but swallow down his morsel and mutter something about the untimely hour, as he beckoned the other to enter.

"What's y'r name?" he asked gruffly.

"Stephen Allardyce."

"Ye'll bide here," said the porter. Then, locking the door of communication with the house, he mounted the winding stairs leading to the upper stories, leaving the stranger in the darkness at the stair foot. After a few minutes a gleam of light showed from above, and the porter's voice called to the man, bidding him ascend.

In a small room, where a wood fire burned on the hearth, the caller found a man of middle age seated at a table, making entries in an account book open before him. He was of slight build, his face long and narrow, his thin beard and mustache turning grey, as also the scanty strands of hair falling onto the ruff round his neck. Clad in cloth doublet and breeches of claret red, adorned with silver buttons, the leather belt round his waist fastened by a massive silver clasp, the man's whole appearance bespoke a personage of wealth and position. Yet his lined face wore an almost habitual expression of sour disappointment.

This was Robert Agnew, one of the richest merchants of the city, who held the position of one of its Bailies. Although rumor declared that his wife had leanings toward "Papistry," the Bailie himself was known to be one of the most bitter enemies of the old Faith in Edinburgh. Those citizens who disliked the man—and they were not few,—as well as those who envied him for his wealth and influence, declared that ambitious rather than religious motives were at the root of this avowed antipathy; such persons accused the Bailie of scheming to ingratiate himself with the higher powers, and even—should fortune favor—to gain the notice of his sovereign by his activity in combating "Popery" and its professors.

"What is your business?" asked Bailie Agnew, as his visitor was ushered in.

The latter delayed for an instant, eyeing the porter's leisurely withdrawal. Not until the door closed did he venture to reply. Then, creeping nearer, he delivered his information with a cringing servility

which any open-minded man would surely have detested.

He had managed to discover the fact that a Jesuit was actually staying in the city, and intended to say his Mass in a house in the Canongate that very week. He was not able, at present, to mention the exact day; but he was hopeful of finding out. He knew, for a fact, that Master Doctor Barclay, of the Grassmarket, had been notified of the Mass, and he had overheard him say that he should be present. Now that he (Allardyce) had made known the circumstance to one of the magistrates, he felt he had done his duty, and trusted that his Honor the Bailie would bear in mind the service rendered to justice and religion.

Bailie Agnew listened with manifest interest. As the story proceeded, his sour face assumed a pleased expression. He put a question now and again, in his best judicial manner, regarding various details; and finally declared that the information was valuable, if it could be supplemented by more accurate knowledge on certain points. The precise day and place of the proposed assembly must be ascertained, so that the Council might take steps to seize the priest and such others as it should be deemed advisable to imprison. Could Allardyce help towards obtaining the required information? Should the magistrates succeed in arresting at least some of the most prominent of the Papists involved, his services would be handsomely rewarded.

The visitor's evil eyes brightened with the prospect of gain. His sallow, unclean face flushed red.

"I'll do my best, y'r Honor," he rejoined eagerly. "I know a way to help—mayhap to find out the day."

Then he told how he had made sure of the identity of Master Barclay by tracking him to his lodging, and leaving a fictitious message with the serving-man about a non-existent sick mother. He could return there next day and speak to the doctor, begging him to say where a priest might be found for the dying woman.

"There's no mother of mine in the town, sick or well, y'r Honor," he said, with an evil leer; "but maybe Master Doctor'll be thrown off his guard if I ask for a priest. He's said to be a strong Papist."

"But ye'll need to be canny!" exclaimed the Bailie. His face seemed to reflect the wicked delight of the informer's, as he counselled diabolical deceit. "Ye must take y'r solemn oath that y're a true Papist, or ye'll gain no footing wi' such a man."

"I'm ready to swear to anything y'r Honor bids me," said the informer.

"Ye can find out the day fixed for the Mass, and the place the Papists are bidden to; that's all ye can do for the time being. Bring me word, and I'll see to a posse o' the guard being on the spot. Ye can point out Barclay to them, if they can contrive to get into the chamber."

"I can fairly do that, y'r honor," was the reply.

The Bailie opened the door and shouted for a light; and the porter reappeared and conducted Allardyce downstairs.

Bailie Agnew passed down a short corridor, lighted by the feeble flicker of an oil lamp, and entered another apartment. It was larger and better furnished than the smaller room, which was devoted to business affairs. The tapestry on the walls here was bright and fresh in color; there were no rushes strewn on the floor, but here and there thick Oriental carpets of bright hues lay on the polished oaken surface. The handsomely carved chairs and stools, the massive silver candlesticks bearing lighted wax tapers, and all the other appointments, were costly and beautiful; they were evidence of a wealthy owner's pride in his surroundings.

Under the stone chimney-arch, carved with foliage and grotesque designs, a fire burned on the raised hearth. On one side of the fireplace stood a large cushioned chair, which was evidently set there for the Bailie; for on a stand hard by stood a flagon of red wine—his "sleeping cup," obviously,—with a silver salver holding small cakes.

On the opposite side of the room two women were seated. One of them was a faded-looking lady, of something over forty probably. She might have been beautiful in earlier years; but ill health—and unhappiness, too, maybe—had left her haggard and worn. Her face was long and thin, and of an unnatural paleness, with many lines graven on her brow and around her deep-set eyes; but there was a patient expression there, which gave charm to an otherwise unimpressive countenance. Her dress was rich and her ornaments costly. Her gown of dark blue velvet was slashed on sleeves and bodice with silk of a paler tint, and adorned with gold lace. Her high-standing ruff was of fine lawn, as were also the ruffles at her wrists and the coif under which her hair was hidden; all were adorned with much valuable lace. On her fingers were many rings; round her neck were jewelled chains, and she wore costly earrings. By her side, on a fine gold chain, hung a small mirror set in a fan of feathers,—an article of fashion restricted, to the more wealthy at that period. Her appearance, as she sat there, listlessly gazing into the fire near her, with hands lying idle upon her lap, was suggestive of a lay figure upon which might be displayed the fruits of generously lavished means; for, the wearer seemed not only regardless, but even oblivious, of her splendid raiment,—worn, it was evident, with some reluctance. This sumptuously dressed woman was the Bailie's wife, Alison Agnew.

Her companion was a much older woman,—seventy years of age, perhaps. Her attire was severely simple, with no trace of ornament: a dark gown, plain linen coif, and broad collar instead of ruff. Her deeply wrinkled face spoke of many cares and possibly sufferings endured in the past; but deep peacefulness in the expression of her homely countenance made up for any lack of positive beauty there. From her extremely simple dress she might have been a servant; but a certain distinction of bearing seemed to

contradict the supposition. Isobel Sinclair had been born in different circumstances, it is true, and was a woman of education and refinement; but ever since the marriage of Mistress Agnew she had filled the post of confidential tiring-maid and companion to one whom she had known in early youth.

The Bailie entered the room hurriedly, and threw himself into his chair, offering no greeting. For a few moments silence reigned; for the two had ceased conversing when he appeared; and the man sat with eyes fixed on the fire, as though he had forgotten their presence. Suddenly he looked up, and saw the eyes of the women bent upon him. With a curt, ungracious gesture, but without a spoken word, he signed to Isobel to withdraw. She rose at once—a tall, not ungraceful figure,—and, pushing aside the spinning-wheel which she had been using before the Bailie's entrance, quietly passed out through a door close by.

Bailie Agnew waited till the door had closed upon her; then, leaning forward, asked in guarded tones:

“Do ye know anything, Mistress, about a priest being in the city just now?” He kept his keen eyes fixed on her face.

Mistress Agnew turned her gaze towards the flickering logs on the hearth, and for a few seconds there was no answer. Then, still keeping her eyes averted, she said in a calm, level tone of voice:

“You gave me your solemn word, Robert, when I confided in you about religion, that if I did but keep my own counsel, you would never trouble me.”

“I've no wish to trouble you now,” he rejoined in his reedy, querulous voice. “I'm but asking a plain question, which you can easily answer.”

“Nay, nay,” she said, shaking her head gently: “you know it can not be easily answered. Whatever I know about such matters I've no right to tell.”

“That means ye dinna mean to tell!” he angrily cried. “Well, luckily I've little need of y'r help. I happen to know for

certain, Mistress, that the priest Burnet—as ye call him—is in town. But I warn ye: have a care! If ye go to the Popish Mass this week, woman, ye'll maybe fall into a trap. And ye needna look to me to take ye out,—do ye see?"

She remained silent, her eyes still bent on the burning logs at her feet.

"Well, gae y'r ain gait!" he cried in his high-pitched voice. "But ye can not say that I hav'na fairly warned ye."

And he flung himself out by the way he had entered. His wife heard his summons to Wat the porter from the stairhead.

"Get a lantern ready. Ye're to come out with me on business."

Mistress Agnew waited until the door below was closed upon them. Then she touched a small silver bell on the table near her. The door opened at once, and Isobel returned to the room. Hastening to the other woman's side, she scanned her face, where traces of tears were showing. Kneeling down by her side, she took her mistress gently in her arms, as though she had been comforting a child.

"What is the trouble, my bairn?" she murmured.

"Robert has heard about the Mass, Isobel," whispered the other. "He is very angry. He warned me that it would not be safe to go. Oh, I'm sore disappointed! But we must warn the Father of the danger. You must go to see him or Christian Guthrie to-morrow; maybe he will fix another day or another house, for safety's sake. The Bailie's even now away—perhaps to take some steps about it."

"I'm more troubled for yourself, dearie!" whispered the faithful Isobel, as she embraced the other more warmly still. "I had hoped you would get to the Sacraments at last, after waiting so long."

"I'm sorely grieved, too," answered the other. "But I know that I deserve to suffer for my unfaithfulness in the past. Jesu, Jesu," she prayed, as her tears flowed unrestrainedly, "grant me patience!"

(To be continued.)

Deprivation.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

SING a song of the little child,
The waif of the turbulent street,—
The desolate child who patters the bricks
With bare and brown little feet.

I sing a song of the little child,—
The child who never an hour
Has roamed the meadow or watched the birds,
Or held in its fingers a flower;
The child who never has seen, alas!
The bright green sky of the flower-starred grass.

Alas for the eyes that never have seen
The skies grow blue and the fields grow green!

A Little Soldier of Christ.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

II.

WE were in the spring of 1916; and Luigi, the older boy, was preparing to make his first Holy Communion. But not so Livio. "He was too young, he was too wilful!" What a cruel thorn this continual condemnation was in that poor little heart! And yet there were not wanting those who were thinking of him and who would gladly have helped him.

On the 2d of June of that year we all solemnly consecrated ourselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was a great day, and full of the greatest joy for all of us. We had been thinking about it so long, and had prepared for it with the most intense fervor. The children set down their good resolutions in writing. On the day of the feast we all received Holy Communion, with the exception of the two youngest—Livio and Anna. The whole house was decorated with plants and flowers, and the children were entirely penetrated with the importance and solemnity of the event. Before the large picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the presence of the priest and of a number of

guests invited for the ceremony, we all solemnly pronounced the act of consecration which bound us for all time with indissoluble bonds to the Sovereign of our love. How sweet the children were, all dressed in white, and each having a lily and a lighted candle,—the symbols of that purity and ardent faith which they were solemnly consecrating to Jesus! They were all full of emotion and so happy!

Livio's resolutions, written by himself, gradually and by degrees as they occurred to his mind, are transcribed here literally, and form a precious document of the spiritual entity of the little writer, not much more than five years old:

"1. I will never tell lies. 2. I will make *fioretti*.¹ 3. I will be a little better than before. 4. That I will hardly ever get angry. 5. That I will go many times to confession. 6. That I will lend my brothers my soldier things. 7. That I will do my English a little better. 8. When it is my turn to get the little illustrated paper, I will give it to Bibbè. [His brother, Giovanni Battista.] 9. That I will hardly ever do underhand things. 10. When Anna has the illustrated paper, I will not take it from her. 11. I will hardly ever be rude. 12. That I will hardly ever do mean things to my brothers. 13. That I will not take the things that do not belong to me. 14. I will hardly ever do spiteful things to my brothers and sisters and Anna Maria. 15. I will not say that my brothers and sisters get presents from papa and mamma and that I get nothing. 16. I will put a lot of pebbles in the box of 'good' and none in the box of 'bad.' 17. That I will almost always do my English lesson well."

Poor little fellow, how hard he tried to be good! These resolutions show how earnest he was in striving to overcome what he knew to be wrong in his own

¹ By this familiar and sweet word *fioretti*, or "little flowers," the children of Italy designate the little acts of piety and self-denial which they offer up during novenas or to obtain some special grace. The *fioretti* are usually made in honor of the Sacred Heart or of our Blessed Lady.

inclinations, although he had the fear that he would not succeed,—a fear he reveals by the words "almost always" and "hardly ever," which tell the whole story.

The solemn act of consecration of our family to the Sacred Heart must have been pleasing to our Divine Lord; for, from that day on, so many graces were showered upon us that this little book would not suffice to contain them. One of the most remarkable was certainly Livio's ever more intense desire to receive Jesus in Holy Communion, and his ardent passion for that divine Friend. Here are some more of his little letters:

DEAR JESUS:—How do you do? Did you know that I found your letter? Help me to be good, to be obedient. I will do the *fioretto* for the conversion of a sinner.

Make me make my first Holy Communion soon. I must do a *fioretto* to make the souls in purgatory go to heaven. Make me go to heaven with you and our dear Blessed Lady.

Your little LIVIO.

JUNE 16, 1916.

DEAR JESUS:—This letter [the sheet of paper] mamma gave to Cristina, and Cristina gave it to me. You must make the tramway men good, because sometimes they run over people; but I hope that they go to heaven.¹ I pray a great deal, because I want the priests to go at once on to the boats, the steamships, and the men-of-war, because the soldiers are dying. I have a lot of fun on the beach, but I don't want the water to be too deep.

Your LIVIO.

JUNE, 1916.

CARA MADONNINA [Dear little Blessed Mother]:—Do not let A.'s brother, who is at the war, die. Make the other brother get well. Did Jesus receive my letter? Yesterday evening I gave M— a little image of a picture of you. Do not let C. die.

Your LIVIO.

¹ A street car accident had happened that day.

Meanwhile the great day of his first Holy Communion, the 22d of June, feast of Corpus Christi, was drawing near for Luigi. Livio was present at all the instructions. He had heard it said that sometimes Jesus was pleased to show Himself to good children in the Sacred Host. St. Stanislaus Kostka and St. Anthony had often contemplated Him. Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque had seen Him upon the pages of her book of prayers while she was singing the Divine Office. And, oh, how much he, Livio, would have wished to see Jesus! How ardently he desired his Lord! I told him that these were very rare graces that Jesus granted only very seldom; but perhaps, if he asked for it fervently enough, and if he was very good, Our Lord might hearken to him.

He must certainly have prayed a great deal those days to obtain the grace he wished, poor darling angel; for Our Lord granted his request, and on the very day that Luigi received his First Communion. Livio did not speak immediately of the favor he had obtained; but, a few days later, he confided to me very simply that he had seen Jesus on the altar just a little before Luigi went up to receive Holy Communion.

Who shall guess what passed within his soul, and how the divine glance encompassed the child at that moment? He spoke of this to nobody but me, and then briefly, almost as if he had wished not to be questioned.

From that day on, however, the desire to receive Jesus became the fixed star of his life. He did not think of anything else, did not care for anything else. "Next year, about this time," was the answer he invariably received. "You are too young now."

One day the Rev. Father Aprea, of the Society of Jesus, came to celebrate the Mass. He was very fond of Livietto, as he called him, and always encouraged him to ask for Holy Communion. The poor child, mortified at always having to reply the same thing—"I am too little and

too wilful,"—this time hung his head and said nothing.

"Livietto," the Father urged, "if Father Paoli" (the child's confessor) "does not let you make your first Holy Communion, I will see that you make it."

The boy was beside himself with happiness, and the next time he saw Father Paoli he ran to meet him.

"You know," he said, "Father Aprea is going to let me make my first Holy Communion, because you always say No!"

"Well," answered the Father, "when would you like to make it?"

"To-morrow," Livio replied firmly.

"But to-morrow is impossible! You are not prepared. Learn your Catechism, be good, and I will let you make it perhaps at Christmas."

Livio did not seem very well pleased. Christmas was still a long way off. But he said nothing.

We began at once to study the Catechism. Poor child, with what ardor he set about it! How many questions he asked. How many explanations he required! It was never enough to suit him.

DEAR JESUS:—Did you know that I was learning my Catechism? Soon I shall make my first Holy Communion. You know I study my Catechism well, and I study it with mamma; and to-day I studied it.

LIVIO.

How much I wish now that I could call to mind his questions, his observations! How busily the little brain worked! His mysticism seemed to increase from day to day. His desire to receive Our Lord was so intense that it no longer permitted him to play as he used to do. He was often lost in thought, and his glance at times assumed an expression that was strangely sweet and deep. At night he did not go to sleep readily, and during the day he was very serious and good. He had heard of the Promises of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary; and, interpreting the matter in his own fashion, he declared that he, too, would keep his promises to Jesus.

One evening I had gone as usual to say good-night to him. That was the favorite hour for his little confidences, the secrets that I alone must hear. He was so dear at that time! Lying in his little bed, he waited for his turn as usual, after his two brothers, to have me say good-night. As I drew near and bent over him to kiss him, he exclaimed: "How strange,—there is the Infant Jesus between you and me!" A shudder went all through me, but I did not dare to ask him to explain. I did not feel worthy to lift the veil shrouding this mystery. I caressed him, kissed him more lovingly than of wont, and withdrew.

A few days later he told me with the greatest simplicity that he had seen the Sacred Heart. "He was like the big picture of the Consecration," he said, "but much bigger,—as big as the whole room." Another time he assured me that he had seen his own room full of small, small angels, who were all white, and who came and went as though they were very busy. Upon another occasion he said he had seen two large angels,—one all white, holding a Host in his hands; and another, dressed in red, bearing a chalice. I do not remember all the things he kept telling me that he had seen during these days. I allowed him to say it all without questioning him, fearful as I was of clouding the divine imprint which the soul of our little one bore so clearly during those days. Oh, how blessed and how happy he was throughout that time, and how near his Creator!

He had grown so very, very good; always ready for any little sacrifice he might be called upon to make, and every least act of obedience. He said his prayers with the greatest recollection, and he was no longer overbearing with his brothers. It often happened that when he was in the midst of play he would interrupt his games to go and say a prayer, and he would disappear without a word. Once I thought I would follow him; and I found him kneeling upon the altar steps, with

his little hands joined together, behind the curtain that shuts off our oratory.

He kept two boxes,—the first of which he had inscribed, "The one for good"; and the other, "The one for bad." In one of these boxes he dropped a bean every evening according to his conduct during the day. With how much attention he followed this up, and what labor it cost him! I was to judge in which box the ballot must fall, and he was in a fever all day for fear of compromising the bean "for good" upon which his first Holy Communion was to depend.

I had suggested that he ask his confessor to allow him to make it on St. Ignatius' Day. I wanted so much to consecrate the dear little fellow to the greater glory of God, and I wished to place him under the special protection of the great saint. We were both granted our request. It was decided that Livio, in spite of his tender age (he was then only five years and eight months old), should receive his first Holy Communion on the 31st of July.

—DEAR JESUS:—I am going to make my first Holy Communion, and I will study my Catechism to-day. Do please make the war end. I said the prayer for peace. I will write to you again the day of my First Communion. Jesus, I have two boxes; they are "for the good and the bad." And in the good there are 27, and in the bad none. I have written the promises to you [his good resolutions], because you wrote the promises to that saint.

I had not studied my Italian very well.

Your

LIVIO.

Every day he appeared with his little Catechism book for instruction, and he would have gone on forever regarding the things of God. He asked one question after the other. There was a pressing need in him to inquire, and to hear repeated over and over again those things which touched him most.

Three days before the 31st of July I took him to the Rev. Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, to ask her if she would kindly admit this little

personage, aged five, who was to receive Jesus for the first time,—if she would admit him to their convent chapel, so full for us already of precious memories, as Giovanni and Luigi had both similarly received their first Holy Communion there.

Livio, accordingly, made his retreat during the three days that preceded the feast.

(To be continued.)

Colonel Temple's Nieces.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.

THE Major was right when he called Alfreda really beautiful. As she stood in the small drawing room of the little apartment on Park Avenue, which she occupied with her cousin Marie, she very plainly corroborated his opinion. She was tall, slender, with gold-tinged brown hair, wonderful hazel eyes, and a brunette complexion. She wore a tight-fitting gown of dark purple, from the side of which hung a large silver and wooden cross of the same color. Her purple toque, accentuated by a few violets, was exquisitely becoming; and her gloves matched the violets. She was waiting for Marie. These two young women were not very tenderly attached to each other: they lived in the same apartment, but they did not pretend to have anything in common, except the bond of relationship and the desire to halve expenses. They each went their own way, and knew different people. They were so very well-bred that they knew exactly how to make life graceful in this enforced companionship, without making it intimate.

Marie, dark, olive-tinted, much below her cousin in stature, came in. At first sight, you made up your mind that she was a very charming little person. There was a gleam of humor in her very dark blue eyes; in a word, you felt that she was sympathetic, and that this gift of nature had been increased by the action of grace.

She was pretty, and even her mere prettiness did not suffer by contrast with the splendid beauty of her cousin. She, too, was in street dress; it was something dark and appropriate, but rather unnoticeable.

"How fine you are this morning,—absolutely! You look as if you were going to a high ecclesiastical luncheon."

"Marie," answered Alfreda, in a very sweet voice, "you know I can not tolerate the very remotest joke on the subject of religion. I am going to the special service at St. Mary the Virgin's; and, as it is the feast of a martyr, I have dressed myself accordingly. Religion, in my opinion, requires that it should be adapted to every circumstance in life."

Marie smiled. "But if to-day is the feast of a martyr, I should think you would wear red."

Alfreda looked into the long mirror between the windows. "Red!" she thought. "I'd look like a martyr myself in red, I am sure!"

The shade of purple she was wearing certainly did suit her complexion; and the worst of it was that Marie knew this.

"I hope I am not detaining you, Marie," said Alfreda. "But I was just waiting to say that it is the maid's day out, and that I hope you'll leave the key under the mat. I have ordered a new trunk, too; for you know I am going to Uncle Bill's the day after to-morrow, and I have to get into my boxes a lot of clothes and a whole library of devotional books. I can't leave in peace and think of Uncle Bill's living outside the True Fold. Now that I'm too tired to do Red Cross work, I must consecrate my life to looking after him—for a while, at least. Besides, Father Trevor's church is only two miles from Sherbrooke, and Uncle Bill says he'll drive me in in his little car every Sunday for the high service. There's no suitable train on that day, but on weekdays I can easily catch the Half-past Seven. I have never had a really satisfactory spiritual director since Father Trevor left New York; and I want to consult him about

Rob. You might be rather hurt, Marie, if I told you why I begin to regret that I am bound to Rob. I'm afraid I can't give you the reasons for the trouble of my mind on this subject without offending you; but I can not bring myself to make a mixed marriage. My faith is *all* to me. Rob shows an unhappy tendency toward Rome, and is not so respectful as he might be toward the Ritualistic life which is part of my very being."

Alfreda clasped her hands and cast down her exquisite eyelashes. It was as if a curtain had suddenly concealed her soul,—and she intended it that way.

Marie's face flushed a little. "Rob likes you, Alfreda," she said, sitting down near the window; "he's a thoroughly nice man; he has done his duty as a soldier admirably; and, now that he's back, I think the best thing you could do would be to encourage him to become a Catholic, become a real Catholic yourself, and marry him. Or, if you can't do that, at least do not throw him over after two years of constant devotion on his part, and apparently on yours."

"I don't say that Rob hasn't good qualities, but he will not accept our Anglican view of the ancient British Church. He rather scoffs at Father Trevor's pamphlet on ancient British teaching as a preservative against corruptions—but pardon me, dear! I shall end by offending you. Now let me kiss you and say good-bye."

And Alfreda glided from the room.

"She is beautiful," thought Marie, "and I can very well understand why Rob Wycherly loves her so devoutly." And she sighed.

She picked up the schedule of the Red Cross work, and telephoned to some distant committee. Then she broke into a little laugh. She remembered her uncle very well,—easy-going and rather self-indulgent in ordinary life; but a terrible martinet when on duty. Knowing Alfreda as well as she did, she laughed again when she thought of the result of that young woman's apparition at Sherbrooke. She

went to the window and sprinkled some drops of water on a box of yellow tulips.

"I don't suppose I ought to admit it even to myself," she sighed; "but I do wish Rob Wycherly was engaged to somebody else. Alfreda is all right at heart; but a rather exotic training has made her what so many American women were before the war,—people who took their pedigrees and their afternoon teas and their dinners and their social duties to themselves with a fearful seriousness. I tremble to think what a terrible effect Alfreda would have on my character, if I hadn't been gifted with a sense of humor. Probably if she marries Rob, who is straightforwardness itself, she will get over these early British and Anglo-Saxon fads. Well, it's none of my business, anyhow."

And yet, in spite of this, Marie fell to the making of memoranda on a tablet, uneasily sure that it *was* her business. But, to distract her mind, she made out a new schedule for the Red Cross work; and, then taking the tightly-rolled umbrella which always accompanied her, she started out to the orphan asylum to see the two little waifs from France on whom she spent all her spare money. These were part of a large group of French orphans supported by kind people. Sister Euphrosyne was a great chum of hers. The little waifs were in plain blue rompers. Sister Euphrosyne apologized: she liked to present her charges carefully curled and adorned; she knew all the tricks of the trade of touching up orphans so that they would appear very desirable to prospective adopters.

"It makes the greatest difference in the world, I assure you," Sister Euphrosyne said. "The little Lancy girl had been on our hands for months, until I found the right shade of blue for a frock, which brought out the delightful blue of her eyes. I admit I did take some time putting her hair in curl; but she was finally adopted by two of the nicest people I know, whose little girl had died. They were attracted

by the blue eyes of the Lancy child. They are all three very happy now. If you were a prospective adopter," said Sister Euphrosyne, smiling, "I should not have allowed you to see these children in their morning garb."

"To think of your being such a diplomatist, Sister Euphrosyne!" exclaimed Marie. "You certainly have the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove. As for me, I am bored to death. Even the sight of these two charming children does not cheer me up, as it usually does."

"It must be Alfreda," said Sister Euphrosyne. "Alfreda and I were at school together; we were both awfully High Church. It was Father Trevor that did it; and then Miss Thorndyke, who had begun by having the most fashionable school in New York, thought she'd like to be a mother abbess, and get some novices from her little flock, whose parents she was charging large sums every year for the use of opera boxes and symphony seats and an occasional dance. She changed after a while; but Alfreda has gone on, hasn't she? You know how I have ended," Sister Euphrosyne said, with a very happy laugh. "But Alfreda has had no use for me since I 'went over to Rome.' Don't let her get on your nerves, my dear! I was one of the older girls when she was a little one; but even then she patronized us most terribly. By the way, Robert Wycherly has been most kind. He made a large donation the other day for our swimming-pool. (Mother Superior wants all the children to learn to swim.) And when he heard that you were interested in Jean and Rosalie, he gave us a check for their outfit when they should be adopted. In fact, I think he'd adopt them himself, only he was afraid that, if he married Alfreda, she wouldn't like two such stanch little Romanists about the house."

Marie flushed. "I wish Rob Wycherly would just let my children alone! When I get a house of my own, I intend to adopt them myself. So, Sister, make them as

ugly as you can when people are about; for I don't want them to be snatched away from me."

"Rob Wycherly would make a good husband," said Sister Euphrosyne; "but I should hate to see him marry Alfreda. A man should never marry a woman to reform her."

"Sister!" exclaimed Marie, shocked.

"I suppose my tongue does run away with me, Marie, and I ought to have a penance for talking this way. But if Alfreda does not disgust him with religion, and drive him back to agnosticism again, I shall be surprised. Marie, you ought to cut Alfreda out."

Marie seized Sister Euphrosyne by both hands. "You are a darling! But I know that you are not serious. Alfreda says she looks on an engagement as serious as a marriage. I think she has begun to regard it as a sacred duty to marry Rob; he's to be a brand snatched from the burning. Don't you know it's immoral, Sister (even though you are an old friend of mine, and speak in a Pickwickian sense), to suggest that I should steal Alfreda's prospective husband? I couldn't, even if I would."

"Well, I don't think it is at all immoral to offer a way out for poor Rob, when I know that Alfreda looks upon him merely as a Duty. I am quite sure that she would be rather relieved if Rob would break it off himself. That would 'let her out,' as some of our older and slangy orphans say. I'll tell you why you are bored, Marie: you haven't a religious vocation, neither have you any vocation for being an old maid."

"I never believed," said Marie, "that a religious could be so utterly worldly and calculating! Now, the nuns of the Sacred Thirst would cut out their tongues before they'd—"

"But," retorted Sister Euphrosyne, "they are real ladies."

Marie was obliged to laugh in spite of herself.

"You are incorrigible, Sister Euphrosyne!" she said. "If you weren't

obliged to be in a state of grace because you are a Sister, you would be in jail, my dear."

"I probably should," answered the Sister.

Nevertheless, Marie went off very much cheered by the shocking suggestion of her amiable friend. In kissing Jean and Rosalie good-bye, she thought: "You never can tell when Sister Euphrosyne is in fun or in earnest."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Fascination of Some Eighteenth-Century Seals.

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER JULIAN TENISON, R. N.¹

THE discriminating use of seals has become lamentably rare; for not everyone nowadays can appreciate beautiful settings, quaint devices or witty mottoes; and few among the busy moderns find either time or inclination to seal their letters with those fanciful or appropriate designs which were among the delights of their more leisurely ancestors. It is true that a signet ring is often seen, but how seldom it is used for its proper purpose! And it is never engraved with any fine flight of fancy, the owner's crest or arms being considered quite sufficient, unless indeed it is that atrocity of atrocities, a blank. But to those who still find time to dally with the Graces, much gratification can be derived from the collection and use of seals, as may be gathered from a glance at Mr. Tassie's little book² and its fund of philosophical sayings. Love, friendship, satire, and sage counsel are well represented. And what exercise for the imagination there is in conjecturing

¹ Killed while in command of his submarine, August, 1916.

² "Descriptive Catalogue of Devices and Mottoes in various languages, adapted for seals, and formed in composition paste. By William Tassie, 20 Leicester Square. A New Edition. London: printed by J. Barfield, 91 Wardour Street, Soho. 1820."

the possible situations in which some of these seals may have expressed as much as the letters that they fastened!

"Friendship is the pleasantest of all things," says the old motto; and Mr. Tassie's catalogue goes far to show that that rare thing, a true friend, was thoroughly appreciated in the beginning of the last century; Cupid himself, indeed, barely succeeds in dividing the honors. In all languages the faithful friend is exalted; and the well-known devices of the ivy twining round a broken and ruined column, "*In adversis etiam fida*," and of a dog, "When *this* dog barks, my friendship ends," are tributes to the most seldom-found of all the virtues—fidelity.

Will not those who have suffered, as most of us have, from the unsolicited and impertinent interference of relatives (doubtless well-meaning, but none the less irritating for that), welcome with delight the motto engraved on an Italian seal, "*E' meglio un buon Amico, che cento Parent*" ("One good friend is better than a hundred relations")? How well we know these hundred relations,—they who consider that their kinship entitles them to a hand in the concerns of their unhappy kinsman, and who, when their meddling has placed their victim's affairs in an inextricable tangle, promptly disclaim responsibility, and read him a moral lesson! Different is a friend, in the true sense of that much-abused word. Slow to think evil, sympathetic and gracious, not prodigal of advice, but ready with it when required; as a tomb for his friend's confidences; at all times willing to help him; staunch in adversity as in prosperity,—such is the true friend:

He who is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he can not sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

The favorite emblems of fidelity are two hands joined together, or else a dog;

a dog and sundial, "*Le temps passe, l'Amité reste*"; or a blind Cupid led by a dog, "*La Fidélité me conduit*."

Froin friendship the mottoes naturally pass on to the "little blind god"; and the boundary line between the two forms of affection is indicated by a seal showing a Cupid without wings, and explaining, "*L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes*." The occupations and humors of the capricious god of love are legion. "*Rien sans peine*," says he ruefully, struggling to free a lacerated heart from the centre of a thornbush; but his spirits are volatile, and on the next page we find him as a costermonger selling hearts, "two a penny," from a wheelbarrow. He remains not long in any one mood, and we see him now practising his deadly archery astride a lion which meekly bears his yoke, "*Omnia Vincit*"; now out on a secret intrigue, armed with a dark lantern ("Hush!"); then weeping bitterly over an urn, the ancient emblem of death. He expels the devil with his bow, "*Amour malgré le Diable*"; he is carried off by the arch-fiend, "The Devil Take Love"; and finally, alas! we find his occasional alliance with the Father of Evil represented by a seal cynically depicting these two troublers of men's peace making a football of the world,—the motto, "*Entre nous*."

Sailors are proverbially an amorous race, so we are not surprised to meet Cupid in a boat navigating unknown seas; nor do we marvel at his knowledge of the customs of the Naval Service as shown in a seal thus described by Tassie: "Cupid in a Boat, dispatching a Dove with a Letter. On the sail is inscribed, 'To our Wives and Sweethearts'; and underneath, the device 'The Sailor's Messenger, or Saturday Night.'" In the British Navy, to this day, on Saturday night at sea the standing toast is: "To our wives and sweethearts. May our sweethearts soon be our wives, and our wives always be our sweethearts!"

We may pardonably wish to possess even a small selection of the treasures once

offered to the public by the ingenious Mr. Tassie; but, after all, are we now so badly off? Have we not his catalogue? Equipped with it and our imagination, what visions can we not conjure up? Why should we confine ourselves to "composition paste"? Why not indulge our fancy with the glitter of the "ancient gems" from which the good Tassie tells us he has obtained his choice designs? What glory of jewels, what splendor of settings, what perfection of engraving we can picture to ourselves! And what romances we can weave around these priceless gems! How they have been coveted, what crimes have they inspired, what lovely women have they not adorned!

But the imaginative fabric crumbles instantaneously when we are confronted with a letter which we wish to seal, so we fain would choose a few appropriate devices from our catalogue. It would be hard to select and tedious to enumerate them. Though one would scarcely use "I envy my letter" on an epistle to one's lawyer, there might be a certain delight in inflicting on a professed rolling-stone the Italian version of "There's no place like home": "*Ad Ogni Uccello, suo Nido è Bello*"; or on an ardent temperance advocate, "Push Round the Bottle" (the latter a hieroglyphical bottle surrounded by the word "Push"). We scan the pages longingly while making our limited selection; and it is only when we come to a device of "A Negro, with the Cap of Liberty, sounding the Trumpet of Fame," the whole labelled "British Justice," that we pray "God save England" with even more fervor than usual, and close the book.

It is to be hoped that the pleasing habit of using seals may again come into fashion both for the adornment of letters and the decoration of the person; and may there be a successor to the author of the "Descriptive Catalogue" to help such of us to dream who can not aspire to possess any of the "ancient gems."

SCANDAL will rub out like dirt when it is dry.—*Anon.*

The Sculptor's Rebuke.

ONCE famous sculptor of Düsseldorf, named Grupello, having received an order from the Elector, Prince Johann Wilhelm, for a statue of himself on horseback, to be done in bronze, resolved that the work should be a masterpiece, and labored at it early and late for many months, putting aside all other undertakings.

At last the work was done, and the sculptor had the statue set up in the public square of Düsseldorf, ready for the opening view. The Elector came on the appointed day, and with him his favorite courtiers. Then the statue was unveiled. It was very beautiful, and the prince was greatly pleased with it. He shook hands with the sculptor, like an old friend, saying: "Herr Grupello, you are a great artist, and this statue will enhance your fame; the portrait of me is perfect."

When the courtiers heard this, and saw the friendly hand-shake, their jealousy of the artist was beyond bounds. Their one thought was, how could they safely do something to humiliate him? They dared not pick flaws in the portrait statue, for the prince had declared it perfect. But at last one of them said, with an air of great frankness:

"Indeed, Herr Grupello, the portrait of his Royal Highness is most excellent; but permit me to say that the statue of the horse is not quite so successful: the head seems larger than it should be. Is it not somewhat out of proportion?"

"No," said another, "the horse is really not so successful; the turn of the neck, there, is really a trifle awkward."

"If you would change the right hind-foot just a little, Herr Grupello," said a third, "it would be a decided improvement."

Still another found fault with the horse's tail, which he declared was not altogether natural.

The artist listened quietly. When they

had all finished, he turned to the prince and said:

"Your courtiers, prince, find a good many flaws in the statue of the horse; will you permit me to keep it a few days more, to do what I can with it?"

The Elector assented, and the artist ordered a temporary screen to be built around the statue. For several days the sound of hammering came steadily from behind the enclosure. The courtiers, who took care to pass that way often, were delighted. Each one said to himself: "I must have been right, really; Herr Grupello himself sees that something was wrong."

Once more the artist summoned the prince and his courtiers, and the statue was again unveiled. Again the Elector exclaimed at its beauty, and then he turned to his courtiers, one after another, to see what they had to say.

"Admirable!" said the first. "Now that the horse's head is in perfect proportion, there is not a flaw."

"The change in the neck was just what was needed," remarked the second; "it is really very graceful now."

"The rear right foot is now as it should be," observed a third; "and it adds so much to the beauty of the whole."

The fourth said that the tail had received a master's touch.

"My courtiers are much pleased now," said the prince to Herr Grupello; "they think the statue greatly improved by the changes you have made."

Herr Grupello smiled a little. "I am glad they are so well satisfied," he said; "but the fact is, I have changed nothing!"

"What do you mean?" asked the prince in surprise. "Have we not heard the sound of hammering every day? What were you hammering at, then?"

"I was hammering at the reputation of your courtiers, who found as much fault as they could simply because they were jealous," replied the artist. "And I rather think that their reputation has suffered in consequence."

An Episode of Controversy.

WHEN Mgr. Meurin, formerly Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, afterwards titular Archbishop of Nisibi and Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius, was holding controversy with the Rev. Luke Rivington, superior in Bombay of the Anglican community known as the Cowley Fathers, it probably never occurred to either of the disputants that the one in error would ever become a defender of the doctrines he then combated. But such is the fact. Father Rivington was received into the Church in 1888, and elevated to the priesthood two years later. In his able work, "Plain Reasons for joining the Church of Rome," he refers to his controversy with Mgr. Meurin. The distinguished convert, like his erstwhile opponent, was a man of great talents, and rendered splendid service to the Catholic cause.

One of Father Rivington's stumbling-blocks as an Anglican was Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and this was a principal point of dispute between himself and Mgr. Meurin. That eminent prelate called our attention to certain passages in one of his rejoinders to Father Rivington, thinking that they would have special interest for readers of THE AVE MARIA. It is a gratification to reproduce them. The representative of Anglicanism had contended that the Scriptural text, *gratia plena*, is no support for the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in view of the fact that the word "full" does not occur in the Greek original; and he accused Mgr. Meurin of misquoting Holy Scripture. In replying to this charge, the Bishop begins by citing the following significant passages from writers of a period acknowledged to be primitive by the Anglican divine:

St. Sophronius (writing at the time of the sixth Œcumenical Council) addresses the Blessed Virgin Mary, in his homily on the Annunciation, in these words: "Others and many have flourished before thee by eminent sanctity, but on no one has *full grace* been bestowed as on thee. No one

has, like thee, been elevated to so high a magnificence. No one has been preoccupied by sanctifying grace like thyself. No one has shone like thee with celestial light. No one has been exalted like thyself above all sublimity."

To satisfy Mr. Rivington still further, let me quote some of the Doctors of the Church, of whom he speaks with as much reverence as if they were Anglican churchmen. St. Ambrose says in his commentary on St. Luke: "Mary received the salutation of the Angel with reverent awe, because she feared; and with reserve, because she wondered at the new expression of a blessing such as never had been read and never been heard of before. To Mary alone the salutation had been reserved. For she alone is properly called *full of grace*, who alone has received a grace which no other has merited,—the grace of being filled with the Author of all grace."

If St. Ambrose is guilty of the same "misquotation," St. Augustine will not fare better before the tribunal of the Rev. Mr. Rivington. In the thirty-sixth chapter of this Enchiridion he says: "The Angel saluted the Mother of Christ when bringing her the good news of His future birth, saying: 'Hail, full of grace!' And later on: 'Thou hast found grace before God.' And *full of grace* is she called, and said to have found grace before God, in order to become the Mother of her Lord—yea, of the Lord of all."

St. Jerome "misquotes" Holy Scripture in the same manner. In his sermon on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary he says: "How good and great the blessed and ever-glorious Virgin Mary was is divinely declared by the Angel who said: 'Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women.' For it was becoming that the Virgin should be replenished with gifts so as to be full of grace, because she gave to heaven glory, to the earth Our Lord; she restored peace, gave faith to all peoples, put an end to vices, gave order to life, and justice to morals. And rightly *full*; because others receive grace only partially, but into Mary the whole plenitude of grace has been at once infused. Truly *full*; because, although the holy Fathers and Prophets possessed grace, they did not possess it in its fulness; into Mary descended the plenitude of all grace that is in Christ, though in another manner. And for this reason the Angel said, 'Blessed art thou amongst women,'—that is, more blessed than all women. And hereby the blessing of Mary took entirely away whatever curse had been instilled by Eve. . . . Whatever has been accomplished in her was wholly purity and simplicity, wholly truth and grace, wholly mercy and justice, which looked down from heaven. And therefore she is immaculate, because corrupted in nothing."

St. Jerome, as the Bishop observes, translated the Vulgate from the Greek original, revising the version of the ancient Itala. Where the Latin had no synonym for the Greek, he was most careful, as he assured Pope Damasus, to give the sense of the original. The word "full" in the text *gratia plena*, though not occurring in the Greek original, is contained in the verb *charitoo* according to the explanation given by the Church. The passage quoted from St. Jerome shows clearly in what sense the holy Doctor and the Church of his time understood the expression *kecharitomene* used by St. Luke,—an expression which, in the same form, is never used of any other person but Mary, and of her at the special command of God. "St. Jerome's rendering is a literal translation of the Syriac *malyath taibuto* (*plena gratia*), the Syro-Chaldaic being the language of the Blessed Virgin, in which the heavenly messenger deigned to address her. This expression is the 'original' which was translated into Greek by St. Luke."

The Bishop concludes by citing one of those beautiful prayers addressed to the Virgin Mother by St. Ephrem the Syrian, who died in the year 373. The expressions employed can be explained only by the developed doctrine of the Immaculate Conception according to the sense of the Church in the words "full of grace." This is the prayer:

"Most Holy Mother of God, and full of grace, all pure, all immaculate, all undefiled, all irreprehensible, all praiseworthy, all incorrupt, all inviolate; virgin in body, soul and mind; incomprehensible miracle, immaculate vestment of Him who puts on light as His vestment, unfading flower, thou alone art perfectly immaculate!"

IN every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong. Honor that; rejoice in it, as you can; try to imitate it and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.

—Ruskin.

Work for Willing Hands.

"IF I believed as you believe," said a well-known infidel, addressing some Christians of his acquaintance, "I would go round the world proclaiming the folly of living as you live." Catholic men and women, young and old, who have so many opportunities for doing good, and profit by so few of them, may well take this reproach to heart. Alas! how little is effected anywhere in comparison to what might be accomplished everywhere, if all were imbued with the spirit of the faith which they profess with their lips! Think of the hosts of neglected, ignorant, or ill-instructed children in danger of being lost to the Church; the number of unfortunate, suffering, tempted, homeless, friendless persons in need of aid and encouragement, that could so easily be given; the sick in hospitals, to whom a friendly visit would be as a ray of hope; the orphaned children, whose little hearts are hungry for some one's affection; those languishing in prisons, who long for a kind word, to whom good reading would be a blessing and a joy. In a word, what a vast amount of good is to be done, which the laity might do, and which they have no valid excuse for not doing!

The apathy so often manifested, the utter neglect of what is not for personal advantage, saddens the heart of many a zealous priest. In numerous instances, the Sisters engaged in works of mercy receive most support from those not of the household of the faith. The lively interest which sectarians take in Sunday-schools, fresh-air funds, and similar undertakings, is in sad contrast to the indifference of a great many Catholics. Some people seem to think that they do their full duty by contributing an alms to promote any praiseworthy object to which their attention may be directed; they do not want to be troubled further. They will give a little money, but they want all their time for themselves. And yet in many instances

the success of a good work demands a sacrifice of time, personal interest, and persevering effort. How many undertakings languish or fail among us for lack of organization and support!

The graduates of our colleges, academies, and schools must be convinced that they have a great work to do in the world; that they are bound to do good as well as to avoid evil. If not, then they are unworthy to call any Catholic school *alma mater*, or their teachers have lamentably failed in their duty. An educational institution that does not send forth earnest, practical, well-instructed Catholics is a sham and a shame. Parish priests have a right to expect that their most zealous co-operators will be found among those who have been under the care of religious teachers. They should be the leaders in parish work, the life of parish societies,—always ready and willing to engage in any undertaking to promote the glory of God and the good of souls.

The young gentlemen who graduated last month with high honors, and who harangued patient audiences on such subjects as the aristocracy of Christian manhood; the young ladies who sang so sweetly, whose playing was so "lovely"—and so long,—whose essays on the higher life "took the audience by storm," ought to begin to practise now. There is much for them to do, and they have not to go far to find it. The young men's and young ladies' sodalities, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, etc., need recruits; teachers are wanted for the Sunday-school; voices are in demand for the choir, some one to play the organ perhaps; prefects are needed to conduct the children's societies; then there may be a sewing circle to form, a parish library to establish, and so on. Willing hands always find good work to do. What most of our young people—or, for that matter, all our people—need to have impressed upon their minds is that we shall all be judged with regard not only to the evil we have done, but also to the good we have failed to do.

Notes and Remarks.

The signing of the peace treaty, by which the World War was officially ended, instead of occasioning general rejoicing, leaves most people wondering when the next war will begin. Hopes have not been realized, nor has confidence been established. Some of the accomplishments of the Peace Conference are very uncertain, others are very unjust. In his message to "My fellow-countrymen," President Wilson says: "If the treaty of peace is ratified and acted upon, etc." If! Again: "It does away with the right of conquest, and rejects the policy of annexation." Does it? What about transferring to Japan one of the richest provinces of China? Again: "It recognizes the inalienable rights of nationality." By subjecting 40,000,000 Chinese to autocratic Japan! And yet again: "It liberates great peoples who have never been able to find the way to liberty." Did it help the people of Ireland to find the way?

President Wilson admits that the treaty is severe as regards Germany, but declares that it is severe "only because great wrongs done by Germany are to be righted and repaired." Were no wrongs done by any other of the warring Powers? "It imposes nothing that Germany can not do"—though Germany is crushed and plunged into chaos!

"A great charter for a new order of affairs" is President Wilson's characterization of the treaty. Let us hope that it is not rather a menace of an autocracy of the ruling Powers, far more dangerous than Germany,—an autocracy that will, in turn, be violently opposed by revolutionary Socialism.

Many others besides the Rev. Dr. Ryan must have been struck by a frequent comment of the secular press on the reconstruction programme of the Catholic bishops,—a comment to the effect that the programme in question is some-

thing quite novel, not to say altogether revolutionary, in the Church. Imperfect knowledge of the Church's position as to Socialism is the explanation of such statements. The Catholic press is never tired of reiterating that, while the Church opposes Socialism, she is by no means antagonistic to many and many a social reform, and that she urges her children to help on such reforms to the fullest extent of their power. Dr. Ryan truly says that, if those who express surprise at the bishops' programme were well acquainted with the traditional social principles of the Church, they would realize that this statement of the bishops is merely an adaptation of those principles to conditions and needs of the times in which we live. "They would know," he adds, "that, in the words of Cardinal Gasquet, the traditional basis of property as taught by the Church is not individualism but Christian collectivism; that all the laws and institutions fostered by the Church before the Reformation tended towards a wide diffusion of ownership among the masses; that the Church is in no wise responsible for the development of the unlovely thing that we call Capitalism; and that few indictments of its abuses have been more severe than that of Pope Leo XIII."

Now that our own country has had a few specimens of Bolshevistic action, more than usual interest is being manifested by all Americans in the declarations of the leaders of organized labor in the United States. It is gratifying to learn that these leaders differ radically from such prophets as Mr. R. F. Dunn, an editor of Butte, Montana, who is quoted as saying: "Well, unemployment will increase; there'll be starvation; and some day the banks will fail, and the people will come pouring out into the streets, and the revolution will start." No advocates of such a revolution are to be found in the ranks of organized labor, as represented in the recent convention of the American Federation of

Labor; but it is well to note that the assertion was made in that convention, and by its president, that the workers of the world are determined to have a voice in settling such reconstruction problems as affect their interests. A summary of the demands made by organized labor in all civilized countries is: "A shorter workday; a larger share in the product and the control of industry; and better education for the children of the workers." It is quite clear that the workers have no intention of losing the prestige or the advantages that came to them during the war.

That the United States is a great country is a fact which none of its citizens is disposed to call in question; that it is a land in which equal opportunities are offered to all is a statement which at least approximates the truth; that the nation's laws and legal enactments secure equal justice to all the people and impose unjust burdens on none is—a pleasant fiction. In matters of education, this glorious country of ours compels Catholics to pay a double tax,—one to support the public schools, and another (though voluntary on the part of the taxpayers) to provide schools to which Catholics may conscientiously send their children. The failure of the nation to apportion a fair quota of the general school-tax to Catholic educators is the reverse of "the square deal,"—is purely and simply constructive injustice. At some future time, when genuine statesmanship will replace the short-sighted projects of petty politicians, a more equitable arrangement will surely be provided. In the meanwhile it is good for both Catholics and non-Catholics to read such eminently judicious words as the following, quoted from a recent sermon by Archbishop Glennon:

What I have to say is just my own view; and yet I know I am reflecting the thought of many when I state: first, that we must, irrespective of an existing public opinion, careless whether it is opportune or not, hold this truth almost self-evident, that, in practical life, moral

training must have a religious basis, background and sustenance; secondly, that in this our America, though there are many difficulties in the way of properly applying this principle in the world of education, yet, as the issue is of the last importance, it becomes an imperative duty for our people, casting aside prejudices and politics, to come to some reasonable determination thereon; thirdly, if that determination were to allot support to our teachers equally with all other teachers according to the amount of secular education that they impart in our and other private schools, such a determination would violate no Constitutional inhibition; while, on the other hand, it would establish a reasonable equity between the sources and the disposal of taxes.

In debates of all kinds it is an excellent thing—and, if the debate is to be useful, a necessary one as well—to “get down to first principles.” In the matter of education, for instance, it is to be regretted that the majority of non-Catholics, and possibly not a few Catholics, too, either ignore or put aside as irrelevant the fundamental principles laid down by the Church, and admitted as reasonable and just by impartial citizens of any and every creed. We find in the *Irish Theological Quarterly* this lucid and clear-cut statement of the Catholic position:

The family is prior to the State. It enjoys certain rights and privileges, guaranteed by nature, of which no State can deprive it; it is bound by certain obligations of which no State can fully relieve it. One of the most sacred is the right and obligation of the parents of the family to support and educate their children. The State is justified in insisting that the secular education so given be of a certain standard and quality. It may also help the parents to discharge their obligations. But, if it does, it must accommodate itself to the parents' reasonable wishes: it can claim no monopoly in education, nor can it force the child to undergo a course of training opposed to the parents' primary principles of morality and faith.

The foregoing is timely doctrine just now in this country, where an attempt is being made to let the State usurp powers to which it has no right,—an attempt which should be resisted with all the strength inherent in the twenty million

Catholics who call this land their country. The following paragraph is equally true, but, alas! not so opportune as we should very much like it to be:

From this the conclusions are obvious. Unless the circumstances make it quite impossible, Catholics must have schools in which a real Catholic education is given; and that entails, of course, the appointment of Catholic teachers, and the management, control, or supervision of the schools by Catholic authorities. On the other hand, the State has a perfect right to be satisfied, through its own inspectors, that the standard of secular education is as high as in other schools of the kind, and that the children are being prepared to take their place side by side with non-Catholics as equally useful citizens of their common country. When the inspectors have given their approval, the claims of all—Church, State, and parents—are fully satisfied, and the schools are entitled to their full share of the public subsidies paid out of funds to which Catholics, in common with the other sections of the community, have been forced by law to contribute their quota.

Some day, when statesmen instead of politicians are moved to reform educational matters in this great country of ours, full justice may be expected; and Catholics will be relieved from the unjust burden of a double tax paid for the proper upbringing of their children.

If we were disposed to congratulate any member of the Peace Conference, it would be Mr. Lloyd George, for the reasons thus clearly and concretely stated in an editorial of the *New York Sun*:

If there was anything that Lloyd George went to Paris for and failed to get, then we have missed it. He pleased the dreamers of England by advocating the scheme of the League of Nations; and then delighted the practical politicians with the performance of obtaining in the covenant of the League one vote each for the Empire, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India,—six votes as compared with the one vote allotted to the United States. In addition to getting for Great Britain everything that the most sanguine British imagination could covet in the way of colonial power—including an even firmer grip on Egypt than England has ever had,—and the utter destruction of German influence in the Eastern Hemisphere, Mr. Lloyd George obtained

the signature of the President of the United States to a pledge which, if Mr. Wilson's hand and stenographic seal made it binding, would obligate the United States to use to an unlimited extent its wealth and soldiers to preserve the British Empire intact.

Although the assent of the Senate of the United States is necessary to complete the triumphs of the English Prime Minister, he has good reason to felicitate himself on those which are assured.

We can not vouch for the genuineness or authenticity of the following prayers for Holy Communion, attributed to an "old Irishwoman"; but we could wish that there were a great many more prayers like them in general use,—hearty, humble, unstilted, unperfunctory prayers,—the kind of prayers that are prayed instead of being merely recited:

My loving Lord, a thousand welcomes! O Son of Mary, I love you,—indeed I do. Who am I that you should come next me or near me? O God of heaven, make a little corner for me in your heart, and never while there is life in me let me lose my place there; and after death may I still hide there! Amen.

Have pity on me, O Blessed Mother! Talk to my God for me. Tell Him I'm a poor ignorant creature, full of nothing but sin and misery, but that I love you, His own dear Mother; that I am a poor servant, and, for your sweet sake, to help and pity me. Amen.

As was more or less natural in the exalted moods superinduced by the accounts of innumerable heroic acts during the Great War, not a few persons called the military heroes "martyrs," not merely in the wide sense in which we speak of "martyrs to duty," "martyrs to honor," etc.; but in the strict ecclesiastical sense,—"those who die for the faith." Sober second thought must modify such declarations. True, Cardinal Mercier has said: "If I am asked what I think of the salvation of the brave man who has conscientiously given his life in defence of his country's honor and in vindication of violated justice, I reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his valor." But

it does not follow that the crown is that of the martyr. Simple salvation is one thing, salvation through martyrdom is quite another. The distinction between heroic soldiers and martyrs is well set forth in Father T. J. Walshe's new work. To the question, "Is not the heroism of the soldier comparable to that of the martyr?" he replies:

We are far from denying, far from depreciating the magnificent heroism of multitudes of soldiers, but there are differences between the soldier and the martyr. (a) A soldier's death is not always certain and he acts under the rule of military discipline: the martyr goes freely to certain torture and death. (b) Soldiers have often been influenced by the hope of gaining tangible rewards,—e. g., booty, honor, etc.: the martyr's reward is invisible. (c) The dispositions and conduct of the soldier differ frequently *totò calo* from those of the martyr. (d) Soldiers are, as a rule, grown-up men, whereas martyrs have included in their ranks women, children, and the old of both sexes.

We may piously believe that the overwhelming majority of our Catholic soldiers who have fallen during the war died in the state of grace, and so secured the supreme blessing of salvation, without claiming for any considerable number of them either the martyr's dispositions or the martyr's crown.

The Rome correspondent of the Catholic *Tablet* takes the London correspondent of the Catholic *Corriere d'Italia* severely to task for saying in one of its recent issues: "The English Government has never for a moment lost sight of what was its first and perhaps its only reason for going to war with Germany—industrial and commercial competition."

The editor of the *Corriere* shouldn't be saying disagreeable little things like this. Does he not know that the Allied Powers went to war to preserve civilization, to make the world safe for democracy, to crush militarism, to protect small nations, and so forth? Nobody has any excuse for not knowing what everybody else knows—or, at least, has been told often enough to know.

Notable New Books.

The Principles of Christian Apologetics. By the Rev. T. J. Walshe. Longmans, Green & Co.

This volume, one of the excellent Westminster Library series, is a twelvemo of 252 pages. Its title-page declares it to be an exposition of the intellectual basis of the Christian religion, and states that it has been written for the special use of senior students. It may be well at the outset to supplement this statement with the comment that the general reader who has not undergone a regular training in philosophy, metaphysics, natural theology, etc., will find the book rather beyond his comprehension. For senior students, however, and for priests young or old, the volume is of exceptional worth and importance in these days of doubt and agnosticism. The author goes to the very root of all the questions having to do with the apologetic aim, and discusses them with a thoroughness and a lucidity that can not but favorably impress any impartial inquirer into the claims of the Christian doctrine as to God and man, life and death, earth and heaven. In a series of eighteen chapters, of which the first and the last treat of "The External World" and "The Divinity of the Christian Faith Directly Proved," Father Walshe proceeds in a logical manner, through the whole subject matter involved, and on every page gives evidence of both profound thought on his own part and the unassailability of the positions which he establishes. Of especial interest will be found the chapters on "Revelation and Its Criteria," "Faith and Reason," and "Eschatological Apologetics."

It should be added that the volume is supplied, as all such books should be, with an analytical table of contents, an adequate bibliography, and an excellent index.

Marshal Ferdinand Foch. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. Dodd, Mead & Co.

As a contribution to current history, not less than to biographical literature, this volume takes high rank among the best books written about the Great War. Its distinct merit, from the point of view of the general reader, is that while the author discusses both the military theories and the military successes of his hero, he does so in a manner quite intelligible even to those who have no other than the vaguest notions of military science or strategic art. To such readers indeed as were candidly bewildered by the multiplicity of details printed day after day in the world's newspapers, from August, 1914, to November, 1918—details of military movements, salients, first and second trenches, great drives,

straightening of battle lines, etc., etc.—the book will prove a thoroughly interesting, because understandable, co-ordinated account of the great movements of the war period. With the true perspective of a genuine historian, Mr. Atteridge shows a discriminating sense of proportionate values, and, while naturally emphasizing those manoeuvres in which Marshal Foch was personally engaged, gives a vivid and graphic picture of the whole mighty conflict, from beginning to end.

As a purely-biographical work, the volume is not less interesting,—is indeed full of fascinating charm. There have been biographical sketches and Lives without number published of late months to the honor and glorification of the great French soldier, but no other that has come under our notice is quite so satisfactory as the present work. With all the skill of a literary artist, the author tells the story of Foch's boyhood and youth, his schooldays at Tarbes and his attendance at the Jesuit College of St. Michel, his entrance into the army, and his career therein as student and professor up to the opening of the war that was to immortalize his name; with the more detailed account of his work during the past four eventful years. The Catholic reader of the book can not but rejoice that, notwithstanding all the criticism launched against anti-Catholic France, the admittedly greatest Frenchman of the day—and indeed of many days—is a very exemplary son of the Church; a practical Catholic in the full sense of that term.

The Life of John Redmond. By Warre B. Wells. George H. Doran Co.

The publishers of this volume have, not inappropriately, styled it the story of a generation of Irish politics. The life of its subject was indeed so inextricably bound up with his country's unflagging struggle for self-determination that any adequate account of the man or the struggle must be largely concerned with both the one and the other. The book is particularly timely at present, not only because of the general interest in the life-story of the greatest Irishman of his day and the most noted Parliamentarian in the British House of Commons, but because it affords just that illuminating account of the whole Irish question which the world at large, the English-speaking world in particular, is now more than ever before especially anxious to become acquainted with. The Introduction to the book, "the background of history," is an excellent synopsis of the story of modern Ireland up to the period when the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary Party was entrusted to the hands of John Redmond. Such a synopsis is quite essential to the full understanding of

either the political Ireland of to-day or the character and achievement of the subject of the present biography.

The Life itself can not but prove fascinating to all who have sympathized with Home Rule and its champions, and must enchain the interest even of the general reader who peruses it for useful information rather than from any racial love for its subject matter. The author writes dispassionately, with no disposition to set his hero on a pedestal; but also with a sympathetic understanding of that hero's viewpoint throughout his strenuous political career, and with a historian's perspective in appreciating that career's essential values. It is the irony of fate that, in the sad and painful closing days of his life, Mr. Redmond should have lost much of the prestige and popularity with which he had so long been dowered; but, as the author very truly affirms, "However the Irish at home may feel at the moment, there is no doubt that the Irish in England, in America, and in the British Dominions stand by the principles for which John Redmond lived and died."

Fernando. By John Ayscough. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

"San Celestino" and "Marotz" may be the most beautiful of John Ayscough's books, but "Gracechurch" and "Fernando" are the best,—the best in the sense of having the greatest perdurable interest. The first of these two volumes is more or less autobiographical, the second, almost entirely so. It begins the story of the author's life with the marriage of his parents, and, after some fictitious events of varied interest, and certain masterful characterizations, carries "Fernando" (as Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew calls himself throughout the book, using the first and third persons with whimsical impartiality) to his twentieth year, when, as an undergraduate of Oxford, he realizes his long-cherished desire of becoming a Catholic. Since boyhood he had fancied himself one; and the chapters telling how, little by little, he was disillusioned are of intense interest, besides being admirably strong and colorful: It is a fascinating story delightfully told.

Our author is always at his best in the memories of boyhood days which he recalls, and the pictures which he draws of English life in small towns and cities. "At Gracechurch it did not so much seem as if the quaint streets wanted to struggle out into the country, as that the friendly country liked to creep upon the town and see what its neighbors were about." Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew writes of his mother with tender reverence; and his readers will welcome everything that he has to tell of one who "seemed to be a Protestant only that she might

have the privilege of becoming a Catholic."

Instead of wasting adjectives over "Fernando," let us present a few of the plums we have picked from it. This, better than any amount of praise—a great amount would be demanded,—will more satisfactorily serve our purpose, which is to promote the circulation of a book that is sure to do a great amount of good while giving a great amount of pleasure. We quote almost at random:

What the Church *is* forces non-believers to see in her something they see nowhere else, not the things the wisest of us can say about her.

I am sure that the old monks have done more for God and man than most of us, with all our rush of energy, do now.

The Catholic Church, we hear folks say, must fit herself to the times: must she? Is it not rather true that God has already fitted her for all times, because she reflects His unvexed changelessness who is Eternal, and Time's Master.

One who has striven to live, as it were, a Catholic life outside the Catholic Church, believing his own Church to be a part of her, has never failed to receive from God many graces. He will have prayed much, and no prayers are left unheard; he will have made countless acts of sincere contrition, not hastily or easily with superficial formality, but with intense inwardness and desire for forgiveness. Has God held aloof, unnoting? He has prepared with long hours and days of fervent longing, of deep and tremulous faith and worship, of utter humility and sense of unworthiness, to receive what he has believed to be true Eucharist; he has times out of number received it. Must not those receivings have been so many spiritual Communions?

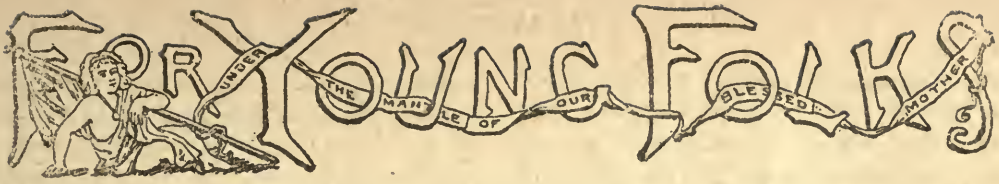
Thomas would not believe, till he saw, and he was allowed to see, to touch, too, if he would; but the blessing was to them who never should have seen and yet should believe.

Fernando wrote to Cardinal Manning, who answered at once, with a clear, direct brevity. As to matters of detail—this or that special doctrine, such as Indulgences,—his replies were definite, plain and succinct; but he insisted on the necessity of considering, not items of belief, but the grounds of Faith. His letters, as all his letters did, went straight to the crucial point, and were never rambling, as they were never hurried. Religion, he showed, was the realm not of conjecture, but of certainty; that certainty rested on faith, but that faith rested on revelation, and that revelation is no matter of speculation, but of assured fact. To the fact there is a divinely accredited witness; of the fact there is a divinely appointed guardian.

"Miss Prince" talked the best English, and liked to talk a good deal of it. . . . I was going to say just now that she carried herself well, but she never carried herself at all; she and her Bath chair were a sort of Centaur, and no one ever saw her out of it.

Like other learned persons, "Mr. Thrush" was rather odd-looking. . . . He always walked leaning forward, so that his head went much in front of his long body and legs. . . . As he walked he seemed to be carefully noting the paving stones, as though each of them carried an inscription—say in Hebrew or the Cuneiform character. If you gave him "Good-day," he would stop, remove his hat with a very fine bow, and make some remark about the weather with a kind of urbane distinction, as if it were the result of considerable research—to which you were graciously welcome.

We are far from exhausting our collection of plums. The reader will find many more to pick, while enjoying the shade and admiring the beauty of the tree to which we have directed him.



To the Laddie that Lived Next Door.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

I WOULD not have you hesitate a moment
Your joyous playing on some heavenly floor,
To listen to my tale of how I miss you,
Dear little lad that used to live next door.

I would not call your sweet attention earthward
To even ask you to relive with me
Our bake-day mornings and our happy twilights
And hours we spent in woodland revelry.

Oh, I of all, would cause you no distraction,
Dear little lad that used to live next door!
But when your Lord shall visit your white dwelling
And smile upon you playing on the floor,

O little boy, I wonder could you ask Him,
The Keeper of the Mansions ever new,
That when I come into the radiant city
I may again reside next door to you?

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

II.—AFTER THE STORM.

THE chauffeur was not the only one to compliment Tim on his unusual skill. Mr. Tilbasco added his word of approval.

"Well, my lad," said he, "you appear to be quite at home around a car."

"Yes, sir; it's my trade."

"That is evident; you are already a skilled mechanic. But where are you from? And how do you come to be out at such an hour on so deserted a road as this?"

Tim explained how he had been obliged to take shelter in the abandoned hut until the passing of the storm which had surprised him on his journey, and how he had in consequence been a spectator of the

accident. This led Mr. Tilbasco to inquire where he was going.

"To Albi, sir. I am going to spend a holiday with my uncle."

"Indeed! And what does your uncle do for a living?"

"He's a grocer, sir."

"A grocer?"

"Yes, sir; his shop is on Cathedral Square."

"And what is his name?"

"Layac,—Sernin Layac."

At the mention of this name, Mr. Tilbasco could not suppress a slight exclamation of surprise; but as Tim was just then busily pumping one of the new tires, he did not remark the astonished expression that appeared on the countenance of the gentleman.

In the meanwhile the repairs were almost finished; for, a minute or two later, Tim and the chauffeur both declared that the two travellers could resume their journey.

Resume their journey? Easily enough said, but how were they to get the automobile over the big poplar that barred their way? It could not be done; there was no use thinking about it.

"Is there no other road, besides this one, that runs into Albi?" inquired Mr. Tilbasco.

"Yes, sir," replied Tim, who knew all about this region, where he had passed most of his childhood; "there is another one that we can take by going back about two miles. But I may as well warn you, sir, that it isn't much of a route for automobiles. It's merely a dirt road, uneven and full of ruts."

"What matter, since we have no choice!"

Tim offered to show the travellers the way; and, his proposal being gladly accepted, he mounted his motor-cycle and wheeled away in front of the automobile. It soon became evident that he

had not exaggerated the condition of the other—and little used road to Albi. It was really not much better than a cow-path,—a path anything but smooth, with alternating bumps and holes every few yards. As a consequence, both cycle and car were kept almost continually bouncing up and down, their mechanisms emitting sounds very much like sighs or groaning. There was no danger of Tim's speeding on this part of his journey; in fact, it took a full hour to make the twelve miles to Albi.

Finally, however, the lights of the little city appeared in the distance, and both machines were soon rolling along the smooth boulevards. It was about eleven o'clock when they drew up opposite the Post Hotel. Tim immediately jumped down and hastened to open the door of the car to let its occupants alight.

"My boy," said Mr. Tilbasco, "I can't tell you how grateful we are, my daughter and I, for the service which you have rendered to us to-night, in helping to put our car to rights and then in guiding us hither. What shall I give you in return?"

"The pleasure of having proved useful to you is enough for me," promptly replied Tim, who never failed in politeness.

"Be it so," rejoined the gentleman. "But I hope that we shall some day meet again, and that I shall then have it in my power to be useful in turn to you. Good-bye now, but only for a short while, I trust."

He shook Tim's hand warmly, and then accompanied his little daughter into the corridor of the hotel, while our red-headed, blue-eyed apprentice gaily mounted his cycle and set out for Cathedral Square and the grocery of Uncle Layac.

At that late hour everything about the square was calm and silent; and the scene, picturesque even by day, took on an additional charm as the bright moonlight, which had succeeded the storm of the early evening, flooded every nook and corner of the colossal cathedral which dominated the whole quarter.

Without stopping to admire the scene, however, Tim, who was perfectly familiar with the Square, where he had played countless games of ball, simply wheeled across it and stopped his cycle at the door of a large old house, the first floor of which served as a shop. Uncle Layac's grocery was not an especially large establishment, but it was very neat and attractive in appearance, with a somewhat pretentious signboard above its door announcing to all comers that it was "The King of Groceries."

As he dismounted from his machine, Tim was saying to himself: "Goodness me, what will my uncle say about being awakened at this time of night? I should have done better perhaps to have slept at the hotel. Well, it's too late for that plan now. I must make the best of things as they are."

Accordingly, he pulled the cord of the door-bell, the tinkling of which could be distinctly heard breaking the midnight silence. A big dog somewhere within barked loudly, and half a dozen curs in the neighborhood at once took up his protest.

Two or three minutes passed, and Tim began to ask himself whether his uncle had heard the bell at all, when all at once a window on the second floor was raised with not a little squeaking, and a big head covered with an old-fashioned nightcap appeared. This head, which at first sight did not look very inviting, was none other than Uncle Layac's.

"Who's there?" inquired its owner in a grumbling voice, as he leaned out to get a view of his disturber.

"It's only me, Uncle."

"You, Tim? And at this time of night! I must say you have considerable nerve to be waking up people at such an hour. What do you mean by it?"

"I assure you, Uncle, it's not my fault that I didn't get here a good deal sooner. I'll explain the cause of my delay as soon as you let me in. Just now, please open the door quickly, for I'm half dead with fatigue and sleepiness."

"All right,—all right," said the grocer, grumbling still as he closed the window.

A moment later a heavy step could be heard descending a stairway.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Tim to himself, "how slow his step is! He must be suffering from one of his attacks of rheumatism. What a humor he'll be in!"

Just then the door of the grocery was opened, and Tim could hardly repress a smile at the sight of his uncle's costume. The short, stout figure was enveloped in a big multi-colored bath-robe, which, with the enormous nightcap drawn down over his brows, gave the good grocer the appearance of some monster tropical bird of brilliant plumage.

Tim's respect for his relative prevented him from laughing outright, as he was tempted to do; but he could not quite hide the merry smile that glittered in his eyes.

"What are you grinning about now, you young rascal?" asked his uncle.

"Nothing, Uncle Layac,—nothing at all."

"Well, then, come along to bed. As you know, your room is always ready. We will talk to-morrow."

Tim disposed of his motor-cycle in a corner of the shop; and, having shaken hands with his uncle, who, despite his grumbling manner and his rather grotesque appearance, was not at all an unkind or disagreeable relative, he made his way to the chamber in which he had grown up. Two or three times before he finished his night prayers he dozed off, his head dropping on the bed by which he knelt; but when he did finish them and lay down with a sigh of satisfaction, his sleep was neither so sound nor so dreamless as he had thought it would be. Fatigue is in general an excellent preparation for sleep, but there is such a thing as being too tired to slumber well; and Tim's unwonted exertions since morning had gone beyond the normal limit of tiredness. Accordingly, his sleep was rather broken than deep; he woke up half a dozen times during what remained of the night.

Moreover, what sleep he did get was a good deal disturbed by very vivid dreams. In one of these his motor-cycle was suddenly changed into an aeroplane; and, instead of wheeling along the highway between Toulouse and Albi, he found himself flying above the spire of the cathedral and soaring aloft, where the black clouds were gathering to bring about another deluge. Then the scene changed: Mr. Tilbasco's automobile, Tim himself acting as chauffeur, was speeding at a terrific rate across a long bridge which suddenly collapsed. The car dropped into the swift current of a black river; Mr. Tilbasco sank at once, but Tim managed to seize Mariena and hold her head above the water. He swam sturdily towards the bank, and, just before he reached it, was about to give up in utter weariness when Uncle Layac appeared holding out his big nightcap as a life-line by which both Tim and his little companion were brought to safety. Another change of scene: he was in a dense wood during a storm. A tremendous thunderclap was heard, and then the moon fell among the trees, but did no damage, because the substance of which the moon is made turned out to be a soft sort of mush, not unlike oatmeal pudding.

The last dream of all was one in which, as he rode his motor-cycle through the market of Toulouse, the front tire burst with a noise like an exploding shell,—a noise that actually woke him up, only to find that it was broad day, the sun being several hours high, and that Uncle Layac was pounding on the door with both fists, as he growled out:

"Say, young man, do you intend to sleep all day long?"

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE boy had been praying for a dog to draw his cart, when an unusually large bull-dog came along. The little fellow, much alarmed, altered his petition: "Yes, a dog—but not a bull-dog, dear Lord!"

Before Paper was Invented.

"WHAT did people write on before they knew how to make paper?" asked an earnest little lad the other day.

They wrote on everything that would show a mark—on brick and stone, on ivory, on oyster shells, even upon the bark of trees. The ancient Mexicans painted their strange characters upon this last-named material. The Book of Job speaks of inscriptions upon lead, and copies of the Bible have been found whose leaves came from the palm-tree. Writings were often engraved upon bronze or etched upon brass. Among ruder nations, the shepherds wrote their songs with awls upon pieces of leather; and the ancient Icelanders scratched what they called their runes upon walls. We have record of one of the Scandinavian wiseacres who wrote a history upon his house, while a warrior recorded his own brave acts upon a chair and bedstead.

If the Arabs wished to remember anything they noted it down upon sheep bones. The laws of the Twelve Tables were engraved upon brass by the ancient Romans; and this was no doubt the origin of our memorial tablets. Cedar wood was generally used when a permanent record was desired, it being thought that the peculiar odor preserved its fibres from decay. From these "tables of wood" we have the word "tablet," so much used at the present day. The Romans employed a *stylus* with which to write,—a very sharp tool until it became a weapon, when a more blunt bodkin was substituted by law.

Wax was often used to write upon; and sometimes tables of wood were covered with it, especially when one wished to erase the inscription. Waxen tablets were used even after those of papyrus or parchment became common. They must have been rather heavy; for in an old picture we see a schoolboy inflicting great injury upon his master's head with one of them. The Romans seem to have been very fond of writing

upon ivory, and the edicts of the Senate were inscribed upon it.

After people began to use ink they set about finding material that would absorb it properly, and for this purpose prepared linen and skins and the finer bark of trees. It is said that the whole Iliad and Odyssey were once transcribed upon the dried skins of serpents. The art of dressing skins seems to have reached its highest development at Pergamus, in Asia; some authorities say that from this fact parchment took its name. Parchment was dyed in all tints, and silver and gold were employed to embellish it. The illuminated Missals of the Middle Ages show the care and skill with which this work was done.

On the bank of the Nile a wonderful plant called papyrus grew in great abundance. Its qualities were soon discovered by the Egyptians, who made from it a material which has given its name to our modern paper. A "volume" was so called from the ancient habit of rolling the leaves of a book; while "book" itself carries us back to the useful bog, or beech-tree, whose leaves were used by the Danes before paper was invented.

From vegetable fibre, soaked and pressed and then dried in sheets, the commodity we call paper was first made. No one seems to be sure of the date of its invention. The Chinese made paper out of silk many centuries ago; and before the Moors were driven out of Spain they knew the secret of its manufacture.

A Good Test.

Some one asked of the great Duke of Wellington one day:

"What sort of a person is Lord Fitzroy Somerset?"

"I can answer that very quickly," responded the Iron Duke. "He is a man who would not tell a lie to save his life."

The questioner was satisfied; for he knew that a man who would not tell a lie could be depended upon.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Chinese have a way of their own for suppressing immoral literature, and a very effective way it is. In the northern provinces, at least, any one found guilty of publishing an immoral book receives one hundred strokes of a stout rod and is then sent into exile. Persons disposing of such publications are punished in the same way.

—It is a pleasure to see that soldiers' pilgrimages to Lourdes have attained such prestige and prominence as to warrant our interesting English contemporary, the *Universe*, in issuing a Lourdes supplement. The more soldiers, and others, who visit Our Lady's Pyrenean shrine, the better Catholics will they become and the more beneficent the example they will set to their fellow-citizens.

—Among the many treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford are: a copy of the Gospels which was brought by St. Augustine to England; and a Greek and Latin parallel copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, which was in the possession of St. Bede. The largest manuscript in the library one man could not carry; the smallest is a seventeenth-century book of private prayer, which is only about one inch square.

—If the recent meeting of the Catholic Educational Association had done nothing more than give us Cardinal O'Connell's exceptionally able paper, "The Reasonable Limits of State Activity," it would still be something to be thankful for. The Association has been well advised to issue this paper in pamphlet form at once, instead of waiting for the publication of the full report of the St. Louis meeting.

—The outraged muse of formal poetry must find compensation for the excesses of our excessive free verse in Benjamin R. C. Low's recent volume, "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." (John Lane Co.) The book takes its name from a group of fifty-five sonnets on fugitive beauty and illusive happiness. Out of such a number of uniformly fine poems the selection of the best becomes a matter of taste in the reader rather than quality in the work. However, sonnets 17, 19, 23, and 44 may be taken as the poet's strongest expression of his theme and his most reverent variations upon it. Of the other poems in the book, "These United States," dedicated to Alan Seeger, has already been pointed out by Prof. W. L. Phelps as Mr. Low's best work. Without echoing or supplementing "Scum o' the Earth," it makes a fine companion piece for Schaufler's great poem on

the moving spirit of America. If one would name a fault in Mr. Low's poetry, it would be that of surcharged thought and over-compressed expression. Lines composed of one-word sentences, with violent punctuation, threaten to become a bad habit with our poets.

—A slur on poets in general is thus resented by a sweet singer of Scotland who shall be nameless here: "I will tell the gentleman what poetry is. Poetry is the language of the tempest when it roars through the crashing forest. The waves of the ocean tossing their foaming crests under the lash of the hurricane—they, sir, speak in poetry. I myself, sir, have published five volumes of poetry; and the last, in its third edition, can be had for the price of five shillings and sixpence."

—A memorial to a Catholic author who is admittedly one of the immortals was erected last month at Zwolle, Holland. It is in the form of a cross, and at its foot are inscribed the words: "Here, in the service of the Lord, Thomas à Kempis lived and wrote the Imitation of Christ." Next to the Bible, "The Imitation" is probably the most widely circulated of religious works. It has been translated into all living languages, though some non-Catholic versions are wanting in that one of its "books" which treats of the Real Presence and Holy Communion.

—A beautiful booklet, none the less welcome because of coming to us from non-Catholic hands, is "After Supper in the Refectory: A Series of Instructions and Answers to Questions Delivered by Brother Eckehart, of the Order of Friars Preachers, to a Women's Settlement of the Friends of God, about the Year 1300." The translator, introducer, and publishers of this little work are all Anglicans. It comes from London, but is to be had in this country of the Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Heresy-hunters may cavil at certain sayings of Meister Eckehart, but his listeners knew him too well to question the orthodoxy of any of his utterances; and no moderns are likely to misunderstand sayings like these:

People should think less about what they ought to do and more about what they ought to be.

Works do not hallow us, but we may hallow the works. A tendency to sin is not sin, but a will to sin is actual sin.

There is no better direction for finding God than where one left Him.

[On receiving the Blessed Sacrament.] You need not consider your feelings as of much importance, but you should consider the very great importance of what you are going to receive.

These words are appealing because they are so

human; they might have been spoken in a sermon last Sunday, they are so vital.

—The pupils of the Dominican College at San Rafael, Cal., will all have an eager welcome for the year-book just issued from that institution. The reading-matter is full of interest to them; and the numerous well-printed illustrations enhance the value as well as the attractiveness of the publication. It is sure to be treasured on account of these pictures. The frontispiece would be well worth framing. "Alma Mater to All Her Daughters" is the dedication of this elegant year-book. We are hoping none of them will fail to secure a copy of it while copies are still to be had.

Another sumptuous college publication is the Golden Jubilee number of the *Dial* of St. Mary's College, Kansas, which lately passed its first half century. There is an interesting and inspiring account of educational work, begun in adverse circumstances and carried on with glorious results. The *Dial* has always been among the best of American Catholic college journals, and the current number is one with which all connected with its production have good reason to be fully satisfied.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.
 "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
 "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.57.
 "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.

- "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly. O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon \$1.50.
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
 "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
 "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
 "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii., 3.

Rev. Joseph Fox, of the diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. Maurice Barry, archdiocese of San Francisco.

Sister M. Celestine, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.
 Mr. F. H. Hensly, Mr. William Heil, Mr. Daniel Deely, Mrs. Norah Dwyer, Mrs. Mary Foster, Mr. Louis Brisson, Mr. Oscar Girard, Mrs. Christine Klinkner Mr. Patrick Garvey, Mr. Eugene McNamara, Mrs. Katherine Schultz, Miss Helen Myles, Mr. L. P. Pelletier, Miss Margaret Murphy, Mr. J. B. Laporte, Miss Nellie Ruck, Mr. Alfred Ouelette, Mrs. Frances Guendling, and Mr. Frank Hess.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: Rev. T. F., \$10; "Bos-tonian," \$1; Mrs. S. E. G. (Kansas), \$1; "in honor of the Sacred Heart" (Cheyenne), \$5; F. J. Gawens, \$50; "a memorial offering," \$1; a priest, \$50; per P. Joseph S., O. S. B., \$16; Child of Mary (Youngstown), \$10; E. L. M., \$2; a priest, \$25; E. J. G., \$10. For the Sisters of Charity in China: Mrs. E. L., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Elect.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

BE patient, winds that wander,
 And nurse the growing grain;
 Be sedulous, ye sunbeams,
 And warm the fields again.
 For more than mortal feast and fare
 This golden harvest ye prepare.
 Drop down your sweets, ye showers,
 Upon the thirsty clod,
 A mystery haunts the hours,—
 This meadow smiles to God.
 His Body soon shall come, complete,
 And seek a vesture from this wheat.
 Here wave, the angels know them,
 Elect and chosen grains;
 The winnowing shall blow them,
 The miller lend his pains,—
 Till heaven adores, with holy strife,
 What once was bread but now is Life.

Some Liturgical Origins in English Poetry.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

EVERYBODY knows, everybody has a *tendre* for, that anonymous fifteenth-century carol (one of the distinctively Marian group) which begins:

• I sing of a Maiden.

Often as this piece of perfection has been printed and praised of late years, it has not been noted by any editor or critic that every phrase in it is distinctly derived from something else. That something

else is the Divine Office for Christmastide, the same then as now in the Breviary of the ancient Church. If the Englishman to whom we owe these lines of morning freshness were (as is indeed extremely likely) a monk or a friar,¹ he wrote his great little lyric almost as he sat in choir, with the surge of the Catholic liturgy in his ears. Many carols have Scriptural touches of a conscious kind, but there is no more imitative poesy in them than this. Familiar as is every word of it, yet let us look at it again:

I sing of a Maiden
 That is makeles:²
 King of all kings
 To her Son she ches.³

He came al so still
 There⁴ His Mother was,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
 To His Mother's bour,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
 There His Mother lay,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
 Was never none but she:
 Well may such a Lady
 Goddes Mother be.⁵

The ideas in the third and fourth stanzas are mere amplifications of the second, with a slightly varied metaphor, and but

¹ The secular clergy were not at that time bound to the recitation of the Office, nor until the Council of Trent, 1545.

² matchless.

³ chose.

⁴ where.

⁵ The text is from that faithful anthology, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, Chosen and Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch.

five new words. The whole is of haunting beauty in the literary sense, and in the devotional sense as well. The gist of the matter lies in the first, second, and fifth verses; and the first keeps step with the last. The Maiden who chose the Eternal King for her Son is matchless and mateless: "Mother and maiden was never none but she." Just so runs the second antiphon at Lauds for Christmas Day: "The Mother hath given birth to the King; she hath the mother's joy and the maiden's privilege; none like her hath ever been or ever shall be."¹ In the antiphon to the *Magnificat* in the First Vespers of the Feast of the Nativity, the rendering is not "the King," but even "King of kings," as in the carol.

The tender figure which is the making of stanza the second, and the warrant for the third and the fourth, comes straight from the an'iphon of the canticle *Benedictus Deus Israel*, sung at Lauds on the Vigil of Christmas. "The Saviour . . . came down into the womb of the Virgin as a shower falls upon the grass."² So again in the antiphon at Lauds for the Feast of the Circumcision (the octave of Christmas): "When of a Virgin Thou wert ineffably born, . . . Thou camest down as rain upon the fleece."³ The first of these, though an evening antiphon used in the Christmas Office, might just as well come from the Office of the Annunciation; but the second is a birth-song unmistakably. The author of the carol takes the image of the sprinkled dew from both; what he wrote is pertinent to either great festival of the Incarnation. The delightful working of his own genius adds but one word, "April," always a word of exquisite

suggestiveness. To Italianize its pronunciation and then to make the new accent repetitive, surely is the mannerism of a true poet. Even the quaint congratulatory ending is not original, but a reminiscence of the *Quem meruisti portare* of Eastertide. That carol is like some masterpiece in hoar-frost which should make out to last five hundred years. It is none the less treasurable because it so delicately catches its beauty of allusion from the once all-familiar *Opus Dei*, now as good as lost, outside the unchanging Church, to a changed Christendom.

Two centuries later, even with the Reformation storm-wrack lying along the sky, the minds of men born and bred in Protestantism had not altogether forgotten the old disused service books, of which far hints and chilled fragments were in daily use in parish churches. The Breviary as a living thing was known in England to scholars, and to the thousands of gentlemen who had made, in youth, the grand tour of the Continent. This is proved to us by many writers, and rather notably by George Herbert.

Herbert's longest poem is called "The Sacrifice." His modern editor, Professor Palmer, with a tact almost miraculous, and a consummate knowledge of his subject, gives us the source and history of George Herbert's every production; this one alone goes practically inedited. The long mournful cadences are a descant on the Re-proaches, a feature in the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday; Herbert has also in mind, through his many four-line stanzas, the Lessons, the responses, and the antiphonal cry of the Holy Saturday Matins (sung Good Friday evening): "O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."¹ "O all ye who passe by" is Herbert's opening phrase; and "Was ever grieve like mine" is his refrain sixty-three times repeated. The imagery of the Re-

¹ Genuit puerpera regem . . . gaudia matris habens cum virginitatis honore: nec primam similem visa est, nec habere sequentem.

² Salvator . . . descendit in uterum virginis sicut imber super granum.

• ³ Quando natus es ineffabiliter ex virgine . . . sicut pluvia in vellus descendisti. The reference to the "fleece" is, of course, connected with the story of the miracle worked for Gideon. (Judges, vi, 37-40.)

¹ O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus: itself based on Lamentations, i, 12.

proaches is all analogy and symbolism drawn from Hebrew sources; only the undersong, or antistrophe, of it is directly referable to the Passion of Christ.

Silenced, to our day, in authorized Protestant worship (though it is in use among the more daring High Churchmen), this very great poem is chanted in any large church of "the Roman Obedience" during the primitive ceremony long called the "Creeping to the Cross"; it is inexpressibly poignant when fitly sung to its own strange, ancient, and most lovely tones. Herbert's piety is for once too chronological and categorical; it strays into prose and stays there. Though his thought plays in and out of the Catholic text, and often coincides with it, he is so determined to deal only with New Testament fact, and never with Old Testament forecast, to turn his back on romantic outline and to be prolix unto edification, that he forces his admirer to forget the Sacrifice as soon as possible, since he can not love it. The inspiration of it, however, seems clear.

That wonderfully interesting study, "The Dream of Gerontius," was written by one not to be compared to George Herbert as a poet, though so towering a genius in his characteristic field. For a long time, Gerontius was known only to Newmanites or special students, and not to all of these latter.¹ Our generation has learned it from Sir Edward Elgar's thrilling music. No one seems ever to have reviewed it with reference to its conspicuously apparent source, the Commendation of the Departing Soul. Although this latter is always printed with the ritual prayers for Extreme Unction, it is not so familiar to layfolk, Catholic or non-Catholic, as it ought to be.

Cardinal Newman gives twenty-eight lines to the opening speech of his Gerontius; then follows at once the chorus from loving hearts present:

¹ In *Notes and Queries*, within a year, some one has asked for an historical account of this Gerontius.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison!
Holy Mary, pray for him;
All holy Angels, pray for him;
Chorus of the righteous, pray for him.

The text follows the great Litany throughout, condensing it; and from this point on, the poem hangs, with few omissions, to the structure of the Latin Office, interrupted now and again by the self-communings of the soul in its last agony. In this way, the author uses, and uses literally, quite a third of the Prayers for the Departing, things of almost unknown antiquity in the Catholic Church. The "Be merciful, be gracious," which makes a lovely irregular lyric, is only a continuation of the Litany. The "Rescue him, O Lord!" is the splendid *Libera, Domine*, and eloses with it, phrase for phrase. The *Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo* (beginning with the Latin words here as there) goes back a little to the chief prayer of the Commendation, and echoes it strictly throughout. Gerontius dies, and

... hears no more the busy beat of Time.

He lets us know that he was somehow conscious of the *Subvenite*, the rubric of which runs: "When the soul hath gone forth, this prayer is to be said." Next come the tender counsels of the Guardian Angel; the quintuple choring of—

Praise to the Holiest in the height!

And the

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,

where Newman's austere simplicity is at its sweetest. These are borne on their own wing, and depend on no model. Last of all, save for the parting Angel's song, we have the spirits in Purgatory chanting that magnificent eighty-ninth Psalm, numbered ninetyeth by the Reformation, and as such known wherever the rather too famous Burial Service of the Church of England is read. The full Office of the Dead, in the Catholic Church, contains no fewer than seventeen Psalms, but *Domine, refugium*, is not one of them. Has no one noticed that this translation in "The Dream of Gerontius," "so noble

and so bare," must be Newman's own? It reproduces neither the Authorized nor the Revised Version, nor the older Psalter, nor any Douai Version before or since Bishop Challoner. It serves to remind us, in passing, of one of the great Cardinal's heartbreaks; for was he not once commissioned, to his joy, to prepare a standard text of Scripture for the English Catholics?

Mention of these three well-known poems, each in its own century based upon early Mediæval and continuous Church language as upon some hidden stratum of rock, may suggest that there is much ground for further study and comparison. The Christian mentality which formed the Liturgy, and was in turn fed by the deathless poetry it had created, ruled Europe for a thousand years. It is little to be wondered at if hints of the venerable oral tradition got into English vernacular song, even where song was secular.

These religious origins are not hackneyed, for they are in our day not even known. The recognition of them in more modern work is somewhat like the pleasure of plucking samphire or sea-pinks. These may have no startling beauty, yet they grow on the edges of cliffs and by the deep sea, and thus are born to an association of grandeur and mystery.

“Two great movements,” writes Henry Van Dyke, “have taken place in our own times which must have an influence upon the future. One is the earnest effort to understand the historic life of Christ, proceeding in part, at first, from a sceptical impulse and working with an antichristian purpose; but awakening by this very purpose the dormant energies of Christian scholarship, and resulting more and more triumphantly with every year in a firmer conception of the eternal reality of the person of Jesus. The other movement is the revival of popular interest in art and the effort to make it minister more widely to human happiness and elevation.”

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

III.—AT THE GOLDSMITH'S.

BAILIE HUGH GILCHRIST, one of the leading goldsmiths of the burgh, carried on his extensive business on the lower floor of his handsome dwelling house in the Lawnmarket. It was a building all of stone, free from the excrescent wooden galleries, or upper stories, which disfigured so many of its neighbors. Quaint turrets, for the winding staircases of stone within (vulgarly known as “turn-pikes”), gave character to the building, which had lofty “corbie-stepped” gables. A range of close-set windows on the ground-floor lighted the large workshop in which numerous craftsmen and apprentices plied their tasks. In presses round the walls were stored many precious ornaments for the purchase of wealthy customers; it was the proud boast of Hugh Gilchrist, indeed, that both king and queen had more than once honored him with their patronage.

On this same March evening, three persons are seated in a spacious, well-furnished apartment in the upper story of the house. A girl of about seventeen is sitting near the wide hearth. Abundant hair, black as night, is drawn loosely back from a face of unusual beauty. Her lustrous eyes are of deep brown, and fringed with long lashes. The rich tints of her oval face—its skin of pale golden hue, flushed with rosy red—witness to a strain of Spanish blood inherited from her dead mother.

The girl is Helen Gilchrist, the Bailie's only daughter, the pride of his house, and (as she is well aware) one of the noted beauties of the city. Her dress shows a refined taste, as well as ample means to gratify it; Hugh Gilchrist, indeed, would grudge nothing that his daughter could desire for her adornment.

Her gown of nut-brown cloth, slashed and ornamented with satin of orange-yellow, brings out the rich tones of her coloring. A string of pearls falls from her lace-trimmed ruff, and the hand that twists it as she talks gleams with many rings. Her hair is confined in a net of golden wire set with gold beads. Her small feet, shod in dainty slippers of scarlet leather with gold buckles, are stretched out on a silken cushion near the hearth.

In a large carved chair facing her lounges a youth, handsome too, but with beauty of a different type. His complexion is fair: he has light brown curling locks and a pale, incipient mustache. His eyes are of that dark grey which sometimes flashes out with blue—one might almost call it violet—in moments of unusual animation. The effect is produced now, when the girl's wit provokes him to merry laughter, and his face grows almost boyish, as his parted lips reveal strong white teeth. It is a face which would strike one at first sight as indicative of a nature prone to humor and careless glee; a truly handsome face withal, and pleasant to look upon, as Mistress Helen evidently thinks; for her gaze is often bent upon it. Yet, in moments of repose, a grave seriousness settles upon it; and possibilities of strength and reliability of character, not previously apparent, are suggested,—a youth, it would seem, capable of holding his own in the world; of laughing with the gay, yet of defending the right and sympathizing with the sorrowful, should need arise; a courtly gallant, nevertheless, appreciative of the beauty and susceptible to the charm of a maiden as attractive as this. He is in riding gear. His dress, of tawny hue, is sparsely adorned; an ample cloak and wide-brimmed, high-crowned hat lie on a bench hard by.

Patrick Hathaway is nephew and heir to Sir Jasper of that ilk, who possesses a small estate in the direction of Musselburgh, about six miles from the city. Sir Jasper's fortunes were once ample, but repeated fines and penalties have straitened

his resources. For the old knight was a staunch adherent of his murdered queen, whose cause he supported to the last; and he is still a staunch upholder of the ancient Faith, which was the real incentive to that dastardly murder by a jealous woman. For both forms of loyalty the old man has had to pay dearly; so that young Patrick has but sorry expectations as to worldly gear. Yet he is, to those who know him truly, a worthy heir to a noble name; even in youth (he is barely twenty) he shows promise of a devotion to the Faith of his fathers as ardent as that of his uncle.

It is no secret in the Gilchrist household that the gay and handsome Patrick is strongly attracted by the charms of Mistress Nell; nor does that maiden appear to undervalue his attentions, so far. True, he will never be rich; but Hugh Gilchrist is supposed to be able to endow his only daughter with unusual liberality, so that worldly possessions would not be wanting were such a marriage brought about. As regards social position, the match would be eminently desirable from the Gilchrist's point of view; for the Hathaways are of notable rank.

The third occupant of the room on this particular evening seems too deeply engrossed with the management of her embroidery frame to pay much heed to what the youth and maiden are saying. Seated close to a bracket in a corner away from the fireplace, where stands a candelabrum of lighted tapers, she appears indeed almost unconscious of the other two, so earnestly does she ply her needle.

Agnes Kynloch is the orphan child of Hugh Gilchrist's dead sister, and has made her home in that family since the loss of her father, five years ago. Of the same age as her cousin Helen, she is as unlike her in appearance as could possibly be. With hair of pale gold and eyes of clear blue, she has the almost waxen fairness of skin often seen in that conjunction. There is in her expression an almost childlike simplicity—it might indeed be styled

innocence, so candid and unaffected her glance,—which suggests a still greater contrast in the character of the cousins than in their outward aspect.

Even in dress the contrast between the maidens is evidenced. That of Agnes is almost Puritan in its severity. Her gown of soft dove-color has no adornment; it is relieved by the simple lawn wristbands and moderate ruff of the unstudied fashion of middle-class folk. She wears no jewelry except a slender gold chain round her neck, which secures (undetected by any one) a small crucifix hidden within her bodice; yet her uncle has been no less generous to her in his gifts than to his own daughter, for Agnes is inexpressibly dear to him. A scarf of sky-blue silk confines her hair, in place of the tinselled net so greatly in vogue with the fashionable.

"I'll wager a pair of French gloves, Mistress Nell," said the youth gaily, as they discoursed on various topics, "that you'll never guess the name of the new maid of honor the Queen's Grace hath lately taken into her service."

"I've little chance of winning, indeed," returned the sprightly Helen. "We homely burgess-folk know nought of court gossip. What heed do princes and nobles give to us—unless," she added with a merry laugh and an additional flash of the bright eyes, "it be to serve their purpose for the time being, as in the case of our honest Master Tullideff over the way!"

Young Hathaway roared with laughter at the thrust. For good Master Tullideff had built himself the finest house in the city,—so stately, indeed, that the king himself had deigned to take up his abode therein for no short space, at a period of political unrest when Holyroodhouse was deemed insecure.

"Poor Master Andrew had little reward for his loyalty, I doubt," was his comment, "beyond the glory attaching to the sojourn there of the King's Majesty."

"And is it not thus always?" asked the girl, ironically. "We make ourselves useful to princes in their needs, and when the

need is past they look upon us as they do upon the mire of the causeway."

She spoke with unmistakable anger, under her assumed carelessness.

"But what of the maid of honor? You have guessed no one!"

"How should I know?" rejoined Helen, with a gesture of impatience, and a shrug which might be intended to add: "And why should I care?"

"Ask Mistress Agnes to help you," said Patrick, in a low voice. He liked Agnes, and did not feel happy at leaving her in the background. Moreover, he wished to soothe Helen's wounded feelings by a change of subject.

Helen's quiet answer was characteristically haughty and selfish.

"My cousin knows nought of courts, and cares less. She would think more of being allowed to teach their hornbook to the dirty bairns of one of my father's workmen (which she often does) than of instructing the baby-prince, Charles, even!"

"Well, can not you hazard a guess?" he persisted.

Helen gave a gleeful laugh, as of one who felt secure in her knowledge of this youth's heart's desire.

"Oh, some fair damsel whose bright eyes have bewitched Master Patrick Hathaway, I doubt not!" she exclaimed.

"Nay, nay!" he answered, with unnecessary energy, while a bright flush tinged his cheek. "But it's one you know well,—both you and Mistress Agnes."

The latter looked up from her needlework as her name was spoken.

"'Tis Mistress Margaret o' Bonnytoun," he announced.

"Margaret Wood, — little Mistress Meg!" cried Helen, astonished. "Can it really be?"

"'Tis Mistress Meg sure enough," was the answer. "I had it from her brother James. He told me, too, that she's a special favorite with the queen."

Both girls listened with attention, as he continued his narration,—Agnes laying down her work, for the nonce.

"Master James, you must know, has been most friendly with my uncle and myself of late. I was at St. Andrews, at college with him, and pretty intimate; but our ways lay apart, and we saw little of each other after we left college. Bonnytouns are kinsfolk by marriage with the Laird of Stoneyburn, whose land marches with ours; and Jamie Wood had many an occasion of looking in upon us when he happened to be staying there. So we're fairly friendly again. He was in yesterday, and over a cup of wine, told us the news about his sister. They're all pleased. Jamie himself is thought greatly of at court; and, what with that and Mistress Margaret's appointment, the Bonnytouns may fairly reckon on the king's favor, in case of any attempt to molest them these days."

"Wee Meg a maid of honor!" cried Helen. "One can hardly believe it possible. Yet she's apt enough, 'tis true, and of good family beyond a doubt. She was at the same dame's school with Agnes and me, when we were all bairns. But Mistress Margot must needs go beyond the seas, forsooth to learn French with the nuns in Paris! Still, for all she's a laird's daughter, she's kept up a kind of friendship with us."

The concluding words had a ring of bitterness; for the goldsmith's daughter had her ambitions.

Agnes left her chair and drew nearer to the others. For the first time she showed an interest in the conversation.

"But she's one of us!" she said, amazed. "How will she fare at court?"

"Well enough, Mistress Agnes," was the answer. "'Tis known, as I hear from Master Jamie, that her Grace is well pleased to have Catholics near her person. My Lady Huntly, my Lady Livingston,—are they not there? Folks have little doubt about their religion. Her brother, indeed, made light of the religious difficulty,—for my uncle spoke of it at once. It seemed to me then that he treated the matter somewhat too lightly. But it

struck me later that he meant us to understand that the queen was well aware of Mistress Margaret's belief; for, as my uncle remarked to me, next to my Lord Angus and Father Abercromby, there is no more powerful upholder of the Catholic religion than old Bonnytoun himself."

During the latter portion of Patrick's explanation, Helen sat silent, gazing into the fire, as though occupied with her own thoughts. Her lips were tightly closed, and her dark brows drawn together in a frown.

"In truth, 'tis well to be a laird's daughter" (there was scorn in her voice as she said it); "even though he be but a laird who dare scarce put his head outside his own door, for fear of arrest. We simple burges-folk are but trash beside such!"

"Nay, do not jeer at them, Mistress Nell!" remonstrated the youth, his gay smile dead, and his handsome young face suddenly grave. "Poor Bonnytoun has suffered greatly for conscience' sake, and may yet have to suffer far more. Jamie himself has already been excommunicated by the Kirk for contumacy; but he's high in favor at the palace now, and can afford to laugh at such trifles. Do not either ridicule or envy them, but rather pity such folk for the sore troubles they have borne so bravely."

The lad spoke with great earnestness; for it might be that the girl's bitter irony had been a shaft aimed at his own family too.

Helen's face flushed with anger and she threw aside all reserve.

"To my mind," she cried, "they've been but fools for their pains, as well as all others in like case! Nay, but I'll speak what I think,"—as her cousin, astonished, strove to soothe her manifest excitement. "'Twould be wiser did we cease so much vain bickering about this and that religion. What good comes of it all? Hatred and ill-will,—yea, and overmuch foolish courting of suffering and misery. Why can not we leave such wranglings to those who love them, and ourselves live in peace with

our neighbors, as Christians should, if we're to believe what is always being preached at us? Ah, what a disgust it gives one to hear all this everlasting prating about this Kirk and that Kirk!"

"But, Nell," observed the other girl, now seriously alarmed, "you surely can not mean what you are saying. We Catholics may not change our faith because a few blind bigots would fain thrust a new religion upon us. 'Tis not we who wrangle about what should be believed,—we know well enough: 'Tis the ignorant Kirk-folk and their ministers, who are striving to banish the Catholic Faith from the land, who cause all the mischief."

"I tell you," said Helen, obstinately, "that I'm sick of the prating and hair-splitting that's at the root of all this religious strife. What comes of it all? That we cut ourselves off from the world around us, and lose every pleasure in life. Better be locked up in a convent with a flock of nuns in France yonder. We've to live in the world, as things are, so why not make the best of it?"

Agnes was struck dumb with amazement and horror. Her cousin had never professed to be extraordinarily devout, but here was something akin to repudiation of her Faith altogether. Patrick sat with his grave face turned towards the hearth, keeping silence.

Helen was not to be restrained by the evident lack of sympathy on the part of the others. She continued in the same fierce, energetic tone:

"Frown as you will, Aggie, I mean what I say. I can bear this state of things no longer. 'Tis forever: 'Keep hidden!' 'Wake no suspicions!' 'Tell no man y'r belief.' It shall be so no longer with me. The constant droning about 'the true Faith,' and the like, has wearied me too long. I tell you plainly that I've done with the folly. I'd never trouble any Kirk, nor should any Kirk trouble me, could I have my way. But for peace' sake I'd even go to their new Kirk, just for form, as hundreds do. 'Twould be

more sensible than biding shut up here, away from all that makes life pleasant."

Neither of the others replied, even when the girl stopped exhausted. Such a revelation of Helen's real sentiments fell like a thunderclap upon them; for to each the Faith was something very precious. To Patrick the ebullition served as a timely warning; for this beautiful maiden had begun to attract him strongly, though the attraction had scarcely blossomed into love. Her personality, her many charms, her very ambitions even,—all fitted her to fill a higher social position than the daughter of a burgess had a right to expect. She would have graced his house; she seemed to promise to become for him a helpmate inexpressibly dear. But a maiden who was content to sacrifice all that was really of lasting worth for this world's fleeting joys, to trample upon her Faith when it proved an obstacle to enjoyment and selfish ease,—such a one was no fit mate for a Hathaway. His hopes, so nearly fulfilled, had crumbled to dust.

The situation was saved by the boisterous entrance of a tall, robust lad, fair and florid. There was sufficient family likeness to Helen in his features, despite the contrast in coloring, to stamp him as a younger brother.

"Ho! ho! Master Pat!" was his noisy greeting. "You who would fain mount and ride off an hour since, when I met you in the Canongate, sit here still, colloquing with the damsels! Fie upon you for a base trickster!"

Patrick looked taken aback for the moment, but promptly recovered his spirit of banter.

"Patience, Jock lad!" he answered. "'Tis not to be expected that a loon of your years can understand the power exercised by the maidens over a poor lonely 'chiel' that has never a sister or cousin at home to speak with. But I'd have you know that there's a good reason beyond that for my lingering here. My friend Tam Winton has bidden me lay at his lodging, and start with him the morn

for hawking; so my little roan is snug and warm in the stable."

Jock gave vent to the scornful laugh of a lad of sixteen.

"You're welcome to both sister and cousin for all I care!" he cried contemptuously. "But, Nell, where's father? Bailie Agnew waits below to speak with him."

"Bailie Agnew! At this hour!" exclaimed Helen. "You'd have told him, Jock, if you weren't the most forgetful loon in the whole town, that father told us he was riding to Dalkeith, and could not be home till late. He may be a good two hours yet! But you'd best ask the Bailie to come up here. 'Tis little civility we show him by keeping him cooling his heels at the stairs' foot."

"Eh, well, I'll surely bring him up, if you will. But he's got a rare sour face on him, anyway," he whispered behind his hand, as he left the room.

Patrick hastened to take leave of the maidens before the visitor should make his appearance, and followed incontinently on the heels of Jock.

The Bailie, however, had not been condemned to the inhospitable treatment which had horrified the young mistress of the house. Elspeth Logan, the elderly housekeeper, was sister to Wat, Bailie Agnew's porter, and had too great a respect for a magistrate of the burgh to neglect to show him due honor. She had courteously invited him into a small reception room below, as Jock ran upstairs to announce him. It was Elspeth, therefore, who conducted him to the presence of the two maidens; while Jock, glad to escape, slipped out with young Hathaway, for whom he cherished an unbounded admiration.

Elspeth was some fifteen years the senior of Wat, and as unlike him in all respects as a sister could be. While Wat was burly, of almost giant stature, swarthy, and red-faced, Elspeth was small, dainty, shrunken, and grey. She was more than sixty years of age, and had been in that household for nearly twenty; for she had been nurse to

Hugh Gilchrist's young wife, and had filled the same office towards her nursling's children. After ushering in the Bailie with the quaint courtesy which especially marked her, she gladly returned below stairs to join her brother.

Bailie Agnew, in the society of two well-favored damsels, was an entirely different person from the man who in the privacy of his domestic hearth dominated so tyrannically his elderly and faded spouse. With much becking and bobbing, he poured forth a torrent of florid compliments upon both maidens; though it was evident that his warmest admiration was awakened by Helen's highly-colored beauty, in whose splendor the delicate tints of Agnes' more refined charms failed to impress him.

To the secret astonishment of the latter, Helen accepted the clumsy attentions of the Bailie with a graciousness that was wholly delightful. She had scathingly ridiculed the man a hundred times, as a base, cringing caitiff, whose one aim was popularity with the great, as a means of climbing to high position; yet so subtly was she flattering and bewitching the unconscious victim of her wiles that she soon elicited the reason for his visit, in spite of his previous assurances of its profoundly secret nature.

One of those traitor Jesuits had actually dared to announce to several Papists—of whom there were, unfortunately, far too many in the city—that he intended to offer the Popish Mass, on two several occasions in that very week, at a certain house in Edinburgh. Although the Bailie (as he told them with no little pride) had discovered the fact, he was not yet certain of time or place. He, therefore, wished his fellow-Bailie to lend assistance in making all possible inquiries, so that it might be their good fortune to seize the impudent priest in the very act of disobedience to the strict laws passed for the preservation of the Christian religion in the realm.

Both girls listened to the Bailie's prosing, but his words affected each differ-

ently. Agnes was in consternation, and it was lucky that the infatuated visitor had eyes for none but Helen; otherwise the blanched cheeks and terrified eyes of the other would have betrayed her. Only that day her uncle had told them of the approaching opportunity, and had bidden them prepare for it, enjoining absolute secrecy in the matter. He was actually absent at that moment, to convey the same information to a Catholic friend. And here was Bailie Agnew not only denouncing Papists to a Catholic household, but even seeking the help of Hugh Gilchrist—a Catholic himself, did Agnew but know it—towards the seizure of the priest!

Helen showed neither fear nor astonishment. By the way she listened unmoved to the Bailie's angry denunciations, she might have been a zealous upholder of the State religion. Moreover, her assumed interest in his conversation encouraged the flattered Bailie to condemn in no measured terms, as unscriptural, blasphemous, and even diabolical, the Faith which she had appeared hitherto to cherish.

Intensely troubled at the situation, Agnes was relieved to hear her cousin, at a pause in the harangue, skilfully offering refreshment to the zealous combatant. The interruption coincided with the sound of the drum beaten in the street outside, announcing the hour of nine. The Bailie recalled to the fact of the lateness of the hour, with renewed becks and smiles bowed himself out of the room.

"What an empty-headed old fool he is!" was Helen's only reference to the departing guest, as she stretched herself and yawned wearily.

"But the priest, Nell!—and the Mass!" whispered the other. "We ought to see about warning Master Burnet of the plot to seize him."

"Never trouble yourself, lass!" was Helen's reply, as she yawned again and rose from her seat. "We may leave all that to father to-morrow. Let's get to our chamber."

More than once before her cousin fell asleep did Agnes strive to win from her some retraction of the fierce protests against religion she had uttered in Hatha-way's presence. But her affectionate appeals were met by repellent coldness, and in the end by the repeated assurance that Helen had meant all she said.

There was much excuse for the girl. By nature she was intensely selfish; her own gratification was her chief aim. This defect had never been properly dealt with. Her mother had died when she was almost an infant, and her father idolized her for her beauty and cleverness. She thus grew up free, in great measure, from wholesome restraint, except during the few years spent at school. Added to this, her religious training had been but meagre. Her mother's relatives were all Presbyterians, and it was to Elspeth she owed what knowledge of spiritual things she chose to assimilate. The girl had remained a nominal Catholic, and had received as part of her schooling far more instruction in the Faith than had ever been gleaned by her brother, who had early emancipated himself from the more irksome restraints of Catholicism, through association with Protestant boys. Hugh Gilchrist, a professed Catholic, was both timid and worldly,—or, rather, his worldly ambitions rendered him fearful of the consequences of being discovered to be a Catholic. Thus while Jock went his own way, unrestrained, Helen, with infrequent Sacraments and almost as infrequent opportunities of hearing Mass, had gradually lost appreciation of everything spiritual.

To Agnes her cousin's irreligion seemed all the more grievous from the circumstances of her own early training. Her mother had been a fervent Catholic; and her father—unusually devoted and courageous in the practice of his Faith, for which he had suffered deeply—had bequeathed a like courage and devotion to his little daughter.

Though she blushed, under cover of the friendly darkness, for what she deemed

an unworthy satisfaction, she could not suppress something akin to pleasure in her inmost heart at the disillusionment of Patrick Hathaway. It had long been evident to Agnes, as she looked on, that Helen's attraction for him had been due to ambition only. By her late outburst—caused, as Agnes was inclined to think, by the trend of the conversation towards the social disadvantages of Catholics—it would appear that Helen had little desire at the present juncture to link her fortunes with a family in persistent opposition to the party in power.

Though Agnes had been but an onlooker, she had long formed a very favorable opinion of young Hathaway, as a youth of high principle and sterling worth. She was too unselfish to dream of attracting him for herself; but she had lamented the possibility of an unhappy union for him, as one with her cousin seemed certain to be.

Helen's conscience did not appear to disturb her slumbers. Her rest seemed peaceful and profound. Agnes, on the other hand, oppressed with vague forebodings—musing, lamenting, praying,—passed an almost sleepless night.

(To be continued.)

Love's Demand.

BY ELIZABETH MERRYWEATHER.

Not thy gift, but thyself.—

THE IMITATION, Bk. iv, ch. 8.

"MY goods, my talents, time, O Lord,
See, stripped of all I stand,

Fully and freely yielded

To love's swift, keen demand."

"And yet, my son, thou givest

What was already Mine;

That I desire, thou keepest,—

That which alone is thine.

"Not for thy gifts I thirst, son,—

Not for thy gifts, but thee:

Thyself, thy will, and all thy heart

Alone contenteth Me."

A Little Soldier of Christ.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

III.

And he saith to me: Write: Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.—APOC., xix, 9.

THAT day, blest of the Lord, arrived at last. It was in the summer time, and Livio was ready very early in the morning. By seven o'clock we were all prepared to go with him to church. A simple suit of white linen, his golden curls upon his shoulders, and an expression of angelic innocence and happiness,—these were his only adornments. But beneath this simplicity beat a heart very dear to Our Lord. With his lily in his hand, our Blessed Lady's Rosary upon his arm, and his white prayer-book, he was looking at me in his eagerness and impatience to start. I called him aside a moment.

"Listen!" I said to him. "To-day is the most beautiful day of your life. In a little while Jesus will come into your heart, and you will enter into His. You can ask Him for anything you want. You have thought already, I know, of all the graces you are going to pray for; but before you leave the house, I want you to ask for some special grace,—I want you to make some particular resolution."

"I don't know what to ask," he replied, troubled and disconcerted. "You tell me."

"No, my treasure!" I answered him, "I can not. Kneel down, close your eyes, and stay a moment recollected: Our Lord will tell you what you should say."

Livio obeyed: he knelt down in front of the great picture of the Sacred Heart that commands the drawing room, with his hands clasped, and his eyes shut very tightly, as children do shut them for whom even one moment of the deprivation of daylight is so hard. Suddenly he sprang up, his eyes radiant with happiness, shining with light.

"I understand," he said (these are his exact words, which, fortunately, I remem-

ber well). "I have asked Jesus that I may die rather than commit a single sin. But you know," he added, "not only a mortal sin, but not even the littlest, littlest sin. And he held up to me the tips of two tiny fingers pressed together, helping himself by means of that gesture to give greater force to his meaning.

In that instant Jesus had spoken clearly to his heart. Everything about him proclaimed it. His expression, after offering his life to Our Lord rather than offend him, was an altogether unusual one. God had made His way into that soul even before entering it in the glory of His Real Presence, and in that second had captured the child's being in the net of that mysterious Infinite Love which He winds about some privileged souls.

The soul of Livio, in its preparation for first Holy Communion, had gone through such a process of purification and adornment, and had grown so close to the celestial world, even while he lived his simple child-life, that the earth was no longer worthy of him. The fairest flowers of earth are born for heaven. He had followed the divine inspiration simply, almost unconsciously, and had offered his life to God, accepting thereby indeed his premature end; for to live without committing the smallest, smallest sin is, unfortunately, almost impossible for us frail mortals. He had merely obeyed the divine inspiration, had accepted it with his whole heart, and was content.

The chapel of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart that morning was full of flowers and shining with myriad lights. It was the feast of St. Ignatius, their special protector. Before the altar a tiny prie-dieu, covered with white, had been prepared for our little Livio; and beside it burned a tall wax candle with a lily attached to it,—the symbols of that faith and purity which he was offering to his Lord: lowly gifts, and yet how acceptable to the Heart of Jesus.

Like a cherub seeking his place at the footstool of the Most High was our little

one, so young and so tender, as he advanced to meet his God. . . . Oh, with what pure delight Jesus must have beheld him! I quote at random a few of the words which the priest, his confessor, addressed to him before giving him Holy Communion. They are tinged with the emotion he himself felt as he turned to speak to the beloved little one:

"What joy could be purer than that inspired by the sight of innocence drawing near to Omnipotence! You, my child, are about to receive the grace of approaching Jesus; and the favor is all the greater since you are so young,—one of the youngest indeed among those whom Jesus draws to His Heart. Jesus loves children so much! He expresses it with His own lips in the Gospel when He says: 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' In a few moments you, too, will repeat after the priest: '*Domine, non sum dignus!*' But if any one is worthy to approach the Lord it is innocence; and you are innocent. You desire Jesus, and you have made your preparation well. The Seraphim and Cherubim, who are here present around this altar, look upon you with admiration and with envy; and will press forward in holy rivalry closing upon your footsteps, when now, in a few moments, you will come forward to receive your Saviour, who is waiting for you. And what will you say to your God? Say to Him that you are His, now, for all time, and for all eternity."

The mystery of that supreme moment can not be pierced by any human mind; no description could convey the faintest idea of it; and I will not attempt to lift the veil of that sublime and incomprehensible truth of Jesus, with His divinity and His humanity, descending into the soul to make it His own. "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal., ii, 20.) And when the soul is that of one of His own little ones, whom He has invited to come to Him,—a pure and spotless soul that has desired Him so much and awaited His coming with impatience, a little soul

that has striven so hard to be good just to please Him,—then the Seraphim and Cherubim may indeed marvel, and, humbly prostrate, adore their God, no longer upon the altar now, but in the living tabernacle of the soul which at that moment gathers and embraces within itself its God and its All.

The intense emotion which invaded all who were present is strong upon me still; none of us troubled any more to conceal the tears which ran down upon our cheeks, shaking every most intimately sweet chord to the heart's depths. Following after Livio, every person present went up to receive Holy Communion; and each one, in his or her deep emotion, seemed to be enjoying the glow and splendor of that flame of divine love which, for our little Livio, had burst forth from the Sacred Heart of Jesus that morning.

Our thanksgiving was so easy and so sweet; for it seemed as if Our Lord, in His joy at possessing the heart of our dear child, had wished to bestow Himself almost without veils upon all those who took part in His Sacred Banquet. Here is the prayer which Livio read aloud after he had made his thanksgiving:

"My Jesus, help me never to offend you, and to live only to console you. I recommend to you, and ask the same grace for papa, mamma, my brothers and my sisters. I recommend to you Father Paoli, Aunt Maria, Maria R., my uncles, my aunts, my cousins, my teachers, Mother F.,¹ and all the persons who have asked for a remembrance in my prayers. I recommend to you the Holy Father, the Church, all priests, and all nuns. Deign to give end, I beseech you, to this horrible war. Have pity on the poor soldiers, on the wounded, the prisoners, the dying, the dead, and on our enemies. I recommend to you especially Vito and Nicola.² Remember the souls in purgatory, and especially my grandfathers and grandmothers, Aunt Livia,

¹ The religious who had instructed him.

² Two young men closely related to him, who were at the Front.

Uncle Carlo, and Francesco R. Have pity upon sinners, and forgive them; for they know not what they do. Bless me and protect me."

AUGUST 1, 1916.

DEAR FATHER BERNARDINE:¹—Did you know that I made my first Holy Communion yesterday, and this morning I made my second Communion. I prayed to Our Lord for the soldiers.

Your friend, who kisses your hand,

LIVIO.

Throughout the month of August he received Holy Communion every morning. After that, as we went away to the country, he was not able to receive daily, but he did so on Sunday, frequently during the week, and infallibly on every Friday.

Here is a sweet little letter written on Christmas Day, 1916:

DEAR JESUS:—How are you? Do make the war end soon. Convert the sinner. Make the souls go to heaven. Did you hear my voice when I was singing at Benediction? You know we had a nice little dinner party to-day for your Birthday.

LIVIO.

The "nice little dinner party" was an entertainment which they had devised for themselves—the boys and the girls together,—at which they served some remnants of biscuits and candy in a doll's set of cups and saucers. A very simple and harmless way of keeping Christmas! The next letter was written on Dec. 31, 1916:

DEAR JESUS:—How do you do? Write to me soon. You know that I did not get an answer from you in the chimney. To-morrow the New Year will begin, and you must make me be good and obedient. I love you very much.

Your

LIVIO.

The letter which follows is one of the prettiest of all. He had been urged to pray a great deal that chaplains might be appointed for all the battleships; and for several other intentions, as the letter will show:

¹ Another of his friends, a Franciscan Father,

DEAR JESUS:—I write to you because I would like that the priests ought to go upon the ships and the vessels, to say Holy Mass every Sunday, and to hear the confessions of the poor sailors. I say the prayer for peace every night, and you have to make the dreadful war end. You must make Giuseppe pass his examination. You must not send the earthquake any more, otherwise we shall all die. Do not let them throw bombs with the Zeppelins on Aunt Nina's house; and don't let them throw acids in the air, because they make the poor soldiers die. You must do just what you please yourself, and you must not listen to the bad men; and you must not let them do according to what they like. Dear Jesus, I would like to see you.

Your little

LIVIO C. G.

Next year I shall take my examination.¹

Livio continued to write to Jesus in heaven; but his letters now frequently remained unanswered,—a fact that caused him the keenest sorrow; and often, in extreme perplexity, he asked the reason why. I replied that he was growing to be a big boy, and that, as he had made his first Holy Communion, Jesus preferred to reply by speaking to him directly when He came into his heart.

He had also, a few days after his First Communion, addressed a letter to the

¹ This letter is so delightful in its quaint involved beginning, and in the rich colloquialism of its end, that we give it in full for those fortunate enough to understand Italian:

CARO GESU:—Ti scrivo perchè vorrei che i preti debbono andare sui bastimenti e sulle navi per dire la S. Messa tutte le Domeniche e confessare i poveri marinai. To dico tutte le sere la preghiera per la pace, e to devi far finire la brutta guerra. Devi far passare Giuseppe all'esame. Non devi mandar più il terremoto, se no, noi moriamo. Non far tirare le bombe coi Zeppelin sulla casa di Zia Nina e non far buttar gli acidi nell'aria perchè fanno morire i poveri soldati. Devi fare il comodo tuo e non devi sentire gli uomini cattivi e non li devi lasciar fare a testa loro. Caro Gesù, io ti vorrei vedere.

Il tuo piccolo

LIVIO C. G.

L'anno venturo farò l'esame.

Holy Father. I have not the original of this, as it was forwarded to Rome; but I remember he informed his Holiness that he had just received his first Holy Communion, at the age of five and a half; that he had prayed much for him and to obtain peace (that every day we had recited the Rosary and the prayer for peace); that on the 2d of June we had made our solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart; that we belonged to the Eucharistic League for peace; and at the end he asked the Pope's blessing. He was very much disappointed at not receiving an answer to this letter, and, in his holy ingenuity, could not understand how it happened that Our Lord answered his letter and the Holy Father did not.

(To be continued.)

Colonel Temple's Nieces.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.

COLONEL TEMPLE'S preparations for the coming of Alfreda had a touch of pathos. He was not, as a rule, an imaginative man. He had had little time, during his long and hard-working career, for the society of ladies, and perhaps he exaggerated their power to add to the comfort and the peace of the ordinary life of the confirmed Bachelor. His household for many years had been managed by a former orderly, Hugh Brosnan and his wife. They had grown old in following the ways of the Colonel; and, as he grew older, the Colonel had begun to follow their ways. Nancy Brosnan was rather troubled when all kinds of extra "doings," as she said, were arranged in honor of the coming visit. The Colonel's breakfast had been invariable: he never departed from bacon and eggs; but Nancy had been given a list of light and airy dishes, which she was to prepare for the morning meal, in case Alfreda should ask for them.

"'Tis a great consolation, though," said Nancy to her husband, just before Alfreda arrived, "that it isn't a wife that's coming in his old age. This is real up-settin', but it can't last."

"She's a pious one, whoever she is," replied Hugh; "for I've been busy all day fixing up an oratory, as she calls it (she wrote it out in a letter), in her room. It's like a little altar."

"And is it a Catholic she is?" asked Nancy.

"No," answered Hugh. "She is some kind of an imitation, but I don't know what to call her. If she keeps up that kind of thing, she'll set the Colonel against all religion,—and me waitin' all these years to see him given the holy Extreme Unction!"

The Colonel himself had superintended the arrangement of the dinner table. He had given up his usual roast beef in favor of a very refined "filet" with mushrooms, which Nancy had the art of preparing. There was a fearful and wonderful sweet, and a pile of bonbons and nuts and raisins for the dessert. The Colonel had ordered new shades for the wax candles; and he rubbed his hands with pleasure when he took a bird's-eye view of the dining room with its island of light in the centre, and the soft shadows around the walls.

When the bell rang, and the dilapidated taxicab which brought passengers from the station appeared, the Colonel rushed out on the porch to greet his niece, who kissed him lightly on the cheek and fled upstairs,—a slim figure in black, well wrapped up in furs.

"Dear child!" the Colonel had said, with real warmth in his voice.

"Glad to be here, Uncle," said Alfreda. "I'm horribly chilly. I stopped over at St. James the Less for Father Trevor's evening service—he's my director—and the church was very cold. I hope there is a fire in my room."

"Certainly," said the Colonel, who was arrayed in his best evening suit. "You can't dress for dinner without a fire, Alfreda."

"Excuse me, Uncle," said Alfreda in a soft voice, "I'm not coming down to dinner to-night. I always fast on Saturdays. I'll just take a cup of tea in my room, please, and nothing else."

The Colonel stood aghast; and Hugh, who was carrying a trunk, heard him mutter something between his lips which no doubt would have shocked Alfreda terribly.

"And the like of that!" said Nancy in the kitchen. "And me working all day to get up a dinner worthy of a princess, and the old man that excited and fussing about it! Sure, it's a queer religion that doesn't make people more agreeable like. I believe she's wan of them that fast in public and take all the 'left-overs' from the ice box at night when nobody is looking. I've seen them before."

It must be admitted that the Colonel's evening was spoiled. He went over to the piano, where he had laid out some of his mother's music, and closed it. Hugh, who was watching him, did not feel very amiable towards the ascetic Alfreda.

"Nancy," he said later, "I remember that St. Francis de Sales, whose *Life* you read—as a penance I'm thinking,—made a great fuss against the visitor who wouldn't come to supper with the rest, and who said it was against his principles, for he was fasting."

"I disremember it," said Nancy; "but saint or no saint, there was never known a better mushroom than I had ready for dinner to-night. And here the Colonel sent them down untouched! It's a bad way that this new kind of religion teaches. I'd rather have a Protestant like Martin Luther, who, they say, ate his fill, than one of these newfangled Protestants."

The Colonel's breakfast on Sunday was rather hurried. Hugh could not manage the little car, so the Colonel was obliged to drive Alfreda over to the church of St. James the Less. During the "run," Alfreda informed her uncle that she could not talk until later, as she was anxious to remain "recollected." On Sunday evening

Father Trevor came to dinner, and things went better. After dinner, with a good cigar, in which the Anglican clergyman accompanied him (Alfreda gave them permission to smoke in the drawing room), it seemed as if the house would indeed be brighter for the coming of this very beautiful visitor. There would be music, at least, the Colonel thought. He knew that Alfreda played and sang; for Marie in one of her letters to him had praised these accomplishments, and said that she was a very poor musician compared with her cousin. It turned out that Father Trevor sang, too. The Colonel delightedly produced "Mary of Argyle" and "Juanita."

Alfreda raised her eyebrows. "Impossible, Uncle!" she said; adding with a harsh laugh, "I'd rather play the 'Maiden's Prayer' or the 'Song of the Shepherd' than these old things. They're so rudimentary, you know."

The Colonel was puzzled. "My mother sang them," he said. "But if you want to play the 'Maiden's Prayer' and the 'Song of the Shepherd'—(the Colonel went over to a pile of yellow music), "I have them here, too."

Alfreda, who prided herself on her breeding, did not laugh again. Father Trevor picked up "Mary of Argyle" and sang it in a high, reedy tenor. He was a slim, good-natured-looking young man, and the Colonel liked him; he could not help regretting, however, that he seemed to echo all Alfreda's sentiments with sincere admiration. Alfreda looked bored while the clergyman sang. When he had finished, she said:

"Pretty, of course, but *banale*. I think now, Father, we'll try that little French Mediæval hymn arranged by Godard."

"Too lovely for words!" said Father Trevor. And the duet began. The singers soon forgot the Colonel, who stole off to his den and his pipe, appearing only to say a rather perfunctory good-bye to his guest.

The week wore on; Alfreda was kind, condescending, terribly tactful; but as she spent nearly all the morning at St.

James the Less, the Colonel found that the advice about his gardening—he had looked forward to this—was an unknown quantity. He was frankly bored. On the second Sunday he remained in his car outside the church during the service. Alfreda was shocked. On the way home she asked the reason why.

"Did you not find, dear Uncle, the mass very beautiful?"

"I don't think it's Protestant," answered the Colonel. "I do not think Martin Luther or John Calvin would have approved of it."

"Of course not," said Alfreda with some heat,— "just as little as I would approve of Calvin or Luther. I look on them both as apostates."

"Then why are you not a Catholic?" asked the Colonel, bluntly. He was hungry; Alfreda's hasty dart to the early service had caused him to snatch a meagre breakfast, and he was in a bad humor with all religion.

"You don't understand at all, Uncle," she said. "I am a Catholic, only I do not hold with the Romans. The ancient British Church—"

"Oh, blazes!" interrupted the Colonel, forgetting his manners. "Hugh and Nancy are Catholics, too, and they're ignorant people. It's probably because they are ignorant that they are so human; but give me their kind of religion every time."

It suited Alfreda to remain at Sherbrooke; so she did not retort.

"Forgive me, Uncle," she said on Monday. "I know I spend a great deal of time at church, but I am making what is called a spiritual retreat. There are very few directors like Father Trevor; and I must decide while I am here whether I shall marry Rob Wycherly, or not. Do you know Rob, Uncle?"

"I do," said the Colonel, shortly and under his breath. "I know, too, that he will have a dog's life with you."

Alfreda was a slave of duty, she believed. She began to fear that she was not cheering her uncle. She wanted to be like a bunch

of violets breathing a spirit of perfume in a sympathetic atmosphere. The Colonel was grumpy. He wanted her to come into the garden in the mornings; he wanted to play tennis in the evenings just as the bells of St. James the Less were ringing for Evensong. It was quite evident, too, that he disliked more and more the task of driving her over to church every Sunday morning.

"Why don't you go to Mass at the Catholic church?" he asked. "It's only a block away."

"You never *will* understand, Uncle," she said, looking at the sprays of white lilacs in the centre of the table, which she felt ought to be in her oratory. "I've almost decided about Rob Wycherly. He thinks of coming down to spend a week's end with his Aunt Elinor."

The Colonel brightened. "Good for him! He plays fine golf. You had better take him."

"It's a question of the soul," said Alfreda, pensively.

She began to see that, if she were not to be troubled constantly by the spectacle of a bored, irritable uncle, she must either leave Sherbrooke or provide some means of entertainment for him. She wrote to Marie; and Marie, being very tired just then, and rather depressed, came by the next train,—Alfreda having induced the Colonel to invite her, rather reluctantly, by long-distance telephone.

"Another bigot in the house won't matter," he said languidly. "I may as well have them both and get it over. I'll have to be hospitable to them sooner or later."

When Marie arrived, about four o'clock one Thursday afternoon, the Colonel met her at the station rather resignedly. Her heart warmed to the old man, and she was more than usually effusive.

"I suppose there ought to be tea waiting for you at home, or something, Marie; but I really did not know what to do. You Catholics seem to eat in such an occult manner that it puts everything out of gear."

Marie laughed. "Why do you say that, Uncle?"

"Alfreda does. Between running to late services and early services, and fasting, and all that sort of thing, I think she sets a very bad example to people who want to be religious in a reasonable kind of way. Now, Marie, as you are a Catholic, too, I wish you'd give my housekeeper a schedule, in advance, of what you eat and what you don't eat. If you were a Jew, you'd be less trouble. All I'd have to do would be to eliminate ham, and be done with it!"

Marie laughed again, and took the Colonel's arm.

"Hugh can look after my boxes. Let's walk, it's such a lovely afternoon."

"Are you sure," asked the Colonel, gloomily, "that you're not making *too much* of a sacrifice? Perhaps you ought to go to some devotional service or other."

"You old dear! Alfreda has evidently made you so religious that I am afraid you look on me as a pagan. You see, I'm not Alfreda. My people have been Catholics for a thousand years; and we believe that religion ought to be a help to life, not a hindrance."

"There's some truth in that," said the Colonel, brightening. "I always had a certain respect for the Catholic religion, because Catholics seemed to treat Almighty God in a gentlemanly way. There must be discipline, you know; but Alfreda has turned me against all that sort of thing."

"Nonsense, Uncle! If you felt that way, you would not be staking Rob Wycherly to give all that money to the orphans. Sister Euphrosyne found it out and told me; and she says that your charity will bring you into the Church yet."

The Colonel flushed; but he was pleased. They walked slowly. He began to feel at home with Marie. She still kept her arm in his.

"Rob Wycherly put a lot of his own money into that fund, too," he said at last. "He's one of the best chaps I've ever known. Of course, he isn't clever or literary

or æsthetic; and his being a private during the war makes Alfreda feel a little cold towards him; but I think that's snobbish."

"You are quite wrong about that, Uncle," said Marie, loyally. "She has religious scruples: she thinks that Rob is going over to the Pope, and she won't marry him just now for that reason."

"Great Jove! Do you *believe* that?" asked the Colonel. "It's my idea that there's another man."

Marie's face became very red; the Colonel glanced at her sharply.

"Oh," he said, "I see!"

Marie was silent. They had entered the park.

"I rather think you like 'Rob, Marie. After all, I'm your only uncle, and I should have treated you as a daughter long ago if I had known how nice you were. You see, I wasn't lonely enough to want a daughter until all this war work was done. I don't say that Alfreda isn't a fine woman, but she'll never make Rob happy. It's my opinion that she's setting her cap for that Father Trevor."

"But he's a celibate!" exclaimed Marie, with a little giggle she could not suppress.

"You just make up your mind that if Alfreda takes it into her head that it's her duty to marry Father Trevor, she will; and she'll make him feel that it's his duty, too."

"Of course," Marie said, "Jimmie Trevor is not bound by any real vows, like a real priest, you know. He might change if he wanted to—but poor Rob!"

"O poor Rob!" repeated the Colonel. "He admires Alfreda immensely, but he's rather afraid of her. If he thought there was another man in the case, he'd get out of it in a minute."

Marie's hold on her uncle's arm tightened.

"Now let us go home, Uncle," she said after a pause; "and I'll give you some tea, hot and hot."

But the Colonel would not be diverted. He had found a new interest in life—and a comrade.

"Marie," he said, as they turned homeward. "I know that you like Rob Wycherly."

"I must say that I do, Uncle," she answered, turning her face away; "and I don't think I shall ever marry any other man."

"If you take my advice, you'll wade in, and cut Alfreda out."

Marie's eyes gleamed humorously.

"Sister Euphrosyne told me the same thing the other day."

"By Jove!" said the Colonel emphatically, "I begin to believe there's something to be said on the Catholic side, after all. That Sister seems almost human."

Marie laughed again, and the Colonel looked as if he had said something particularly witty. They were passing St. Andrew's Church. The strains of the *Tantum Ergo* had just begun.

"I know you want to go in," said the Colonel, stopping. "Let's try it."

Marie led the way, and then she forgot the world, the Colonel, even Rob Wycherly, in the ecstasy of the Benediction.

The Colonel was silent when they came out, and a little pale.

"I never felt that way before," he said rather incoherently. "I'll go again with you, Marie, if you don't mind; and perhaps you'll explain it to me."

They walked home silently.

IV.

Rob Wycherly came down on Saturday night; and as soon as he had made the proper compliments to his Aunt Elinor, he went over to the Colonel's. But Alfreda had not yet come from the Evening; she had telephoned that she must arrange for the decorations for the coming Sunday. "Father Trevor," she added, "said that my taste is so perfectly ecclesiastical."

Rob Wycherly, who carried a large bunch of violets in a florist's box, found Marie on the porch.

"Alfreda is not at home," she said; "we dine at eight o'clock. She'll certainly be back for dinner. And if you'd like to stay, the Colonel will be delighted, I

know. You need not go home to dress."

Rob deposited the violets on the wicker chair. He thought that Marie looked more charming than ever, and very sympathetic. He wanted to pour out his heart to her. Alfreda's last letter had been so mystical and analytical that he needed some practical conversation. He sighed.

"Sister Euphrosyne," he said, after a pause, "has a very high opinion of you; and I have a great respect for her. In fact," he continued, "I should take her advice on almost any subject."

"I wish I could!" she answered. "She gave me some advice the other day which I think I'd like to follow."

"I would if I were you," he said quite seriously.

"Did she advise you to give me those violets?" asked Marie.

"No," he said; and then to himself: "I wish she had!"

But Marie read the look in his eyes.

"I must go and dress for dinner now, Rob," she said. "You look at the Colonel's new peonies until Alfreda comes,—but I really want you to do me a favor. It looks to me as if it were going to rain to-morrow, and the Colonel hates, I know, to drive Alfreda to James the Less on a rainy day. He's rheumatic, you know, but Alfreda thinks it's his duty. Come over about half-past seven and take Alfreda over. It's *your* duty."

"I suppose it is," answered Rob, rather wearily. "I'll come—provided you let me take you to the late Mass when I get back."

Alfreda came home in time for dinner; Marie saw that the whole four were unusually gay. She made the Colonel tell his best stories, and kept Alfreda away from theology.

"Colonel," said Rob, "I hope you'll do me a favor. I'd like to drive Alfreda over to St. James the Less to-morrow for the early service. I'm sure I'm depriving you of a great pleasure. I intend to get back myself to go to the late Mass in the Catholic church here."

"That settles it!" said Alfreda, casting a frozen arrow of a glance at her betrothed. "I hope I'll have a chance to talk to you on the way over, Rob," she added.

"Wade in,—wade in!" whispered the Colonel to Marie. "I'm going to Mass with you people to-morrow, too," he added aloud. "It's at a comfortable hour, and I can have a smoke beforehand. I think at last I've found the kind of religion I like."

"You're *so* sentimental, Colonel!" said Rob.

The Colonel dropped the young people as they came out of the little Catholic church after Mass on Sunday. He said he saw an old friend ahead, and wanted to catch up with him.

"Marie" (Rob spoke with a little tremor in his voice), "I must tell you that Alfreda said this morning that she can not bring herself to marry a schismatic. I'm a schismatic, you know, according to the ancient British Church. I don't want to make a mixed marriage myself, nor do you; so, if you don't mind, suppose you take me?"

"I reckon I ought to take Sister Euphrosyne's advice, though it's really abhorrent to my delicate nature; and I will, if you don't mind—" began Marie.

"What was her advice, Marie?" asked Rob.

"Oh, never mind! She'll tell you some day. But poor Alfreda!"

"Poor Alfreda? She told me that she is going to marry Father Trevor."

"But," said Marie, "she will not put on her cards, 'Mrs. Father Trevor,' will she?"

"Of course not, Marie, you know that 'Mrs. Doctor That' or 'Mrs. Colonel This' is quite out of fashion. She'll be plain 'Mrs. Trevor,' with a mission to show by example what the higher life, according to the ancient British Church, really means. You've made me very happy, Marie!"

"I knew it was my duty to please my uncle—and Sister Euphrosyne!"

Martyrs of Central America.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

NO part of the Americas has witnessed greater sacrifices for the Faith than the Mosquito Coast, sometime in the possession of Spain, then of Britain, and now included in the province of Yucatan. Even at this day the natives in many parts are but little removed from a state of paganism. Yet it was there that Father Cristoval wrought for the Cross, and died, like St. Stephen, praying for his murderers.

In the year 1600, an Andalusian, Cristoval Martinez de la Puerta, arrived on the coast of Honduras. Landing at Truxillo, he found the country thickly populated, and the natives well disposed to Christianity. Seized with a desire to convert them, he began his labors by going to the city of Guatemala to be ordained a priest. He accomplished this, and it was given to him to teach the heathen.

Enduring many hardships, he was twice driven, by contrary winds, from the coast of the old Indian province of Taguzgalpa, that lies southward of Cape Gracias-á-Dios; but, unwilling to abandon his self-appointed mission, he penetrated at length into that area by way of Cape Gracias-á-Dios, accompanied by Juan Vaena, a priest of noted virtues and qualifications. These two committed themselves to an unknown country, protected only by Providence.

They found themselves on a desert shore, unmarked by traces of the human race's having ever inhabited it. In this solitude they passed two days in prayer, waiting for direction from on High. On the morning of the third, a large body of natives came out of the woods. The men were naked but for a loin-cloth painted red, with plumes of feathers on their heads, and lances in their hands; the women were painted red, had small aprons about their waists, and garlands of flowers in their hands. The last person of this company was a venerable old man

with long, white hair. He bowed himself before the missionaries, and in a tongue they could understand said they were welcome. But he asked why they had so long delayed coming, saying he had long expected them; that he was not to blame that they had not been welcomed earlier, because it had been understood they were to arrive by land; and that he had placed sentinels on the highest mountains to give him notice of their approach.

Great was the astonishment of the two priests at this unexpected address; and, marvelling, they asked the old man how came it he had known of their approach. He replied that one day, being at work in his plantation, there appeared to him a child,—a white child. The child was more beautiful than anything he had ever seen. With great tenderness the child had looked at him and said: "Know that you will not die before you become a Christian. There will come some white men with robes of the color of this ground, reaching to their feet. When they arrive, treat them kindly; for they are the ministers of God, who has granted you this mark of His mercy because you have done well, and have supported all those that needed succor."

This old man, even in his idolatry, had done innumerable acts of kindness. His maize and other stores he freely gave to the hungry and poor, and he brought peace in strife, settling all disputes among his neighbors.

The Indians forthwith set about building a spacious hut for the two missionaries, near a river called Xarua. On the next day they erected a great hut for a church, and crosses were raised in different places along the forest paths. The priests began to instruct their friends, and in due time administered baptism to the old man and his following.

In 1630 they were joined by Friar Benito Lopez, and these three priests labored for many years among their first friends, and the Guabas, a race of mulattoes, the progeny of shipwrecked Spaniards.

The missionaries attended to their spiritual well-being, and by visiting them in sickness cured them of their maladies. The names of the good "white Brothers" spread far and near, but their labors were soon to end.

A neighboring tribe, far up the Xarua, the savage and unreclaimed Albatuinasians, went out to war against the Christians. They captured the village, and seized the missionaries. Father Cristoval they impaled on lances, cut off one of his hands, and broke his limbs with their clubs. He died in excruciating agonies; yet pleading, like St. Stephen, for his enemies. The two other priests were lanced to death, and their legs and arms cut off. The Governor of Truxillo, though unable to secure the murderers, succeeded, with the aid of the Christian Indians, in obtaining the bodies of the martyrs; and they were conveyed to Truxillo, where they were entombed with great ceremony on the 16th of January, 1634.

A Remedy that Worked Like a Charm.

A simple woman once went to a wise man for advice. "Tell me," she asked, "what to do. My husband is such a scold that I am constantly unhappy." The wise man filled a bottle with a muddy-looking liquid, and muttered some mysterious words over it. "Take this," he said, "and the next time your husband scolds you fill your mouth with the liquid for five minutes." In due time she came back again. "I want some more of that medicine," she said; "it worked like a charm. My husband has stopped scolding entirely."—"Ah," exclaimed the wise man, "just as I expected!" (The liquid was molasses and water.) "Continue to keep silent when your husband begins his tirades. You need no more medicine."

The woman went away, followed the sage's advice, and her husband, having no one to answer him, found scolding uninteresting, and so scolded no more.

Americans and the Drug Habit.

SOMETHING more than a year ago the Secretary of the Treasury appointed a committee to investigate the traffic in narcotic drugs throughout this country; and a short time ago the Bureau of Internal Revenue gave out the committee's report for publication. Such of our readers as have taken any interest in the subject of drug-addiction—a subject occasionally touched upon in these columns in connection with Prohibition—will find the conditions reported by the committee less startling than will the general public.

In a general way, of course, most readers of newspapers are aware that among the different classes of sanitariums to be found in, or near, most of our large cities are some specifically designed for the treatment of those who have acquired a diseased appetite for drugs of one kind or another; and there is a general impression also that the appetite has been acquired in many cases because of the imprudent administration of drugs to their patients by physicians too fond of following the line of least resistance in the alleviation of pain. Even those, however, who have been most familiar with the dreadful havoc wrought by the drug-habit in particular localities or among certain classes of our citizens will assuredly be much surprised at the prevalence of the habit in all parts of the country.

The outstanding fact reported by the thoroughly competent and reliable investigators is that the consumption of opium *per capita* in the United States is from ten to sixty times greater than in other nations. Even though this *per capita* consumption is calculated on the United States population for 1910 (probably some ten millions less than the actual population to-day), our tremendous and unenviable pre-eminence is clearly beyond cavil. France, for instance, has forty million inhabitants, and uses seventeen thousand pounds of opium a year; Ger-

many has sixty million citizens, and consumes the same quantity—seventeen thousand pounds; while the United States, with less than three times the population of France, and less than twice that of Germany, uses more than twenty-seven times as much opium as either of these countries,—four hundred and seventy thousand pounds.

Enormous as are these figures, they tell but half the miserable story; for they represent only the opium legally and openly brought into the country; and the committee declare that there is in addition an organized “underground” traffic, equal in volume to that coming through the legitimate channels which are known. Of the nation-wide organization which, they say, exists for trafficking in narcotics, the committee reports:

This trade is in the hands of the so-called “dope pedlers,” who appear to have a national organization for procuring and disposing of their supplies. For the most part it is thought that they obtain these supplies by smuggling them through Mexico or Canada, although smaller quantities of these drugs are obtained from unscrupulous dealers in this country or by theft. Smuggling also is practised to a considerable extent on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, where the drugs arrive on ships hailing from Europe and the Orient.

Eighteen thousand such pedlers, we are told, are reported by the police of various cities. The means by which they may without suspicion associate with their customers are supplied by such ostensible occupations as are represented by gamblers, taxicab drivers, domestics, solicitors, messengers, vagrants, lunch-room helpers, pool-room employees, porters, and laundrymen. Thousands of other victims of the drug habit satisfy their craving through patent medicines, hundreds of which contain a large percentage of opium, morphine, heroin, and cocaine. While the users of drugs pure and simple are said to be for the most part residents of our larger cities, the consumers of patent medicines for the drugs they contain are to be found in the smaller cities, towns, and the rural sections.

Noting that the drug evil is increasing in the large cities, the committee state that this is particularly the case in those cities “where more than the usual attention is being directed to the eradication of drug addiction,”—a point not without interest in connection with the imminent wholesale eradication of alcohol.

Discussing the effect of Prohibition on the consumption of drugs, the committee are notably conservative,—more so, perhaps, than are most persons who have studied both the physiological and psychological aspects of the question. Says their report:

What effect, if any, nation-wide Prohibition will have on the situation could not be definitely determined. The consensus of opinion of those interested in the subject appears to be to the effect that the number of drug addicts will increase as soon as the Prohibition laws are enforced. These opinions are based for the most part on the theory that drinkers will seek a substitute for alcohol, and that the opiates and cocaine will be found most satisfactory for this purpose.

This opinion apparently receives some support from investigations made in some of the Southern States, where Prohibition has been in effect for some years. It has been noted that in these States the sales of narcotic drugs and cocaine, and especially the sale of preparations exempt under Section 6 of the Harrison Act, such as Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, and paregoric, have greatly increased during this period. Whether or not this condition will become general when national Prohibition becomes effective, is a question which can not be answered at the present time.

At some future time, however—ten or fifteen years from now, for instance,—it will probably be found that the condition noted *has* become general: that one very certain result of enforced Prohibition has been a still wider use of drugs than at present, and still more insurmountable obstacles to the suppression of the traffic therein. Remembering that the confirmed drug-user is, religiously, socially, and economically, more of a human derelict than is the habitual toper, one may be pardoned for questioning the qualitative value of that vaunted panacea for all social ills, total Prohibition.

Notes and Remarks.

If the pernicious activities of the Bolsheviki, the I. W. W. sympathizers, and other anarchists in this country, should have the happy effect of awakening our State and Federal authorities to the folly of allowing liberty to be confounded with license, the said activities will not be without some compensation. The "sacred right to liberty of speech," "the Constitutional right to freedom of speech," and "the inviolable freedom of the press," are expressions of abstract truths that need interpretative limitations before being translated into legitimate concrete acts. Be one's liberty of speech ever so sacred (in the abstract), one can not with impunity deliver in public an obscene discourse or malign the character of an individual: such speech would be a violation of specific laws against public immorality and libel. Nor does the inviolable freedom of the press safeguard the publisher who indulges in similar indiscretions, as is patent from the occasional suppression, by the Government, of licentious papers, and the convictions, in our courts, of libellous journals.

Now, it is notorious that in this Republic of ours there is, and there has been for decades past, on the one hand a tendency among speakers and editors to interpret liberty in terms of license, and on the other a disinclination on the part of the authorities to determine just where liberty ends and license begins. Not until the license bears tragic fruit—in the assassination of a President or the slaughter of scores of citizens by bomb-throwers—does the insulted majesty of the United States feel called upon to assert itself. The present is an excellent time for impressing upon all dwellers in this country the supremacy of the natural law of self-preservation. As opposed to the so-called right of free speech invoked by the Bolsheviki and their compeers who would destroy our form of government, there is the indisputable

right of our Government to protect itself by suppressing all such avowed enemies, either by deportation or a term of imprisonment. And it is to be hoped that no unnecessary delay will retard the suppression.

The opposition which has been developing of late months to Dr. Irigoyen, President of the Argentine Republic, moves our Buenos Aires contemporary, the *Southern Cross*, to say a strong word in his defence. It points out that he was elected President, in 1916, against his own publicly expressed wish; that he took office at a critical moment in Argentine history, when the whole country was perturbed by serious financial problems and weighty difficulties created by the European war; and that he has safely piloted the Republic through all such dangerous currents. "Dr. Irigoyen," says the *Cross*, "is the first Constitutional President, democratically elected, that the country has had; and he has saved the honor and the sovereignty of the Argentine Republic in a moment of pressure and grave danger. . . . The Radical Government has nothing to fear from its adversaries: the danger lies in factionism—dissensions in its own ranks. Dr. Irigoyen has won the confidence of the country. It is well known that he is patriotic and honorable, is uninfluenced by foreign pressure, and uninspired by a selfish thought."

As between the paper from which we quote and American correspondents who have their own ends to serve in interpreting Argentine opinion, we have no hesitation in accepting the words of the *Southern Cross*, which is a reliable and ably edited Catholic journal.

A disillusioning light on the elementary efficiency of our much-vaunted public-school system is thrown by Mr. Robert W. Bruère, writing in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*. He reports that in February of this year, a representative

of the Surgeon-General's office appeared before a Congressional committee in support of a Bill designed to give Federal aid to the States in extending the knowledge of English among native illiterates and non-English-speaking immigrants. He laid before Congress the data accumulated by the War Department during its examination of drafted men. These records show that 25 per cent of the men who entered the draft army were unable to read the newspapers or to write letters home. A large proportion of this 25 per cent were as completely incapable of writing their names as the Coolies of inland China. One-fourth of the draft army illiterates!

An "escaped nun" (whose wild talk showed that she had never lived in a convent, though she might have escaped from a lunatic asylum), "lecturing" in a neighboring city a few years ago, was interrupted—and silenced—by a young Jewess, the daughter of a rabbi, who declared that for a long time she had been a pupil of a convent school and could bear witness that the lecturer's assertions were absolutely false. "My father [naming him] must be known to many present here," concluded the nuns' defender; "and I am sure he would agree to what I have said and approve of what I have done." That ended the lecture.

We were reminded of this little incident by the testimony of a real "ex-nun" given at one of the Catholic Evidence meetings last month in London. An objector having expressed sympathy for "those poor young ladies hidden away behind high walls and bolted gates," a young woman in the audience exclaimed: "I think I can tell you something about convents. I was actually a nun myself for some years. Those years were the happiest of my life. It was a very great sorrow to me when I had to come out on account of bad health, which made me unable to keep the rule. I can testify that all that went on there was good and holy,—prayer and

work for God, and the salvation of souls. The only real difficulty is to get into a convent. It is easy enough to get out at any time. And as for the walls, they are meant to keep out the world—not to keep in the nuns."

To paraphrase Shakespeare, a fine little volley of words was that, and fittingly shot off.

Recent issues of our English exchanges give considerable space to the detailed judgment, rendered a few weeks ago in the House of Lords, on the question: Is a bequest for Masses for the repose of the soul valid? The Lord Chancellor, in giving his opinion (and his opinion as to the matter is law), said among other notable things:

The question was as to the validity of provisions of the will of a testatrix who had given bequests to priests for prayers and Masses, and directed the residuary estate to be applied in providing funds for the ministers of certain named Roman Catholic chapels for prayers for the soul of the testatrix and her dead husband, and, so far as not required for such purposes, in promoting the knowledge of the Roman Catholic religion among the poor and ignorant of certain named districts. The Master of the Rolls held that the bequests to the priests and ministers of chapels were void, but that the ultimate residuary gift was valid. The desire of the testatrix to benefit her soul was indeed defeated; but her desire to have others taught that such a desire was in accordance with true religion was, not without paradox, upheld.

The most interesting portion of the Lord Chancellor's judgment, however, is contained in these paragraphs:

The conclusion, so far as he was concerned, was that a gift for Masses for the souls of the dead ceased to be impressed with the stamp of superstitious use when Roman Catholicism was again permitted to be openly professed in this country, and that thenceforth it could not be deemed illegal. This was not to say that there were now no superstitious uses, or that no gift for any religious purpose, whether Roman Catholic or other, could be invalid. Such cases might arise, and would call for decision when they did arise.

In his [Lordship's] opinion, the cumulative effect of the various Emancipation Acts was to remove from the doctrines of the Roman

Catholic Faith every stigma of illegality. Gifts *inter vivos*, or by will, might now be made to build a Roman Catholic church or to erect an altar. He was content that his decision should not involve their Lordships in the absurdity that a Roman Catholic citizen of this country might legally endow an altar for the Roman Catholic community, but might not provide funds for the administration of that Sacrament which was fundamental in the belief of Roman Catholics, and without which the church and the altar would alike be useless.

The comment of such Americans as read this opinion will probably be that, for once at least, English law has been identified with common-sense.

It is gratifying to notice some sympathy for Bishop Tacconi, a poor Chinese missionary who is now visiting this country, seeking aid for his vast poverty-stricken, though very promising, new diocese. With a little help from the faithful of this favored country, he would be enabled to do great things for the Church in China. Shall assistance be withheld? It seems to us that sympathy for a missionary bishop who is not a member of a religious Order ought to be all the greater on that account. There is no place outside of heathendom that he can call home, and too few places where he can feel assured of a welcome. And a missionary who has spent twenty-five years in a pagan land should have a special claim on our charity, because we have so little understanding of what he must have had to suffer and must continue to endure.

How to get the people back to normal habits of thought is the great problem that now confronts the world's rulers. The public mind is in a nervous ferment, which, if allowed to continue, might lead to insurmountable difficulties. In view of our suicide and lynching record alone, it would seem that reformers might be better employed than in trying to turn every citizen into a total-abstainer. According to Dr. H. M. Warren, president of the Save-a-Life League, there have been as many as 2000 cases of suicide in

the United States during the past six months. The number includes 175 children,—71 boys and 104 girls. The youngest of these self-destroyers was only ten years old. The president of Tuskegee Institute reports twenty-eight lynchings—twenty-five of Negroes and three of white persons—for the first six months of 1919. The States in which lynchings occurred and the number for each State are said to be as follows: Alabama, three; Arkansas, four; Florida, two; Georgia, three; Louisiana, four; Mississippi, seven; Missouri, one; North Carolina, two; South Carolina, one; Texas, one.

These are the States, by the way, where there is most illiteracy, also most bigotry. Maybe the Prohibitionists intend to erect a school in the South for every saloon put out of business elsewhere. As a rule, however, reformers are destructive rather than constructive.

The literary editor of the London *Catholic Times* thinks that dwellers in the British Isles are apt to be more than a little condemnatory or contemptuous of the French people. It is not only that they dwell upon the actions of an irreligious Government. "Such actions most assuredly call for condemnation, but a condemnation born of *knowledge*" rather than, as is commonly the case, at least on this side of the Atlantic, of ignorance. British self-complacency, the editor opines, is too fond of dwelling on French immorality, on the salaciousness of French novels and plays, on the lack of good taste in French fashions and behavior, on the mere commercialism of French marriages, etc., etc. As opposed to all such exaggerated criticism, he proffers this most truthful paragraph:

There is, of course, no reason why we should admire everything that is French: there is, however, every reason why we should not think of our great neighbors as notable chiefly for whatever we may deem unworthy in their civilization. French civilization is a brilliant and many-faceted jewel, and not those sides of it that lack lustre or shine with a baleful

gleam need occupy our attention solely. Waves of infidelity may have swept over intellectual France at times; but let us recall the superb services of "the Eldest Daughter of the Church," the heroic missionary labors of the French, even through all the recent years marked by political anti-clericalism. French zeal and French money have been the chief aids to the Church's missionary activities,—the splendors of French oratory and learning upholding Catholicism through centuries, the sanctity of a myriad saints, and the high utility of the many religious Orders emanating from "the pleasant land of France." After all, Lourdes is north of the Pyrenees. Blessed Margaret Mary was French, and the lovable "Little Flower" owned the same nationality. From the Far East to where French Jesuits, first of white men, trod the recesses of North America the spiritual glory of France shines with a radiance as of a rainbow in the skies.

Eminently sane words are these and particularly well said.

A circular in Italian, issued by the vicar of the Chapel of St. Francis of Assisi, Boston, Mass., shows the methods to which sectarians resort and the lengths to which they go in trying to pervert poor Italian Catholics in this country. Among other deceptive statements, the circular asserts that the Protestant Episcopal Church is the "Catholic Church"—the "American Catholic Church." To bolster up these false claims, it is further asserted that "the Book of Common Prayer contains the Office of Holy Communion, Morning and Evening Prayer, the Office of Baptism and Chrism, etc." To certain other things which the book contains and does not contain there is, of course, no reference whatever. Could anything be more infamous?

If Bishop Lawrence is responsible for this circular, he merits the reprobation of everyone who has any realization of the truth of these words of Newman: "One thing is certain. Whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it exaggerates or extenuates, whatever it says and unsays, at least the Christianity of history is not Protestantism." As for the vicar of the Chapel of St. Francis of

Assisi, the Rev. Enrico Sartorio, he probably knows as well as ourselves that he is doing the work of the devil; and it is being done in a devilish way.

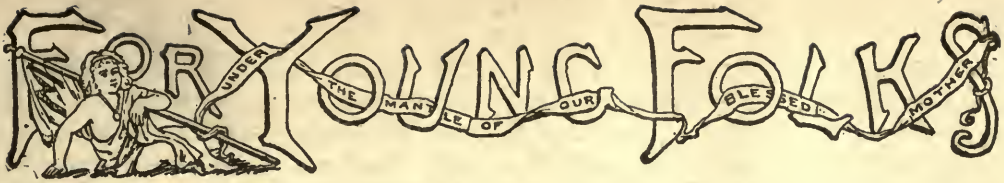
An American soldier has the manliness to sign his name (Julian C. Dorr) to a letter, published in the *New York Times*, referring to the "horrors" related by Margaret Deland in her new book "Small Things." He writes:—

She came to France all primed to feel sorry for those "poor heroes," and sympathize she did. As a result, the word was quietly passed around that here was "game,"—I know, for I helped pass it. Mrs. Deland wanted all the horrors of war, and she got them. She got more second-hand shudders during that week than the Army got at first-hand during the whole war. She was systematically and sedulously "stuffed" with wild tales and bogus thrills by every soldier she could capture or corner.

I make no excuse for our conduct: it was bad manners and ill breeding, but at best a soldier's sense of humor is crude. If Mrs. Deland had come to us and simply asked for information, we would have given her the truth; but she came with a preconceived idea, and we simply told her what she expected to hear. To tell the truth, I don't see how any one could believe the "rot" that she accepted without question.

Now is the time for other soldiers to throw what light they can on certain features of the war. Of what Mr. Dorr calls "rot" there has been a surfeit. Civilians still have many perverted ideas which it would have been utterly useless to try to dislodge while bloodshed and destruction were in progress; but now they are somewhat disposed to receive reliable information. The only precaution needed is not to give them too much of the truth at a time.

Whether for his phrasing or his fervor, or for both, Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, was loudly applauded when, in a speech on the League of Nations in the Senate recently, he exclaimed: "God forbid that the war that was to end all war shall conclude with a peace that may end all peace!"



A Legend of Assisi.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

ONCE afar through Gubbio's forests
Roamed a savage wolf and wild,
Many a shepherd's fold was ravaged,
Many a mother wept her child.
Angry shepherds, frenzied fathers,
Chased it through the lonely wood,
Armed with hooks and rusty sabres,—
All attacks the wolf withstood.
But St. Francis of Assisi,
When he to the village came,
Listened to the people's story:
Then he called the beast by name.
From his den the wolf approached him,
At his feet he laid his head,
And he seemed to listen humbly
To the words St. Francis said.
"Brother Wolf," commanded Francis,
In a gentle voice and low,
"You must never harm God's children,
Whereso'er you chance to go!"
And in token of compliance,
As if heeding the demand,
Brother Wolf then laid his forepaw
In the saintly friar's hand.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

III.—RIVALS.

WHEN minutes after his uncle's calling him, Tim was up and dressed, had said his morning prayers, and was seated at the breakfast table. The incidents of the preceding day, while they had considerably disturbed his sleep, had not apparently affected his appetite; for he proceeded to dispose of one hot roll after another with an enjoyment which made Uncle Layac almost envious. Slack-

ing up a little after his second cup of *café au lait*, he inquired:

"Well, Uncle, how are things going these days?"

"Humph! They are going just as bad as possible."

"How's that? You're not sick, I hope?"

"No, I'm not; but my store is."

"Your store?"

"Yes: business is about as poor as it can be. It has been going from bad to worse, and if it keeps on I'll be bankrupt in three months."

"Good gracious! Is that possible, Uncle?"

"Not only possible, but more than probable. When you are through with your breakfast, come out to the street door and I'll show you why."

"Oh, I've finished now!" said Tim; and, blessing himself as he rose from the table, he followed his uncle through the dining room in the rear of the house to the grocery proper.

"There!" said Uncle Layac, pointing to a large crowd of persons coming out of the main door of the cathedral. "Do you see those hundreds who have been attending seven o'clock Mass? Now, watch how many of them stop at that confounded establishment over the way, and how few will drop in here for the day's provisions."

Tim looked across the street and saw a splendid grocery store, spacious and newly painted, everything about it looking spick and span, as though it were in Paris itself. And, sure enough, dozens of the crowd coming from Mass turned into its doors, while never an individual came towards the "King of Groceries."

"There—that's the way day after day!" growled Uncle Layac.

"Every day, Uncle? Surely not?"

"But yes, I tell you. My customers,

of whom I had hundreds only a few weeks ago, have gradually left me,—abandoned me. And all because of that miserable Fourrin who has installed himself over there.”

As he spoke, Uncle Layac shook his fist at the store opposite, where a smart little man with a cunning and obsequious countenance could be seen waiting upon a dozen importunate women, all anxious to secure their materials for the Sunday dinner. It was no other than M. Fourrin, the lucky competitor of Tim’s uncle.

“It’s not as if this Fourrin sold better groceries than mine, or sold them cheaper,” continued Uncle Layac. “In that case, I’d understand his success. But he doesn’t. If he draws everybody to his store, it’s because he uses dodges that are perhaps the style in Paris, but which shouldn’t be employed in a provincial town.” And, as if desiring to sum up in two words all his hatred and contempt for his rival, he exclaimed: “The dirty Parisian!”

As a matter of fact, Uncle Layac was exaggerating somewhat. M. Fourrin was no more of a Parisian than himself. He was, like Layac, an Albigenian, and, moreover, was one of Layac’s boyhood friends, as well as his classmate at the Lycée where both had spent their school-days. Those days over, Fourrin had become something of a Jack-of-all-trades,—successively lawyer’s clerk, jeweller, antiquary, horse-dealer, and auctioneer; and, having failed to amass a fortune at any of these occupations, he finally set off for Paris one fine morning to look for the fortune there.

What had he done in the capital city? Nobody knew,—at any rate, with any degree of certainty. What was quite certain, however, was that he returned to Albi at the end of ten years—a few months before this story opens—with sufficient capital to set up, on Cathedral Square, just opposite the store of poor Layac, that “Grand Modern Grocery, Parisian Style,” to which the customers of Tim’s uncle began at once to throng.

It must be said, too, that Fourrin had taken every means to insure the success of his enterprise. In the first place, he had leased the finest store in the city; and, as if that were not enough, had annexed thereto a shop on either side. Then he left nothing undone to throw dust in the eyes of his patrons. The three buildings were repainted and completely renovated; and Fourrin installed in them hundreds of electric bulbs, which, when night fell, flooded with a dazzling light (in very bad taste, said Layac) that whole portion of the old Square, up to then so quiet and gloomy.

Add to this the Parisian “dodges” which Uncle Layac anathematized so bitterly. There was, of course, nothing really reprehensible in these so-called dodges. They consisted, for the most part, of prizes offered on certain days to all buyers; of flaming posters which every once in a while decorated all the bill-boards of the vicinity; and especially of the human-sandwich style of advertising—men carrying a board on their breasts and another on their backs, the said boards bearing inscriptions setting forth the merits of the “Grand Modern Grocery, Parisian Style,” in terms about as modest as the average announcement of an American circus.

These sandwich-men were the last drop of gall in Uncle Layac’s cup of misfortune; and when he saw them pass his door it was all he could do to refrain from rushing out and assaulting them.

“Did ever one see such absurdity!” he wrathfully exclaimed, throwing his arms above his head and looking for all the world like an extra-fat scarecrow. “The city councillors must be crazy to allow such degrading masquerades. It surely isn’t carnival time all the year round, and only the foolishness of carnival celebrations could excuse such nonsensical advertising.

The trouble was, however, that, nonsensical or not, the advertising effected its object: Fourrin drew all the custom,

and Layac's grocery was becoming deserted. And it was not only as a merchant that Uncle Layac was losing prestige: it was in his quality as a citizen also. Until very recently he had been, if not one of the most important personages of the city, at least one of whom public opinion had to take account. There had been talk, indeed, of putting him up as a candidate at the late election of municipal councillors; and, as a result, he had been indulging in all sorts of daydreams, in which he beheld himself surrounded with honors of various kinds, including the red sash of the mayoralty. But, alas, the dreams were short-lived; for, when it came to the point, the committee on candidates passed Layac over, and chose—none other than Fourrin, his arch-enemy Fourrin.

The blow was so severe that Uncle Layac actually fell sick in consequence, and stayed in bed for a week, a prey to yellow jaundice, which malady made his broad countenance look very much like a piece of old parchment. The fact was that Uncle Layac, a very good, honest man in many respects, was as vain as a peacock; and wounded vanity is apt to affect disagreeably both mind and body.

In any case, as a result of the mercantile and civil success of Fourrin, Tim's uncle grew to entertain for his rival a hatred which good old Father Soissons tried in vain to make him give up.

"Forgive him?" he cried. "Yes, I'll forgive him when he closes his fantastic store and moves away from Albi,—or when his 'Modern Grocery' takes fire from some of those ridiculous electric lamps of his, and burns to the ground. Until then he had better keep away from me, or I'll squelch him as I would a rat."

"Oh, come now, Uncle!" said Tim, as he listened to the long tale of the grocer's woes and the bitter denunciation of the rival across the street. "You don't really hate Mr. Fourrin. I'm quite sure that if any misfortune happened to him you

would be among the first to sympathize with him, and the very first to give him help if he actually needed it."

"Help? Yes, if he needed it. And I only wish that the good God would *make* him need it right away. In the meantime it looks as though *I* would need help a good deal sooner than he will. As I have already told you, unless something altogether unforeseen turns up before long, I'll be obliged to go into bankruptcy inside of three months."

"Well, then, I believe that something *will* turn up," rejoined Tim. "I can't imagine that a man so kind and charitable as you have always been, one who has shown himself a good father to an orphan like me, is going to be left in the lurch by Heaven. There's a silver, if not a golden, lining to every dark cloud, Uncle; and I bet you there is good news on the way to you even now."

Tim spoke confidently, just to endeavor to keep up his uncle's spirits; but, to tell the truth, he was not feeling at all confident. The pleasant visit he had anticipated seemed likely to prove anything but exhilarating. Uncle Layac was clearly almost despondent, and the lad's genuine affection for his mother's brother made him sympathize with him in his not unnatural downheartedness. Tim, however, had learned from his father, and from good Père Soissons as well, to put unbounded confidence in God and His Blessed Mother; and he resolved to pray hard that something might occur to save his uncle's fortunes. Just as he had formed this resolution, the Cathedral bells chimed out their invitation to the last Mass; so, with an affected air of light-hearted ease, Tim exclaimed:

"Well, Uncle, let's get ready to go to Mass. I'm quite sure that we shall both feel much better when we return; and I have an idea that the day won't end without your seeing a way to avoid all the misfortune that you think is in store for you now."

“Robin Redbreast’s Corn.”

IN Brittany many legends are yet told of the “boy-bishop,” Saint Leonore, of Lunaire, as the French call him. He was born in Wales, and was for years a disciple of the great Saint Iltut, the near kinsman of the renowned King Arthur. Among Saint Leonore’s fellow-students are reckoned Saints David, Samson, Magloir, and Gildas.

When very young, Leonore was sent by his father to the school of Saint Iltut. He was ordained by Saint Dubricius, and some years later he was consecrated by the same holy man. He crossed over to Brittany soon afterward, and founded a monastery on a piece of wild and untilled moorland.

In his journey to France he was accompanied by several disciples. They thatched their little church and cells with the red fern peculiar to the district, cut the turf for firing, and drained and ploughed the weedy marsh in preparation for the seed-time. But, alas! when spring came, they found that they had neglected to bring any grain across the sea, and the barbarous Celts knew nothing of wheat and corn. The disciples were in despair, but Saint Leonore was most hopeful. “God will help us,” he said, with cheerful patience; and he continued preparing the ground for seed.

When the soil was perfectly fine and dry a little robin redbreast was observed sitting on a branch with a heavy wheat-ear dangling from its beak. The bird dropped the stalk and flew away, to return, however, in a short time with another heavily-laden stalk. The Brothers sowed the yellow grain, and “reaped abundantly,” as the old legends tell. The Breton peasant of to-day will inform you that the rich harvests of Brittany have sprung from the robin’s wheat, just as the many churches scattered over the land are due to the zeal of Leonore and his followers; and “Robin Redbreast’s

corn” is a byword in Brittany for all small beginnings that succeed and prosper.

The date of Saint Leonore’s death is unknown. His body was translated to Saint Malo, and the church where it was interred is yet called by his name. The feast of its translation is on the 13th of October, but the saint is honored throughout Brittany on the first day of the present month.

A Royal Porter.

TO be a king is not of necessity to be a happy man. A certain king of Poland was once found in the garb of a porter, earning a few pence as best he could by carrying great loads from one place to another. The courtier who surprised him at that unaccustomed employment carried the strange news to others; and soon there was a crowd of finely dressed people about him, expressing astonishment that he should thus condescend to toil. Finally the king spoke.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “the load which I have laid down is far greater than any you see me carry here in the market-place; the heaviest of my burdens is but a straw compared with the cares of state. And I have had more refreshing slumber during the past few months than in all the years of my reign.”

“But, your Majesty, you were a king and could rule over everyone: now you are ordered about by others!”

“You mistake,” he said. “When I was king I was the slave of my people: now I am my own master. You may choose any one you like to take my throne. I shall go back to it no more.”

Perhaps the misfortunes which were always the lot of the kings of Poland had something to do with their wish to lay aside a monarch’s responsibilities. At any rate, they seem to have accepted them reluctantly and given them up with pleasure. One said, when they placed the sceptre in his hand: “I would rather tug at an oar.”

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The third volume of Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's memories, following on "Twenty-five Years" and "The Middle Years," is entitled "The Years of the Shadow." It is a cheerful book despite its name.

—St. Teresa's faithful and memorable saying, "From silly devotions, God deliver us!" will be found in "The Autobiography" of the Saint, edited by the Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., and issued by the Columbus Press. (Chapter xiii, paragraph 24, page 84.)

—An argument against the Towner and Smith educational Bills, with a forceful exposition of the danger of undue centralization, is furnished in "For the Freedom of Education," a pamphlet of twenty pages issued by the Central Bureau of the Central Society. A timely publication on an important subject.

—One would imagine that there are a sufficient number of new books demanding the attention of the publishers to obviate the necessity of their harking back to so practically forgotten an author as the Russian sensation of thirty years ago, Marie Bashkirtseff. And yet her journals, ultra-egotistic and neurotic as they impressed the readers of the last century, have just been brought out in a new edition by a firm of New York publishers.

—From St. Joseph's Industrial School Press, of Trichinopoly, comes a sixteenmo brochure of fifty-four pages, "The Life of Jesus in Our Souls." The author's name does not appear on the title-page; but Bishop Barthe, S. J., of Paralaide, who supplies the foreword, is perhaps responsible for the rest of the little work, which is dedicated to missionary priests. It is a thoroughly excellent presentation of a subject which is of primary importance, not merely to priests, but to Catholics generally, and more especially to such among them—religious, for instance—as are specifically bound to cultivate the interior life.

—"Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living," by J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P., Ph. D. (Devin-Adair Co.), is a substantial twelvemo of 469 pages. Its subject-matter is a series of lectures delivered to the Newman Club at the University of Texas. The author emphasizes the fact that it is a textbook, not a treatise or extended discussion. His aim has been rather to cover a wide field, giving sound principles, than to go into a few points with detail. In so far, however, as the word "textbook" connotes class-room or lecture-hall, and implies that it is a

book to be used only by students, its application to the present volume is not too felicitous, since the work may be read with interest and profit by the general reader who has long ago graduated from the school. Gratifying features of the book are its bibliography and index.

—"Requiem Mass and Burial Service," by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., a sixteenmo brochure of thirty-eight pages, is a reprint of a portion of Father Wynne's larger work, "The Mass," and merits its proportionate share of the well-merited praise which has been lavished upon that convenient and useful volume. The print of the pamphlet leaves something to be desired in the matter of clearness. Published by the Home Press, New York.

—A model publication of its kind is the "Year Book of the Diocese of Indianapolis" for 1919. Among other matters well deserving of such permanent record, it presents a list of the men from the diocese who were in the service of the United States during the war. There were as many as 6583,—a little army in itself. The clergy of the diocese of Indianapolis, secular and regular, number two hundred and fifty-two; and it is curious to note that only three of them were ordained earlier than 1875.

—A new weekly journal of political and general discussion, *The Review*, comes to us from New York. Its editors evidently believe that there is a distinct field for its usefulness, especially at this critical period of civilization; and the following statement will give our readers an idea of their views:

The tendency to ignore what is good and to magnify what is evil in existing institutions; the readiness to throw overboard any conviction or tradition, however fundamental, which seems to obstruct the immediate realization of some scheme of improvement: it is the rapid spread of these tendencies—not among the poor and ignorant, but among those who have enjoyed every advantage of culture and well-being—that is the most serious, as it is the most distinctive, feature of the situation with which we are confronted.

—"Letters to Teachers, and Other Papers of the Hour," by Hartley Burr Alexander, professor of philosophy in the University of Nebraska (Open Court Publishing Co.), is an octavo of 253 pages. The letters, sixteen in number, deal with a variety of topics more or less important to pedagogues, and the other papers have for captions: Foreign Language Study, Community Pageants, Education in Taste, and Education and Democracy. In his brief preface the author candidly avows that the contents of the book are "frankly journalistic, frankly propaganda"; and, as a matter of fact,

the papers are reprints from newspapers, and magazines. While the book may serve as a stimulant to teachers in the public schools, it is rather superfluous so far as Catholic educationists are concerned.

—A reviewer who has had the courage and the patience to "wade through" the all too numerous pages of H. G. Wells' latest book, "The Undying Fire," says of it: "There are pages of discussion, of brilliant controversy, of argument and of dramatic power; there are things that interest and things that offend; but, like the philosophy of Omar Khayyam, we come out the selfsame door by which we entered, and the eternal verities remain unchanged."

—If there is one thing more than another that the average editor loathes, detests and abominates, it is the rolled manuscript. It is an unmitigated nuisance to both reader and compositor, if indeed it has the unmerited good fortune ever to reach the compositor. The italicized warning printed on the editorial page of an Eastern magazine, "Rolled MSS. will be burned unopened," expresses the fate which all editors feel like assigning to those rolled pages that will curl up, and will not submit to be read unless weighted down on the table at the four corners. When will literary aspirants understand that an unfastened and unfolded—above all an unrolled—manuscript stands ten chances of being read and accepted to the rolled manuscript's one?

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.

"Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.

"The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.

"Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.

"The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.

"The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.

"Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.

"A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.

"The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.

"Mysticism True and False." Doim S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.50.

"Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.

"The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.

"Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.

"Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.

"The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.

"Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.

"Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.

"The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

"Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.

"Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

"Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

"The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Kekeisen, of the diocese of Oklahoma; and Rev. Gregory Coellio, East India.

Sister M. Jovita, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Athanasia, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Benvenuta, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Mother Cecilia, Congregation of Notre Dame.

Mr. John Groves, Jr., Mr. Frank Miller, Mrs. Annie Devlin, Mr. Edward Gamache, Mrs. William Carroll, Miss M. F. Jones, Mr. Francis McDermott, Mrs. Anna Wosser, Mr. B. H. Moormann, Miss Margaret Murphy, Mr. Michael McBride, Miss Anne Bookey, and Mr. Henry Bollwerk.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: I. H., \$1; K. A. B., \$1; Mrs. M. B., \$2; K. C. R., \$2; friends, \$5; M. W., in honor of St. Anthony, \$19; P. P. R., \$6. For the Sisters of Charity in China: T. A. K. M., \$4; Mrs. C. B. E., \$5.



SAINT ANNE
(Leonardo da Vinci.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Gratia Plena.

BY C. M. C.

O VIRGIN mild,
 Scarce more than child,
 Yet peerless woman grown!
 O fairest one
 (Except thy Son)
 From seed in Eden sown!
 All fearful thou,
 With blushing brow,
 Didst shrink from Gabriel's praise.
 But we repeat
 The greeting sweet;
 It ripples through our days,
 A love-song low
 (It must be so,
 The heart's full fount brims o'er).
 And thou dost smile
 On us the while;
 So more and more and more,
 We sinners dare,
 O Lady fair,
 To praise thee to thy face
 In childlike way
 (Love must have play):
 Hail, Mary, full of grace!

The New Oxford.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

WHEN the undergraduates went down from Oxford at the end of the summer term of 1914, there was no thought amongst them of the catastrophe which was to change their lives and scatter their dreams of the immediate future. They went down, most of them, light-heartedly enough. After a pleasantly busy summer "vac" they would return; the old associations would be taken up again, and they would work and be merry as only undergraduates can. Some there were who had finished schools, and to whom the going down meant a farewell to the Oxford of their undergraduate days; they were pushing out from the shore and making the adventure into the larger world; yet the glamour of their undergraduate days was still upon them, and they were, after all, pushing out into a world they thought they knew. Certainly such clouds on the political horizon as were beginning to trouble the souls of statesmen and diplomats—if such clouds there were—cast no shadow over the buoyant spirit of Oxford: to-morrow would be but a lengthening to-day; new experiences would come and new interests spring up, but it would be as one season follows another when once the year has begun.

BLESSED Suso, friar and mystic, one of the simplest and best of men, had a touching custom: whenever he encountered a woman, were she the poorest and oldest, he stepped respectfully aside, though his bare feet must tread among thorns or 'in the gutter. "I do that," he once said, "to render homage to Our Lord's Mother, the Virgin Mary."

But before six weeks had passed, the cataclysm had come which was to turn back the seasons and throw men out of

their previsioned course; and nowhere was the effect more instantaneous than amongst the light-hearted youth who had laughed their farewells at Oxford. Splendidly and without hesitation did they answer the call upon their manhood, and face this unexpected thing which had come to shatter their dreams. Only a remnant of those who went down in the summer of 1914, returned in the following autumn; and of these the greater number returned only for a while—till they were ready to take their place in the battlefield.

Seldom in its long history has the University of Oxford seen so complete a break in its youthful life and tradition. The undergraduate generation of 1914 was practically wiped out. For four years men came, in small numbers, to the University from the public schools, mainly to get entrance into a cadet corps and so pass on to the army. The old undergraduate life was gone: the gown gave place to the cadet's tunic. "Would Oxford ever get back to the old days?"—that was a question frequently on the lips of those who looked on the stricken University. Then came the armistice—and, to the surprise of many, within a few weeks there began the flow of incoming students; and when the present summer term began, Oxford was again alive with its normal pre-war number of undergraduates. Once again the streets leading to the colleges swarm with men hurrying to lectures.

Nevertheless, Oxford is not as it was in the old days. In the mass, the undergraduates are no longer the light-hearted youth of 1914: they are men who have faced death and seen the ugliness of war, and have come through the ordeal wiser and sadder men. The sadness is not in their faces, except perhaps in moments of abstraction; but it is in their hearts: they laugh and make merry, yet not as did the youth of 1914. There is in their gaze a certain sternness, as of men who have seen through illusions and prematurely felt the shock of life's hard realities; and they carry themselves as

men who have known the responsibility of a careless word and measured the price of disloyalty in the lives of men. But chiefly you feel that they have lived through disillusion, and are gazing with critical eye upon the world about them.

That is the dominant note until you get to know them; and then perhaps what most impresses you is that these men have come back from war with a determination in their souls to do their part in the re-shaping of the world they live in. The old political and social shibboleths are gone; they use words to express their convictions—and they have convictions, not merely opinions, as to the way the world must go if life is to be worth the experience they have undergone. They are not all of one mind as to ways and means: there is amongst them the material for party loyalties; but, again, it is not the old party-loyalty. Whether they be temperamentally or intellectually conservative or liberal in politics, or socially orthodox or heterodox, they are looking upon things with a sure conviction that the world is at the parting of the ways, and can never again be as it was before the war; nay, more, that it were morally indefensible to try to keep it as it was. They are convinced that the world must make a new beginning in its social and political life; they differ as to the means or the ultimate ideal.

But they are not thinking merely in terms of political and social life. War has taught them to think intensely of the value of individual life and its place in the general scheme of men. And here again their interest is not academic but vital. It is the vital problem of themselves that has seized hold of them. The moral aspect of life looms large in their thoughts; they realize that right and wrong have a foundation in life itself, and that a man must take cognizance of moral principles if he is to live as a man should. This does not mean that they all accept the traditional moral standard; nor that morality is definitely connected in their minds with

religion. But they recognize that a moral standard is necessary to life, and that the world can make no real progress except on the basis of some moral principle. They are not materialists, whatever else they might be; and no materialistic philosophy of life will satisfy them.

With many of them the more serious note which has entered into their lives has turned their thoughts definitely towards religion. They feel that man has need of religion, and that religion alone can reveal the true purpose of life. They are utterly in earnest about it, as they are about most things that now interest them. They may not accept Christianity as they conceive of it or as it has been taught them; they may, in fact, be in that condition of mind which suspects the traditional beliefs of professed Christians; but they are athirst for some religious belief, and are casting about for it. To the Catholic observer, however, one thing is noticeable: most of them have returned from the war with some more or less dim respect for the Catholic Faith. Catholicism seems to them to be, at any rate, consistent with itself; and they are disposed to give it at least a respectful hearing.

Such is the new Oxford, so far as its undergraduates are concerned. It pulsates with a deeper feeling for the seriousness and responsibility of life; its eyes are awake to the tremendous issues which lie in the lap of the present moment; it is acutely aware that out of the present uncertainty will come either a better world or a greater catastrophe. And it is facing "the problems of peace" with the same quiet strength of purpose which transformed the undergraduate of 1914 into a serious soldier.

Some day perhaps Oxford will regain its joyous, irrepressible youthfulness, such as made it so refreshing before the war came. But not for a long time will the Oxford of 1914 come back to us,—not until after the years of strife and arduous endeavor, which must first come before the world can regain its peace.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

IV.—THE QUEEN'S LETTERS.



AT an early hour on the following morning a fair, slender girl was seated in the wide embrasure of a mullioned window in the royal palace of Dunfermline. She had ensconced herself on the broad oaken window-seat; and, although her fingers were occupied with some slight task of needlework, she was evidently on the watch for an expected arrival; for her eyes sought from time to time the paved courtyard beneath.

When the sound of horse hoofs on the stones became audible, she laid aside her work and leaned forward more closely to the diamond shaped panes, waiting for the riders to appear. At last they were in sight: an elderly man mounted on a strong riding horse; a younger one, apparently a servant, riding a little in the rear. The master drew rein at the entrance below; and the groom, slipping from his saddle, ran to help him to dismount.

The girl left the window at once, and passed out of the room and down a corridor. At a door near the end she paused and knocked lightly. The tinkle of a silver bell sounded within, and she entered, passing at once into the presence of the queen.

Anne of Denmark was seated on a large cushioned chair, before a writing table placed near a window of a large apartment, its walls hung with tapestry, and floor spread with thick carpets. The queen was then in the twenty-seventh year of her age, and still remarkable for her beauty. Her fine eyes were dark and lustrous; her hair—dressed in the elaborate fashion of France, in many curls and puffs—was abundant and beautiful; her regularly formed features wore an expression of pleasing charm. But her most striking trait was a complexion of ivory paleness,

delicately tinted with faint color,—a fore-shadowing, maybe, of coming years of ill-health.

A characteristic love of display was evidenced in her costume: a gown of royal blue velvet, extended over the fashionable farthingale, or hooped skirt; a high-standing ruff of fine lace; many jewels on her dress and on her delicate hands, half covered by lace wristlets.

"Master Chief Falconer has arrived, Madam," said the maid of honor in a low voice, as she dropped her deep curtsy. "Will it please your Majesty to see him at once?"

"Surely, Meg," answered the queen, with a charmingly friendly smile. "Bring him hither."

With another obeisance, the maiden departed. Retracing her steps to the former room, she awaited the coming of the visitor. Almost immediately a young serving-man appeared.

"Master Chief Falconer would fain speak with you, Mistress Wood," he announced.

In accordance with her request, the man at once ushered in the visitor. None but the initiated would have judged from his appearance and deportment that this was other than a secular gentleman of good position. His rich dress, ruff, plumed hat, gloves, sword, and courtly carriage, together with his handsome, elderly face, with its grey beard, and his curling grey locks,—all helped to convey such an impression. Yet he was a priest, and a Jesuit withal,—no other than Father Robert Abercromby, one of the very few Catholic priests who were laboring amid hardships and dangers innumerable for the spiritual needs of the downtrodden Catholics of Scotland.

But how comes a Jesuit, although in disguise, to venture into the very palace of a monarch whose laws proclaim him a traitor? Those laws threaten any priest, who shall dare to exercise his sacred functions, with imprisonment and exile,—nay, even death, should he be bold enough

to return and again be taken prisoner.

The explanation is that, although Catholicism is banned as regards the king's subjects, here in the palace it is winked at. For Queen Anne, James' own wife, is herself a Catholic in full communion with the Church. A year or two before the time of which we write, she had been so disturbed by the constant bickerings of her Lutheran chaplains with Scottish Presbyterian divines, that she had turned for refuge to a religion with which she had been brought in contact in her youth, and, by the assistance of Catholic nobles, had summoned to her side this Jesuit missionary. By him she had been instructed and received into the Church.

Nor was this done without the king's connivance. James VI. was guided in his actions by temporal rather than spiritual motives, as a rule. When he had guessed what was on foot, and had learned from the queen the resolution she had taken, his reply was characteristic of the man: "Well, wife, if you can not live without this sort of thing, do your best to keep it as quiet as possible; for if you don't, our crown is in danger!"

James even went so far as to acknowledge that the queen's change of faith had been beneficial to her general conduct. "I can not but see a great change in you," he once said to her. "You are more grave, collected, and pious." But, like the coward he was, he had to temporize when the Kirk authorities began to murmur about the presence of so many known Papists at court; for Queen Anne kept two or three Catholic ladies always about her, and nobles of the old Faith came and went frequently. So to the complaints of the Presbytery, the king pleaded the untruthful excuse that the queen was practically crazy on the subject of religion, and her mind so weak just then that it would be unsafe to trouble her about Papists.

Yet, to give him his due, James showed no little consideration to Anne herself at this period; for he was sincerely attached to her. It was to secure for Father Aber-

cromby free access to the palace on her behalf, that the Jesuit was nominated to the post of "Keeper of his Majesty's Hawks."

Since her conversion, the queen had many times taken advantage of the Father's proximity to hear Mass and approach the Sacraments, together with the Catholic ladies in attendance upon her. At this point of her career her love for the Faith was sincere and deep, and her chief desire was that her husband and children might be brought to share her privileges.

The maid of honor received the priest with all the marks of affectionate respect. For Mistress Wood had been under Father Abercromby's spiritual care almost from childhood, since she was the daughter of one of the most prominent of Scottish Catholics; and the Jesuit had been on terms of close intimacy with the Bonnytown family during his residence in the country.

The few words of greeting over, the girl at once conducted the missionary to the queen's presence. As he approached Anne with the customary profound obeisance, the queen rose from her chair, and with a touching simplicity knelt for the priestly blessing.

"Be seated, Father Robert," she said; for by that title he was customarily addressed in the palace. She pointed to a seat near her own, as she spoke,—her speech tinged, as it usually was, with a slightly foreign accent. "I summoned you, Father," she proceeded, "for two reasons: First, in the absence of the king in Edinburgh for a few days, I thought it well to give into your hands the letters we have often spoken of, and which you helped me to compose. I have signed and sealed them, and the packet is now ready for sending." Opening a cabinet near her, the queen took out a parcel. "It has been wrapped up in as small a space as possible, so that the bearer may more easily conceal it," she said, handing it to the priest.

"Has your Majesty considered the

question of the messenger?" asked Father Abercromby.

"I have thought much about it," answered the queen. "It seems to me that none is more fit to be entrusted with the delivery of the packet than Master Wood, Meg's brother. He is a good Catholic, and is wise and discreet, as even the king would allow. I would hand the letters to Master James without fear."

"Your Majesty could hardly find a braver or more trusty bearer than James Wood," replied the Jesuit. "I will give them to him without delay."

"I would wish them to be delivered as soon as possible," Anne continued. "I am most desirous of obtaining the Pope's blessing for myself, and his good prayers for the king and our children, that all may be Catholics. In a few years there will be proposals about Prince Henry's marriage, and I have great hopes that the Holy Father will help me to bring about a union with some Catholic princess. I mean to do all I can to persuade the king to permit it."

A short conversation followed as to the prospect of the conversion of the country, especially of the king; the latter point Queen Anne had greatly at heart.

"The second service I wished to obtain from you," continued the queen, "was to take the opportunity of his Majesty's absence to have Mass said in the palace to-morrow, if your Paternity could come. I would like to receive the Blessed Sacrament also. I could confess before the Mass in the morn."

"It shall be arranged according to your Majesty's wish," was the answer. "I shall be ready at the hour appointed."

"It must be very early, Father," said the queen; "so that the Protestants in the household will not have risen before you are away again. Some of my Catholic ladies will take part, too,—Lady Huntly, and the rest. So now I will keep you no longer. Arrange with Meg, as it please you, about the hour for Mass."

Then, touching her hand-bell, the queen

dismissed him with a pleasant smile, as the maid of honor appeared in answer to the summons.

While the interview had been taking place, Margaret Wood was waiting in an adjoining room, whose window looked out upon the courtyard below. Before a few minutes had passed, the sound of a horse on the pavement drew her to the casement.

She saw another rider—a man, young and comely, this time—dismount and hand his horse to a servant. The girl gave a little involuntary cry of delight as she recognized her brother James, a frequent visitor at court, and an especial favorite with both king and queen on account of his attractive character and many and varied accomplishments.

When the queen's hand-bell sounded, Margaret hastened to obey the summons; and by the time she had conducted the Jesuit to the chamber in which she had first received him, her brother was already awaiting her there. Father Abercromby greeted the young man with pleasant familiarity.

"This is a stroke of good luck, Master Jamie!" he exclaimed. "You come in the very nick of time to save me searching for you all over the country. It's not an easy matter to light upon you these days; nor is it desirable for folk of my cloth to be gadding abroad overmuch."

Then, after begging Margaret to withdraw for a short spell, in a few words he gave the queen's message.

"'Tis an honor shown to me!" cried the young man with kindling eyes. "Her grace is o'er good to trust me, and I'm proud to be able to do her such a service."

The priest handed to him the little packet, which he carefully placed in an inner pouch of his doublet. A knock at the door of the apartment sounded, and a page appeared when summoned to enter.

"The Queen's Majesty desires Master Wood to wait upon her," he announced.

The young man at once followed the lad to the queen's apartment.

"I heard that you had come to the palace to see Meg," said the queen, when the customary formal obeisances had been offered; "so I sent for you to say a word about the service which Father Robert has doubtless asked of you."

"Your Majesty has only to command me, and I am always ready to obey," he answered.

"I must impress upon you, Master Wood, the need of secrecy in the matter, although I have no doubt at all about your trustiness. You will understand how necessary it is to guard against discovery by any of the enemies of our religion; but I would counsel you to speak of it to none, even friends, unless prudence or necessity should compel you to do so. Rather destroy the packet than allow enemies to seize it!"

"You may trust me wholly, Madam," rejoined the young man with ardor, "to carry out your Majesty's wishes to the letter."

"Of that I am certain," she answered, with a gracious smile. "I thank you greatly, Master Wood, for your brave words. 'Tis not that I doubted your prudence in the least. 'Twas rather that I wished you to learn from my own lips how great confidence I have in you, that I sent for you here. May God speed you!"

And, stretching out her hand for his salute, she dismissed him.

Father Abercromby had been meanwhile arranging with Margaret Wood the procedure for the following morning. It was speedily accomplished.

"My woman Jean will help me to set up the altar in one of her Majesty's private apartments," said the maid of honor in conclusion. "My Lady Huntly has all requisites,—altar-stone, missal and vestments. Francis, the footman who brought you here just now, will unbar the door for you, and I will take you to the room prepared. He is a Catholic, so you may trust him."

James Wood returned as they finished their arrangements, so the Jesuit took his

leave at once, to give the brother and sister opportunity of conversing together.

These two were on the most affectionate terms of close intimacy. The youngest daughter of the family was dear to all the rest, but especially to her oldest brother. Margaret looked up to him as a model of staunch Catholicism and a brave and gallant gentleman; for he was already taking the foremost rank in the protection of Catholic interests, as his father had done before him. Now that the old Laird of Bonnytoun was advancing in years, it was fortunate that his son was so capable of taking his place in affairs of religion as well as of state. That, as Margaret knew, was the feeling of Catholics; and it raised her brother still higher in her affectionate admiration.

There was much to talk about during so brief a visit. Margaret had many questions to ask about the old home by the sea—Bonnytoun, not far distant from the once famous Benedictine Abbey of Aberbrothoc,—now in ruins and desolate; she had been longing for news of her aged father, and of her married sister, the wife of the Laird of Stoneyburn, where Jamie was then staying.

"I fear ye'll not be pleased with me, Meg," her brother remarked, when all news had been discussed. "Father and I have had a bit of a falling out."

"Surely not!" cried the anxious little sister. "What is the matter?"

"It's but a small thing, really," he replied. "Father was opposed to handing over to me some papers I had a clear right to,—certain deeds; but you'd not understand without a deal of explanation, so I needna say more than that. Laytoun was on my side, but father wouldna give in. So Laytoun advised me to take the papers when father was in Edinburgh, and Bonnytoun was shut up. And that I did."

"And is father displeased about it?" she asked.

"To tell the truth, Meg, I've little doubt but he troubles nought about the

matter. Laytoun tells me that he's less angered than he pretends to be. 'Tis likely enough that he's but trying to deceive the Kirkfolk. We must do all we can to keep hold of our estate, and maybe father would have them blame me as a disobedient son, and lead them to think that we're not such good friends as we were, and perhaps are not altogether at one on religious matters. Anyway, I doubt whether there's any real anger against me in his heart."

"Oh, I do hope not, Jamie!" she said. Then he told her of the Masses to be said that week in Edinburgh, and that he meant to get to the Sacraments.

"It's a pity I can not possibly go on the Friday," he remarked. "But I must meet a Protestant that day on business; so I must fain content myself with one Mass. After that I shall be off overseas, on a message for the Queen's Grace. 'Twill be prudent to keep out of the way for a time, until this Bonnytoun affair has blown over."

"But no one can punish you for that, Jamie, unless father takes steps."

He tried to pass the matter over as a jest, as he laughingly said:

"You may be sure the Kirkfolk will do all they can to make things difficult; but I do not fear them. Their bark's worse than their bite."

He took leave of his sister gaily and affectionately, when the time came for them to part. Little did either suspect that they were never to meet again face to face in this world.

(To be continued.)

THERE is an old saying—a wise old saying—in the Irish language that "here it is" is better than "where is it?" The meaning of this saying is that one man who is ready to make a suggestion and take responsibility is worth a thousand who can do nothing better than criticise or find fault—a sort of men who have no faith in anything or in anybody except themselves.—*William O'Brien, M. P.*

Your Love.

BY ELEANOR DOWNING.

BY You whose love had failed not,
 Who were my gladness and my breath,
 My peace in pain, my hope through death;
 By You whose love alone sufficed
 To calm my fear and quell my doubt,
 Whose arms shut all life's darkness out,
 I thought myself (forgive, dear Christ!)
 Forsaken and forgot.

I said, "He does not care nor see.
 With love too beautiful to last,
 He loved me once; but that is past.
 I must seek other bliss,—and yet
 What refuge can I find or rest,
 Who found them once upon His breast?
 Can I forget Him—yea, forget—
 Who has forgotten me?"

Then in the deep of night at last,
 I woke and knew His Presence there;
 And, waking, felt the weight of care
 Slip from me and depart.
 I had no need to see His face:
 I knew His arms and His embrace;
 I knew the beatings of His heart,
 His love that held me fast.

O Love, my gladness and my breath,
 Try as You will, You can not hide:
 I know You ever at my side;
 Yea, nearest when I can not see.
 For I am sure that powers nor might,
 Nor present things, nor depth nor height
 Can ever keep Your love from me,—
 O Lord, nor life nor death!

DEATH is like the putting off of a garment; for the soul is invested with a body, as it were with a garment; and this we shall put off for a little while by death, only to receive it again in a more brilliant form. What, I pray you, is death? It is but to go a journey for a season, or to take a longer sleep than usual. Mourn not over him who dies, but over him who, living in sin, is dead while he liveth.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

A Little Soldier of Christ.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

IV.

ON the 30th of November, 1916, Livio completed his sixth year; and, with the beginning of the New Year, he had to set about his studies in real earnest. What a torment this was for him! And yet he did not neglect his lessons. He could not play with an easy conscience unless his work was all done. At times, feeling more disinclined than usual for study, he would sit at his table, with his composition book in front of him, looking out with melancholy eyes upon the birds and butterflies. And yet it was not in him to leave his books. Until his tasks were completed he stayed at his table; too upright, in the sense of what was his duty, to desert his work.

Another proof of his rectitude was his extreme truthfulness. He could not tell a lie: his very glance proclaimed it, and those limpid and sincere eyes of his, a true mirror of his soul. Sometimes (and the occurrence was not a rare one), when he had some misdemeanor to confess, he would come to me, blushing and ashamed, yet with a smile that had a certain edge of malice. "You won't scold me?" he asked. Then, reassured by my promise, he would state with the greatest sincerity whatever fault he had committed. Many a time, too, he was delegated to settle difficulties for his brothers when they were in trouble, and to win pardon for them. He was, in fact, the official intercessor for the whole family. His sisters, much older than he was, his brothers, likewise his seniors, all knew very well that whatever favor the little fellow asked it was immediately granted, and they availed themselves of his offices on many occasions.

As he grew older, he became excessively active. But while other lads about the age of seven are very tiresome in their extreme restlessness, he always retained

the infantile grace that made him so alluring. He had a gift of unusual originality, so that, although he was the youngest but one, he never imitated the older children: they, on the contrary, imitated him. He did not know what it was to remain idle, and invented a thousand ways of amusing himself. Even a blade of grass or an ant was sufficient to interest him and to provide an occupation. He would play games of "patience" with the application of a grown-up person; and once, when he was slightly indisposed and confined to his bed, we had to take the box of puzzles away from him, they absorbed him so completely.

The principal theatre of his activities, however, was the garden, in which, during the summer weather, he would spend the entire day playing with his brothers. In the spring the nestling birds formed his chief attraction. Every now and then I would see him come rushing upstairs, all red and out of breath, to say to me: "There's a little bird on a low, low tree! Come and help me, and we will catch it together." After that it was the fishes in the pond, the butterflies in the field, the new flowers in each successive round, the strawberries and other varieties of fruit; and at length came the time for sea-bathing.

I can see him still, in his little black bathing suit, cast himself down from the rock a hundred times over, laughing in glee at the great splash he made around him. Full of courage, and unconscious of danger, he would wade out, without yet knowing how to swim, even into deep water. In fact, once he disappeared completely beneath the waves; and it was only through the mercy of God that one of his sisters was near at hand and pulled the little fellow to the surface.

That was not the only peril to which he was to be exposed during his short life. On another occasion, while we were in the country, he and his brothers were disporting themselves with a donkey harnessed to a small carriage, in which they would all drive. At intervals they would alight,

give the donkey some grass, and then off again. Suddenly, while the cart was in motion, Livio fell off and one of the wheels passed over his legs. And again he slammed his finger in a door, crushing the nail so badly it did not grow again.

One Holy Thursday his father took him and the other children to visit the Repositories in different churches. As they were leaving the church of the Gerolamini, they discovered that Livio was no longer with them. They went back to look for him: he was not in the church. They went out once more by the main door, and there he was, coming up the steps, crying. What had happened? Finding himself alone, he had gone some distance in the street, trying to rejoin his own people; but, not succeeding in his quest, he had the good sense to return to the church.

Yet another time while he was playing with the fishes in the garden pond he fell in and would very likely have drowned, as he could not have raised himself from the slime at the bottom, had not one of his sisters been at hand to support him, and to keep him from sliding underneath the water. He alone of all the children was giving us these continual causes of alarm and fear; and yet, somehow, even these emotions contributed to make him dearer and more precious in our eyes.

In July, 1917, he went up for his first examination; and he passed it brilliantly, obtaining excellent marks in all his subjects. He was admitted into third year, being then only six years and eight months old. But this fair and bright life of his was soon to break. While he won the admiration of all who saw him, so handsome was he, so robust, so well-built, and almost as tall as his older brother, his dissolution was near at hand.

One of the last unforgettable memories of those latter days is his going down to the sea with his brothers and sisters to bathe. He is before me still in his little suit of rami linen, his white collar, his straw hat, and his little feet bare in the

sandals. He had a manner of walking, a motion and carriage, that delighted all who saw him; and he never went down that road to the beach without attracting to himself the admiration and the blessing of all the good women, as they sat at their doors enjoying the breeze.

I remember that one morning—the day was Friday, Oct. 12—we had just attended Holy Mass, and our conversation fell upon Livio's grave sickness when he was an infant, and how he had been saved by a miracle of Our Lady of Pompeii. "What a pity that I didn't die then!" the child exclaimed. "I should have gone straight to heaven."—"Not so, my boy," Father Paoli, who was present, answered him. "If you had died then, you would have taken to heaven nothing but your innocence. Dying later on you will take with you the merits you have already acquired, and the others which you are still to acquire by your good works."

The month of October had begun. Livio was pursuing his normal life,—playing and studying, and enjoying with his brothers the beautiful and enviable days of childhood. At times he seemed a little tired and pale, but all children have these periods of ups and downs. He was slightly nervous; and he, usually so calm, was experiencing a difficulty in getting to sleep at night. Many times I found him awake and in tears long after his brothers were deep in slumber. He could not go to sleep and he did not wish to be left alone. Poor darling child! Who knows what sad thoughts were in his mind that he did not dare to confide to others? If I asked the cause of his wakefulness, he would answer that he could not keep his eyes shut, and he would beg me to stay with him. I did as he wished, and by degrees he would drop off to sleep. I thought, however, that I would call in the physician,—not for Livio especially, but for all the children, desiring that they should take some tonic during the winter; although there was no cause for anxiety in regard to

any one of them, Livio not excepted.

The doctor came on Wednesday, the 24th of October. He examined Livio, after seeing the other children, ordered a simple medicament for the following day, and said that he would like to see him, again on Saturday in regard to the winter treatment. Livio had entered the room hopping and skipping, and he went out full of joy at being released. On Thursday he spent the entire day in the garden with his brothers, running races, jumping, and sliding down the stairs in a special mode of their invention, but in the evening he seemed fatigued and did not want his supper. He went to bed immediately, and passed a restless night. On Friday morning I was not a little surprised to find that he was strangely oppressed. I kept him in bed by way of precaution; but he had no pain, no temperature, and he ate his breakfast with relish. Nevertheless, he was nervous and agitated, so that I was at a loss to understand his condition. I phoned to the doctor, but he reassured me by repeated asseverations, and promised to come on Saturday, as we had arranged. On the following morning he arrived, examined the child minutely, and, as he did so, his glance grew more and more grave. . . .

I pass over the painful details of that day. Livio was not only ill, but in so critical a condition that unfortunately there was nothing to be done for him. It was necessary to hold a consultation immediately to verify the diagnosis; but—"God alone can save him," the physician added.

From that time on, physicians and surgeons kept coming and going incessantly. It was an unusual case,—a singular and mysterious one. We showed the latest photographs of our boy, and they could only shrug their shoulders. "How can this thing be?" we kept asking one another, crushed and stunned beneath the pain of it. Only a miracle can save him! And how is it possible that a strong, vigorous boy, who up to two days ago was playing

out of doors with his brothers, should now be lying upon a bed of pain, with the imprint of death already upon his brow?

His troubled glance kept wandering from one to the other of us, asking, with that peculiar expression of the sick, the wherefore of our anxiety and of our care. Frequently his eyes rested upon me with a particular insistence; but he asked nothing, provided I would not leave his side. He was our favorite child, and, oh, how much we loved him! But I should say, in regard to this preference, that there was a sort of complicity on the part of his brothers and sisters who, instead of being jealous, themselves cherished him in an altogether special manner.

And now our little one lay there, outstretched between life and death. He had played enough, and at short notice he was called to give up his pleasant, care-free life and to extend his little body upon the cross. His lips were parched, his breathing was labored, and upon his face dwelt an expression of indescribable suffering. He was almost always sunk in stupor, but he heard all that was said around him. Once he started up, quivering all over: he thought he heard his brothers call him from the garden. His own little plot and the plants he cultivated would await him in vain. Later, a few days after his going, his mourning brothers placed a little cross among the green things he had nurtured, for a memory of him.

It was on the following Thursday that Our Lord came to him in Holy Viaticum. Livio was happy to see us prepare the little altar in his room: a crucifix, two candles, two lilies, upon the snow-white cloth. He was suffering more intensely that morning, and when the priest arrived with the Blessed Sacrament, he was in a doze. We waited a little, in adoration before the Holy Eucharist in that chamber of sorrow. Presently he opened his eyes, and, with the seriousness which was habitual to him, wished to make his confession. Then, gathering up his strength, he folded his hands, and, with that same

angelic expression of his first Holy Communion, he received his God and his All.

We were all there around him, adoring Our Lord in the little ciborium of his childish heart. Kneeling beside the bed, I tried to read aloud for him the prayers for his thanksgiving; but my poor strength was not equal to the test. It was his confessor who took the book from my hands and read the prayers in my stead,—with difficulty, too. The book was the same that Livio had used on his First Communion Day.

In the afternoon he seemed a little better and a little brighter. Learning from his brothers that he was to be confirmed that same day, he gently rebuked me when I re-entered the room. "Is it true," he inquired, "that I am to be confirmed to-day? Why are you waiting to prepare me? Do you know," he added, "I know very well that I received Jesus in Holy Communion this morning, and that to-day I shall receive the grace of the Holy Ghost." He remembered perfectly the instructions which he had heard the other children receive a year ago when they were confirmed, and he was very well prepared.

When the Bishop entered the room, Livio greeted him with an angelic smile. He was so happy to be confirmed, and that before Luigi, who was his senior! The Bishop spoke a few stirring words to him, and the child listened with so much attention that, for the moment, he seemed to forget his pains. "Livietto," his Lordship said, "you are about to receive the Holy Ghost with all His gifts. The Holy Ghost will give you strength and will help you to be even a better boy. You will become a little soldier of Christ, and you must keep on loving Him more and more." Then he added: "Livietto, do you wish to do His will?" In a spent voice, but with entire resolution, the child answered: "Yes."—"Well, my boy, say that to Jesus now and always: 'Thy will be done!' Say it to Him often when you are suffering, and then keep happy." Livio received

the Sacrament of Confirmation in fullest consciousness; he was well prepared, he wished to receive it, and he was content.

The physicians continued to discuss the case, and to confer one with the other, but it was in vain: the dear little one was advancing with great steps toward the end. I did not rely much upon human assistance. From the first I had entrusted Livio to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for *His greater glory*. Solemn prayers were being offered up for him in various churches, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed upon the altar; and entire communities were uniting in prayer for the same intention. Each time that the doctors came to make their visit, I would light two candles before the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, who protected his little bed. That child was all in all to us, but God Himself wished to possess him wholly, and was taking measures to resume sole ownership over him.

One day (I think it was on the morrow of his receiving Holy Viaticum) he roused himself from his lethargy, and, gazing at me with eyes full of anxiety, he said:

"Listen! If one should commit a mortal sin, but not intentionally, would Jesus forgive it?"

"My poor angel," I answered, "don't worry yourself! Jesus forgives everything, and especially when it is not done intentionally."

My answer seemed to satisfy him; he closed his eyes and sank into stupor anew. Long, interminable, did those moments appear to me as I watched him stretched there in pain, semi-conscious, his eyes hollow, his lips parched, his countenance pallid, and always bathed in a cold sweat. When he opened his eyes it was only to speak of his sufferings.

Yet the remedies he was compelled to take were the worst of his torments. It was a cruel fight, and required much fortitude not to allow oneself to have pity on him. On Wednesday evening, finding him very low, the physician insisted on my giving him some drops of

strophanthus. Livio begged, implored, wept: I could not allow myself to yield. "I want to take it," he said between his sobs, "but I can't,—I really can't! I feel too ill." And yet he did such violence to himself that he took it bravely, only to throw it up a few moments later, with such agonizing retching that it left him half dead.

The doctor had insisted that he must have the strophanthus; hypodermic injections proved ineffective, and his heart was growing ever weaker. What was I to do? In the midst of my trouble Livio's best friend, his confessor, arrived. He loved the child dearly, and came every day to see him. I enlisted his support; and Livietto, to please Jesus, consented to take the drops again in a little St. Ignatius' water. Poor, brave child! what a trial! And yet his will stood firm. This is what the thought of Jesus will do for a little one of tender years. Though exhausted, dying, and martyred once already, he will go on the rack again—for Our Lord's sake.

The same results as the first time followed. But it seemed as though this second trial, met with so much courage, had, in the eyes of the Master, been enough. From now on He hastened His meeting with His dove, to award him the prize of his little merits.

On the following day, the feast of All Saints, Livio received Holy Communion once more. He appeared to be somewhat better. A glass bowl containing some goldfish was brought in to him, and gave him pleasure. He had not the strength to speak: his breath was halting, and his weakness forbade it; but he followed with his eyes the darting hither and thither of the little creatures, and he desired that we should give them some crumbs.

Another consultation, attended by five physicians, was held that day. Every conceivable effort was made to save Livio, but the purpose of God grew ever more clear. He could take no nourishment, and he was growing more feeble hour by hour.

The verdict of the doctors was that he had reached the end, and that there was nothing more to do for him.

But when God rules as Sovereign over a household, the very blows that would plunge into despair the unfortunates who have no faith, those same stunning blows are received with what I might call a peace which the onlooker can not understand. While the soul is, so to say, ground to the dust in grief—and the sorrow is all the more deep in Christian families, whose inner ties are more closely binding,—that grief, offered up to God from the beginning, is sweetened and sustained by Him. Humanly speaking, the loss of this child, who was in a special way our joy and our pride, should have cast us into the most profound despair.

I shall never forget the agony I endured that Thursday evening, when, gathering all his strength for the effort of speaking, Livio said to me:

"Listen! Saturday is the day for my first lesson with Don Giulio" (his professor of Italian), "and I can not take it because I am in bed. What will the Professor say?"

"It's of no consequence," I answered. "Your brothers can take the lesson and you will have a holiday."

"Are you really giving me a holiday? For how many days?"

"For the whole month," I replied calmly, while I felt my heart breaking.

"Oh, how lovely!" he exclaimed, a pale smile glimmering over his face, in that soul-rending gaiety of the little ones who are about to die. "How lovely! Then on my birthday [November 30] I shall still be having my vacation?"

"Yes," I answered mechanically; and within me, beside myself with grief, I added: "You will be keeping it with the angels in heaven."

Oh, who will ever know the torture his questions often put me to. . . . In a drawer of my wardrobe are all his little possessions,—priceless relics, which make me live the old days over with him again

when I look at them: golden hair in rings, the prayer-book which was a witness to his first mystic thoughts, the blessed Rosary held between his hands, the souvenirs of his first Holy Communion, his toys, his copy-books. It is a regular little sanctuary of memories, in which I go and enclose myself sometimes, when the longing for him grows unbearable.

Blessed and beloved child, who didst teach us to love God so profoundly, and to love Him with that love that begins and ends upon the Cross, from thy home in heaven thou wilt not forget us; and, when the hour of justice strikes for us, thou wilt remind thy God and ours how much we suffered for the love of Him, and thou wilt obtain grace for us.

(Conclusion next week.)

When Mahomet Went to the Mountain.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

WHEN Father Maginnis came smiling into the dining room, made a jesting remark about the heat, and began to eat his dinner with an appetite as keen as a boy's, his slow, faithful old house-keeper watched him in a puzzled and rather disapproving way; thinking, as she had often thought before and as she had more than once confided to her friends: "He's a good worker, and as pious as an angel, the new priest is; but he's queer,—queer. It's good policy to laugh at the right time, but he laughs just as much when everything goes wrong. It isn't sensible. I'm not sure it's even Christian. Take my word for it, there's a good deal of common-sense in knowing when to be out of humor."

The day before (Sunday), Father Maginnis had explained at both Masses that, sorely as a parish school was needed, it would be impossible to build one for several years; so he had asked—he had almost besought—the more leisurely women of the congregation to teach

catechism to the children as long as it might be necessary for them to attend the public schools. He had reminded the people that the parish was made up largely of foreigners, many of them poorly instructed, and all of them unaccustomed to American ways, and bewildered by the difficulty of learning a strange tongue and of earning a livelihood under new conditions. He had told them, in a voice eloquent with emotion, that the children of these immigrants were learning little or nothing about God at home and nothing at school, and by tens and hundreds would be lost to the Church unless something was done, and quickly done; and he had concluded by asking every woman interested in the cause to come to his house at four o'clock the following day, to make plans and to effect some sort of organization.

He had spoken so eloquently that Mary, seated in the first pew, as befitted the dignity of the priest's housekeeper, had dried her eyes more than once, and had even wished that she could help; and early the next afternoon she had put on a very stiff and immaculately clean dress and a clean apron that she might be fit to open the door for all the well-to-do women of the village and the nearby country houses.

The shabby gilt clock on the parlor mantle, dusted that day for the first time in two weeks, had struck four, and half-past four, and five, and no one had come. Father Maginnis had sat alone in his study while the afternoon wore away; and Mary had watched, watched, muttering crossly to herself, and deeply regretting that she had dressed so neatly. And, after all this, when she rang the supper bell Father Maginnis came to the dining room smiling as usual, and apparently unconscious of having had a vexatious afternoon.

He made no reference to the proposed meeting, and at last Mary herself was driven to open the subject. Pretending to be busy about the sideboard as an

excuse for lingering in the dining room, she said:

"And not one of them women came—not one,—and we expecting them!"

"No, not one—and *we* expecting them!" he repeated laughingly.

Mary sometimes forgot that every priest is entitled to all reverence; she never forgot that she was thirty years older than Father Maginnis, and often treated him accordingly.

"I don't know why you laugh, and the children going to ruin!" she scolded. "If you would be cross next Sunday, they'd come fast enough. It's a good thing to show a bit of temper once in a while,—Commandments or no Commandments! If people can't be coaxed, they should be driven. I know what I'm talking about. I haven't gone through life with my ears and eyes shut, if I do say so myself."

Father Maginnis laughed again and made no other answer; and as she took up a tray to carry it to the kitchen, Mary added sternly:

"The children will grow up heathens,—that's plain."

Seeing that she really was concerned, Father Maginnis said, smiling still:

"Oh, it's not quite so bad as that! Did you ever hear the story of Mahomet and the mountain?"

Mary shook her head, completely mystified.

"Since the women did not come here, I may go to them. It would be well to go first to the highest mountain of all, don't you think so?" There was a twinkle in his eyes as he asked the question. He thought that for once he had silenced his housekeeper.

Mary's answer was a murmur which might have meant anything. She was not enjoying the conversation.

"So I am going this evening to call on Mrs. Harper," said Father Maginnis.

Mary gasped, amazed at his audacity.

"Mrs. Harper!" she echoed.

Mrs. Harper was the wife of a million-

aire banker. She was fashionable and gay and very aristocratic, and the one person in all the world of whom Mary stood in some awe. As soon as she recovered sufficiently to say anything, she asked scornfully:

"And do you think for a minute that Mrs. Harper is going to teach dirty Hungarians and Italians in our basement?"

"Perhaps not; but she's pious and charitable, and I think she will! At any rate, she's going to have the opportunity thrust upon her," Father Maginnis replied.

Shaking her head dubiously, Mary left the dining room to meditate during her supper on the strange ways of men and women and especially of priests.

Father Maginnis was still smiling and cheerful when, in the early summer twilight, he set forth for "Idlewild," the magnificent Harper estate a mile beyond the outskirts of the village. He saw Mrs. Harper at the Communion railing Sunday after Sunday, but had spoken to her only once when she came to the parish house to leave an offering for Masses; and as he walked along the country road he remembered having been a little overawed by her grandeur. He had begun to feel shy and awkward and self-conscious by the time he passed between the massive iron gates of "Idlewild" and slowly made his way, under an avenue of old elms, toward the big, rambling house; catching a glimpse at every step of a lovely garden, a fountain, or a pergola. He had begun to wonder, as Mary did, how Mrs. Harper would enjoy working in his bare, not very well-lighted basement. He had begun to wish—well, perhaps not that he had remained at home, but at least that the visit was over and he on his way back to the rectory.

It chanced that Mr. Harper had been called to New York the day before, and two friends who were visiting in the house had just gone for a drive. Mrs. Harper had remained behind because of a slight headache, and was walking in the garden

when Father Maginnis went slowly, very slowly, up the path.

He saw her first,—a tall, graceful, white-clad figure, with a face almost girlish still, in spite of her thirty-eight years. He saw her, and stood for a moment, hesitating whether to join her there or to go to the house. And then, turning, she spied him and came swiftly across the lawn, smiling in so cordial and friendly a way that Father Maginnis' shyness evaporated at once.

Walking toward the veranda, they chatted lightly and easily of the flowers and the trees and the weather, he thinking that at the first opportunity he would broach the object of his visit. They were hardly seated before she paved the way for him by saying:

"I feel guilty, Father, not to have gone to the meeting at your house this afternoon. You see, I—"

Father Maginnis interrupted her.

"You need not feel guilty," he told her. "There was no meeting."

"No meeting!" she exclaimed. "But didn't you—surely you did announce one for to-day!"

"I did; but, of course, I could not meet alone, and no one came,—not a single soul."

"Of course you were disappointed!" she sympathized, genuinely sorry.

"Well, yes,—disappointed but not disheartened," Father Maginnis replied. "If I were disheartened, I should not be here this evening; for I came to ask you—"

It was Mrs. Harper's turn to interrupt: "O Father, please don't ask me to teach catechism! I don't know how."

"I do ask it. If you will begin, others will gladly follow. I am not very old or worldly wise, but I know that if you will take the lead, the women of the village will be only too glad to help. I—I hate to insist; and I would not but—but those children!" He was tremendously in earnest now, and she was as grave as he when she replied:

"I don't like to refuse, Father; I'll

gladly do anything else: help with bazaars or picnics, processions—anything. But, Father, I did try to teach catechism once, long ago, and made such a failure that the affair has been one of the family jokes ever since. I had done my very best, so that dismal failure discouraged me. You see, one summer I went home from the convent filled with a zealous desire to do something good; so I tried to instruct a neglected boy, the son of our laundress. She was not a practical Catholic, and the child had been taught nothing about his Faith. I worked hard, and he was bright and greatly interested; so I thought that all was going well. He was on the eve of his first confession and Holy Communion, and I was glowing with pride, when—when the class was abruptly broken up, and there was no first confession and first Holy Communion, because the boy stole twenty-five dollars and was sent to the county reform school! You can easily imagine how I felt, and how pitilessly my father and brothers teased me. So, Father, unless you want your little Hungarians and Italians to go to destruction, don't—*don't* ask me to instruct them. Honestly I don't know how to teach."

She was laughing as she finished; and Father Maginnis tried to laugh a little, too. He had not once glanced toward her as she told her story. After a moment's hesitation he said very seriously:

"I don't blame you for not trying again, if—if you are *certain* that you did no good. It's not always easy to decide that. I once knew a case that will illustrate my meaning,—a case like yours in many particulars. It was years ago, in Philadelphia, and the boy's name was Jimmie. He was twelve or thirteen years of age; his father drank, his mother worked by the day and was seldom at home; besides, she could hardly have been called pious. Altogether, the boy had very little chance of turning out well. Some Catholic convent girl was good to him,—a very rich girl. She gave him candy and cakes and baseballs and clothes, and above all she taught

him his catechism. Jimmie boasted a great deal to the other boys, and as a mark of high favor sometimes took one of his friends with him to share the cakes and other good things. The boy whom he took oftenest had good, hard-working parents, and was in a parish school; but he was utterly thoughtless and as lazy as only a lazy boy can be. That boy never forgot the young lady's explanation of the answer to the question on the first page of the little catechism: 'Why did God make you?' Jimmie went wrong, and no doubt *his* teacher was discouraged; but the other boy never forgot—he could not forget,—and he became a priest. And, Mrs. Harper, I do not believe that I would be a priest to-day but for the lessons that I heard when I went with Jimmie to get your cakes and oranges."

There were tears in Mrs. Harper's eyes as she looked up at him.

"I remember that a rosy little red-headed boy used to come with Jimmie. And—and, Father, when do you want the classes to begin?"

At breakfast the next morning Father Maginnis said to Mary, in a tone which he vainly tried to make matter-of-fact:

"By the way, the catechism classes will open to-morrow. You must see that the basement is in perfect order. We shall be obliged to use it until Mrs. Harper can get the schoolhouse built."

"Mrs. Harper—build a schoolhouse!" she echoed in amazement.

"Yes; why not? She is rich and charitable. I told you last night that it is often wise for Mahomet to go to the mountain."

Consecration.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

☉ AY pours his crimson vintage into the west,
A hush of benediction falls; and soon
The high-priest Night, in starry garments dressed,
Uplifts the golden chalice of the moon.

Customs Quaint and Curious.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IF we turn to the Ages of Faith, we find that our Catholic forefathers were animated by an immense confidence in the Immaculate Mother of God, not only during life but especially at the hour of death. This confidence was felt by all,—by the lettered and the unlettered, by prince and peasant; by queens spending their days amidst the distractions and luxuries of a court, as well as by contemplative nuns praying always amidst the severest austerities of the cloister; by boldest knights—like Sir John Chandos, at the Battle of Poitiers—riding forth to combat with the figure of Our Lady embroidered in blue upon their surcoats; and by barefooted friars going out into the towns and villages to preach penance to the people.

One very noticeable result of such confidence was the desire—in those who possessed the means to do so—to leave some lasting memorial of their love, and also to secure the tender assistance of the Mother of Mercy. Old wills give us a vivid picture of ardent faith and fervent piety in this respect; though, alas! very few of these documents, prior to the thirteenth century, have been preserved to us. An interesting example is that of Martin, master of the Hospital of Sherborne, dated A. D. 1259, in which the testator writes: "I bequeath my silver-bound copy of the Gospels to the House of Sherborne; and beg that whenever it is taken out for the adornment of the altar, and my little statues of Mary, which are also there, each of the brethren and sisters may say each day for my soul the Lord's Prayer, together with the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin" (the "Hail Mary").

Again, William Menville, high sheriff of the Palatinate of Durham, leaves thirteen shillings and fourpence for maintaining the lights on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the church of Ryton; and "to

maintain forever five tapers before the altar of Our Lady in the chapel of the church of Easington, ten marks."

Examples of requests to be buried before some noted statue or in some venerable chapel dedicated to Christ's Holy Mother might be almost indefinitely multiplied. Sir Bartholomew Burghersh gives orders that his body shall be buried "in the chapel of Walsingham, before the image of the Blessed Virgin." Joan, Lady Cobham (A. D. 1369), wishes to lie "in the churchyard of St. Mary Overhere, in Southwark, before the church door, where the image of the Blessed Virgin sitteth on high over that door." Henry V., of England, who during his life "chose his place of sepulture within the monastery of Westminster, there ordained for him to be sung three Masses *every day of the week while the world lasteth*"; and one of these three Masses was always to be in honor of Our Lady.

The mention of this illustrious client of Mary recalls the curious fact that, in days gone by, effigies of royal personages were made, and laid, during the ceremonies attending their funerals, upon the coffins of our former kings and queens. They were cleverly carved, painted, and embellished, as we see from frequent mention in ancient public records concerning them. The earliest of these quaint and pathetic presentments is believed to be that of Edward III. It is in one block of hard oak, five feet, ten and a half inches in height. The hands are gone, and the feet broken off; yet, even after the lapse of centuries, the figure still bears the impress of kingliness and dignity that renders it distinctly interesting.

There is also still extant the image of his good and pious Queen, Philippa; though this one, on account of its more modern make, is supposed by some authorities to be that of Queen Mary. The body is of oak, the legs of pine or deal, and the limbs are jointed, to admit of being more easily moved. The features are somewhat defaced, but, strangely

enough, a double chin is clearly indicated.

It would appear that the earliest of these similitudes—or “pictures,” as they were variously called in old documents—were made entirely of wood; those of a later period have a wooden framework, covered with canvas padded with hay, on which, in some cases, a coating of plaster was laid. For instance, the effigy of Queen Katherine de Valois is carved out of a block of wood hollowed at the back. Judging from it, we gather that she was five feet, four inches in height, and wore a tightly fitting dress cut square at the neck, and shoes richly ornamented with gold and colored embroideries.

It is recorded that three persons were engaged upon the figure of Elizabeth of York, the devout wife of Henry VII.; and that thirteen shillings was paid “for the carving of the hedde”; four shillings for “carving the two hands”; and sixteen shillings “for two joiners on Friday, at night, to frame the body.” At the funeral of the same Queen, banners of Our Lady, representing her Salutation, Assumption, and Nativity, were “borne near the car by knights and esquires.”

The name of the artist who made the figure of her husband, Henry VII., has not come down to us, though the figure itself is still extant; and we read that “Thomas Mountey was paid six guineas for satin to put on it; and Stephen Jasp, six shillings and eight pence for making it up.” The height of this effigy is six feet and one inch.

Of Queen Mary, who died in 1558, it is stated that “Nicholas Liscarde made her presentment, and furnished the numerous items required for it.”

The figure of Henry V. is no longer in existence; but we are told by Thomas of Walsingham that when the body of that King was brought from France, there was, upon the chest containing it, an image of him clothed in a robe of royal purple, furred with ermine; with a sceptre in one hand, and a round golden ball, with a cross attached to it, in the other.

It has been already remarked that the earliest of these curious presentments is that of Edward III.; and here it may be added that, though the funeral of the much beloved and pious Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., was conducted with so much ceremony in the long journey from Harley to Westminster, there is no trace of an effigy of her. This seems to show that the custom was not yet in use; for the King would have omitted nothing that was considered due to the solemnity of the occasion. An intense sensitiveness lay beneath the stern imperiousness of his outer bearing,—a sensitiveness which sometimes broke down all barriers of reserve. “I have loved her tenderly in her lifetime,” he wrote to her friend, the Abbot of Cluny. “I do not cease to love her now she is dead.” And we know that crosses rose, as memorials of his deep affection and enduring sorrow, at every spot on the road to London where her bier rested.

To return, however, to the royal images. We have documentary evidence of several more of these than have been preserved. An old chronicler mentions that there was “a personage lyke to the symilitude of ye kinge” above the coffin containing the remains of Edward IV. during the journey to Windsor. And we find incontrovertible proof, from the household documents of the different sovereigns, that the mother of Henry VIII. had an effigy; also his Queen, Jane Seymour. Mary Queen of Scots, too, had one when her body was removed from Fotheringay to Peterborough abbey church (“the head resting on a pillow of purple velvet fringed with gold”). Henrietta, widow of Charles I., was also represented in this way; and authorities are of opinion that she was, in all probability, the last of the queens so honored.

Before leaving the subject of images it will not be out of place to recall the devout practice, very general in Mediæval days, of having statues of the donor made and offered to some famous shrine of Our

Lady. For example, from the will of Henry VII. we learn that he ordered one of himself, to be wrought in silver, and offered to our Lady of Walsingham. Again, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (in 1437), after leaving instructions for the erection of a chapel of Our Lady—"well fair and goodly built,"—in the middle of which his tomb was to be made, and ordering three Masses to be said therein as long as the world should last, desires his executors to have four images of gold—"each of them of the weight of twenty pounds"—to be made "after his similitude," and then to be offered in his name: "one of them at the shrine in the church of St. Alban, to the worship of God and of Our Lady and St. Alban; another at the shrine of the cathedral church of Canterbury; the third at Bridlington; and the fourth in the church of St. Winifred in Shrewsbury."

Not only did pious persons wish their bodies to lie before some statue of God's Holy Mother in some chapel specially dedicated to her; but more and more, as time went on, they showed a preference for the churches attached to religious houses. This is particularly noticeable after the coming of the friars. We see from old documents how eagerly people of all classes sought the privilege of burial in the churches of Franciscans, "to whose prayers they ascribed extraordinary efficacy." Bequests were made to erect a tomb or chapel, or repair church or dormitory, to build a cloister; or three shillings and fourpence "to provide breakfast or dinner for the convent, that they may the more devoutly pray for the soul of the testator." Sometimes also, when sums of money were left to the Mendicant Orders, they received its equivalent in goods; for we find provision made for "feeding the Friars Preachers of Wilton, the Friars Minor of Salisbury, and one hundred poor persons, for the soul of Robert de Mares." But enough has been said to show the faith and practice of our forefathers in this respect.

On Cheerfulness.

BY E. D.

IS there anything more depressing than the little poster that bids you "Be Cheerful"; or that, condescending to your instinct of frugality, reminds you that "Smiles are Cheap"? These impertinent bits of cardboard have about the same effect as the recommendation of the photographer to "look natural." Nor is this effect confined to print: there are some people whose cheerfulness has the same dampening and distressing effect,—whose cheerfulness jars, obtrudes, and produces in us a morbid reaction toward melancholy. The cheerfulness of such people is of two kinds.

First, there is the cheerfulness of the optimist,—of the man who goes about with a chronic smile, and pokes inquisitively into every cloud to pry out the silver lining. This is the man who laughs genially when you break the point off your pencil, and who smiles indulgently when you stub your toe. This is the man who, when one's mother dies, declares that one has no right to weep. "Everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds"; especially if it is, as the case may be, *your* pencil, *your* mother, or *your* toe.

Secondly, there is the cheerfulness of the pessimist,—of the man who has looked only at the catastrophe of things, and who had rather smile than shudder, who had rather forget than think. This is the man who tells you that life is a flash of sunshine between night and night; that they only are wise who revel in that momentary gleam; that they only are brave who, fighting the darkness, laugh at it; that they only are happy who refuse to grieve over the shadows of the shadow of life.

But there is another kind of cheerfulness, the genuine blue-label variety, of which the foregoing brands are merely counterfeits,—that is, the cheerfulness of the saint. The saint can smile continuously, but he

can also relax his smile. It is not glued on. He may laugh when you break your pencil, but he will sharpen it for you. He may smile when there is an impact between toe and table, provided it be *his* toe. He may even tell you that you are foolish to weep for the death of a dear one, but his own eyes will be filled with the tears for which he reproaches *you*. The saint, like the pessimist, will tell you to rejoice because life is short: the flight of a bird out of the darkness into a lighted hall and out again,—out again, yet not into the darkness, but into the dawn that has broken and the glory of the sunrise. He will tell you to laugh because life is a fight—and not a losing one; to drink the sunlight from a full chalice, because it is the pledge of the vintage that we shall drink new in the Kingdom of God.

The cheerfulness of the saint is not founded on the slippery surface of life, nor built precariously over its crevices: it is a bridge flung from earth to heaven,—

Like the ladder of the vision,
Whereon go
To and fro
Star-flecked feet of Paradise.

For the saint can focus two worlds at once; and, by a strange paradox, the world of things present at once shrinks by comparison into a pin point, and gains an infinite value and an infinite significance. He is cheerful, not because sorrow is not real, but because joy is more real; not because shadows are not deep, but because light envelops them; not because death is a sham battle, but because death is swallowed up in victory.

It had for centuries been the custom to ring a bell called the curfew (or cover fire) at sunset, when Pope John XXII., in 1327, granted an indulgence to all who should say, during the ringing of this bell, three "Hail Marys." This evening salutation of Mary soon became popular throughout Europe. In England, not three but five "Hail Marys" were said together with the Lord's Prayer.

A Cure and a Conversion.

A CURE at the Grotto of Lourdes once made short work of banishing a young French officer's incredulity. Lieutenant X., who was slightly bald, went to Lourdes through curiosity. On the subject of the Grotto and the supernatural character of the cures effected there, he protested his utter disbelief, but added: "I'll believe in miracles when the Blessed Virgin cures my baldness and restores my lost hair."

Disbelief in the supernatural, however, is quite consistent with curiosity; and the young officer sauntered over to the Grotto one afternoon to see what was going on. Just as he reached it, he saw a number of porters depositing a litter whereon was stretched a young woman about twenty years of age. Inquiring of the bystanders, he learned that she was a Miss Ermine Viel, a novice of one of the religious Congregations; that she was afflicted with incipient caries; that her spinal column was bent and one leg shortened; and that an eminent surgeon had assured her superiors of the improbability of her ever recovering, and of the certainty, even if she did regain health, of her remaining permanently a hunchback.

Doubting the efficacy of human art, Miss Viel—whose name in religion was Sister Mary of Jesus—had implored the nuns to take her to Lourdes. They acceded to her request and this was her first visit to the Grotto. The litter had been placed so that the Sister could gaze on the statue of Our Lady; the Rosary was begun, and arrangements were made for her taking a bath in the piscina.

In the meantime as Sister Mary was intently gazing on Our Lady's statue, the thought occurred to her that perhaps she was already cured. As she had experienced no change, however, she did not like to try to raise herself. "Shall I get up," she asked herself, "or remain lying down?" Even as the question

presented itself, she felt a prickling sensation run through her limbs. "'Twas just as if," she explained afterward, "all the warm blood had begun to circulate rapidly through my body."

Sister Mary immediately detached one of the bandages which strapped her legs to the Bonnet couch on which she had made the journey to Lourdes, and said to the nurse: "I am cured!" She was partially sitting up. "No, no!" said the nurse: "you are not cured,—you only think so! You see well enough that you can not raise yourself." — "Of course I can't," said Sister Mary, "because I'm tied down. Just detach the bandage from my other leg, and I'll show you whether I can't walk." The nurse did as she desired; and the young Sister arose, walked over and kissed the rock on which the Queen of Heaven appeared to Bernadette, and then made the circuit of the Grotto.

The reader can readily imagine the tears of joy shed by the spectators, the jubilant *Magnificat* that was at once intoned, and the other accessories to so patent a miracle. We omit all that, and simply mention the fact that not one of the twenty or thirty persons present was more violently moved than the flippant young officer who had practically challenged the Blessed Virgin to cure his baldness. "What an idiot I have been!" he exclaimed. "There's no necessity for the Blessed Virgin to make my hair grow again. I have recovered my senses."

At the close of his life Frederick Lord North was afflicted with the total loss of sight. Meeting at Bath one day the famous Colonel Barré, who had been his warm opponent in the House of Commons, and was also blind, Lord North exclaimed: "Colonel, you and I have often been at variance; but I believe there are no two persons in the world who would be more delighted to see each other this moment than ourselves."

Some Symbols of Our Lady.

BENEATH her feet is the crescent moon, the emblem of perpetual virginity; over her head, the rays of the sun, betokening light or wisdom.

The star is often embroidered upon her veil or mantle,—Star of the Sea being one interpretation of her Jewish name, Miriam. When she is crowned with twelve stars, the allusion is to the text of the Apocalypse: "A Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

The lily is the general emblem of purity; this is why the Florentines have chosen it for their municipal flower,—the Blessed Virgin being their patroness.

The rose, "queen of flowers," is the symbol of love, beauty and devotion, hence especially Mary's flower.

Herself a rose, who bore the Rose,—

She bore the Rose and felt its thorn;

All Loveliness newborn

Took on her bosom its repose,

And slept and woke there night and morn.

So sings Christina Rossetti.

The Well always full, the Fountain forever scaled, the Tower of David, the Temple of Solomon,—these are symbols borrowed from the Canticles.

The globe, as an emblem of sovereignty, is often placed in the hands of the Christ-Child. The serpent under His Mother's feet recalls the words, "She shall crush thy head." The apple in her hand designates her as the Second Eve. The pomegranate, if she holds it, signifies hope. It is often placed in the hands of the Christ-Child, who sometimes presents it to His Mother.

The Blessed Virgin is called Gate of Paradise, because she bore Him who restored to us our lost Paradise. She is invoked as Gate of Heaven, because Christ, born of her, opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. She is called Mother of Light, because her Son was the True Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Troublesome Terminology.

IN a famous letter to a preacher who yearned to debate a point of Catholic faith with him, Cardinal Newman asked to be excused, declaring that the proposed debate would be "like a duel between a dog and a fish, because we live in different elements." We have sometimes thought that certain zealous Catholic apologists do less than justice to the adversaries of our holy faith through failure to grasp the terminology current among them. Non-Catholics attach their own meaning to some words and phrases. Not a few outsiders are so thoroughly honest and earnest that there is good reason to believe their opposition would vanish if they really understood the language in which Catholic apologists speak to them.

For instance, one frequently reads in Catholic books about the "worship" due to the Mother of the World's Redeemer; and the phrase, as everyone knows, is perfectly orthodox. But in many minds the word *worship* exactly connotes *supreme worship* or *adoration*, and in these minds a prejudice is immediately created by any reference to "the worship due to the Blessed Virgin. Again, it is a question whether the word *Confession* is not an unfortunate expression for the Sacrament of Penance. The notion prevails among those outside the Church that Catholics believe a mere recital of sins, followed by priestly absolution, is all of Confession, and that we approach the holy tribunal merely to wipe off old scores and to secure a clean slate for new ones; while the essential notion of Confession is, of course, penance with a firm purpose of amendment. Still another troublesome word is *Indulgence*, the misapprehension of which once brought a famous "literary lady" to grief, and enforced on the editor of a learned review the necessity of apologizing to his readers.

In a masterly article on Indulgences, Bishop Hedley observes that "the word

'Indulgence' is in England a marked and branded word, especially when it occurs in connection with sin. I remember being once engaged in a mild newspaper controversy with a venerable dignitary of the Establishment, who wanted to fasten upon me the immorality of 'Indulgences' by quoting what Gloster flings in the face of the Bishop of Winchester in 'Henry the Sixth.' I had to point out to him that the ecclesiastical meaning of the word *Indulgentia* was by no means identical with the literary force of the term 'indulgence.' . . . The old English 'pardon' is better; it does not suggest that the Church is allowing a man to enjoy himself. But 'pardon' may be of many kinds, and would require interpretation."

Rhetoricians tell us to write not so that the reader *may* understand but so that he *must* understand; and zeal for the souls of our separated brethren suggests a similar rule for apologetics. It is not our traducers alone, but thousands of good, sincere people, who honestly believe there is no justification for Catholic teaching, who are victimized by our troublesome terminology. It is ancient, correct, traditional, and we will not, of course, give it up; but let us at least acknowledge that it holds a difficulty, and let us lose no opportunity to cry out its meaning before the ignorant self-sufficiency which scorns it.

One good way of doing this is to send our opponents to the dictionary, as used to be done in old-fashioned schools, when words of doubtful meaning were in question. The true significance of "indulgence," for instance, as used by the Church is given in the Century Dictionary; it defines indulgence as: "A remission of the punishment which is still due to sin after the sacramental absolution, this remission being valid in the court of conscience and before God, and being made by an application of the treasure of the Church on the part of a lawful superior." Catholic scholars have rendered an important service by helping to improve dictionaries.

Notes and Remarks.

Addressing a number of American bishops in February last, Archbishop Cerretti is reported as making the significant statement that "Rome now looks to America to be the leader in all things Catholic, and to set the example to other nations." As one effective means of fulfilling Rome's expectations, we are to have henceforward annual meetings of our bishops. At these meetings the organized hierarchy will deliver decisions on the various religious, charitable, and social-economic problems affecting the Catholics of the whole country. With our present knowledge of the magnificent results effected by thorough organization of Catholic forces during the past two years, it would be superfluous to point out that nation-wide unity of action will accomplish very notable and beneficent work in connection with such matters as Cardinal Gibbons outlines, in an official circular, under the following heads: the Holy See, Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Social and Charitable Work, the Catholic University, Literature, the Catholic Press, Legislation, A Catholic Bureau, and Finances.

On all these, and on other points unmentioned by the Cardinal, uniform guidance and uniform policies are clearly to be desired; and such uniformity is scarcely realizable without regular conferences of the nation's bishops. As Dr. Ryan tersely puts the matter in the *Catholic World*: "The question is not one of Catholic teaching, nor of organized diocesan activity. These we have respectively from the Pope and the bishops. It is a question of the uniform and authoritative application of doctrines to particular conditions, and of united and nation-wide policies and action."

"Our most dangerous enemy is not some foreign Power," said Gov. Lowden, of Illinois, in an address at Atlantic City

last week before the convention of the Order of Elks. "A greater menace than any other now confronting the country is the Socialist party. . . . For years we looked upon it as visionary but not destructive. In the swift-moving events of the past years, however, that party has thrown off all disguises. True, many of its members have proved themselves genuine patriots and Americans, but they have been in a hopeless minority. The Socialist party sought in every way to obstruct the Government in the prosecution of the war. No enemies have arisen in our midst that have not had the sympathy and support of that party. They professed to love peace, but they only march with ease under the red flag of revolution. All of those of whom I have just spoken seek by force and lawlessness to overthrow the Government which Washington founded and Lincoln saved."

A needed though much belated warning. It was sounded more than twenty years ago by an illustrious citizen of Gov. Lowden's own State—Bishop Spalding of Peoria. A former governor of Illinois (Altgeld), who was generally regarded as an out-and-out Socialist, declared in a private letter which may still be in our possession, that if organizations like the St. Vincent de Paul Society were flourishing everywhere, Socialism would have no reason for existence.

The threatened suppression of the German language in the schools of this country is looked upon by the Lutherans as an evil to be averted at all costs. It is interesting to learn that these non-Catholics emphasize above everything else the necessity of preserving their denominational schools, even as we Catholics also do. Here, for instance, is one declaration that we find in a German pamphlet entitled "Lutherans, Wake Up":

Never since the foundation of our city [Fort Wayne] have we Lutherans found ourselves in so great danger as at the present minute; and it is our holy duty by all just means to protect

and defend ourselves against this real, earnest, and threatening danger, which draws ever nearer. What, then, is this great threatening peril? In brief but weighty words, the danger consists in this: that we are very likely to lose completely our Lutheran denominational schools, and more or less also our religious freedom. Pray, dear reader, stop and weigh the full portentousness of these words.

In view of recent enactments in some of our State legislatures, and of a proposed Federal enactment regarding educational matters, the following paragraph from the cited pamphlet might well have been written with Catholic, instead of Lutheran, schools in mind:

What we know is this: that by many "sectarian Churches" and by millions of the unbelievers in this land our dear Christian denominational schools have long been hated, and these people wish to use the present stormy times in order to attain their purpose. We can easily foresee that if these people can in any way make it pass, they will do away entirely with the denominational schools.

As to the whole subject of the nationalization of American schools, it may be worth while to suggest that the centralization of power in this country has gone far enough, and that the individual States should hesitate about giving up their specific rights, however specious be the plea for abandoning them.

We have our own opinion as to the number of American citizens who read President Wilson's long address to the Senate on his return to the United States, though the full text of it was published broadcast. They should have read it, though it must be said that "Uncle Joe" Canon, former speaker, of the House, gave them little encouragement to do so. He listened to the address with all his might—as he smokes and does other things,—but declared that he was no wiser when the President finished than when he began. On some future occasion, when his listeners are in a better frame of mind—more disposed to agree than to disagree,—Mr. Wilson may have something really definite to say about the covenant of the

League in its relation to American interests. Mr. Canon should take care to be present; and if he has anything to say to his fellow-citizens afterwards, it will be received with the respect due to his age and experience. "Uncle Joe" has the reputation of being as shrewd and level-headed "as they make 'em"; and he is not in the least likely to be deceived by any "voices in the air" or "visions on the horizon," wherever or to whomsoever they may be vouchsafed.

In some very interesting reminiscences of the Great War, contributed to his own paper, the *Month*, Bishop Cleary, of Auckland, New Zealand, pays tribute to the fundamental religious beliefs, instincts, and yearnings of supposedly indifferent non-Catholic soldier-comrades. "To all such seekers," he writes, "and to the dangerously wounded or dying of other faiths upon the field, when their own spiritual help was not at hand, we spoke words of strength and comfort, and taught them to repeat this simple prayer, which included acts of faith and hope without burdening their memories therewith: 'My God, I love You—at least I desire to love You—with all my heart. My God, I am sorry for all my sins, because they have offended You. My God, with Your help, I will sin no more.' Bishop Cleary further testifies to this effect: "In the writer's experience as a war chaplain, the trench-mission was the most thorough and satisfactory in a varied experience of more than thirty years in the priesthood."

While "Robinson Crusoe" is generally placed in the catalogue of juvenile books, and is of course especially interesting to the young, it is not infrequently reread by those who are no longer youthful, but are desirous of studying Defoe's literary art or of comparing their mature impressions of the work with those produced by their first perusal of the story in years gone by. One such reader is the Rev. Dr. Moffatt,

who contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an attractive paper entitled "The Religion of Robinson Crusoe." Dr. Moffatt's experience resembles that of most adults who reread the story: he finds that religion occupies a larger space in the book than his memory of its incidents has led him to anticipate. His characterization of Defoe's religion is worth reproducing, if only for the quotation which he introduces:

But the outstanding feature of his religion is a belief in Providence. This is often fostered by the sudden recollection of some Bible phrase applicable to his present situation, but it is deeply rooted in his nature. No word occurs more often in "Robinson Crusoe" than "Providence." Newman once wrote three sentences to connect this belief, so common among English people, with their love of the Bible. "What Scripture especially illustrates from its first page to its last is God's Providence; and that is nearly the only doctrine held with a real assent by the mass of religious Englishmen. Hence the Bible is so great a solace and refuge to them in trouble. I repeat, I am not speaking of particular schools and parties in England, whether of the High Church or the Low, but of the mass of piously-minded and well-living people in all ranks of the community."

It is just two hundred years since the first part of "Robinson Crusoe" appeared, and it is safe to say that no other work of fiction in our language published in 1719 has kept so strong a hold on popular favor as this immortal tale of Crusoe and his man Friday.

People can't be expected to give attention to everything about the League of Nations that comes in their way this hot weather; and in all probability they don't read, or heed, ten in a trillion of the words that are being expended—most of them utterly wasted—in the discussion of this subject. Until the weather moderates somewhat, and the flies and mosquitoes become less persistent and persevering, it might be well to confine ourselves to the great, fundamental question proposed by Senator Hiram Johnson: "Shall American blood uphold, maintain and preserve Old World

governments, and the territorial integrity of nations which have immensely increased their boundaries?" All of those persons who are of opinion that the League of Nations will prevent any more wars are optimists,—the kind of optimists with whom it is quite useless to argue or to try to undeceive.

If the Catholics of England are especially distinguished for their zeal in spreading and defending the Faith, their forefathers were no less so. It would be a surprise to most persons to know how many Catholic books were published and circulated, often at great expense and risk, during the days of persecution in England. The larger number of these books were anonymously written and printed in Paris, it being accounted treason to produce them anywhere in Great Britain. Among those that have come down to us, one of the best is "A Brief Survey of the Lord of Deery: His Treatise of Schism: Wherein he intends to cleare the Protestant Church from Schism, and to lay the fault upon the Roman Church," by R. G., Doctor of Divinity. From the preface to this little work we quote the following passage, which speaks for itself:

Albeit my great age (gentle Reader), accompanied both with some want of health and extreme want of necessary books, might perhaps, before men, excuse me from saying anie thing to the Lord of Deery of his late Treatise, wherein he intends to free his English Protestant Church from Schism, and to prove that the Court or Church of Rome is the cause of this Schism, and almost all other Schisms in the Church. Nevertheless, considering the great threats of God against watchmen (as I am) who see the sword comming, and give not warning, and hearing the Apostle say of himself, Woe to me if I evangelize not (I Cor., ix, 16), and command S. Timothy to preach opportunely, importunely, I have taken some pains to reade over the said Treatise, and in three weeks space made this briefe survey of it; lest if I deferred longer, the poison of it might spread farther, and become more incurable. And though I have not answered every particular thing in that Treatise (as in truth it were needlesse, seeing he brings nothing new, worth answering), yet I hope I have clearly shewed that he had not cleared his English

Protestant Church from Schism, nor convinced the Court or Church of Rome of being the cause of this Schism or any other Schism in the Church. I have also briefly proved that the Roman Church, being a Catholic and true Church, in substance (as the L. of Derrie and Protestants commonly confesse), she could not give them just cause to forsake her Communion in Sacraments, as they have done, and therefore are true Schismatics.

The "Survey" is a tiny volume of 145 pages, stoutly bound in leather. It was printed in Paris "in the year MDCLV." The copy in our possession is intact, but the covers are worm-eaten and blackened as if by fire. These precious little books are becoming exceedingly scarce. Copies of some of them are not to be found even in the British Museum.

In proof of his assertion that from the beginning to the end of the World War civilians evinced the hatred and soldiers exhibited the love of humanity, the editor of the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* cites a dramatic example that was presented during the Peace Conference. "When the civilian War Lords at Versailles could not make up their minds to end the policy of the starvation blockade, even four months after the signing of the armistice, they were brought to their senses by a telegram from General Plumer on the Rhine. He told Mr. Lloyd George that the British troops would not stand the sight of starving women and children." Then, and only then, declares the South African editor, was the wretched policy mitigated to some extent.

The secular press throughout the country is still manifesting considerable surprise at the position taken by the bishops of the Catholic War Council on the various problems involved in the work of reconstruction. The principles invoked by the bishops impress not a few editors as being altogether new, not to say revolutionary, in the mouths of Catholic leaders; whereas, as is being repeatedly pointed out, these principles are merely a restatement

of the declarations of Pope Leo XIII. Not the least interesting by-product of this restatement to come to our notice is the publication, in the *National Civic Federation Review*, of a complete Papal encyclical, with this explanatory foreword:

Because of the widespread interest throughout the country in the problems of labor and readjustment, as well as because of the discussion interjected into churches of Bolshevism and other radical programs, many readers of the *National Civic Federation Review* have suggested the reprinting of Pope Leo XIII.'s famous Encyclical Letter "On the Condition of Labor." That extraordinary document, the product of a mind of profound sanity and vision, was promulgated in May, 1891; and as it bears so cogently upon conditions and problems confronting the world to-day, its rereading will be an inspiration to all constructive Americans,—Roman Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike.

May we not suggest to the editors of the *Review* that "On the Condition of Labor" is only one of a number of encyclicals which would benefit as well as interest their habitual readers?

We are all familiar with the periodical attempts of its members to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. A large minority of them long with a mighty longing to get rid of the oldtime epithet "Protestant," but a still larger majority refuse to abandon the one word which gives their church its specific standing. A similar question, it appears, disturbs the serenity of members of a sister-church in Canada. A Toronto paper contained this paragraph in its report of a recent church convention:

The discussion on the changing of the name of the Church of England in Canada was becoming prolonged when it was terminated by the Rev. Dyson Hague. In a ponderous voice he exclaimed: "There is only one name—the Holy Catholic Apostolic Reformed Episcopal Protestant Church of England in Canada." Then, amid laughter, the discussion ceased.

The only thing lacking in the Rev. Mr. Hague's little speech was the formula with which he must have been familiar in the days when he studied Euclid, "Which is absurd."



The Raindrop.

BY G. M. B.

A LITTLE particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain:
"My brief existence now is ended!
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die!"

It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell received it;
And after years how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
The drop of rain had formed a gem,
To deck a monarch's diadem.

The Legend of Our Lady's Colors.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

UNCLE GEORGE, why do kings and queens have their clothes trimmed with ermine?" asked Harry.

"Just because other kings and queens have done so before them," answered Uncle George, putting aside a favorite book. "You see, long ago, when there was such a thing as a real knighthood, the king was regarded as the head knight of all; and although the others were expected to keep their honor bright at any cost, the king's was supposed to be actually without stain. Naturally, his official garments were intended to correspond; and when a fur was needed with which to border them, the fur of the daintiest and cleanest animal was chosen. The little weasel we call the ermine is so fastidious that, it is said, he will allow himself to be captured sooner than to soil his coat; and he is often taken by building a mud wall about him, as his pursuers believe that

he will never attempt to climb over it. In the northern latitudes he is perfectly white, with the exception of the end of his tail, which is as black as jet. This is sewed on to the royal robe at regular intervals."

"Don't you know any story about ermine?" asked Harry, who was aware from experience of the many quaint tales stored up in his uncle's memory.

"Yes," said Uncle George, after he had thought a moment. "I know one in which your favorite King Arthur figures. The heathen Flolo, Governor of Gaul, was a wicked man, who persecuted all Christians and took especial delight in destroying shrines of the Blessed Virgin. At last King Arthur could not quietly stay at home and hear of the awful deeds of such a man; so he took some of his most faithful and fearless knights, and one day crossed the Channel and made his way to the Isle de Notre Dame.

"When Flolo heard of his arrival, he sent a herald, who flung the iron gantlet of his master at the feet of King Arthur and said: 'The Governor of Gaul invites the bravest of your knights to meet him in single combat.' All Arthur's knights sprang forward, each being eager to meet the impudent heathen; but the King bade them put up their swords, saying that *he* would fight Flolo in defence of his most Gracious Lady; so, with the Blessed Virgin's colors on his shield, he went out the next morning to meet his enemy, who was powerful as well as impious.

"The battle between the two raged fiercely, and Flolo was having the best of it, when a radiant figure in a mantle of ermine interposed, throwing his mantle over King Arthur's shield, where it shone with such radiance that it dazzled the eyes of the heathen warrior, and Our Lady's

champion drew his sword, 'Excalibur,' and made an end of his opponent. Later, as a thank-offering, he built, so the legend runs, the first Christian church on the spot where the towers of Notre Dame now rise; and ever afterward he wore a stripe of ermine upon his shield."

"Is that a true story, Uncle?" queried Harry.

"It is never safe to ask that question about these old legends," answered Uncle George. "But, for my part, I love to believe them, and I have no patience with people who are trying to make us think that half the characters in history never existed."

"Well, I believe them too," stoutly declared Harry. "But tell me, Uncle George, can't anybody wear ermine but kings and queens?"

"Oh, yes! now they can, but long ago it was restricted to royalty. Almost all the nobles wear it somewhere on their garments on state occasions, and the way the black spots are arranged indicates the rank."

"Who tells them how they should wear it?" asked Harry.

"In England it is one of the duties of the Earl Marshal, who is always the Duke of Norfolk."

"And now I have a question to ask," said Harry's mother. "Is it not long past your bedtime?"

"That is easy to answer," replied Harry, taking his bedroom candle and going off, with a pleasant smile and a cheery "Good-night," to dream of little white weasels and King Arthur.

MORALES, the Spanish painter, was so devoted to his art that he neglected his worldly fortunes. "You are very old, Morales," said King Philip to him one day.—"And very poor too, sire," was the reply. Thereupon the King granted him a pension of two hundred ducats 'for his dinner,' which, on the veteran's rejoinder, "And for my supper, sire?" was increased to three hundred.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

IV.—A VISIT, AND A HOPE.



IT is to be feared that, if Uncle Layac's attendance at High Mass lessened in some degree his dislike of his rival, that good effect was spoiled by the sight which met his eyes when he came out of the cathedral. No sooner, indeed, had he and Tim reached the street than their ears were assailed by strains of music; and, looking around, they beheld the Municipal Band, their decorated banner preceding them, marching around the Square as they played one of the inspiring marches of Faust.

"What's all this about, I wonder?" said Uncle Layac, as he crossed over to his store.

"It looks as if the Band is going to serenade somebody," replied Tim.

Sure enough, the musicians, having made the tour of the Square, followed by a crowd of boys and young men, drew up in a semicircle before "The Modern Grocery."

"Of course,—of course!" ejaculated the choleric Layac. "I might have known that this is another disgraceful trick of that rascal Fourrin,—another plan to attract customers."

And, forgetting any good resolutions he had thought about during Mass, Tim's uncle proceeded to abuse his rival.

In the meantime the crowd coming out of the cathedral stopped on their way home to listen to the music, and there was soon a throng of a couple of thousand persons collected around the doors of grocer Fourrin. Worse than that, as the musicians finished a spirited rendition of the "Marseillaise," the whole crowd broke out into cheers,—not, as would have been natural enough, for the Band, but for the grocer.

"Hurrah for Fourrin! Long live Fourrin!" they shouted; and Tim had to pull his uncle into the store lest he should get

an apoplectic stroke in his unbounded rage. But Uncle Layac could not be kept inside. After a few moments he again went to the door and watched the ovation that was being given to his fortunate rival.

"Look here," he said to a passer-by. "What does all this excitement mean, anyway? Mr. Fourrin is not yet, I presume, the President of the Republic?"

"No," said the passer-by; "but since last night he is president of the Agricultural Committee."

"Pres—pres—pres—"

But the overwhelmed Layac could not complete the word. Red as a turkey cock, he re-entered his store, and, just to relieve his feelings, seized a bottle of cucumbers and hurled it on the floor.

"Hello,—hello! That's a nice way to receive customers!" said a gentleman who just then entered the grocery, accompanied by a pretty little girl.

"Mr. Tilbasco!" cried Tim, recognizing the traveller of the automobile and his daughter Mariena.

The newcomer and Layac were both about fifty years of age; but, while the grocer was short, stout, and common-looking, the Portuguese banker was tall, stately, and of an altogether distinguished appearance. His countenance was striking; his glance, somewhat haughty at times, revealed not only an intelligence always awake, but a blending of the three qualities which form a splendid man: goodness, frankness, and energy.

While poor Layac, all confused because of his outbreak, tried to excuse himself by giving some explanation of his anger, Mr. Tilbasco assured him that it was of no consequence, and that he had no need whatever to apologize.

Thinking that the banker had come to see him in accordance with his promise, Tim briefly informed his uncle of the service which he had been able to render Mr. Tilbasco on the night of the storm; and then expressed regret that the gentleman should have put himself out to pay him a visit of thanks, as the mat-

ter really was not worth such trouble.

Mr. Tilbasco took advantage of this opening to tell Uncle Layac what he thought of Tim; and declared that, having seen the lad at work, he would be happy, if he had a son of his own, to see him as wide-awake and skilful as the young mechanic.

"Well, yes," assented the grocer, "Tim is a fine little fellow, very intelligent and very industrious, too. I may say, indeed, that he is my only consolation in the midst of all the misfortunes that are overtaking me."

"Misfortunes, do you say?" asked Mr. Tilbasco.

And then poor Uncle Layac, feeling that he must unbosom himself to some one, even though a stranger, begged his visitor and the little girl to take seats; and he forthwith, despite all Tim's efforts to turn from the subject, gave his guests a full account of his troubles ever since Fourrin had set up another grocery opposite his own. He concluded with the assertion, which he had already made to his nephew, that he was on the high road to ruin and bankruptcy.

The narrative was not especially funny in itself, but Layac told it with so convincing an air, and embellished it with so many original phrases, that Mr. Tilbasco was more than once obliged to bite his lips in order to repress a burst of laughter. As for little Mariena, she was smiling at Tim, whom she had already invested with the character of her life's preserver; although, as we are aware, all Tim had done was to help the chauffeur put a couple of tires on an injured car.

"So your business is really as bad as all that?" said Mr. Tilbasco when the grocer at last made an end of his tale of woe.

"Bad? Why, as I've tried to tell you, sir, if things go on as they are going now, I'll be insolvent inside of three months!"

"And you see no means of improving or changing the situation?"

"None whatever."

"Well, I bring you what may prove such a means."

"You, sir?"

"Yes, I. But as it is, if not a confidential matter, one that is important, I should like to discuss it with you in private."

"That's easily arranged," replied Layac. "Behind the house there is a little garden in which the young people may amuse themselves while we talk."

"Just the thing!" said Mr. Tilbasco.

Accordingly, Tim led Mariena into the garden, at sight of which she burst out with exclamations of delight.

"Oh, the beautiful flowers,—the beautiful flowers!"

"Haven't you as pretty ones in your country?" inquired Tim.

"Yes,—oh, yes! But, unfortunately, they are not the roses of France."

"I see you like France, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, yes, very much!"

"As much as your own country?"

Mariena hesitated for a moment; and then in her softest tones said graciously:

"Yes, I like it just as much."

"In that case," gaily replied Tim—who, like a good little Frenchman, was already quite polite,—"permit me to offer you a bouquet of our French roses."

So saying, he proceeded to despoil his uncle's flower beds of their handsomest blooms.

In the meanwhile quite a different scene, less pleasant but much more important, was occurring inside the grocery. Seated opposite Layac, Mr. Tilbasco had remained silent for a few minutes, as if reflecting all at once on the seriousness of what he had to disclose. Then, overcoming an emotion which he could not altogether control, and which, despite his slight powers of observation, Layac could not help remarking, he began thus:

"You are, I believe, Monsieur Sernin-Jean-Baptiste Layac, born at Albi on the 18th of May, 1859?"

"Yes."

"That's well,—very well."

There was another pause of some seconds, during which the banker looked intently at the countenance of the grocer. The seconds seemed hours to Layac, who was getting more and more mystified, and could not for the life of him make out what it was that his visitor had to communicate to him. Finally, the banker broke the silence; and, making a strong effort to hide his emotion, which was nevertheless quite apparent, he continued:

"Then you remember one of your old boyhood friends, Joseph Doremus?"

"Do I remember him? Joe Doremus?" cried Layac, whose heart began to beat more rapidly at the mention of the name.

"Why, Joe was my best chum. We were almost brothers. Our parents lived in the same house, and our mothers were the closest of friends. We were just about of an age; we grew up together, went to the same lycée, and were always together until the day when, our military service being ended, we left the regiment. Ah, I can see us sitting on the same bench in school, tying the end of a long thread to the legs of a June bug and then letting it free to fly around the classroom. I can see the pair of us playing around the Square here, jumping at French-foot-and-a-half, or leaping like young fools over the bonfires that we lit up on St. John's Eve. And, then, in the regiment! They called us the inseparables, the twins. Chance placed us in the same company, and we slept in the same room at the barracks. Ah, how often did we recall, as I do to-day, the pleasant memories of our boyhood! Ah, the brave Doremus! He had the courage, on leaving the regiment, to sail to America to seek his fortune, while I stayed here to vegetate."

Then Layac stopped abruptly, and changed his tone.

"But why do you speak to me of Doremus?" he suddenly inquired of Mr. Tilbasco. "Is it possible that you bring me news of him?"

"Perhaps so," replied the banker.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A little moral poem entitled "Spare Your Good," of doubtful authorship, but written about 1555, has been reprinted by Quaritch, London. Mr. E. Gordon Duff supplies an Introduction. This piece was first printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and only two copies of the original are known.

—The "Year Book" of the State of Indiana for 1918 is a large octavo brochure of more than a thousand pages, compiled and published under the direction of Governor James P. Goodrich. The design of the volume is to present in a concise and compact form the activities of each department of the State government for the year last preceding. Needless to say, the publication will prove of genuine usefulness to public officials, newspapers, libraries, schools and colleges.

—"America as Mandatary for Armenia," an octavo pamphlet of forty pages, is a collection of brief articles and opinions by a dozen well-known authors and publicists. The opening paper is a strong plea for this country's acceptance of the proposed mandate,—a plea made by our ex-Ambassador to Germany. Mr. Gerard enumerates twenty-two separate reasons why we should undertake the task, the concluding one being: "Armenia will become an independent nation if we help her. Otherwise, her liberation will be short-lived, and she will be lost to civilization [?] forever."

—A little drama which is safe to receive a warm welcome from Catholic teachers and others interested in amateur theatricals is "The Little Crusaders," by Catherine Brégy (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly). The Children's Crusade is a historical fact, and the present play is an endeavor to create an atmosphere of truth to the spirit—and so far as possible to the letter also—of the beautiful and tragic story of the thirteenth century. We have only to add that the endeavor is entirely successful, and that the author's plan of giving at the start the correct pronunciation of the proper names employed is one that might well be adopted by dramatists, novelists, and writers generally.

—There must be many persons who buy books for their covers rather than for their contents, judging by the frequency of the caption "Binding" in catalogues of old books offered for sale. Such persons remind one of an uncle of the poet Thomson, who, though a skilful mechanic, had no use for literature, least of all for poetry. He considered "Jamie" a "feckless" character,

and often prophesied that he'd ne'er do well. When the first part of "The Seasons" ("Winter") was published, Thomson thought to propitiate his relative by presenting him with a richly bound copy. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about; but, turning it round and round with his fingers in gratified admiration, exclaimed: "Come, is that really Jamie's doin' now? Well, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to dae the like!"

—The current number of the *English Historical Review* contains a few notices of the famous fifteenth-century "Scottish divine, diplomatist, and author," John of Ireland, John Irland, or Johannes de Irlandia, who was "one of the earliest writers of Scottish vernacular prose." In one of his works in the vernacular, besides incidentally stating that he was more familiar with Latin than Scottish, he says that he had written in the former "tounge three bukes of the 'Concepcionne Virginalle.'" It was supposed by many that this Latin work was lost, but the writer in the *Review* states that a manuscript of it is in Trinity College, Dublin. A writer in the *Tablet* thus translates one of the extracts given in the *Review*: "This doctrine of the Virgin's immaculate [*sancta*] conception was divinely revealed to many persons before our time: to wit, to a certain daughter of the King of Hungary, to an abbot in danger of shipwreck, and to certain holy priests in Gaul. When I was a boy I remember to have heard from . . . the Abbot of Couper-Angus . . . that when a certain man was preaching in public, that the Virgin was conceived in original sin, a bear came out of a neighboring wood and tore him in pieces before the people."

—Readers of "John Ayscough's Letters to His Mother during 1914, 1915, and 1916," edited, with an Introduction, by Frank Bickerstaffe-Drew, will regret that circumstances rendered it necessary to omit the greater portion of what would be most interesting to the general public. These letters must have been a delight to the one to whom they were addressed, and they will give great pleasure to all who are mentioned in them. General readers will welcome the book for passages like the following, of which there are any number:

My soldier-servant confesses that he pocketed letters to you twice and forgot them: I "washed his head for him," as they say here, and he won't do it again. He is *really* good, as good a man as I ever met: but he has a rotten memory (like my own), and being in love makes his worse. He is quite truthful and would never pretend

he hadn't forgotten when he had: that's one good thing. He eats like a lion (four lions), and is as thin as a ruler—the flat sort.

I suffer rather from French priests who write books and will want me to read them: this sort of thing, "Bombs and the Catholic Church," "Asphyxiating Gases and the Revival of Religion in France." They always assure me that they give me full leave to translate their masterpieces into English. "God forbid," I say inwardly: but it isn't so easy to know what to say outwardly.

Writing of a "very nice family of Americans" whom he met somewhere in France, John Ayscough tells his mother:

I found them having tea under the trees in their garden, and was instantly surrounded by a yelping crowd of dogs (six), one of which, without a moment's hesitation, bit me in the front of the leg. The ladies seemed to take it as a matter of course, and said:

"How silly of you to bite Monsignor, Toto; he is not going to hurt you."

It is a collection of the brightest, lightest, most cheerful letters that could be imagined. They were written whenever there was anything to write about, or, as often happened, when there was nothing. Ayscough cultivated the habit of taking things as they came, and consoled himself and his correspondent for present trials by recalling past blessings. Like Wilcox, his orderly, he showed a good as well as a sensible mind by being much more alive to *having had* many comforts than to the grievance of having them no longer. The book is a handsome one of 409 pages, with a fine picture of Mrs. Bickerstaffe-Drew for frontispiece. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$2.50; postage extra.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.

"Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.

"The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.

"Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.

"The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.

"The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.

"Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.

"A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.

"The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.

"Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.

"Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.

"The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.

"Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.

"Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon, \$1.50.

"The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.

"Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.

"Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.

"The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

"Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrihac, S. S., D. D. \$2.

"Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

"Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

"Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. George Trimberger, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Very Rev. F. Canon Mittlebronn, archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. Michael Mulhern, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. Nicholas Schmitz, diocese of Winona.

Brother Stephen (Delisle), C. S. C.

Sister M. Francis Joseph, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Loretto, Sisters of the I. H. M.

Mr. George Wallace, Mr. Benjamin Churchill, Mr. Richard Barry, Mrs. Mary McGlue, Mrs. M. A. Taylor, Mr. William Westerman, Mr. Thomas McNamee, Mrs. Ellen Walsh, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, Mr. A. E. Lorenz, Miss Agnes Elder, Mr. J. M. Kelly, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. John Jantzen, Mrs. Ellen Camp, and Mr. Charles Peet.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi; Rev. M. Dermody, \$25; Mrs. G. R. A., \$3. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: subscriber (Youngstown) \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Our Lady at the Wedding Feast.

BY HENRY C. McLEAN.

GRE verdant vines with golden grapes are hung
By Him whose scarlet dawn illumines the east,
Let praise of her be sung

Who spoke to Christ at Cana's wedding feast.
More chaste is she than dew or rain or snow,
Or hidden springs that course below.

When Mary bid them hearken to the Lord,
And into earthen vessels to the brim
The crystal stream was poured,
And perfect wine was drawn (the gift of Him),
The nuptial Sacrament was made and blessed
By Cana's holy wedding Guest.

Ere vineyards green are crimsoned in the flame
Of His ascending sun till harvest days,
We think of her who came

To Cana; and our voices join in praise
Of her who spoke to Christ Omnipotent,
Lord of the nuptial Sacrament.

The Four Masters.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

FROM the 10th to the 17th of August, this year, Athlone, in Donegal, will be celebrating what may be called the Four Masters' Week; the occasion being the erection of a memorial church in honor of the authors of that literary marvel, "Annala Rioghachta Eireann," or "The Annals of the Irish Nation." The work is in the hands of the Franciscan Fathers,

who are, indeed, the originators of the project, and to whose guardian at Athlone—the Very Rev. Fridolin Foehily, O. F. M.,—his Holiness Pope Benedict XV. sent an autograph message, granting his blessing to the great undertaking, and imparting the Apostolic Benediction to all who aid and contribute to it, at the same time earnestly recommending it to the consideration of the faithful all the world over.

The present little Franciscan church in Athlone, "the centre of Ireland," was erected in the penal days, and, although more than once enlarged and repaired, is quite inadequate to accommodate its large congregations. The new church will be of Irish design throughout, and will be built of Irish materials, and Irish labor alone will be employed in its construction. The committee of management has arranged a programme for every day of the Four Masters' Week at Athlone, in which national games and sports, bazaars and fairs, have a prominent place. Motor-boat and road trips to the famous churches of Clonmacnoise and the early haunts of Oliver Goldsmith; to the castle, built over six hundred years ago, and, in spite of many sieges, still in a state of perfect preservation; and to the old stronghold of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, are also among the attractions mentioned.

Teige-an-Tsleibhe O'Clery, literally Teige of the Mountain, chief compiler of the famous Annals, was born in Donegal about 1575. He joined the Franciscans as a lay-brother, taking the name of Michael. In the monastery he pursued the hereditary profession of an anti-

quarian, or historian, which he had followed in secular life. He received the habit in the Irish Franciscan College of Louvain, which became the seat of a famous school of Irish archæology. Hugh Ward, guardian of the Louvain friary, who was then writing the Lives of the Irish saints, sent Brother Michael O'Clery to Ireland to collect all possible information in connection with the history of the Irish people. Several years were spent on this labor of love, during which time he visited the most distinguished scholars and antiquaries, copied old inscriptions and ancient manuscripts, sending duplicates of everything to Louvain, where, as has been said, Hugh Ward was Guardian. Ward died on the 8th of November, 1635; but the writings sent by Brother Michael proved of great assistance to Father John Colgan, who continued Ward's work.

While in Ireland, Brother Michael O'Clery compiled the "Reim-Rioghraidhe," consisting of a catalogue of the kings of Ireland, the genealogies of the Irish saints, and the Irish calendar of saints' days; the "Leabhar-Gabhala, or Book of Conquests, and, most important of all, the Annals of the Irish Nation. This great work was dedicated to Fergal (or Ferall) O'Gara, under whose patronage it was undertaken. In the course of the dedication the author says: "I, Michael O'Clery, Brother of the Order of St. Francis (through ten years employed, under obedience to my several provincials, in collecting materials for our Irish hagiology), have waited on you, noble Ferall O'Gara. As I was well acquainted with your zeal for the glory of God, and the credit of your country, I perceived the anxiety you suffer from the cloud which at present hangs over our ancient Milesian race, . . . the general ignorance also of our civil history, etc. I have collected the most authentic Annals I could find in my travels through the Kingdom (and, indeed, the task was difficult.) . . . On the 22d of January, 1632, this work was undertaken in the convent of Dunagall;

and was finished in the same convent on the 16th of August, 1636."

Besides the works above mentioned, Brother Michael O'Clery wrote the "Sanas an Nuadh," a dictionary or glossary of difficult and obsolete Irish words. His brother, Conaire O'Clery, appears to have transcribed the greater part of the Annals from Michael's dictation, and for this reason has a share in his glories. He is regarded as the second of the Four Masters, his gifted brother ranking first. A cousin, Cucogry, or Peregrine O'Clery, comes third; and his Life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell is incorporated with the Annals.

Peregrine O'Clery was a man of wealth and position, and owned much property in Donegal till 1632, when, "being a meere Irishman, and not of English or British descent or surname," he was dispossessed and his lands forfeited to the King. He died in 1664, and evinced to the last the O'Clery love of learning. In his will he said: "I bequeath the property most dear to me that ever I possessed in this world—namely, my books—to my two sons, Dermot and John. Let them copy from them, without injuring them, whatever may be necessary for their purpose; and let them be equally seen and used by the children of my brother Carbry as by themselves. . . . And I request the children of Carbry to teach and instruct their children."

All that is known of Ferfeasa O'Mulconry, the fourth of the Four Masters, is that he was a native of Roscommon, and, like Brother Michael O'Clery, a hereditary antiquary.

Sir James Mackintosh, the English historian, speaking, in his History of England, of the Annals of the Four Masters, says: "The chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of their legends by this authentic publication, are yet by

it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses, in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of these chronicles."

Sir James had, however, seen only a portion of the Annals, the entire work was not in circulation in his time. As a matter of fact, the opening pages of the immortal Annals deal with a period beside which even the Second Century seems modern. The first words of the first volume are: "The Age of the World, to this year of the Deluge, 2242. Forty years before the Deluge Ceasair came to Ireland with fifty girls and three men." Ceasair is alleged to have been the granddaughter of Noah, and is said to have arrived in the Green Island "on the 15th day of the Moon, being the Sabbath." She died at Cuil-Ceasra in Connaught, and was interred in Carn-Ceasra, on the River Boyle. The historian Keating is lost in conjecture as to how the record of her stay in Ireland was handed down. "I can not conceive," he writes, "how the Irish antiquaries could have obtained the account of those who arrived in Ireland before the Flood, unless they were communicated by those aerial demons, or familiar sprites, who waited on them in times of paganism, or that they found them engraved on stones after the Deluge had subsided." This last-mentioned theory is presumed to have had its foundation in fact.

The three men who accompanied Ceasair to Ireland were named respectively, Bith, Ladhra, and Fintain; and, as in the case of the granddaughter of Noah, they have place-names associated with their memory to this day. Ard-Ladhrann, in Wexford, is called after Ladhra, who is said to have died there. The Four Masters speak of him as "the first dead man of Ireland."

In the same way a cairn on Slieve Beagh, or Bith's Mountain, on the confines of Fermanagh and Monaghan, is celebrated as the burial-place of Bith. According to an ancient legend preserved in the "Leabhar-na-h-Uidhri" of the Royal Irish Academy, Fintain, the third of Ceasair's male companions, survived the Deluge and lived till the reign of Fergus Cairbheoil, having undergone various trans-migrations during that long period. He was the Mathusalem of Ireland. An old Irish proverb says: "If I had lived Fintain's years I could say much." But, whatever the period of his death, tradition gives Kilfintany in Mayo as the place of Fintain's burial.

And so the wonderful record of the Irish race goes on, from forty years before the Flood down to the year of Our Lord 1616, when the last entry of all was made in Brother Michael O'Clery's own hand. In the Age of the World 2530, "the first battle was fought in Ireland, when Cical Grigenchosach of the Formorians, and his men, fought Parthalon and his,"—the Formorians being defeated. The peace and plenty that attended King Conaire's long reign in Ireland is attributed to his having ruled while our Divine Lord was upon earth. During that happy period Ireland was a land flowing with milk and honey. 'The sea annually cast its produce ashore, at Inbhear-Colptha [the mouth of the River Boyne]. Great abundance of nuts were [annually] found upon the Boinn [Boyne] and the Buais [the River Bush] during his time. The cattle were without keepers in Ireland during his reign, on account of the general peace and concord. His reign was not thunder-producing or stormy, for the wind did not take a hair off the cattle from the middle of August to the middle of spring. Little did the trees bend from the greatness of their fruit during this time.'

One of the briefest entries in the Annals of the Four Masters, if not the very briefest, alludes to the coming of the English to Ireland in 1171. "The King of Eng-

land, the Second Henry, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, Earl of Andegavia, and lord of many other countries, came to Ireland this year. Two hundred and forty was the number of his ships, and he put in at Port Lairge." That is all; and the silence that follows is more eloquent than words. The final entry—made, as I have said, in 1616—speaks of the death in exile, on the 20th of July of that year, of dauntless Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. Years earlier, through the Papal Envoy, Matthew de Oviedo, who had just been created Archbishop of Dublin, O'Neill was presented with a crown of peacock feathers by Pope Clement VIII. After the disastrous failure of the Rising of 1598, many Irish chiefs sought refuge in the heart of Christendom, where they were hospitably received by the Sovereign Pontiff; and here Hugh O'Neill died at an advanced age.

"Although he died far from Armagh, the burial-place of his ancestors," writes Brother Michael O'Clery, "it was a token that God was pleased with his life that the Lord permitted him a no worse burial-place [than Armagh],—namely, Rome, the head [city] of the Christians. The person who here died was a powerful, mighty lord, [endowed] with wisdom, subtlety, and profundity of mind and intellect; a warlike, valorous, predatory, enterprising lord, in defending his religion and his patrimony against his enemies, until he had brought them to submission and obedience to his authority; a lord who had not coveted to possess himself of the illegal or excessive property of any other, except such as had been hereditary in his ancestors from a remote period; a lord with the authority and praiseworthy characteristics of a prince, who had not suffered theft or robbery, abduction or rape, spite or animosity, to prevail during his reign, but had kept all under [the authority] of the law, as was meet for a prince."

And with this fine tribute to the memory of a great Irishman, the Annals

of the Four Masters ends. The same pen that made such short work of the coming to Ireland of "the King of England, the Second Henry," lingered lovingly when it had a congenial subject.

The monastery of Donegal, from its connection with which the Annals is sometimes called "Annales Dungallenses," was founded in 1474, for Franciscan friars of the strict observance, by Hugh Roe O'Donnell and his wife, Finola. The ruins are well preserved and stand near the town of Donegal. In August, 1601, English soldiers took possession of the building. The friars fled into the fastnesses of the country, carrying with them the sacred vessels and vestments, and, it is supposed, some at least of the books belonging to their beautiful library. Shortly after, O'Donnell came to the rescue and laid siege to the garrison. In the course of the siege the monastery took fire and was destroyed, with the exception of a corner in which the soldiers took refuge.

A curious account of the flight of the friars from Donegal monastery was long preserved in the College of St. Anthony at Louvain. It was subsequently removed to the Bourgogne Library of Brussels. It would be interesting to know if it has survived the war.

THERE are, unhappily for themselves, persons so constituted that they have not the heart to be generous. . . . People of this sort often come to regard the success of others, even in a good work, as a kind of personal offence. They can not bear to hear another praised, especially if he belong to their own art, calling, or profession. They will pardon a man's failures, but can not forgive his doing a thing better than they can do it; and where they themselves have failed they are found to be the most merciless of detractors. The sour critic thinks of his rival:

When Heaven with such parts has blest him,
Have I not reason to detest him?

—*Samuel Smiles.*

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

V.—THE MONNYPENNY HOUSEHOLD.



IN the upper part of Canongate, not far from the old entrance to the city known as the Netherbow Port, the sisters Monnypenny occupied a roomy house. There were two of them, both elderly, both good Catholics, and both extremely charitable to all in need; but there the resemblance ended. Nothing could be more unlike than their personal appearance, unless it were their respective traits of character.

Mistress Joanna was the younger, but she was the ostensible ruler of the household, and had been so even in her father's lifetime. When he passed from life, none ventured to dispute Joanna's sway; and she continued, to all appearance, to retain her sceptre, as her handmaids never needed reminding. A small, wiry woman, with a thin face, whose sharp nose was a prominent feature, and whose keen dark eyes missed nothing that passed, Joanna capably filled the part of Martha in the family. She had never claimed any title to be thought a beauty, and at something over sixty her face looked as sallow and wrinkled as though her life had been of the most strenuous character, whereas it had hitherto been singularly free from every care except such as her over-anxious mind had created.

The elder sister, Mistress Eupheme, had never shown any disposition to resent Joanna's position as manager of everything and everybody. Always of an easy, placid nature, she had accepted things as they were, and was content to leave the reins of government in the capable hands of her younger sister. Moreover, after a sedentary, uneventful youth, a body always inclined to corpulency had grown in the course of years positively unwieldy. Hence the hours of her day were spent, for the

most part, in her huge elbow-chair in the ground-floor apartment, used as principal living-room; there she sat, as it were enthroned in state, her feet upon a footstool,—a large, portly figure, smiling and gracious. Her sleeping apartment was on the ground-floor, too; for to mount the staircase was an impossibility. Yet, in spite of her apparent helplessness, Mistress Eupheme was no useless log, dependent upon the services of others, and passing her days in smiling indolence. If her feet remained fixed in one place, her hands made up for their immobility. She was scarcely ever found absolutely unemployed: some task of needlework or knitting—but lately come into fashion as fancywork—kept her fingers busy.

Like most largely-built persons, Eupheme was calm of temperament and exceedingly good-natured. Though Joanna bustled about with keys, and scolded her handmaids with facile tongue, it was the apparently inactive elder sister who really ruled the household. When Joanna had driven her maids almost beyond endurance, it needed but a pleasant smile and cheery word from Eupheme to restore peace. Moreover, she was the treasurer of the family; and the keeper of the purse commands allegiance without difficulty.

Eupheme was, undoubtedly, the more popular of the sisters. Her broad, rosy face wore an almost perpetual smile; her small twinkling eyes peered out from the rolls of flesh around them ("like plums in a pudding," said one of her kindly critics) with gay good humor; indeed her whole demeanor breathed a reposeful content.

Simon Monnypenny, father of the two ladies, had held high position in the burgh in his day. He had been a successful merchant, and his daughters owed it to his business energy that they were unusually blessed with the goods of this world. Their fine house was a structure of solid stone, with little beauty apparent from the street without; it had, however,

a large walled garden at the rear, containing many fine trees—among them several of fruit-bearing capacity,—and great beds of gay flowers in their season. A gently sloping descent led to the level of St. Mary's Wynd, into which a private entrance opened.

On the morning after the spy Allardyce's interview with Bailie Agnew, the elderly serving-maid, Ursula, informed Mistress Eupheme that Christian Guthrie would fain speak with her. Accordingly, Christian was ushered into the room where Eupheme sat enthroned as usual.

Christian was a small, stout, rosy-faced matron of about forty or more. Her husband, Robbie Guthrie, was nominally a Presbyterian; but, being a man of no very decided religious opinions, he left his Catholic wife the free practice of her Faith, and allowed their one child, Rose, to be brought up in her mother's religion. Christian had been but four years old when the overthrow of the Church in Scotland was decreed by Act of Parliament. Her parents, living in a secluded hamlet near the residence of one of the powerful Catholic nobles, had never changed their Faith, and their daughter had been just as staunch. It was at Christian's house that priests were often lodged when visiting Edinburgh; for the well-known fact of Robbie's Protestantism made that house a safe shelter. In a little chamber overlooking a small court at the back, a priest was free from observation, and would-be penitents might gain access to him by means of a short ladder kept there for the purpose. Thus Robbie could ply his trade as shoemaker in the small front room, and the priest could be visited and Robbie none the wiser—if he did not, as some Catholics surmised, keep a purposely blind eye and deaf ear to much that went on above him.

On this particular morning Christian was in some trouble. A message had come from one of the Catholics of the town to the effect that the presence of Master Burnet in Edinburgh was known to the

magistrates, as well as the fact of his intention of saying Mass in some house in the Canongate. The priest had, accordingly, resolved to change the locality for the Masses, and had sent Christian without delay to acquaint the Monny-pennys, on whose premises the assemblies were to have been held. A house in the Cowgate, occupied by Master Andrew Napier, had been fixed upon instead. It was hoped to elude thus the attentions of the Presbytery and magistrates.

Christian sympathized greatly with Eupheme, who was unable to go outside her own domain for Mass, and was thus deprived of what she had so long been wishing for. But the priest had promised to visit her and administer the Sacraments in a day or two.

When Christian had departed to convey the tidings to Joanna in the chapel, another visitor was announced. Mistress Eupheme's eyes were gladdened by the sight of the fair face of Agnes Kynloch, always a welcome guest in that house. Both sisters had an affection for the maiden almost amounting to worship; they loved to see her whenever, as was frequently the case, she could give them an hour or so of her day. The kindly and affectionate interest she always showed in these elderly women, whom she had known ever since she came to live with her uncle's family, endeared her to both, but especially to Eupheme, whose enforced confinement to the house led her to appreciate every visitor, few though they were, who crossed the threshold.

Although so retiring by nature, Agnes was not deficient in a certain charming gayety in her intercourse with these familiar friends, which people who knew her less intimately would not have suspected. In the Gilchrist household, where Helen with her beauty and vivacity threw her less showy cousin into the shade, Agnes appeared extremely reticent, even afflicted with shyness, when strangers were present; but the Monny-pennys regarded her as the most enlivening of all

their visitors. No doubt their monotonous life stirred the girl's sympathy, and led her to exert herself to the utmost to bring some light and variety into their ordinarily uneventful routine.

"Blessings on ye, dearie!" cried the huge occupant of the throne-like chair, as Agnes' smiling face appeared from out the shelter of her hooded cloak. "'Tis as good as an extra ray of sunshine on a dull morn to see y'r bright eyes in this dreary chamber."

"You'll guess why I'm here, Auntie, no doubt," she said. (There was no kinship between them: the title was one of affection merely.) "But I heard news last night which made me wonder whether it would be of any use coming to-day—"

Eupheme broke in upon her explanation: "I've heard it, too, my bairn! Christian Guthrie has just left. I'm sorely disappointed to hear that the Mass, for caution's sake, is to be elsewhere. Master Burnet sent at once to forestall the trouble of making preparations to no purpose, and to say that he had arranged to go to Master Napier's instead. So ye'll be disappointed too, dearie!"

"I'm more sorry for you, Auntie," replied the girl.

"Well, it might be worse!" cried the cheery Eupheme. "The priest is to come to me in a day or two, and that is much for which to be thankful in these hard times."

It was the delight of Agnes, whenever Mass was to be said in her friend's house, to assist in the preparations. At the back of the courtyard, on which the kitchen quarters opened, stood a long building formerly used as stabling. After Simon Monnypenny's death, the sisters had kept no horses, and for a time the building was empty. But with the help of Catholic workmen it had been fitted up as a chapel,—rough, indeed, but roomy and secure. For it had no window—a convenience when lights had to be made use of—and the entrance from the garden through St. Mary's Wynd, in addition

to the ordinary gateway into the courtyard from the street, made it convenient for the arrival and departure of many worshippers in comparative secrecy. There was always much to be done on occasions when the building was needed for Catholic worship—setting up an altar, with its adornments, preparing benches, and the like—which the maids could be left to undertake. But the more refined work—such as preparing candles for the altar, spreading its linen cloths, setting out vestments, and, when possible, arranging flowers culled from the garden—was always regarded as Mistress Kynloch's by right.

"Now, that you have some time free, Bairnie," said Eupheme, "as the maids'll no longer need your help to-day, you can sit a while and tell me all the news."

"I fear I've no news that'll give you pleasure," was the answer. "I'm in great trouble about Nell."

"What of Nell?" asked Eupheme.

"You've often lamented to me that you feared she had little real love for religion, and lately I have begun to fear the same. But last even she said terrible things,—in presence of Master Hathaway, too. She called Catholics fools, if they chose to sacrifice this world for the sake of their belief; and she finished by declaring that she, for her part, had done with it all. She even threatened to go to the Kirk, for form's sake, at least, if she could thus enjoy life without being shut away from it—as she put it!"

Eupheme listened, amazed. All the cheerfulness had vanished from her face, and her knitting dropped unheeded to her lap.

"But could she have meant it all?" she asked; then quickly answered her own query: "But I fear she did, if Master Hathaway was there to hear it."

Agnes shook her head despondently.

"I greatly fear there's no room for doubt," she said. "Nell repeated the same threat to me last night, and she has alluded to it more than once since

I can hardly believe it is the same maiden, she seems to have grown all at once so hard and worldly. Elspeth also has noticed a change in her. Uncle says nothing, but looks at her now and again with a puzzled expression, as though feared of something."

"I used to think," Eupheme remarked, "that sister had over-strict notions with regard to a lively damsel such as Nell; but she seems to have read Nell aright. Joanna always declared that Nell's faith was but skin-deep, and I fear she was a true prophetess."

There was a pause, then she resumed in a half-musing tone:

"So that means that Nell has no more thought of Master Patrick. I had hoped to see that match settled; Nell would have been kept up to her Faith, with Patrick for a husband. Ah, dearie, these are woeful days!"

Joanna's voice, giving directions to one of the domestics, sounded without.

"'Twill be better to say nothing of this to sister," whispered Eupheme. "She'll grieve sorely when she hears of it, and that—take my word for it—will soon happen."

The younger sister made her appearance immediately. Her greeting to Agnes was as affectionate as Eupheme's had been. The conversation naturally turned on the subject of the prevented Mass; and there was much conjecture as to how the information had reached Bailie Agnew, whom Agnes mentioned as her authority in the matter.

As they conversed, the sound of horse hoofs came from the direction of the garden, into which the window of the room looked out; and an elderly man on horseback appeared, making for the door. Agnes recognized him as the bachelor cousin of the two maiden ladies,—Master Matthew Monnypenny, who lived on a small estate a few miles out of town. He was the adviser of the sisters in all business matters, and was in consequence a not infrequent visitor. Like all the surviving members of his family, Master Matthew was a rigid

adherent to the ancient Faith, for which he had suffered not a little.

"Cousin Matthew!" exclaimed both sisters at once.

"Riding, too! And through the garden!" cried Eupheme. "What can it mean?"

The good squire himself entered in answer to her query. He was a man of unusually large stature; in his youth he had evidently been strikingly handsome, with dark, curling hair, fresh complexion, and a finely-built figure. Even now, in spite of his grizzled locks and his sixty years, he usually held himself erect. He entered, nevertheless, leaning on a stout stick, as though afflicted with severe lameness.

"Hoots, Cousin!" exclaimed Eupheme, amazed. "What's ado, that you hobble in with your staff that way?"

He threw aside his stick with a hearty laugh, and saluted them in a voice like a trumpet, his jovial face creased in gratified amusement.

"I'm but keeping up the play before Mistress Agnes here," he answered. "I'm feared she'll run off and tell on me to the Kirkfolk! For the hobbling, I'd have you know, is but put on for their benefit."

Agnes, with a gleeful laugh, protested that he might trust her, and begged him to explain himself.

"Nay, I'm expecting Master Patrick Hathaway to call for me when the hawking match at Winton's is over; so you must e'en wait a while. But here comes the youth, I fancy"—as a knock was heard. "I'm to ride with him to his uncle's on some business matters we have in hand."

Joanna left, to direct that Master Hathaway should be shown into the room where they were.

"Ursula was sore puzzled, Cousin," she said when she returned, "that your man should need to have the garden door unbarred for you. Surely you could have dismounted at the Canongate door."

"Nay, nay!" replied the jovial squire. "'Twas all part of the play, as ye shall hear. For here comes Mas'e. Pat.'

The handsome youth made his courtly obeisances to the ladies. Greetings over, he sat down to listen to Master Matthew's story.

"Ye've maybe heard," began that good man, "that the Kirkfolk have been more attentive to me lately than I cared for or desired. Indeed, they've worried me so persistently to go to their service, and fined me so handsomely for keeping away, that I felt something must be done, or my purse would be empty. So, to get even with them, I managed to break my leg."

He paused in enjoyment of the horrified expression on Joanna's face, and the manifest astonishment of the others. Young Hathaway alone seemed free from anxiety. He knew Master Matthew of old; so he merely waited, repressing the smile which hovered round his mouth.

"But how long ago was this?" Eupheme asked.

"I will be some few weeks, maybe. Otherwise, ye see, I could scarce be about again, even with a staff."

There were simultaneous exclamations of surprise and sympathy from the women-folk. Master Matthew received them with a loud laugh.

"Ye've no need to waste y'r pity on me!" he cried. "It was as painless a fracture as could well be, as ye shall hear."

Then in animated fashion he related the story of his so-called accident. He had been so pestered by the Presbyterians that he had exhausted all the excuses he could frame for non-attendance before the Presbytery to account for continued evasion to attend worship; and the fines imposed, time after time, were more than he was willing to pay. At last he had a bright idea, which, if carried out satisfactorily, would give him a considerable respite. It had come to the point of possible excommunication by the Kirk for contumacy, and that would have many most disastrous effects, even as regarded social life. It was necessary, therefore, to lose no time in acting, since rumor

had already begun to hint that the undesirable excommunication was likely to be declared.

Among his intimate friends, Master Matthew had a well-known medical man and an equally well-known notary. Both were nominal Presbyterians, but neither closely attached to the Kirk. These two had often sympathized with their old friend on the sustained persecution of the ministers, and longed to be able to help him. So he decided that, with their connivance, he would break his leg in such a way as to free him for a spell from the attacks of his enemies. He unfolded his plan to his friends, keeping in the dark everyone else except his trusty manservant, and binding his friends to preserve absolute secrecy.

One fine morning the three gentlemen and the serving-man rode out to a country place which they had fixed upon as suitable—not altogether out of observation, yet not too public. There the play began. Master Matthew slipped adroitly from his horse, unnoticed, and lay on the road, apparently helpless, uttering cries of pain and lamentations. His man joined in his lament, declaring that his master's leg must have been broken by the fall. A little throng of villagers, of course, soon gathered. Some who recognized the supposed sufferer offered commiserations. But all were swept aside by the leech, who made, as was supposed, a thorough examination of the hurt. A wagon was borrowed, and into it the patient was carefully lifted, in spite of his groans and cries of pain, and he was driven home. The Presbytery was hoodwinked by the rumor of Master Matthew's serious condition, spread by the simple folk who had witnessed the accident; and the attestation of the notary that he had been present when it occurred was sufficient to exempt Master Monnypenny from attendance before the ministers in his present state of ill health.

"And you all see how badly I limp still!" he said, with a wink. "They can

not but leave a poor chiel alone for a while, with a leg as bad as this."

All were greatly amused.

"But you'll not keep them quiet for long, Master Matthew," remonstrated Patrick. "You'll need to invent another illness."

"Time enough, Master Pat, when they summon me. Meanwhile I must needs be canny; and let out a groan when any of the Kirkfolk happen to fall in we' me."

Agnes began to wonder to Joanna whether her uncle's apprentice, Rob Sybald, could have arrived to walk behind her on the way home. Joanna slipped out of the room to inquire, while the others continued their comments upon Master Matthew's successful accident. Returning she informed Agnes in low tones that no one had come.

The girl, however, rose and resumed her hooded cloak in preparation for the street. Patrick, at the same time, discovered that it would be necessary for him to get his horse saddled in readiness to call for Master Monnypenny in good time, otherwise they would miss their dinner at Haddowstane.

"I will gladly take care of Mistress Kynloch as far as her uncle's door," he said, when the sisters were remonstrating with Agnes for walking alone, at an hour when idle 'prentices and others would be in the streets.

"It's kind of you, Master Hathaway!" cried Eupheme. "Mistress Agnes will be glad of your escort."

Master Matthew smiled mysteriously; and, while the ladies were exchanging salutes, the old gentleman shook his head slyly at Patrick. That young man, on his part, had the grace to blush, as he smiled in return. Doubtless, all had their particular thoughts on the matter.

From Canongate to the Lawnmarket was not far, but the young couple walked very leisurely. The 'prentices, dreaded by Eupheme, made no attempt to incommode them in any way. Perhaps Patrick would have welcomed some interruption

of the kind, in order to demonstrate the advantage of a capable bodyguard.

The sun shone and the air was clear on that March morning, after a touch of frost. The maiden was more animated than Patrick had ever before seen her; for in her own surroundings she was always outshone by Nell's brilliant charms. Patrick's heart seemed to have suffered little from his disappointed hopes. The maiden he had admired had shown herself otherwise than his imagination had pictured her; but there were other maidens in the world, more to be desired, perhaps, than even the beautiful and witty Helen. There were some (or shall we venture to say, on his behalf, at least *one* other?) whose worth might be more hidden and yet undeniably greater. Agnes had risen immeasurably in Patrick's estimation by the time they reached the goldsmith's door. What the maiden's feelings were in his regard we have already seen.

There was one person, however, who had no reason to be pleased with that walk from Canongate to Lawnmarket. Rob Sybald met them almost at the threshold, just as he was issuing, in accordance with Elspeth's orders, to bring Mistress Agnes safely home. Perhaps he had delayed too long over his preparations: his face indeed shone with cleanliness and his clothes were unusually neat. But his cheery whistle came to a sudden stop, and his face fell, when he encountered the two as they approached. Another squire had, forsooth, supplanted him!

For the fifteen-year-old Rob worshipped the very ground on which Agnes trod. The pale, sweet maiden, with the gentle, kindly bearing towards all with whom she came in contact, was Rob's idea of perfect womanhood. Nothing delighted him so greatly as to be permitted to walk behind his goddess as her lackey, should she have occasion to go abroad alone. How he wished that some unforeseen danger might threaten, from which his ready arm might shield her; yet his was an entirely unselfish affection,—more like worship than love.

His untiring devotion asked for nothing more in return than her kindly smile of thanks. Though so nearly equal in years, they were too far apart socially to permit the lad to cherish imprudent hopes. Moreover, he was too honest and too humble to be thus foolishly misled.

Rob's look of disappointment did not escape Patrick's sharp glance. He parried it by a gay jest about his own good fortune in robbing the lad of a pleasant duty; and his cheery smile soothed Rob's momentary discontent.

(To be continued.)

A Little Soldier of Christ.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

V.

I RETURN to the 1st of November, which was the eve of Livio's last day. He was resting rather quietly, and both the physician and the nurse (the Sister who had been taking care of him since the first day of his sickness) were without immediate apprehension. As usual, I said his evening prayers with him, kneeling beside his bed; and he, overcoming his extreme weakness, insisted upon making the Sign of the Cross for himself, without assistance. I then said good-night to him, in order that he might settle down to sleep.

I can still feel upon me the long, sad, penetrating gaze with which his eyes followed me to the door. I myself was in a state of the greatest anxiety and agitation; for, in spite of the doctor's assurances to the contrary, an inward voice seemed to warn me that that was the last night our little one would spend on earth. "To-morrow," I said to his father, "will be the First Friday of the month. Either the Sacred Heart of Jesus will grant us the favor of curing him, or else to-morrow He will call him to Himself. We had better be prepared."

All night long Livio was in anguish and distress. Every moment he wanted

to be turned or to change his bed. Toward four o'clock in the morning he fixed his eyes sorrowfully upon me. "What are you going to do to me?" he inquired, with great weariness and suffering. It was the hour at which he was usually given a hypodermic injection. "Nothing," I answered: "I am just going to stay with you." This seemed to reassure him. But the Sister, nevertheless, prepared the hypodermic for he appeared to have reached the very goal. His strength was all gone, and for hours past it had been impossible to give him nourishment.

Toward seven o'clock an almost miraculous improvement occurred. He asked me to open the windows: he wanted all the light we could get into the room. I knelt down beside his little bed, and he made the Sign of the Cross and followed with the closest attention the morning prayer which I recited for him. When I came to the last invocations of the *Anima Christi* which he was wont to say morning and evening—

In the hour of my death call me,
And bid me come to Thee,
That with Thy saints I may praise Thee
Forever and ever. Amen,—

at those words something choked me, and, with eyes brimming with tears, I caught him to me; for I felt instinctively that that would be the last prayer our precious little one would lift up to God from earth.

Presently he begged me to raise him up on his pillow, because—he wanted to play! He asked for an album containing a collection of picture postal-cards—the battle-ships of the navy,—and he requested me to turn over the pages very slowly so that he could read the names of the different ships. "There is the 'Regina Margherita,'" he said. "Poor Vito!" Then, in a moment, he asked for a drink of water. But at the first sip he pushed back the glass, saying "It's so bitter!" I was surprised, because he always seemed to enjoy water and to be much refreshed by it. He allowed himself to fall back, wearily, upon the pillows. "I feel so tired!" he said. "I

feel so ill,—so very, very ill!” They proved to be his last words. Never again was I to hear the sound of that beloved voice.

He seemed to settle himself down to sleep; but in half an hour's time he opened his eyes again,—wide, with the gaze of those who no longer see. I called him: he did not hear me. His glance kept wandering hither, thither, without seeing me, without discerning anything. We sent in haste for the parish priest, who administered to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. A few minutes later Mgr. Carcaterra, who had confirmed him three days before, entered the room. The sacrifice was about to be consummated; and like incense that floats up serenely heavenward, so went the breath of our child; while our poor prayers rose up that morning, in the hour of agony, toward the Throne of the Most High. Those last few, anguished respirations showed, as it were, an impatience to go to God. And toward eleven o'clock, like a lamp that goes out, our little Livio ceased to live. His beautiful soul had at length reached Jesus in heaven, where he had so much desired to go, to enjoy the endless beatitude of the elect.

The little body was laid out in all its loveliness, at the foot of the great picture of the Sacred Heart, in that same hallowed place where, on the 2d of June, 1916, we had all consecrated ourselves to It, and where, on the 31st of July of the previous year Livio had asked Our Lord that he might die rather than commit even the littlest, littlest sin. In that same hallowed place his fair form rested now, a sacred relic, indeed a monsterness in which, on the previous day, the divine Host had reposed for the last time. Upon his breast lay the lily of his First Communion Day; his little hands held the crucifix and his Rosary. He seemed to be lying there peacefully at rest.

Dear little child, who wert our consolation, and who, in the space of less than seven years, didst learn how to draw down

upon thyself the favor of the eyes of God,—together with thee we bless the Lord and thank Him, in the hour of desolation!

The day was the 2d of November, All Souls', and the First Friday of the month,—the day of *reparation* to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

That same morning his older brother was unexpectedly delivered from the perils of the trench.¹ From on high his little protector had already obtained his first grace.

May he, like the servant of God, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, cause a shower of roses to fall upon this wretched earth! May his memory, like heavenly dew, refresh the souls of little children who are preparing to approach for the first time Our Lord in the Most Holy Eucharist! And may his example show them the immense love which God holds in reserve for them! Jesus loves the little ones so much!

ADDENDA.

Recollections of the Religious of the Sacred Heart who instructed Livio during the little retreat he made in preparation for his first Holy Communion:

“Livierto would arrive, radiant with joy, for his instruction. When questioned, he first reflected a while, and then made his answer, in childish words but with the greatest exactness. Well taught as he was, and so deeply convinced regarding the truths of faith that it was impossible to confuse him. . . .

“He examined the pictures of the Life of Our Lord with a closeness, an earnestness, altogether unusual in a child of five. The representation of the Nativity pleased him very much. He spoke of the different kinds of light illuminating this scene: the glow which enveloped the Holy Child different from the light of the moon. . . . There was a certain artistic sense in his childish reflections—‘This is not good,

¹Giuseppe, the eldest son, who was at the Front with his regiment in the terrific days when the boundary lines of Italy were being shocked.

because Jesus doesn't stand out in it.'... He paused most readily at the scenes of the Passion; and when asked which of all the pictures in the book he preferred, he answered: 'I like Jesus suffering.'...

"I keep his picture here before me, as if it were the image of a saint. I make of him my little intercessor, and many a favor has he obtained for me. . . ."

* * *

From the Preface, written by the Rev. Francesco Paoli, S. J., for the original Italian edition of the little book from which this sketch is gleaned:

"Livietto's parents may bless God in their sorrow, since it was from the good seed sowed by them in the heart of their sweet son that the Holy Ghost, breathing gently over it, drew forth that delicate flower which was to shed, all round about it, so much of fragrance and such rare delight,—a flower shown to them, but not given: God wanted it for Himself alone. . . . And if the premature death of a little and innocent child is to mean anything to us, it should be the confirmation of our belief in another life far better than this earthly one,—the strengthening of our faith in the life everlasting. *Credo vitam eternam.*"

(The End.)

Our Lads Over There.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

TWEEN battered banks the river flows,
 Winding its placid way
 Past lonely graves, in unkempt rows,
 Where heroes rest to-day.

In Flanders' fields the poppies grow,
 In banks of vivid red,
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark each narrow bed.

Still, in the dusk, the river lies;
 Still the mounds of sod.
 Or over there, 'neath alien skies,
 Or here, they're safe with God.

On Leave.¹

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"ARE you all there?"
 "Yes, Sister."

"Look here, Le Bihan: your kepi lacks a button."

"Yes, Sister."

"Give it to me. Just now I saw a lieutenant passing through. What if he should have observed it? I don't see how you could have been so careless."

Filled with confusion, Le Bihan passed his kepi over the wooden barrier that separated the two compartments.

The Sister drew a housewife from her pocket, took out a needle and a spool of thread, and in an incredibly short time the button was replaced. "Click-clack,"—she bit the thread with her little white teeth, and it was done.

"Thank you, Sister,—thank you."

"And now your tickets."

The six soldiers put their hands in their pockets and gave her the tickets. The Sister verified them, tore them in half, and put the return coupons in her pocket. Then, leaning over the partition, taking advantage of being alone in her compartment, she gave her final instructions.

They were going to Paris, on leave, for two days. They were all Bretons; they had never been there before. They listened attentively while she laid down the rules. First, they must remain together; otherwise there would be great confusion, as she had regulated all their movements for the time of leave. She had arranged for their lodgings, told them what streets to take, what monuments to visit, and enjoined them to meet her at seven next morning at the Church of the Sacred Heart, after which they would take the stage for the Jardin des Plantes,—they on top, she on the inside. In the afternoon they would visit various other places which she thought they would enjoy, and she

¹ From the French.

would meet them again next morning at Notre Dame des Victoires.

"You hear, Gonidec?"

"Yes, Sister."

"And, above all, no cabarets!"

"You may be easy on that score, Sister."

"Have you plenty of tobacco?"

"It may do," rejoined Le Meur, doubtfully. He was a soldier who never had enough tobacco.

"Big baby!" said the Sister, with an indulgent smile.

The train entered the station. "Paris! Paris!" They gathered their few belongings and passed out with the others. The Sister preceded them, ready to intervene if there should be any difficulty about their permissions. But all went well; they parted at the entrance of the station, from which she watched them until she could no longer see their uniforms in the crowd, proceeding in the direction she had given them.

Left alone, Sister Louise uttered a sigh of relief. Now she could feel once more in possession of her own soul and be able to pray a little without being surrounded by a crowd of noisy, well-meaning poilus.

Very soon, on her knees behind a pillar in the Church of St. Augustine, she was devoutly saying her Rosary. When that was finished she remained still kneeling, in a kind of reverie, thinking of the past, so different from the present,—of the time when, a young girl, she was never allowed to go out alone; of that later day when a young and inexperienced religious, she had hoped, like Mary of the Gospel, to spend her life at the feet of the Lord, far from the world and its turmoil. "Beloved Master," she murmured, "behold me in Paris in charge of part of the French army!" She smiled behind her veil, buried her face in her hands and fell to praying once more. After a while she arose, looked around her in the gathering twilight, and hastened to her convent, not far distant,—the sheltered house from which she had gone forth on her arduous mission.

The following day, precisely at seven, the six soldiers appeared at the rendezvous. They were there before her. Smiling, she approached them, proud and happy to see that they had been faithful to their appointment.

"How glad I am to see you!" she cried.

"Well, then, let us to our programme!"

It proved a delightful one to the men; and their conductor, always adaptable, shared in their pleasure.

About the middle of the afternoon they parted. Sister Louise returned to her convent, and the men to their lodgings. Her parting words were:

"No cabarets, remember!"

"No, Sister."

"And not too much wine!"

"No, Sister."

"Be sure to go to bed early, so that you may be on time in the morning."

"Yes, Sister."

The next morning they were again at the rendezvous before her. They heard Mass; and as they stood in the vestibule, waiting, Sister Louise once more praised them for their punctuality and fidelity. Then she continued:

"We have a couple of hours before the train leaves. Is there any place you would like to go?"

Gonidec looked at his companions, cleared his throat as if about to speak, hesitated, and finally closed his lips as though he had nothing to say.

"What is it, Gonidec?"

"Sister—well—no, I dare not ask it, we have already cost you so much."

"Go on! Let me hear it."

"Well, Sister, yesterday we passed the Eiffel Tower. We never dreamed of such a thing as going to the top; in fact, we would not care to; one can see it much better from the ground, especially if one walks back some distance and looks up. In that way one realizes the height and the proportions. They do make those towers very high, don't they, Sister? We didn't want to go up, as I said; but the thought gave us another idea. None

of us have ever been in an elevator. It must be a queer feeling to be rushed up and down that way without moving your feet,—so different from a staircase.”

“Yes, the sensation must be a droll one,” said Dupresne.

“You would like to find out for yourselves how it feels to go up in an elevator?”

“Above all things, Sister.” And Gonidec glanced at his five companions, who smilingly nodded their heads.

The little Sister reflected a moment.

“The Eiffel Tower? No: that costs too much. Our money is nearly gone. There is one in the Hotel of Madame la Comtesse de B. But that is too far away; and, besides, the lady might be—well, we shall not consider that. Wait! I have an idea. Follow me, *mes enfants*.”

And, like the brave and docile men they were, the six Bretons followed her footsteps.

“To the left—yes, the Rue des Petits Champs,—Palais Royal,—now to the right. Here we are. Enter.”

Thus she led them to their destination, and paused before the entrance.

“But, Sister,” interposed Gonidec, “this is the Magasin du Louvre. We saw it yesterday,—that is, we stood here and looked in.”

“I know it is. What then?”

“We have no money to pay, Sister. It must cost a great deal even to go inside; and we have nothing in our pockets to spend in this palace.”

“Go in, anyway! I will follow—no, let me go first.”

Marching ahead of them, with quick, light steps, her beautiful eyes and delicately pink cheeks faintly showing through her transparent black veil, upon her finely chiselled lips a humorous smile, the Sister led them through a bewildering array of silks, flowers, and ribbons, to the public elevator, at this early hour almost destitute of passengers.

“Take these gentlemen up,” she said to the boy in charge. “I will remain here.”

“Where do they wish to go, Sister?”

“To the sixth floor,—the photographic department,” replied the Sister, who knew every part of the building from roof to basement.

“What if it should fall?” whispered Gonidec to La Tour.

“And we should all be killed?” added a companion.

“Bah!” said Dupresne. “Who is afraid? Not I.”

“Why didn’t the Sister come up with you?” asked the operator. “Was she afraid?”

“Afraid!” answered Gonidec, scornfully. “She is afraid of nothing.”

“Is she the real sister of one of you?”

“Of any of us? Man, what are you talking about? She is a *lady*.”

“Yes, but more than a sister: she is our mother—our captain,” added Le Bihan.

They had arrived at the sixth floor. The operator, interested in these simple Breton souls, continued to question them, as he opened the iron grill.

“How does the Sister come to be with you?” he inquired.

“It was this way,” answered Gonidec, always spokesman for the group. “Sister Louise has been at the hospital for months now. We fellows were all wounded slightly at one time or another, and when we were ready to go back to the Front—or nearly ready,—Sister was recalled to Paris by her superior for some little business about their own affairs,—I do not know what. It’s none of *my* business, don’t you see?”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Well, we had been helping her a good deal. She can do anything she likes at the hospital. She asked leave for us (we had never been in Paris), and gave her word of honor to bring us back on time and all right. And we gave our word of honor as well. See?”

“Yes, and you have kept it.”

“We have kept it.”

As the operator turned to descend, he asked:

"How do you think the Sister would like to come up? Stay here and I will fetch her on the next trip. She can walk about with you and show you the pictures."

"Yes, ask her to come," answered Gonidec.

When the elevator descended, Sister Louise was still standing where they had left her.

"They would like you to go up, Sister," said the man. "You are not afraid?"

"Oh, no, I am not afraid!" she replied.

"There is no danger. Have you ever been in an elevator?"

"Yes, I have," she answered quickly.

"Ours is very safe," rejoined the man, as she stepped into the cage. He began to explain and enumerate the devices for safety with which it was equipped.

Sister Louise could not repress a smile as she remembered another elevator, the finest in Paris, which had been installed in the home of her aunt, the Countess de B., and in which, before the novelty had died away, she, a half-grown girl, had been fond of amusing herself, ascending and descending many times a day. That was six years ago, when she had been known as "The little Countess" by the faithful domestics of the Hotel de B.

An hour later, seated once more not far from her charges, she listened with amusement, to their comments on what they had seen in Paris, now and then interposing a remark or answering a question. Then, as one by one they ceased talking and leaned drowsily back in their seats, tired yet happy and content she once more took her Rosary from her pocket and prayed fervently for the dead that day on the battlefield, behind the lines of which lay the hospital wherein she had labored since the first battle of the Marne.

No hay peor cuña que la del mismo palo.
Literally, "The worst wedge is the one made of the same wood." The Spaniards thus express the idea that one's worst enemy is one's former friend.

The Eighth Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THERE are few rhymes connected with the month of August.

St. Bartholomew
Brings the cold dew,

seems to point to the chilly nights that often follow even the hottest day towards the end of this month, which begins with the feast known as St. Peter's Chains. It is perhaps more familiar to us as "Lammas," or "Lammastide"; so called from the fact that, in days gone by, a loaf (*hlaf*) was offered by the faithful at Mass on this day. Hence the name Hlaf Masse, subsequently contracted to "Lammas." It was customary in England to give money to servants on Lammas Day, and it is interesting to read, in the old records of the famous Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, that on this festival the clerk of the cellarer had 2d.; the cellarer's squire, 11d.; and the cowherd, a penny.

On August 1, 1469, Louis XI., of France, instituted the Order of St. Michael. The knights, thirty-six in number, all men famed for noble deeds and high birth, could be degraded for only three causes—viz., heresy, treason, and cowardice. History tells us that "William IV. and Queen Adelaide opened New London Bridge on the 1st of August, 1831." This structure superseded the veritable "Old London Bridge," which, made of stone, "had served the citizens for more than six hundred and fifty years." It must not be forgotten, however, that several bridges of wood had been built there before 1176, the date when Old London Bridge was begun.

This curious construction consisted of a quantity of stone arches, varying in shape and size,—piers so bulky indeed as to render the navigation between them very dangerous, with a row of buildings on the top. In the basement of these quaint dwellings, were shops, some of them

devoted to the business of bookselling and publishing, as we see from the title-pages of ancient volumes. On a pier larger than the rest, almost in the centre of the bridge, stood a Gothic chapel of the twelfth century, 60 feet by 20 feet, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. Here, in the Middle Ages, Mass would be said at an early hour for travellers, and those passing to and fro; for our Catholic forefathers thought it no hardship to rise betimes, even in the cold darkness of winter, in order to assist at the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar, before starting upon a journey.

Upon the bridge there was one clear space, of sufficient extent to allow of joustings, or tournaments, being held there; this we learn from the fact that, on St. George's Day, 1390, a famous tilting took place between David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and Lord John de Wells, the English Ambassador in Scotland. The Scotsman proved not only victorious, but also most generous and noble; for "he remained in England three months, by the King's desire," says an old chronicler; "and there was not one person of nobility who was not well affected towards him."

The death of William Rufus, accidentally shot in the New Forest, on the 2d of August, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, a knight celebrated for his unrivalled skill in archery, reminds us what an important part the shooting with bows and arrows has played in the historic annals of England. We see this from a letter written by Edward III. to the sheriffs of the city of London, dated June 12, 1349, in which he mentions the "honour and profit that have accrued to our whole realm and to us by the help of God, and no small assistance in our warlike acts," through the proficiency of the archers. "The said skill being, as it were, wholly laid aside," continues the King, "everyone of the said city [London], strong in body, at leisure time, on holidays, shall use, in recreations, bows and arrows, or pellets or bolts, and learn and exercise the art of shooting;

forbidding all and singular, on our behalf, that they do after any manner apply themselves to the throwing of stones, wood, or iron, hand-ball, foot-ball, bandy-ball, etc., nor such like vain plays which have no profit in them."

It was early in the morning of Friday, August 3, in the year 1492, that Christopher Columbus, with his little squadron of three ships, sailed from the port of Palos, in Spain; this voyage, as we all know, resulting in the discovery of America,—a singularly appropriate reward to crown the efforts of a man of his character and high aims; one set apart by Almighty God for the accomplishment of a great purpose; a very devout Tertiary of the humble St. Francis of Assisi; one, moreover, who proved himself a true Christopher, or "Christ-bearer," as his name implies, carrying the glad tidings of the Gospel to nations dwelling in the darkness of paganism.

On August 4, the feast of that apostolic preacher and founder of a great mendicant Order, St. Dominic, the splendid priory containing Our Lady's celebrated shrine at Walsingham (Norfolk) was sacrilegiously suppressed by order of Henry VIII., who is said, in his dying moments, to have felt this sin lie more heavily on his conscience than almost any of his other avaricious and wicked acts of desecration and dissolution of religious houses.

It was a curious belief in Mediæval times according to some old records, that the beautiful constellation of the Milky Way pointed directly to this far-famed and venerable spot, dedicated to the Ever-Virgin Mother of God, in order to guide pilgrims on their road thither; hence the cluster of stars was called "The Walsingham Way," having its counterpart on earth in the broad road which led through the Eastern counties, where, in many of the towns through which it passed, crosses were erected. A few of these yet remain,—"Sermons in stone," preaching of the faith and fervor that once led men and women to bend their

steps towards "the holy lande of Blessed Walsingham."

August 15, the festival of Our Lady's Assumption, was celebrated in the Middle Ages with the greatest possible solemnity; and holiday-making continued for more than a week, at Lady Day in Harvest, as it was then called.

On August 18 the so-called "Rebel Lords" of 1746 were executed because of their devotion to the House of Stuart. It is interesting to note how poetical and how ingeniously equivocal were some of the songs in which the Jacobites conveyed their sentiments. Perhaps the cleverest of these was a toast by Dr. John Byrom, of Manchester, with which we will conclude our paper:

God bless the King—I mean the Faith's Defender!

God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,—
God bless us all, is quite another thing!

The Legend of Mary Magdalen.¹

SOME say that Mary, the sister of Martha, and Mary Magdalen was one and the same person, and others that it was not so. To one who knows the Scriptures it seems to be plain that she was the sister of Lazarus and Martha. And so it seemed to my grandmother, who many times told me this legend:—

When the Lord Jesus said to Magdalen, "Go thou, and sin no more," she went forth from His presence abashed, back to her home, closing the doors, and locking them, so that no visitors could enter therein. For a long time she communed with herself, reflecting on the events of her wicked life, almost in despair; resolving from the depths of her soul to sin no more.

But she had still great delight in her long and abundant golden hair, and sat combing it one morning in front of a shining silver mirror, when her sister, the good Martha, passing by, knocked for admission.

"Go away!" cried Magdalen. "I receive no one within my doors."

"It is I—Martha, thy sister," answered the voice from outside.

"Long time has it been, Martha, since thou hast knocked at my door."

"And with good reason. But since the day when the Lord forgave thee, they tell me thou hast concealed thyself within thy house, and I am glad of that. It augurs well for thee. Open to me, I beg. I would fain comfort thee."

"Naught can comfort me. My sins are as scarlet, and are always vivid before me."

"Jesus has said that repentance can wash one whiter than snow. But now I heard Him speak near the gate of the Temple, and I thought of thee. Open to me, Mary, my sister."

"No, no! I dare not."

"There are many following in His train. Come thou and join them."

For a time there was silence, then the Magdalen's voice was heard: "Wait for me. I will come."

First sat Martha on the doorstep, waiting; then she arose and began to pace up and down. An hour passed. Again she knocked at the door.

"O my sister, what is keeping thee?"

"I was making ready. I come now."

The door opened, and Mary Magdalen came forth, clothed like a princess in velvet and brocade. Upon her head was a jewelled band of gold, confining her glorious hair which hung low on her mantle, gold-embroidered, trailing the ground. Gems hung from her delicate ears. Her fair white arms, uncovered, were loaded with bracelets, and her fingers heavy with rings of precious stones.

Martha drew back. "O my sister," she cried, "I did not think to see thee thus attired and emblazoned!"

"Why didst thou not? It is my daily usage. If thou art loath to walk with me, go thy way."

"No, no, I am not loath! Come!"

Up one narrow street and down another

¹ From the Spanish.

they fared, some looking sorrowfully upon the bedecked woman, some smiling, others mocking. But she noticed them not. At length the sisters found themselves not far from the Temple; and there, surrounded by a crowd, they saw Jesus.

For one moment His glance rested upon them, and no more. But, like a dart of fire, that glance struck deep to the soul of Magdalen; and she leaned heavily upon Martha, as though like to fall. Her sister clasped her in her protecting arms, and bade her listen to the marvellous words that came from the lips of the Lord. At last He spoke no more.

Magdalen withdrew from Martha's embrace, and, pushing aside this one and that who impeded her way, stood, with bowed head, in front of the Lord. He gazed upon her, but opened not His lips. She drew the fillet from her hair, the gold-embroidered mantle from her shoulders, the bracelets and rings from her arms and hands, the clasp of finest gold from her bosom, and laid them at His feet. And still He made no sign. Then the penitent turned about, took the hand of her sister and passed again through the crowd. On the outskirts she heard one say: "He goeth to sup this night at the house of Simon the Pharisee."

The shadows of evening had fallen. Jesus sat at table in the house of Simon, surrounded by the friends of the Pharisee and His own disciples. Through the assemblage a woman pushed her way. She was tall and fair; she wore a long, plain black mantle, over which fell her shining hair, like a cloud of gold.

"It is Mary Magdalen, the sinner! Send her forth!" they murmured.

"Let her come nigh," said the Lord.

A whisper went through the crowd, and men shook their heads, making signs of protest.

But Jesus beckoned unto her. She fell at His feet. From beneath her long, black mantle she drew forth a vase of precious ointment and began with it to anoint His feet, and wept tears upon them,

wiping them with her hair. Again the murmur broke forth; and some, lifting their heads angrily, withdrew.

And even His own followers, seeing it, were wroth and said:

"Why this waste? For this might have been sold for much, and given to the poor."

But the Lord, knowing what was in their minds and on their lips, made answer and said:

"She hath done it for My burial. And wherever My Gospel shall be preached, this shall be told in memory of her."

When she rose up, the Lord said:

"Go now! Thy sins are washed whiter than snow. Thou wilt follow Me unto the end. But when I am gone, and thou shalt see Me no more, thou must do great penance. Because for the scandal thy life hath given, for the souls thou hast seduced, satisfaction and reparation must be made."

Mary bent low her head and murmured, so that none but the Master could hear:

"Rabbi! I confess my sins. What must I do that they be wiped away, and that I may be rendered fit for the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"To the mountains thou must hie thee, living there seven years, weeping and lamenting thy sins, and eating bitter herbs and grass."

"Lord, I will go," she answered meekly, and passed slowly out of the house of the Pharisee to her own home. And no one followed her there.

By the side of Mary His Mother, and Mary, the mother of James and John, and John the Beloved, she had followed over Calvary's cruel way. With them she had stood during the long and bitter three hours' agony; she had seen Him laid in the tomb, and had sought Him vainly on Easter morning as she turned from the sepulchre. With that one word "Mary!" He had revealed Himself to her. And after His glorious Ascension she had gone up to the mountain, as He had bidden her. There seven years she had prayed and lamented her sins, eating only grass

and herbs. Then a voice came to her in the wilderness:

"The seven years have passed. Rise up, Mary, and go thy way."

"It is the Lord Jesus who passes!" she cried, but only her ears heard. Her eyes could not see the vision of her God.

Straightway toward Jerusalem she hastened. When halfway down the mountain, she came to a clear, bright spring and washed her hands therein. Rough and brown they were, that had been so smooth and white.

"O my hands, how you are spoiled!" she cried. "Poor hands, poor hands, that were once so white and beautiful!"

Then once more she heard the voice: "Magdalen, Magdalen, thou art still a sinner!"

"Master and Lord, I am. Do Thou another penance give?"

"Turn back to the mountain for seven years more; not washing thy face or hands, eating only grass and herbs."

"Lord, I go."

Seven years passed, and the body of Magdalen weak and worn was about to render up her brave and faithful soul to God. With folded hands and heart resigned she waited for the end. Then a white-robed company surrounded her—angels of God; and her soul passed into eternity. Came then the glorious saints of heaven with the Lord Jesus at their head, and Mary, His Mother, following Him.

From white-oak trees St. Joseph sawed and made the coffin. Of gossamer stuff that floated down from the skies, the Blessed Mother fashioned the shroud, folding it around the body again and again, till it shone with whiteness and silkiness. St. John gathered wild flowers and laid them upon the coffin till it was hidden beneath their pink and purple and white beauty and fragrance.

In heaven is her dwelling,

As she did desire.

To-day her voice is swelling

The great angelic choir.

Thus ends the legend of Mary Magdalen.

As a Thief in the Night.

A FAMOUS surgeon of the English army furnishes the following account of a "sudden and unprovided death" which seems to have made a deep impression on his mind. Awfully sudden deaths are so common that, as the writer remarks, it is all the more necessary to dwell upon such "as are most striking, as a warning that can never be given too often nor be thought upon too seriously."

* * *

Several years ago, when still a young man, I was the surgeon of a regiment serving in Bombay. Among my brother officers was a Captain C——, who had lately married in Ireland and brought out a charming bride. It was not without a sense of satisfaction that I found that the beautiful Mrs. C—— was my countrywoman, and I inquired of a friend of her husband's with great interest whether she was not a Catholic.

"To tell the plain truth, I believe, she is, or was," was the disappointing reply; "but it's just there that people say the hitch comes in between them. I was told he promised before the marriage that she should do as she liked; but it turns out now that he meant that he was sure she would want to do only what *he* liked, and he has a very devil of a temper. There is a Catholic church not far off, as you know, but nobody ever saw Mrs. C—— go there."

Not long after this conversation I met Mrs. C—— at a ball. She was fond of dancing, and that night everybody said she was the belle of the evening. Her husband introduced her to me, and she let me put my name down on her card for a dance.

When I had led her back to her seat I took a chair by her side to improve the acquaintance. We talked of Ireland and music and various local matters, and by and by I contrived to inquire whether she was a Catholic. Mrs. C—— blushed

deeply as she almost whispered: "That is a sad subject, Mr. O'L——. Pray don't bring it up before Harry; he won't hear of my going to our church. Indeed, he was really furious the last time the subject was alluded to."

Mrs. C—— was a very popular little woman, so that I seldom found her alone when I called. Thus weeks and months passed, until one day, on leaving the mess, Captain C—— joined me, and said that his wife was ill and that he should feel extremely obliged if I would call to see her.

I went at once to the house; and after a long conversation about her health, and relating all the news that I thought could distract her in any way, I ventured: "You must forgive me, my dear Mrs. C——, if I trespass beyond the limit of my professional advice. But you are my countrywoman and a Catholic; what about seeing a priest? As a medical adviser—I don't mind any personal unpleasantness,—don't you think I could speak to Captain C—— on the forbidden topic? I could easily tell him that, as a doctor, I require your mind to be at ease in every respect."

"Oh, no!—on no account just now, though I thank you very much," was the disheartening reply. "Harry has been so very kind to me lately—since I gave up letting him see that not going to Mass vexed me, and put away a little crucifix which he used constantly to say he could not bear the sight of—that I would not annoy him for the world."

"I have in my thoughts not this world but the next, my dear lady; but of course it must be as you please. I do not wish to make you nervous, but I must do my duty. You are ill and you may be worse, and life is always uncertain in spite of the utmost care."

"O Mr. O'L——, I never expected that you would have alarmed me! Harry is always saying that I shall very soon be quite well again."

Disappointed, but still hoping for the

best, I took leave, assuring the patient that I would gladly ride over at any moment of the day or night that she might fancy she should like to see me.

At length a day came when I was summoned. In a quarter of an hour I was by the sick bed, and did my best to keep up a cheerful conversation until the Captain appeared, who insisted that I remain to dine. I shall never forget that perfectly quiet evening.

As soon as we had finished dessert, the Captain suggested that we should enjoy our cigars better walking up and down in the compound; so I agreed. But before going outside, I stepped for a moment into Mrs. C——'s room, arranged her pillows comfortably, saw that both her attendants were there and that she needed nothing; and, explaining that we were within a stone's-throw, then rejoined her husband.

We had been slowly pacing up and down some time, discussing various regimental matters, and the latest news from England, when all at once an agonizing cry of pain struck my ear. With one bound I cleared the steps of the veranda, and before the last echo of that sound—it seemed to remain in my hearing for weeks after—could have died away completely in the distance, I was by Mrs. C——'s side. Her malady had taken a very unusual turn,—I knew in a moment what; and so awfully sudden was it in its result that when Captain C—— entered the room a few seconds after I had done so, I could only gasp out huskily, "It's all over!"

Surely no lips save those divinely chosen to teach men could add any weight to the lesson of such an end as this. A layman can not do so, and I will not try; but I shall be only too thankful if this case of my personal experience may be found useful as illustrating the warning we have all of us heard so often: "Be ye therefore ready; for at an hour when ye think not the Son of Man will come."

Adam's Fall.

Theories and Conditions.

A SCOTCH fisherman, named Adam L—, having been reprov'd pretty severely by the minister for his want of Scriptural knowledge, but more especially for too often taking "a drop too much," was resolved to balk the dominie on his next official visitation. On the appointed day, he accordingly kept out of sight for some time; but, getting "top-heavy" with some of his cronies, he was compelled, after several falls, to take refuge at last in his own house.

The minister arrived, and was informed by Jenny, the gude but canny wife, that her husband was "absent at the fishing." The dominie then inquired if she herself had carefully perused the catechism he had left with them on his last visit; and, being answered in the affirmative, proceeded with a question or two.

"Weel, Jenny," said he, "can ye tell me what was the cause of Adam's fall?"

By no means well versed in the history of the progenitor of the human race; and her mind being exclusively occupied by her own unfortunate Adam, Janet replied, with some warmth:

"Deed, sir, it was naething else but drink!"—at the same time calling to her husband: "Adam, ye may as weel rise noo; for the dominie kens what's the matter wi' you."

It was the same worthy yet quarrelsome couple who decided in their old age to have their portraits painted. When that of the husband, in an elegant frame, was hung over the fireplace, the gudewife remarked in a sly manner:

"I think, gudeman, noo that ye've gotten your picture hung up there, we should just put in below't, for a motto like, 'Aye richt!'"

"Deed may ye, my woman," replied her husband in an equally pawky tone; "and when ye get yours hung up ower the sofa there, we'll just put up anither motto on't, and say, 'Never wrang!'"

ONE of the first lessons taught by experience to the man who takes an active and intelligent part in any sphere of public life is that the most logical and admirable theories are apt to suffer considerable abrasion, if not mutilation, in the process of their reduction to practice. The system of polity or body of principles by which the affairs of a city, a State, or a whole country are supposed to be administered, may be little less than ideally perfect, while the actual working out of the system may, nevertheless, involve criminal extravagance, collusive contracts, invidious distinctions, and wholesale dealings in profiteering, blackmail, and graft.

In the wear and tear of the practical, workaday world, where sentiment is overridden by business, and altruism is jostled aside by selfishness, theoretical equity in the management of public affairs is not seldom sacrificed to the demands of personal or party advantage. In civic or aldermanic boards, in provincial or State legislatures, and in congresses or parliaments the world over, there are, unfortunately, to be found men thoroughly in accord with that Mr. Hum who, when asked by Lord John Russell what he considered the object of legislation, replied, "The greatest good of the greatest number"; and, on further inquiry as to what he considered the greatest number, frankly answered, "Number one."

Abstract theories of government are one thing; the actual facts or conditions of concrete administration are another, and often an entirely different, thing. The formal and solemn declaration of our American Colonies—"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—was a theory, and merely a theory, for well-nigh a century after

our independence was won. The practice was absolute slavery for millions of those who hypothetically had an "unalienable right" to liberty. Similar contrarieties, or at least divergences, between professions and performances, preaching and practice, theories and conditions, are thrust upon the notice of any observant citizen who is at all conversant with municipal, State, or federal politics in any one of the more than two-score Commonwealths which constitute our Republic.

One theoretical proposition that is periodically put forward, and maintained with not a little insistence, is that a man's availability for a position in the public service in no wise depends upon his religious belief: that every citizen is assured of getting "a square deal," irrespective of his being Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or agnostic. Now, that race prejudice and creed bigotry are notably less in evidence in this country nowadays than was the case a generation or two ago is undoubtedly true. That a more liberal treatment of minorities has succeeded the practical ignoring of their claims that once prevailed, and that the tendency in the great majority of our States is towards the fullest recognition of the rights of all classes, is also happily true; but that either the prejudice or the bigotry has absolutely disappeared is a statement unwarranted by facts and disbelieved by those who are fondest of making it. In theory, a Catholic is not at all disqualified from becoming President of the United States; in practice, a national convention of Republicans, Democrats, or other politicians would consider their nominating one of our Faith for that high office nothing less than an act of political suicide.

That a man's creed has nothing to do with his securing, or failing to secure, in this country any other office in the gift of his political party, is an assertion which every practical politician knows to be untrue; and it is questionable whether any benefit accrues from pretending that it is otherwise. Theoretically, of course,

Smith's or Hogan's religious belief should not operate for or against his appointment to this or that government position, should play no part in the question of his chances; but the practical distributor of patronage takes that belief into consideration nevertheless, and as often as not Smith or Hogan succeeds or fails primarily because he is a Protestant or a Catholic. The Civil Service rules do something, it is true, to regulate such matters; but experience has shown that these rules may be evaded or utterly disregarded.

Our latest Catholic Directory shows that we Catholics number in this country fully one-sixth of the whole population. Now, by every rule of right and equity we may justly claim a proportionate share of the honorary or remunerative offices in the making and the administration of the country's laws, and in the various branches of the public service. Do we hold them? And if not, whose is the fault? In a very large measure, our own. The frank assertion of our claims to adequate recognition can surely give no cause for legitimate offence to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens; and our quiet persistence in advocating those claims can certainly be made effective in convincing political parties, within a reasonable period, that it is not only right, but expedient, to grant them. Divided as we are, and as it is probably best that we should be, in our political allegiance, we can honestly affirm that this question rises above the plane of partisanship; rightly considered, indeed, it clearly pertains to good, practical patriotism.

One of the most gratifying by-products of the war is the practical recognition by our prelates and people of the need of thorough organization of Catholic forces, and the actual organizing that is being at present so successfully carried on. And one result of such action, it is entirely safe to say, will be a closer approximation of conditions to theories than prevails at present.

Notes and Remarks.

No patriotic American can, of course, admit that the Canadians have more of what is called "gumption" than ourselves; but it must be acknowledged that they have shown more of that quality in dealing with Prohibition. They left the matter to the Provinces for settlement, with the result that the saloon evil, the crux of the whole question, has been eliminated. Canada went "bone-dry" on a war-time Prohibition basis, and the people decided that "something between drought and deluge would be the right dido." The Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Solicitor-General of Canada, thus describes the present situation across the border:

Quebec has just voted back beer and light wines by an overwhelming majority. Ontario takes a vote on it next October, and there will be a big fight. In Canada there undoubtedly will be a law permitting the importation of liquors from England, gin from Holland, and wines from France. The saloon has gone from Canada for good. The people do not want the public bar any more, but they do not want a law prohibiting them from drinking in their own homes and having liquor there. The Government has solved the consumer's problem by opening stores of its own, which seems to solve also the problem of revenue. In places these Government stores will sell whiskey upon a physician's prescription, and in all of them they will sell beer and light wines. It seems beyond question that beer and light wines will be legally authorized in most of the Provinces of Canada; and the laws permitting the people to have stronger liquors in their own homes and to import it will keep within the hands of the people the personal liberty that, it is claimed, is lost by "bone-dry" Prohibition; while at the same time the closing of the public saloon will do away with the greatest evil of liquor-selling.

We knew that the Canadians were gifted with gumption, but were not aware that they had it to spare.

Unless a number of our publicists have misunderstood the viewpoint of our returned soldiers and sailors, one by-product of the Great War, so far as young Americans are concerned, is their increasing

respect for education. During this period of reconstruction upon which we have entered, it is well that the more or less natural tendency of the adolescent to become a wage-earner just as soon as possible should be counteracted by a clearer insight into the value of education than he has hitherto enjoyed. Commenting on this vindication of education effected by the war, the *New York Times* says: "The concrete fact in his [the soldier's] mind is that only college men were received at Plattsburg, and that those who rose from the ranks were men of information and training. Whatever may have happened to the intellectual leaders, millions of young Americans have learned the lesson, by no means obvious, that knowledge is power, and that men who have achieved leadership by means of knowledge deserve it."

During the next few weeks a number of parents throughout the country will probably be engaged in arguments calculated to prove to their growing sons that the desire of these sons to "get to work and make some money," instead of going to college or university, is a desire that should be overcome. The average American youth—or man, for that matter—is not at all anxious to become what he styles a "high-brow"; but there is no danger of the ordinary American boy's developing into such a character simply because he goes through a regular course in college. There is much more probability of his remaining a "low-brow" if he refuses to avail himself of the opportunity to acquire all the knowledge which he is capable of assimilating.

On the first Sunday of July, the date set apart by royal proclamation as a day of thanksgiving for peace throughout the British Isles, Cardinal Bourne preached a notable sermon in Westminster Cathedral. One paragraph of his discourse holds an element of interest for our readers everywhere. "Owing to my ecclesiastical position," said his Eminence, "I neces-

sarily stand aside from all questions of mere party politics; and I shall not, therefore, be misunderstood when I declare that there has never been any question demanding the more urgent attention of those who hold the responsibility of government than the prompt, just, equitable and permanent solution of the problems that surround the history, and the actual condition, of our sister country of Ireland. It is a matter that deeply concerns the whole Empire. All the nations are perplexed by a situation which they can not comprehend. The solving of this age-long difficulty calls forth the hopes and prayers and aspirations of Catholics throughout the entire English-speaking world. May Almighty God in His great mercy speedily lead to a successful issue those in whose hands the decision now remains!"

In speaking these measured words of wisdom, Cardinal Bourne was the faithful interpreter of the sentiments animating not only his own people but the great bulk of the civilized world; and we have little doubt that, flippantly as Mr. Lloyd George has seen fit to treat the matter recently, the inescapable pressure of world-opinion will speedily force him (or his successor) to take the Irish question out of the category of unsolved problems by granting to Ireland, if not complete independence, at least a full measure of Home Rule within the Empire.

Although expert testimony on the scientific side is against it, the notion still persists that religion is a dangerous matter for persons in mental disorder. The writer of a thoughtful article combating this error, published in the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican), quotes a prominent English alienist as saying that in all his experience he had "never known a single case in which religion had been the cause of mental failure. Religion is a protection to the patient." The testimony of another medical scientist, Dr. Hyslop, superintendent of Bethlehem Royal Hospi-

tal, is even more specific and emphatic. At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in 1905, he said: "As an alienist, and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed, sleep-depressed spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give first place to the simple habit of prayer."

Yet another English physician, who has been in charge of insane persons for many years and has written a number of books dealing with mental diseases, once applied to us for a copy of the form of exorcism used in the Church, saying that not a few of the violent patients under his care "gave every sign of demoniacal possession." Mechanical restraint by means of iron bars, padded cells, straitjackets, etc., was useless, except to prevent suicide and murder. Though not a Catholic, he declared he was strongly convinced that cures could be effected by prayer. He informed us that he "searched all through the Breviary of the Catholic Church without being able to find the form of exorcism."

Considerable ink has been spilled over a story of a "strike" of priests in Loreto. It is one of those stories which one knows, even before hearing the details, to have no foundation; and the facts seem to be that several priests who had undertaken to say the late morning Masses at fixed hours claimed and took their liberty of choice of hour for Mass while a new horarium was being arranged. Such an arrangement was quickly drawn up, and that is all there is to the "strike of priests."—*Rome Correspondence of the London Tablet.*

A gratifying feature of this correction is its comparative promptness. More often than not, false reports remain uncontradicted until long after they have gone the rounds of the press and refutation of them is all but useless,—as in the case of "359 priests of Naples demanding the abolition of celibacy," a few months ago; and that of "the clergy of Bohemia proposing reforms to the Pope." Such

were the newspaper headlines. The first of these canards was a piece of sensational scandal manufactured by a foreign news agency. The only basis for the second is the eccentricities of two or three Bohemian priests, whose minds are thought to have been affected by the war. They insist on getting married and becoming great reformers like Luther, Calvin, or their fellow-countryman, Huss.

If there were a daily paper under Catholic auspices in this great country of ours, false reports could be corrected as soon as they began to spread,—before they had done all the harm possible. There are from seventeen and a half to twenty millions of Catholics in the United States. Surely they ought to have at least one daily newspaper of their own; and they will have one some day, when a larger number of them are convinced that quarterly reviews appearing months after being due, monthly magazines whose leading feature must be fiction, and weekly journals that are printed days in advance of date, don't fill the bill.

Expert testimony in criminal cases has become so discredited of late years, at least in the courts of this country, that no competent lawyer is inclined to pay much attention to such evidence as the experts give. He knows that he can readily obtain contradictory evidence from other experts, leaving the jury to decide as to the credibility of the opposing witnesses. Recent developments as regards photography and the Bertillon measurements, in so far as they relate to the identification of criminals, would seem to indicate that less reliance can be placed in the story they tell than has heretofore been believed. Here, for instance, is a case mentioned in the *New York Times Magazine*: "Will West, a Negro house-breaker, was taken to Leavenworth Prison while William West, convicted of murder, was serving there, and identified the murderer's photograph as his own. The Bertillon measurements, registered in millimeters (the millimeter

is about one twenty-fifth of an inch), so closely tallied that the men could not have been distinguished with certainty thereby. That is, having photographs and the Bertillon measurements, either Negro might have been convicted of a crime committed by the other. But their finger-prints were strikingly unlike."

In so far as science has investigated the matter, the finger-prints of no two individuals are so nearly alike as to lead to the mistaking of one for the other; and, in consequence, the taking of these prints is likely to become far more common, in the case of not only criminals but other citizens, than it is at present.

The venerable Mrs. Martha P. Hickey, of Altoona, Pa., who lately celebrated her ninety-second birthday, has no notion of dying "for years yet," two of her aunts having passed the century milestone. At the time of her birth (on the 12th of July, 1827, near Newry) the site of Altoona, now an episcopal city, was a wilderness; and the settlement consisted of only three or four houses. The nearest church was many miles distant, a whole day being consumed in getting to it, and a whole night in getting home. There being no roads through the forest, the people were obliged to walk the whole distance. On the journey homeward, the men carried torches to light the way.

Catholics were stalwarts in those days. It is unlikely, however, that, with such traditions, any of Mrs. Hickey's descendants ever miss Mass, or willingly remain where they are prevented from regular reception of the Sacraments.

There is pathos for all who are capable of feeling it in the appeal drawn up by the representatives of the different Catholic social bodies in Germany (not including the districts occupied by Entente troops) and addressed to the Catholics of the world. The situation described in the subjoined passages of this address, though indeed critical, is not so hopeless as it would

appear. The spirit of revenge is weakening, and in time will be wholly subdued. The peace-thoughts of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace are now shared by many who hitherto refused to entertain them. Prayer will effect reconciliation, and patience will have its reward. It is significant that, with full realization of the evils that have befallen their country, German Catholics are still hopeful of the ultimate triumph of Christian forces in the world:

Relying on the assurances of our opponents and in expectation of a just though hard and painful peace, we laid down our arms. What is now placed before us as a peace offer means, not an end of the distress of the war, but a prolongation of it during men's lifetime; it robs us of all political freedom and vital strength, of every possibility of industrial progress, of every prospect of a fitting development of our culture-power amongst the whole of the human race, in colonies, missions, and foreign commerce.

The Catholics of Germany carried on the war in the honorable conviction that it was a just war of defence. They endeavored during the war to avoid everything which might disturb the spiritual associations of peoples and the unity of the Catholics. Their only consolation in and after the war was the hope that the idea of Christian justice and peace would triumph in a new people's alliance.

So much the deeper and more depressing must be our feeling now that we are undeceived. In the Paris treaty we find not the spirit of Christian morals and of the love of peace, but the most open desire for power, the spirit of unrestrained revenge and violence, from which can spring only the seed of new and disastrous dissensions. . . .

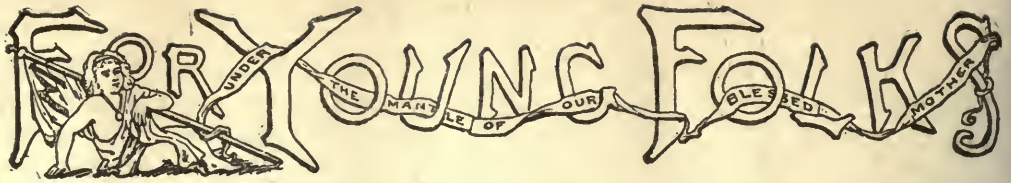
Let the power of the Catholic Faith and the unity of Catholic sentiment prevail in these dark days, so that the coming peace may not be a reproach to honor and truth, but rather may faithfully bring us what was so often promised, and thus prepare the way for a happy alliance of all mankind.

Dr. Fort Newton, pastor of the Temple of London, approves of smoking in church, and advocates a movement to promote the practice. He holds that the church is too much bound by custom, and that the respectability of it cramps good-fellowship. "People want the church to be less conventional." It would seem they really do—some of them; for a lady (Miss

Edith Picton-Tubervill) lately preached a sermon from the pulpit in an Anglican church; and this was done with the consent of the Bishop of London, at the invitation of the vicar, the Rev. Samuel Proudfoot. Other bishops and presbyters are expected to follow suit, though it is feared that some of them will object to the use of cassock and surplice by lady preachers. It is claimed that Miss Picton-Tubervill alone should have the privilege on account of being the leader of the movement and the first lady to mount the pulpit in a church of the very curious Establishment.

As to the right and wrong of the two practices, Dr. Newton would probably claim that, although St. Paul did denounce eating and drinking in church, he says nothing—not a single word—against smoking. There is no denying, however, that he discountenanced female preachers; for in his first epistle to the Corinthians he writes: "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

The difference between a thoroughly Catholic country with centuries of Catholic traditions back of it and a country only partially Catholic and as yet hardly beyond the missionary stage of existence, is graphically shown by the contrast between Ireland and the United States in the matter of furnishing recruits for the Foreign Missions. With from seventeen to twenty millions of Catholics in this country, Maryknoll and Techny probably count their applicants only by the dozen; with less than one-fourth our Catholic population, Ireland furnishes two hundred student-applicants for the Irish Mission to China alone. One of the reconstruction activities about which the clergy and laity of the United States may well bestir themselves is a spiritual "drive" for multiplied religious vocations for the Home and the Foreign Missions. There is abundant room for twice as many priests and Brothers and Sisters as now salute with pride the Stars and Stripes.



The Blind Boy.

BY PHILIP GOODWIN.

I CAN not look upon the stars
Nor see the moonbeams white,
Whose gentle softness falls on me
Throughout the silent night.

But I can see my God above,
Who dwells beyond the skies;
For when I say my evening prayers,
My very soul has eyes.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

V.—A QUEER WILL.

MR. TILBASCO'S reply, "Perhaps so," to Uncle Layac's inquiry whether he had brought him any news of Joseph Doremus, set the grocer off at once on a string of further questions.

"Well, then, tell me all. Where is he? What is he now doing? It's more than thirty years since he left us, and more than twenty-five since I have had word of him, the ungrateful fellow!"

As Mr. Tilbasco, without daring to reply, lowered his head, Layac's face lengthened as he asked in a voice rendered hoarse by emotion.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes."

"When did he die?"

"A few days ago, at Lisbon."

"Poor fellow,—poor old Joe!" sighed the grocer, covering his eyes with his hands.

"I am—or rather I was—his friend," said Mr. Tilbasco; "and as his last memory and his last thought in dying was for Sernin Layac, his dear old boyhood chum, I consented to his dying wish that I should

come to France to tell you in person of his decease, and to assure you also that, in spite of all appearances, he had never forgotten you."

Uncle Layac at this broke down completely. His emotion overpowered him, and he leaned against the counter, sobbing without restraint. The banker seemed to be a good deal moved also; for he turned aside to wipe away a tear that was silently rolling down his cheek.

"And so he is dead," ejaculated the grocer when he at last recovered the use of his voice.

"Alas! yes," said Mr. Tilbasco, raising his head, "he is dead. As he was a very provident man, however, and one who, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of his career, always thought of everything, he had taken good care before dying to draw up a last will and testament."

"A will?"

"Yes, in all due form. And this will, my dear Mr. Layac, particularly concerns yourself."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. For that matter," continued the banker, "I have a copy of it here in my pocket; and I am now going to read it for you."

"Just as you like," said Layac, who had no idea of what the banker was aiming at.

Mr. Tilbasco proceeded to take from the inside breast pocket of his coat a large blue envelope, from which he extracted a document folded in four plies.

"It's a holograph will," said he,— "that is, a testament wholly in the handwriting of the testator himself. But it is none the less valid; for it is drawn up quite regularly, and is duly dated and signed by your friend Doremus." Then, holding the paper out to Layac, he added: "Moreover, you should be able to recognize the writing of your old comrade."

"Yes, yes, this is Joe's hand all right," replied the grocer. "It's just a little less firm than when I used to hear from him, years ago; but there's no doubt about its being his writing."

"Well, then, listen!" said the banker, as he took back the document; and, in a clear-cut, deliberate voice, giving every word its due value, he read: "This is my last will and testament. Before expressing my wishes, however, I desire to give the reasons that have determined the tenor of this will, which at first blush may appear rather original or eccentric. On the 20th of March, 1879, when I left Albi for America in search of that fortune which, after many trials and frequent discouragements, is at last in my possession, since I am a millionaire four times over—"

"A millionaire four times over!" cried Layac, unable to repress his surprise and admiration. "Four million francs!"

"I left in my native land," Mr. Tilbasco read on, "a boyhood friend, Sernin-Jean-Baptiste Layac, who, as I learned a few days ago, still lives, and will no doubt recall the reciprocal promise which we solemnly made, one to the other, before we separated—"

"A promise?" interrupted Layac. "No, I don't remember that."

The banker proceeded without comment on the interruption:

"We promised, my friend Layac and myself, to divide the sum of our two fortunes, whether great or small, equally between us on the day when we reached the date at which one must remember that old age is approaching,—that is, on our fiftieth birthday."

"Yes, yes, I remember now!" cried Layac, as with a sudden flash he recalled the parting from his friend. "But that was merely a youthful project, to which, later on, I attached no importance, and which I had altogether forgotten. Is it possible that—"

Mr. Tilbasco did not allow him time to finish his question, but read on:

"I accordingly set sail for France to visit

my friend Layac and fulfil the promise I had made him, when, on my arrival at Lisbon, I experienced the first attack of pulmonary congestion which, alas! I feel certain will carry me off in a few hours."

Uncle Layac, with a vague presentiment of what was coming, began to grow pale, and, feeling his legs becoming limp, held on to the counter with all his strength to prevent himself from dropping to the floor. It was only in a confused way, indeed, that he heard Mr. Tilbasco read the next paragraph of the will:

"Being thus unable to go to Albi, as I had intended doing, to give my old friend Sernin a big surprise, and to assure him, myself, that he is henceforward rich and safe from any material need, I hereby bequeath to him by this present last will and testament, duly written, signed, sealed, and delivered by me, and this because of the verbal promises exchanged between us years ago, one half of my fortune—that is, in round numbers, about two million francs,—which sum is placed at Lisbon in the vaults of the National Bank of Portugal."

The big grocer, seized with an uncontrollable emotion, uttered a cry halfway between a shout and a groan, and forthwith collapsed. His hold slipped from the counter and he fell backwards, incidentally upsetting a barrel of olives which rolled over the floor by the hundred.

Fearing that the portly Layac had succumbed to a fit of apoplexy, Mr. Tilbasco hurriedly bent over him; but, seeing that he had not even fainted but was simply bewildered, he contented himself with applying to the grocer's nostrils an open jar of Dijon mustard.

There followed a tremendous sneeze, which must surely have been audible all over the Cathedral Square, and which had the immediate effect of bringing Layac to his senses.

"Two millions!" he cried. "So I am to be worth two millions! No, no; it can't be true; it's silly, crazy, impossible!"

"Not at all, my dear sir,—not at all,"

said the banker; "although your incredulity is natural enough. Your friend Doremus himself, were he here, would certainly understand and excuse your doubts."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Ah, well, so much the better! I liked my old friend Joe with all my heart. And, believe me, if by restoring the two millions right now I could bring him back to life, I should do it at once without a moment's hesitation."

"I don't doubt it," said Mr. Tilbasco. "But where in the world, may I ask, have you discovered that you are already in possession of those two millions?"

"Why, in that paper you hold in your hand,—in the will of Doremus, of course," said Layac, somewhat surprised at the banker's question.

"In that case, you had better wait till I finish reading it before you arrive at any conclusion."

"All right! Read away."

And Mr. Tilbasco, keeping the corner of one eye fixed on the grocer, read the concluding paragraph of the will:

"As I desire that my friend Layac, who himself might have become rich if, like me, he had left home and sought his fortune overseas, instead of sitting all his life behind his counter,—as I desire, I say, that for once in his lifetime he should show that he possesses energy and courage, I make a formal condition, failing to fulfil which he loses all right to the bequest I have mentioned."

"And the condition?" demanded the grocer.

"The said condition, the sole condition on which he can receive the money being that he himself shall go to Lisbon for the two millions that I have deposited in the vaults of the National Bank of Portugal, and *that he shall go there in an aeroplane.*"

"In an aeroplane!" cried Uncle Layac.

"Only on this condition," read the banker, "can he enter into possession of the money which I bequeath him in memory of our close friendship of other

days. Moreover, my friend Layac will forfeit all right to the said money if, leaving Albi, his present home, he does not arrive by aeroplane at Lisbon in the space of three months, day for day, counting from the date on which he becomes cognizant of the terms of this last will and testament. Drawn at Lisbon, March 25, 1909. Signed, Joseph Doremus."

Having completed the reading of this strange document, Mr. Tilbasco calmly folded it, placed it in the large envelope, and handed the latter to Uncle Layac.

The grocer, whose eyes had been actually bulging during the past few moments, burst out with:

"Come, come, sir! That last part is just a joke, isn't it?"

(To be continued.)

Martyred for the Catechism.

The little book we know as the Catechism has had its martyrs. As one instance, we may recall the story of a pious Breton peasant. He was crossing a field one day during the French Revolution, and as he leaped over a hedge to reach the road his catechism fell out of his pocket. Some soldiers who happened to be passing saw the book and asked the peasant what it was.

"Why, citizens," was the reply, "it is only a catechism."

"What!—a catechism? Do you still cling to the old religion?"

"Of course I do, and more than ever."

"Nonsense! You are going to throw that book on the ground right away and trample on it, too."

"No, citizens, I am not! I shall never trample on the law of my Lord and my Judge. You meant that as a joke, I think, with all respect to you."

So saying, he turned to go away. The impious soldiers rushed upon him, wrested the catechism from his grasp and threw him into the mud; then, as the poor peasant still refused to trample on 'the law of God,' they killed him.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Representation in Industry," by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is an appeal to employers, an argument to induce the leaders of industry to meet the industrial problems of reconstruction in a spirit of co-operation, justice, fair play, and brotherhood. We trust that those to whom this pamphlet is particularly addressed will translate into beneficent practice the attractive theory here set forth.

—"From Cloister to Camp," just published by Sands & Co., London, is the experiences of a Franciscan friar (the Rev. P. Devas, O. F. M.), who served as chaplain to the British forces in France from May, 1915, to the Armistice, and saw service with an ambulance, the Sixth Gloucesters, the South Lancashire Territorials, and the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, with whom he witnessed the fall of Lille and Cambrai. There is a frontispiece, and the book is provided with maps.

—Two further war brochures, published last year by Bloud & Gay, have just reached our desk: "Sous Le Poing De Fer," by Albert Droulers; and "Quand 'Ils' Étaient A Saint-Quentin," by Henriette Celarié. While the note of timeliness is naturally less in evidence at present than when the works were first printed, they are not without general interest, and they furnish additional material from which the coming historian of the Great War may gather particulars on specific points.

—What a different idea most people would have of the pre-Reformation period if they knew more about the literature of the so-called Dark Ages! A collection of rare old books recently offered for sale in London included a fifteenth-century encyclopædia of Natural History, by one John de Cuba. It contains 360 leaves, printed in double columns, and is embellished with hundreds of woodcuts, large and small. The title-page reads thus:

Ortus Sanitatis. De Herbis et plantis. De Animalibus et reptilibus. De Avibus et volatilibus. De Piscibus et natatilibus. De Lapidibus et in terræ venis nascentibus. De Urinis et earum speciebus. Tabula medicinalibus cum directorio generali per omnes tractatus.

There was also an illustrated copy of the celebrated encyclopædia of Bartholomæus, translated into English by a Franciscan of the family of the Earls of Suffolk. This important book dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, and its popularity remained in full vigor after the invention of printing. There were as many as ten editions in the fifteenth century of the Latin copy alone, with eight translations. This book

is said to have been much used by Shakespeare. In the ages called Dark there were also guide-books, "contynyng very necessary matters for all sortes of Travailers, eyther by Sea or by Lande"; and "herballs" and dictionaries. Witness this tell-tale title:

Promptorium Parvulorum sive Clericorum, Dictionarius Anglo-Latinus Princeps, auctore F. Galfrido Grammatico dicto . . . Circa 1440.

In every large collection of books like the British Museum one may see Bibles and concordances galore, printed before the world had ever heard of Luther. The century will not be much older when only the ignorant will refer to the Middle Ages as the Dark Ages.

—"From French 'Mascots' to their American 'Godfathers'" consists of letters from French war orphans "adopted" by members of the American Expeditionary Forces to their soldier friends. While there is much in these epistles that will prove of very general interest, there is also a certain monotonousness which will be more readily pardoned by the soldiers concerned than by civilian readers. A brochure of sixty-two pages, which comes to us from the American Red Cross in France.

—The third issue for 1919 of "St. Bonaventure's Seminary Year Book," a handsome brochure of 178 pages, is dedicated to the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Trenton. Edited by the Duns Scotus Society of the Seminary (which is situated at Alleghany, N. Y.), this "Trenton Number" is in every way worthy of the scholarly traditions of St. Bonaventure's, and can hardly fail, not only to rejoice the numerous alumni of that excellent home of clerical aspirants, but to interest all who are fortunate enough to receive a copy.

—A new book that should have interest for Shakespearean students in general, for Irishmen in particular, is "Links between Ireland and Shakespeare," by Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton, lately issued by Maunsell of London. Its forty-two chapters show that there is far more about Ireland, one way and another, in Shakespeare than the general reader would suppose. In the course of an extended and appreciative notice of Sir Dunbar Barton's scholarly work, a reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* (July 3) writes:

The amount of Irish lore that is contained in the plays is surprisingly large when it is systematically examined, as it is in this learned and interesting book. Shakespeare, it seems, can have had no notion that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth and King Duncan were all Scottish Gaels of Irish descent, sprung from Erc, a chieftain who led a colony of Irish from

Ulster to the southwest of Scotland in the beginning of the sixth century. But St. Columba, who some half a century later came over and rescued the distressed Irish colony, lives in the play. It was to Colmekill (Columba's Isle of Iona) that Duncan's body was carried. It was to Ireland, to his kinsmen there, that Donalbain fled after his father's murder. And the Weird Sisters, as the author sees them, are Irish; they come, not directly, but (as we understand his plea) by the poet's imaginative employment of legends of the three goddesses of war or the three daughters of Calatin, which Shakespeare may have heard, although he can hardly have read "The Book of Leinster" or the other Irish manuscripts in which these legends are preserved. From an Irish poem, again, may have come the idea of Birnam Wood's advance on Dunsinane, which can easily be paralleled in Gaelic story; and Conn of the Hundred Battles was shown, like Macbeth, a vision of succeeding kings.

The resemblance between "King Lear" and the legend of the Children of King Lir is perhaps just sufficient to warrant the claim that Shakespeare's tragedy "has Celtic blood flowing through its veins." We are on surer ground with "Hamlet," which Professor Gollancz has already attempted to connect with an Irish source. The contribution of the present book is to show how the Ghost in Hamlet (which does not occur in the legends examined by Dr. Gollancz) is nevertheless, in his unlikeness to other ghosts in Shakespeare, Irish in quality. The ghosts in Irish legend do not appear haphazard; they come, like the Ghost of King Hamlet, with a purpose. And since he comes from Purgatory, it is an Irish association that makes Hamlet swear "by St. Patrick" that there is offence, and much offence, too. For their own sake, no less than for their bearing on the play, the chapters on St. Patrick's Purgatory on an island in Lough Derg—the legend of which appears in "The Divine Comedy" and was famous in the Middle Ages—are worth study.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
- "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
- "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
- "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.
- "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
- "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
- "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
- "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
- "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.

- "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
- "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
- "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martinale, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
- "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon, \$1.50.
- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "His Luckiest Year." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. \$1.
- "His Only Son." Rev. William F. Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Heart of Alsace." Benjamin Vallotton. \$1.50.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Hally, of the diocese of Detroit; and Rev. Frederick Schneider, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Amanda, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Neil B. Hayes, Count Roger de Courson, Mr. Frank Keefe, Mr. John Bain, Miss Agnes Whelan, Mr. Henry Strauss, Mr. John Morrison, Mrs. Nora Burdett, Mr. M. L. Clines, Miss Marie Coulter, and Mr. J. F. Bockius.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: M. M., \$5; M. McH., \$2; Rev. T. F., \$5; friend, \$1; friend (New York), \$10; F., \$5; J. B. D., \$25. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: M. E. H., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. X. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 9, 1919.

NO. 6

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Mother of God.

THE billowed foam that marks the wave's
white crest

Less pure than thou, O Queen of womankind!
The eye omniscient of thy God could find
No trace of sin within thy virgin breast,
Wherein His Son found place of earthly rest,—
A living Host in living monst'rance shrined;
Thy flesh and blood the holy bands to bind
His nature to our own in union blest!

The golden splendor of the setting sun
Less brilliant far than those effulgent rays
That form thy nimbus, angels' Queen and
mine,—

A crown of glory by thy virtues won,
A guerdon for the griefs of earthly days,
For sorrows shared with Christ, thy Son
Divine.

MARIE.

The Return of the Franciscans.

BY EUGENE L. KENT.

RARELY has an administrative act of the Holy See aroused such enthusiasm as the elevation of a humble Franciscan priest to the vast and historic Archdiocese of Santa Fe. Nor has the enthusiasm been confined to the religious, who see a splendid renewing of the spiritual kingdom which the "poor little men" established in New Mexico more than ninety years before the "Ark" and the "Dove" anchored at St. Mary's, Maryland, and nearly a quarter of a century before the Cross was raised at St. Augustine, Florida. To the artist also,

as to the architect, the antiquarian, and the historian, the return of the Franciscans, typified in Archbishop Daeger's appointment, is a portentous sign. He becomes the historic successor of the line of intrepid *custodios* who governed the missions in the New World,—a line which, within the continental confines of the United States, begins with Padre Alonzo Martinez, who crossed the Rio Grande in 1598 with the expedition of Oñate. There had been a noble army of martyrs in New Mexico as early as 1541, and through the intervening years in the wake of the military explorations of Coronado, Alvarado, and Espejo. But a permanent organization of the Franciscans in the Southwest begins with the adventure of Oñate with his four hundred, and the founding of San Gabriel de los Espanola as his first capital.

New Mexico furnishes an inspiring example of reverence for the sources of her history. For more than a third of a century, a school of Franciscan art has flourished in Santa Fe, attracting alike the religious and æsthetic. As, long ago, the voice of St. Francis ushered in the Renaissance, so have these adherents to the tradition expressed in their own way a plaintive longing for the direction which can come only from one who has studied the master of Assisi, as the new Archbishop studied him, in the burning desert, in loneliness and privation, and in the arid ways of indifference. The New Mexican historian, undaunted by the national mind's being occupied entirely with the more beautiful missions of California, continues to publish arresting

stories of the more venerable, more varied and numerous foundations which had followed the blood-stained pathway of the Padres like a chain of mystical flowers, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the last great Pueblo massacre in the eighteenth.

Radiating from Santa Fe, there is a distinct school of art as devoutly Franciscan as that which is so wondrously represented by Giotto in the Arena at Padua. Only two sections of our great and progressive country can claim to have developed a recognized type of architecture,—what is becoming known in serious art circles as the New Mexican style, and the older Colonial, which predominates in New England. The California mission style is so frankly a variation of a Spanish domestic type that it is not considered with the Colonial or the New Mexican. Colonial dwellings, which are so pleasant and familiar a feature of New England landscape, seem to be the utmost limit of this sectional method of building. No great public edifices have been adopted from the Colonial, whereas the building plans of the Padres have been taken over gratefully for Federal structures for every kind of municipal needs and for elaborate business purposes. The ancient Franciscan way of uniting under one roof church, convent, and parochial hall, has lent itself admirably to modern adaptation.

If the zealous followers of the Franciscan legend have rejoiced at the coming of the Most Rev. Albert Daeger, what emotions must have filled his heart as he entered the hallowed capital of the conquistadors and the reconquistadors, which Oñate, in the fulness of love and reverence, had named "La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco"! Three years ago Santa Fe, loyally treasuring the trust implied in her title, built one of the greatest municipal museums to be found in this country, an affiliation of the National Museum at Washington and under its direction. It is the apotheosis of the heroism of the Franciscans in the South-

west, and a commemoration as enduring as the Sangre de Cristo mountains, which look down upon it, of the influence of St. Francis of Assisi on religion, art, literature, music, discovery, science and politics, within the present State of New Mexico. This museum alone, without the more sacred evidences which abound that the faith of St. Francis burns brightly in his city, must have been stimulating proof to Archbishop Daeger that the soil lies rich and ready for the seed.

Dr. Edgar Hewett, curator of the museum and the auditorium of St. Francis, is as zealous a Franciscan as may be found among dissenting seculars; he is, in fact, another Paul Sabatier, lacking that eminent Frenchman's inclination towards polemics. St. Francis' appeal to Dr. Hewett is purely æsthetic, and he declines emphatically to be drawn into controversies, whether by theologians so-called, or historians, or any other variety of iconoclast. This museum is the child of his affection, and for more than twenty years he labored with a zeal worthy of a genuine Franciscan to gather his materials. In the building itself, as noble and stately an edifice as may be seen in the Southwest, he has immortalized three wondrous missions of the early Padres: those of Acoma (City of the Sky), of Laguna, and of Taos.

The chronicles of these three foundations would alone suffice to establish the superhuman devotion which marked the work of the Padres along the Rio Grande. In Acoma, where about 1631—while the Pilgrim Fathers still worshipped their stern, unrelenting concept of God in rude stockades—rose a church so grand and imposing, from a rock set in a sea of sand four hundred feet above the mesa, that to-day it is visited by thousands of tourists, and remains the mecca of the artist. How were the timbers, fifty feet long, brought forty miles from beyond the San Mateo mountains and lifted up those dizzy heights, which the pedestrian, unencumbered, finds to-day a perilous ascent? Dr. Hewett

declares it was a labor comparable to that which built the Pyramids. Taos, near by the sacred spot where the first martyr's blood enriched the spiritual harvest, contained until recently another great mission church which formed the plan for the north side of the museum. Laguna, founded somewhat later than the others, but one of the worthiest types of the Padres' architecture, has furnished the idea of the east side; and nowhere is the perfect blending of nature into art, which is the legacy of the Franciscan builder, so evident,—the turrets and the overhanging walls producing an architectural effect never so vividly described as in the Indian expression, "As the sky Father builds."

The assembly hall, however, is the highest expression of Franciscan art in the New World; for it is the reproduction of an ancient chapel containing every feature of the New Mexican place of worship commingling harmoniously into a type. As the museum commemorates the story of a great past, so the chapel of St. Francis, which is communal theatre and everyday place of gathering, is the most significant fact which greeted the new prelate when he entered his heritage as chief shepherd. The mural paintings take one back the three hundred years of evangelization in the New World, over six centuries of time, and through a glorious pathway of seven thousand miles, by way of Mexico and Spain, until the historic source is reached at Assisi. The inspiration is that of a young artist, Donald Beuregard, who lived and worked with fiery zeal in Assisi and various parts of Italy and Spain, hallowed by memories of the Franciscans. He had drawn his entire plan and had finished two panels when death claimed him. The etchings were reverently taken over by the School of Artists centred in Santa Fe; and two of their number, Carolo Vierra and Kenneth M. Chapman, were assigned to complete the series.

The first of the mural paintings repre-

sents the conversion of St. Francis, a tender spiritual suggestion, with colors light and delicate as opening day, with the angelic youth in an ecstasy before the crucifix. So deeply religious is this and, in fact, all of the mural decorations of this secular municipal hall that any of them could serve as an altarpiece. Then comes the renunciation of St. Clara, reminiscent of the joyous paintings of Botticelli,—massive rosebushes, lovely maids in white robes and blue girdles, the typical friar tending a beggar on the road, and a gay cavalcade of worldlings on white horses, looking askance at St. Clara and her pious companions as they wend their way towards the convent. Then there is a spirited picture of the Padres preaching to the Mayas and Aztecs; then a mystical rendering of the building of the New Mexican missions; and, in the background, the fateful journey of Columbus and his son to Rabida.

Truly inspiring is the apotheosis of St. Francis, a triptich which occupies the entire back wall of the stage,—what would have been the altarpiece in the chapel: Religion guarded by Theology, in sombre garb; Art, a beautiful young maid in flaming red; Poetry, in white, gazing heavenward; an aged sage is Philosophy,—a woman in a deep saffron robe holds a cherubic babe aloft to gather fruit from the Tree of Life,—a powerful suggestion of the services which the Franciscans have rendered to society.

This auditorium of St. Francis figures in the life of the New Mexican, when he visits his Capital, as prominently as the guild halls of the Middle Ages. Every gathering is welcome, whether for scientific or commercial conferences; for patriotic purposes, when it housed the Red Cross workers during the war; or for the reunion of the artists who flock in increasing number to the museum and to sketch in the near-by Indian villages. One of its worthiest uses is to keep alive the old Franciscan traditions. To this end the miracle plays which the Padres brought

over from Mexico may be seen here several times a year, and perhaps it is the only place accessible to modern travel where they are still produced. "The Vision of Our Lady of Guadalupe" is the most popular rendition, and to announce a performance is to pack the vast edifice to its utmost capacity. Dr. Hewett trains his company with patience and zeal, choosing his actors from New Mexicans of talent, and from the Catholic Indians of San Ildefonso, to whom the assigning of a speaking part causes all the pride felt in Ober-Ammergau in the tranquil years of the Passion Play. The Nativity is another favorite miracle play, crude enough according to present-day ideas, and containing some laughable anachronisms. But Dr. Hewett and the antiquarians see a revival of histrionic effort—under the patronage of an archbishop who knows the value of these ancient customs, and appreciates the sacredness of the memories which they evoke.

New Mexico is one of our largest States, and the missions stretch from the old gateway Paso del Norte, now the thriving city of El Paso, Texas, on the Mexican border, north to Colorado, west to Arizona, and through the cruel deserts to the East. It would require a more fervent traveller than this age produces to see them all. The New Mexican School of Artists has rendered no service more graceful than a gift of a series of water-color paintings of the entire group of early missions, arranged with excellent symmetry in what is called the Laguna Gallery of the museum. Here may be recited that grand litany of saints, built into New Mexican soil, where the architectural motives of the Padres may be traced in the mesas and the cliffs,—a noble tribute to their life in nature and their splendid humanism.

That the artists are permeated with the spirit of St. Francis is plain in the veil of mysticism which envelops the most commonplace detail of Pueblo life. The Red warrior may be surrounded, by his

tribal gods, but in shadowy outline against the adobe wall will hang a crucifix. If a pagan dance is in progress, in the soft blue haze of the desert will stand out the bell towers of the church; or a brown-habited Franciscan, with the symbolic cord clearly limned, will be seen approaching over a distant trail. Against the walls of the older missions, the artists have shown aged Indians telling their beads; and occasionally a Padre is on the mesa teaching the Red Man the noble art of agriculture, in drilling irrigation ditches, planting fruit trees, sowing the alternate crop, grain and alfalfa.

That such enthusiasm greets the appointment of a Franciscan to the Archdiocese of Santa Fe should not be construed as a lack of appreciation of the efforts of the courageous line of Metropolitans beginning with the Most Rev. John Lamy. These typify the nineteenth century,—Santa Fe at the end of the old trail across the plains, henceforth to be travelled with the iron horse. Those archbishops who began their apostolic labors as a result of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, have left splendid records, and their memory has received full honor in New Mexico. There are several towns bearing the name of the sainted Lamy scattered through the country, and his statue adorns many a public place throughout the State.

To Archbishop Salpointe, the historians and antiquarians owe a heavy debt, which they are not slow to acknowledge. This chief shepherd is the first Catholic chronicler outside the Franciscan Order to collate all documents bearing on the early colonization under the conquistadors, to arrange the founding of the missions in chronological sequence, and to rescue from oblivion, so far as possible at this late day, the names of every man wearing the brown habit of St. Francis who labored in the Lord's vineyard in New Mexico. Chappelle, Bourgade, all have received worthy recognition. But it seems a benevolent dispensation of Providence that a Franciscan has come to take up a work which

will prosper best under one trained in the gentle philosophy of Assisi. Zeal for the glory of God is not always combined with a reverent regard for sacred traditions,—as, for instance, the tearing down of excellent mission churches built by the Padres three hundred years ago, to rear hideous barn-like affairs in soft brick and crumbling stone. Such was done within a decade in the wonderful old church of San Fernandez at Taos, and the Rosario Chapel at Santa Fe. There are many who lament that the present Cathedral of St. Francis in Santa Fe is not the glorious shrine upreared by the Padres more than two centuries ago, but an entirely conventional edifice which would not look out of place in the newest section of Chicago.

Only a Franciscan can guard the treasures that remain of the heritage of those pioneers of the Cross. Happily, there are many in full glory,—as noted before, a grand and swelling litany, which begins with the several shrines of "The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis": the Convent of Our Lady of Light, and San Miguel with its blessed bells; and includes San Buenaventura at Cochiti; Santo Domingo in the pueblo of the same name, with Santa Zia, Santa Ana, and San Felipe; San Augustine at Isleta, a miracle shrine of the desert; San Jose at Acoma, San Felipe at Albuquerque, San Jose at Laguna, San Lorenzo at Picuris, San Miguel at Nambe, San Juan at the Pueblo de los Estranjeros, Santa Clara in that Pueblo village. There are many others in a half-ruined condition which it will, no doubt, be the solemn duty of Archbishop Daeger to restore.

THE prayer "Deliver us from evil" is idler than the breath which utters it, unless it means that we hate evil, that we will oppose it, and do pledge ourselves to the utmost to fight against it, and strive in every way in our power to expel it from the world. It is mockery to pray "Deliver us from evil," and then go on deliberately in evil.—*Anon.*

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

VI.—THE SECRET MASS.



MISTY rain was falling when Adam Sybald and Rob, wrapped closely in their cloaks, their bonnets pulled down over their brows, stole from their house on the Saturday morning, about an hour after midnight. Noiselessly they crept along the deserted High Street, and down the steep and crooked West Bow, into Cowgate. Silently, in single file, they trod the darksome road under the dripping branches of leafless trees. The moon was obscured, yet it was just possible to distinguish near objects in the grey dimness.

The sound of footsteps behind suggested caution. Adam, who led the way, crept off the road into the shelter of the trees at the side; Rob followed him. From their hidden retreat they peered forth upon the wayfarers as they passed,—two men, muffled like themselves, one following in the footsteps of the other, as they made their way within a yard or two of the watchers. It was probable that these, too, were Catholics bent on the same errand as themselves; yet Adam was too wary to accost them. Unsuspecting Catholics had not seldom fallen into the hands of spies under the guise of friends, in the like circumstances. In days so fraught with danger, everyone had to look to himself with all prudence.

In a few minutes, father and son resumed their course. When they took to the road again, the others had disappeared. Reaching at last the arched gateway of the mansion to which they were bent, they noticed five or six persons of different sexes a little in front of them, under the trees of the avenue. When they came in sight of the house itself, the other party were no longer to be seen,—having probably entered.

It was a massive stone building which confronted them when they reached it. The winding avenue by which it was approached separated it from the main road sufficiently to render it almost invisible from thence. The deserted aspect of the house would have suggested to the uninitiated that a place so dark and gruesome in that half light was empty of inhabitants; for no sign of life was to be seen about it: the windows were dark, the place silent as the grave.

But Adam had learned, on previous occasions of the kind, the procedure to be followed. Creeping cautiously round the corner of the building, they came upon a narrow, iron-studded door in a turret. Upon it Adam gave three distinct yet subdued knocks. The door was at once opened, and they entered; then it was quickly closed. As they stood in the darkness at the foot of the winding stair, a light flashed upon their faces: the porter had drawn out from the folds of his cloak a lantern, and with its help he scrutinized them carefully as they removed their bonnets. Then, referring to a paper he held, he asked their names. All being satisfactory, he signed to them to ascend the stairs.

At the head, another man was to serve as guide. He led them, lighting their steps, with his lantern, down a dark corridor into a dimly-lighted room of moderate size. Some twenty persons were assembled there,—seated on benches, or kneeling against them in prayer. Now and again a door would open from an inner room, and admit some one; another person would at once pass out through the same door, to return in a few minutes and be replaced by a successor. They were seizing the opportunity of making confession before the Mass should begin.

Adam and Rob awaited each his turn to enter the apartment in which the priest was seated. It had been impossible to keep to the arrangement first proposed, when the Sybalds had been informed of the Mass. As alarms had been spread of

the knowledge of the presence of the Jesuit in the city, no one had been allowed to visit his lodging. The appearance of suspicious loiterers in the Canongate all through the early part of the week, had justified the change made in the place of assembly. Though the Monnypenny house had not been actually mentioned, the ladies, on account of their relationship with Master Matthew, were looked upon with suspicion, and spies had suggested their residence as a possible locality.

The days first fixed for celebration were adhered to, so that this was the second of the promised Masses. On the previous day, at the same early hour, before any ordinary citizens would be stirring, many Catholics had assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, and had participated in the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist,—privileges exceedingly rare in those days, both on account of the scarcity of priests, and the manifold dangers to be risked.

Mistress Agnew and her faithful attendant, Isobel Sinclair, had been able, contrary to expectation, to venture to the Cowgate under Wat's trusty guardianship; for the Bailie had received an unexpected summons to Glasgow on that very Friday, and could not possibly return till the following day. So, with much spiritual joy, these women, so sorely tried, were able to satisfy the claims of religion and devotion. Master Dr. Barclay, with his servants, Janet Sybald and Elsie, in company with Christian Guthrie and her little Rose, and a few others of varying social grade, had also been present.

On this Saturday morning there was an unusually large gathering. Agnes Kynloch and Elspeth were under Wat's protection,—for he, as porter, was able to be absent without suspicion. Joanna Monnypenny and her three maids, as well as Master Barclay and his domestics, attended on both days. Eupheme could act as guardian of the house, although she was unable to venture to Mass; and in her unselfish kindness she had refused to listen to any suggestions regarding a

companion for her during her lonely vigil. Patrick Hathaway had come with two men of his own standing; one of them, the James Wood of Bonnytown, already introduced to the reader; the other, his brother-in-law, also named Wood, who was Laird of Stoneyburn. Adam and Rob, with many others of the humbler sort, made up the congregation. It was noticeable that neither Helen Gilchrist nor her father attended on either day; Jock, of course, could hardly be called a Catholic, for he had received no Sacrament except Baptism, and very scanty instruction in doctrine.

Rob was the last to go to confession; and when he reappeared, a general move of the whole body took place into the adjoining apartment, which was that prepared for the service. It was much larger than the former room; and, like that, had all its windows darkened by heavy curtains, although the only source of light was the altar with its large wax-tapers in massive silver candlesticks. For an altar, a large carved oaken chest had been spread with linen cloths; its sole ornaments were a large silver crucifix and the requisite lights. The priest was already assuming his vestments when the worshippers entered. Master Barclay, as on the previous day, filled the office of server.

One member of that company would have elicited the warm admiration of Bailie Agnew, could that zealous Protestant have witnessed the cleverness with which he had gained admission. This was no other than the spy, Stephen Allardyce, the ill-favored youth who had promised such great things in his interview with the Bailie. There he knelt, as far behind the rest as was compatible with his assumed character of worshipper; his keen eyes observing every individual, as far as the dim light permitted. How had he managed to penetrate there? More easily, indeed, than might be thought possible.

The man was one of that class (too common in those days) of simulated Catholics, — traitors who moved freely

among the members of both religious parties, and used the knowledge thus gained for their own material interests. Allardyce had wormed himself for a time into the household of the Countess of Huntly in some mean capacity, posing as a staunch Catholic. He thus made friends of some of the lower servants, nearly all Catholics; among them was a foolish, plain-faced damsel, Margot Young, to whom he paid more than usual attention, to her evident satisfaction. This same Margot had been on the way to Mass with another maid and two serving-men from the Huntly household, when Allardyce accosted her; and, asking whether she, too, was bound "for the preaching," introduced a lad in his company as a brother from the country who had taken advantage of the opportunity now offered. This was the group that had entered the house just before Adam and Rob.

By diligent observation on his own part and by the help of others, Allardyce had discovered on Friday the locality chosen for the Masses. It was then too late to take any account of those who had been seen leaving the house of Master Napier after assisting at Mass; but he rested his hopes on the assembly of the following day, and laid his plans accordingly. Everything was in train except the means whereby he could get access to the house itself. The meeting with the Huntly servants accomplished his aim. In their company he was admitted without question by the doorkeeper, together with his companion; for the Huntly household was beyond suspicion, and Allardyce's clever fraud deceived both porter and servants.

The Mass began without delay. The worshippers, kneeling against the benches and stools placed there for the purpose, followed its progress with their private prayers, with beads or books in their hands. After the Gospel, the priest turned towards them and read in the vernacular the Collect, Epistle and Gospel

for the following day, which was one of the Sundays of Lent. He afterwards addressed to them a simple, homely discourse, suited to their needs.

Lent, as he reminded them, was a penitential preparation for Easter joys. It was a figure of life; suffering and trial were meant to fit Christians to taste the eternal delights of heaven. Christians must needs suffer; and at that particular time those to whom he spoke were passing through a period of severe trial. They had read, perchance, of the early believers in Christ Jesus: how they had been driven to assemble by night, when their enemies slept; how they were forced, in the pagan city of Rome, to make use of the very sepulchres of the dead in the bowels of the earth, as the only safe place to offer Mass and partake of Christ's body. Those who listened to him were almost in the same plight. Let them not repine thereat, but rather rejoice, as those of old used to do, that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ. What depth of suffering He might require of each, God alone knew. All pains and trials, however small, borne for God's sake, became helpful to salvation if united with the Passion of the Redeemer. No Christian could possibly bear all that Christ bore for him. Yet to some it might be given to imitate Him more closely than to others. Contempt, reviling, calumny, treacherous betrayal to prison and exile,—all these might be the lot of himself and of others there present; nay, to some, it might be, Christ would vouchsafe that closest imitation of all—the shedding of their lifeblood for God and His Church. Whatever their lot, let them embrace it as God's will in their regard; let them never forget that the more closely the soul is conformed to Christ in His sufferings, the greater the glory of that soul in heaven.

By those who listened, the priest's words were recalled in after time as almost prophetic. For among that little company there were many who would be found

worthy of the sufferings he had enumerated; to more than one it would be given to lay down their lives, even, for the cause of God and His Church.

The offering of the Holy Sacrifice was resumed, and at the Communion nearly all received their Lord. From his position behind the rest, Allardyce had special opportunities of examining the features of those who passed up to the altar and returned to their places. He held in his hands what might have been a book of prayers, but he was not using it for any such sacred purpose. Within it he jotted down for his own reminding the names of all he recognized there. At that solemn moment no one had eyes or thoughts for him, so that his stealthy movements were unseen by others. The lad by his side—probably acting under instruction—kept his head bowed over his hands, as though absorbed in prayer.

Had the solemn words of the priest no effect upon his heart? Could he listen calmly to the narration of his Saviour's sufferings—to the mention of Judas the traitor who had sold his Lord for a pittance—and feel no pang of self-reproach, no touch of pity for those servants of Christ whose delivery into the hands of those who hated them he had set himself to accomplish? It is to be feared that his heart was quite impervious to any such warnings,—altogether too callous to be moved by sympathy.

The Mass came to an end; the last Gospel was read, and the celebrant left the altar. Allardyce watched him divest himself of his priestly garb, handing each portion of his vestments to a man who had come forward for the purpose. He took particular notice of the man in question, who up to that time had been kneeling among the worshippers. He appeared to be a youth of about twenty; his pale face, seen distinctly in the near light of the candles, looked careworn, and he had an expression of anxiety which suggested a continual fear of something about to befall him. Allardyce continued to watch the

servant, even after the priest had unvested and had placed the sacred vessels in their coverings, and handed them also to the man, who quickly packed them, together with the vestments, in a large saddlebag waiting in readiness.

While the priest knelt for a short space in thanksgiving, the people also remained on their knees. Even those who had not communicated did not make any movement towards leaving until all were ready. It was safer and more convenient for all to repair downstairs in a body, so that they might leave the house together. It was not long before all were prepared to depart, betaking themselves downstairs by the route by which they had come.

Allardyce and the boy remained till almost the last, while the priest conversed in low tones with Master Barclay, Hathaway, and the Woods. When these made a move towards the door, the spy and his companion made their way speedily down the stair, and out of the door, which the porter opened for them, then closed immediately. Allardyce ran towards a clump of bushes near by and softly whistled. Some twenty men of the Town Guard crept out of shelter, and quietly ranged themselves in order, out of sight of the doorway, but close to it. When it was opened a second or two later, and Master Barclay stepped out, he was immediately surrounded and overpowered.

The traitor, however, was destined to lose his most desired prize in the person of the priest. For the outcry made at the apprehension of Barclay warned the porter of the danger, and the door was not again opened. Allardyce had made sure of taking all at one swoop: the priest, Barclay, the Woods, and Hathaway; the latter was a stranger to him, though he knew the Woods by sight. But, as luck—or rather Providence—would have it, James Wood was detained at the last moment by the Jesuit, after Master Barclay had left, and the other two had awaited him on the staircase. The porter, of course, lost no time in warning them all; and,

although the greater number of the guard remained in hiding in the hope of further prey, they were at last obliged to submit to circumstances and beat a retreat when dawn appeared, since it was evident that their design was known.

Allardyce was unwilling to lose any chance of gaining useful information about other worshippers, that might help him in future emergencies. So he dismissed his boy-friend, and took up his position amid the bushes, not far from the turret doorway. For a long spell he kept hidden there, stiff with crouching under cover of the evergreens; yet, for all his patience and the pains he endured, nothing happened. The house was absolutely still, and apparently deserted. He knew that there must be other exits by which his desired prisoners would have escaped long ago, and he began to think it useless to delay longer. So, in spite of the danger of being discovered from one of the windows, he stood erect and stretched himself, before reluctantly returning to the town.

But the faint sound of footsteps caught his ear. They were timid and cautious, and the spy resumed his hiding-place at once. A man came creeping slowly and carefully, with the least possible noise, round a corner of the building, and paused opposite the bushes behind which Allardyce lay. His face was clearly discernible in the now growing daylight. To the spy's intense satisfaction, he recognized in the newcomer the man who had taken the vestments from the priest after the Mass. A thrill of delight passed through him. This, then, was the priest's very serving-man,—no great prize in himself, but a valuable asset on account of his office! Judicious treatment might wring much valuable information out of such a one.

The man in question was evidently sick with terror. His pale, drawn face, his shifty glances round about, his trembling hands told the tale. He passed along towards the winding avenue which led to Cowgate. But Allardyce knew that prompt action was necessary. He sprang out upon

him with a fierce cry, and seized him by the neck from behind.

The victim was too terrified even to call for help. He trembled and gasped for breath, and his face grew livid. But he was in the hands of one who knew neither mercy nor pity,—one devoid of most of the ordinary human virtues, whose livelihood was gained by treachery of the vilest kind.

Allardyce shook the wretched man as a dog might shake a rat.

"I know ye fine!" he hissed. "Ye're the priest's loon; and if ye tell me where he's biding, I'll make it worth y'r while. If ye'll no' do it, they'll put ye in ward, and we'll see what the torture-room can do to open y'r mouth."

The wretched man could say nothing except:

"I dinna ken where the priest's gone. I canna find him."

"That'll no' suit me!" cried the spy, boldly. "Ye'll come wi' me to the Tolbooth, then."

The miserable lad, in his terror, took the spy for some one in authority. His fears grew. His imagination pictured the dungeon, the torture-chamber, the trial, the banishment, perhaps even the death, which awaited him. He had lived long in softness and security across the seas, and his faint spark of courage was dead.

"Leave go y'r hold somewhat, Master," he pleaded, "and I'll tell all I know. I'll leave the priest to shift for himself. I'll no longer put my life in danger for such a crew. I'll work for you, Master, if ye'll take me." And he confirmed his word by an oath.

It was with a proud smile of satisfaction on his evil face that Allardyce sought Bailie Agnew an hour or two later, to report upon the results of his labors. Wat, the porter, eyed him suspiciously as he opened the door to him; but the spy was too wary to allow the man to think what he had come there on any business connected with that morning's proceedings,

which by that time had spread abroad. Nor would he have Wat imagine that he knew of his presence at the Mass. A mere serving-man was not perhaps worth the trouble of reporting. He, therefore, saluted Wat with cringing civility, although it was entirely wasted upon that stolid functionary; and asked to see his Honor the Bailie in private, giving his name unasked. He was in due time conducted to the same room as before.

"Well, lad!" exclaimed the Bailie, his fallow face flushing with the anticipation of satisfactory tidings. "What's doing?"

The fact of the Mass having been discovered, and an arrest made, had already been rumored; but Allardyce had taken care that no names should be divulged until he had reported to the Bailie, who had placed him in charge of the affair.

"We've seized the leech, Barclay, your Honor," he said with an air of exultation. "He's safe in the Tolbooth. And I've wrote down the names of a good few others that were there; for I got into the very chamber, myself."

"But the priest!" cried the Bailie, excitedly. "What of the priest? Surely you didna let him fly?"

"He was too wary for us, your Honor. He slipped out by another road. He got warning of Barclay being taken, no doubt. But I'd know him well, if I saw him again. I took careful notice of his face."

"Eh, ye should have made sure of the priest!" snarled the Bailie, disappointedly.

"But I've a prize pretty near as good, your Honor!" exclaimed the spy. "The priest's loon is wi' us now. He's fairly sick o' the dangers and risks, and he's come over altogether to us. He'll be a useful helper; for he knows many o' the priests well, and many a Papist too."

"The serving-loon's all very well," said the other, still disconsolate. "But ye should have made sure o' the priest first. He'd have been worth fifty Barclays."

"I'd have your Honor know," explained the spy, apologetically, "that 'twas no easy matter whatever. They changed the

house secretly. We waited, night after night in the Canongate, and all to no purpose. Then, by a stroke of luck, I heard Master Napier's name mentioned, and on the Friday we watched there. It was too late to do anything then, so I arranged everything for to-day; and I haven't done badly, after all!"

"Well, Barclay's gotten, at least," said the Bailie, in a more satisfied tone.

"Aye, and I can fairly give your Honor the names of some five or six others. There was a good few of the gentry sort. Some I knew; one—a braw lad, some court gallant maybe—I dinna know by name, but I could pick him out of a crowd any time. And I can swear to the names of the others."

"It's little use your swearing to their names," whined the disappointed Bailie. "Your own word'll not stand."

"But I've a witness, your Honor, right enough!" cried the other, as a malignant grin spread over his unclean face. "I took a young loon with me, to see all that passed. He's but a poor, wandering body from Fifeshire; but he'll swear right enough to anything I bid him."

"Well, well," returned the mollified Bailie. "Let's hear the names ye've written down."

Allardyce drew out his little greasy book from the pouch inside his doublet.

"Miss Helen Sempill—" he began. The Bailie interrupted him:

"Hech, she's excommunicate already! She's not worth troubling about."

"Master James Wood of Bonnytown—"

The Bailie again interrupted, his face glowing with delight this time.

"Bonnytown?" he cried,—"Bonnytown? That's worth all the rest. Ye're sure 'twas he?"

"Sure as I see your Honor before me," was the reply.

"We must fairly make sure of young Bonnytown now!" exclaimed the Bailie. "He's been wary hitherto, and ever sheltered himself behind the King's Grace, and his Majesty's friendship for him.

But we'll have him now,—caught at the very Mass, and two witnesses to prove it. What others have ye?"

"Bonnytown o' Laytoun, his sister's man; two damsels and two serving-men from my Lady Huntly's; and many of less account, besides the gallant I spoke of."

"Tut, tut!" remonstrated the Bailie. "'Tis no use if you dinna know his name."

"But I can keep my eye on him, your Honor, and we'll have him warded yet."

"Well, well!" cried the Bailie, gratified at last. "Ye can make sure of a reward for Barclay, and for the Woods when ye take them. As to the meaner sort, they're of no account; but we may think well to make an example or two, if we deem it advisable. It's no bad morning's work, after all."

(To be continued.)

The Legend of a Moorish Martyr.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE first Christian councils, we are told, held their conferences at Toledo, in the church dedicated to St. Leocaldia. This church still exists, though now it is known under the title Cristo de la Vega.

Who was St. Leocaldia, whose name—one which recalls the primitive ages of Christianity—was given to a church in the fourth century? The answer to this inquiry is given in the following ancient legend.

History tells us that in the fourth and fifth centuries the south of Spain—the ancient Iberia—was overrun by the Moors, who ruled over the land they conquered with a rod of iron, putting to death or torturing all who would not accept the creed of Mahomet; for it is by the sword, not by peaceful weapons, that the followers of the Prophet seek to propagate the tenets he taught. The inhabitants of the fertile, smiling provinces of the south, to a great extent Christianized by the preaching of St. Paul and other missionaries from Palestine, finding themselves impotent

to repel the fierce, ruthless invader, fled for the most part from their homes to take refuge in the fastnesses of the northern mountains; and those who remained had to bow beneath the yoke of Ebn Zoheir Hassam, a ruler of the Moravidian dynasty, who fixed his royal residence in Toledo. He was noted for his barbarity.

No one dared to expostulate with the dreaded oppressor, not even his only daughter Zoraïda, a fair and gentle maiden, who, grieved to the heart at the atrocities committed by her father's orders, wept over them in secret, and did all in her power to mitigate the sufferings of the downtrodden people and afford them comfort and relief. Almost daily she might be seen issuing from the walls of the gloomy castle, attended by her slaves, to minister to the afflicted, to dry the tears her father caused to flow, to heal the wounds his hand inflicted. Consequently she was loved by all around, and everyone wondered how so sweet and compassionate a maiden could be the offspring of one who inspired terror in all who approached him.

Ebn Zoheir knew that his beautiful child, whose countenance reflected the noble qualities of her soul, whose eyes beamed with sympathy and kindness, from whose lips soft words of charity and benevolence proceeded, was loved as universally as he was hated. While he would not at her entreaty refrain from acts of violence and barbarity, he did not interfere with her good works, or forbid her to alleviate the misery of his destitute and persecuted subjects.

After a time of peace, war broke out afresh; the Goths took up arms against their oppressor, but only to be defeated in every encounter. Bands of prisoners, mostly Christians, were brought to Toledo, and thrust into the dungeons beneath the castle or confined in caverns hewn in the rock whereon it stood. In these, where no ray of light and but little air could penetrate, the unfortunate captives were left to languish and die; crowded together, with no charitable

hand to bind up their wounds, and but a scanty supply of bread and water.

Up to that time Zoraïda, herself a devout Moslem, had restricted her ministrations to those among the victims of her father's brutality who professed the same creed as herself; but when she heard of the wretched condition of the prisoners, her tender heart was touched with profound commiseration, throwing herself at the feet of her inhuman parent, she besought him with tears to have mercy on them and relax the extreme rigor of their treatment. Thereupon Ebn Zoheir flew into a rage, and swore with a fierce oath that he would root out every rebel and unbeliever from the soil; and he even threatened, by the soul of the Prophet, to curse his daughter should she attempt again to move him to clemency, or herself to alleviate their sufferings.

Slowly and sorrowfully Zoraïda left his presence; but, far from allowing his menaces to deter her from pursuing the course she had adopted, she did not rest until she bethought herself of the means of evading his unjust command. Hitherto, brought up in the lap of luxury, the maiden knew not the power of gold; now she was to learn that few can resist its might. For a sufficient bribe the prison warden was induced to unlock the gates at night and admit a trusty slave, who dispensed the gifts of his noble mistress to the most needy of the captives. Before long, however, Zoraïda was not content with showing mercy by proxy: she conceived the bold design of visiting the dungeons in person and judging for herself of the state of the unhappy inmates.

One night, therefore, under cover of the darkness, accompanied by two of her attendants, she caused herself to be conducted by the slave who acted as her almoner to the portal of the subterranean prison. At first the doorkeeper refused to unbar the gates at her command; but she would take no denial, and, preceded by a torch-bearer, she entered the noisome dungeons where the unhappy prisoners

lay. Dazzled by the sudden glare, they started from the ground; and, seeing the slender, graceful form of the lady clad in white, they thought it was an apparition—an angel from heaven come to visit them,—and fell on their faces, shading their eyes from the unaccustomed light. Then Zoraïda spoke to them in gentle accents, encouraging them to bear their cruel fate with fortitude; promising them that no effort on her part should be spared to succor and solace them.

Deeply dejected at the sight of the misery of these half-starved, heart-broken, tortured men, who invoked blessings on her head as she distributed to them the loaves her attendants carried, Zoraïda proceeded to visit some of the subterranean chambers. In a narrow recess in one of these she perceived an old man with silvery hair and beard, on whose countenance, pale and emaciated as it was, an expression of peace and resignation rested. She was attracted by his dignified appearance, and paused to inquire how long he had been there. On hearing that for ten years he had worn the heavy fetters that bound him to the rock, she asked in astonishment how he could possibly endure so terrible a lot, far from the light of day, banished from home and all whom he loved, breathing a poisonous and fetid atmosphere.

“The Christian faith,” replied the old man, “affords consolation to those who observe its precepts. I bear my lot with patience, knowing it to be the will of God. No one living needs me, and calmly I await my summons to depart. Once I enjoyed what the world calls happiness: I had lands, wealth, a loving wife and gifted children. Your people came: they put my sons to death, they reduced us to beggary; my wife died of grief, and I was cast into prison. The God of the Christians, who permitted these great trials to befall me, gives me courage and strength to bear them.”

The maiden's eyes filled with tears. She stooped and reverently kissed the

old man's hand; then she swiftly left the prison. From that day forth she was a changed person. The pleasures in which she formerly delighted had no attraction for her; her youthful gaiety forsook her; the only thing that gave her happiness was her secret visits to the prison. These she no longer made by night, since she discovered a passage in a remote part of the grounds which led out beyond the castle walls, and almost daily she went to the dungeons with a basket of provisions.

One day, when the princess was passing through the garden with a covered basket on her arm, Hassam suddenly confronted her and angrily snatched the basket from her. Zoraïda trembled. “Save me, O God of the Christians!” she inwardly ejaculated, not daring to raise her eyes to the wrathful tyrant's face, while he thundered out: “What have you here, you traitress!”—“Look and see,” she answered. And when the lid of the basket was uplifted, two snowy doves were seen nestling in it. The king went on his way without a word; his daughter sank upon her knees and from the bottom of her heart gave thanks to the God of heaven who had deigned to work a miracle for her deliverance. Instantly she received the gift of faith. After that she repaired more frequently than ever to the prison, to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity by the aged prisoner, who had won her confidence and affection. Ere long she was baptized, receiving the name of Leocaldia in the place of her Moorish appellation.

The neophyte was fully aware that when her conversion became known a great storm would burst upon her head; but she did not know how soon the day of trial would come. Zamira, one of her attendants, when she saw that her mistress had completely forsworn the Moslem creed, thought it her duty to acquaint the king with the fact. Ebn Zoheir was transported with fury. Uttering wild imprecations, he rushed to his daughter's apartments and called upon her to deny, refute, the

report that had reached his ears. Zoraïda stood firm; she respectfully told her father that she was convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and had become a follower of Jesus Christ, and had consecrated her heart and her life to His Holy Mother, the Virgin Immaculate. She also praised the great God, whose omnipotence had wrought a miracle on her behalf.

"Then your God may work another miracle and deliver you from the dungeons into which you shall be cast, where you shall see neither the light of the sun by day nor that of the stars by night," her inhuman parent rejoined; and he gave orders that the gentle maiden together with the accursed rascal (as he termed him) who had misled her, should be confined in the vaults beneath the rock, and left to perish.

In vain did the servants implore the fanatical tyrant to reverse his decision. Unmoved by their entreaties, unmoved by the tears that Zoraïda could not restrain, he commanded his behest to be instantly executed. This was done, and the entrance to the cavern was concealed with stones and bushes.

For three days the haughty Moor knew no rest: his violence was so great that his slaves durst not approach him. At the end of that time his demeanor changed entirely: a prey to bitter remorse, he sat in gloomy silence, stung by the reproaches of his conscience, fancying he heard his daughter's voice, in most pitiful tones, beseeching him to relent or branding him as a murderer.

Whilst he sat brooding over what he had done, parental affection struggling against the ruthless fanaticism instilled by the teaching of Mahomet, a confused murmur of many voices was distinctly audible, and the watchmen from the castle towers came to him in alarm to announce an insurrection on the part of the populace of Toledo, who, surging in crowds around the walls, threatened to demolish the proud fortress if their dear benefactress was not restored to them.

When the oppressor showed himself on the battlements, hoping to appease the people, shouts of execration met his ears, and loud voices demanded the immediate release of their princess. The king promised to accede to their demand; and himself proceeded to the vault.

Agitated and trembling, in fearful suspense, Ebn Zoheir stood by with his satellites, waiting until the last stone was rolled away, and the soldiers with flaring torches followed by an anxious crowd, penetrated into the recesses of the dark and dismal cave. Then a joyful shout arose: "Zoraïda is alive—she is saved!" The king, unable to control his emotion, pressed forward eagerly, longing to clasp his daughter to his heart once more. What was the sight that met his eyes? The venerable old man seated on a stone, his head leaning against the rocky wall of his prison, was sleeping peacefully, his fettered right hand resting on the dark locks of the beautiful girl, who sat at his feet, her head upon his knees. She, too, was in a deep slumber; her veil had fallen back, disclosing her fair features; a soft smile hovered round her lips; her eyes were closed.

"Zoraïda, dearest child, forgive your father! Come to his arms!" the king exclaimed, as, taking the maiden's hand, he sought to rouse her. Then, with a cry of horror, he fell on his knees beside her. The noble maiden and her aged friend were sleeping that sleep from which there is no awakening on this side of the grave.

Zoraïda's—or we should rather say Leocaldia's—memory was long and lovingly cherished in the city which had witnessed her birth and her burial, and a splendid church was erected in her honor. For her sake Ebn Zoheir Hassam set free all the Christian prisoners, and from that time forth ceased to persecute the followers of Christ. Amongst the fine frescoes in the magnificent Gothic cathedral which is Toledo's pride there are four which represent scenes in the life of this Moorish martyr.

Symbols.

BY EDWIN ESSEX, O. P.

I WATCHED a lonely willow fling
 Its arms up to the sky;
 While at its feet a wounded thing
 Crept painfully to die.
 I thought of nature's bleeding King
 Expiring with a sigh.

A lamb upon a mountain-side
 Bleated its lonely way;
 And every time it gently cried
 I thought of that far day
 When Christ on Golgotha had died
 For children gone astray.

Brother John's Vine.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

FOR many a day the serene face of Brother John was overcast. It would have been difficult for the simple-minded man to find the cause for his discontent. There had not been the shadow of turning in his even life; no one in the community had altered toward him; the Father Superior was, as usual, mild and benign. His work in the garden was no harder than in any of the past twenty-nine years he had tended it; his helpers from the novitiate were no more ignorant than others who had climbed the first rungs of the ladder of discipline among Brother John's vegetables; and his camelia vine made its same ropes of green, with their rose-like blossoms gemming them.

Years before, Brother John, crossing the fields on an errand of mercy, had noticed the peculiar vine, with its wonderful pink blossoms, creeping over a pile of stones,—vine and stones alone telling that in that spot once a home had stood, and people who loved beauty had dwelt therein. Brother John marked the place, and came another day, in the autumn, with his spade; when spring returned,

the vine took on new life in the secluded spot he had selected for it. From time to time he had to enlarge the support he had made for it; and the tying of the strings for the vines in April now took the better part of a day.

He had fashioned a rustic seat for himself near the trellis; and when his potatoes were hoed or his onions weeded before the Angelus rang, he would rest himself there, fingering his well-worn Rosary, his thoughts drifting from Mother Mary and her Son to the rosy flowers stuck stiffly among the green leaves.

"The stems are too short, Brother John!" Thus the Brother Sacristan had objected, when Brother John suggested that his flowers might help in decking the altar for the Forty Hours' Adoration.

"A perfect rose, but scentless." Thus the Provincial had spoken, coming one summer to the monastery when the camelia vine was a mass of bloom. Brother John's one ewe lamb plainly had its blemishes.

The human heart is a strange thing: only He who fashioned and later owned it, can understand it. A word—yea, a silence—can leave a sting.

The potatoes were not all hoed, and it wanted a full hour of the Angelus time; yet Brother John was sitting in the rustic seat before his blooming vine. And he was not fingering his Beads.

"Your stems are too short to make a bouquet for the altar," he was saying. "If you were fragrant, you'd perfume the garden. You are not worth anything but just to bloom and die. And my life here is about like yours. The garden doesn't begin to supply the community with vegetables, yet all my life is spent raising the little stuff, that could be bought for a few dollars. The cook gives more service to God, so do the infirmarian and the sacristan, and Brother Jules, who brings guests to and from the station and carries the mail. I am the camelia vine of the community,—good for nothing but to raise vegetables that wouldn't be missed if they were not grown. And out in the

world so much work to be done for God and no one to do it! Think of the churches where all the day long nobody goes in, to pray! I wish I were the sacristan of one of those lonely churches! When I wasn't working, I'd be there praying for the people, who pass their God by without even speaking to Him."

A bee approached, attracted by the flowers. It buzzed around for a moment, then sailed off. The lovely flowers had no honey in their pink hearts. The old man noted its departure, and thought that if God were now to come to his heart, seeking the good of service, He also must pass on. Thus the minutes wore on until the Angelus rang, and when Brother John rose stiffly from the rustic bench, he knew he must save his soul.

The Father Superior did not appear shocked when old Brother John, in halting words, told him he must quit this useless life and go out into the world, where God's work was to be done and no one heeding the call to do it.

"What do you propose doing, Brother John?" asked the Superior.

"I'd like, Father, to be a sacristan in one of those churches that few people visit. Then when I was not working, I could be praying for the people who pass by."

"Brother John, do you not think you could pray for them while working in your garden?" asked the Father Superior.

"Father, I must go!" he said. "I can not pray in the garden. My life is like the flowers of my vine: Brother Joseph said their stems were too short to be of any use for the altar, and Father Provincial said they have no perfume."

"But I have received great pleasure from the lovely pink flowers of your vine, Brother John," commented the Superior, and then he folded his arms and bowed his head. After what seemed a long time to Brother John, he looked up and said:

"Very well, Brother. I will get permission for a leave of absence for you. In the monastery or out of it, I know you will be faithful to your vows."

So it happened that, in due time, Brother John, in the attire of a man of the world, with sufficient money in his pocket, set forth for the city. He carried a letter from the Father Superior to the pastor of a church in the downtown district who was well known at the monastery. When it was presented to him, the priest studied the letter for a while; but Brother John felt no disquietude: his faith in the Father Superior was perfect.

"You come very opportunely, Brother John," at last said the priest. "I am in need of a sexton. The salary is only thirty dollars a month; but as you may live here, with no cost to you, it will not be so bad."

"I don't know what I shall need all that money for, Father Davis," replied Brother John.

"You are out in the world now, Brother John," cautioned the priest. "You must lay by something against the time when you can not work."

Brother John was given a pleasant room; he ate his meals in another pleasant room, where he could read and smoke and spend his leisure. But while he enjoyed these comforts, Brother John's will had undergone too rigorous a training to become enervated. The church was large, it was old, and former sextons had not been imbued with the idea of the exalted place cleanliness holds in the order of things. In short, Brother John was shocked at the condition of the sacred edifice.

As the church was convenient for the dwellers in hotels and rooming houses, its Sunday services were fairly well attended. Gradually the people became aware that some change was transpiring. It was no longer necessary for men to spread a handkerchief on the kneeling bench for the protection of their trousers, or for women to lay a paper on the seats to keep their frocks from being soiled. The windows were open, and everything in the sanctuary fairly shone. Flowers, too, began to appear on the altar: in many ways the church grew very attractive.

"There's a new sexton," whispered one

woman to another. "I dropped in the other day to pay a visit, and he was down on his knees scrubbing the floor. Such an old saint he looks—pious and simple like! I shouldn't wonder if he doesn't buy the flowers himself; for, while the priest doesn't talk much about money, as his congregation is made up largely of transients, I dare say he is 'up against it.' I think we might do something."

"Let us!" whispered back her companion.

Hence two women, whose home was a hotel, waited on Father Davis and asked him if there were not something they could do; and he lifted up his heart in gratitude, as his prayer for the co-operation he had vainly sought showed sign of fulfilment. The Altar Society was reorganized, and a plan was set on foot to raise money to pay for the cleaning of the walls and the buying of a new carpet for the sanctuary. That night, when the church door was locked, Brother John knelt for a long time before the altar, and a happiness he had missed since the day his cherished flowers had been denied a place before the tabernacle settled upon his soul.

Thus happy and contented, the days wore on, and winter came. Brother John was for keeping the furnace running at full blast.

"If the church is warm, more people will come in; and while they are getting warm, they will pray," he urged.

But Father Davis had to consider the expenses.

"I'll make the extra cost up out of my salary," said Brother John; whereat Father Davis smiled compliance, only saying:

"We'll make matters right when we settle up, Brother John."

So again Brother John had his way.

The weather was intensely cold, and when Brother John went abroad, he would say to the newsboy: "Run into the church, child, and get warm! I'll sell your papers till you get back." Or to the teamster: "It's warm in the church, sir. I'll keep an eye on your horses." Or to the wayfarer:

"Step into the church and get warm, my friend!" Or to the homeless old woman: "Why don't you pray in the warm church instead of in that cold room of yours?" Then when his words were heeded, he would say, in his simplicity:

"Now, Lord, I bring them into the church, but Thou must do the rest!" By unknown avenues ran the knowledge of a church that was kept warm all day for the public; and, as Brother John wisely conjectured, many who came to get warm stayed to pray.

So the winter passed, and spring came even into the old, busy, dirty city; and love and joy made Brother John's heart give it a new welcome. Easter, Pentecost, the Feast of the Sacred Heart,—never had they been happier feast-days. Then one June day Father Davis said:

"To-morrow, Brother John, I have a marriage and Nuptial Mass. I'd like if you would fix up the altar and get some flowers. It has been a long, long time since there was a marriage in the old church."

But Father Davis did not add that the bride was his protégée. Twenty years before, just after his ordination, he had been sent as assistant to this church, then a flourishing one; and, the pastor taking ill, he had officiated at the marriage of the girl's parents. A year later, at their request, he had baptized their baby daughter. Many changes for him had followed; then, five years ago, he had returned to the church as pastor. His first act almost had been to prepare the girl's mother for death. As the father was also dead, he took the orphan under his care, assisted her through business college, and then obtained a position for her in a law office. There she had met a young lawyer from a country town. He was only a nominal Protestant, and his conversion was not difficult, as it was sincere. He had been received into the Church during Lent, and now Father Davis was to marry him and his little girl, and he felt their future was secure. Though he was going to lose her completely—for after the honeymoon,

they were going to the young man's town to live,—still the old priest was happy.

His request threw Brother John into a quandary. What was expected of him in the way of decorations for a marriage? The chapel at the monastery offered him no remembered model for that event. Brother John's instinct told him that a woman would be his best mentor, and he set out for the hotel where the president of the Altar Society lived.

"A marriage at old St. Paul's!" she exclaimed. "Brother John" (for the old monk would be known only by his religious name), "we'll make it so pretty all the brides in the city will want to be married there. Get out the best linens and laces, and I'll be over with the flowers."

Such exciting hours followed, Brother John was swept out of himself. At last, as he stood back to admire the sanctuary and altar, he admitted that it took a woman to give the touch to decorations. The news got abroad of a wedding at the old church, and it did not require that Brother John should urge people to attend Mass that morning. And the bridal pair, who, truth to tell, rather shrank from the thought of a deserted church at their great event, were surprised to pass down among a goodly crowd of people, to a sanctuary that was a forest of palms, with the beautifully decorated altar glowing from its depths.

Brother John, kneeling in the back pew, suffered distractions at Mass; for he had seen the lovely face of the bride, under her white veil, and had heard her involuntary murmur of joy at sight of the decorated church. He felt that he had added to her happiness; and his holy, kindly heart thrilled under the knowledge. The solemnity of the ceremony appealed to him. It was indeed a wonderful union, that of two human hearts,—a union now blessed and cemented by the high God Himself.

"Brother John," said Father Davis afterward, "you gave my little Mary, the surprise of her life. You completed the

joy of her marriage day. God bless you for it!"

Less than two weeks later, as Brother John returned to the sacristy from ringing the morning Angelus, Father Davis met him, with a face that showed a sleepless night.

"Prepare for—a Requiem Mass, Brother John, please," he said, and his voice was broken. He turned abruptly; but at the door paused, and, looking back at the astonished sexton, added: "It's for Mary's husband. You remember they were married here the other day. He was killed in New York by an automobile. She is bringing him home. The train has a wait here of two hours. She wants me to—"

He could go no further. With his gray head bowed, his form shaken by a sob, the priest opened the door and passed out.

Dazed, Brother John started to obey. But he was long in making the needed preparation; then he went back to the belfry to await the coming of the bride with her dead husband. Presently he sighted the funeral car, and began to toll the bell. Twenty-nine strokes! That was young to leave life, and just when his feet were set on the pathway of joy.

He saw Father Davis step from the automobile and hasten to the church to vest. Brother John glanced toward the sanctuary to reassure himself that all was right, but the tapers flickering on the shrouded altar made him quickly turn his eyes away. They were bringing in the casket. Brother John felt incredulous that within it lay the man who had walked so proudly up that aisle a few short days before. Then came the black-robed bride. She lifted her veil, and Brother John cowered back, seeing her face; for he suddenly remembered once finding a belated blossom of his camelia vine encased in ice. The coloring of the flower remained; so the loveliness was still on the girl's face, but frozen. And a chill as of death crept over the heart of Brother John.

The sad rite was over. Brother John was back at the bell. Twenty-nine strokes,

one for each year of the dead man's life,—the same number of his own religious life. As, at the last one, his hand fell from the rope, he saw again the green rope of his camelia vine, saw the rose-like blossoms flecking it with pink; and his soul was swept off and buried in a deep sea of loneliness. After a time he turned to the altar, a bent, beaten old man. He took off the drapings of woe, folded them carefully, and laid the covering on the altar-cloth. Then he turned and looked over the church, as one who says farewell.

Father Davis had come back from the station, whither he had gone with Mary. His untasted breakfast stood on the table, and Brother John passed to the little study. The priest was sitting before his desk, his head bowed on his clasped hands. Brother John turned again and went to his own room. An hour later he came down the stairs, his suitcase in his hand. He found Father Davis reading his Office.

"I am going home, Father," he announced.

The new sorrow on the face of his listener deepened perceptibly, but he only said: "I am glad, for your sake, Brother John; but I shall miss you sorely."

It was not until the train had left him at the home station that Brother John considered the probability of his being received back. He had left the monastery; he had given scandal in so doing to the brotherhood, and a bad example to the novices. However kind and forgiving the Father Superior might be, could he take back one who had proved so recreant.

He was trudging across the fields to the monastery, whose belfry, with its glittering cross, showed above the trees. He stopped and viewed the familiar scene, and its peace fell upon him, and his soul cried in anguish for its lost Paradise. He felt that it was futile to go to the door and ask for his wilfully deserted place; and his old love for the Superior forbade him to give the pain of refusal to that tender heart. But he would slip in by the stable gate to see his camelia vine once more,—see

once more its ropes of green thickly set with rosy blossoms. Then he would go away again.

He followed the familiar walk to the garden, and gave a little cry at the beauty of his vines. Then he was aware of a figure, with a water can before them, who turned at the sound. With a shock, Brother John saw it was the Father Superior himself who was caring for his flower. With trembling limbs, he stumbled forward.

"Father," he murmured brokenly,—
"Father—"

The Father Superior passed an arm around the shoulders of the sob-shaken man.

"Oh, welcome home, Brother John!" he said. "It has been so lonesome here without you! But I was sure you would come back."

A Great Scientist's Saying.

WE have often had occasion to quote the declaration of Lord Kelvin, that "Science positively affirms the Creative Power." The fact that this distinguished English scientist was universally regarded as the most authoritative of modern physicists explains why so much interest is still manifested in his utterance. Let us now reproduce the context of Lord Kelvin's saying. He had occupied the chair at a lecture delivered by Professor Henslow at University College, and the occasion of his remarks was his rising to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Lord Kelvin then said:

"With reference to Professor Henslow's mention of ether-granules, I ask permission to say three words of personal explanation. I had recently, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, occasion to make use of the expressions ether, atoms, electricity; and I was horrified to read in the press that I had put forward a hypothesis of ether-atoms. Ether is absolutely non-atomic; it is structureless, and utterly homogeneous where not disturbed by the atoms of ponderable matter.

"I am in thorough sympathy with Professor Henslow in the fundamentals of his lecture; but I can not admit that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies Creative Power. Science positively affirms Creative Power. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directing Power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. We can not escape from that conclusion when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all around. Modern biologists are coming, I believe, once more to a firm acceptance of something beyond mere gravitational, chemical, and physical forces; and that unknown thing is a vital principle. We have an unknown object put before us in science. In thinking of that object we are all agnostics. We only know God in His works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a directive power—in an influence other than physical or dynamical or electrical forces. Cicero (by some supposed to have been editor of Lucretius) denied that men and plants and animals could come into existence by a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

"There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a Creative Power, and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord and making a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal. Cicero's expression 'fortuitous concourse of atoms' is certainly not wholly inappropriate for the growth of a crystal. But modern scientific men are in agreement with him in condemning it as utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation, of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers that we saw around us grew by mere chemical

forces. He answered: 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of free-will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science.

"I admire the healthy, breezy atmosphere of free-thought throughout Professor Henslow's lecture. Do not be afraid of being freethinkers! If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion."

Tennyson's creed was this: "There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures." The poet thus goes a step beyond the scientist by affirming the immortality of the soul as well as the existence of God.

The Best of Good Works.

THE best things of life are the commonest. Light, air, water, sleep,—the real essentials of existence, are at the command of all; and, like most commonplace things, are rarely appreciated at their genuine value until we have the misfortune to be deprived of them for a considerable time. Familiarity may not always breed contempt, but it invariably dulls the edge of our admiration for what is inherently admirable. The most impressive instance of the sublime afforded by the visible universe—the widest, highest, deepest, grandest object in all nature—is the firmament; yet how rarely does it fill us with that elevated mental emotion which is commonly called sublimity!

There is in this respect a close analogy between the material and the spiritual world. In the supernatural as in the natural sphere, the best things are within the reach of everybody; and the most magnificent works are usually underestimated because of their commonness. A familiar instance is the Holy Sacrifice

of the Mass. The most sublime function actually or conceivably performable on earth, it is habitually disregarded by thousands whose daily attendance thereat would occasion them no inconvenience worth mentioning.

The souls of the faithful departed who are now exposed to the cleansing flames of purgatory doubtless deplore their non-performance during life of many a good work that would have cancelled, or at least materially lessened, the debt of temporal punishment burdened with which they appeared before their Judge when their death-stroke came; but it is highly probable that the most poignant regret that afflicts the majority of them arises from the memory of their unpardonable negligence relative to the hearing of daily Mass. With the treasury of God's graces thrown wide open to them every morning of their life, they passed heedlessly by, disdainingly to stoop and gather the priceless boons; and now they bewail such action as the climax of insensate recklessness.

That the devout hearing of Holy Mass is the most excellent of all the good works possible to lay Catholics is a mere truism. "Place together," says Gaume, "the merits of the ever-blessed Mary, the adoration of the angels, the labors of the Apostles, the sufferings of the martyrs, the austerities of the anchorites, the purity of virgins, the virtues of confessors,—in a word, the good works of all the saints from the beginning to the end of the world; add thereto in imagination the merits of the saints of a thousand worlds more perfect than ours: it is of faith that you will not have the value of a single Mass." The all-sufficient reason is that the Mass is identical with Christ's oblation on the Cross, than which sacrifice not even the omnipotence of the Godhead could imagine a greater.

Among the specific advantages to be derived from devout attendance at Mass, foremost must be placed the forgiveness of sin. Through the Holy Sacrifice, the

Council of Trent assures us that those in the state of mortal sin obtain the grace and gift of penitence; while those who are in the state of grace receive an augmentation of that grace, with the remission of venial sin and of the temporal penalty due to sin in general. Our Divine Lord once said to St. Mechtilde: "My condescension in the Mass is so great that there is no sinner, however guilty, there present to whom I will not gladly grant forgiveness, if only he asks Me for it." As for venial sins, "they melt away at Mass," says Father Cochem, "like wax before the fire." He adds that one Mass will do more to pay the temporal penalty due to sin than the severest penances.

Another notable profit incident to our hearing Mass is the practical certitude of having our prayers heard and granted. St. Francis of Sales assures us that prayers offered in union with the divine Victim have an inexpressible power; that favors can be secured at the time of Mass which can be obtained at no other. Our feeble, nerveless petitions are, during the august Sacrifice, strengthened by our Saviour's own prayers, and His are never offered in vain; for, as St. John declares, "the Father heareth Him always."

Apart from the eternal recompense gained through hearing Mass by persons in a state of grace, untold temporal blessings are lavished upon all—just and unjust, saints and sinners—who attend and offer the adorable Sacrifice in unison with the priest. They enjoy the special protection of God, they are aided in their daily work, and favored with an increase of temporal prosperity.

The advantages of attendance at Mass are, in a word, so immense in worth and countless in number that it must ever remain a matter of astonishment to the angels and beatified saints that so few Catholics, comparatively, make it their constant practice daily to visit the altar while the redeeming Sacrifice of Calvary is being renewed. From no other source does grace so copiously flow.

Notes and Remarks.

Perhaps the most gratifying reflection in connection with the recent meeting of the bishops of the National Catholic War Council and the priests and laymen whom they invited to join them in the discussion of the whole field of Catholic activities in this country, is that henceforth there will be something of definiteness as to what action is to be taken in particular cases, and as to the proper persons to take it. Too often in our past history we have suffered from the verification of the old adage that what is every body's business is nobody's business. In such matters as calumnies against the Church or her ministers, the use of the public schools as agencies for Protestant propaganda, anti-Catholic legislation in the State House of Representatives or the Federal Congress, or demoralizing influences in the social life of our towns and cities, much of evil has been allowed to go on and much of good has been left undone simply because individual responsibility has been shirked. "Yes; it is too bad, but it is none of my business" has been repeatedly given as an excuse for inaction, and given often enough by those in whose mouths the excuse lost its validity, since the taking of some action in the matter was unmistakably a part of their duty. Now that special fields of activity have been assigned to special committees, we may indulge the hope that more prompt and more systematic attention will be paid to all such matters, and that immoral and anti-Catholic action will meet with speedy and effective opposition.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness is heard in "The Philosophical Necessity," by Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D., published in the current number of the *American Church Monthly*. It is a remarkably able and carefully considered plea for "a return, explicit and uncompromising, to that philosophy of life which

was the crowning intellectual glory of the great era of the Middle Ages, when Christianity was fully operative; to that philosophy which completed, in unity and perfection, that Catholic religion that had issue in a righteous and beneficent social system, in a political estate marked by justice and liberty, and in a great and incomparable plexus of all the arts that flowered at last in that Cathedral of Our Lady of Reims which its antithesis, incarnate in Modernism, could only desecrate and destroy."

Dr. Cram's highly important article does not admit of quotation: it is too closely knit for that. It must be read as a whole,—read with strict attention, too, or much of its acute reasoning will be missed. The editor of the *American Church Monthly*, in calling his readers' attention to this contribution (which deserved first place and careful proofreading), says: "This is the kind of paper we like to print, even though we do not agree with all of its teaching. We need a few good, healthy explosions in the Church to-day, to wake people up and set them thinking." On this let us remark that, although explosions are most effective in causing people to wake up, expositions are better calculated to set them thinking.

While the unduly optimistic will minimize, the normally pessimistic will exaggerate, the importance of the race riots that lately occurred in Washington, D. C., and Chicago. The easier and more foolish task is to minimize the effects of the riots and the widespread ramifications of the movement localized for the time being in the metropolis of the West and in the capital city of our Republic. Publicists and politicians and popular orators have been telling us for the past year that, when our boys got back from France, they would have something to say about conditions which they had hitherto accepted without complaint or murmur; and our colored boys, or their relatives, are apparently taking the prophets at

their word. Among these prophets is our President himself. Speaking, in March, 1918, to a committee of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, he said:

I have always known that the Negro has been unjustly and unfairly dealt with; your people have exhibited a degree of loyalty, and patriotism that should command the admiration of the whole nation. In the present conflict your race has rallied to the nation's call; and if there has been any evidence of slackerism manifested by Negroes; the same has not reached Washington.

Great principles of righteousness are won by hard fighting, and they are attained by slow degrees. With thousands of your sons in the camps and in France, out of this conflict you must expect nothing less than the enjoyment of full citizenship rights,—the same as are enjoyed by every other citizen.

Perhaps as imperative a part of reconstruction as demands attention just now is the securing to the Negro, without delay, these full citizenship rights, nothing less than which their President has told them they must expect.

If Mr. Philip Gibbs were a Frenchman, we should be inclined to suspect that he was "poking fun" at us in lauding our propensity for lectures. (It was a Frenchman that said our civilization has not advanced beyond the stage of lectures and ice-water.) Writing in *Harper's Magazine* for August, evidently with English rather than American readers in mind, Mr. Gibbs imparts some information, which, however gratifying it may be to our vanity, is somewhat disconcerting; for it is sure to encourage every celebrity—or notoriety—in the Old World to cross over and show himself or herself, and gather in some of our superfluous shekels.

They will all be delighted to hear that in the United States "great audiences, made up of rich society people as well as the 'intellectuals' and the professional classes, gather in force to hear any man whose personality makes him interesting, or who has something to say which they want to hear. In many cases personality is sufficient. People of New York will

cheerfully pay five dollars to see a famous man, and not think their money wasted if his words are lost in empty space, or if they know already as much as he can tell them about the subject of his speech. Marshal Joffre had no need to prepare orations. When he said, '*Messieurs et mesdames,*' they cheered him for ten minutes, and when, after that, he said, '*Je suis enchanté,*' they cheered him for ten minutes more. The American people like to see the men who have done things—the men who count for something,—and to study the personality of a man about whom they have read. . . . The knowledge they acquire in this way does not bite very deep, and it leaves, I fancy, only a superficial impression; but it awakens their intelligence and imagination, directs their thoughts to some of the big problems of life, and is a better way of spending an evening than idle gossip or a variety entertainment."

Mr. Gibbs should have told his readers that only those Americans who attend summer schools long for lectures in hot weather. So "keen" are this class that, with the thermometer in the nineties, they will rush to the lecture hall and listen till they are ready to collapse, or the lecturer stops from sheer exhaustion, having already exhausted his subject.

The latter part of "From Cloister to Camp," the interesting book in which Fr. Dominic Devas, an Irish Franciscan, relates his experiences as chaplain to the British forces in France, is devoted to "Six Months with the First Munsters." Protesting against the injustice sometimes displayed with regard to the part the Irish took in the war, he remarks: "When the Munsters came to the division, the Irish question was one not unfrequently discussed; but I don't think I ever met in the army a single Englishman, even amongst those most ready to lay down the law, who had even the remotest idea of Irish history, or of English history in its relation to Ireland, or who ever attempted

to gain any insight at all into the Irish point of view, or to study the characteristics of the Irish people."

"That same" puzzles a great many persons besides Fr. Devas. The English, as a rule, don't understand the Irish, and don't make any effort to do so. The average Englishman can't understand why people should not want to live under the government of England, which he is sure is the best in the world. The average Irishman can't see it that way at all, at all. And there you have it.

A dispatch from London, dated July 29, appearing in some of the "great dailies" on this side of the Atlantic, reports the Berlin newspapers as saying that the former German Emperor has written to the Archbishop of Posen, asking him to preserve the Protestant chapel at Posen Castle for Protestant services and not to convert it to Catholic uses. "The former monarch said it would be unbearable to him to have Roman Catholic services celebrated in the chapel into which he had put his whole soul, and in which he had so often prayed for victory for Germany."

A story of course, and a most improbable one. But it will be swallowed like others of its kind, of which there are any number. Those who are convinced that the ex-Kaiser is a brute will find it easy to believe that he is also a bigot.

Whatever may be said of the "New England conscience," that of the Highlander of Scotland is no less extraordinary, and often works in ways truly wondrous. It is related of the father of the late Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod that, proceeding one day to a new place of worship where he was to preach, an elderly man named Duncan, whose head was covered with an enormous wig, accosted him, saying: "Dr. MacLeod, I would have a word with you, sir, upon a matter of conscience. It is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new

church? Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is, to my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."—"Duncan," replied the minister, "I'll consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well. You are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!"—"Eh, Doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had my hair."—"O Duncan, Duncan, and are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

This settled the question; and the Doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock, though Duncan continued to conceal the truth.

The hierarchy of Ireland are as outspoken concerning English rule as they are sane and prudent in advising their people as to their conduct while that rule endures. The Irish Republic may eventually be something more than a name to conjure by; but, obviously, Ireland is in no position to conquer by force of arms the might of the British Empire. Her independence, complete or partial, will have to be brought about by other means. Hence this paragraph of the Irish prelates' statement recently issued at Maynooth:

In the interests of peace and order, of morality and nationality, this aggressive domination should stop once for all. So long as it lasts, our faithful people should not allow any provocation to move them to overstep the law of God. They have an inspiring example to guide them. When Belgium lay prostrate under the heel of oppression, the Belgians in like trials listened to the counsels of Cardinal Mercier, and they have their reward. It shall be so, please God, with our people also.

It remains for some one to give a name to the malady with which so many proletarians are now afflicted. Its symptoms

are plain enough,—strikes and race riots. The epidemic from which not a few of the rulers of the world are suffering has already been described by Lord Denbigh as "Idealitis"; and he asserts that it is more dangerous than the Influenza, which generally causes its victims to take to their beds, while Idealitis allows them to remain at their posts. He thinks that both Lloyd George and President Wilson had a bad attack of this malady during their stay in Paris.

We are happy to assure the noble Lord that, however it may be with the English Premier, our chief executive is on the road to recovery, though he seemed to suffer a slight relapse while writing the subjoined words of his message to the Senate, to accompany the text of the so-called Franco-American Alliance: "A new day has dawned. Old antagonisms are forgotten. The common cause of freedom and enlightenment has created new comradeships, and a new perception of what it is wise and necessary for great nations to do to free the world of intolerable fear."

Idealitis is like jaundice—hard to get out of the system, and leaving traces which can be removed only by change of residence and long rest.

A special dispatch to the New York *Sun* from Washington, D. C., under date of July 30, reported that eight cases of "real liquor" suddenly appeared that day, from a dark room in the Capitol within about fifty feet from where the House recently voted overwhelmingly for the drastic Prohibition enforcement laws. Through the Hall of Fame, with its statues of America's great, it was carried by two dusky draymen, much to the amazement and disgust of scores of visitors, apparently from dry localities; for the cases bore the words in large black letters, "Old Tom." Investigation revealed that this "real liquor" belonged to a member of Congress. It was placed in the Capitol a few years ago, and the

member, fearing that the power to search out forbidden liquids might be extended to Congress itself, ordered the removal to a local club.

It would be interesting to know the name of the owner of those cases, and how he voted on the Prohibition amendment. In all probability he is one of those who think that "real liquor" is bad for other people. Possibly, too, he was afraid some unconverted Congressman might get into that dark room in the Capitol and yield to temptation.

Although Senorita Pessao is not yet out of her teens, she has some very sane ideas on sociological questions, as is perhaps natural enough in the case of a convent-bred daughter of Brazil's Catholic President. To an American interviewer who asked her opinion on marriage and divorce, she said recently: "In Brazil we have not the French system of the marriage dowry. It is like in America—the marriage for love. There most marriages are happy. There we have no divorce. The couple may separate, but never can they marry again. Accordingly, the people who don't feel easy at the beginning of their marriage try to bear with one another's faults; and in the end they are perhaps happier than if all had gone smoothly at first."

An able remonstrance against "the slavish idolatry of Scripture" on the part of Protestants, by Mr. Garrett Horder, will be found in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*. He calls his article "The Fetter of Protestantism," and argues that in reality it has been hampered by the very means supposed to contribute most powerfully to its extension. Mr. Horder is classed as a liberal theologian,—perhaps because he has new ideas and is not afraid to express them. Unlike most liberalists in theology, however, he does not deck out obvious thoughts with an immense amount of philosophic phraseology and logical apparatus.



Gaiety.

BY BONAVENTURE SCHWINN, O. S. B.

THE Earth is very old, they say;
I wonder why she is so gay.

In spring she wears a dress of green,
Like any girl of seventeen.

Her summer gown is still more fair,
And wreaths of roses crown her hair.

When autumn winds come sharp and cold,
She dons a shawl of red and gold.

And winter brings another dress
Of white and radiant loveliness.

The Earth is very old, they say;
I wonder why she is so gay.

The Story of Michael Angelo.

BY N. E. SLAVEN.

ON the wall of a small villa near Florence is a much-defaced drawing from the hand of a youthful genius. The work was done five centuries ago by a golden-haired, thoughtful-eyed boy, who bore the name of Michael Agnola Buonarroti. Years later, when this boy became famous, an unknown admirer spoke of him as Michael the angel. All the world soon took up this name; and so to-day we know him, not by the name of his forefathers, but simply as Michael Angelo.

Little Michael was the oldest child of a large family. He was born in the town of Caprese, where his father, Ludovico Buonarroti, was for a time governor. Ludovico was a descendant of the great Counts of Canossa, but for generations the family had become poorer and poorer. Michael's parents were both very ambitious for their children, and especially for their oldest boy, who they believed would restore

their fortunes. They intended him to be very learned, and to serve some one of the powerful nobles of the day. But, instead of studying his Latin and Greek, and perfecting himself in horsemanship and the use of the sword, the boy drew pictures all day long. When scarcely out of dresses, he shaped odd little figures out of mud, with much the same enjoyment with which children nowadays make mud pies. When a few years older, he drew pictures in the sand with a sharp stick, or on the walls of his home with charcoal. It is to this period that the picture already spoken of belongs; for when the children were still young the family moved to the beautiful city of Florence.

Florence was then as now a city of flowers. Although it was at the time of Angelo's childhood a republic, one distinguished family had gained a great deal of power. The head of the family was known as Lorenzo the Magnificent. This great man loved art and music and literature, and did all he could to encourage them.

When Michael Angelo was twelve years old, he determined to be an artist and nothing else. His father was very angry. It seemed dreadful to him that a member of the noble family of Canossa should wish to be just "a dauber of paint." The boy, however, had formed a fast friendship with a young painter named Francesco Granacci, who was a pupil of Ghirlandaio, one of the foremost artists of Florence. From this friend Michael borrowed models and drawings, which he secretly copied. One day Francesco took some of this work to his teacher. Ghirlandaio was so pleased with it that he went to Ludovico Buonarroti and begged him to let Michael have his wish and study art. At last, when convinced that his son would not be a "dauber" but a great artist, the old man gave in.

Michael was only thirteen when he entered the studio of Domenico Ghirlandaio as a pupil. Most art students in those days, as in ours, had to pay for their lessons; but Michael's work was so remarkable that from the first he received ten gold florins (about \$12) every week. And soon Ghirlandaio confessed that his talented pupil knew all that he could teach him, and he determined to send the lad to some one else for further instruction. On one beautiful June day he took Michael by the hand and led him to the palace of Lorenzo the Magnificent. In the gardens of the palace Lorenzo had started a great art school. To this school, at Ghirlandaio's request, Michael Angelo was admitted. Lorenzo soon came to love the boy dearly, and treated him as one of his own sons.

Michael spent several happy years at the palace. One day, during his sixteenth year, he quarrelled with a fellow-student named Torrigiano. This Torrigiano was an unworthy and vicious young man. In his rage he raised a large hammer and struck Michael a heavy blow in the face, which disfigured him for life. We can not but be glad that for this brutal act Torrigiano was obliged to flee from Florence.

Michael Angelo was not pleasing of feature even before the quarrel with Torrigiano. The disfigurement resulting from the blow made him still more homely; but he was tall and well built, with the sinewy strength of an athlete.

Lorenzo the Magnificent died when Michael was eighteen. Lorenzo's son continued to be kind to the young artist, but never really understood what a great genius he was. One day he actually sent him out during a severe snowstorm to make a statue of snow to amuse some royal guests.

Shortly after this Michael was asked by one of the great Cardinals to go to Rome. He gladly accepted the invitation, and soon learned to love the wonderful city. He always called it the city of his soul. The Pope at this time was Julius

II. He heard of the new artist, and did much to befriend and help him. Michael Angelo, in return, was glad to devote his time and talents to the Church.

His first great work was a "Pietà," a statue representing the Blessed Virgin with the dead body of Christ in her arms. This was, perhaps, the most beautiful of all his works. The subject, I am sure, was very dear to him. He represented the Blessed Mother, although sorrowing, as very youthful, and with a face of angelic beauty. The figure of Christ seemed aged by suffering. Many people criticised the work because of this, and one man asked where a son could be found who looked as old as his mother. Michael Angelo quietly replied, "In Paradise." Once, when mingling with the crowds before this statue, Angelo heard some learned bishops disputing as to who the artist was. They both agreed that the work could not have been done by such a mere youth as the new sculptor from Florence. That night Michael stole into the church, and by the light of a lantern carved his name in the girdle of the Virgin; and there to-day all visitors to Rome may read it.

Another famous work which the artist completed for Julius II. was the decorating of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. The beautiful pictures he painted represented the history of the Creation, and they contain hundreds of figures. It is very difficult to paint on an overhead surface. Even to view such decorations properly, one has to use huge mirrors, or lie flat on one's back. Michael Angelo could find no assistant who painted well enough to please him, so he worked all alone upon the ceiling. He grew so interested that he could not bear to leave the chapel even for an hour. He sometimes even slept upon the scaffolding, and always drew up his meals with a string. It took him more than a year to complete the pictures.

His most famous work came when he was made chief architect of the great

new Church of St. Peter. For this he refused to receive pay, doing it all for the glory of God and the good of his own soul. The great dome of this edifice still soars upward to the skies, and truly represents the beautiful heart and soul of the man who planned it.

Throughout his life Michael Angelo was devoted to truth and to duty. All his work is heroic. Merely to look at it gives us courage for the struggle of life. We can learn from him great lessons of tender love of family, of patriotism, of loyalty, of courage, and of devotion to high ideals. But he was not entirely free from faults: he was proud, masterful, and moody. On this account he made many enemies and few real friends, and was often sad and lonely.

But during his last years the austere old man found one great and true friend. This was a good and famous woman named Vittoria Colonna. She often suggested pictures for him to paint, and he loved to listen to her criticisms of his work. To please her, he wrote a little book of beautiful poetry; for he was not only a sculptor and a painter, but a great poet as well as herself.

The death of this gentle friend left the old man broken in body and spirit, but his mind was strong and clear to the last. He felt that he was never too old to learn. In allusion to this, he once drew a picture of an old man in a go-cart, and underneath he wrote the words *Ancora imparo* ("Still learning").

Michael Angelo's long life of service came to an end in Rome on February 18, 1564. His last words were: "I give my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my nearest of kin, charging them through life to remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ."

WHEN some one in Red Jacket's presence complained that he had "no time to do anything," the old Indian replied: "Why, you have all the time there is, haven't you?"

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

VI.—THE DECISION: NO OR YES?

"YES, yes," repeated Layac, "all that last part of the will is a mere joke, is it not?"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Tilbasco, "it's quite as serious as the rest. Anyway, have not you yourself recognized the handwriting of your friend?"

"True enough; so I did," sighed the grocer; and for the next five minutes he tramped up and down the floor, talking to himself. He was evidently engaged in some big and sorrowful inner struggle.

"Well, no," he exclaimed at last; "he didn't doubt,—for that matter, he never *did* doubt about anything. I knew of course that he had always been eccentric; but, all the same, this is running eccentricity into the ground. So he wants me to go after this fortune, myself, and to go in an aeroplane? Why, he might just as well say at once that, notwithstanding the promise interchanged, he didn't intend to leave me anything. In an aeroplane! *Me* in an aeroplane! No, thank you! I've no desire to crack my head-piece and break my bones. I prefer to give up the two millions altogether."

"You had better reflect on the matter," urged the banker.

"Reflection be blowed! I've decided."

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes—no—oh, I don't know what to do! What would you do yourself?"

"Oh, the affair doesn't concern me, and I have no advice to offer," said Mr. Tilbasco.

Layac took his head in his hands to do some more thinking. The struggle through which he had gone a little while before was renewed. He was divided between a very ardent longing to become a millionaire twice over, and an intense fear of getting his neck broken. His hesitation lasted a full minute, and it was finally

the fear of his being hurt that won out.

"Well, then; no, no!" he cried. "I don't accept; I refuse. Poor I was born, and poor I'll die."

"As you like," said the banker. "But, as you may possibly change your mind, I'll drop in late this afternoon—oh, simply to gratify my curiosity!—and learn what you have definitely decided to do."

Just then Mariena and Tim entered the store, the girl's arms full of great bunches of the roses of France.

"Come, my dear!" said her father. "We must go." Then, turning to the grocer, he said, "Until this evening!"

Uncle Layac was so preoccupied, however, that he did not even hear him. His preoccupation was soon disturbed by Tim, who, understanding that matters of importance had been discussed between him and the banker, insisted on hearing what it was all about. His uncle briefly told him about the strange will and the stranger condition added to the bequest of the two millions.

Tim accordingly learned bit by bit all the news,—the death of Doremus, of whom he had often heard his uncle speak; the queer last will and testament; and especially the last clause of that will, in virtue of which Doremus' heir, in order to obtain possession of the money, would have to go after it in an aeroplane to Lisbon.

"And you refused?" cried the young mechanic, who glowed with delight at the mere thought of a trip through the air.

"Refused?" said Uncle Layac. "Of course I refused! And if the bequest of Doremus were three, four, five times as big as it is, I would still refuse. I'm not anxious to get all my bones broken, even for the sake of becoming rich."

"And yet—"

"There's no 'yet' about it," interrupted the grocer. And, pointing to the olives which were still scattered over the floor, he added: "Here, help me to gather these up."

They both stooped down; Tim easily enough, for at his age one is supple; but Uncle Layac, with a good deal of

puffing, for he was considerably inconvenienced by his rather big "corporation." They picked in silence for some minutes,—a silence during which Tim saw in imagination the splendid voyage they might make in an airship, and which was soon broken by the lad's exclaiming, almost unconsciously and without any thought of disrespect towards his uncle:

"No, no; it's too silly,—altogether too silly!"

"Eh—eh? What's too silly?"

"To refuse a fortune when one has only to stoop down to take it."

"What do you mean by stooping down? If it was only a matter of stooping down, I'd do it at once,—or, rather, it would be done already. The trouble is that it is a question of going up; and not going up a pair of stairs, but up through the air, and with nothing underneath one. No, no! Just to think of it makes me dizzy. Let others imitate birds if they feel like it. As for me, I was created and put into this world to live on the earth, and on the earth I'll remain."

And, to emphasize his settled determination not to take any risks up in the clouds, Uncle Layac brought his foot down with so much force that two or three wide-mouthed jugs were dislodged from a shelf and came tumbling down to the floor.

"There,—of course!" cried the grocer in a rage. "Now that the olives have been picked up, we must begin all over again with these confounded nuts and spices."

"Well, the sooner we begin," said Tim, philosophically, "the sooner we'll finish. Anyway, exercise is good for the health. If you had taken more exercise during the past ten years, Uncle, you wouldn't be so big and unwieldy."

"Possibly you are right, boy; but the fact remains that I *am* too big to be playing the fool in an aeroplane."

"Now, look here, Uncle Layac! You can't have thought of all that this fortune would permit you to do."

"Oh, yes, I have. The first thing I'd do would be to sell my grocery here. Then

I'd buy a fine little house I've had my eye on, a country house on the banks of the Tarn, where I'd take my ease to the end of my days, passing the time quietly in smoking good tobacco and fishing every day."

"And is that all you'd do if you really possessed those two millions?"

"Certainly, what else should I do? I'm not an ambitious man."

"Yes, but what about Fourrin?"

"Well, *what* about him?"

"Do you mean to say it would give you no pleasure, being rich, to get even with Fourrin?"

"Yes, it would,—indeed it would!" cried Layac, his eyes glowing with resentment at the mere thought. "But how should I get even? One can't manage such matters as one likes."

"On the contrary, that's just what one *can* do, there's nothing easier, provided one has the sinews of war—that is, money."

And, seeing that he had touched his uncle on a sensitive point, Tim (still hopeful about the aeroplane) pressed the matter.

"Dear Uncle Layac," he went on, "tell me again, I pray you, how it is that Mr. Fourrin has taken away all your customers?"

Why, I've told you a dozen times already that it's because he has opened up, just across the street there, a store ten times as handsome as this one."

"And how was he able to do that?"

"Because—because—because he had the money to do it."

"Naturally; for just that reason and no other. Well, then, Uncle, what Fourrin has done to you, you can if you wish do to him. All that is necessary is to accept the legacy which Mr. Doremus has left you, and to conform to its conditions."

"What? You would accept it?"

"Of course, Uncle Layac,—of course I would, and so will you, I'm sure, when you think over the possibilities it puts in your hands. You will build a store twenty times as fine as Fourrin's, with a gold front and great plate-glass windows twice as big as any one here ever saw, and with

a dozen of electric lights for every one that illuminates the Modern Grocery. And, once these wonders have been accomplished, there will be no mistake about the citizens' finding their way again to their old favorite, the King of Groceries."

"Yes, yes; you're right," cried Layac, quite carried away by the enthusiasm of his nephew. "Moreover, in acting thus, I'll not be avenging but defending myself; so Father Soissons can't preach to me against it. It's simply doing business; and everybody knows that competition is the life of business. A thousand thunders," he continued, as he shook his fist at the opposite store, "we'll show you, Fourrin the Modern,—we'll show you a thing or two before long!"

Hardly had he pronounced these words, however when he puckered his brows and declared:

"But no,—but no; all that is impossible!"

"Impossible? And why?" asked Tim.

"Because, to realize these fine dreams, I should have to—should have to make a bird of myself,—should have to fly."

This time it was Tim who flew into a rage, or pretended to do so. And he proceeded to give Uncle Layac as sound a scolding as if the two had changed places.

(To be continued.)

"Going Fishing."

Great minds have often found relaxation in the most trifling occupations. It is a rule of some of the old religious Orders that severe study must not be pursued more than three hours at a time, and must then give way to recreation. Spinosa took relaxation in watching the movements of spiders, and used to laugh heartily at their antics. Socrates, the wise old philosopher, was fond of playing with children. "Continuity of labor deadens the soul," says Seneca. Some of the greatest achievements of genius would have been lost to the world if their authors had not been fond of stopping work and "going fishing," as they called play.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The index and title-page of Volume IX. (New Series) of *THE AVE MARIA* (January-June, 1919) are now ready for those who bind their magazines.

—Religious announcements, in a new list issued by Longmans, Green & Co., include "Meditations on the Psalms," by the author of "A Spiritual Æneid."

—"Social Service as a Profession," an article contributed to the *Catholic Charities Review* by the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, has been reprinted in convenient form, for gratuitous general distribution, by the director of the School of Social Work, Duquesne University.

—"Bolshevism: The Remedy," is the title under which the K. of C. War Activities Committee have published a new translation of Pope Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on the condition of the workman. This famous document is strongly recommended by Benedict XV. as a guide to all who seek to solve the social problem. Though issued nearly thirty years ago, it is as actual as ever. The Home Press, New York city.

—The superlative of praise given to any literary work—a poem or an essay, a sermon or a lecture, a short story or a long novel—is to say that it is a classic. And one peculiarity of the classic is that, like Shakespeare's heroine, age can not wither nor custom stale its abiding charm. In so far as books are concerned, Lowell has said: "A classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style,—that innate and requisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, . . . and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old." To instance two volumes which of late years have vindicated their claim to be styled classics, "The Heliotropium" and "My Unknown Chum" are as fresh and delightful as though their first editions appeared only yesterday.

—"Father Tom: Life and Lectures of the Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin," by Peter P. McLoughlin (G. P. Putnam's Sons), an octavo of 400 pages, illustrated, is a work likely to be welcomed rather by readers in the diocese or State, of New York than by Catholics generally. A good, big-hearted, popular, priest who commanded the respect of all with whom he came into contact and the love of his own parishioners, he did excellent work in his day and will doubtless live long in the memory of his friends; but his

career was not so markedly different from hundreds of other priestly careers in this country as imperatively to demand the publication of this elaborate volume. The ten lectures included in the work deal for the most part with the songs and melodies of different nations, and as here presented necessarily lack one of the greatest charms that marked their delivery,—the actual rendition of the songs by "the singing priest," as "Father Tom" was called.

—An exceptionally good story though not a particularly long one is "Crucible Island," by Condé B. Pallen, just published by the Manhattanville Press. The title-pages describe it as "a romance, an adventure, and an experiment"; and each item of the characterization is amply justified. The romance and adventure will commend it to such adolescents as begin its perusal; and the experiment will intensely interest more mature and thoughtful readers, especially such as have made even a cursory study of Socialism and its claims about the Utopia the world would become if socialistic principles had full play. Crucible Island is something of a Brook Farm on a national scale, where the collective principle is worked out to its thoroughly logical conclusion in concrete practice. We should like to see the book in all public libraries, as it is likely to prove more instructive and convincing to the general reader than most of the scholarly treatises that demolish the doctrines of the Socialist enthusiast.

—Apart from the inspired books, "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" and Francis Thompson's "Life of St. Ignatius" represent almost ideally the diverse and captivating possibilities of spiritual biography. They are two of the meagre few Lives of the saints in which biography has not ended by being chiefly chronology, in which the writers have seen, through and beyond the signs and wonders recorded, the burning and blinding Thing signified. Of course no one can write a real biography who has not a knowledge, by sympathy at least, of the vital experiences of his subject. Unfortunately, the Lives of the saints are usually written by persons who have no such vicarious knowledge. The "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque" (Sands & Co.), seems to be such a book. Faithful in every detail to the records left of the Blessed Margaret Mary, it yet fails to find out the heart of the saint, and hence the heart of the reader. Omitting no vision nor revelation, it does not glow with their light nor thrill with their meaning.

Perhaps that would be expecting too much. Doubtless the present volume will reach more readers than one written with greater insight might do. Still, the wish remains that another Crashaw might arise to interpret the heart of Blessed Margaret Mary more than to chronicle the physical phenomena accompanying it. The book leaves something to be desired in uniformity of style; the paper, too, should be much better than it is to justify the price, \$1.80.

—"Convent Life," by Martin J. Scott, S. J., is a thoroughly practical and common-sense book on the religious life, and, as the sub-title indicates, the meaning of a religious vocation. The convent, the manner of life in it, the reasons and means of entering, are all discussed with a most comfortable candor and simplicity. The absurd ghosts of the novel-nun and stage-nun are laid and the air of sentimental mystery dispelled by the prosaic facts of hard work, routine, and self-sacrifice, which comprise the life of the religious. The chapters on Red Cross sisterhoods and other religious Orders will be of great interest to those who, apart from the question of vocation, are concerned with any form of social service. Since the Church recognizes only two vocations, that of religion and that of matrimony, it is well to put before readers in general a clear and comprehensive explanation of the religious life. "Convent Life" is such a book, and it can be read by religious or layman, Catholic or Protestant, without any misunderstanding and with much profit. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

- "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
 "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
 "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S. D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
 "His Luckiest Year." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Peter Dagget, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. J. M. Gleeson, diocese of Hartford; Rt. Rev. P. L. Duffy, diocese of Charleston; and Rev. Patrick Walsh, C. P.

Mr. John F. Bishop, Mr. William C. Smith, Mrs. John Donahue, Mr. S. D. Marvin, Mr. George Dillman, Mr. Frederick Elzer, Mr. Michael Lawler, Mr. Thomas Morrison, Mr. W. A. Pope, Mr. John Werner, and Miss Ellen Mannion.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: J. W. T., in behalf of the souls in purgatory, \$5; A. G. P., \$20; friend (St. Martin), \$1; Miss A. T. C., \$5; A. G. P., \$1; Mrs. J. F., \$5; Rev. W. E. K., \$5; A. G., in honor of St. Ann, \$2; John F. Stoughton, \$5 M. J. M., \$2; Fr. G., O. S. B., \$25.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Our Lady's Assumption.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

DEATH might not claim her, nor the conquer-
ing grave,

Nor slow decay her sacred body blight,
To fallen man redemption's God who gave,
Emmanuel, the Lord of life and light.

Corruption might not taint the holy flesh
That clothed with life the Lord of heaven and
earth,—

The pure, sweet body, virginal and fresh,
Whereof the Saviour of the world had birth.

Now from the portals of her empty tomb
Exhales a heavenly odor, and a breath
Of roseal fragrance and auroral bloom
Sweetens the rock-hewn sepulchre of Death.

But she—ah, she hath heard the voice of Love,
And burst the grave and death's confining bars.
On wings of sweet desire the homing dove
Hath sought her fledgling far beyond the stars.

There, by His power assumed unto His side,
Blessèd above all women that have been,
With Him she reigns, star-crowned and glorified.
Mother of God and heaven's imperial Queen.

AFTER the fret and fever of a few short years will come the river of the water of life—"the times of refreshment," and the rest of God. Let us remember that He who is the Resurrection is always with us; and if we be in Him, all things are ours, all shall be restored to us, all made new, all sinless and deathless, all our own again and forever.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Poetry and a Poët.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.



HE main business of an artist is not creation (as is often erroneously supposed), but re-creation. He sees; and, out of his mastery of perception, remodels the familiar in such a way that it is new and striking and a stimulant to the emotions. When a man looks at a house and sees it as not only ordinary but dull, he does not *see* the house, with all its possibilities of romance and tragedy. The artist, therefore, has to rebuild the place for him with stones more precious than gold and timber, more marvellous than the trees of Lebanon. In doing so, he must not make out the house to be a fairy palace. He must not disregard truth by sticking on turrets and pinnacles which are not there, or by digging a mythical moat about it. But he should, without adding a single slate to the roof, show you a house as wonderful as a fairy palace,—as indeed it is. Let him not paint the lily, but wipe the dust of familiarity off the lily and reveal it more splendid than Solomon in all his glory.

Hence the materials that artist will have to use are *things*. His work will concern itself not with abstractions but with common necessities. Let the thing be as slight as you will,—a rose or a butterfly's wing. The poet will place the rose upon the gown of the Queen of Heaven, and point out upon the butterfly a picture

as bright and as brilliant as any that Fra Angelico could paint.

The greater the poet, the harder and clearer his vision; the stronger his rapture, the more substantial his work; the deeper his spirituality, the deeper his insight into the world,—the deeper even his materialism. He must make his romance out of the commonplace, and let the five senses provide for him a ladder unto heaven. It was the most mystical of the Apostles who wrote: "That which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which our hands have handled, . . . declare we unto you." And the text may well serve as a motto for the poet. Better poetry has been written about beer than about fairies. The reason (despite Mr. Yeats, who took a friend of mine to a lonely pool at Gort to show him the fairies there) is the fact that for every man who has seen a fairy a million have seen a "pub." I possess, in common with most people, what the mid-Victorians used to call a 'spirit of reverent agnosticism' about Queen Mab. Even Queen Maeve leaves me somewhat cold; and I remember that Mr. Yeats has written his best poem about nine beans in a row, and created his finest effects of glamour in a hut of wattles made.

The lesson for poets, then, should be that they ought to declare what our hands as well as theirs can handle, what our eyes can see, what our ears can hear. If they try to gain the fabulous by leaving out the familiar, it is like trying to make bricks without straw. The straw is there; but if it isn't found in the bricks, it will be observed sticking in the poet's hair.

It was just because the dead American singer, Joyce Kilmer, had this love of *things* that his work possesses value, and his life dignity. I can think of many greater contemporary poets—he was not, for instance, Rupert Brooke's artistic equal, though circumstances have linked them together,—but there never was a poet who had a keener sense of the glory of life or what one of his admirers called

a "larger repertoire of joys." Nothing seemed to be dull or ignoble to him. One of his finest poems, "The Twelve Forty-Five,"—was written about a suburban train, and dealt with the names of stations through which it was passing. Bradshaw translated into a ballad!

Upon my crimson-cushioned seat
In manufactured light and heat,
I feel unnatural and mean.
Outside, the towns are cool and clean;
Curtailed a while from sound and sight,
They take God's gracious gift of night.
The stars are watchful over them.
On Clifton as on Bethlehem,
The angels, leaning down the sky,
Shed peace and gentle dreams. And I—
I ride, I blasphemously ride,
Through all the silent countryside.

Everything Kilmer touched turned to gold,—or, rather, was revealed as gold. Of a delicatessen shop he writes, and it flames with all the colors of sunset. The admiration of a servant girl for the grocer's boy glows with as fine a passion as Dante gave to Beatrice. Her lips were sealed, and lacked expression; but true poetry sang in her heart, and Kilmer's ears were keen enough to hear the singing. He thrilled at the thought of the fires burning under drab exteriors, and felt anger blazing against those who scorned the humble and the dumb children of earth. Martin, the failure, wore (for him) "an overcoat of glory"—and we may be sure that the celestial robe was seen by Kilmer hanging from the shoulders of each one of the poor of Jesus Christ. His poetry was a shout of wonder at the magnificent and strange discoveries every minute brought forth. Hence it followed that he was fiercely and intolerably anti-decadent. Over and over again he heaped his contempt on the bards whose 'veins drip scented ink,' in disgust for their persons and the disrepute into which they had brought the most honorable of all the arts. For Kilmer, a poet was essentially a fighter, and he loved to remind his readers of the pugnacious history of literature. To the singer he promised a youth of combat, with a genial valhalla at the end of it

as a reward, where the mellow old poets gathered in their club for good-fellowship and gentle talk and ale and tobacco.

One of the most notable and noble marks of Kilmer was his capacity for scorn. Any injustice or treason drew it out. The suppression of the Irish Rebellion roused him to indignation, as did the sinking of the "Lusitania"; and though the verses he wrote on those occasions were not, I think, up to his usual standard, the lines "To a Young Poet who Shot Himself" are, in their way, as admirable as anything Kilmer ever did:

The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die:
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not vex the merry stars
Nor make them heed you, dead or living.
Not all your puny anger mars
God's irresistible forgiving.

Yes, God forgives and men forget,
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might be gaily sinning yet,
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little shame?
And don't you think you were an ass?

Though Joyce Kilmer certainly can not be said to be derivative, he had a spiritual affinity to Lionel Johnson, and had much of the saints' courtesy and gentleness and scorn of which the English poet once wrote. There was, moreover, in them both a queer union of pagan and Christian simplicity, in which the soldier and the child met each other and agreed. It was not without significance that Kilmer went so eagerly to the war and died so bravely. I think that no man was ever so glad to die in battle; but I am sure that not only for his country but for the honor of his art he laid down his life, and to prove the manliness of his pen with his sword. From what I can gather, Kilmer made a troublesome soldier. His zeal was excessive; and though he was mentioned for bravery, he was several times cautioned for the unnecessary risks he took. At last death met him in the way he desired,

and the soul of Kilmer was made happy.

I have said that I do not consider Kilmer a great poet. His artistic ability was limited. But his sincerity, his manliness, his cheerfulness, his simplicity, his kindness, his courage, give a value to his verse that many a better equipped poet has not. Yet, judged by even the strictest of standards, Kilmer's work is not lightly to be dismissed. Much of it was evidently the hurried work of a busy journalist. But enough was of a high enough quality to justify his claim to the bays. "Trees," "The Robe of Christ," "Folly," and "The Fourth Shepherd," are, I think, his best pieces; and one continually comes upon lines and phrases which are beautiful and that stick in the memory, than which there is no surer test of poetry. His technique was adequate for all demands, and served to express the simplicity of his thought.

If Kilmer did not fall into the affectation of making bricks without straw, he avoided with equal care the affectation of making bricks without shape. He discovered that the house of poetry could be more easily and more securely built with bricks of the traditional pattern laid in the traditional way, than with bricks of fantastic size and design. Once, and with great effect, he used *vers libre* apparently for the fun of the thing, as a man might build a rococo summer-house in his garden. It fits in with the rest of his work, as the wild buttresses and fantastic traceries of a Gothic cathedral, by some marvel or accident, fit into the harmony of the whole,—and the law of form is justified by the liberties it takes. I quote the conclusion of the charming poem "A Blue Valentine":

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my
pleas are the most exquisite and maternal
Brigid;
Gallant Saint Stephen who puts fire in my blood;
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But, of your courtesy, Monsignore,

Do me this favor:
 When you this morning make your way
 To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with
 roses because of her who sits upon it,
 When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
 I beg you to say to her:
 "Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing
 servants yet on earth,
 Has asked me to say that at this moment he is
 especially grateful to you
 For wearing a blue gown."

The sanity, tenderness, humor, and simplicity of his art were drawn from the sanity, tenderness, humor, and simplicity of his creed; for, like so many convert poets, he gained with his conversion to the Catholic Faith an enormous increase of power. Most of Kilmer's poems were colored by his creed, though he appeared to be almost as reticent in writing of his religion as he was in speaking about it.

The conclusion of "The Fourth Shepherd" must be quoted, despite the fact that I have already exceeded my space:

The door swings wide—I can not go,—
 I must and yet I dare not see.
 Lord, who am I that I should know?
 Lord, God, be merciful to me!
 O Whiteness, whiter than the fleece
 Of new-washed sheep on April sod!
 O Breath of Life, O Prince of Peace,
 O Lamb of God,—O Lamb of God!

His devotional spirit was characteristically expressed in a whimsical simile or (as in this poem) in a half-hushed sob.

I never knew Joyce Kilmer except by correspondence. Most of his poems were inscribed to his wife or to one or other of his friends. I was hoping to meet him and to become one of these, for he appeared to have the gift of friendship. He himself also wished it, which is my consolation. For when one of his friends was leaving America for England, Joyce Kilmer said in his farewell to him: "When you get to London find Maynard and a cosy little "pub," so that when I get over we can have a few jolly evenings together." It was not to be; for, instead of being sent to England, Kilmer finished his training in France, and a German bullet ended his eager life. I must wait for that meeting till I get to heaven.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

VII.—PRECAUTIONS.

PATRICK HATHAWAY and the two Woods had narrowly escaped the fate of Master Barclay. But for the detention by the Jesuit of James Wood, they would all have emerged from the house in company, and all would have been apprehended alike; for the laymen had brought no arms with them, and resistance would have been impossible. That few minutes had been their salvation.

Master Burnet—or Father McQuhirrie, to give him his real name—had seized the opportunity of a confidential word or two on the subject of the queen's letters, of which Father Abercromby had informed him. In the event of the young man's inability to convey them to Rome within a reasonable time, it had been thought well to advise him to return them either to Father Abercromby or to his brother-missionary, who would endeavor to find another messenger. It was to make this known to young Bonnytoun that he had detained him for a short space on that eventful morning.

The porter lost no time in conveying the neys of the arrest of Master Doctor, and of warning them of the danger of leaving the house for a while. But, upon consultation together, it seemed to all more advisable to make their escape without loss of time. The magistrates might send deputies to search for them, and in such a case their apprehension was certain.

They, therefore, resolved to leave the precincts by way of St. Mary's Wynd, to take horse in Canongate, and leave the city as soon as possible. As Geordie Tod, the priest's loon, could not be found, the other men conveyed the bag with the vestments and sacred vessels to the Catholic stabler's where Father McQuhirrie's horse had been left.

The Jesuit decided to ride in the opposite direction to that which he had arranged to take; he accordingly joined the Laird of Latoun, who was bound for Stirling. The other two rode off quickly in the direction of Dalkeith,—Patrick deeming it safer to approach Haddowstane in a circuitous way rather than run the risk of taking the direct road through Fisherrow and Musselburgh.

Young Bonnytoun had accompanied Patrick, to the latter's surprise, without giving a reason for taking that direction. They rode side by side in silence for a while; the thoughts of both occupied with the imminent danger so narrowly avoided. In any case, silence was a prudent precaution. In the half-light, any chance wayfarer might be lying, unseen of them, under the overhanging trees by the roadside, and it would not do to run the risk of being overheard.

Apprehensions troubled them both. The easy capture of Barclay, and the unnecessary number of the guard for one man only, pointed to a preconcerted plan, and suggested the connivance of a traitor. James Wood was well known in Edinburgh as a prominent Papist; any one who could bear witness to his participation in the Mass might denounce him to the magistrates with good chance of success. Hathaway was less well known in the city, but even he stood in danger of recognition as having taken part in the assembly at Napier's house.

It was Patrick who eventually broke the silence.

"Are you bound my way, Jamie?" he asked.

"Aye, Pat. I'm thinking of lying at Stoneyburn for another night, till I finally make up my mind what course it would be best to take."

The two young men had been fairly intimate at the university, but their ways had lain apart during the last two or three years. Through Wood's association with Stoneyburn the old friendship had been renewed. The resolute Catholicism of

both bound them more closely together than mere social ties.

They had avoided any direct road from the city, for fear of courting observation; and had made their way across country, round by Dalkeith, intending to reach the bridge leading to Musselburgh by following the winding course of the Esk along its left bank.

Day had begun to dawn before they were far on their way; and by the time they had turned north and reached higher ground, the sun had risen. As the waters of the Forth came in sight, they shone like molten silver with the effulgence from the east. At the return of day the whole countryside began to waken into life; birds trilled, and living things bestirred themselves on all sides.

Daylight, renewed in its fulness, affected the hitherto silent horsemen. Simultaneously they drew rein, as they caught sight of the eastern sky glowing with gold and rose. Bonnytoun was the first to speak again.

"I have a fear, Pat, that trouble is coming."

"You're thinking of the seizure of Master Barclay, I take it. I have been pondering over it, too. There's been a plot, I reckon, to take others, but it failed."

"I feel sure of that," was Wood's reply. "But there are other reasons for anxiety. I've a mind to turn into Haddowstane on the way, Pat, and talk things over with Sir Jasper and you."

"You'll be assuredly welcome," Hathaway answered hospitably.

So they rode forward again in silence, until their destination was reached.

Haddowstane had been a fine property in prosperous days; and, though its lands had shrunken, the mansion still showed the same bold front as of old. It was a good-sized house of dark brown stone, more suggestive of a castle than the residence of a country laird. Its extensive demesne was surrounded by a substantial wall of stone, of considerable height, flanked here and there by castellated tur-

rets. Amid the picturesque gables of the house rose similar slender towers, pierced with narrow openings and surmounted by sharply-pointed conical roofs; for the mansion dated from those times of stress when every such habitation must needs be equipped to hold its own against possible attack by hostile forces. Haddow-stane took its name from the family: "Haddow" and "Hathowie" being but variants.

The place looked peaceful enough on that March morning when the two friends, after passing under the wide arch of the gateway, rode round into the stableyard at the back of the house. The pebbled court was grass-grown; and many of the outbuildings were evidently unused, for they were falling into decay. A big watchdog bayed at their approach; but, quickly recognizing his master, leaped eagerly to greet him, dragging his chain to its utmost stretch.

The bark of the dog and the sound of hoofs brought a lad out of the stables. He was apparently about Patrick's age, with ruddy complexion and a shock of fiery-red locks. He doffed his bonnet as he ran towards them.

"Is my uncle within, Willie?" asked Patrick.

"Nay, Master Pat," was the reply. "His Honor rode off early the morn."

"Then take our horses, like a good loon, and give them a feed. Come away in, Jamie! Ye'll fairly need a bite and a sup."

He led the way through the rear of the house, past the kitchen. Pheemie, the housekeeper, cook, and servant-of-all-work, made her curtsy to the young Laird of Bonnytoun, and received Patrick's orders for refreshments. She and husband and son comprised the whole domestic staff in those days of penury. Red-headed Willie had been Patrick's playfellow from infancy, and was now his devoted slave; his father, Archie Stoddart, had been servant to Sir Jasper since boyhood. All, like their master, were staunch Catholics.

Patrick led his guest into the cheerful

living-room, to await the meal which Pheemie was preparing. The narrow windows looked out upon a stretch of varied country towards the east; and beyond the intervening land towards the north were discernible the shining waters of the Forth. For the house stood on rising ground away from the high road; a grass-grown track led to it, and continued in the direction of Stoneyburn, the nearest neighboring residence.

The room was small. A wood fire burned on the low hearth, and fresh rushes were strewn upon the floor to serve for carpet. An oaken settle under the wide chimney-arch afforded a sheltered refuge from wandering winds. A broad, cushioned chair in the opposite corner of the ingle-nook was Sir Jasper's customary seat, whenever weather, fatigue or inclination kept him within doors; for, despite his nearly eighty years, he was hale and hearty, and a passionate lover of open-air pursuits.

The young men seated themselves by the fire, and Wood lost no time in broaching the subject he had at heart. Since he had received from Queen Anne the letters entrusted to him for conveyance to Rome, difficulties had arisen which seemed to point to the impossibility of fulfilling the mission he had undertaken. It was for this he wished to confide in Patrick Hathaway and ask advice.

Without disclosing the names of the personages concerned, he put his listener in possession of the chief facts. What troubled him somewhat was a rumor, which had reached him in Edinburgh only the day before, that some of his enemies were plotting his overthrow. He had long been under sentence of excommunication by the Kirk on account of his obstinate refusal to conform and attend worship; and he had further enraged the ministers because he had lately shown hospitality to a Jesuit. But though the Kirk party burned to proceed against him, the favor shown to him and his family by both king and queen—his sister being a maid of honor,

and himself a welcome visitor at court,—no one had been bold enough to attempt it.

But circumstances had changed of late. The recent "breaking-in" (as his enemies chose to call it) to his father's house, and his own real home, for the purpose of taking certain deeds and goods to which he had a legal right, had furnished them with another pretext for annoying him. They were scheming to get him accused of felony, and that would bring him into their power; for it was most probable that such a charge would prevent the king, for the sake of his own reputation, from interfering on the young man's behalf. The fact that troubled young Bonnytoun most was that the letters in question, which he usually carried about his person, would compromise "one in high position" were they seized. He had been inclined to entrust them to the priest after the Mass that morning; but when the alarm was made about the seizure of Barclay, he felt that it might be better for him to retain them than to put the Jesuit in jeopardy.

Pheemie had set before them food and drink, and they had finished their breakfast before the narration was complete. When they again sought the fireside, Patrick strove to furnish such advice as lay in his power, lamenting that his uncle was not there to give them the fruits of his riper experience.

"Since matters stand thus," he said, "why not cross the sea without delay, and put yourself out of danger?"

"That I am loath to do," was Wood's reply, "for many reasons. In the first place, it would be worse to be taken on the sea, with the letters in my keeping, than on land. On board ship there would be no chance of saving them, and I should not be free to destroy them unless all means had failed. On land, you see, I have always a chance of defending myself."

He spoke with a touch of pardonable pride for he had the reputation of being the most skilled swordsman among the gallants of James' court.

Patrick strove to persuade him to con-

sider his own safety before ought else; for this man, young as he was, promised to be one of the foremost champions of Catholicism, and it was that fact which rendered him so obnoxious to the Presbytery.

"Take my advice, Jamie," he said earnestly: "seize a chance to hire a fishing boat over at the village yonder, and set sail for some safe haven whence you can cross to France or Flanders."

But the other was obdurate.

"If I were free from suspicion of felony," he answered, "that is what I would certainly do. But I dare not risk discovery on the way. It would be more disastrous than you can imagine."

"But were you seized on land," remonstrated Patrick, "there would still be the danger of the letters being discovered."

"True, if I keep them on my person. But I've a mind to ask your help, Pat, in a more decided way."

"Any help I can give is yours, Jamie, as you well know."

"Would you be willing to take charge of the packet till such time as you are able to hand it to one of the priests?"

"Surely, if you'll trust it to me."

"Then I'll call back on the morn, and leave it with you. It was from Master Abercromby that I got the packet; he's to be found at Dunfermline Palace when the court is biding there. He's called for safety 'Master Chief Falconer.' Maybe you know him yourself?"

Patrick replied that he was well acquainted with the priest in question.

"But if you should chance to fall in with Master Burnet," continued Wood, "you could entrust the packet to him, and save yourself the trouble of riding all the way to Dunfermline. I can hardly give you the letters now, for I would like to pen a bit of explanation to Master Abercromby before parting with them. I could put my letter into the same parcel."

"That will be all right, Jamie," said the other. "I'll take care to stay at home to-morrow until I see you. 'Twill be

their Sabbath," he added, with a laugh. "'Twould be more to the taste of our neighbors if I were to bide within, since I shall certainly not go to their preaching."

Young Bonnytoun rose and threw over his shoulders the ample riding-cloak he had taken off on entering. He took up his broad hat, too; but held it in his hand, pausing before leaving. Willie was leading his horse up and down the stableyard without, as they could hear.

"It might be as well, Pat," he said in a low voice, "to reveal something about the importance of the letters. It will make you still more careful. But you must give me your solemn oath that, with the exception of the two Jesuits, you will breathe nothing of the matter to any one."

"That I am ready to do," was Patrick's answer.

Wood spoke in his ear: "The letters are written by the Queen's Grace; one of them is to the Pope."

The other started back, incredulous.

"The queen—to the Pope!" he whispered, amazed.

Then, drawing Patrick under the shelter of the chimney-nook, Wood explained all that was necessary regarding the queen's commission.

"So you see how precious the packet is," he concluded.

Patrick, his eyes brilliantly blue, his face flushed with emotion, nodded acquiescence.

"Now I shall feel at ease. I shall trust you utterly, Pat," said Wood, in a tone of relief.

"That you may surely do, Jamie," was the resolute answer. Here was an opportunity of serving, at once God and the queen.

Patrick accompanied his friend to his horse's side; then, with a firm hand-shake, they parted.

Sir Jasper's return, shortly after, called for a detailed account of the proceedings of that morning at Master Napier's. The tidings of the arrest of Barclay had already reached him. The good Doctor was well known to all Catholics for his charitable

services to the poor. Many of the Kirkfolk even—Sir Jasper said—were displeased about his seizure; but the ministers had long been desirous of getting rid of so dangerous an opponent of Protestantism.

The old knight listened with interest to the details of the narrow escape of Patrick and the others. His adventurous spirit loved such risks, and he seemed almost disappointed that he had not been there himself. But he had "made his Easter" already, as he had said when he heard the coming Mass announced, and he should have an opportunity not long hence of hearing Mass again. So he had not ventured into the city that day. It was a mystery, even to Patrick, how the old man managed, as he frequently did, to obtain the consolations of his religion, yet always undiscovered.

The handsome old knight, with snow-white beard and hair, ruddy face and dark brown eyes, had been a gallant warrior, and had fought with all his might for the cause of his beloved Queen Mary, the "Rose of Scotland." His sword and buckler had been long laid aside, but he was fighting yet in a still more righteous cause—that of God and the Faith. Neither fines for non-kirk-going nor excommunication for contumacy had been able to break his spirit; while his cleverness in securing means to practise his religion undetected, had hitherto enabled him to escape imprisonment and its attendant exile.

As to his nephew, Sir Jasper left him to his own devices; for he knew the youth's daring spirit and solid faith. If now and again he preached caution, it was more by way of humorous teasing than of serious advice.

"Ca' canny, loon!" he would say. "We must needs keep a slice o' Haddowstane for your bairns when they come."

And young Patrick, with his merry laugh, would accept the advice in the spirit with which it was tended.

Their conversation on that morning turned upon the business which had called Sir Jasper abroad so early. An old friend

of his had been so repeatedly fined for refusal to attend Kirk that he had barely the means left to support life. He had decided, therefore, to sell the bit of land remaining and cross over to France, where he would be able to eke out an existence in peace. He was a widower without family, and elderly. Sir Jasper had consented to take over his land, and send him payment now and again as he was able.

"We must e'en help our neighbors, Pat," was the old man's kindly summing up. "While we have a roof above us and a bite and a sup, we'll give what we can."

And Patrick, whose love and admiration for the old knight knew no bounds, cordially assented.

Their midday dinner was over, and Sir Jasper had taken his nap by the fireside, and had just awoke, when Patrick appeared, looking somewhat excited. With the customary frankness which characterized their intercourse, he made known his anxiety at once.

"Willie tells me, Sir, that a body of armed horsemen are hastening this way."

The sound of their approach was heard as he spoke. He glanced cautiously from a narrow window which afforded a view of the road.

"They've passed," he said. "I wonder—" he paused. He must be careful not to allude to James Wood.

"What do you wonder?" asked Sir Jasper, who had caught the words.

"Whether it's possible that they're after young Bonnytoun. They are riding towards Stoneyburn, at any rate."

"If they take him, they'll be seeking you, Pat," said his uncle. "You'd best be hiding."

"They may not have recognized me," answered the youth. "Jamie Wood is well known in town. Besides, they would have come here first, were they after me. I hope Jamie will get warning of their visit, and get clear of them."

"Tis but guess work, when all's said. They may be on some business entirely different," Sir Jasper summed up

But Patrick knew more about the state of things than did his uncle. What about the so-called "felony" which his enemies were raking up against young Bonnytoun? He hastened outside to keep watch on what was occurring up at Stoneyburn. Red-headed Willie was after him hot-foot as he turned towards the entrance gate.

"Master Pat!" he called under his breath. Then, as his master turned, he beckoned him into the stables. "Did ye see the guard?" he whispered. "They're after Bonnytoun."

"Why do you think that?"

"I was diggin' under shelter o' the wall as they passed," explained the lad; "and I heard one o' them cry that he didna think they were on the right road for Stoneyburn, and he didna wish to lose his man. Another said he knew the road well; so they galloped on. They canna wish to take any other body at Stoneyburn; they're all Kirkfolk to a man."

"They might have some other business there, for all we know," was Patrick's answer; though there was no ring of confidence in his tone. "But you can slip up through the meadows, Willie, and take a look at what's doing there."

Willie was only too delighted, and made off with all speed.

Patrick awaited the lad's return with an anxious heart. Should James Wood be really apprehended, the charge of the queen's letters would devolve upon himself. It was not that which troubled him. The project stirred within him the spirit of adventure; and, whatever dangers it might bring, the risk appealed to his chivalrous nature. It might be that he would be asked to convey the letters to Rome, and nothing would delight him more. His anxiety was aroused on behalf of his friend only, and by the serious danger which threatened him. James Wood was hated by the Kirk authorities because of his staunch Catholicism, and envied by many on account of the preference shown him by the king. Should they get him into their power and prove against him this trumped-up charge

of house-breaking, who could say what his fate might be? In days when a mere petty theft was liable to punishment by hanging, there was surely room for anxiety on behalf of a noted Papist, excommunicated already, who had been accused of a still more serious felony.

Willie was long in returning. A full hour had passed before his master, who had many times gone out to gaze over the meadows for some sign of him, saw him running back with all his might. The color had left his face; his eyes blazed.

"They've taken him, Master Patrick," he gasped, breathless. "They're bringing him along the road now. Keep out o' sight, for God's sake!"

He seized Patrick by the arm and dragged him roughly into the shelter of the stables.

"There's an ill-begotten loon that's leading them," he whispered; "and I heard him telling Stoneyburn's men all about the Mass at Master Napier's, and how he got into the chamber himself. He'd seen Bonnytoun there. 'And there was anither wi' him!' he cried, laughing at his own cleverness in spying out so many. 'Besides Wood o' Latoun, this one's brother-in-law, there was a braw gallant I didna rightly ken; but I'd easy point him out, if I could but light on him—the d—— Popish chiel!' He must mean y'rself, Master Pat!"

The sound of a company of riders passing by on the rough road fell upon their ears, and they stood silent and watchful. They could even hear the shouts of conversation between the horsemen as they rode by the courtyard wall. Patrick longed to get sight of his friend, the centre of that train,—the lion caged! What would be the issue of that day's capture? God alone knew.

When the riders had left Haddowstane far behind, the trusty messenger was sufficiently reassured to communicate to his master a matter of no slight import. As he was returning through the meadows just now, he heard his name softly called from the shelter of a wall near the stables

at Stoneyburn. He turned back, and met young Bonnytoun's own serving-man,—a faithful lad, devoted to his master. His face was all wet with crying. He drew out a scrap of paper from his doublet and pressed it into Willie's hand.

"Take it with ye to y'r master," he whispered. "Tell none other."

That paper he now handed to his master. Patrick unfolded it, and found a few words hastily scribbled there, in what he recognized as the handwriting of James Wood. The message ran thus: "*In case I fail to escape, I'll leave my dapple-grey pony in the stable here. Fetch him yourself. Take him as he stands. Be canny. Look to his feet.*" There was no signature.

Patrick at once grasped the meaning of the message. He was to make himself master of the hidden letters.

"He did his best to get away, it seems, Willie."

"He made a good try," was the answer. "One o' the men told him that the officers were making for that direction. They all liked Master Wood, and not one but wished to save him, had it been possible. They got his pony saddled, but he bade them leave him in the stable, and raise no suspicion of his being there, so that he might take his chance and ride off unknown to them. Some had ridden past the house, just for a blind; but others were in waiting; and when Bonnytoun rode out they surrounded him. He offered to go with them, as brave as you please; but he would fain take another horse. The grey, he said, was loaned to a friend. So they agreed, and he rode off on the roan gelding."

The pony, then, it was clear, held the clue to the hidden packet. Patrick dare not venture to fetch the horse in full daylight. He did not know whether or not Bonnytoun had mentioned to any one his desire for the dapple-grey to be entrusted to his friend Hathaway's keeping.

In the meantime he questioned Willie upon the circumstances of the arrest. The lad, it appeared, had mingled freely with

the men, and had probably been regarded by the strangers as one of the Stoneyburn laborers. It had enabled him to pick up much information. The leader of the party—one Allardyce, the "ill-begotten loon" aforesaid,—seemed to glory in knowing all particulars, and to be ready to share his knowledge with any who would listen.

Young Bonnytoun, he said, had been guilty of felony; and it would go hard with him when he stood for trial, as the facts were certain. If he had kept quiet he might have got out of the country before being taken; but he had been overbold in frequenting the city of late, and had even dared to attend a Popish Mass there only that morning. It was when he (Allardyce) had informed against him on the latter charge, that the magistrates had made known their desire to seize Wood on another, more serious count. Between the two offences, he was certain to get no light punishment.

As soon as it was dusk, Patrick made his way alone (saying nothing to Willie) across the darkening fields that lay between him and Stoneyburn. He found the stables deserted, greatly to his satisfaction; for it did away with the necessity of explanation. The sound of voices in animated discussion came from the brightly lighted kitchen quarters: all were evidently occupied with the excitement of the hour. Patrick stole silently into the stable nearest the gate, drew his lighted lantern from his shrouding cloak, and glanced around. The light shone upon the dapple-grey (the only horse there) standing in one of the stalls, saddled and bridled. Patrick moved quietly towards him, patted his neck, fondled his nose, unfastened him and led him out as noiselessly as possible. It was best to avoid all unnecessary queries and explanations. "Look to his feet!" was part of the warning given by James Wood. Doubtless it cautioned silent movement. Fortune favored him. Eager voices within the house deadened all sounds from without. Patrick led his steed gently over the pebbled court and through the open

gate into the meadow. There he mounted, and, freed from all anxiety, galloped across the soft turf towards Haddowstane.

Willie appeared at the stable door, astonished at the apparition. Patrick offered no explanation, and the lad was too well trained to dream of putting questions. At his master's word he left the stables and crossed over to the house. Patrick had to begin his search, and he desired no witness, however trusty. The written message could mean but one thing—the pony bore about him the precious packet.

With eagerness Patrick searched the saddlebags again and again; he took off saddle and bridle and examined all equipments with scrupulous care, in case there might be somewhere a possible hiding-place. But he could discover none. No packet was to be found,—nothing whatever was hidden on the pony! His heart stood still with apprehension. The queen's letters, if the dapple-grey had been their custodian, must have been seized by another!

(To be continued.)

To a Religious.

(On her Feast of the Assumption.)

BY ENID DINNIS.

WHERE shall I find you on this day of days,
Whose mind a hostel seeks midst heavenly things?

Sure tidings of your whereabouts it brings,
The festal dawn, which thought to thought betrays.

To Olivet, where dazed men upward gaze:

To Bethlehem, with the shepherd-folk and Kings,—

There have I tracked your spirit's wanderings:
To Calvary's Cross, the meeting of the ways.

But on Our Lady's feast I travel far,—

No longer on the earth can you be found.
Grown venturesome, as her children ever are,

Contemplative, I find you breaking bound,
Pushing the golden gates of heaven ajar

And peeping in to see your Mother crowned.

A Ramble in the Tyrol.

BY DANIEL PAUL.

A PIOUS custom indeed, that of carrying little sacred pictures in one's prayer-book. Either they are of Christ, and then remind you of how much has been done for you; or of the Holy Ghost, showing how you are loved; or they suggest the Father, who created you out of nothing; or mayhap they give all three, Father, Son, and Paraclete, thus opening a wide field for the sublimest meditation possible to a creature, be it angel or man. The pictures may refer to saints, and then you think of what you ought to do and can do.

These precious little pictures have also human associations, such as affect time and place and persons. The time and place—say, of a First Communion, of a Confirmation, of an ordination, of a marriage, perhaps of a pronouncing of religious vows—sublimest of all marriages. They may recall a visit to a holy shrine; they may be the pledge of a solid Christian friendship welded in the love of God; and then you think of the giver—dead, perhaps,—and you love his memory with that love which finds expression in the prayer, "Give, O Lord, eternal rest!" Or the donor may be living, and you remember that you both belong to the Communion of Saints, daily beseeching the God of Mercies for the forgiveness of all sins.

My "Cœleste Palmetum"—a beautiful name for a prayer-book, is it not?—has long since renounced any pretension to elegance in appearance, and even to symmetry. As Dickens would have said, it is exploding with little pictures—mementos, every one.

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!" Back again in the Tyrol, amid the cloud-crested mountains,—in the Inn Thal, where the grass grows

ever so green; where the firs on hill and mountainside stand sturdily and defiantly against the wintry blast, yet sway to and fro in melodious cadences when wooed by the gentle zephyr of midsummer,—typical of the hardy Tyrolese yeoman, who resists to the death the rugged onslaught on his rights, yet meekly bows his head to the persuasion of love and reason,—back in Innsbruck, grand old palladium of civic and religious rights, where God and the Fatherland are held as one and inseparable, as evidenced by the motto not only engraven on her escutcheon but embroidered in silvery letters on the broad belt of every mountaineer who walks her streets—*Gott und unser Vaterland*; and where both cot and palace bear over the portal a sweet visage—*iota pulchra*—which makes one think of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, of Calvary, of Redemption.

Not the hackneyed, pale-faced student is he whom I see crossing the bridge of the Inn that unites the city of Innsbruck proper with the suburb known as Mariahilf. A student, nevertheless, but pretty well bronzed after a tour through Middle and Northern Italy. He walks that bridge with the confidence of one who has been there before. He makes his way to the famous old hostelry known as Der Goldene Stern, ascends the stairs and enters the old-fashioned eating-room. "You want meat for your breakfast?" queries the aged Pauline, with an arch smile. "Perhaps the Herr is not aware that to-day is Friday." The guest declares that he is a traveller, and that he is dispensed into the bargain. Of no avail: the Goldene Stern has no meat on its Friday menu; and the traveller must needs be content to batten on *maigre* diet, and wash it down with a little measure of wine. He resumes his walk; enters the old church of Mariahilf, and whilst kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament is distracted by the thought of how the brave Andreas Hofer prayed before that same altar after he left his little tavern around

the corner to become the leader of the Tyrolese in the crisis of 1809.

Off on the beautiful road that skirts the left bank of the Inn, passing the Castle of Wurzburg, perched aloft where the beautiful and ill-fated Philippine Welzer first lived, and whose white walls and gables have witnessed many a love-troth since; on to Mühlhau. There the stranger leaves the highroad for a lane to the left, which leads through smiling orchards that give promise of an abundance of fruit (it is August); a field of waving corn; then a cottage with a sharp projecting roof; a large crucifix planted before the door, and, nestling around it, a group of white-headed little children, each anxious to get a glimpse of the stranger around the corners of the blessed wood, yet afraid of being detected; farther on, the father of the children returning from the meadows with a scythe over his shoulder, and a large pipe swinging from his mouth, but which he removes to give you the sublime greeting: *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!*—"Praised be Jesus Christ!" And you answer, *In ewigkeit. Amen!*—"Forever. Amen!"

Anon, the velvety meadows, rising upward with the mountains and revealing the swath of the recent scythe; a team of patient cows drawing a wain, and driven by a ruddy-cheeked girl, with head and neck wimpled in a yellow kerchief, the whole covered by a broad-leaved straw-hat. She drops the passing traveller a curtsy, and says modestly, *Grüss' dich Gott!*—"God greet thee!"—also a beautiful Catholic salutation.

Great shadows float over the looming mountains with a grand mysterious sweep; they seem in all to be the vast, incomprehensible spirit itself, which we associate with the mighty Alps. Here, to the right, rises up abruptly, shutting out from the traveller the view of the Inn and of the towering Patscher Kopf, a hill green and symmetrical, around which the piety of the peasants has planted the Stations of the Cross. The traveller turns to the right

and makes the ascent of this hill, which bears the euphonious name of Calvarienberg. The frescoes representing those fourteen scenes in the Divine Tragedy are crude indeed, not to say hideous.

But, ah! who that has seen these good people make the Stations of the Cross can carp at the crudeness of their art, in the presence of a faith as strong and immovable as the everlasting mountains by which they are surrounded? That Crucifixion scene in the wee chapel atop of the Calvarienberg might elicit a sneer from the ignorant and supercilious. Well, so did the grand and original tragedy itself call forth the gibes of the rabble, the principal element of which were those Pharisees whom He had already denounced. I believe, moreover, that some of those sneerers returned down to Jerusalem "smiting their breasts,"—the worst punishment I could wish to those who sneer at the uncouth efforts of peasant Catholics to represent, in color or material, what is dear to them in their Faith.

From the summit of Calvarienberg the pilgrim obtains a sweeping view of the Inn Thal. Afar, to the left of the Inn, is Halle, famous for its salt-mines. Nearer to the beholder, and nestling closely to the genial mountainside, is as sweet a little Tyrolese village as man would see, and its name is—Absam!

The descent from the hill is easy; then a beautiful road, leading through rich pasture lands. The hedges on either side of the road are alive with happy birds that sing as if their little throats would burst. From afar are heard the tinkling bells of peaceful flocks. One feels to the core, while gazing up at the star-jewelled sky, the truth of King David's exclamation, *Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei*,—"The heavens show forth the glory of God." But peaceful Nature in a scene like this—rolling pastures immediate, a majestic river remote; here a snowy cottage, there a church with its steeple, like to an index-finger, always pointing heaven-

ward; the whole framed in by two gigantic ranges of mountains,—narrates that glory of God which appeals to the heart, filling it with ineffable peace.

I spoke of a church steeple pointing toward heaven. On that steeple the eye of the traveller is fixed; for it surmounts a goodly sized church that possesses a famous sanctuary, and in that sanctuary is the magnet which draws him—Our Lady of Absam. Though the exterior of the church is modest and unassuming, the interior is beautiful even to gorgeousness,—the old principle, you know: “The beauty of the king’s daughter is within.” The high altar especially is aglow with gold, and red. High above, supported by cherubs and surmounted by a golden crown, is a picture-frame. At first the eye fails to discern the picture itself, seemingly on account of the glass. But as you kneel and say your *Aves*, keeping your eye fixed upon it the while, the outlines of a drooping head begin to develop, not behind the glass, nor in color, but *in the glass itself*, as part of it in substance. Then a hood forming one with a mantle falling over the shoulders becomes visible; underneath the hood what seems to be a veil encircling the contour of a face—and, O marvellous!—the face itself!

It is not a young face,—no: but the face of such a woman as had lived thirty years after having witnessed the Great Consummation on Calvary. It is the face of Mary as she must have been at Ephesus, where she had lived with John. The head is turned to the right, yet with a slight inclination upward, suggesting sweet, expectant resignation. But the eyes are beaming downward—on the sinner. There is a tear, limpid as crystal—and is it not crystal?—on each eyelid. Other tears, equally limpid, course down the cheeks,—and yet these are clearly traceable behind the tears. The mouth is of a tender firmness.

A marvel of art! Hold! It is not positively known that art had anything

to do with it, beyond producing the beautiful frame which now protects it. On the contrary, the traditions of the neighborhood predicate of that picture a miraculous origin. Facts establish it as a miraculous picture in its efficacy. This is how it was, as narrated to the stranger by an old woman who had knelt at his side in the church, and whom he questioned outside.

In a cottage within sight of the church there lived, not very many years ago, a good peasant with his wife and children. He himself, and his father—and who knows how many of his ancestors?—were born under its roof. There was nothing remarkable about the place, until one wintry day it suddenly became a celebrity. Being a wintry day the children were confined to the house. It is easy to imagine how they exhausted every indoor sport that childish ingenuity could suggest. Equally easy to picture the farmer mending the harness, or doing other chores incidental to a snowy day at home; and the good-wife troubling herself “about many things,” like Martha, the Lord’s hostess of old. Suddenly one of the children who had gone to look out of the window exclaimed, “Papa! mamma! come, look, see the beautiful picture!” There indeed, as one of the window-panes, or appearing to look through it, was the sweet face of Mary. The farmer rubbed his eyes, looked again, but there the face remained. He touched the crystal. To his overwhelming amazement he felt its outlines. To be brief, the neighbors flocked in, gazed and felt: the face remained there; and, believing themselves the witnesses of a miracle, they prayed. Prayer always works miracles, and so it was with the deep-souled prayers of those peasants. Miracles followed: miracles of grace over sin, of complete healing over the ills of nature. The window-picture of Absam became famous, and was finally placed in the church, which is still one of the holiest sanctuaries of the Madonna in all Tyrol.

This much did the traveller learn, and the old lady proceeded to tell how the pilgrims came even from far Carinthia to venerate.—Hold! he was a pilgrim himself and came from afar. . . .

Bless us! The bell of the *Domine, non sum dignus!* Distracted through the whole Canon of the Mass! Following myself on my rambles of years ago through the Tyrol! And it was all because of one of those little pictures nestling between the leaves of my prayer-book. On the one side is a wood-print of the sweet face described above; underneath is printed, *Wahre Abbildung der Mutter Gottes und der Kirche zu Absam.* On the other side is a prayer which begins thus: *Sei gegrüsst, O Maria, Königin des Himmels! meine Zuflucht und mein Trost!*—"Hail, O Mary, Queen of Heaven! my refuge and my consolation!"—I had better say the rest of the prayer *in secreto.* I need it.

The Three Miss Bannons.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

THEY were always spoken of as the three Miss Bannons, regardless of whether or not it was correct English. In fact, the Hill people were serenely indifferent to the nice distinctions of grammatic usage, and said what they had to say in their own way. One of the youngsters who went to the Sisters' school down in town had ventured to remark on one occasion, timidly enough:

"You mean the Misses Bannon, don't you, Mrs. Fogarty?"

"I do not, then," had been that lady's sharp retort. "I mean the Miss Bannons,—that's what I mean! You and your education and your smart ways!" she added resentfully, while the child scurried away with hot cheeks.

The Sisters' school was a new project in Centerville. It had been started the year before, pursuant to the bishop's instructions that every parish in his

diocese should have a school of its own; and had demonstrated its usefulness in a short time. But among its pupils were very seldom found any children from the Hill, whose people, despite their loyalty to Father Field, still sent their children to the Hill school. It was not that they loved the Sisters less, but that they loved the three Miss Bannons more.

"Sure, is it now we would be going back on them, the craythurs, and they needin' it worse than ever?" they would ask one another. And it was the unanimous opinion that they could not.

Sometimes the menfolk, not so dominated by sentiment, had taken a hand.

"Why wouldn't we send Margaret down the hill?" Mr. Lewis said to his wife one evening. (Up there, Centerville was always "down the hill.") "She says Minnie Doran is going, and she thinks she ought to go, too."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Lewis inquired frostily. "And since when did any child of mine set herself up to know better than her mother?"

"Yerra, don't be foolish, woman!" her husband answered, with a placating smile. "You had notions of your own, I'll go bail, when you were her age."

"And if I did," returned Mrs. Lewis sternly, mindful of "little pitchers" in the next room, "it was my mother—God rest her!—took them out of me with a switch."

"Hah!"—incredulously.

"That's the 'hah' for you! Why isn't the Hill school good enough for my Lady Margaret? Sure, 'twas the Miss Bannons learned me my letthers the very year my mother brought me from Ireland."

Mr. Lewis' eyes twinkled. "And did they learn you anything else?" he queried blandly.

"They didn't learn me so much, but I was foolish enough to take you when you axed me!" was the wrathful response.

Mr. Lewis was satisfied. He had taken a rise out of "herself," and he hastened to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"And wasn't that the happiest day of

me life!" he exclaimed gallantly. "Sure, don't let's quarrel, Maggie. Send the young ones wherever you like."

The three Miss Bannons had been part of the Hill life for many years. It was some time during the seventies that they had come from Ireland, and, strangely enough, had gravitated to the Hill—that insular little Irish settlement outside Centerville,—and had opened a school. They were tall, gentle, reserved young women, with refined ways and presumably good educations, and their school met with instant success. They had bought the only house of any considerable size thereabouts,—an old-fashioned, rambling brick edifice, once the home of a well-to-do farmer, which proved to be well adapted for school purposes, with its large, light rooms and numerous halls and passages. The attendance was phenomenal.

It was something in those days to go to a "private" school; even if the tuition was known to be not great; and the Hill children plumed themselves accordingly; while the district school, two miles away, became almost deserted. Even from Centerville pupils came up, lured by the attractions of the new school, where study was so satisfactorily combined with play, and where good children who learned their lessons were so uniquely rewarded with things to eat: cookies, homemade taffy of a particularly delectable kind, and rosy apples with such a polish on them as you never saw! Apples were plentiful in the children's homes, but none ever tasted quite so well as those eaten at recess after a strenuous hour with the multiplication tables or a wrestle with the tantalizing mystery of fractions.

Those were halcyon days for the three Miss Bannons, and they could have reaped a golden harvest had they been so minded. But, alas! They had the true Irish improvidence, and were as generous, as Mrs. Fogarty put it, "as the day was long." They loved the children, moreover, and it was their delight to reward them in a manner that meant little in the days

of full and plenty; and they were always ready to share with their less fortunate neighbors. Lean years there were, too, when much sharing was necessary; but, no matter how lean the years, there were always Miss Sara's cookies for those who "had their sums" or their reading lesson for Miss Winnie; or their sewing well done under the watchful eyes of Miss Julia,—for sewing was an important part of the curriculum, simple enough in the light of later-day courses, and many a little girl came proudly to school in a percale apron made by herself. The after years held many pleasant memories for the pupils of the Hill school, but none pleasanter than those connected with the sewing lessons, which always ended up with a tea party in Miss Sara's tidy kitchen; or the reading lessons, when Miss Winnie, beguiled out of her reserve, read "Marco Bozzaris" with a spirit and fire that thrilled her small hearers.

They learned to read in those days, and to spell, and to write in slanting, graceful characters; and they learned from Miss Winnie that the great writers of the world were not mere mythical personages, but flesh-and-blood beings like themselves. She herself, incredible as it might seem, had an uncle who wrote poetry! Her stories of saints and sages, of early Christian martyrs, and of ancient Irish missionaries and warriors, fired many a childish imagination with high resolve. There was a priest that went out from the Hill school; and several nuns, including little fair-faced Nonie Mahon, who afterward became the Mother Superior of a large religious Order.

But changes came with the years, which could not pass and leave the three Miss Bannons as young as ever. Came also inevitable changes in educational methods and ideals; and came—the Sisters' school, otherwise St. Edward's parish school, in Centerville.

Father Field was thinking of these things one day as he went over to the school for First Communion instructions.

His greatest consolation some years back had been the Hill children, who came down once a week for instructions, so beautifully prepared that it was a joy to hear their catechism lessons. That there were none at all from the Hill this year worried him; for this brought back the rumors that he had been hearing from time to time of the dwindling of the Hill school. He had an uneasy conviction that the three Miss Bannons were ill prepared to meet such a contingency as the closing of their school, and yet he knew this must be only a question of time.

He spoke about it to Sister Mary John.

"I'm worried about those Bannon ladies," he said abruptly. "I'm afraid their school is doomed. We have nearly all the Hill children, haven't we?"

"Except very few, I think, Father," was the reply. "Every week lately we have had several new ones. It seems—" she paused.

"What, Sister?"

"The children tell me these things," she said apologetically; "and I gather that the school is not what it used to be; or Little America of to-day is different, and the poor ladies have lost touch with what it needs. The children want to come down here with their companions, and they resent having to go there. The Miss Bannons realize this, and there is a sense of friction all the time. It's terribly sad, Father," she added.

"It is," Father Field agreed, frowning thoughtfully. "It's the tragedy of old age, no less. I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of them."

"Have they no means?"

"Oh, they own this school property and a few acres of ground! But you can't eat bricks, and they're too old now to do much with the ground."

"Couldn't they sell it?" Sister suggested.

Father Field shook his head.

"No one up there would have any use for a big house like that, even if the sisters would be willing to sell, which I doubt. You see, they've lived there so long, and

it's pretty hard to uproot old people."

"I wish" (wistfully) "there was something we might do to help them."

"Why not go up and see them?" the pastor suggested suddenly.

"Do you think," Sister Mary John asked doubtfully, "they would be glad to see the Sisters? You know," she went on slowly, "often I have a—well, a sort of guilty feeling about the Hill school; as though we were stealing all their pupils from the poor old ladies."

"I know." And the priest laughed comically. "I have that same feeling, entirely without rhyme or reason. For we know that the hill school has had its day, and, whether St. Edward's existed or not, it would have to go the way of all things that have outlived their usefulness. But, all the same, like you, I can't help feeling remorseful when I think of their deserted rooms, after their long years of teaching and the splendid work they have done. Ah, well, Sister, that's the way life serves us sometimes!"

Sister Mary John's kind face was shadowed.

"We'll go up and call on them, Father, if you think best," she told the priest.

It was a mild spring afternoon when Sister Mary John, accompanied by little Sister Lucia, out of the novitiate only a year, went up the hill to visit the three Miss Bannons. The Hill road, as it was called, took a roundabout, leisurely course upward; and the two pedestrians were charmed with the scenery on the way, no less than the beautiful view after they had reached the top of the hill.

"What a lovely spot!" they had exclaimed in real delight, as they paused a moment to take breath. The burgeoning charm of the opening year was all about them; and under the soft April sky the scattered houses, with their neat front yards and well-kept gardens to the rear, looked pleasant and homelike. Spread beyond them was a glowing panorama of fertile hill and vale, richer if possible than the valley they had left below.

"I had no idea it was so lovely up here," Sister Lucia repeated. "Why have we never been up here before?"

"The extent of the climb may have been one reason," her companion explained, smiling, but still breathing heavily.

"Oh, and there's the Hill school, isn't it?" Sister Lucia was full of interest and excitement over the scene. "What a quaint, old-fashioned place!"

The house was most attractively placed. The road that took its own time coming up the hill showed that it still retained a will of its own by winding around to the edge of the settlement, where it took an erratic turn to the left, there meeting another road that branched off into the country. At the juncture of the two, on a modest knoll, was built the irregular red brick house which the three Miss Bannons had purchased forty years before. Its west windows commanded not only a friendly view of the settlement, but looked over the roofs and spires of bustling Center-ville far across the valley where the distant hills, with their crown of immemorial haze, rose again in protecting dignity.

Miss Sara Bannon was in the kitchen "stirring up" a few cookies for supper—her invariable specific for cheering up the girls, as she still called her sisters,—but her own heart was heavy, and she was obliged to pause every once in a while to wipe away a very small tear that would persist in running down her wrinkled old cheek. Nine pupils was all they had to-day! Well—

"If it was only myself I wouldn't care," she murmured in a trembling tone, voicing the age-old cry of the unselfish heart. "But I am so sorry for the girls—" She composed her features and began to hum a quavering tune as she heard quick footsteps in the passage. It was Miss Winnie, a queer look on her face.

"The Sisters, Sara!" she said hurriedly, closing the door and putting her back against it. "The Sisters from St. Edward's! They are coming in here!"

"In here?" Miss Sara dropped her

spoon in the batter and looked flustered, but she recovered herself almost instantly as she caught her sister's eye. "Oh—that's kind of them!" she added, affecting great cheerfulness. "I—I shall be glad to see them—"

But both started nervously as the front door bell pealed sharply through the silent house. It was an awkward group that faced each other in the big, sunny sitting-room in the west ell. The callers talked against time, telling of their walk, and how lovely they found it on the Hill, and how charmed they were with the view; and the gentle hostesses concurred quickly in all that was said, and were so pathetically anxious to be agreeable, looking at the Sisters all the time with wistful, questioning eyes. Something gripped Sister Mary John's heart. "They think we've come to take the rest of their pupils," she groaned within herself. "I wish we had never come!"

It was little Sister Lucia who saved the day, and brought light out of darkness.

"What a splendid old house!" she exclaimed, looking around with bright interest. "You must pardon me, Miss Bannon" (to Miss Sara, who sat nearest her), "but I love old houses like this. It reminds me of my grandfather's house where I used to visit as a child. And it's a school now, too,—a boarding-school."

"Indeed?" Miss Sara answered courteously, though she had winced at the word "school." "It has been a fine house in its day. They used to say there was not another such a well-built house as this within five hundred miles." She smothered a sigh as she thought how little this once proud distinction meant to the owners now.

"They don't build such substantial houses nowadays," was Sister Lucia's sage comment; "nor such fine big rooms. I love big rooms" (enthusiastically). "To me there's always a special charm about old houses, with big rooms."

The Miss Bannons were not proof against such genuine interest.

"Perhaps," ventured Miss Winnie, timidly, while the three smiled gravely on the little nun, "you would like to see some of the other rooms? There is a fine view from the cupola room on the third floor,—isn't there, Sara?" appealing to the eldest, fearing her impulse had led her too far.

"We'd love to!" Sister Lucia assured her gaily. "It's so nice of you to take us,—isn't it, Sister?" And the ice was effectually broken as, escorted by the pleased hostesses, who were charmed into momentary forgetfulness of empty benches, they wandered through the broad halls and into more sunny, comfortable rooms, and on up into the cupola, where the view was all that Miss Winnie had claimed for it.

"It's a splendid old house," Sister Lucia said, with youthful emphasis, as she leaned from one of the deep-set windows. "And, oh, what a wonderful place for a boarding-school! Why wouldn't you start one here, Miss Bannon?" She turned to find Sister Mary John, regarding her strangely, and she took quick contrition to herself. "Oh, my heedless tongue!" she thought in sharp compunction. "I should not have said that."

The eldest Miss Bannon was speaking.

"Our day for that is past," she said sadly, but with gentle dignity. "In fact—" she paused, nerving herself for what she was about to say,—“I fear our teaching days are over. Our ways are old-fashioned, like ourselves; and the young—it is natural—they want the new ways, and youth and brightness,—like you,”—looking very kindly into the little nun's face.

"O Miss Bannon," Sister Lucia murmured, penitent tears in her eyes,—“O Miss Bannon, I—”

"There are worse things than old-fashioned ways, Miss Bannon," Sister Mary John interrupted quietly; "and we owe many things to the old methods which the new ways seem unable to reach. But allow me to ask you a question: would you consider selling your place for a convent boarding-school?"

Sister Lucia almost gasped at this, while the three Miss Bannons drew back startled and looked at each other fearfully. Was this, after all, what the visitors had come for—to turn them out of their home? Strangely enough, it was Miss Julia, the youngest, who spoke first.

"We could not think of it," she stated firmly. "My sisters—we are all attached to the place—"

"We have lived here forty years!" broke in Miss Winnie, in a voice that was almost a wail.

"But I don't mean for you to leave it," Sister Mary John interposed hastily. "Don't think I would suggest anything like that. You would be needed, all three of you, to help build up the school, and to teach those things which we in our hurried day and age have forgotten how to teach, even if we had the time: sweetness and courtesy and loving-kindness," she added with infinite tact and a quality of kindness not to be decried. "Oh, dear Miss Bannon, don't!" as Miss Sara, the brave and stanch, sank into a dusty chair and burst into tears.

"O Sister," she sobbed out brokenly, "do you think we can,—do you really think we can?"

"Of course you can," Sister Mary John said, her own eyes full of tears. "Come, I will tell you all about it as we go downstairs."

Only a few days before Sister Mary John had received from the mother-house a letter in which it was stated that the Mother General had been solicited to open a boarding-school some place in the central part of the State, and after due deliberation it had been decided to locate it as near Centerville as possible. The superior of St. Edward's school was directed to be on the lookout for a suitable site.

"But such is my stupidity, dear ladies," she wound up smilingly, "that I never once thought of your house until a moment ago, when Sister Lucia here exclaimed so rapturously what a fine place it would

be for a boarding-school. Of course I had never seen the Hill school, though I have always heard so much about it; and I never knew what a charming spot you had. It is ideal, and I feel sure Mother will think so when she comes to see it."

And so it came to pass that a new day dawned for the three Miss Bannons,—a day when the old house echoed once more to childish laughter and to the gay rush of childish feet; a full, busy day, happier if possible than the old days; for now there was a deeper content, a sweeter peace, born of troubles surmounted and difficulties left far behind.

"And to think that we didn't have to lose the school, after all!" they would say to one another frequently with thankful hearts. For, though to others it might be St. Hilda's Academy, to them it remained to the last the Hill school.

Missionary Maxims.

IN the fleet of seventeen ships with which Columbus sailed from Spain in 1493, for the conquest of the new world he had discovered, there were twelve missionaries, sent by the Pope and the King of Spain for the spiritual conquest of the inhabitants. From that time on, for three centuries, scarcely a ship left Catholic Spain without a priest to continue these labors.

The mission work was done systematically, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost; the missionaries studied the child-like character of the Indians, and experimented to find the best means of drawing them to God. The candidates for mission work were usually kept a year or more at the mission centres, studying the languages and customs of the Indians before being allowed to enter the field as workers.

Hundreds of books, many of them still in manuscript and many of them lost, were written by successful missionaries for the instruction of their brethren. Padre Gumilla, S. J., the author of one of these books, "El Orinoco Ilustrado," was

a missionary along the Orinoco, Meta and Casanare Rivers, during the first part of the eighteenth century. His little book, besides being a guide for missionaries, is an excellent natural history of Venezuela and Columbia, or, as it was then called, the New Kingdom of Granada.

The missionary's understanding of the psychology of the Indian, his human sympathy and artful zeal, and the gentle character of Padre Gumilla himself, are beautifully shown in the following translation of a Section of "El Orinoco Ilustrado," entitled "Practical Maxims for Missionaries" (Vol. ii, pp. 239-243):

It frequently happens that after a large town has been established, . . . suddenly all the Indians make an outcry and take measures to go back to the woods, because some old Indian has dreamed about some misfortune the night before. . . .

The missionary's first maxim should be to remember that this and worse things will happen, in order to be prepared against them, "negotiating with God their perseverance"; trying daily to win the Indians more and more, especially the chiefs and those who have a following.

Secondly, when the catastrophe comes, he should not be alarmed nor show any surprise or anger, because otherwise, instead of pacifying them, he will increase the tumult.

In the third place he should have recourse to God, with the assured hope that in those straits He will give greater constancy and resolution to the poor Indians, in the same way that a strong wind makes a tree strike its roots more firmly; In these circumstances he should always make use of the intercession of the infants of the tribe who, with Holy Baptism, have gone straight to heaven, because they have great power with God; and we know that the great apostle St. Francis Xavier called upon them in his direst troubles.

Fourthly, having thus fortified his soul, and interiorly called upon the Lord

and the guardian angels of these people, he should proceed to investigate with the greatest mildness and with words of love and compassion, because the character of these children of the forest is so sensitive, on account of their natural timidity, that, not only in times of tumult but even when they are at peace, a harsh word may cause a whole town to go back to the forests; and we know this by sad experience. With these preliminaries, he should first inquire from the chief and his wife the cause of the disturbance; and he should take special care to convince and gain the good-will of this *cacica*, who will easily convince her husband; and the two of them, she with the women and he with the men, will gain more in an hour than the missionary could in a day. It should be remembered also that the Indian women, besides being more pious than the men, are more easily convinced, because the hardships of such a flight fall largely on them. They have to carry and care for not only the small children, but also the provisions, which may be little or great; and the ordinary articles of service, such as plates, pots, and other things. The women accordingly are easily convinced, and bring their husbands back to reason.

Fifthly, having found out what the tumult was about, he should proceed to disabuse them of their fears as calmly and clearly as possible; and, having convinced the chief and his wife, send them to enlighten the person who has caused the disturbance; while he goes to undeceive the leaders of the town, always calmly and smilingly, and in the manner indicated.

Sixthly, if the Indians come together in the plaza or in some house, as frequently happens, it is dangerous to talk to them, especially in a sermonizing tone; for nothing can be gained. At such times they have lost much of their respect, love, and reverence for him; and, since they are pulling to get away from him, they grow bold, and all want to answer him at once, so that the confusion grows instead of

decreasing. In such circumstances he should approach the chief, and sit down with the principal men in their fashion, and calmly talk over the matter. He will notice that the other Indians will be quiet and listen with attention to their discussion; and he may rest assured that if the chiefs are pacified, the others will be convinced.

The seventh maxim, and one of great importance, is that he should not plunge into a deep discussion and seek out strong arguments to convince these people: he should seek rather trivial reasons, and insist upon them, and after their manner keep repeating them; for example, the trouble that their rashness will cause their wives; the danger of death to which they will expose their small children, who would grow sick either from the heat of the sun or the chill of the rains; the risks and fatigues they will cause the old people; the loss of their crops and the sweat of their labor, and the hunger and fatigue they will have to endure until they gather another crop, etc. These reasons the Indians can understand, and they appeal to them; and sometimes a foolish argument will have more weight with them than a strong one, which their minds can not grasp. In proof of this I offer the following strange case:

In the year 1719, an old man of the Betoyn nation dreamed that I was wearied with my labors and was returning to Spain. The alarm spread through the town, and the people gathered in the house of the chief, with their baskets and victuals and furniture, to take the road for the forests. I went over to the meeting and sat down beside the chief, while all remained in profound silence. I purposely kept silent myself for some time; presently I complained that the *cacica* had not brought me a drink, in spite of the ceremonious custom, inviolable among them. She brought the drink without a word; and, after toasting the health of those present, I asked the chief the reason for the meeting and the luggage they brought with them,

to which he replied: "*Quaja ranum ay oñ, ujum aju ajabo jamyaybi afocá.*" ("We are going to the forest because you are going to your country.") I wasted a long time giving them strong arguments, without being able to convince them, and then I called upon St. Francis Xavier to help me in my difficulty. Finally, I said familiarly to the chief: "How can I pass over so great a sea to go to Spain?"—"In the bark in which you came you will return," he answered.—"That can not be," I said, "because I have already told you that that ship came into port leaking and was unmastered." (And this was the case, because it was abandoned as too old.) Then the chief, convinced by this trifle, stood up with a smiling face and said to the Indians: "It is well. Go home and live in peace, because the Padre has no canoe to get back to Spain." They did so; and thus, with a specious question, that storm was calmed in which many souls would have been lost.

It sometimes happens that when the missionary least expects it he awakes in the morning to find the town deserted. This is a cruel blow; but, having had recourse to God, he should take his Mass ornaments and follow the path of the fugitives. When he finds them, he should make them understand that he is going with them, because God commands him to do so; he should also complain lovingly that they should have told him, so that he could have prepared fish-hooks, harpoons, and other things they would need. Having said this, he should hang his hammock and lie down to rest, without a word, and without mixing in the disputes which they raise, because some will be sorry and want to go back to their town, while others will insist on going still farther. Finally, when they all are tired of argument, he should get up, and, after pacifying them, repeat the reasons he heard given by those who wanted to return, adding others that may occur to him; and he may be sure that he will bring them all back to the town.

In Honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE jubilee convention of the Priests' Eucharistic League, held last week at Notre Dame, under the presidency of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, will long be remembered by all who had the good fortune to attend it. The presence of a large number of bishops and priests, secular and religious, an excellent programme of varied interest, pleasant weather, etc., combined to render the occasion all that could possibly be desired. Indeed everything passed off so well that a special blessing would seem to have attended the Convention from beginning to end. The addresses made and papers read at the different sessions were listened to with a degree of attention which in itself was a tribute to their excellence and appropriateness. They are all to be published and will be welcomed, not only by the members of the League who were prevented from attending the Convention, but by the clergy generally.

The Solemn Pontifical Masses celebrated on each of the three days and Solemn Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament given in the evening were attended by the laity in such large numbers as to fill the capacious church of the Sacred Heart to overflowing; while its spacious sanctuary was filled with prelates, priests, and seminarists. The singing by a carefully trained choir was so good as to cause no distractions; and of the ceremonies it may be said that they were executed in such a way as to edify every witness. Seen from a distance by non-Catholics they inspired awe by their magnificence and mysterious solemnity.

Extraordinarily impressive and wondrously picturesque were the hour of adoration on the night of the second day of the Convention, and the outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the Feast of the Transfiguration. Just before the time set for it drops of rain began to fall, and everyone feared a downpour—everyone except Bishop

Schrems, who declared that it wouldn't rain, though it was actually sprinkling. 'Pray that the clouds may pass,' he repeated; and so they did, leaving the air cool, and clearing the sky for a sunset that was gorgeous.

The grounds of the University never seemed so attractive—the grass greener, the trees more luxuriant, the walks more inviting—as when the cross appeared at the main door of the church, and the long procession began its march; the bells ringing as only consecrated bells can ring. A memorable picture presented itself while the *Tantum Ergo* was being sung at the beautifully decorated altar erected on the porch of the main building of the University—a picture of scores of prelates and priests in shining vestments, of circles of seminarians in snow-white surplices, of long rows of Sisters in their varied habits, and farther back of a throng of the laity, men, women and children, all kneeling in adoration. A wondrous tableau in a fitting frame.

The sight of so many people adoring and glorifying the Eucharistic God, following from altar to altar, and prostrating themselves while Benediction was being given, is seldom seen except in Catholic countries. All eyes were centered on the sanctuary when, before the last Benediction, on the return of the procession to the church, the priests, encircling the altar, sang, with arms extended, the *Pater Noster*. It was an indescribably entrancing scene. The very bells seemed to be listening, and not until the last notes of the *Te Deum* had died away did the hearts of the assembly return to earth.

The closing church function of the Convention was a Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the late Bishop Maes, of the diocese of Covington, first protector of the Priests' Eucharistic League in the United States, who by word and work did so much to foster devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Peace to his soul! "Praised and blessed forever be the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar!"

Notes and Remarks.

Slowly enough, though surely, the truth about numerous things connected with the war is coming out, and the public have now many opportunities of comparing sensational newspaper reports and hearsay evidence on certain matters with official statements and the sworn testimony of eye-witnesses. Before the return home of American soldiers there was no end to the charges of cruelty practised by officers in command of camps where deserters and other culprits were interned. That drastic action was sometimes resorted to by the officers in question, there seems to be no doubt. Their general defence is that in some places, and in a great many cases, severity was necessitated. The assertion that large numbers of American soldiers were deserters is supported by the formal statement of Col. Edgar Grinstead, mentioned in testimony last week before the Congressional committee in New York, as one of those responsible for alleged prison cruelties. He said: "Everybody that was a soldier in France knew that thousands of our men were running away from the front lines; and that, had the war continued, many executions would have been necessary before these desertions could have been stopped."

The truth is that the war had become unpopular with a large percentage of the soldiers on both sides long before it ended. They were sick of the bloodshed and all; though an officer, who was at the Front when the armistice was signed, says that when fighting the Germans had ceased the allied troops were ready to fight among themselves. It is certain that the international bond of union, of which we used to hear so much, has not been established as a result of the Great War for Democracy.

Some embarrassing statements and some questions which we think the promoters of the League of Nations would find it

hard to answer—to answer straight—are proposed in an editorial from the *Twin-City Reporter*, which Senator Gronna has had printed in the "Congressional Record" of July 24. Here they are:

We have entered into an agreement to protect France from attack—from an "unprovoked" attack—by Germany, and Germany bled white and torn by internal strife, bankrupt, and impotent to govern herself! If there was anything in the League of Nations plan that would prevent war, why was it necessary to enter into a separate agreement to protect France?

If the nations of the world were to have "self-determination," the right to choose their own form of government, the right to enjoy national liberty—then why deny Ireland, Egypt, Korea, India, and the scores of other small nations and races that right? If the right of self-government—the right of self-determination—is the right of one nation, one race, one people, it is the right of all.

If we turn the picture of Ireland with its "face toward the wall," if we throw up our hands when Korea pleads for national independence, if we roll our eyes in horror when India pleads for the right of self-government, what right have we to prattle of a self-determination for any race or people? If we enter into an agreement that Japan shall have and hold a part of the Chinese Empire-Republic's territory, what right have we to babble of a world freedom or a world democracy?

To ask yet another question: if the whole world wants peace, and a league of nations will secure it, why in the world is there such a great amount of opposition to such a good thing?

Writing of an alleged infamous attempt on the part of a Chicago detective to extort confession of a dastardly crime by representing himself to the suspected perpetrator as a priest, the editor of one of our Catholic exchanges asks: "Will the Catholic people and clergy of the great metropolis allow such an outrage to pass unnoticed, or will they give evidence of their resentment in a way energetic and courageous enough to prevent its repetition?"

This outrage has been committed before, and it would be hard to prevent repetitions of it. But there is an archbishop in

Chicago, and any notice that it may be thought advisable to take of the deplorable occurrence there, had better be taken by him. If he thinks well of giving public expression to the indignation felt by the Catholics of Chicago, he can be trusted to do so with becoming energy and courage.

It was Archbishop Mundelein, who said, in answer to a layman's suggestion that the "metropolis of the West" ought to have the most magnificent cathedral in the United States: "A beautiful thought. I wish that Chicago might have such an edifice. It would be a simple matter for me to build a magnificent cathedral, but I do not want that. So long as there is poverty, so long as there are those who can not provide for themselves, so long as there are helpless widows with little children, so long as there are poor orphans unable to provide themselves with bread, then just that long shall my work be for the sake of charity, which is the greatest of all work."

There is no lack of energy or courage in this declaration; and to our mind it is full of wisdom besides. No one knows better than Archbishop Mundelein that if the tide of Socialism were to set in, a costly cathedral with a palatial presbytery, would be no breakwater.

It was to express good-will to John instead of joy at parting with Margaret that the father of five marriageable daughters exclaimed: "She's your's, John! You don't know how welcome you are to her." John could not doubt the old man's cordiality, but he still thinks that Margaret might have been entrusted to his care with more grace—after the manner of "Christopher North" (John Wilson). When his daughter Emily was sought in marriage by Prof. Aytoun, there was an obstacle which seemed hard to surmount. The Professor, though greatly esteemed by the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," was uncommonly diffident, and he could not forget that his old friend was sometimes stern. "Emily, you must

speak to him for me," he declared in desperation.—"Papa is in the library," was Emily's encouraging though disconcerting answer.—"Then do go to him yourself," urged the eager but reluctant suitor. There being apparently no help for it, the young lady proceeded to the library, and, taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so shy and diffident, that he can not speak to you himself."—"Then we must deal tenderly with him," said the old man, who was in his usual good spirits. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it on your back." She guessed from his manner that it was favorable. "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," she said, as she quickly re-entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted swain read these words: "With Christopher North's compliments."

Persons who are interested in the subject of *Psychical Research*, but who can not, if they were free to do so, make a study of the phenomena; those persons especially who are sure that all mediums, private as well as public, are impostors, would profit perhaps by reading what Mr. L. P. Jacks, annual president of the S. P. R., has to say about the hypothesis of fraud in an article contributed to the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The passage is as follows:

With regard to the hypothesis of fraud there are two forms of credulity against which one has to be on one's guard. The first is represented by the sitter who, when a "spirit" with a long beard and a benevolent expression is announced, at once jumps to the conclusion that this is a departed uncle, and unconsciously gives the medium a lead which, if he is fraudulent, he will cleverly follow up until the sitter is intoxicated with the certainty that the departed uncle is really "present."

The second form of credulity is represented by the equally common type which pushes the hypothesis of fraud beyond all reasonable limit, the skeptical sharpness which inevitably overreaches itself. For example, I was recently explaining to one of these skeptics the extreme

precautions that were taken to secure my anonymity at the sittings to which I have alluded, and I mentioned the names of some well-known persons who had assisted me in making these precautions complete. His answer was a veiled hint that "we were all in the game," and that possibly the Society of *Psychical Research* was a kind of conspiracy. Again, I have heard it solemnly maintained that there exists a secret syndicate of mediums, a great organization with a central office, an elaborate system of underground and overhead communications, "wires" everywhere, and with innumerable spies, informers, and detectives all over the country; so that a medium belonging to the syndicate can be supplied at short notice with a complete *dossier* of the private life of any sitter he may chance to be expecting. Probably there is some slender basis of fact for this delightful myth. But any one who believes it in its developed form, which has now attained considerable currency, may be justly classed with the "innocents." The fact is that the hypothesis of fraud, if pressed hard enough, can be made to cover anything. The very precautions taken against fraud can be readily interpreted in terms of fraud, as they were in the case I have just mentioned; and the honorable men who have taken part in this work are easily disposed of as only a more astute type of rascal than the rest. And why not?

After a detailed account of the extraordinary phenomena of three sittings with one of the best-attested mediums in England, Mr. Jacks says: "If the reader asks me what I make of all this, the answer is, frankly, that I don't know what to make of it." Like Sir Oliver Lodge, Prof. Hyslop, Dr. Crawford and the rest, Mr. Jacks has no key to what is so much of a riddle to him.

In the course of a paper, "The Responsibility of the Catholic Press," contributed to *America*, Mr. L. F. Hoppel touches upon a blot which we have occasionally noticed in the columns of otherwise excellent exchanges. He says:

The responsibility of the Catholic editor goes over to the business control of his paper. Here, I fear, some Catholic editors have laid themselves open to the charge of neglect. One occasionally finds Catholic publications printing advertisements which even the secular press would refuse to handle. Nostrums known to be worthless and even dangerous are given admis-

sion to the advertising columns of some Catholic papers. Where this condition exists, the most potent influence for correction is the protests of the readers of the paper. There is a second consideration, but so self-evident that it needs little emphasis. The advertising columns must never influence the editorial columns of the Catholic paper; the sanctum of the editor must never become an antechamber to the office of the business manager. Failing in this, the Catholic paper will immediately descend to the level of the secular press, and any claim it may have upon its reader for support is nullified.

The reproach that the editorial columns of the secular press as a rule are influenced by the advertising columns needs qualification. We know of some reputable secular papers in which no such influence is visible. One instance we have just at hand. In the advertising columns we find a long and bombastic glorification of a new novel; and the editorial book-reviewer says of the same volume: "Extreme youth may account for the writing of a book like —, but nothing can explain how it could be published. Childishly ignorant views of life, bad writing, and palpable attempts at imitation, make it the most worthless jumble we have seen in many years."

An interesting and not uninteresting story of Father Kundig, a saintly pioneer priest of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, is related in a series of biographical papers contributed to the *Salesianum* by Archbishop Messmer:

"Father Kundig left Madison for Dubuque, and in the stage-coach were a lady and gentleman. 'Are you a Catholic priest?' this gentleman asked.—'Yes, sir, I am.' Then he began—and continued during the journey of fifty miles—to make objections to the Church; in every possible way he talked against the Catholic religion, though with perfect good manners. The lady sat listening, while Father Kundig answered his questions. This gentleman was Capt. Barry, himself a devout Catholic, who afterwards met death, striving, a heroic Christian, to save the sinking people on the ill-fated steamer, 'Lady

Elgin.' His only son also perished on that dark morning. Mrs. Barry was not at that time a Catholic and her devoted husband made all his objections, in order that she might have the benefit of hearing them answered."

Doctrinal books were far less plentiful in Father Kundig's day than now, but other means of propagating the Faith were not neglected. And we question if the catechism was not better taught, and if converts to the Church were not more thoroughly instructed in former times. Father Kundig was a priest of holy life. Any one who ever saw him celebrating Mass could never forget him. It used to be said that he brought more non-Catholics into the Church by his prayers than by his preaching.

A striking demonstration of the importance, from every point of view, of the Child Placing Bureau, a product of the Conference of Catholic Charities, comes from the diocese of Pittsburgh, where everything, we notice, seems to be on the best footing. During the past month the Pittsburgh Bureau found desirable homes for 112 of the 215 children that were being cared for by the charitable institutions of the diocese. The total cost of placing these children was \$135.52, or \$1.21 for each. From a circular issued by the Rev. Dr. Coakley we learn that the County of Allegheny (Pa.), allows \$4.48 per week for the support of orphans or foundlings placed in institutions or elsewhere. On this basis the Bureau saved the charitable institutions of the diocese of Pittsburgh \$504 a week for the children whom it placed in July. This means \$2000 for a single month and more than \$24,000 for a year. "And all this," remarks Dr. Coakley, "for the trifle of \$135.52 originally expended in investigating the homes that were secured."

The importance of the Conference of Catholic Charities and the wisdom of supporting its various activities need no further demonstration.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

To Our Mother in Heaven.

BY S. MARR.

WHEN thou didst leave us, Mother,
The lilies snowy fair
Filled all thy tomb with fragrance;
For thou hadst rested there.
Oh, touch our hearts, dear Mother,
That, like thy sacred tomb,
They may give forth white lilies,
Of virtue's plant the bloom!

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

VII.—TIM GETS HIS WAY.

"NOW, look here, Uncle Layac," said his nephew, "why are you so afraid of travelling through the air? Aviation to-day is a sport that is becoming more and more popular. Of course aeroplane accidents are numerous, and they will doubtless continue to occur. But do you know why? Nine times out of ten the accidents are due to the imprudence of the aviators. One has only to be prudent and there will be no accidents."

"You think so?"

"I'm quite sure of it."

The grocer began to scratch his ear, a proceeding which in his case always meant that he was greatly disturbed. Then he threw back his head once or twice, as if he were telling himself "Yes, I will"; and Tim thought that at last he had succeeded in overcoming his uncle's objections. Unfortunately, he was forced almost immediately to give up his fugitive hope.

"Well, then," said the grocer, "even admitting for the moment that I conform to the conditions of this ridiculous will, how do you suppose that I can steer an

aeroplane through the air? Now, if those confounded machines only travelled along the ground, I don't say but what. . . ."

Tim didn't feel inclined to waste time by telling his uncle how it was that aeroplanes that begin their movements by rolling along the ground finally take to the air like so many birds. Just then he had something more important on hand; he had to persuade Uncle Layac to become an aviator. And, without knowing it, his uncle had furnished him with one means of doing so.

"You have just said, Uncle, that you could never learn to run an aeroplane."

"Never, most decidedly."

"Very well, then; but what about *me*?"

"You!"

"Yes, me, Uncle. Does the Doremus will stipulate that you, yourself personally, must run the machine?"

"No, it doesn't."

"Are you certain about that?"

"Absolutely certain."

"Then everything is all right, quite all right. After all, an aeroplane is not much more difficult to handle than an automobile. I'll guarantee to take you in one to Lisbon."

"You, Tim?"

"Yes, Uncle."

And, as Uncle Layac, somewhat stupefied, began to hunt around for further objections, the young mechanic continued:

"'Tis an understood thing; the matter's settled. Just think of Fourrin, Uncle—that rascal Fourrin!"

These last words had the magical effect which Tim had expected of them. They closed the half-open lips of the grocer, and prevented his uttering the "buts" and "ifs" he was prepared to oppose to his nephew's plans.

'Twas then that our young apprentice gave way to a fit of half-crazy joy. Laugh-

ing, singing, and clapping his hands, he danced about the store like a festive goat, threatening to upset barrels and boxes in the exuberance of his spirits.

Just to think of it! He was going to become an aviator, one of those human prodigies who, as if in play, have worked out the problem which for so many centuries had appeared unsolvable, the conquest of the air; one of those almost superhuman beings whose remarkable exploits were spoken of in the most remote hamlet, and whom all the world admired, feasted, and acclaimed. And, as Tim, like most other natives of Southern France, had a pretty lively imagination he saw himself already sailing away up among the clouds, floating in the blue sky of heaven. He saw himself passing, like a big white bird, over towns and villages, over mountains and hills, over valleys and rivers.

A new exclamation from his uncle brought him back from heaven to earth, from his dream to the reality.

"But, once more, *no*," said the grocer. "'Tis still impossible. Where do you imagine I am going to procure the price of an aeroplane? They must cost dear, those machines, very dear. . . . And the state of my affairs is such that nobody would lend me a cent."

"Don't let that bother you," interrupted Mr. Tilbasco, who just then appeared in the doorway. "I have come in precisely to inform you that I have a special letter to give you on behalf of Mr. Doremus, in case you decide to make the trip he enjoins upon you in his will."

So saying, he handed to Layac a sealed letter addressed in Doremus' hand to the grocer.

The latter took it with an air of distrust, as if he suspected that it contained some other disagreeable surprise. Mr. Tilbasco at once reassured him.

"You may open it without fear," he declared. "Our friend Doremus told me before he died what was in this envelope, and I can guarantee that this time, at least, you have nothing whatever to fear."

"You reassure me," replied Layac; and with fingers still shaking a little nevertheless, he opened the envelope.

It contained a check for twenty thousand francs, payable at sight, on the Bank of France; and a slip of white paper on which was written: "For the purchase of an aeroplane and the other expenses of an air-trip to Lisbon."

At last Layac had to admit that he was vanquished, and he did so, but with so profound and so sadly comic a sigh that Mr. Tilbasco and Tim could not refrain from a burst of laughter.

"So 'tis settled, then," said the banker; "you'll go to Lisbon in an aeroplane?"

"It appears so," was the grocer's sorrowful reply; "it appears so."

As he made it, his glance turned involuntarily up to the sky, visible through the fan-light above the door, and he watched some swallows and sparrows darting hither and thither.

"To think," he observed in a melancholy tone, "that I shall have to imitate those birds! To think of a big, fat two-hundred pounder like me being obliged to circle around in the air!"

Mr. Tilbasco, however, withdrew him from his sorrowful musings as he bade him good-by.

"Well, my dear Mr. Layac," he said, "I must quit you now, as my daughter and I are starting this very day for Biarritz, where we intend passing the summer. I hope we shall see you when you pass Biarritz on your way to Lisbon; but, anyway, we shall probably meet in the latter city to which I return at the end of the season. Good-by, then, and good luck."

With these words the Portuguese banker shook the hands of the grocer and Tim, and forthwith made his way to his hotel.

"And now," said the big grocer, who had not yet fully recovered from the emotion caused by his decision, "and now, what's to be done next?"

"What's to be done?" replied his confident nephew, "why, we have to make all our arrangements for leaving Albi."

With a volubility which didn't leave his uncle a chance to get in a word edge-ways, Tim proceeded to explain that, in order to fly from Albi to Lisbon, the first thing to do was to go to Paris to buy an aeroplane.

"Don't you think we might get one at Toulouse?" asked his uncle, who, all upset at the thought of having in his hands a check for twenty thousand francs, couldn't help regretting the necessity of diminishing that sum, in his eyes quite a little fortune.

Tim at once threw up his hands in comic despair.

"Say, Uncle Layac, are you running away with the idea that one buys an aeroplane just as easily as one buys a pair of boots or a dozen of salt herrings? Aeroplanes are being built just at present only in Paris. Accordingly when one wants to purchase one, to Paris one must go."

"All right, all right," answered the grocer, who by this time hadn't energy enough left even to raise objections, "so be it; we'll go to Paris. But the grocery, in the meantime? Who is going to look after it?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? What do you mean?"

"Look here, Uncle, now that you are a millionaire—for you can take it for granted that the Doremus millions are as good as yours—it is rather beneath your dignity, don't you think, to be looking after a little grocery like this?"

"Do you really think so?"

"Think? I do more than think; I know that it is."

And, before his uncle could dispute the matter with him, Tim ran into the rear room whence he soon reappeared with a pot of red paint. Then, selecting a large sheet of cardboard from a bundle in a corner of the store, he composed an announcement which he painted in good big letters on his placard, tacking the latter on the front of the grocery, where it informed the passers by that the store was "closed for reasons of travel."

(To be continued.)

A Professor of Signs.

KING JAMES THE SIXTH was once waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of great learning, who had an eccentric idea that every country should have a professor of signs, to enable men of all languages to understand each other without the aid of speech. Lamenting one day this great desideratum, the King, who liked a joke, said to him: "Why, I have a professor of signs in a college of my dominions; but it is a great way off—perhaps six hundred miles from here."

"Were it six thousand miles off, I shall see him," said the ambassador. The King, perceiving he had committed himself, had a messenger sent in all haste to the University of Aberdeen, with a letter stating the case, and desiring the professors to put the ambassador off, or make the best of him they could. He arrived after some well-planned delay, and immediately inquired which of them had the honor to be "Professor of Signs"; but was told that the professor was then absent in the Highlands.

"I will await his return, though it were for a week," declared the ambassador.

The professors, seeing that this would not do, contrived the following stragem:—There was one Geordie, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was put up to the story, and instructed how to comport himself in his new situation of "professor of signs," but he was enjoined on no account to utter a syllable. The ambassador was then told, to his great satisfaction, that the professor of signs had returned.

Everything being prepared, Geordie was gowned, wigged, and placed in state, in a room of the college. The Spaniard was then shown into the apartment, and left to converse with Geordie as best he could, all the professors waiting the issue with considerable anxiety. Then commenced the scene. The ambassador

held up one of his fingers to Geordie; Geordie answered him by holding up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordie clenched his fist. The ambassador then took an orange from his pocket, and showed it to Geordie, who, in return, pulled out a piece of barley bread from his pocket, and exhibited it in a similar manner. The ambassador then bowed to him, and retired. The professors anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother.

"He is a perfect wonder," said the delighted ambassador. "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that there are Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives His creatures not only the necessaries but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury."

The professors were glad and King James was still more so that matters had turned out so well.

The Wonder Teazle.

IS it not wonderful that the teasle, one of the most interesting things in nature, is to-day just as much used in the manufacture of cloth as it was many centuries ago? Nothing as yet has been invented that can do so well for the work in which this horny-hooked plant is used; and that is, to raise the nap, or woolly substance of the surface, of cloth.

There are more than a hundred different kinds of this plant, many growing wild; and it is found in North Africa, Asia, Europe, and America. The botanist's name for the teasle is *dipsacus fullonum*, the first word meaning "thirst"; and this is explained by the plant itself, for the leaves grow in such a way about the main stalk as to form cups holding the moisture the growth needs.

The first year after teasle seed is sown—and in some parts of the world it is grown in large tracts of land—there appears a mound of big handsome leaves; in the second year a spike grows up in the centre of it, and sometimes reaches a height of five or six feet. At the top of this spike is the "king teasle," of which the pollen—or fine dust that, coming in contact with other vegetable dust, causes it to grow—brings into life the pollen of the lower teazles, called "queens."

The flower is like a kind of cluster of lavender round about the foot, and is not very pretty. It looks like a little ruffle; but gradually, as this ruffle dies away, the smaller blooms appear, until the whole cluster is flowering. Then, a little later, between these blossoms there shoot up slowly the strong, elastic, and very sharp-pointed needles, or hooks, that are so much used in English, American, French, Spanish, German, and other cloth factories.

They are so strong that they can be cleaned and used several times in the most economical fashion. The smaller teazles on the lower part of the stem are called "buttons," and are specially used for the finer sorts of cloth.

Harvesting the teasle takes place in the latter part of August after the seeds have been planted. And it is very hard and difficult work, gathering in the teazles. They are so light that more than a thousand dried ones are required to make a weight of ten pounds.

The Milky Way.

The Japanese have a prettier name for the Milky Way than ours. They call it the River of Heaven. In some Catholic countries, this scarf of pale silver across the sky, spangled with stars, shining more or less brightly, is called Our Lady's Path to Paradise; and on the eve and night of the Feast of the Assumption, when she was taken up to heaven, it is said to be most brilliant.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Book-lovers must find delight in the mere titles of many of the old books and pamphlets occasionally auctioned off in large cities like London and New York. Among such treasures sold last month at Sotheby's was a book which is believed to be unique—"Information for Pilgrims to the Holy Lande," from W. de Worde's press, twenty leaves, 1515. A copy of the 1524 edition from the same press is at St. John's College, Cambridge.

—A lecture delivered before the faculty and pupils of Aquinas Academy, Tacoma, by the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P., has been printed in neat pamphlet form by the Washington Envelope and Printing "Corp.," Seattle. "The Celtic Race" throws a flood of light on the origin and early history of one of the most interesting nations of the world, the one that at present is most in the lime light, and most likely to remain there for some time to come.

—England has seen in the last year no more striking literary and theatrical success than John Drinkwater's dramatization of Lord Charnwood's biography of Lincoln. The drama consists of a series of scenes resembling those of a Shakespearean chronicle play, with lyric choruses preceding each scene. Published in book-form in London, the play has gone through several editions in a few weeks. It is soon to be brought out in this country by the Houghton, Mifflin Co., and will be put on the stage in New York during the autumn.

—People who say that if they were "to compose poetry," it would be like Goldsmith's, may be showing preference rather than conceit; in any case, they unconsciously pay fine tribute to their favorite poet—like the old Scotch woman who said of Burns, after reading "The Cottar's Saturday Night": "You say well he's a bonnie writer. But I don't know how he could have writ the story different; for it's nothing but what I saw in my own father's house. No, I don't see how he could have told it so well in any other way."

—A new volume of the Westminster Library, soon to be published by Longmans, Green & Co., is "Preaching," by the Rev. W. B. O'Dowd, of St. Charles' House, Oxford. The table of contents is as follows: The Ministry of the Word; The Making of a Preacher; Real and Unreal Preaching; St. Augustine's Views on Preaching; The Preparation of a Sermon; Extemporary Preaching; In the Pulpit; The Use of Scripture in Preaching; Dogmatic and

Moral Sermons; Apologetical Conferences; Some Other Types of Sermon. *Appendices:* Letter on Sacred Preaching Issued by the Command of Pope Leo XIII.; Encyclical of Pope Pius X. on the Teaching of Christian Doctrine; Encyclical of Pope Benedict XV. on the Preaching of the Word of God; a Course of Sermons for Three Years; Bibliography.

—In the seventy-three years that have elapsed since Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" gave currency to the fixed type of limerick (the five-line variety), that species of verse has undergone many ups and downs of popularity. That it still enjoys some vogue would seem to be evidenced by the announcement of the Marshall Jones Co. that they will publish in the fall a volume of "clever limericks" which have been collected by Susan Hale. The classic limerick is of course:

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who rode, with a smile, on a tiger:
They returned from their ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

—The average historical or social-economic volume, published as long ago as 1914, has lost in the intervening years much of its pertinence in view of changed conditions; but "France Herself Again," by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a work of permanent value, and its excellence has been little, if at all, affected by the events of the Great War. The author is a writer of acknowledged capability, and his discussion of the deterioration of France, of her return to the light, and of political problems and the future is well worth attentive reading by any one who desires to have a clear understanding of many things—French things—that to the general reader of other lands appear more or less inexplicable. Six chapters of the book are reprints from magazines; but these chapters were written as constituent parts of the present work, and accordingly do not break the unity of the whole. Price, \$2.50.

—"Ireland's Fight for Freedom," by George Creel (Harper & Brothers), is an octavo of 200 pages, in which the author sets forth what to him appears to be the high lights of Irish history. In his foreword he takes issue with the declaration that the Irish question is merely one of England's domestic problems, and of course has not much trouble in demonstrating that the said question has grown altogether beyond such narrow bounds, that, in a very intelligible sense, it has become a veritable world question. The

volume deals interestingly and lucidly with Home Rule, with "Broken Pledges," five centuries of Irish war, two centuries of Irish rebellion, the "Ulster Problem," and the case of Canada, with a concluding chapter devoted to answering the question, "Can Ireland Stand Alone?" Mr. Creel is in thorough sympathy with the national aspirations of the Sinn Fein party; but his work will make interesting reading even for those who take the English view of Irish difficulties.

—A book that should stir the bones of John Barleycorn is "On Uncle Sam's Water Wagon: 500 Recipes for Delicious Drinks which Can be Made at Home," by Helen Watkeys Moore. "Delicious, appetizing, and wholesome drinks, free from alcoholic taint." The author believes that by learning to make them in the home one may have available a long list of refreshing drinks at far less cost and distinctly superior to those served at public soda fountains. Of grape juice varieties there are no fewer than thirty-nine, and of eggnoggs, seven. We notice that in the recipe for cider eggnogg the author is careful to state that sweet cider should be used, though she allows it to be served "with a little nutmeg on top." Some critics of the illustration on the cover of this book will be apt to say that Uncle Sam's water wagon has scant sitting or standing room, and that he appears to be driving somewhat recklessly. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; price, \$1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
 "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.

- "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
 "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
 "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Moran, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. James Maher, diocese of Springfield; and Rev. Thomas Henry, O. P.

Sister M. Gonsolvo, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Mother M. Alphonse, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Henry Rahr, Mr. John Linery, Mr. Richard Muench, Mr. Stephen Wild, Mrs. Mary McCarthy, Mrs. Josephine Szukowski, Mrs. Christena Carroll, Mr. Charles Grieshaber, Mr. George Greenwood, Miss Mary Cahill, and Mr. James Genoe.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: M. A. S., \$2; "in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$5; J. A. Maloney, \$5; James Langton, \$5; K. S. McK., \$3; "in memory of my father," \$2; E. M. M., \$2. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: K. S. McK., \$2; T. B., \$75.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I, 48.

VOL. X. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 23, 1919.

NO. 8

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The Lesson.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

FOR little troubled years I fought Him.
Then thought I: "He is not here!"
But absence chilled me. Long, I sought Him.
"Love," I cried, "I need Thee near."

At last, ('twas in a moment tender
Out of days that bitter were),
My cleansèd heart could homage render:
Frankincense, true gold, and myrrh.

For something holy, of sweet savor,
Showed His presence in my soul;
And I obtained a perfect favor,—
Learned He was my only goal.

Alone With God.

BY M. N.

THE immaculate purity and perfect sanctity of the Blessed Mother of God—that "Sweet Flower of virgins all," as Chaucer charmingly calls her—have formed the favorite theme of writers, poets, and preachers from the earliest ages of the Church. And why? The answer has been clearly given by an English Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Arundel, who thus writes, in the year A. D. 1399. "The contemplation of the great Mystery of the Incarnation," he says, "has drawn all Christian nations to venerate her from whom came the first beginnings of our Redemption";

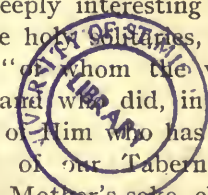
and thus it is that "Mary, mayde, mild and free," has been, not only the source whence thinkers drew their inspiration, but the exemplar, the exquisite ideal, that moved countless holy and enthusiastic souls to wonderful acts of devotion, of heroism, of self-sacrifice, and utter blamelessness of life. For the sake of her:

Who is so fair and bright,
Brighter than the day is light,

men and women have been led onward and upward to those apparently unattainable heights, where bloom the snow-white blossoms of sanctity in their fullest and most perfect form.

But whilst she was loved and honored, during the Ages of Faith: from the highest to the lowest; from the most learned to the unlettered peasant; from the careless worldling to the devout recluse; it is with the latter that we shall for the moment concern ourselves, because it is undeniable that these multitudes of devout persons who have, with the full sanction of the Church, withdrawn themselves from their fellow-creatures, to live in solitude, were prompted to lead this austere, and, to our view, extraordinary existence in great measure by their desire to approach more nearly to the Queen of All Saints.

And perhaps nothing in the annals of the past is more deeply interesting than the records of these holy of holies, both men and women, "of whom the world was not worthy," and who did, in very truth, for the sake of Him who has been called the Hermit of our Tabernacles, and for His Blessed Mother's sake, choose to inhabit the mountains, dells, and caves



of the earth; voluntarily condemning themselves to dwell in utter isolation, not only perpetual exiles from love and home, but forever cut off from all but the most restricted intercourse with their fellowmen.

We are told by authorities on this subject, that the solitary life in Western lands sprang into repute with the immediate disciples of St. Columba; nor did it, as might be supposed, at all decline during the dark days of heathen desolation and civil strife. On the contrary, hardship and persecution, whilst deterring half-hearted aspirants, did but fill the lonely caves and cells on rocky islet, or mountain fastness, with heroic men who retired from the world they were powerless to aid, in order that they might weep secretly before God over its woes, and by their unceasing prayer and penance make reparation for its crimes. Thus did those very causes which work the ruin of community life and of organized rule foster to a wonderful extent the eremitical spirit; and as time went on we find that both Saxons and Normans were led to emulate the solitary life of the Celtic hermits.

History says that, when the saintly Queen Margaret arrived in Scotland, she "found society rude and vicious," and ecclesiastical discipline practically in abeyance; yet, at the same time, we are told, "the country abounded with holy solitaries," of whom some were her own Saxon compatriots, driven by the Norman conqueror into exile. "There were very many," says her confessor and biographer, "dwelling in cells in different parts of the Scotch Kingdom, and by their great austerity living rather the lives of angels than of men." These few words demonstrate admirably the temper of the devout strangers whom an inexorable fate had sent into a far country.

It is a matter of history that a life of voluntary religious seclusion had followers in Britain from the very introduction of Christianity. But this is not surprising, when we remember that all the first hermits

in England were undoubtedly imitators of their Celtic predecessors,—men who had acquired their ardent zeal from such missionaries as St. Columba, St. Gall, and many others, at a period when Irish apostles flung themselves with passionate fervor into battle with the mass of heathenism, which was then rolling in upon the Christian world.

When we picture the utter desolation of the British fens in winter, it is scarcely too much to say that the hermits, who, like St. Guthlac, elected to take up their abode there, must have endured hardships which equalled in austerity those of the Eastern solitaries, who were exposed in the desert to the burning heat of the summer sun.

The word hermit is strictly applied only to those solitaries who dwelt in woods or fens, or made their cells on mountains or islands. They were not absolutely enclosed, and lived by the produce of field or garden; whilst the recluse, or incluse, on the contrary, was confined within narrow limits; and, being thus shut up and unable to procure means of sustenance, except by the assistance of others, lived in the neighborhood of men, generally in a cell near a church, or on a bridge, or over a city gate, yet entirely cut off from fellow-creatures.

If we turn to ancient records, especially those of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, we shall see that the rocky coast of Cornwall was much favored by numbers of holy hermits, whose names still linger in the churches and villages near which they had their cells. It would seem, also, that the solitary life had a particular charm for the Welsh, for we find mention of hermits in the "Laws of Howell the Good," in the tenth century; and, two hundred years later, Giraldus does not hesitate to declare that, "Nowhere will you be able to find hermits and anchorites of greater austerity, or more truly spiritual, than in Wales."

As the number of these anchorites and anchoresses continued to multiply,

it became increasingly necessary for the Church to lay down practical rules for their guidance. Such modes of piety and absolute seclusion were, from their very nature, extraordinary, and demanded extraordinary grace, otherwise those who practised them might have degenerated into the insane fanatics non-Catholics believe them to have been.

As years went on, the permission of the bishop of the diocese had to be obtained before the hermit or recluse could enter upon the solitary life, which, in the case of men, required the erection of a chapel and the celebration of the Adorable Sacrifice. It is impossible at this distance of time, and owing to the Great Apostasy, to ascertain with any degree of certitude, how far the life of hermits and recluses was practised by priests in Great Britain. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that no statistics have come down to us, incidental notices in ancient documents warrant the conclusion that it was by no means rare.

The porch at the east end of the North aisle of Durham Cathedral was called the "Anchorage," and contained an altar where the recluse said Mass. "The Anker in the wall beside Bishopsgate, London," mentioned in an old will, was evidently a priest, seeing that the testator asks him to say twenty Masses for his soul (*Test. Vetust.* p. 356).

Again, in 1240, the then Bishop of Exeter made a foundation for the maintenance of a recluse near the Chapel of St. Laurence in Crediton. In 1383, the bishop of the same diocese, "granted a license to David Bukketore, a poor hermit of the Chapel of St. John Baptist, near Tavistock, to have the Holy Sacrifice offered in his chapel"; and a further proof of the existence of priest-solitariness is found in the many hermitages in caves still to be seen with altars cut out of the rock. Altars in caves are to be found at St. Columba's, on Loch Killesport; St. Ninian's, on the shore of Wigtonshire; St. Rule's, at St. Andrew's; St. Kiernan's, on Loch Kilkerran; and some other places.

We know that King Henry gave everything necessary for the use of the altar to a priest-anchorite at Westminster; and in the old chronicles of Beceles, in Suffolk, we read that there used to be "a chapel of Our Lady with an anchorite at the foot of the bridge." The existence of this chapel seems to prove that the Beceles hermit was a priest.

It is interesting to note, furthermore, that when a hermit made his solemn profession the bishop, in giving him the religious habit, charged him "to live chastely, soberly, and holily; in vigils, fasts, labors, prayers, and works of mercy." Amongst the latter, we find road-mending and bridge-mending, as is proved from an entry in Bishop Waynfete's Register, where it is recorded that this same prelate grants an Indulgence to all "who shall assist a hermit who is giving his labour to mend roads and bridges at Farnham." (A. D. 1472.)

St. Herbert, the friend of St. Cuthbert, made himself a cell on an island in the centre of the beautiful lake of Derwent-water, than which no fairer spot could have been found. Alone, amidst the solemn grandeur of the mountains, we can picture Herbert, with his tender heart and his poetic soul, rapt even to the third heaven, like St. Paul. With what joy unspeakable must he not, day after day, have set himself "to meditate on everlasting things in utter solitude"! With what gladness did he, on the same day and hour as his beloved St. Cuthbert, render his saintly soul to God, and pass from a life of contemplation on earth to a life of glory in heaven!

With regard to women, we know that the sister of St. Guthlac lived in a hermitage in the Fens; also that Burchwine, the sister of St. Godric, imitated her holy brother, and spent several years in a hermitage not far from Finchale, though she only came on rare occasions to his oratory to hear Mass.¹

Again, we read in the life of St. Dunstan,

¹ "Vita S. Goderic," by Reginald of Durham.

that the noble Lady Elgiva, or Ethelfreda, in order to be under his direction, built herself a cell near the abbey church of Glastonbury. There she lived in pious seclusion, devoting her life entirely to prayer and acts of charity. St. Dunstan ever held her in the highest veneration, and their friendship is one of those golden examples of exalted affection, of which there are so many counterparts in the annals of Holy Church.

The eremitical life, however, was far more suited to men than it was to women, and the latter would seem only to have followed it in exceptional instances. On the other hand, we are told by reliable authorities, that "the number of female recluses was very great." Also that "their institution was a subject of edification to Catholic England."

We gather, from rules drawn up for their guidance, that the "reclusory" was constructed so as to hold two or three, for it was not deemed advisable that women should live absolutely alone. Each had a separate cell, but a small window gave them means of communication with one another. Regulations in connection with these devout women were made by that holy bishop, Richard of Chichester; and St. Ælfred addressed to his sister, who was a recluse, a letter in which he enters most minutely into the duties and dangers of their state of life.

Enough, however, has been said. We have seen, even from this cursory glance, that those who forsook the world in order to lead a life of isolation and austerity, were actuated by a passionate desire to imitate Him who spent forty days and forty nights in the wilderness; and, as long as time shall last, dwells solitary in our tabernacles. They hoped also to draw nearer to the Virgin Mother, by forgetting all earthly joys and earthly affections; and, like her, pondering on the words of Christ.

EXPEDIENCY is man's wisdom, doing right is God's.—*George Meredith.*

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

VIII.—TROUBLES AHEAD.

JANET SYBALD was bent upon her ordinary household duties on the morning of the fateful Mass; pondering, with no little gratitude for the escape of her husband and son, over the events of the capture as described by Adam after he reached home. Both he and Rob were at their daily occupations, and she felt no special anxiety on their account. For, unless taken in the act of assisting at Mass, poorer people were seldom sought out by spies; those disreputable agents plied their calling for filthy lucre only, and therefore reserved their efforts for cases which promised a reward worth laboring for.

Into the midst of her lonely cogitations—for the smaller children were at play outside, and Elsie at her Dame's school—broke the sound of a cheery voice:

"Good-day to ye, Janet!"

The goodwife turned from her soup-kettle to meet the rosy face of her gossip, Christian Guthrie, who was throwing back the hood of her frieze cloak from the white coif that hid her hair.

"'Tis lucky we two were at the preachin' yesterday," remarked the visitor, in cautiously lowered tone. "Ye've heard o' the taking o' Maister Doctor, nae doobt?"

"Aye, the goodman and the laddie tellit me. I'm sore grieved about Maister Doctor. He was aye kind and good to the poor and sick folk, and now he's to suffer for it."

"Poor Mistress Sempill's had to fly abroad, too, I hear," continued Christian. "She's a good, holy leddy that's had to bear a lot for her Faith. She's been wonderful good to the priests and a'! But 'tis aye so wi' them the Laird loves. I fear at times that He doesna think me worthy to suffer. It's little I've to bear for religion."

My goodman's nae Catholic, yet he ne'er breathes a word against us. 'Tis strange how some of us go through the world walkin' over roses, as ye might say."

"Eh, gossip!" cried Janet. "Ne'er grieve for lack o' crosses in this world. The Laird sends them to a' as He sees best. There's aye thorns where there's roses."

"If I'd a laddie," said Christian, "I canna help thinkin' there might be some differences betwixt Robbie and me; but as I've only the lassie, he's satisfied to let her follow my way."

Hurried footsteps sounded on the threshold. Rob ran in, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Mother, mother—" He stopped short at sight of another listener. But, in an instant he recognized Christian, and took up his story again. "There's others warded as were wi' us the morn," he half whispered in his anxiety. "They've seized Master Wood o' Bonnytoun, and his good brother, the Laird o' Laytoun. We heard the rout, and ran to the door and saw them carried by. They've lodged them in the Tolbooth. 'Tis nae ten minutes since I saw them taken in the gates."

"Eh, laddie!" cried Christian, in amazement. "But that's ill tidings, indeed!"

"God give them courage!" said Janet, as she turned away to her cooking again. And for a few moments no word was spoken.

"Folks are crying that Bonnytoun's warded for stealing," said Rob. "But 'tis easy seen that's a lie put out by some o' the Kirkfolk."

"Nay, laddie," remonstrated his pious mother, "speak evil o' none. Wait till ye ken the truth afore ye blame any one."

More from respect than conviction, probably, Rob forbore to reply. As the women began to converse again, he speedily ran off.

"I canna think they'll dare do much against Bonnytoun," remarked Christian. "He's said to be in high favor wi' the King's Grace, and ye may be sure the

Kirkfolk'll nae brave the loss o' the king's friendship for sake o' punishing a good Catholic."

But Janet shook her head despondently. She was so alarmed at the seizure of two such prominent men that she could not share these brave hopes.

"There's been so much to talk about," Christian went on, "that I'd clean forgot what I came for. It was about some fine lace that I was askit to mend for Mistress Agnew, the Bailie's leddy. I'm nae so sure as I'm able for it, and so I tellit Mistress Sinclair, her waiting woman. But ye're clever and quick wi' the needle, and I promised to ask ye to try and do it for them. Mistress Sinclair's getting on in years, and her sight's nae good; and her mistress (I tell ye betwixt us two) is but a poor idle body wi' her hands. Ye can tell she's never been forced to work for hersel'. Yet she's nae an old woman."

By this time she had unfolded her parcel. The examination and admiration of the beautiful lace diverted the minds of the women from their anxiety for the time being. Janet, an accomplished needlewoman, undertook to use her skill.

"Did ye ever speak wi' the Bailie's leddy?" asked Janet. "I've heard she's a wonderful kind, good body as ever was. But she looks always sad and sickly, I hear. Elspeth Logan, the housewife at Bailie Gilchrist's, hears a deal o' praise of her from her brother Wat. He's porter wi' Maister Agnew, ye ken."

"It's all true that ye're saying, gossip," returned the other. "But I never spoke wi' Mistress Agnew herself at any time. It's Mistress Sinclair I see whenever I take back any work of my own or Robbie's. She's a kind, friendly soul, if ever there was one. I've heard tell" (she lowered her voice) "as she was a vowed nun in days gone by, and was driven out of their abbey wi' the rest o' them when this new Kirk was set up. I can tell you she's ever wi' that patient, holy look on her as would lead me to think it all true."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Janet. "And so she was forced, I doubt, to take service wi' Mistress Agnew to gain her living."

"'Twas just so, folk tell me. But the Bailie's ledy had been schooled by the nuns, I hear, and was pleased enough to take her,—more as a gossip than a servant, ye ken."

"And did the Bailie suffer it?" asked Janet, astonished.

"He suffered it in the beginning (though he knew Mistress Sinclair was one of ours), because he was less set against religion then. He hasna the courage, maybe, to affront his own wife now by turning against her favorite companion. But he's a poltroon, is Bailie Agnew, for all his prating. So he leaves his own house in peace, and rages against others. But I must begone. My man'll be crying out for his noonday meat."

So, with farewells, the two separated at the door.

When Adam and Rob came to dinner, they had further tidings to relate. Two men and two maids from my Lady Huntly's household had been arrested for attending the Mass. Adam began to feel some apprehension as to the probability of being seized himself. He was brave enough, so far as he was concerned; but some weeks or even months in prison, with no one to earn bread for the family, was a serious matter to contemplate. Should that be followed by conviction and banishment, his dear ones would be left destitute. Rob was but a boy, and earned a mere pittance as yet. He was learning the trade, but had to act as helper in the household at Bailie Gilchrist's, so that he could not be depended upon to support the family for years to come. Adam begged his wife to consider seriously whether it would not be advisable to leave Edinburgh and take up some country work for which he was fitted. His earnings would be less, but their safety from molestation more assured. He suggested that they should talk it over, together with Rob, who might stay the night at home for the purpose.

Janet's little house seemed destined to serve for the discussion of the woes of others. Another visitor, and a tearful one, appeared later on, in the person of Elspeth, Bailie Gilchrist's faithful servant. She was in genuine trouble. Elspeth, as we have seen, had been nurse and second mother to Helen and Jock, after years of trusty service with their mother long dead.

"Trouble's fallen heavy upon us all, Janet!" she cried as her eyes filled with tears. "It fairly grows too much for me to bear; for I doubt not I shall soon have to find another home."

"What?" said the other in astonishment. "You that's been all these years wi' the Bailie and his family to talk of flitting elsewhere!"

"It's no longer a household for a Christian woman to stay in, Janet," Elspeth answered with a sob. "Mistress Nell was never a pious maid, as you know; and Jock's scarce a Christian at all. Now the Bailie himself has turned round to the Kirk."

"Surely not!" cried Janet in dismay.

But the picture which Elspeth proceeded to draw of the present state of affairs was sufficient to convince any one of the soundness of her reasoning.

Bailie Gilchrist had lamentably failed in his duty as a Catholic father with regard to both his children. His own share in Catholic worship was limited to an occasional attendance at Mass, when it was possible to provide Mass in the city. He was not an irreligious man by any means; but he was timid from worldly motives rather than from lack of faith.

Jock had been baptized, and that was all that could be said of him. He had never subjected himself to Elspeth's teaching and attempted training as a Catholic; and his father had left him to his own devices till he should be older and more settled in mind,—a fatal mistake. The lad was a general favorite,—high spirited, mischievous, yet thoroughly upright in

character, and loved by all for his cheery, pleasant ways, and manly bearing. Helen had shown no slackness in the external practise of religion until the occasion of her recent outbreak, which Agnes Kynloch had described to Elspeth to account for Helen's absence from the Mass; but her conduct since showed that custom rather than conviction had been at the root of much of her assumed Catholicism. What was indifference before had turned to positive and unconcealed dislike. She would let no chance escape of gibing at the 'poor fools who were striving to perpetuate worn-out superstitions.' She seemed now to have definitely ranged herself on the side of the Kirk.

"Though Master Patrick Hathaway, was welcome, till lately, as the bonniest lad that crossed the Bailie's threshold," Elspeth declared, "Nell can not abide the mention of his name now. He's but a caitiff,—a blind, bigoted Papist. She never wishes to set eyes on him again, she says, so angered is she with Catholics. Any Protestant loons that may chance to come into the house will always find her ready to laugh and jest wi' them for as long as they choose. Eh, 'tis her poor mother's spirit coming out,—a kind and a good mistress, but few fair words for our holy religion."

"But I canna think Bailie Gilchrist's really turning!" cried Janet. "It's surely but a pretence to blind the Kirkfolk."

"I fear not, gossip," was the answer. "If it were but that, I'd never trouble." She covered her face with her broad apron, and rocked to and fro, as she moaned in her grief. "I could never have thought it," she said, when she had recovered her voice, if he hadna told me with his own lips. He'd have no Papists in his house longer, he declared. Those that wished to serve him must go with him to the Kirk worship; otherwise they'd have to flit."

"But what of Mistress Agnes?" asked Janet. "She's aye such a modest little maid, sair fond o' religion."

"She's all that, gossip; a bonny maid

too, and a faithful, and my only comfort of them all. She'll never bide there to listen to the flouting of priests and Sacraments. We'll have to cling together—the maid and me,—and it's herself that wishes it."

"And have ye gotten any place in mind where ye can bide together?" asked Janet.

"Wat's gone off this very day to inquire. Ye've maybe heard of Hopkailzie, beyond Liberton a good bit?"

Janet nodded assent.

"Well, it's a big place with a gatehouse lodge; and the old wife that's been keeping the gate for many a long year is dead, and Master Muir, the laird o' the place, is seeking another. If Wat can get it for me, the lassie and I'd bide there willingly. I make no doubt she'll get her uncle's leave, for he's more fond of her than of his own." (She rose and prepared to depart.)

"I must get back to my work. It's eased my mind to tell my troubles to a good neighbor; for I dare not talk overmuch about them to Mistress Agnes, lest I make her more sorrowful, poor lamb! I'd work for her till I killed myself if I could do her good! And she's no proud madam: she'd be content with little, if she could get her Mass now and again in peace. And she's a fine hand at the lace-work, and could make money by it, too. But 'tis time I went."

And, drying her eyes, she left Janet to her reflections.

They were far from happy, as we may realize without difficulty. Adam, she well knew, would never abandon his faith for the sake of Hugh Gilchrist's liberal wages; Rob would be governed by his parents; but he, too, she was quite sure, would be no less staunch to his faith. Trials were certainly at hand for all of them. Perhaps poverty and distress would have to be faced, even though her goodman might escape the penalty of the law.

As a matter of fact, Adam's connection with the Bailie's establishment had been already severed, and Rob's future had been

settled by his father's decision. Adam's first words, as he came home that evening, confirmed his wife's fears.

"I'll have to be seeking work, lass," he said quietly. "The Bailie's no longer willing to keep me."

"I feared as much," was her answer. "Elspeth's been here, and she was telling me what I couldna believe at the moment,—that all the household's gone over to the Kirk but Mistress Agnes and herself. It seemed like a foolish dream, at first, to think o' the Bailie turning."

"I dinna think he's really turned," Adam said in a lower tone,—for the little ones were at play in the room. "The poor man's affrighted. He's no spirit to stand up against yon whining caitiff, Bailie Agnew," he continued angrily. "Yon man's striving for favor wi' Kirk and nobles; nought else. He's got no spark of religion in him. I pity his poor leddy. It'll no' be long, ye'll see, before she has to suffer, if it's true that she's come back to us. Nay, my poor maister's afeared o' the chiel; that's why he's playing at turning to the Kirk. It's nought else, believe me."

"Did he tell ye plain as he'd keep ye no longer?" asked the anxious wife.

"Aye, quite plain. So as it's the end o' the week, I've flitted already. The poor man didna like the job o' telling me, I could see well. For it's many a year that I've worked for him, and he's been a good maister—kind and easy,—seeing that I was always ready to do my best to serve him. I could see the tears gathering in his eyes as we parted, and he wrung my hand as though we'd been just fellow-workmen together."

Poor Adam looked woebegone as he recalled the parting.

"What reason did he give for discharging you?" Janet asked.

"He thought it best, he said, to keep no workmen wi' him, in these times, except Kirkfolk. Each must look to himself. He didna say one word about my turning; he knew me better. And that's

one thing that tells me he's acting a part, and nothing more."

"So ye dinna believe he's really turned to the Kirk?" asked his wife.

"I ken fine he hasna. 'Tis but fear o' yon Bailie Agnew and his crew that's moved him to this. Poor man! I'm sair grieved for him. Well, wife, I'm thinking we'll need to leave the town. 'Twould be safer for y'rself and the bairns. Should I get seized, Rob'll never be able to work for the whole of ye."

"What about Rob?" Janet asked anxiously. "Is he to flit, too?"

"The Bailie would keep him, I've no doubt, if we wished it. But though he'd ne'er attend Kirk, 'twould be hard to leave the loon among a party of Protestants. For Elspeth's flitting too, as she maybe tellit ye. So, though the Bailie spake no word about Rob, I said that I'd wish to take him with me, and he didna say me nay."

And long into the night, after Rob had joined them, the three sat by the hearth, after the little ones had gone to rest, striving to plan their future.

(To be continued.)

The Answer.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

ON barren reef, girt by the boundless sea,
Prey to bleak storms of doubt, dense snows
of fears,

Where mists are born of mingled sighs and tears;
Conscious of being, yearning more to be
When shrouded in death's frozen mystery,
Stood man, the victim of the vandal years,
Vainly to question the unanswering spheres,
If death be death, or immortality.

From His white timelessness, all worlds above,
Came Truth's great King, speaking His words
of love:

"I am thy Brother; night gives birth to day,—
Thou couldst not move, so *all the way* I came."
Then towered His Voice into a laddered flame
Leading to Life, and said: "I am the Way."

St. John's Day in Ireland.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

A DAY of summer sunshine; a narrow, white, winding road threading its way through a wooded glen, most appropriately named Eden Vale, for the very beauty and richness of its vegetation. Thereon a procession, not in any regular order, but just as devotion, time, and means had called it into being,—a human procession following the dusty highway on foot, or, mounted on a varied assortment of vehicles, ranging from the humble donkey-cart painted in brilliant vermilion, to the smart buggy in green and gold; nay, even the latest in Ford's snorting and puffing its impatience at the slow rate of progress,—grandmothers in mother-hubbard cloaks and snow-white muslin caps; mothers, sober-visaged, serious, in voluminous skirts, ample capes and much be-trimmed bonnets; gay maidens with eyes of blue and tresses of night looking veritable young madonnas under the solemnity of the occasion; children, pink-cheeked, rosy-mouthed; men, old and rheumatic, forgetting physical ills in the ardor of faith; budding manhood deeming itself but very dust in its quest of the things of the spirit; boys full of a boy's longing to be first at the goal, yet timing their eager feet out of respect and obedience to their elders,—all solemn, devotional, suppressing the ready jest and mirth so dear to the Irish heart, for was it not a great day,—nay, the day of days in the year, the Pattern of St. John, and kept, for some reason which I have been unable to ascertain, on the 29th of June, the festival of SS. Peter and Paul; and this pious cavalcade, which also included some of the clergy and the local Pipers Band, were en route for St. John's Well to make the annual "rounds" or "stations" there, in emulation of their forefathers adown the centuries.

Soon the highway was exchanged for a

narrow boreen fittingly named the Rocky Road, and all dismounted to join those already on foot, and form into an ordered and regular procession, four deep, which marched along slowly towards the goal to the accompaniment of the Rosary.

Now for the benefit of the uninitiated it might be as well to explain that a "round," or "station," is a series of pious exercises performed by one of the faithful in the vicinity of a well dedicated to a particular saint and called "blessed," because of the blessings received through his mediation by those who pursue this pious custom. Pilgrims usually perform these exercises either in fulfilment of a promise for favors already received, or by way of petition for some future good through the intercession of the saint; but many also out of love of things spiritual and quite unmindful of temporal favors. The custom has the sanction of centuries for its worth, and was practised in more Christian times, not in Ireland only, but wherever Irish missionaries set their feet.

The particular "blessed well" I am writing of is situated in a hollow of the wild hills of Clare, a few miles from the capital of the county. The scenery around is magnificent. A fresh-water lake, nearly two miles in length and a mile in width, is fed from the Well which nestles unobtrusively in a leafy bower as if anxious to escape notice. On one side of the lake a variety of trees, centuries old, rise up in tiers like the pines on an Alpine mountain-side. Facing this richly-wooded elevation, the waters beat on a rocky shore giving the impression that the place might once have been a fiord of the mighty Atlantic, breaking turbulently on the rugged cliffs, scarce half a dozen leagues away. Around, as far as the eye can see, one might imagine oneself in some sequestered vale in sun-kissed Italy rather than in a hollow amongst these wild hills of Clare.

It would be interesting to ascertain accurately how this particular spot came to be associated with the Beloved Disciple, or whether he ever visited the Emerald

Isle. Be that as it may, tradition hath it that Christianity first came to Ireland from the East through him, and in early times, he was held in special veneration by the Irish. St. John's wort, his own favorite flower, had for them special virtues; and it is averred that from it came the saffron hue with which their tunics and other articles of attire were dyed. It is also said that their date for celebrating Easter and the Eastern tonsure, from ear to ear, had come thither by the same means. "Peter loved Jesus," they said; "but it was John that *Jesus* loved." "John of the Breast" was their favorite name for the Beloved Disciple; and when it was first proposed to them to come into line with the Roman date for celebrating the Feast of the Resurrection, they clung with a very passion of loyalty to a national church which linked them to him. Obedience, however, was a stronger trait in the Irish character and they submitted; but their spokesman, Columbanus, protested the while his loyalty to St. John.

A "round" at St. John's Well is rather an arduous form of devotion, and reminds one greatly of the penitential exercises of an earlier and more virile Christianity. The pilgrim stands in front of the Well and commences his or her devotions with five *Paters* and five *Aves*; then walks slowly around the Well five times, reciting a decade of the Rosary each time,—thus making up the third part thereof. The next stop is a journey on bare knees up to the cross above the Well, under which five *Paters* and *Aves* are again recited; and after this the journey is continued in the same penitential manner to the statue of St. John, where the pilgrim takes up some small stones lying at its base, kisses them and makes the Sign of the Cross on the forehead and breast with them; then returns to the Well, recites nine "Hail Marys" in honor of our Blessed Lady's pregnancy, and drinks a draught of water from the spring. The last rite is somewhat uncommon.

Beside the Well there is a large stone hollowed out so as to form a basin, giving one the impression that it might have been used as a baptismal font in former times. Here the pilgrim kneels down, and, placing his head in this basin, makes the Sign of the Cross three times. A sermon and the singing of hymns either follow or are interlaced with these devotions, which, on the occasion of which I write, had some old Gaelic songs, partly religious, added, making a very pleasant chorus to the accompaniment of the pipes,—for religion and nationality go hand in hand in Ireland.

I omitted to mention that these "rounds" at St. John's Well, or, for that matter, at any blessed well, are prefaced by discarding boots and stockings. A shod pilgrim is as much an anomaly as a man in church with covered head. The finale, therefore, finds each pilgrim selecting his or her choice spot far down the margin of the lake for the purpose of ablutions preparatory to replacing their footgear.

But even though the day was well advanced and the shadows had begun to lengthen, many were still loath to part from the charmed spot; for there are tales told anent the lake, and the lords of the soil, which tempt even the least inquisitive to tarry and try to drag its mystery from it. It is said that wild cats still inhabit the wood above,—the witching loveliness of which is reflected so faithfully in its limpid waters, and fresh trout may be caught therein by any ardent angler, with a necessary permit, of course. It is also related that a mermaid came out of the lake once, and, finding her way into the well-stocked cellar of the then lord of the place, drank her fill of wine and spilt much more than she consumed. He caught her in the act, and, striking her, brought blood; since when the waters of the lake are said to turn red every seven years. I do not know if this tale is symbolical. It might be that the supposed mermaid was a woman of the people who shed her blood in defence of her children during

some midwinter eviction, when death by cold or starvation was the only choice left to her and them. But I give the tale merely for what it is worth, having seen neither the lake of blood-red waters nor the mermaid.

The scene and the story and the history of such places could not fail to set the mind working, as these pilgrim Gaels began to defile homewards along the rocky road and the dusty highway, winding in and out between the hills or crossing some lazy stream gurgling its way seaward in the golden evening light. Devotions over, jest and fun and song burst forth, the air became sweet with a flood of Gaelic melody; and I wondered whether the day and the scene and the very sweetness and hope thereof was not a portent of the future. For, as in the spiritual life, God sometimes hides His face for a time, and the soul wanders in darkness and perplexity, though with unswerving faith, until—it may be slowly, it may be suddenly—He reveals Himself, and the road erstwhile so dark becomes clear as noonday light; so in the national life, He, to whom the centuries are but as a day, to whom time is not, allows the shadows to hide His purpose betimes according to His will, that the brightness of His promise may shine forth all the more resplendent; that the nation, even as the individual soul, may see the beauty of His will in all His mighty works.

SAINT BERNARDINE OF SIENA, when preaching to his townsmen on September 8th, the Feast of Mary's Nativity, told them that on that day he had been born, had entered the Order of St. Francis, made his solemn profession, sung his first Mass, preached his first sermon, and that, by the love and favor of Mary, he hoped to die thereon. Our Lady had, by a miracle, cured a complaint of his throat, which prevented his preaching; and the saint ever after used his voice to glorify Christ and to honor His Blessed Mother.

"One Good Turn."

BY MARY ELIZABETH O'ROURKE.

"MICHAEL, my own, come to your supper," said Mary Gallagher, pleadingly, but her words fell on unheeding ears.

Michael Gallagher stood in the doorway of his pretty farmhouse, surveying the level fields before him. The setting sun cast its slanting rays across the green meadows lighting them up with all the soft radiance of a May evening. The white and the purple lilacs nodded lovingly at each other across the intervening spaces. The slender rosebushes, touched by the evening breeze, leaned ever so slightly toward him as if inviting him shyly to come and see their swelling buds within which they were hiding the promise of June blossoms. Every shrub and flower and blade of grass seemed to speak to Michael as he stood there. At last he turned his sad eyes upon his wife, saying:

"There's no finer piece of land in the county, Mary, and to think we must lose it so soon."

"Come to your supper, Michael," answered the woman, the tears glistening in her eyes, belying the smile upon her lips. "Come to your supper now, sure 'tis getting cold!"

The farmer stepped into the clean kitchen, finding upon the neatly-laid table several dishes of which he was particularly fond. Mrs. Gallagher was a wise house-mother, and she treated her husband much as she would have treated her little son if he had lived, seeking to assuage the sorrows that assailed him by the thickness of her icing and the crispness of her cookies. Grace said, the two sat down to the meal in silence, but presently the man broke out again:

"We could pay Dave Driscoll every cent of interest on that mortgage if he would but give us six months' time, and

he knows it. But he won't do it. He wants the land, and he'll take it as he threatened to do last year and the year before. Three years of crop failures, and then to lose your home for lack of four hundred dollars. The greedy scoundrel!"

"Asthere," said Mary Gallagher tenderly. "Don't let the blackness creep into your heart. Remember he has not the faith as we have. Oh, Michael my own, I would not change places with him and his wife for all their wealth!"

"I have known him for twenty years," answered Michael bitterly, "and he was always so. He could see us go to the poorhouse without a pang."

"Please God it will not come to that," replied his wife soothingly. "If the very worst should happen, you could make a living at gardening as you did before we were married, and I am good at fine laundering."

"A nice way for you to spend your old age," groaned the man; whose sorrow was really more for this wife of his youth than for himself.

"Don't give up, dear," went on Mary. "The place is not gone yet, and something may turn up to prevent it. This is only the third day of May, and the money is not due until the thirty-first. Who knows what may happen in that time?"

"Nothing will happen," said Michael heavily; "I simply can not borrow the money, and Driscoll will be here after it promptly on the thirty-first. So, unless your prayers are answered, Molly, we may as well say good-bye to our home."

"All is not lost that's in danger," said Mary Gallagher tranquilly, and handed her husband the milk pail.

Then she turned back into the kitchen and gathered up the dishes; but the tears which she had restrained in her good man's presence were now falling. The couple, who had lost all their four children in infancy were getting old, and the blow which was impending seemed

almost more than even she, with all her faith in God and her love for Michael, could bear.

It was twelve o'clock, not a star shone in the sky which was covered with murky clouds. Every light in No. 7 had been out for hours. Lawrence Donovan rose from his mattress noiselessly; took his shoes in his hand, and crept inch by inch to the window. Pausing in an agony of suspense, he waited what seemed hours to him. Not a sign of light, not a sound to be heard, not even a breath of air stirring. Slowly, carefully, he inserted a strange-looking contrivance into the lock which yielded instantly to the pressure. Very gently, he opened the window, and after waiting again for several minutes without hearing anything to alarm him, climbed out.

He would not trust himself to walk erect, even upon the soft grass, but made his way painfully upon all fours to the road. Would he never reach it? What acres that front yard seemed to contain! Never, even when he mowed it by hand, had it seemed so large before.

At last he touched the bed of the gravel road, and, standing erect, but still in his stocking feet, he ran—ran as he had not run in twenty years,—not excitedly nor frantically, but doggedly and persistently. Strangely enough, instead of losing his pace as he went on, every step he put between himself and the prison-shack seemed to add new wings to his feet. How he had hated the place with its endless grinding labor, its rough associates, and the sneering eyes of the keeper. Not that he expected to escape these things for very long. Donovan knew too much of the efficiency of this particular prison system to hope for that. He had not one chance in a hundred of getting away entirely, for he was unarmed, and had he not been, he would not have resisted those sent to fetch him; for though he was serving a prison sentence, Lawrence Donovan was not a man to take human life lightly. But if he had good luck, they

would be some days locating him, and in the meantime he would have at least a taste of liberty, of fresh air and of the springtime.

Ah, me! How he loved the springtime, and how he had always loved it. Even now the scent of apple blossoms was coming to him as he ran. To be in prison in May! Perhaps they would lengthen his sentence for this mad night's work. Well, no matter. Perhaps he would not live to finish his sentence, anyway, and they could not take this breath of freedom from him.

After three years of prison life, Lawrence was a dreamer still, as he had been a dreamer always, and it came to him now even in his great haste, that he must not waste these precious hours. He must begin to be happy and at once. He had always been good at pretending, so now he began to make believe that his prison days were over, his sentence was finished and he was on his way to—but, alas, for his dreaming! Where should he be going if his play were really true? Not many homes are open to a jail-bird; not many men desire an ex-convict at their fireside. The one door that is always open to the wanderer, whether he be really a globe-trotter or whether his wanderings may have been only from the narrow path of virtue, had long been closed and locked by the grim warden. Donovan's parents had been dead these many years. Scalding tears rose to his eyes at the recollection, but he pulled himself up sharply. He was wasting time again. Why have I taken all this trouble if he was going to spend his holiday thus! As well have stayed in No. 7.

He would play a better game than that, and he began again. He was ten years old. He had been sent to town on an errand after supper, and now that darkness had overtaken him, he was a little, just a little bit afraid. That was why he hurried so. But never mind: just around the turn was their cottage, and his mother would be standing in the door waiting for him. He had not forgotten a single

package. She would smile proudly at him when he told her. He could almost see the light through the trees now.

He rounded the turn,—the house was not there. But he was sure it was just ahead, just below the hill which he was beginning to climb. So he went on for miles, always locating the house in a different place; always approaching it, but never quite arriving; and always his mother's smile was waiting for him just ahead.

He must be up early in the morning and take the cows to pasture by sunrise. He could almost feel the frosty grass nip his bare toes as he went, and he chuckled to himself as he thought how he would warm them in the straw where his old cow Bess had been sleeping. He must not over-sleep to-morrow morning of all mornings, for father was going to teach him to plow. Dear father, who was so proud of his up-growing boy! (Was that a drop of rain upon his cheek?)

All this time he had been walking rapidly, and now he found himself approaching the outskirts of a city. He crossed the railroad tracks,—a large freight stood in the yard. It would be quicker than walking, and easier. He swung himself upon one of the last cars, and presently felt himself moving. Luck had favored him again. The train proved to be a through-freight, and no one came to disturb him.

Dawn was breaking as they pulled out of the great city, but Lawrence Donovan did not need the darkness for his dreaming. He lay on his back, his cap pulled over his eyes, and utter contentment in his heart; the scent of the blossoming orchards and the green grass and the fresh-turned earth mingling in a delicious perfume to his eager nostrils. Dear Lord! How he loved the springtime and God's country! If he had been put at work on one of the prison farms, instead of in the cement works, he could have endured even his long sentence with something like patience. But prison officials must choose the man

for the job and not the job for the man, and No. 3165 was needed in the cement works.

On sped the train but faster sped the thoughts of the wayfarer. He had grown older in the last half hour, and his dreams were changing now. He was going home to Nan, to Nan whom he had loved as only an honest country lad can love a pretty city girl, whole-heartedly, devotedly, unselfishly. And he had won her—little, silly, frivolous, selfish Nan,—who, after a brief honeymoon in the country, had dragged him away to the city; away from the fair orchards and the fertile fields which were inviting his plow, into the stuffy city whose tawdry gaiety satisfied her shallow soul.

How happy they had been even in the city during that first year while the money he had brought with him lasted! But after that had faded away, they knew real want. Donovan was utterly untrained at any kind of city work, and the only position he could obtain carried a salary far too meagre to support the two with Nan's extravagant ways. To add to his misery, she nagged and upbraided him, until he dreaded to return home at night; but, even so, he loved her still. It did not occur to him that she was selfish: he only knew that he was inefficient.

Things went from bad to worse. Nan became desperately, dangerously ill. Then had come his great temptation, the old temptation which had ruined so many before it came to Lawrence. He had not intended to keep the money which the firm had put into his hands in trust, but only to borrow it for a few days to invest in a scheme which promised quick and certain returns, returns which never came. This was not the first time the firm had suffered in that way, hence they determined to make an example of him. And after all Nan had died. He was glad in a heart-broken sort of way that Nan had died before she had discovered how worse than inefficient he was.

His thoughts had just taken this mourn-

ful turn, when he was aroused by the slowing down of the train. They were approaching another city, in reality some fifty odd miles from where they had started, but which might have been a thousand for all the man on the last car knew of distance.

He did not wait to be ordered off as he knew he would be, but clambered down of his own accord and struck off again. Avoiding the street that ran through the city and skirting the railroad track, he presently came to a turnpike that led into the country. It was hours since he had eaten, but he was not conscious of needing food. His hungry eyes were being feasted upon scenes of rare loveliness to which they had long been unaccustomed, and he desired nothing more. Yet he realized that he could not go on this way much longer.

After about two hours' walking, he came to a village,—a village which was as odd in its way as the wanderer who approached it. It did none of the things which well-behaved villages in story-books do. It did not crown a lofty hill, nor nestle at the foot of a mountain, nor even lie peacefully in a valley. It merely sat on the banks of a mill-pond like a small boy getting ready to go fishing. On the outskirts of the town, Lawrence passed a grove of stately maple trees, and down in the village itself they grew in smaller groups of twos and threes for all the world, he thought, like wilful children who had stolen away from their mother's yard to play in the village streets.

There were several men of apparent leisure occupying prominent positions in front of the straggling stores. A great fear rose up in the runaway's heart as he saw them. For an instant he had a wild impulse to turn and run,—run back, anywhere away from those curious eyes. But he forced himself to walk slowly and even to approach a group of them.

"Do any of you happen to know whether any of the farmers around here need a good hand?" he inquired casually.

"Wal, stranger," answered one of the men, "I reckon most all the farmers round here need a good hand sence all the young fellers fly off to the city soon as they're big enough to wear long pants. But good hands ain't easy to git. Now there—"

"The man that lives in the big square house two miles east of here has got an 'ad' for help in the *Clarion* this week," broke in another. "He ain't got none of his bean ground plowed yit. He ain't no snap to work for, but I reckon he can give you a job."

Donovan thanked him civilly and took the road east. He had little trouble in locating the house, and still less in getting a job. The hard-faced farmer, who came to the door in response to his timid knock, was in need of a hand, and he naturally supposed that this man had appeared in response to his "ad."

So it happened that that afternoon, Lawrence hitched up a team, as he had done in his young manhood, and went out to plow. How good it seemed to smell the fresh earth and watch the brown furrow unwind itself before him! He worked faithfully, joyously; and the farmer himself could not have covered more ground nor plowed a straighter furrow.

So absorbed was he in the task all the long afternoon that the fear of discovery almost left him, but it fell upon him darkly again as he turned towards the house for the night. He imagined he saw the keeper's face in every auto that passed, and he could hardly keep his seat at the table when the noisy telephone rang its discordant calls. But discovery did not come that night nor the next day nor the next. A week passed and a feeling almost like security came to him. Every day he worked in the fields from seven to six, and after that came the chores.

Lawrence soon learned that the lounger in the village spoke the truth when he said that his employer was no easy man to work for. He had sharp eyes and a hard mouth, and an eye like a fox for

business. His hired man knew few spare moments. The woman of the household was equally hard-featured and sharp-voiced, and her temper was even more uncertain than her husband's. Their conversation, whenever they had any time to converse, consisted of recounting the details of sharp bargains which they had made or of mutual reproaches when some deal had failed to turn out well. Money was their God, and even the children of the family seemed to worship at its shrine.

Lawrence Donovan had never held money at even its face value: he had always been over-generous, and the greedy, grasping spirit that pervaded the household irritated him almost beyond measure. But he did not have to spend much time with his employer's family, and they little suspected how thoroughly he despised them. He loved the horses and the sleek cattle and the old familiar labor of his youth; and, most of all, he loved the springtime and God's country. So he stayed on and dreamed and was happy.

Four weeks had passed and Lawrence had finished his plowing. He had harrowed and dragged the ground and they had planted the beans. The tender, green plants were springing up all over the level fields. They were like so many children to the man who had prepared the green earth so joyously for their coming.

And then one day when the hunted look had almost left his face, and a sense of peace had crept into his sore heart, something happened. He had been working in the field with the team, but a strap gave way, and he went back to the barn to repair it. As he stepped into the basement stable he heard voices in the loft above. The boy of the family was talking excitedly to a neighbor's lad.

"Gee! Ain't it great," he was saying; "\$500 reward. Pa says it'll be the easiest money he ever earned, and besides he won't have to pay him a cent for the whole month; and he's done a lot of work

too. Pa's gone to town now to get a tire mended, and as soon as he gets home he'll take him to—"

Donovan waited to hear no more. At a pace equal to that at which he had left Shack No. 7, he took to the road that led away from the village. He ran and ran and ran, and as he ran he was thinking, thinking. He was not thinking of trying to elude the officers. Too often had he heard the baying of the bloodhounds as they were started after run-aways from the prison to wish them let loose upon his trail. But a mighty anger surged within him against the man whose greedy soul coveted the money for his capture. After all his hours of faithful labor! Lawrence's one burning desire was to cheat him of his purpose.

He stumbled on, up hill and down hill and over the level places, unmindful of his burning feet and his parched throat. He had not met, a person nor passed a single farmhouse. Did no one live in this part of the country? At last down in a little valley he came upon a house,—a small house set in the middle of a green yard, bright with shrubs and flowering plants. It was a yard whose very front gate looked friendly and inviting.

He hastened around to the kitchen door which was standing open, but he stopped his headlong course at the sight which met his eyes. Within the tidy room sat a man, his grey head buried in his arms; while a woman with a worn face and kind, blue eyes was saying tender, soothing things to him. In a moment the fugitive had recovered himself and he wasted no words in introduction.

"My name is Lawrence Donovan," he began rapidly. "I escaped from the prison at M— a month ago. Now there is a reward of \$500 for my capture. You might as well have it as any one. Just call up the warden and tell him that I am here."

Michael Gallagher sprang to his feet in bewilderment. Were his troubles touching his brain, he wondered confusedly.

"Five hundred dollars!" he echoed. "I don't—I—"

"Call up the warden!" repeated the stranger.

Mary Gallagher stepped forward and placed a restraining hand upon her husband's arm.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Michael, my man!" she exclaimed. "'Twould be like taking blood money."

Michael, too, had begun to regain his self-control.

"No, my friend, no," he said gently. "God knows we need the money sorely enough, but we could not take it at the price of a man's freedom."

"You will be doing me no injury," rejoined Lawrence. "Somebody will get the reward and it might as well be you as any one else."

Mrs. Gallagher saw the struggle in her husband's face, and she raised her eyes instinctively to a picture hanging above the mantelpiece,—to that "Mother of Good Counsel" who had never failed to help them solve all the problems of their married life.

"Dear Blessed Mother," she said aloud, "tell him what to do!"

The fugitive was growing impatient. Every moment was so precious.

"Don't be a fool, man," he urged. "I tell you it is impossible for me to escape; I shall not even try to do so. It is only a question of your getting the money or of having Dave Driscoll get it, and I'd rather it went to you."

Then Michael, with a strange, grim look upon his kindly face, stepped to the telephone and asked for Long Distance. And as he did so, the hot anger died out of Lawrence Donovan's heart, and there rose to his tired eyes a vision of grey walls and endless, grinding labor and rough associates, and a keeper with sneering eyes.

On the thirty-first of May, David Driscoll drove into the Gallaghers' yard in his big automobile and demanded his interest. A few minutes later he drove

out with the money in his pocket, and in his heart the second feeling of chagrin which it had borne that week.

Five years had passed in the prison at M——, and the day had dawned when Lawrence Donovan was to leave its dark shelter forever. His sentence was finished, but the fact held no special joy for him. His spirit had been well-nigh crushed by his return to the prison, and the years of hard labor which had succeeded. Sometimes he wondered that he had lived to complete his term, for he had almost ceased to dream; and life without dreams had been a dreary thing indeed.

He found himself hoping, as he made his way to the warden's office that morning, that he would be spared any words of advice or warning, and for once he was not disappointed. He had no plans in mind as he left the office with his discharge in his hand: no friends to go to, nothing to look forward to but the cold welcome which the world offers to the ex-convict.

The big doors swung to behind him and he was a free man. He took a listless look around him. Ah, yes, he had forgotten it was May again! May, the month of his dreaming, and his last wild holiday. A shining new Ford auto stood by the curb, and as Donovan came slowly down the steps and reached the pavement, its owner got out and cranked the car saying, in a voice which seemed to stir some vague remembrance in his listener's mind:

"Don't you want a lift, my friend?"

A "lift," he thought to himself rather bitterly,—a "lift." Ah, if this man but knew how he needed a lift! He climbed into the car scarcely glancing at the driver as he did so. They rode for some moments without a word. Then the voice of the stranger, with the same teasing note of familiarity in it, broke the silence.

"Do you know where you're going, Mr. Donovan?" it said. "You are going home with me, that's where you're going."

And Donovan turned in blank amazement to face his companion. For a moment he was utterly at a loss. Then a scene of five years before flashed into his mind; the neat farmhouse, the gray-haired man, the white-faced wife.

"You're going home with me," repeated Michael Gallagher; "and what's more, you're going to stay. I need a man to help me on the farm,—a man who can handle a team, and plow a straight furrow, as you did for Dave Driscoll. By the way, Driscoll has left our neighborhood, so you won't have to meet him."

"But," gasped Lawrence, "you don't know me. You don't even know how I happened to be in prison. Your wife—"

The old man laughed quietly.

"I know how you happen to be going home with me," he answered, "and that's enough. As for my wife, why, bless you, this is of her planning. Did you never hear, my friend, that 'One good turn deserves another'? We'd have no home of our own to-day if it hadn't been for you, and Molly couldn't rest until we'd thought of a way to make it up to you. So we wrote to the warden the next week to find out when we might come after you, and we've been anxious for the day to dawn. Mr. Donovan, good farm hands are scarce these late years. I am an old man and we need you. You won't disappoint us?"

And because the passenger could not trust himself to answer just then, he turned his wistful eyes upon the flowering fruit-trees coquetting with him in their May morning dresses as the little car whirled passed them.

And two hours later, Mary Gallagher, a little mist of tears in her kind old eyes, watched the pair drive leisurely into the yard.

"We'll put the corn in here and the beans in that shed beyond," Michael was saying as they passed the door. And though she could not see beneath the shabby gray coat, Lawrence Donovan's heart was beating in a way to make it stir.

Sister Miriam's Moving Pictures.

SISTER MIRIAM was decidedly "blue." Usually she was a cheery little body, intensely interested in her work and devoted to the children under her charge; but to-day a dark curtain seemed to hang between her and the whole world. True, a nail-pierced hand was ready to draw it aside for the asking, but her "eyes were held," and she saw nothing but darkness; felt nothing but a deep discouragement.

She had worked so hard all these years—over a score they numbered,—had tried in so many ways to win glory for God, honor for His Blessed Mother, heaven for souls; yet, somehow, everything now appeared a failure, her life a veritable blank. She was tired, too, physically and mentally. "A good-for-nothing child, dear God, unworthy to come before Thee."

The eyes of Christ looked lovingly upon her as she knelt before Him; and the heart of Christ, understanding her weariness and discouragement, was moved to compassion. Then what do you think He determined to do? To show Sister Miriam some moving pictures, talking ones at that, and these were the films He chose.

A room in Sister Miriam's old home; her mother is there talking to her, a little girl of eight.

"Miriam dear, do you think you can keep a secret?"

"I'll try, mother."

"Well, dearie, Uncle Jack is far from well; indeed the doctor says that he may drop dead at any time, his heart is so weak. You must not let him know this, but will you try to get him to go to church? He will not go for us; but we think if you coaxed him he might do it for you, he is so fond of you."

Then Sister Miriam sees Uncle Jack going to church with her, making his confession, receiving Holy Communion,—

his last, for the next morning he is found dead in his room.

The home of Sister Miriam's Uncle Robert; she is there with him, but grown older, a girl of fourteen.

"How can I be baby's godmother, Uncle, when I know Aunt Janet will want him to be a Protestant, and that I won't be able to keep him a Catholic?"

"Oh, don't worry, child! I'll see to his being a Catholic."

"But suppose you die, Uncle!"

"I have no intention of dying just yet, thank you. At any rate you've got to be godmother, or I won't have the baby baptized at all."

Miriam is godmother, and its Angel Guardian soon bears in triumph to heaven the soul of the child she has saved for God.

A vessel at sea. Sister Miriam, a girl of eighteen, is talking to a fellow-traveller, a man some years her senior. He is telling her his troubles: how he has left the girl he loves, because she, a Catholic, will not marry him, a Protestant, unless he makes the promises required by her Church. Miriam shows him the wisdom of the girl's action; leads him to see that fidelity to her God argues fidelity to her future husband; and, finally, induces him to promise that he will not only do what the girl wishes, but will look into a religion which means so much to its adherents.

Then the film shows Sister Miriam a happy Catholic home. It is Christmas Eve, and father—her old fellow-traveller,—mother and children are getting ready to go to the Midnight Mass.

A novitiate: the novice mistress is speaking to the novices, among them Sister Miriam.

"My dear children, I want you to pray very earnestly for one in danger of losing her vocation. Ask Our Lord and His Blessed Mother to take this poor weak child to themselves at once, rather than let her be lost to them for eternity."

Sister Miriam remembers how the thought of this soul pursued her, how often

and how fervently she besought our Blessed Mother to keep the tempted one a faithful spouse of her Son.

The film shows her the peaceful deathbed of one of her companions, and she understands that this is the soul that had been tempted, and that she has helped to save it by her prayers.

The convent infirmary: in one of the beds a Sister, who has been ill for months. Beside the bed the Superioress.

"They tell me you can not sleep, dear child. What do you do during the long weary nights?"

"Oh, I don't mind them so much now, Mother; you see, Sister Miriam has told me a fine way of passing them."

"What is it, child?"

"She said she was sure that if I offered my hours of wakefulness with those Our Lord spent with the rude, cruel soldiers the night before He died, I could free many souls from purgatory. And do you know, Mother, sometimes I seem to feel these souls flying past me and to hear a soft low 'Thank you!'"

This time the film shows the suffering Sister—now gone to her reward—a glorified spirit, surrounded by the souls she had hastened on their way to heaven through the practice suggested by Sister Miriam.

A long roll of films follow one another in swift succession. A famous composer of music, a poet, a novelist, a scholar of world-wide reputation, a teacher, a social leader,—each doing in his or her own way wonderful things for God, for His Mother, for the Church, for Sister Miriam's Order, for the world at large. All these Sister Miriam sees, and she is made conscious that her prayers, her humiliations, her failures borne for the Master, have helped to win for others the success seemingly denied to her.

The last film—the Fourth Station on the Via Crucis. The Mother gazes upon her Son, weighed down by the Cross she may not help Him bear, then turns to Sister Miriam:

"You say that you love us, little Sister;

why can you not travel the way we go?" Hark, the Angelus is ringing! Sister Miriam has missed the first invocation, but she hears the second distinctly:

"*Ecce ancilla Domini.*"

And, lo! the black curtain is drawn aside by the nail-pierced hand as with all her heart she answers: "*Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*"

MARIE.

Explication of the "Ave Maris Stella."

"*The Myroure of Oure Ladye.*" (15th Cent.)

Aue maris stella, Thys hymne hathe seuen verses. In the fyrst verse ye prayse our lady of foure thynges. One is that she is called the starre of the see. for as that is confortable to shypmen so ys our lady conforte to all that ar in bytternes of trybulacyon. or temptacyon in the see of thys worlde. And therefore her name Maria, ys as moche to say. as starre of the see. And so *Aua maria*, and *Aue maris stella*, ys all one sentence. The seconde ys. that she ys the mother of god. The thyrde ys. that she ys euerlastynge vyrgyn. The fourthe. that she ys the gate of heuen. Her sonne callyth hymselfe in hys gospell. the dore for as a man may not wel come in to an howse but by the dore. ne to the dore. but by the gate; so may there none come in to heuen. but by our lorde Iesu criste. that ys the dore. ne to oure lorde Iesu criste. but by oure lady that ys the gate. Therefore ye saye thus to her. *Aue maris stella*, Hayle starre of the see holy mother of god. and alway vyrgyn. the blyssed gate of heuen.

In the seconde verse ye prayse oure lady of tow thynges. and one thinge ye aske of her. Fyrste ye thanke her for that she assented to the gretynge of Gabryel. for therby began oure helthe. lyke as oure perdicyon began by the assente of Eue to the fende. The seconde for she hathe turned the wo *that* Eue broughte vs to. in to ioye. And so she hathe chaunged her name Eua in to Aue for eua spelled bakwarde maketh Aue and eua, ys as

moche to say as wo. And Aue ys a worde of ioye. Then ye aske of her. stablenes of peace. and say thus. *Sumens illud aue*, Takynge that aue. of the mouthe of gabryel; gronde vs in peace. chaungeynge the name of eue.

In the thyrde verse ye aske of her foure things. that man nedeth to haue helpe in. after he ys fallen to synne. For by synne he fallyth in foure greate mysthyues. One ys that he ys so bounde therin. that he may not of hymselfe come oute therof. And as a man may yelde hymselfe bounde to a lorde. but he maye not be fre ageyn after. when he wyll; ryghte so ys yt of a man that maketh hymselfe thralle to the fende by dedly synne. And therefore ye pray oure lady that she wyll lose the bondes of synners. and make them fre. A nother mysthyef is. that when a man is fallen to deadly synne. the fende blyndeth hym so in his synn that he can neyther se the pareyl that he standeth in. ne how to gette hym help of delyueraunce. And therefore in thys ye aske oure ladyes helpe. The thyrde mysthyef ys. the greate vengeance that man deserueth by synne. bothe temporall and euerlastyng. And the fourthe is the losse of all goodes of grace & glory. And therefore ageynste all these foure mysthyefs. ye pray to oure lady and saye. *Solue vincla reis*, Lose thow the bandes from them that are gyilty. For the fyrste. Gyue thow lyghte to them that are blynde. For the seconde. Do away oure yuels. For the thyrde. And aske all goodes. For the fourthe.

In the fourthe verse. ye preye her to shew herselfe a mother. to God & to wretches. as a mother tendereth her chylde in all maner pareyl. and dysease that he ys in. so she vouched safe to shew motherly tendernes to vs. in al oure nedes bodely and gostly. And as a mother may gette of her sonne what she wyll resonably desyre of hym. So she vouche safe to spede oure erandes agenst god that yt appere wel that she ys hys mother. Therefore ye saye thus to her. *Monstra te*,

Shew thee to be a moder. and he mote take prayer by the. that vouchedsafe to be thy sonne for vs.

In the fyfte verse ye prayse her in tow vertues. that ys. maydenhed. and myldenesse. and ye aske of her thre vertues. accordynge to the same. that ys. delyueraunce from synne. myldenesse. and chastyte. Therefore ye saye thus *Virgo singularis*, Singuler and mylde vyrgyn amongst all. make vs losed from synne. & mylde. and chaste.

In the syxte verse ye aske of her thre thynges. The fyrste is clene lyfe. The seconde is. trew contynewaunce therin vnto the ende. that ye may then haue trew passage. And the thyrde ys. endelesse ioye in the sygthe and beholdynge of god. Therefore ye say. *Vitam presta*, Graunte vs clene lyfe. make redy a trew waye. that we seyng Iesu. mote euermore be glad.

In the seuenthe verse. ye prayse the blyssed trynyte. & say. *Sit laus*, Praysynge and worshyp be to god the souerayne father. to cryst. & to the holy goste. one worshyp to them all thre. Amen.

Antempne. *Gaude eternaliter*, Ioye thow endelesly vntouched mother that arte made all thynges vnto all. to the trynyte souerayne glory. gladnes to aungels. a delyuerer to prysoners. an heler to them that are sycke. a comforter to them that are desolate. a promoter to the righteful. an helper to the synful. moder to the sonne of god. Blyssed mote thow be euerlastyngely. and blyssed be the fruyte of thy wombe.

EXCEPTING Mary, the fairest rose in the paradise of God has had upon it blight, and has had the risk of canker-worm and locust. All but Mary. She from the first was perfect in her sweetness and her beautifulness. And at length when the Angel Gabriel had to come to her, he found her "full of grace"; which had, from her good use of it, accumulated in her from the first moment of her being.

—Cardinal Newman.

St. Francis of Assisi's Love of Nature.¹

ABOVE all creatures lacking reason, Blessed Francis did love the sun and fire with most affection, for he would say: "In the morning when the sun ariseth, every man ought to praise God that did create him for our use, for that by him are our eyes enlightened by day; but in the even when the night cometh, every man ought to praise God for brother fire, for that by him are our eyes enlightened by night, for we be as it were all blind and the Lord by these two brethren doth enlumine our eyes; and therefore specially for these and the other creatures whereof we do daily make use, ought we to praise the Creator." The which himself did always unto his dying day.

Yea, when he was grieved of a sore infirmity he did begin to sing the *Laudes Domini* that he had made as concerning the creatures, and afterward did make his companions sing, so as that in meditating on the praise of God, he might forget his pains and the bitterness of his infirmities.

And for that he did deem and say that the sun is fairer than other creatures and a nigher similitude of Our Lord, and that the Lord Himself is called in Scripture the "Sun of Justice," when he would give a title to the Lauds that he made of the creatures of the Lord, to wit, what time the Lord did certify him of His kingdom, he did therefore call them "The Song of Brother Sun."

Next to fire, Blessed Francis did specially love water, wherein is figured holy penitence and tribulation whereby the uncleannesses of the soul are washed away, and also the first ablution of the soul that doth take place in the water of baptism. Whence whensoever he did wash his hands he would make choice of such a place as that the water which fell should

not be trodden by his feet. Moreover when he did walk over stones, he would walk with great trembling and reverence for the love of Him that is called "the Rock," whence, whensoever he did repeat that word of the psalm: "Thou didst exalt me upon a rock," he would say out of his great reverence and devotion: "Under the foot of the rock hast Thou exalted me."

The Brother moreover, that did cut and make ready the wood for the fire, he bade that he should never cut up the whole of a tree, but should cut it in such sort as that of such a tree some part should remain for the love of Him that did work out our salvation on the wood of the Cross.

In like manner also he told the Brother that did the garden not to dig the whole of the ground for eatable herbs only, but to leave some part of the ground for growing green herbs that in their due times produce the Brothers flowers, for the love of Him that is called "the Flower of the Field" and "the Lily of the Valley."

Yea, he said that Brother Gardener ought always to make a fair little garden in some part of the garden land, setting and planting therein of all sweet-smelling herbs and of all herbs that do bring forth fair flowers, so as that in their time they might invite them that did look upon the herbs and flowers to praise the Lord. For every creature doth cry out saying: "God hath made me on account of thee, O man!"

Whence we that were with him saw that he did so greatly rejoice both inwardly and outwardly as it were in all things created, that in touching them or looking thereon his spirit did seem to be not upon earth but in heaven. And by reason of the many consolations that he had and had aforetime had in the creatures, a little before his departure he did compose certain praises of the Lord as concerning His creatures, to encourage the hearts of those that should hear them to the praise of God, and that the Lord might be praised of men in His creatures.

¹ Selections from "The Mirror of Perfection." Translated (from the Latin text edited by M. Paul Sabatier) by Dr. Sebastian Evans. Published by Burns & Oates.

Garcia Moreno's Last Words.

THE world has heard much in recent years—in connection with attempts on the lives of rulers—of a name that is justly celebrated, although it is that of an unfortunate man: Garcia Moreno, President of the Republic of Ecuador. One evening a friendly and courageous priest was introduced to him.

"I have come to warn you that your days are numbered," said the visitor, with emotion; "conspirators, I have just learned, have sworn to put you to death on the first favorable occasion."

"I have already had several such warnings, Father," said Moreno, calmly; "and, after careful reflection, I have decided that the only thing for me to do is to hold myself in readiness to appear before Almighty God."

He then proceeded with his usual tasks, as if he had received some ordinary news. On the following day he went, according to his custom, to a neighboring church to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. The conspirators were already on the watch, but could not conveniently reach him.

A few hours later, while he was kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament in the same church, he was informed that some one desired to see him immediately on important business. He rose at once, left the church, and was walking toward the palace when one of the traitors who were following him gave him a violent thrust with a dagger on the shoulder, while the others discharged their revolvers at him.

He fell, bleeding from his wounds. But as he was still alive, the first assassin, more ferocious than the rest, rushed upon him to finish him.

"Die, enemy of liberty!" shouted the man, again piercing the prostrate figure with his poniard.

"God only does not die!" murmured the Christian hero with his last breath.

Two Great Catholic Universities.

THE appeal to American Catholics in behalf of the Universities of Lille and Louvain, both of which suffered greatly during the World War, is a special call of Catholic charity; and, though we have many needs of our own, it is sure to be heeded by all who know of the inestimably important services already rendered to religion and science by these institutions, and appreciate the great influence which they will be enabled to exert in future, not only in the countries where they are established, but throughout the whole world. In order to relieve their pressing needs and to equip them for special work of highest value, it is proposed to raise an adequate sum of money in this country by general subscriptions. France and Belgium, as everyone knows, are now too impoverished to do more than repair the ruins of churches, and to support indispensable institutions of charity. The collection is to be presented to Cardinal Mercier during his visit to the United States in the autumn, and divided between the two universities. The name of his Eminence is intimately associated with Louvain, as the name of Newman is associated with Oxford, and as that of Pasteur is identified with Lille.

The Abbé Ernest Dimnet, so well and so favorably known as the author of books like "France Herself Again," and as a contributor to leading American and English periodicals, is already in this country for the purpose of creating or increasing sympathy for the two universities whose welfare he has so deeply at heart. He has visited as many as sixteen of our foremost educational institutions, meeting in every one the cordial welcome to which his worth and his work fully entitle him. Eminent educators like the presidents of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, etc., leading citizens of different religious denominations, or of none, have promised Abbé Dimnet co-operation in his undertaking;

and, with the support of the Catholic hierarchy, clergy, and prominent laymen, he feels assured that a most pleasing surprise is in store for Cardinal Mercier while he is the guest of our country. In no way could he be more fittingly honored or more sincerely gratified than by enabling him to continue and extend work so beneficial to religion and so serviceable to science as that of the Universities of Louvain and Lille.

A Topical Index.

TO persons disinclined to make a study of the treaty of peace with Germany, and yet desirous to know something more about it than that it assigns vast territory to England, France and Japan, makes new boundaries for Belgium, and East Prussia, sets up Poland and Czechoslovakia, and comprehends new Russian States, leaving Germany as bare as a bone—to such persons we commend the topical index to the treaty prepared by Senator Moses of New Hampshire:

It roams the plains, sails the seas, delves into the earth, and soars into the sky; it opens prisons and it guards graves; submarine cables and wireless telegraphic plants are subject to its terms; dyestuffs and drugs, coal and chemicals, Huns, horses, and huntsmen alike come within its purview; books, boundaries, and bullets; contracts, cattle, cotton, and claims; deeds, debts, and duties; finance, fire insurance, and fortifications; guns, goats, guarantees, and governments; missions, mines, and mixed commissions; navies, negotiable instruments, and natural products; ports, prizes, and penalties; railroads, recruiting, and rivers; sheep, submarines, stock exchanges, and social insurance; tunnels, tonnage, and trials; vessels, victuals, and the Vistula; warships, waterways, woman suffrage, and Wilhelm II.

Mr. Moses was right in declaring that the alphabet and alliteration are agonized in his attempt to deal adequately with merely a topical index to the treaty. In saying that it 'leaves Germany as bare as a bone,' we had in mind that skull, which is to be handed over to King George of England.

Notes and Remarks.

The spirit of the French Revolution is abroad, and it is spreading. No one seems to have any rights now that has not suffered wrongs in the past. The disposition to treat capitalists and employers as employees were formerly treated, regardless of all that has been done, voluntarily or by legislative coercion, to improve the condition of the laboring class, is revengeful and revolutionary. Sympathy for the workman was never more general and sincere than at present, and an ever-increasing number of employers are adopting profit-sharing plans, believing that by no other means can the problems between Capital and Labor be solved. The Government is doing all in its power to suppress profiteers and food hoarders. Strenuous efforts are being made to reduce in every way possible the cost of living. Meanwhile, though wages are on the increase, the laborer is more than ever dissatisfied, maintaining that what he earns is out of all proportion to what he spends, and that it is impossible for him to "lay up anything." Be this as it may, the poor as a class are quite as covetous as the rich as a class are selfish. The same good things that wealthy men possess, poor men desire, and see no reason why they should not have. That in the very nature of things there must be poverty and wealth, and that, on the other hand, wealth involves a trusteeship for poverty is not admitted.

It is because the remedies already employed and those which are suggested do not go to the root of the disorder that we have no faith in them. The most they can do is to afford temporary relief: they will not effect a cure. The doctrine of equality of property preached at the beginning of the French Revolution has been spreading ever since, and the results of it are now in evidence everywhere. How quickly it began to bear fruit in other countries is shown by the experience

of a landowner in Scotland named Dempster. When Dundee, Perth, and other towns planted the "Tree of Liberty," he observed that his "grieve" paid particular attention to a large field, ploughing and harrowing it twice, and laying down a double allowance of manure. He was preparing a third dressing, when Mr. Dempster asked the cause of all this care bestowed upon one field, and not upon others. After some hesitation, the "grieve" answered that every man had a right to attend to his own interest. Mr. Dempster replied, that however true this might be, it could have no concern with that field. The "grieve" then told him that, at a late meeting of delegates of the "friends of the people," they had made a division of all the lands in the district, when this field and some acres of pasture fell to his share. His master declared he was happy to find him so well provided for, and asked what part of the estate had been allotted to himself. "Oh, as to you, sir, and the other lairds," replied the man, "it was decided that none of you should have any land. The old notions are altogether unfit for the new times, therefore you must quit and make way for the new system and new order of things."

The London *Times*, which, since the signing of the Peace Treaty, has been demanding a liberal and generous solution of the Irish question, wastes no words over Sir Edward Carson's threats, culminated on the occasion of the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne. The Ulsterman thought he had all England with him, but he must now find himself mistaken. "Has he forgotten," asks the *Times*, "the immediate consequences of his former military preparations—the creation of the Nationalist Volunteers, the Irish Volunteers, the Citizen Army of Dublin, and, eventually, the Easter Rebellion? In those days he may not have been able to foresee the danger of playing at soldier in Ireland. He has no such excuse to-day. . . . When Sir Edward Carson tells America

to mind her own business he courts the retort that the wishes of 15,000,000 Irish Americans are a part of America's business, that their doings form one of her own questions at home; and that, had it not been for British mismanagement of Ireland in the past, there might to-day be fewer Irish Americans animated by ill-will towards this country."

We didn't know there were 15,000,000 Irish-Americans in the United States, but perhaps there are even more. Anyway, there are many millions of others who sympathize with Ireland, and are animated just now by anything but good will towards England.

Catholic opponents of Women's Suffrage, especially the theologians among them, will be surprised to hear that the Holy Father is quoted, on the best authority, as saying, "We should like to see women electors everywhere." On the front page of the July number of the organ of the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society of England appears this statement by Miss Anne Christitch, B. A.:

"*Nous voudrions voir des femmes électrices partout.*" ("We should like to see women electors everywhere.") Such are the words of our Holy Father Benedict XV., exactly as they fell from his lips on the occasion when the present writer had the privilege of a private audience. Graciously permitted to lay before his Holiness the projects and problems of the day on which light is needed, it was a great joy to be able to bring before the Head of Christendom the aims and strivings of a brave little group of Catholic women in England. They had realized, at the outset of the agitation for the vote, its importance for Catholics, bound to defend the principles of the Church through the seething ferment of new conditions, and to imprint on modern reforms, in so far as possible, the unwavering code of morals propounded by the Vicar of Christ. The Catholic Women's Suffrage Society provided a safe and fruitful field for Catholic feminists anxious for reform, yet loath to identify themselves with certain aspects of the movement which ran counter to Catholic ideals. Failing this Society, some women, discouraged, would have refrained from any participation in what is now acknowledged by all to be a necessary and rightful claim, while others would have let

themselves be carried away by societies which, excellent in themselves, were nevertheless irreconcilable with Catholic principles. Loyalty to the Church was the primary motive actuating the founders of the C. W. S. S., and when the writer had humbly given the above account of its object and activities, and respectfully asked whether it had the approval of his Holiness, the reply came in emphatic tones, *Oui, nous approuvons*. (Yes, We approve.)

Those persons who, for so long a time, have been sending us abusive communications on account of our stand on Woman Suffrage may now rest from their labor. Far from bearing them any resentment, we sincerely hope that the shock which the Holy Father's words will cause, may do them lasting good—by stretching and sobering their minds, by enlarging and softening their hearts.

Two predictions of Renan, to which a correspondent of the London *Spectator* has drawn attention, are of present interest. They emphasize the wisdom of Artemus Ward's counsel, "Never prophesy unless you're sure how the thing is going to turn out." Renan declared that 'no pupil of the Jesuits would ever become an officer fit to be compared with a Prussian of the same rank'; and that, as a result of Italian unity, 'there would be two Popes, one in Italy, one outside, which would prove fatal to Catholicism.'

As to the first of these predictions, it will quite suffice to mention the name of Marshal Foch. As to the second, Renan himself, if he were living, would have to admit that the danger of two Popes is now most remote; also that the Church was never less likely to be destroyed than it is at present.

At the instance of the Rev. James O'Neill, of Glendale, Calif., the Attorney General of that State has rendered a decision which should settle, once for all, at least in California, the disturbance that has been caused every year by holding graduation exercises and baccalaureates in Protestant churches for public

school children. The custom should have been abolished everywhere, long ago, as an intolerable abuse. Fr. O'Neill had protested in behalf of several Catholic graduates of the public high school in his community against their being forced to attend a Protestant church, to listen to a baccalaureate sermon delivered by a minister. He requested a ruling on this matter from the State Superintendent of Schools, and the latter called upon Atty.-Gen. Webb for a legal decision in the matter. It turns out to be just what was expected. He decides that baccalaureate sermons, "if delivered at all," should be in a place where all members of a class could hear them "without doing violence to their conscience or impugning in the slightest degree upon the religious faith or belief of any member"; and the "graduation exercises should be conducted in a manner and in a place that can not be fairly objectionable to any person participating therein, or attending, because of creed, denominational or religious belief."

Commenting upon this decision, the *Sacramento Bee* remarks: "It is high time such decision was obtained. And it is to be hoped that hereafter this practical violation of a principle of the Constitution of the United States and of the Constitutions of every State in the Union shall not be permitted."

In an editorial suggested by an address of Bishop Reese (P. E.) of Georgia, in which he declared that "the Church must do something to solve the problems that are crashing and rambling about us and beneath us, and that we can't dismiss them merely by calling them bad names," the *Lynchburg News* says:

Governments instituted and directed by man are by a powerful and unprecedented surge of events being forced more and more certainly to a realization of their own fallibility and weakness when dealing with questions involving the fate and happiness of mankind. The war is over, but in its wake has been left the genesis of revolution in many countries: a sullen spirit of revolt from the existing order, the fomenting

of class hatred and distrust, a very babel of confusion in the Senates and Chancelleries of Nations, as to the remedies for which the crisis calls. As result civil discords and commotions continue to hold sway in various parts of Europe. Bolshevism has summoned millions to its red flag on the Continent, and after making its appearance in England, is already casting its evil shadow upon America's horizon. Thus turbulence, divided councils and ill will among men are giving altogether alarming and tragic promise for the future. . . .

What is the most dangerous symptom of the time if it is not a disregard of the curative processes of kindly feeling between man and man, and between class and class?—if it is not the battle that is being waged against the attempts to organize the conscience of the world into the dignity of world-sovereignty?—if it is not a manifestation of a cruel industrial greed among a few of the strongly entrenched forces of business—if it is not a growing disposition on the part of employers and the employed to become estranged instead of drawing closer together in the bonds of generous accord and mutuality of interests? In each of these particulars, the Church is directly concerned; in each of these indications of danger to the common weal, the shield of the Church can be interposed, if it is only rightly, wisely, sensibly directed to restore normality to disposition, sanity to mind, high purpose to the constructive forces which enter into the economic life of the nation. . . .

By "the Church" the editor man evidently understands the various sects, which are constantly being divided up and to the number of which new ones are constantly being added. A union of them is as unlikely as their ever being "rightly, wisely, sensibly directed."

A canny Scot, or there never was one, at home or abroad, was the late Andrew Carnegie, laird of Skibo. He had a wondrous faculty for accumulating money, and he exercised it to the uttermost until he had more than he knew what to do with. He is reported as saying that he could have made fifty millions more during the panic of 1907, but did not do so because it would be fifty more worries for him, and so shorten his life. During the Civil War he was in a position to dispose of immense quantities of iron and steel to the Government; and Uncle Sam,

we are informed, was made to pay the highest price for it. Mr. Carnegie's ambition then, and for long afterwards, was not to let any one outdo him in money-making; and he often told, with a chuckle, of how he once "got the better of auld Rockefeller." After "making his pile," "Andy," as his familiars called him, turned altruist, pacifist and philanthropist. He courted publicity in every way he possibly could, and would have given many millions to emblaze his name on the highest of mountains.

A romantic career was Carnegie's— from barefooted bobbin boy to superlord of finance, with an income estimated at forty dollars a minute. He was "no Kirk greedy," as they say in Scotland of those to whom religion is not of high importance. But we should like to speak a "raal gude ward" of a man like Andrew Carnegie; and it is a sincere pleasure to recall that he offered to pay \$360,000 to Germany for her claim against Venezuela rather than witness war between the two countries and the very probable dragging in of the United States.

On account of the wide dissemination of reports that the "Sistine Chapel Choir" (or a portion thereof) was coming to this country during the next musical season, the executive committee of the Society of St. Gregory of America, being in possession of proof that these reports are neither accurate nor based upon facts, have issued the following statement:

First—Neither the Sistine Chapel Choir nor any part thereof is coming to this country for the purpose of giving concerts. Second—The singers whose pictures and names have appeared in musical journals and in the daily press, do not hold "the exalted place of soloists in the Sistine Chapel Choir"—since there are no soloists in that choir. In fact these singers are not even *bona fide* or regular members of the Sistine Choir, as can be verified by referring to the "Gerarchia Cattolica," the official directory issued by the Vatican, containing the names of all those connected in an official capacity with the Vatican. Third—The singers mentioned in these articles are merely independent singers known in Rome as the "Quartetto Romano."

FOR YOUNG FOLK



A Disease.

BY E. B.

THERE'S a certain disease, and the king on
his throne
As well as his subjects to catch it are prone;
And the man and the woman, the girl and the
boy
Who get this disease have an end to their joy.
The sage and the simpleton, monarch and clown
Have often this illness in city and town;
The queen in her palace, the poor beggar maid,
The young and the old may of it be afraid.
Not learning nor talent, not fame, and not
wealth
Restore those who catch it to normal good health;
No skill of physicians, no potions, no pills
Can lessen the sufferers' trials and ills.
The archangel St. Michael, with sword like a
flame,
The cause of this malady long since overcame;
But it broke out on earth, and in lands far and
wide,
The high and the low are afflicted with pride.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

VIII.—A DISASTROUS QUARREL.

TIM having stuck up, and his uncle having admired, the placard announcing the closing of "The King of Groceries," both betook themselves to the dining-room and proceeded to enjoy a hearty dinner. Their conversation naturally turned on the subject of aviation and aeroplanes. Uncle Layac put question after question to his nephew, and, as the latter in his quality of mechanical apprentice knew something about the principles involved, he answered to the best of his ability, which meant that he answered very well indeed.

In any case, one effect of their talk was to quiet, for a while at least, Layac's fears concerning the dangers he was about to incur, and to convince him, little by little, that aviation is, after all, simply one method of travelling not more risky than many others.

"Why, of course," he remarked as he complacently sipped his glass of light wine, "there's really no reason why one shouldn't glide through the air just as one rolls along the ground or sails over the water."

"Sure enough," assented Tim gaily.

"Oh, but yes there is, too," objected his uncle, gravely shaking his head. "There's the law of gravitation, my boy."

"Pshaw!" rejoined the young mechanic. "What difference does that old law make nowadays, seeing that it has been conquered, everlastingly conquered?"

"It makes all the difference between staying up in the air or coming down with a thud," said the grocer with a vigorous nod.

"Oh, well!" answered Tim, "we'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

Dinner being finished, Uncle Layac proposed that they should spend the afternoon in the Park and enjoy the concert to be given by the Military Band. As might be expected the proposal met with cordial acceptance on Tim's part; and they accordingly set out for the Park. As the concert, however, wouldn't begin until three o'clock, they decided to spend a little time on the terrace of the Golden Globe, the handsomest and best appointed *café*, or restaurant, of Albi; for, seated there, they could observe, while enjoying their ices, all the wealth and fashion of the city promenading below them.

Taking their seats at one of the little round tables on which refreshments were served, they looked about them; and the

very first person Uncle Layac noticed was Fourrin who, at a neighboring table, was enjoying through a long straw a glass of green menthe.

When the two enemies caught each other's eyes, they exchanged a mutual glance, or glare, of contempt. We must admit, however, that it was certainly Layac whose look was the more contemptuous. He strove to put into it all the bitterness and hatred for his rival which, despite his good resolutions at Mass, a few hours previously, began to seethe in his heart. Fourrin then suffered an ironical smile to play around his lips for a moment, but immediately lowered his head to pay more attention to his glass of menthe.

Uncle Layac, however, furious at finding his rival so near, could scarcely contain himself and fidgeted about uneasily.

"What's he looking at me like that for?" he ejaculated after a few moments. "He doubtless wants to irritate me."

"But I assure you, my dear uncle, that he is not looking at you at all," replied Tim, endeavoring to calm his exasperated relative. Then, in the laudable desire to avoid having a scene, he continued: "Come on, Uncle; let's go to the Park now for the concert."

Uncle Layac wouldn't listen to him.

"It shall never be said," he cried, "that I went away because *he* is there. Here I am, and here I'll stay!"

To emphasize this doughty declaration, he brought his fist down upon the little table with such force that the table tipped on one of its slender legs, whirled round once or twice and fell with the dishes and their contents on the group at the adjoining table, that of Fourrin.

The proprietor of the Modern Grocery cried out and endeavored to get out of the way, but there wasn't time—and splash! on his white flannel trousers was deposited a dish of half-melted chocolate ice-cream.

"Confound you!" cried Fourrin, shaking his fist at Layac. "You did that on purpose."

As usual on such occasions, the surrounding crowd had roared out laughing at the incident, and their mirth infuriated its object.

"And supposing I did," replied the big grocer, to whom his anger lent a courage which in calmer moments he would have been incapable of; "supposing I did, what about it?"

"There's this about it," rejoined Fourrin, advancing towards his rival with flaming eyes, and threatening fists, "you're going to apologize to me. If not, I'll—"

"Never!" yelled Layac, "never!"

There was a lively sensation among the onlookers, for it looked during several moments as though the enraged Fourrin was simply going to devour his big adversary. The latter, however, had prudently retreated before Fourrin's threatening advance and had taken refuge behind a table at which two elderly spinsters were sipping their goblets of soda water. Now, Fourrin had started towards Layac with such an angry rush that he couldn't stop himself in time, and accordingly he collided with the old ladies' table upsetting them and it. The ladies set up two piercing screams which had the effect of bringing into the *café* two or three hundred persons who had been walking on the terrace. Meanwhile, in the *café* itself, all was confusion. With the emotional display, common to the inhabitants of Southern France, the guests jumped up on chairs, yelling and gesticulating, as Fourrin chased Layac around and over tables.

Cups, saucers, carafes, glasses, sugar-bowls, and dishes of all kinds were knocked down by the dozen, and for some time it looked as if a band of crazy people were making it a point to demolish the restaurant, at the door of which the proprietor was standing with upraised arms, begging and imploring the guests to assist him in preventing further disaster. The guests, however, had taken sides and were shouting encouragement to their respective favorites.

"Out on him, Fourrin!—Good for

you, Layac!"—"At him again, Fourrin!"

This scandalous scene had lasted a quarter of an hour before the police arrived,—to find the restaurant practically wrecked; there wasn't an unbroken table, chair, or dish in the whole place. Dozens of the excited guests had come to blows. Only Fourrin and Layac had failed to come together. Perhaps they were not especially anxious to translate their mutual threats and defiance into real concrete blows. While the riot was at its height, an automobile stopped before the door of the Golden Globe, and from it descended Mr. Tilbasco. He inquired the cause of all the confusion, and, when told the names of the original disputants, he could not repress a smile.

In the meantime, Layac and Fourrin, each of them held back from personal encounter by half a dozen partisans who clung to their garments to prevent their coming to blows, were still abusing each other.

"No, no!" puffed Tim's fat uncle, "great as you think yourself, Fourrin, I'm not afraid of you."

"Nor am I of you, you may be sure."

"And since we are at last face to face, there's one thing I want to tell you, before the whole world."

"And that is?"

"That is, I am going to collect an inheritance of two millions," triumphantly replied Layac; "and those two millions I'll spend, if necessary, to the last cent in order to ruin you."

"Really?" sneered Fourrin.

"To the very last cent," rejoined Layac with increased vigor.

"Yes? Well, we shall see about that," said Fourrin, beside himself with rage,— "we'll see about that."

Tim, who had kept as close to his uncle as he possibly could during all the quarrel, which had developed into a general riot, was near enough to hear this latest exchange of defiances between the two grocers; and who sensibly told himself

that his uncle would have done better not to mention his coming fortune, now managed to reach him, and he proceeded to pull him away towards the Park, assuring the wrathful Layac that he'd surely be arrested if the police found him at the Golden Globe. This announcement served to turn the grocer's thoughts from Fourrin's rascality to his own personal safety, and he followed Tim without further trouble.

As the two walked towards the Park, Mr. Tilbasco re-entered his car, saying to himself, as he did so:

"Oh, ho! If Fourrin, once informed of the will, attempts to place difficulties in the way of Layac, the latter's air-voyage will not be without unforeseen incidents, and will assuredly prove interesting."

The Military Band was playing a medley of patriotic airs when our friends entered the Park, and in the course of half an hour Uncle Layac had for the time being forgotten his recent excess of fury, and was thoroughly enjoying himself. Like a good many irascible persons, he was more hot-tempered, than habitually ill-humored; his anger was quick to glow, but didn't last very long; so that Tim's afternoon was not altogether spoiled. He, too, enjoyed the stirring music very much; and when, as a concluding selection, the Band struck into the inspiring strains of the "Marseillaise," he slapped his uncle on the back and exclaimed joyously:

"That's the air for us, Uncle Layac! The 'day of glory has arrived' for you and me, all right. We'll do our packing up to-night, and to-morrow morning—'All aboard for Paris!' Perhaps we won't have the time of our lives for the next few weeks! I feel as if I could fly to Lisbon without any aeroplane at all, just swim through the air by using my arms and legs as I do in the water."

"You do, eh? Well; young man, I don't. We'll buy the aeroplane. It is not much to trust one's self to; but it is something, anyway."

**The Death of King Robert Bruce of
Scotland.**

DURING the truce between England and Scotland, it happened that King Robert of Scotland, who had been a very valiant knight, waxed old and was attacked with so severe an illness that he saw his end approaching; he therefore summoned together all the chiefs and barons in whom he most confided, and said to the gallant Lord James Douglas, in the presence of the others:

"My dear friend Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles during the time I have lived to support the rights of my crown; at the time I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness. I vowed that if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith; to this point my heart has always leaned; but Our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my lifetime, and this expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that since my body can not accomplish what my heart desires, I will send my heart instead of my body to fulfil my vow. As I do not know of any knight so gallant or enterprising, or better suited to complete my intentions than yourself, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that if you undertake it, it can not fail of success, and I shall die more contented; but it must be executed as follows:

"I will that as soon as I shall be dead you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed; you will also

take as much money from my treasury as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to have with you in your train; you will then deposit your charge at the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord, since my body can not go there. You will not be sparing of expense, and provide yourself with such company and such things as may be suitable to your rank; and wherever you pass you will let it be known that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas, by his command."

All present began weeping bitterly; and when Lord James could trust himself to speak, he said:

"Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honor you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me, and I will most willingly do all that you command, with the utmost loyalty in my power,—never doubt this; however, I may feel myself very unworthy of so high a distinction."

The king replied: "Gallant knight, I thank you; you promise it me, then?"

"Certainly, sir, most willingly," answered the knight. He then renewed his promise upon the honor of his knight-hood.

The king said: "Thanks be to God! I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight of my kingdom will perform that duty for me, which I am unable to do for myself."

Soon afterwards, the valiant Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, departed this life. It was on the 7th of November, 1327. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery at Dunfermline.

Sir James Douglas, two knights of the name of Logan, and other brave men, set out on the expedition, and died nobly in fighting the enemies of the Christian faith in Spain. King Robert's heart was afterwards brought back to Scotland, and deposited at Melrose.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A book that is worth an army to Ireland," is Mr. Frank P. Walsh's estimate of "Ireland's Fight for Freedom," by George Creel, which we noticed last week.

—A memoir of "Cecil Spring-Rice," by Sir Valentine Chirol, is announced for early publication. It is sure to have many interested readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

—A new edition, up to date, of "The Nemesis of Mediocrity," by Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D., is now published by the Marshall Jones Co., Boston. It is a remarkably able and stimulating book, and we rejoice to hear that it is being widely read.

—It is stated that the Century Co. has been threatened by the United States Government with an injunction to restrain it from further printing and distributing of Thomas F. Millard's "Democracy and the Eastern Question," which was published a month or two ago. The author is believed to have revealed private and confidential matters whose publication is embarrassing the Administration.

—Most Americans will be surprised, we think, to learn from an article by Mr. William Harris Arnold, appearing in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that in normal times the number of books brought out in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; Holland and Belgium; France, Switzerland, and Italy; Germany, Austria and Hungary; Spain and Portugal is much larger in proportion to the population than in the United States. If Mr. Arnold were not an expert—he has spent the forty-seven years of his business life in the production and distribution of books,—one would be inclined to question the accuracy of his statement.

—How utterly inadequate, not to say absolutely worthless, are the many "histories" of the World War now being offered to the public, is shown by the single fact that Secretary of State Lansing could only answer "I do not know" to most of the questions regarding the much discussed peace treaty and League of Nations covenant put to him by members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee when he appeared before them. The truth is that for a long time to come knowledge of the most important facts about the late international conflict will be confined to uncommunicative inner circles. The "other side" has as yet to be heard from, it should be remembered. Facts that lie behind the very origin of the war are yet to be disclosed, not to speak of the more salient features of its

conduct. Only the "innocents" are now purchasing "histories of the world's greatest war." Personally we would not allow floor space to such a work (in ten volumes), which is advertised as a most desirable set of books at an "amazingly low price." It is a pictorial hodgepodge, not an historical production.

—A Catholic writer, whose name it would be ungenerous to mention, will have it that the famous story of the angels at Mons is fact, not fiction, that soldiers still living saw the "strange lights" and the "outstretched wings." The fact is, however, that the story originated with a little imaginative sketch by Mr. Arthur Machen, called "The Archers," in which the soldiers were supposed to receive help from spirits. From this slight basis the legend grew, and, running from mouth to mouth, came to be repeated as an actual occurrence at Mons.

—A continuous downpour of rain at the time of writing recalls Lockhart's account of Sir Walter Scott's visit to George IV. on board his yacht in the harbor of Edinburgh,—a heavy rain threatening to prevent his Majesty from going ashore. Sir Walter is reported to have addressed the King as follows:

Impatient, sire, as your loyal subjects are to see you plant your foot upon their soil, they hope you will consent to postpone your public entry until to-morrow. In seeing the state of the weather, I am myself forcibly reminded of a circumstance which once occurred to me. I was about to make a tour through the Western Highlands with part of my family. I wrote to the innkeeper of a certain hostelry, where I meant to halt a day or two, to have rooms prepared for me. On the day appointed it rained, as it does to-day, ceaselessly. As we drew near our quarters, we were met on the hill over his house by our Boniface, with bared head, and backing every yard as I advanced, who thus addressed me: "Guid guide us, Sir Walter! This is just awfu'! Siccan a downpour! Was ever the like? I really beg your pardon! I'm sure it's no fault o' mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way, just as you, o' a' men in the world, should come to see us. It looks amaist personal. I can only say, for my part, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!" And so, sire, I do not know that I can improve upon the language of the honest innkeeper. I canna think how it should rain this way, just as your Majesty, of all men in the world, should have condescended to come and see us. I can only say, in the name of my good countryman, I'm just ashamed o' the weather.

—We are hoping that two books by Fr. Clement Thuente, O. P., of recent publication, are meeting with the success to which their great excellence entitles them. "Retreat in Honor of the Holy Ghost" (Missionary Association of Catholic Women, Milwaukee, Wis.) consists of what the author modestly calls "simple sketches of meditations," intended to foster devotion to the Holy Ghost, in order that faith may be invigorated and solid piety pro-

moted. Attentive reading of this book can not fail to secure this much-to-be-desired result. The faith of too many present-day Catholics is deplorably weak, and their piety neither solid nor enlightened. Devotion to the Holy Ghost is the great need of our time. How fervently it was practised by our forefathers in the Faith is shown by the unction of their translations of the Pentecost Sequence:

O Thou blessedest of Lights!
Those that love t' observe Thy rites
With Thie selfe their bosoms fill.

While Thou'rt absent, nothing can
Be regardable in man:
Nothing can he do but ill.

"Retreat for Priests" (Torch Press, Somerset, Ohio) presents, with an admirable foreword, nineteen solid, earnest, and eminently practical sermons, which will be welcomed by priests everywhere, especially those who have had the privilege of making a retreat under Fr. Thuente. There are very few books in the language from which clergymen who are obliged to make their retreats by themselves would derive greater profit than this. When the next edition is issued—may there be many!—we shall hope to see a volume of more portable size, flexibly bound, and provided with a durable marker. We are sorry not to be able to give the price of these two publications.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
 "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.
 "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.

- "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
 "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Downs, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. Thomas Moran, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rt. Rev. John Boulet, diocese of Seattle; and Very Rev. Wolfgang Steinkogler, O. S. B.

Sister Augustine Mary, of the Congregation of Notre Dame; Mother M. Aloysius and Mother M. Scholastica, Order of Mercy.

Mr. M. R. Mansfield, Mr. Andrew Wiedl, Mrs. Catherine Newport, Mr. Joseph Aldéric, Mr. James Dempsey, Mrs. E. Brennan, Mr. Emile Gamache, Mrs. Bernard Marcotte, Mrs. Julia Murphy, Mr. Alfred Rainville, Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, and Mr. Philip Prince.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: M. V. O'B., \$10; G. H. S., \$5; Mrs. J. F. J., in honor of St. Anthony, \$15; J. A. Maloney, \$5; "an offering of thanksgiving," \$25. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Mrs. M. D. (Idaho), \$1; Mrs. L. R., "in honor of the Sacred Wounds," \$5; Margaret W. McCartin, \$5. For the Foreign Missions: J. M. J. (B., Mont.), \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 9

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Our Lady's Lullaby.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

SLEEP, oh, sleep, my little Son!
Thou who dreamest dreams that none
May envision—saving One.

Fair the light that falls from far;
Fair moon silvered flowers are,—
Fairer Thou than flower or star.

Now round blossom hearts are curled,
Rosy petals, closely furled;
Sleep Thou heart of all the world.

'Gainst the still sky's cloud soft breast
Lies the little moon at rest.
Little Son Thou slumberest

In a narrow manger bed,
Where the humble beasts have fed;
Thou on straw art pillowèd.

So my mother-love must be
Shelter, rest and warmth to Thee,
Who art life and light to me.

Sleep, oh, sleep, my little Son!
Thou who dreamest dreams that none
May envision—saving One.

REASON knows that man becomes dwarfed the moment he loses hold of God; and that the bond between him and God—religion—ceases to be religion if it discards its sovereign attributes. If it declines from doctrinal truth and becomes but literature, philosophy or art, it can do nothing more for man.

—Aubrey de Vere.

New Conditions in the Balkans.

BY ELISABETH CHRISTITCH.

IN the history of Europe perhaps the outlook for the Church was never brighter in the East than at the present moment. Russia, it is true, is still in a state of chaos; but the soul of its great people will eventually assert itself, and the religious liberty once conceded can never be withdrawn. The Church needs no more than this liberty to get into touch with such an essentially spiritual element as the Russian mind, and Russia's future assuredly holds great things for the development of true Christianity.

In Southeastern Europe the Church's triumph is already tangible. The new important State of Yugoslavia (Yug-South) counts seven million Catholics in its population of thirteen million Southern Slavs; and this fact is recognized by the appointment of Catholic Ministers, the proclamation of perfect equality of the two national confessions, Catholic and Orthodox, and the official celebration of distinctively Catholic festivals such as Corpus Christi.

Serbia, which bore the brunt of the war of deliverance for kindred across the border, has behaved with magnanimity in all the questions relative to fusion. The very name of the reorganized kingdom, which should have been "Greater Serbia," has been relinquished in favor of "Yugoslavia," or "Southern Slavdom"; the Gregorian Calendar has been adopted;

the Catholic Croats and Slovenes have been invited to occupy high posts in the Administration, and to assist in the reconstruction of the country. A Catholic priest, Mgr. Koroshets, is actually Vice-President of the Cabinet; and a Catholic professor, Dr. Alaupovitch is Minister of Public Worship. Most significant of all was the recent attendance at the Mass on Corpus Christi in the little Catholic chapel, of the Prince Regent, Marshall Mishitsh, commander-in-chief of the Serbian Army, and other prominent dignitaries and statesmen of the Orthodox persuasion.

The Catholic pastor, Father Wenceslas Wagner, by birth a Croat, welcomed their presence in an eloquent sermon that set forth the advantages of national reunion, the earnest wish of his Catholic compatriots to live in close amity with their Orthodox brethren of Serbia, and their gratitude to Providence for bringing about Serbia's generous Concordat of 1914, without which the war could not have reached a satisfactory conclusion for the Southern Slavs. This Concordat removed the last barrier of Austria's Catholic Slav subjects to union with Serbia. It was, nevertheless, a necessity for Serbia at that moment, in view of the Catholic population of her newly-acquired territory in Macedonia, which she had delivered from the Turk. But the especially liberal clauses to which Serbia consented at the wish of the Vatican were no doubt a powerful attraction to Croats and Slovenes. They had watched with admiration, sympathy, and longing, the rapid rise of Serbia since she freed herself from the yoke of Turkey, and compared her progress in civilization on national lines with their own, hemmed in, and stifled by Austrian and Magyar methods of thought, speech, and government. Natural affinity of race and language, coupled with the inborn love of liberty, drew them towards Serbia; but the intolerance of Serbia's Orthodox State Church, influenced by Russia, stood in the way.

From the moment of the Concordat

nothing could long hinder the gravitation of the Slav people subject to Austria towards the free young kingdom of the Serbs, and the World War saw legions of deserters pass under Serbia's banner. With the collapse of Russian imperialism the Church has gained, and with the collapse of Austrian imperialism it has not lost. The same exemplary bishops and clergy, who led the Croats and Slovenes in their protracted struggle for justice under the hostile régime of the Germanizing Hapsburg sovereigns, are still to the fore in the present settlement with Serbia, and bring with them to the new Yugoslav kingdom the precious leaven of a zealous, living faith. In the field of religious thought they are bound to be dominant pioneers.

The Orthodox Church is stagnant. It can offer its adherents nothing but national souvenirs. In spite of its glorious historic past, the traditional fidelity to creed under Turkish oppression, this Church has not the slightest influence on the intellectual life of young Serbia. It is pathetic to see how some of its members listen with avidity to Protestant emissaries who expound the beauties of an interior life unknown to members of the Orthodox Confession. The much talked-of reunion of the Anglican and Orthodox Churches can but proceed, however, on the vaguest lines. Serbian priests have indeed preached in Anglican pulpits during the war, but Anglican "priests" have not been admitted to share in the celebration of Mass in Serbian churches, as they so much desire. The grave question of continuity of Orders stands in the way of any effective reciprocity, whereas the ever-increasing intercourse between Serbian and Yugoslav clergy tends to real fraternity.

A striking demonstration of solidarity in belief was the recent service in London on July 7, feast of the Slav Apostles, Saints Cyril and Methodius, when Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes thronged to Westminster Cathedral to offer up prayers

for their new State. A service in the Russian Church had been suggested, and a small section of the Slav Colony were ready to attend a thanksgiving service in St. Paul's, but both these projects at once dropped out when it became known that Cardinal Bourne had consented to preside at a Mass to be solemnized in the first Catholic temple of London, commemorating the Slav saints. His Eminence, who had recently travelled through the lands of the Southern Slavs, and received an equally warm welcome in Orthodox Belgrade as in Catholic Agram (Zagreb), and Liubliana (Leybach), is deeply interested in the material progress and religious development of these new factors in European life. His visit left a profound impression, and its importance is more clearly realized as time goes on.

The Governor of Slovenia and the Bishops of Croatia and Slovenia sent telegrams of greeting and thanks to the English Cardinal on the auspicious day. Slavonic music was played, and patriotic Slav hymns sung under the able direction of the Cathedral organist, Dr. Terry. A sermon was preached by Dr. Adrian Fortescue, specialist in Eastern Church history, and earnest protagonist of the Old Slav or Glagolite liturgy, in which he proved conclusively to an attentive congregation that the Apostles, who carried the Gospel to Serbs as well as Croats and Slovenes, were Catholics in communion with Rome, and that the subsequent schism was due to the pride and ambition of Byzantine prelates, whereas the people themselves were innocent of connivance, and simply found themselves severed from Mother Church by following in obedience the spiritual chiefs who misled them.

While the reverend preacher commented on the heroic qualities of the Serbs and congratulated his hearers on the reunion of all Southern Slavs into one kingdom, he summoned them at the same time to another and better reunion,—a community of faith under the one, sole Vicar of Christ. Truly it was a momentous day in the

history of young Yugoslavia, when prayers for its prosperity were offered up officially for the first time in a Catholic place of worship at the initiative of, and in the presence of, a Prince of the Church. Cardinal Bourne's influence will remain far-reaching and decisive in the religious trend of the new State.

Serbia's example in signing a Concordat with Rome will soon be followed by Rumania; and the Uniat Church of Bulgaria is already an important factor in the life of a country whose Orthodox State Church is a mere political instrument. Greece remains always the irreconcilable foe of the Papacy, but rivalry with Italy and France has lately forced her, also, to a policy of tolerance on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Altogether, there is promise of a rich harvest for God's Church in these regions, and we know that when the time comes faithful harvesters will not be wanting.

For the Sake of Justice.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

IX.—A QUEST AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THE apparent loss of the queen's letters filled Patrick Hathaway with consternation. In the silence of his chamber that night he pondered over and over again the brief note which Wood had contrived to send. Again, time after time, with hands pressed to his temples, he scanned the scrap of paper before him by the light of his lamp: carefully he read the missive word by word: "*In case I fail to escape, I'll leave my dapple-grey pony in the stable here. Fetch him yourself. Take him as he stands. Be canny. Look to his feet.*" No signature, no superscription; but it was James Wood's handwriting for certain.

He dwelt upon each word. He had obeyed the injunction as to fetching the animal from the stable himself. "*Take him as he stands*": he took that to mean

that the pony was ready for him in all respects. In his eagerness, he had read in the words the intimation that the packet was hidden upon the dapple-grey somewhere. If it had been concealed upon him, then it had certainly been taken by a third person. Even now he could not put any other meaning to the phrase than he had done at first. "*Be canny. Look to his feet.*" A warning to act quietly; what else could be made of it? It was possible that the magistrates' spies might still be expected to keep watch there. The strictest search had proved unavailing: the saddlebags had contained nothing; no part of the harness showed any sign of having been unsewn to contrive a hiding-place, diligently as he had searched every portion. Moreover, the time had been too short to enable Wood to make very elaborate arrangements.

Wearied and troubled, the youth threw himself upon his bed and tried to sleep. But, though exhausted with the long wakefulness (for he had been abroad at midnight to ride to Mass), and wearied with the strenuous day that had passed, sleep evaded him. The scenes through which he had moved—the hidden meeting for Mass and Sacraments, his narrow escape from arrest, his friend's apprehension, the fruitless search for the letters,—every particular passed before his mental vision in quick succession, to be repeated indefinitely in its turn. And always, as each series of pictures came to an end, recurred the shivering dread of the consequences of the loss of those precious documents for which he alone was now answerable.

Conscientious to a fault, Patrick could not divest himself entirely of blame. He had delayed too long, he told himself, before acting; yet he could not deny that too great promptitude might have meant publicity, and might eventually have ruined everything. Though he was unable, examine himself as he might, to accuse himself of negligence or of remiss-

ness, when it came to the point he was too loyal a friend to Bonnytoun, and too staunch a Catholic, to overcome the fears that oppressed him as to the future. The discovery of the conversion of the queen to Catholicism, her correspondence with the Pope himself, the matters contained in the letters,—what dire results must follow! The rousing of more bitter animosity than ever among the members of the Presbytery meant still more virulent tracking and imprisoning of Catholics; for the king's anger would be stirred by the discovery of the "falling away" (as the Kirkfolk would call it) of his own queen, and his dread of unpopularity would render him the mere tool of the ministers. As to the poor queen herself, what a violent storm it would bring upon her,—too furious for her newborn faith to live in, maybe!

Thus did poor Patrick reason with himself and blame himself,—returning time after time to the charges of negligence and want of care, yet always being compelled to acknowledge that he could scarcely have acted otherwise than he had done.

Sleep was out of the question, so at the first glimmer of dawn he rose and crept softly downstairs. It would be long before the household was astir; for it was the "Sabbath," and regulations for its observance were stringent. For any one to be discovered abroad at such an hour would be scandalous even in a member of the Kirk; in the neighborhood of a suspected house such as Haddowstane, its consequences might be serious. The minimum of necessary labor was all that was permitted; and until service time about noon, there must be little sign of activity out of doors. It was by law the "Day of Rest," and its desecration was punished occasionally with extreme rigor.

Patrick, therefore, moved with the utmost caution. The house was perfectly still, as he unbolted the outer door and stole across the grassy courtyard in the silence of the morning. He had seen from

his chamber above the signs of dawn in the eastern sky, but here in the shadow of the tall house it was almost dark still. The air was keen with frost, and a rime lay on grass and pebbles with a ghostly effect. The watchdog stirred in his kennel, and his master had to quiet him with much effort. The animal sprang out in friendly greeting at the sound of his footfall, but obediently returned to his bed when bidden. Within the stable the horses were already stirring, and stamping impatiently for daylight and attention.

The keen air revived Patrick. He quietly strolled along towards the walled garden, and paced its paths slowly, in spite of the chilly air. His spirit seemed dead within him. What steps to take he knew not. Young Bonnytoun was locked in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and utterly inaccessible to him,—indeed, to attempt to speak with James Wood, after what Willie had overheard about himself, would be to court arrest. And, now that he was responsible for the queen's letters, he had no right to run unnecessary risks.

Daylight at last! Patrick made his way cautiously to the stable. The dapple-grey stood in the stall where he had left him, but it was too dark to attempt any further examination of his accoutrements without a light. He stole back to the house again, a stable lantern in his hand. The only chance of getting a light quickly was from the carefully preserved embers of the kitchen fire under their banking of peats. But Willie slept in a little box-bed close to the kitchen door, and it would need caution to avoid waking him. With all his precautions, Patrick did not succeed in stealing off undetected. Red-headed Willie was accustomed to early rising, and his lengthened repose was easily disturbed. Hearing a footstep, he was out into the kitchen in a moment.

Patrick made a sign to ensure silence; and the lad, never dreaming of interfering with his master's business, returned to bed. But the desire of taking some one

into his confidence seized on Patrick, and he could have no more trusty helper than this almost foster-brother. So he beckoned to Willie to come with him; and the latter, hastily donning more adequate outdoor clothing, followed in his master's wake.

In the security of the stable, the lad was made aware of the calamity which had occurred. Reserving all mention of names, Patrick told him of the evident loss of valuable papers, which if discovered by enemies would assuredly bring overwhelming trouble upon Catholics. He read James Wood's note aloud, in case another interpretation might strike Willie, now becoming acquainted with the message for the first time.

As the concluding words were spoken—*"Look to his feet"*—the lad gently lifted one of the pony's hind legs.

"See, Master Pat!" he whispered eagerly. "That means something!"

Patrick examined it closely. A light strand of crimson silk, unravelled from some scarf or ribbon, had been twined many times round the pony's pastern; one end trailed loose. So thin was the silk that it was not discernible except on close examination.

"Good loon!" exclaimed Patrick, as he clapped Willie delightedly on the back. "You've solved the riddle!"

There could be no doubt of the silk having been placed there as an indication of some hiding-place. They untwisted the silk, and thoroughly examined the hoof, but nothing further was discovered. Then a light broke in upon Patrick.

"The stable,—the stall, Willie! That's where we must search. *'Look to his feet.'* The pony was standing over the hiding-place. The papers may be still in the Stoneyburn stable."

Discuss it as they would, no other solution offered. Patrick was all on fire with eagerness to test his theory; but it was the "Sabbath," a difficult day on which to act. The only possible chance of getting into the Stoneyburn stables

unknown to that household would be during the kirk service. For the laird was a strict Presbyterian; and, with the exception of any sick person, of a maid left in charge of the house, and possibly a man to "keep the toun," as the phrase went, all would be at kirk.

Master and man talked the matter over, and at length fixed upon a plan of proceedings. Both would approach Stoneyburn through the meadows as soon as the coast was clear. Patrick would go at once to the stable, which would probably be unfastened, as the horses would be out. Willie would call at the kitchen entrance to notify the fact that his master had ventured to seek for something he had left yesterday when he had fetched Bonnytoun's pony, at the latter's request. This would prevent any appearance of underhand work, while at the same time it would keep any of the servants from prying upon him.

Should he be fortunate enough to find the missing packet, Patrick would at once ride off with it to some safe place, regardless of Stoneyburn's criticism of him behind his back as a Sabbath-breaker. To wait until the morrow, and face Stoneyburn himself or any of his men, would be to court failure; it would be impossible under such circumstances to search unnoticed.

Willie was to have the dapple-grey saddled and bridled in Haddowstane stable, and another horse for himself; for Patrick judged it best to have a companion in a journey of such importance. He had chosen the dapple-grey for himself; Bonnytoun had boasted of the pony's powers as a fleet steed, and had probably left him behind for Patrick's use in such an emergency. Phemie Stoddart, the house-keeper, was instructed to prepare food for both master and man. Even Patrick's riding cloak and broad felt hat were brought to the stable, to avoid any possible delay should the search prove successful.

Just before noon Patrick went in to take leave of his uncle, and to tell him of his promise to Wood to carry certain

papers to one of the priests for safety. Sir Jasper dismissed him with a blessing, and a prayer for his safe return. Both of them realized that it was a dangerous project upon which the youth was bent; no date was even mentioned as to Patrick's homeward journey, which might be, as he told his uncle, deferred for a long space of time.

Stoneyburn looked deserted when the two investigators arrived at its stableyard. It was a dull March day, with a blustering wind; the rustling of the swaying pine trees alone broke the silence. Patrick at once entered the stable from which he had fetched the pony. It was empty, with the exception of one horse; and he made his way to the stall where the dapple-grey had been left. Kneeling down on the straw, he moved it aside in the spot where he judged the animal's foot marked with the strand of silk must have stood. He tested with his hand the surface of the floor beneath, roughly paved with small flat stones, to discover any loose fragment which could possibly cover a hiding-place.

To his joy he found one or two of the stones loose. Lifting them carefully with his knife, he discovered, concealed beneath one of them, a small packet wrapped in a scarf of what had been crimson silk, but was now much soiled by its contact with the earth of the floor—and possibly by purposely smearing it with soil to render it less conspicuous. Uncovering the parcel, Patrick found with delight a packet addressed to himself, which he carefully put away in an inner pouch of his doublet.

He was restoring the floor of the stall to the condition in which he had found it, when a slight noise attracted his attention. Looking up, he saw above the wooden partition of the stall the face of a stranger regarding him with interest. It was not a pleasant face—indeed it struck Patrick as that of a crafty, evil-minded man,—and he could not restrain a momentary feeling of anxiety lest his discovery should have been witnessed by such an onlooker.

The face was visible for but a few

seconds; some covering was suddenly thrown over it, stifling a terrified cry. The head disappeared from view, and there followed the noise of scuffling feet and muffled cries, then of something flung on the floor of the stable. Willie's voice spoke, saying eagerly, yet in subdued accents:

"Away as quick as you can! Here's a loon prying on ye. I'll learn him to keep his ain counsel!"

Patrick did not wait for explanations. He left Willie kneeling on the prostrate and muffled interloper, and made off across the fields with all speed. There was no time to be lost. The Kirkfolk would be back from Inveresk before long, and it was important to forestall them. Willie soon followed him, and at his master's orders mounted at once, and they rode off. It would be unsafe to venture near Edinburgh. They hastened, therefore, to pass through Musselburgh before the worshippers from Inveresk could meet them; and, crossing the bridge over the Esk—which brought back to Patrick's recollection the ride on the preceding day with James Wood,—they made their way more leisurely along the course of the river. In a wooded dell, free from observation, their midday meal was eaten. Then they rode at an easy pace across country in the direction of Liberton.

On the way Willie told the tale of his encounter with the inquisitive stranger in Stoneyburn stable. When he had knocked at the door of the servants' quarters, there had been no response; and prolonged investigation at doors and windows had proved at last that there could be no one within the house. He was, therefore, on his way to the stable to join his master, when voices sounded from a walled garden near the house. Moving cautiously towards the place, Willie found a wicket open in the large gate; and, creeping through, hid himself behind a convenient laurel hedge. Thence he espied one of the maids of the household walking in company with a young man along one of the broad walks under shelter

of the wall. From the deference paid to the maiden by her companion, he guessed that one of the "queans"—was taking the opportunity in the absence of the family of entertaining a sweetheart for an hour or so.

Leaving the couple to their conversation, Willie betook himself towards the stable, keeping watch outside from behind a tree trunk, lest his master should be surprised by the entry of a third person. The man and the maiden came out of the garden, and took leave of each other outside the gate,—the damsel running back to her neglected kitchen duties. Willie was astonished to see the man, after waiting until the maid had disappeared into the house, walk towards the stable where Patrick was occupied with his search, and slip inside. The action was so quick and cautious that it struck Willie at once that a spy was at hand: He hurried after the stranger, removing his jacket as he ran; it made an efficient blindfold, and the man was on the ground and Willie atop of him before he could have had time to observe anything of consequence. He had tied a clout, he said, over the loon's mouth, and secured his hands with a length of rope to one of the stalls. The gag was to prevent alarms before the men returned to the stable, by which time his master would be far away, he hoped.

Willie owned reluctantly, when Patrick cross-examined him, that he had administered to the stranger's pate what he styled "a wee bit tuke wi' a staff," to silence him more effectually; in other words, had given him a blow which left him unconscious in the straw of the stall. There was no room for much sympathy in Patrick's mind. The appearance of the stranger had roused Willie's suspicions, too. The lad styled him "a dirty, sour-faced chiel of a spy," with other idiomatic Scottish compliments; and the master mentally endorsed his judgment.

They were riding in leisurely style as they approached the village of Liberton, to avoid attracting attention, when a

horseman met them coming out of the village. He seemed to Patrick to eye them rather curiously as he passed by, and took the same direction as that by which they had come. Patrick began to feel anxious lest the rider should be able to describe the two of them, in the event of his meeting any pursuing party from Stoneyburn. For it was quite possible that, after the treatment meted out by Willie to the "dirty, sour-faced chiel" who would have to wait for the return home of the men before obtaining release from his uncomfortable situation, that person would be filled with a desire to take revenge. As he could scarcely have gained more than a passing glance at Willie, and Patrick was a stranger to him, he might have been led to report the suspicious circumstances of strange men in the stables, apparently searching for buried treasure.

Some sudden instinct prompted Patrick to ask whether Willie had any idea of the intruding stranger's identity. The lad tried at first to parry the question; and Patrick, become suspicious, repeated his query more emphatically. Willie had to confess that it was the same spy who had led the party to arrest Bonnytoun on the previous evening, and that was why he was so anxious for his master to get off without delay.

There was in reality much greater danger than either of them realized. Allardyce had merely caught a glimpse of Willie's red locks; but he had recognized Patrick as the "gallant" he had seen at Mass, and his mysterious occupation in Stoneyburn stable convinced him of some concerted plot in connection with young Wood. But he was too shrewd to tell his suspicions to any one at Stoneyburn. He had actually ridden up to observe whether the dapple-grey was still there; for he had suspected something underhand in the change of steeds on Bonnytoun's part. It was his horse that Patrick had found in the stable all alone, and the attentions of the kitchen-maid had served as a pretext to visit Stoneyburn and

reconnoitre at a time when the coast would be clear. His point with the stable-men was to inquire who had taken the pony. Strange to say, no one had missed it until then. Allardyce, therefore, had an excellent reason for enlisting some of the men to take part in a search for the pony, and to bring back the stolen animal, together with the thieves. Fortune served him at the outset. The party from Stoneyburn found on inquiry at Musselburgh (from some of those pious people who made their enforced Sabbath rest an excuse for observing all that went on around them) that two horsemen, one mounted on a grey pony, had turned down by the river; this information was shortly after confirmed by the solitary rider whom Patrick had regarded with some uneasiness near Liberton.

But beyond this one piece of luck, the party gained no further advantage; for the luck changed in favor of those whom they were pursuing. In their over-confidence, the Stoneyburn men maintained that they would gain by taking the better road through Edinburgh, and way-laying the thieves as they made their way down from Liberton to the high-road. Patrick, fearing that the informer was likely to be in pursuit, changed his plan. He had intended to make for Queensferry, and cross over into Fifeshire, so that he might place the packet in the hands of Master Abercromby, or of Mistress Margaret Wood, who might give it to the priest on the first opportunity. He now resolved to keep to the hills instead of seeking the high-road. A few miles farther would bring him to a little inn he knew of, where he might pass the night at least. The morning would bring fresh counsel, maybe; in the meantime he determined to send back Willie to Haddowstane on the grey pony, which could be kept there until some communication should arrive from the Woods as to its destination. Willie's strong roan would be less conspicuous for himself, and quite as effectual under present circumstances. Any pursuit from Stoney-

burn would surely take the Edinburgh road, and the lad would be safe from molestation now. So Willie obeyed orders and left his master,—though sorely against his inclination, since he loved adventure,—and returned by the way they had come; while Patrick rode across country towards the destination he had in view.

The pursuing party had entirely failed in their object of tracing the pony and its rider. Making all possible haste through Edinburgh, they had kept watch on the roads by which it was possible to reach the main road to Stirling, and had even made inquiries at the ferry, in the event of the thieves crossing into Fifeshire; but all efforts had proved unavailing.

Patrick made his way leisurely along the high plateau whence the city was plainly visible, and mounting still higher to the lower slopes of the Pentlands, reached by many devious courses the little village of Haregrain. On the outskirts of the village stood a humble hostel, kept by a widow who had been a servant at Haddowstane in his very early days. He had never seen her for years, and only knew of her whereabouts from the Stoddarts to whom she was related by kinship. In the old days, as he knew, she had been a fervent Catholic, but whether or not she professed to be a Catholic now, he had no idea. But it would be a safe place for him, even though he passed himself off as a stranger; and should Widow Paton learn who he was, he felt no doubt of a warm welcome for the sake of bygone days.

It was dusk when he rode at last through the straggling street of what was little more than a mere hamlet, and reached the house he sought.

"Ho! Stabler!" he shouted, riding close to the doorway, and rapping with his whip on the lintel.

A lad of about twelve or thirteen ran out in answer, munching the remains of his evening meal.

"Where's the stabler?" asked Patrick.

"There's nae stabler," answered the

boy with a kind of solemn gravity. "It's my mither and me as bides in the hoose."

"Ah, well, it's no matter," said Patrick. "Take my horse, laddie, and give him a feed! I'll go within for a while."

He emphasized his request by a small silver coin, at which the lad's eyes brightened, as he ran to take the bridle. Patrick dismounted and entered the house.

It was but a homely place. In the living-room, which served for kitchen, a busy, portly dame, with Sabbath gown tucked up under her broad apron, bent over a frying-pan on the low fire, cooking bacon—as the appetizing odor told. She turned as Patrick entered, and putting aside her pan dropped a curtsy.

"Good even, Dame!" he said pleasantly. "I would bide the night here, if you can give me a bed."

She shook her head, with more energy he thought than was needed.

"'Tis seldom, Master," she said, "that I get twa travellers here together! But there's a good man from Fifeshire, just lately come in, and he's bespoke the bed already. I'm sore sorry, but I canna take ye too, Master, the night!"

"Well, ye'll not refuse a bite and sup, Mistress, while my horse rests awhile."

He had confidence in the pleading power of the small coin he had bestowed on the laddie, to provide something later on, were it but a shakedown in the hayloft.

"Nay, I canna refuse that, at least," answered the dame with energy. "And if the man'll no object ye can take it together."

"Thank ye kindly, Mistress! I can tell ye I'm hungry enough after riding half the day. Ye'll maybe think me an ungodly chiel for riding abroad on Sabbath; but it's pressing business I'm on."

"Nay, I'm no like some o' they over particular folk," she said with an indulgent smile. "There's some would have us sit silent all day on the Sabbath, an' twirl our thumbs. I'm nae for such strictness! Folks ken their own business best, and I'll interfere wi' no man's religion. Let each look to himsel', I say!"

"There's many a one would denounce you to the Presbytery, good Dame, for such plain speaking!" broke in a strange voice. And a third person entered from a room beyond.

"The Presbytery's got more to do than bother wi' poor folk like us," she answered merrily. "And I'm in no fear ye'll tell on me, Master, since ye bid me cook food for ye, and all that!"

"Nay, nay, Dame," the stranger assured her, "I shall not denounce you, nor will this young gentleman."

He took off his broad hat in salute as he spoke. Patrick returned the salutation, and the stranger, for some reason, smiled into Patrick's eyes as he gazed at him intently.

He was a youngish man—possibly a little over thirty; he had a pleasant face, and he wore a small pointed beard and moustache. His face looked familiar; but it was the voice that struck Patrick as well-known, though he was unable to recall where he had heard it before.

"You're puzzled about me," the stranger said smiling. "You can not recall where we last met. It was in Edinburgh, only yesterday—though it seems a week at least, to me—at the house of a friend in Cowgate."

Then it flashed across Patrick's mind who he was—none other than Master Burnet, or by his proper title, Father McQuhirrie. Here was an opportune meeting, indeed!

"I remember you very well now, sir," he said, with a smile and a bow. "But I did not dream of meeting you here."

"Not at all likely!" laughed the priest. "Still, Grizzel here and I are very good friends, and it is not my first visit to Haregrain and its neighborhood. You need not fear, Dame," he said, as the woman glanced at him apprehensively. "This gentleman is one with us."

This was the opportune moment for Patrick to make himself known to his hostess. Grizzel was overjoyed to see in this tall, handsome youth the tiny boy she had petted with cakes and sweetmeats

years ago. It was an honor to have Sir Jasper's nephew under her roof, she declared enthusiastically more than once.

Patrick supped with the Jesuit and shared his bed. In the early morning, after another scanty night's rest, he served the priest's Mass in one of the out buildings, for the benefit of the few neighboring Catholics, and again approached the Sacraments. The intrepid Jesuit had not shrunk from the danger of arrest, in venturing within a few miles of the place whence he had but lately so narrowly escaped.

Spiritual duties over, Patrick brought forward the object of his own presence there and recounted the difficulties he had met with already. He was able to inform the priest of the arrest of young Bonnytoun, and of Laytoun; Father McQuhirrie received the tidings with sorrow. James Wood had promised to be one of the strongest supports of the Catholic cause in the country, and his imprisonment, under such circumstances, was a dire catastrophe.

The Jesuit was returning to the neighborhood of Dunfermline shortly, and readily agreed to take charge of the letters. Should Bonnytoun be detained in prison for a long time, or rendered incapable of carrying out the service he had undertaken, it would be necessary to provide another messenger, he said. Patrick, at his suggestion, gladly offered himself, should his services be required.

Father McQuhirrie was in some difficulty with regard to his serving-man who had disappeared during the excitement of the morning of Saturday. He had lived previously in the service of Master Barclay in France, and the Jesuit supposed that the arrest of the Doctor, for whom this Geordie Tod professed much affection, had caused the lad to remain behind in Edinburgh.

The fact suggested to Patrick that he might do well in acting as companion to the priest on his journeys in place of the youth, Tod. It would be good to keep clear of Haddowstane and Stoneyburn for the present; later on he would learn

how matters were going on in that direction. He accordingly offered to fill the post of attendant and body-guard. The Jesuit gladly accepted him.

"You shall play the master, and I the servant," he said. "I can fill that part more easily than you; and your appearance is more suitable to represent the laird."

Both would have been somewhat disconcerted had they known that the arrest of James Wood had been the first fruits of Tod's apostasy. He had given information of the priest's intention of taking the direction of Stoneyburn and had heard him telling Bonnytoun that they might ride thither together. It was scarcely expected that the priest would keep to his first intention, yet though the informer had given up hope of seizing the Jesuit, Tod had thought it worth while to make an attempt to take Wood, with the result already seen.

(To be continued.)

The Robins.

BY SISTER M. JOSEPHINE, ORDER OF ST. URSULA.

THERE was a great broad window facing east,
And filled with children. Golden shafts of dawn
Went dancing through their hair, and on their
cheeks

The morning shone.

And then their mother came and stood by them
With dignity serene; her gentle eyes
Grown large with tenderness to meet

Their glad surprise.

"See, children, God has sent the robins back,"

She said; and little faces pressed the glass.
"How red their breasts are! How they hop about
There, on the grass!"

Red-breasted robins, seen through mists of tears,
As in those happy days so long time gone
My mother led me to you; now to her
Oh, lead me on!

Historians of my childhood, prophets be
Of time to come, when I shall find them all
By one great window facing toward the east
In heaven's wall!

The Cradle of the West Wind.

BY MARY FOSTER.

THE West Wind had discovered a haven where it lulled itself to rest, after whirling wildly over the mountain-tops, or rushing stormily up the broad valleys which led to the sea. Here it moaned to itself, sobbing like a naughty child tired of its shame and disgrace.

It murmured along the little plateau which lay there, surrounded by the guarding mountains, playing among the rocky crevices of the hill side; rustling quietly over the coarse rough grass, and passing noiselessly across the shimmering waters of the little bog. From North and East the place was sheltered. Only the West Wind sported there, save for the rare occasions when the South Wind joined her less gentle sister and whispered to her through the sunny summer scented air.

They called the spot "The West Wind Hollow," for there always sounded the murmuring music of the West Wind.

And on its breast lay the "Cradle of the West Wind." A whitewashed, thatched homestead, it was perched upon a sudden projecting rock which raised itself a few feet above the bog, in the very middle of the Hollow. Around its humble walls the West Wind loved to play, and to rock the little home in its great embrace. One might fancy there that one was upon some gentle heaving, tranquil wave, so lightly did the cottage sway and respond to each breath of the wind which had made its home beside that built by man.

Here, alone in the sheltered Hollow, the world seemed very far away. So peaceful and calm was the spot, it would appear as if man's footsteps never broke the stillness; as if the bustling life in farm and homestead were miles removed from the West Wind Hollow. Yet the village upon the seashore lay only a stone's-throw away.

A deep narrow defile wound down from the Hollow until it met the village below, whose long straggling street climbed up to the very opening of the little "loanen."

The track, though less than a quarter of a mile in length, was dignified by the name of the "Twilight Valley," for into its recesses no rays of the sun could penetrate; and even here, between the lofty sides of the mountains, there brooded a twilight unbroken by the full and glorious light of day.

The Cradle of the West Wind had always belonged to the Corrigans; poor little place though it was, they had clung to it through all their poverty with the tenacity with which the Irish peasant clings to what he calls home. And this little place was certainly very poor,—only the tiny cabin and a plot of ground, just large enough for a fowl run, and a little plot of potatoes that would perhaps feed the family for two months. And then bog,—bog all around, until it crept up to the rocky mountain-side, where even its poor vegetation ceased.

The Corrigans had always had a struggle to live. The men had found fitful work in the village below, or had hired themselves out to the farmers in the broad valleys. And their wives had tended the chickens; and perhaps, when times were extra good, the skinny pig which fed upon the scanty quantity of refuse which was left from the family meals.

The patient mothers brought up their children as best they could, accepting their lowly lot with the fatalism of their race; only sometimes folding their hands for a moment to wonder what would become of the little ones who were growing up around them.

For Alice Corrigan, that mystery lay yet unsolved, rather was the question more vividly set before her, perhaps, than before any former mistress of that household. She had buried her Jim a month ago, and three hungry little faces

confronted her at the hearth, and her old mother sat in the chimney corner,—the sacred care of the child she had borne.

And there was sorrow and weeping in the little kitchen. Something pure and white lay upon the rickety sofa, and two wax candles, which had been half burned down for poor Jim, shone upon the waxen face of the six-weeks-old baby. One mouth less to feed; but the poor mother could not think of that, as she gazed broken-heartedly at her little treasure, nor could she comfort herself at the thought of the pure little soul that was praying for her in the dazzling glory of its Maker. He had been her baby, lent to her for six short weeks; and though she bowed her head to God's holy will, her heart was wrung with pain.

Old Mrs. Murphy, her mother, scarcely let her beads out of her cramped and rheumatic fingers, praying, as indeed for the past two months she had been praying without interruption, that God would help them in their distress. Jim's illness and death had exhausted their supplies, and Alice could get no work. Starvation confronted them, but the old woman had faith in God. He would not let them die. He had said that He had care for the very sparrows, and that not one of them perished without His knowledge; and He could send them help. He *would* send His assistance.

But Alice Corrigan's lips were motionless; her poor sad eyes could only gaze from the dead infant face to those of her other children, whose pathetic countenances were already wan and pale with hunger. She could not pray, but she raised her tear-dimmed eyes to Heaven mutely. And surely He, who knows all hearts, understood the silent prayer her lips refused to utter.

She went wearily to the door, and stood leaning against the post,—a pathetic, drooping figure, staring across the bog to the mountains beyond, and listening unconsciously to the familiar sound of the wind murmuring about the cottage.

She could see no beauty in the prospect before her. All that she found fair were the faces of her children, in particular that of the pure infant who lay decked out in the best she had.

Footsteps coming up the Twilight Valley did not rouse her, even when three figures came into view and walked towards her, she merely turned unseeing eyes in their direction. Every one who ascended the Twilight Valley must be seeking her dwelling, for the path led no farther, and none of the distant mountain habitations were approached this way. The two women and the man who followed them at some few paces distance, halted for a moment as they saw her figure at the door, and she heard them say to one another:

"That must be she."

And they quickened their steps and approached.

Alice turned her listless glance to them, and as she saw that they were ladies, instinctively she drew herself up and inclined her head. She answered their greeting quietly, with the never-failing Irish courtesy.

"You are Alice Corrigan?" began the elder of the two ladies. "Mrs. Merrick has told me about you, and I thought it would be quicker for me to come and see you, than to send for you."

"Ah, sure, I mind Mrs. Merrick well," Alice replied in her pretty soft voice; and she became more interested, for she had once lived as nurse with Mrs. Merrick.

"You were with her for some years, I understand," pursued the lady.

"Wid the wee girl as was, me leddy," replied Alice respectfully, endowing her questioner with a title as a matter of course. "Miss Norah, God take care of her pure wee soul, for sure she's in heaven long since."

"I heard you were in trouble, that you had lost your husband lately, and that your little baby died yesterday. I was also told that you would be glad to find something to do to support your children,

so I have come to make an offer to you. I am badly in need of a nurse for my little boy. He is only two months old, and is very delicate. The doctor told me that I should nurse him myself; but of course that is impossible in my position. I have far too many duties to society to find time to be constantly with my children. Dr. Merrick is an old friend of mine—my name is Lady Graham, by the way,—in fact, I am staying with him now, and I have great belief in him. And when he heard that your little child had died, he recommended me to ask you if you would take the position of nurse to my boy."

Alice raised her grave eyes and gazed searchingly at the countenance before her. She saw a handsome face: healthful and bright, with masses of sunny hair peeping from beneath a most becoming hat. But the eyes were hard and cold, the lips closed tightly together. The other lady, much younger and less smartly dressed, looked infinitely softer and sweeter, and more fit to be the mother of children than she who had spoken.

Old Mrs. Murphy had joined her daughter at the door; her shrewd old eyes fixed upon the visitors, and the three little children had paused in their game near the bog, and were approaching slowly, gazing wonderingly at the strangers.

Alice shook her head silently.

"'Tis not such a place as I would be for seekin'," she murmured then. "None other could take my baby's place."

"But think it over," urged Lady Graham half impatiently; "don't decide at once against my plan. My boy's health is very important; he is heir to the property and to the title, and I must do all I can for his welfare. And I have the highest possible recommendations of you from Dr. Merrick. He tells me that you are strong and healthy, and that neither your family or that of your husband were addicted to drink."

Alice drew herself up proudly.

"The Corrigan's has allus held their heads high," she said with quiet dignity,

"an' the Murphys has allus been honest, well-livin' folk. But I'm thinkin', me leddy, I couldn't go for to be mother for yer own child."

"Whisht, daughter," reproved old Mrs. Murphy in a whisper. "Wait till we hear what the leddy does be sayin'. Sure, mebbe, there's good in it, an' 'tis likely an answer from God after all our hard said prayers."

"It is very important to me to secure a good nurse for my child," Lady Graham interposed, "and the advantages to you yourself would be considerable. I know from what Dr. and Mrs. Merrick told me about you, that you have been seeking for a means of livelihood since your husband died, and I am offering you an excellent situation. You will have very good wages, and I think I can promise you," she added, with a self-satisfied smile, "that you will have everything that is comfortable and desirable in my house. And I am sure that you realize that it is necessary that I should have a decision at once—I could not wait later than to-morrow. My baby is the only boy I have, and my husband naturally sets great store by the heir to his name and property."

Alice shook her head once more, but she did not speak. Only her eyes, clouded by thought and uncertainty, turned towards her little children who now clustered round her knees.

"Sure, I'd be loath to leave thim," she cried suddenly, with a broken sob. And she caught her little two-year-old boy and strained him passionately to her breast.

"It would not be for so very long," Lady Graham replied, practically; "and I see you have your mother living with you. She, I am sure, would look after them well for you. You would be earning good wages, part of which you could send her for their keep, and I feel certain that they would be very much better clothed and fed than they are at present."

"That's thrue, me leddy," answered

the mother; and she set her little son down and wiped away a tear that had dimmed her eye. But she gazed hungrily at her little ones. "There's all thrue, but sure an' can you tell what 'twould be to leave thim? Yer own wee boy is only two months old; ye've not had him long enough to know the pain of parting wid him."

"But, my good woman, I have two more children—two little girls, who are at present with my mother in Scotland. I can not travel about with all my children; and as I am not very much at home, I am being constantly separated from them. What is a few months?"

"And is it that is the way the English mothers in Lunnon rares their childer?" asked Mrs. Corrigan, with innocent curiosity; and she looked at her own little ones again, and her heart yearned towards them. "Wid us, me leddy," she added respectfully, "'tis different like; and 'tis hard for us to part wid our wee yuns as the Lord has sint us—blessed be His Name!"

"I will give you until to-morrow to decide," Lady Graham said hurriedly. "You can talk it over this evening with your mother, who I feel sure is of my opinion, and considers it would be wise of you to accept my proposal. But let me know in the morning."

Alice's elder boy, a child of four, had pushed his way from the kitchen, where his pattering footsteps had been heard upon the mud floor. Now he raised his large eyes anxiously to his mother's face as he pulled her apron.

"Ma," he cried, "I'm hungry, and so's Susie, an' there's no bread in the cupboard. Give us something to eat."

An anguished expression flitted across Alice's face, and she caught the child's hand and pressed it in her own.

"We've had nowt since brekfus, and there's nowt in the house," added the boy.

Little Susie said nothing, but she turned her wistful eyes appealingly to her mother; then gently she drew her brother away.

"Come, Jimmie," she said. "An' we'll

pretend 'we're rich folk afther a grand dinner of plum puddin' an' sthrawberry jam."

The children moved away slowly, a soft whimper from Jimmie indicating that pretending not to be hungry did not have much effect upon his poor empty little stomach.

Alice Corrigan turned to the ladies suddenly, her face white and drawn, her lips set determinedly.

"I'll come till ye, me leddy," she said decisively. "I've no call for to git talkin' wid anny wan about whether I will or no. I'll come till ye, only" (her steady voice broke for a moment), "only ye'll bid for to give me time to bury me baby to-morrow forenoon."

"Very well," said Lady Graham in business-like tones. "I'll expect you to be at Dr. Merrick's to-morrow at four o'clock. My chauffeur" (she indicated the man who had been standing at some little distance during the interview, and who had been her guide to the West Wind Hollow)—"my chauffeur will come to fetch your luggage, and the car will wait for you at the foot of the Valley, and bring you to the doctor's. The next day we start for London. And now there are one or two things I should like to say to you."

She drew the woman a little aside from the others, and lowered her voice. The other lady, the sweet-faced girl who had remained in the background, now timidly approached Mrs. Murphy.

"Is it true that you have no bread in the house?" she asked pitifully, and her soft eyes sought the old woman's with so kind and sympathetic an expression that the proud old Irishwoman relaxed from her dignity, as she replied hurriedly:

"Faith, Miss, 'tis that we did forget to send down till the town to-day."

But she was shrewd enough to see that she was not believed. So she was silent, too proud to admit that they were all hungry.

"The chauffeur can run down and get a

few things for you in no time," rejoined Miss Carrington quietly. "You can neither of you leave the house to-day."

She took out her purse, and, beckoning to the man, she gave him a few whispered directions.

"It is only right that we should pay for what is needed at present," she explained to the old woman, "for your daughter is now practically in my sister's employment."

Old Mrs. Murphy accepted this explanation with grave dignity. She belonged to the real old Irish school, of proud, sensitive folk, who would die sooner than ask for anything. She would not forget to ask God to bless her benefactress; but her prayer would be a silent one, her lips would not sully themselves with empty expressions of gratitude and flattery.

So she remained silent. Only when the young lady asked gently if she might go into the kitchen and see the poor dead baby, her stern features softened, and she laid her wrinkled hand upon the smart blue sleeve, and muttered:

"God bless ye, daughter!"

Then the two ladies took their departure, leaving behind them that sense of unreality that one feels when a great change suddenly comes into one's life.

Alice looked stupidly at her mother, hardly realizing what she had done and what lay before her. She began to fancy that the afternoon's conversation must have been a dream, and the sight of the two ladies an apparition.

But her little children had surrounded her again and were clinging to her knees, crying for bread and she had none to give them. That was real enough; and, as she pressed her hand to her aching brow, she felt able to thank God for giving her a means of earning food for her babies, even at such a price. Then she heard footsteps approach her dwelling, and the chauffeur, whom she had scarcely noticed, stood before her with a large bundle in his arms.

"Woman, God love ye! Sure I'm very

sorry for ye," he said gently; "here's bread and meat for yer little wans. The young leddy sint me up wid thim—she did, her leddyship's sister she is,—a sweet young thing. Sure, there'll be a blessin' upon ivery mouthful ye do eat whin 'tis from her hand it comes."

The children's eager little fingers had already torn through the paper, and they were munching the bread hungrily; gazing over it at the wonderful man who had brought these wonderful things. Flanagan, the chauffeur, smiled at them gently, and he laid his big hand very tenderly on Susie's head.

"Sure, I'm an Irishman meself," he volunteered, "though ye mightn't jist have thought it; for what wid the long residence I've made in England I've most caught their accent an' lost me own enthirely. But me heart is warm for childer, and ye'll be sorry partin' thim young things, Mrs. Corrigan, mam."

The keen edge had worn off Susie's appetite, and she began to cry piteously, as she stretched forth her hands to her mother.

"Sure, an' ma is goin' to be afther leavin' of us," she wept, "but 'tis the holy will of God, she does be sayin', an' must be done; but we'll be awful lonesome widout her."

The small girl had already learned to regard events with the hopeless resignation in which her mother was so well versed.

Flanagan smiled cheerily.

"'Twill not be for long," he said; and he glanced sympathetically at Alice. "I'll be back in the evening to-morrow," he added, and he turned away.

The wrench of the parting was over, the great sea flowed between Alice and her children, and another woman's child lay at her breast. Softly-stepping servants waited upon the warm luxurious nursery; dainty meals were noiselessly served to the baby's nurse, and all heavy work and cleaning was done by other hands. Alice had nothing to do but to mind her charge.

Next to her was the spacious day-nursery, where the two little girls played, and beyond lay the room in which they slept with their nurse. Such comfort and such peacefulness all round! But such stillness, such solitude!

The little girls played quietly with their exquisite toys,—such toys as Alice had never in all her life seen, but they did not make up noisy games as her own little boys and girl did at home; joyous romps interspersed with shrieks and cries. These little ones never raised their voices, they were so quiet and well-behaved. And the beautifully-furnished nurseries were so empty,—so woefully empty of a mother's love!

In the mornings, if she were not too busy, Lady Graham appeared to see her children, and to linger for a few moments over the cradle of her son and heir; but her evenings were always engaged, and strangers tucked her children warmly in their soft beds, and paid dependants joined their little hands in prayer.

Miss Carrington stole up sometimes, and played half furtively with the children, for the little girls' nurse did not approve of their soiling their pretty clothes in rough games; and she would not allow them to raise their voices in merry laughter for fear the sound should penetrate to those regions downstairs, where sat the mother and father, each busily immersed in their social or intellectual pursuits.

Mrs. Rankin did not welcome Miss Carrington to her charges' apartments any more than she had welcomed the sweet-faced woman who had come to care for baby Roger.

The Englishwoman believed firmly that no one from Ireland could be clean or hardworking; and she watched jealously for any signs of neglect or carelessness about the person or surroundings of little Roger.

And Alice's heart ached for her babies at home in the Cradle of the West Wind. Sometimes at night, when she awoke, she fancied she felt the familiar swaying-

and heard the gentle murmur of the West Wind at her window. Then she would press the baby to her breast, and call him Bernard, and whisper that the vision of his dead white-clad figure was all a dream. But she would start, as full wakefulness aroused her, and made her realize that her own babes were far away from her in the old country, and that it was the child of a stranger that she held in her arms.

"Sure, me heart does be achin' for the wee yuns at home," she said quietly, in answer to a question Miss Carrington had once put her,—Miss Carrington, the sweet-faced girl she always welcomed to her nursery with gentle courtesy. "'Deed I have ivery comfort, Miss, thank ye. I could not be betther off; but I do be thinkin' long for me babies, an' it frets me, it does. Not but that I'm fond of him," she added hastily. And she lifted her little charge from his lace-covered cradle. "He's a blessed, dear wee chap; but sure, he's not the same as me own."

"In time you'll grow so fond of him that you won't be able to part from him," rejoined Miss Carrington cheerfully. "When he begins to notice he'll twine himself round your heart in no time."

"Ay, he notices already," answered Alice thoughtfully, as she rocked the little one in her arms. "And he has himself twiued round me heart; but 'tis me own childer has the core of me very soul for their own. Ye don't undherstand, Miss dear," she added, raising her wistful eyes to the girl. "There's niver anny can undherstand widout they've had a child of their own. A woman as has had a baby is different to anny other on God's earth. Things is niver the same to thim again. And each baby brings its own special love wid him."

(Conclusion next week.)

THE old saying that familiarity breeds contempt is only partly true. Familiarity with the best things breeds appreciation.

—Anon.

Examples of Iconography.

ICONOGRAPHY is defined as the art of representation by means of statues, pictures, engravings, etc. Christian iconography is the science of like representations of God, the Virgin Mother, the saints, and other sacred subjects. Even in the earliest years of Christianity such representations were made in the underground burial-places of the happy dead of Rome. Strange to say the cross does not seem to have been used in this way during the first centuries of the infant Church, though some authorities profess to discover the sign of man's redemption in various forms of the anchor, which is the most ancient of all Christian symbols, and is expressive of the hope of salvation. Hope is the anchor of the soul, sure and firm. And during the second and third centuries the anchor was much used in the catacombs, particularly in the cemeteries of SS. Priscilla and Calixtus.

The dove is a very frequent symbol in ecclesiastical art. It appears often in representations of the baptism of Our Lord and the descent of the Holy Ghost, and often also as a significant symbol of divine inspiration. In ancient times a vessel in the form of a dove often hung over the baptismal font; and after the baptism of Clovis, in Reims, a golden dove was hung up in the baptistery of the cathedral. The dove in flight is symbolic of Christ's Ascension, and of the entry into everlasting bliss of saints and martyrs. In old monuments the figure of a dove, with an olive branch, would seem to indicate the peace of the departed soul. In Medieval days the Holy Communion for the sick was sometimes borne in a dove-shaped vessel of silver or gold.

Among the symbols of the early Christians that of a fish was of first importance; and had reference to the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. Clement of Alexandria refers

to this, and a fish is met with in many of the frescoes of the early saints and martyrs. But, besides its connection with the double miracle performed by Christ, there was a famous acrostic consisting of the initial letters of five Greek words for fish. These words translated make "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." The fish most favored in frescoes, seals, rings, etc., is a dolphin—the fish believed to be most friendly to men.

One of the few Christian symbols dating from the first century is that of the Good Shepherd, carrying on His shoulders a lamb, and attended by two sheep. The lamb signifies the newly-departed soul, the sheep represent the blessed in heaven.

The lamb in Christian art is often depicted with milk-pails, and was once symbolic of the joys of heaven as well as representative of Our Lord.

His Happiness.

PIGALLE, the celebrated sculptor, had once laid by twelve louis d'ors for a journey, but meeting a man one day with visible marks of intense sorrow in his countenance, he accosted him, and asked if he could in any way be of service to him. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the stranger, "for want of ten louis, I must be dragged to prison to-morrow, and separated from my dear wife and helpless children!"—"Is that all?" said the humane artist. "Come with me; I am glad to say I can command the sum you want, and it shall be at your disposal."

A friend who met Pigalle next day asked if he had not relieved the distress of a certain poor man. "Yes," said Pigalle, without a thought as to how his benefaction came to be known; "and what a delicious supper I made upon bread and cheese with his family, who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, and every mouthful was moistened with the tears of their gratitude! And I felt so happy myself every moment I was with them."

Charity with Grace.

WHEN the refined humor of the cultured Frenchman has also the delicacy of true Christian charity it is admirable indeed. A little incident in the life of a former venerated Bishop of Châlons, Mgr. de Prilly, merits narration as a case in point.

This good prelate, who died in 1860, was noted not less for his charity than for his undaunted heroism, displayed particularly during a cholera epidemic. A citizen of Châlons, the father of a large family, was on one occasion reduced to the very extremity of misery. He had experienced business reverses, and these losses had been followed by a prolonged illness which had completely exhausted his resources. Anxious to procure food for his starving children, he consulted an acquaintance, who advised him to solicit the help of the holy Bishop.

Acting on the advice, he proceeded to the episcopal residence and was admitted into the presence of Mgr. de Prilly. The destitute father with some hesitation exposed the indigence to which he had been reduced. The Bishop listened with his usual kindness; then, opening his purse, handed his visitor fifteen francs. The latter took the sum, but in doing so it appeared to him that he was guilty of a sort of sacrilege. With a scruple of conscience which did him honor, and thinking that the prelate had aided him as a Christian, he declared that he was a Jew.

Mgr. de Prilly at once reopened his purse, though it was none too full.

"My good friend," said he, "all men are children of God. I have just given you fifteen francs in the name of the Son; here are fifteen more in the name of the Father."

THE great wonder of Christianity is not the raising of a dead man, but the raising of a dead world.—*Anon.*

Keeping the Third Commandment.

A LESSON that needs to be impressed with some insistence upon a considerable number of Catholics is that the first Precept of the Church is not coextensive with the third of God's Commandments. Legitimate dispensation from the observance of the Precept may be obtained from the Church's representatives; but neither pastor, bishop nor Pope can exempt the faithful from the obligation of sanctifying the Sunday. To imagine that abstention from servile work on the first day of the week, in the case of those whose attendance at Mass on that day is morally impossible, constitutes adequate observance of the command to keep holy the Sabbath Day, is to cherish a decidedly erroneous opinion.

To the question, What is forbidden by the Third Commandment? the little catechism that is, perhaps, most familiar to the majority of English-speaking Catholics answers: "All unnecessary servile work, and whatever may hinder the due observance of the Lord's Day or tend to profane it." Of the sinfulness of performing servile work on Sunday it is, perhaps, needless to speak at any length. The practice is not, so far as we know, common in any portion of this country; and if in occasional instances individual Catholics do violate the Third Commandment in this respect, it is with full knowledge that they *are* violating it.

As for "whatever may hinder the due observance of the Lord's Day," a word or two of comment may be useful. It is quite feasible to arrange for the Sunday a programme which, while not involving any servile work, practically excludes any genuine sanctification of the day; and it need not be said that the carrying out of such a programme, even though it be in itself perfectly innocent, is strictly forbidden. Let us take a practical case. There are, scattered throughout this country, towns, villages, and settlements whose

Catholic residents have an opportunity of attending Mass only on alternate Sundays, or even still more rarely. Now, if on a vacant Sunday a Catholic spends the forenoon in bed, or in reading newspapers, novels, or other profane literature, and then devotes the afternoon to driving and the evening to social intercourse with friends, it is clear that, although he does no servile work, he nevertheless does that which hinders, which quite prevents, in fact, any due observance of the Lord's Day.

It is important to remember that those who are lawfully excused from hearing Mass on Sunday are exempted from the chief duty, but not from all the duties, imposed upon us by the Third Commandment. True, attendance at the Holy Sacrifice is the only positive work that the Church prescribes under pain of grievous sin; but she very strongly recommends that we should, moreover, hear the Word of God, attend Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, read moral and pious books, and go to Communion. Even to those who have heard Mass she recommends these exercises as additional means by which the day set apart for the Lord's peculiar honor and glory may be profitably and religiously spent. How much more forcibly, then, may she not be legitimately supposed to insist on such exercises in the case of those who are precluded or exempted from attendance at the Holy Sacrifice!

Some theologians do not hesitate to say that the fulfilment of the Church's precept by assisting at Mass is of itself insufficient for the full observance of the Third Commandment—insufficient to excuse one from grievous sin,—since, after all, that Commandment prescribes the sanctification of the Sunday,—the whole day, and not merely an hour or an hour and a half of the day. While this opinion may pretty safely be set down as ultra-rigorous, there is no exaggeration in saying that those who,

being prevented from hearing Mass, do not even take the trouble to attend such other religious exercises as lie within their opportunity, are positively neglecting to sanctify the Sunday.

It is a regrettable fact, but a fact nevertheless, that a good many people—a good many men especially—have formed erroneous consciences about this matter; they have practically convinced themselves that the dominant idea in "Sunday" is that it is not the Lord's Day but man's; that their rights and privileges on that day are illimitable, while their duties and positive obligations are infinitesimal. There is no precept of the Church, obliging one to attend Vespers and Benediction, it is true; but there *is* a distinct Commandment of God obliging us to keep holy His one day in the week; and while, of course, it is possible to sanctify the Sunday without being present at such services, even when one has not had the opportunity of hearing Mass in the morning, still, the sanctification likely to be effected by those whom sheer indolence, careless indifference, the desire for recreation, or a similar reason, keeps from visiting the house of God at least once on God's own day, is clearly open to suspicion.

Possibly those who habitually absent themselves from Sunday afternoon or evening services supply the omission by reading pious books, by the recitation of additional prayers in the family circle, by instructing the ignorant (their own children and their servants, for instance) in the truths of religion, by visiting and consoling the sick and unfortunate, or by other spiritual or corporal works of mercy. Even so, occasional attendance at these services is to be recommended if only for the sake of example, and to avoid impressing upon their children the pernicious idea, which a good many of those children are likely to entertain, that when they grow up it will be the correct thing to avoid going to church on Sunday afternoons or evenings.

Now for the Facts.

TO show how difficult it is to obtain an accurate account of any event, even from eye-witnesses, M. Albert Dauzat in his new book, "Légendes, Prophéties et Superstitions de la Guerre," relates that at a meeting of scientists a squabble between two people was suddenly and unexpectedly sprung upon them by previous arrangement. The president of the meeting, under pretence of securing legal evidence, requested every one present to write a report of what had happened. Though the assembly consisted exclusively of psychologists, jurists, and doctors, only one report contained less than twenty per cent of errors, thirteen had more than fifty per cent of errors, and thirty-four had invented between ten and fifteen per cent of the details. Whereupon the *London Times Literary Supplement*, in its review of M. Dauzat's book, remarks: "When men of science, quietly met together, can make so many errors in a single report there can be no further surprise at the legends invented and implicitly believed in during the agitated years of war."

It is quite undeniable that during the war Governments for their own purposes invented stories, allowed false reports to go without contradiction, and suppressed facts when it suited them to do so. A case in point is the battle of Charleroi in August, 1914. It was a disastrous one for the French forces, though referred to in official dispatches as "a strategic retirement" instead of a rout.

Official falsifications during the war no doubt often had the effect of preventing panics, however, that is an excuse, not a justification; and the Governments that were so fertile in subterfuges ought to be willing now to publish facts. The psychology of the masses is such that the necessity of knowing the exact truth is sometimes imperative. "You can't fool all the people all the time," as Lincoln said.

Notes and Remarks.

On a recent occasion Cardinal Bourne had something to say to the Catholics of England which the Catholics of this country also would do well to heed. His Eminence declared that no one could fail to realize that a new period had begun in the history of the world, in which things were not as they were during the war, not even as they were five years ago. Any such new period must be fraught with opportunities and possibilities; and where there were opportunities and possibilities a very large share must inevitably fall to those who had the immense grace and benefit of possessing, in the teaching of the Church, a sure guide both of faith and conduct. The outstanding feature of the new era seemed to be that outside the Church there was really no form of faith; so that people either set down as a principle that everyone must believe just what his own mind suggested to him, or that whilst certain articles of belief were put forward, no one had any right or power to enforce them.

There was formerly, his Eminence said, a traditional interpretation of the moral law, generally accepted by Christians, even by those outside the Church, and that was going very rapidly. Certain points of moral conduct, not merely affecting the life and future of the individual, but affecting most profoundly the whole community, were no longer accepted; and things were being publicly taught and propagated which had ruined every country in which they had prevailed in ancient and modern times. That meant that the Church had a new work to do, or rather an old work in new conditions. It was becoming more and more clear every day that it was only the Catholic Church that could guide society aright; only the Catholic Church that, by its definite principles, could withstand the torrent of evils which must result if wrong tendencies prevailed. Therefore the Church

had to exercise her permeating and elevating influence in a new direction. It was only gradually—not in the first instance by getting people to accept the Church, but by causing the principles of her teaching to prevail little by little upon outsiders—that it could be hoped to counteract the evil and do the good which belonged to the Church at the present time. His Eminence affirmed that he did not believe there had been a time in the history of the country in which men were more willing to listen to what the Church had to say. There was not, he thought, quite the old indifference: there was a vague idea in many minds that the Church had a message to deliver, and though not quite acceptable was, after all, worth listening to. In every direction, before all kinds of audiences, the Catholic speaker would now find himself in not antipathetic touch with those to whom he spoke. So that an extremely favorable field had been opened to champions of the Church's cause.

We are sincerely sorry not to have received a fuller and more exact report of so important an address as this. Cardinal Bourne seems never to speak in public without having something to say that is especially important, exceptionally wise, and eminently practical.

Talk is proverbially cheap. Somebody to do things that ought to be done, and done quickly and thoroughly, is the great need of the hour in this country; and, in the opinion of the editor of the *Muncie (Ind.) News*, affiliation with this or that political party will cut no figure. "The most popular man in public life," he declares, "is going to be the man that makes things hardest for the profiteer in necessities, whoever he is and wherever he is. The modern crusader who is big enough to do this thing in a big way and get results from his efforts may have about anything the public can give him, and the same public is not going to ask too closely whether he is a Republican, a Democrat, or something else. The man in the home

trenches has been 'fed up' until he is nauseated upon high flown theories of government while having to scramble from morning till night to get together enough dollars to keep his family in real food and with a real roof over their heads. Now he is tired of talk. He wants somebody to do something."

But "the most popular man in public life" will have to avoid courting popularity, and give convincing proofs of being a friend of all the people, all the time. Only office-seekers and professional politicians will care a fig whether he is a Democrat or a Republican.

We are wondering what action will be taken by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, as it is called, on the letter of resignation addressed to the presiding bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Tuttle, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kinsman, bishop of Delaware. This letter will, of course, be read at the triennial convention of the P. E. C. in Detroit next October. That it will create a sensation, nobody has the slightest doubt; and that it will even cause a stampede no churchman is without grave fears. Bishop Kinsman assigns three reasons for resigning his office and withdrawing from the ministry, "(1) tolerance of denials of the faith seeming to indicate failure to defend the Church's doctrine; (2) tolerance of imperfect views of sacraments seeming to result in failure rightly to use them; (3) a theory of Orders which seems to nullify them." Three leading questions also, which he could answer only in the affirmative, had been puzzling the Bishop: "Is the Creed worth defending? Are the sacraments divine mysteries? Is Holy Orders a sacrament?" In his letter of resignation Bishop Kinsman says: "I believe that the only answer the Church should make to all of those questions to be a prompt and emphatic 'Yes'; yet I have come to feel that our communion by its noncommittal attitude virtually answers 'No.' Hence I have no choice

but to resign my place and to declare my withdrawal from the ministry; the bishops have no choice but to accept the resignation and proceed to my deposition, since my resignation for these reasons involves renunciation of the discipline and orders of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

When Fr. Denifle's great work on Luther and Lutheranism appeared in Germany, and certain of the reformer's most learned followers in Berlin were asking, "What shall we do in this matter?" (there was no refuting the work), Prof. Harnack is reported to have said "Do nothing"—for the very excellent reason that there was nothing to be done. The House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America had better do nothing in the case of Bishop Kinsman of Delaware except to depose him, as was done in the case of Bishop Ives of North Carolina, who became a convert to the Church of All Lands, and died an humble lay member of her flock.

Men with nerves of steel were Commandant Raynal, his brother officers and the soldiers who defended Vaux, the outlying fort of Verdun in the great attack in June, 1916. The value of this declassified fort lay in the shelter for troops which its shell-proof casemates and corridors afforded. Under cover of a heavy barrage, the Germans broke into it and established themselves on the upper works. Henceforward for seven days a continual fight went on in the underground buildings and passages. As fast as the Germans blew up walls and barricades the garrison rebuilt them. Grenades, flame-projectors, asphyxiating gases failed to dislodge the defenders, though in one case they were saved by a draught of air in a passage blowing the flames back on the enemy. Want of water eventually began to tell; the reserve cistern proved to have been incorrectly measured, and what water was in it was filthy and soon expended. The condition of the wounded was appalling, and the apparition of one of them

dragging himself along on his knees and demanding in a whisper a drink of water seems to have shaken even the heroic commander's iron nerve. (He himself was still suffering from three wounds previously received.) The counter-attack made to regain the line of the fort failed, and this was plainly visible to the defenders; Commander Raynal then felt compelled to give his word to his officers that if relief did not come by next day he would spare them and their valiant men further torture by surrendering—and the relief did not come.

It is questionable if the history of the war will record anything more heroic than the defence of Fort Vaux; and it is gratifying to state that the Germans who finally overcame the brave Frenchmen complimented them on their extraordinary resistance, and treated Commandant Raynal with special honor. As he had no sword—he was still lame from his wounds and using a stick—the Crown Prince presented him with a sapper's short sword, the only French arm that could be procured at the moment. Subsequently he was recalled and handed a French officer's sword in exchange. He was also given a copy of a message from General Joffre thanking him for his valiant defence and a nomination as a Commander of the Légion d'Honneur, which the Germans had captured. Historians of the World War will have other instances to chronicle of magnanimity vying with valor, but none more striking than this.

How truly the editor of the *Annals of St. Joseph* says!—"We are not going to do any good to the angry, impoverished workman, no matter how we may lavish money on making his condition better, unless he recognizes in us a deep and sincere conviction that he has rights as a man which ought to be considered, and dignity as a man which ought to be respected. The beautiful old Spanish way of refusing a beggar by saying, 'Forgive me, brother, for the love of God,

for I, too, am poor,' will satisfy the mendicant infinitely more than if you flung him your purse. The kind-hearted Christian woman who had no money to give a poor widow, but who kissed her in lieu of an alms, received as a reward the wish, 'May God do the like to you!' thus doing more to comfort that heavy heart than if she had given money and passed on. . . . Such methods are a recognition of the equality which exists between man and man, and its denial is more irritating than any inequality of fortune."

Married couples who are childless miss many joys and blessings by not adopting orphans. A priest of our acquaintance, who has a big heart and a soft spot in it for children deprived of their parents, tells us he never visited a happier home than that of a good old German and his wife who had adopted a little Irish orphan boy. It was a delight to this priest to see how he had grown into their hearts and they into his,—also to hear him speaking German, with a brogue that, it is safe to say, was never heard in Germany. The old couple bless the day when Johnny came to them, and he, too, has good reasons for blessing it.

Deploring the falling off in the number of school children in the State of Indiana, the editor of the *Fort Wayne News and Sentinel* has something to say about and to childless married people, which may be quoted (in part) in connection with what we have just related. The article is decidedly downright, and somewhat too pointed for our use; however, this extract from it will pass:

The truth of the matter is, and there's no use denying it, married people are not "going in for children" these days. They are taking every precaution not to have them, and there's no use disguising the fact. . . . We know that they are childless by choice, and all the explanations and all the assertions they make to the contrary fail to convince us. This does not mean, of course, that there are not couples who are childless to their deep sorrow and regret; but it *does* mean that the great majority who pull

long faces and talk about the "sad dispensation of Providence in denying us the joy of children" are talking for effect; and everybody knows it. If their feelings were really of that character, they would adopt some one else's children, but it will be observed that they do not do so. They slip along on Easy Street, free from care and expense (don't forget the expense), and come at last to a joyless old age wherein, even those that possess much money, lack that loving care which only children can give.

Look about you and note the childless couples, and then think of the future woe and suffering they are piling up for themselves, if they live beyond middle age. Their condition is really pathetic. Yet they do not realize it *now*.

Although Germany, all things considered, has suffered more and has greater material losses to bear than any of the other countries that were engaged in the war, reconstruction would seem to be making more rapid progress there than elsewhere. The new German Constitution, just passed by the National Assembly, declares that all citizens shall enjoy complete religious freedom. No State Church now exists, and no form of religion is a bar to citizenship or public office. Marriage being the foundation of social life and the salvation of nations, will be under the special protection of the Constitution on the basis of the equality of the sexes. Motherhood is acknowledged to have a prior claim on Government protection. There is no legislation against private schools, though universal attendance at educational institutions of some sort is decreed; and, furthermore, there is provision for both needy pupils and their families. Public morality is to be carefully safeguarded, the right of free speech upheld, personal liberty to be respected, etc. A strong document, and not less wise in all its provisions, is the new Constitution of Germany.

Dr. Percy Dearmer, who has been appointed to the new Chair of Ecclesiastical Art at King's College, London, used to be an Anglican vicar; and he is an authority on copes, chasubles, and many other

things ecclesiastical. He knows all about church music, too; and he can read lessons and collects in the most approved manner, enunciating such words as Mesopotamia and Nebuchadnezzar in a way to make people shed tears. But a book Dr. Dearmer has just published on "The Art of Public Worship" makes us very doubtful about his theology. In pleading for a revision of the Book of "Common Prayer" (he doesn't like anything common) he says: "Omit Noah's Ark, which nobody now believes in except the children"; and he begins a most dreary discussion of the relation of the Decalogue to truth with the curious assertion that "we clergy have from long mortifying custom lost our conscience in this matter."

Judging by their sayings and doings, a great many clergymen of the Church of England have lost their conscience in some things far more important than copes, cruets and candlesticks. It would do them good, perhaps, to read Ruskin's "Arrows of the Chase" and certain of his "Letters to the Clergy."

It should be altogether unnecessary to inform any educated Catholic, above all "a college graduate," that the late Ernst Haeckel, founder of the Monistic system of philosophy, and best known generally as the author of "The Riddle of the Universe" was a discredited scientist in his own country for many years before his death. Not only was his teaching shown to be false, but he himself was convicted of scientific forgeries. If any one in Germany were now to refer to Haeckel as a "star of first magnitude in the firmament of science," he would be laughed at. Let us further state, for the benefit of "a college graduate," that there is an excellent English translation of Fr. Wasmann's famous "Berlin Discussion of the Problem of Evolution." No one who has not read these lectures and the same author's "Modern Biology" (also in English) should venture to talk on the subject of evolution.



The First Knitting Lesson.

HERE are needles, Bessie mine,
Not too sharp and not too fine;
Here is worsted, soft and blue,
To make a little hood for you.

Cast on stitches—this way, see,—
Just as loose as they can be;
Now one off, and now knit one,—
Your lesson, dear, is well begun.

Slip two stitches, just like this;
Here you knit one, here you miss;
Taking these two double—so.
At the end of your first row.

'Let you do it all alone?'
Surely, grandma's precious one!
And when you're tired, run and play:
We'll knit again another day.

* * *

Elijah Carpenter's Adventure.

BY E. M. DALTON.

ELIJAH felt, vaguely, that he was much abused. He had never known it until the tin-peddler, who got around to the vicinity of Upper Barton about once in three months, began to leave beautifully colored fashion-books with the tin-ware. And such books!—books where silk-gowned ladies posed and simpered; where gallant-looking gentlemen drove prancing and impossible steeds; and where—crowning glory!—beautiful little boys were decked in ruffled shirts and smart ties, and led majestic mastiffs over well-trimmed lawns.

And he, Elijah Carpenter, now almost ten and a half years old, was condemned to checked aprons! Sometimes they were blue and white, occasionally brown and white; at long intervals green and white; but always gingham; always with a

narrow ruffle around the neck; always detestable and unendurable. Once in awhile the peddler would stay at Elijah's home all night; and then, book in hand, Elijah would question him.

"Did you ever see boys that looked like these?" he asked one night.

"Yes, thousands of 'em. Boston's just chock-full of 'em."

"Don't any little boys in Boston wear aprons?"

The man was footing up his accounts and did not see the drift of the remark.

"Aprons! Oh, bless you, no!"

He hardly realized what he said, but Elijah knew.

"Don't you think I'm too old now to wear aprons?"

"Why, of course! Let me see—three and five are eight." And so he went on, being slow with figures.

"I think so, too," said Elijah; "and what's more, I *won't* wear one!"

"What did you say?" inquired the peddler, having added up his column.

Elijah looked toward the fireplace, to make sure that his Aunt Sarah was fast asleep; then whispered:

"I'm going to run away."

"You don't say so! Who with?"

"With you."

"*Me!* Land of love! Where be you going to run to?"

"Anywhere you go."

"But what on earth could I do with a boy?" asked the man, dim forebodings of trouble beginning to possess him.

"I could hold the horses."

"A hitching-strap could do that."

"And you won't take me?"

"Why, you see, sonny, I dassent."

Elijah had not inherited his Grandfather Carpenter's firm chin for nothing. He had likewise fallen heir to some of the diplomatic skill of his maternal

grandsire; so he shut his teeth together and held his peace for the time being; while the peddler, Silas Brown by name, began another column.

The children of to-day have many pleasures—too many, some very good folk say,—but they do not know the delight of the New England country lad of fifty years ago when the great van and well-fed horses of the vendor of tin-ware appeared in the distance. Was there ever vermilion so red as the paint on his huge wagon? Were there ever, outside a story-book, steeds so gallant as those he drove in such a masterful way? Was there ever so fortunate a being as the one who cracked his whip over their glossy backs?

If he was fairly young, the farmers' daughters donned a fresh ribbon as he slackened his horses' pace; if old, they brewed him refreshing and strengthening drinks, and listened with awe to his tales of the world; in any case, he was a hero who brought to some of them all that was varied and enlivening in their monotonous and dreary existence. The way he balanced the steelyards and weighed their little store of rags was like a play; and the shining dipper or pan they got in exchange, a treasure almost too precious for common purposes. To this distinguished class did good Silas Brown belong.

When bedtime came, Elijah went to his little north room, and took off his apron and threw it on the floor. But that proving inadequate to appease his discontent, he picked it up and ripped a part of the hem, so that it hung in a little festoon.

"I'll never put it on again," he said, "if I live to be a hundred!"

He gathered a little bundle of clothes together, tying them up in a newspaper. It was slow work, for his fingers were cold and the candle feeble; and he was so tired and excited when he crawled into bed that he forgot to say, "Now I lay me," etc.,—the bedside prayer of all

good Puritan children. About daylight he awoke. Silas Brown was to get his own breakfast, and so have an early start. Elijah heard him whistling as he looked after his horses.

"Now's my time!" said the little lad, crawling in among the bright tin cups with his bundle. Benjamin Franklin in the pictures always left home with a bundle under his arm, and so this seemed suitable. Elijah wondered if Mr. Franklin had to wear gingham aprons when he was nearly eleven years old. It seemed hours before the wagon started,—it may have been twenty minutes.

"Get up!" cried Silas Brown, with a crack of the whip; and they were off.

Elijah soon began to be uncomfortable. The sharp edges of the tin hurt him at every jolt, and the pangs of hunger assailed him; but he made no sign. It was not until Silas opened the door of the red wagon at a farmhouse two miles away that he was discovered.

"Well, I swan to gracious!" exclaimed the astonished peddler, as Elijah crawled from the corner, where he had been sitting on a pile of tin pails.

"I told you I'd run away, and I did!" said the boy, stoutly.

"Yes, I *see* you did," answered Silas. He did not seem very much surprised and not one bit angry. On the contrary, his eyes twinkled, and he produced a big red apple from his pocket and handed it to the stowaway. "Just climb up and hold the horses," he went on, "while I go in and see if old Mrs. Martin has some rags she wants to trade for a two-quart pail. The last time I was 'round she thought hers wouldn't hold out more than through berry-picking time."

Elijah did as he was bidden, feeling very proud and important as he sat on the driver's seat, munching his apple and holding the new leather reins. He had on his Sunday jacket and his best hat. The hated gingham aprons were to him as if they had never been. Already he was living in a new world; he would

not have been surprised if a gallant gentleman from the fashion-book had stepped from behind a tree.

And then, all in a moment, his heart was filled with gloom and misery. Who would feed his chickens? They needed corn-meal prepared in just such a way, and no one else knew what that way was. The little speckled hen was ailing, and his aunt didn't know it. Oh, if he could only be at home for a few minutes—just long enough to mix that meal and let Towser out of his kennel! Poor Towser! he wouldn't know what to think when he found his master gone. And the calf! And Dick, the canary!

"I won't think of them," said Elijah. "It isn't likely that Benjamin Franklin worried about chickens and dogs when he left home."

"Well, I declare to gracious!" cried Mrs. Martin, bustling out to the wagon, "if there ain't Elijah Carpenter! How's your Aunt Sarah, Elijah?"

"Pretty well," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"And you're off taking a ride with Mr. Brown? Well, I do hope you'll enjoy it; and I wish you'd tell your aunt that I have some new dried yeast, and she's welcome to a cake any time."

Every stop was a repetition of this one. By noon Elijah began to think that the life of a tin-peddler was somewhat monotonous. And, then, he was so very hungry! At one o'clock they came to a tavern; but by that time something worse than hunger tormented Elijah. The glamour was all gone. For one sight of Towser he would have worn a checked apron to a king's levee.

"I don't want anything to eat!" he said, choking so that he could hardly speak. Hard balls seemed to fill his throat if he uttered a sound.

"Curl up and go to sleep," suggested Silas, who had been a boy himself one day; "and I'll save you a drumstick."

He made Elijah a nice nest among the pails and pans, and the lad soon forgot

his misery. He dreamed of old Towser, and of feeding corn-meal to his Aunt Sarah, and trying a gingham apron on the calf. The awakening came too soon. Homesickness had him in its grasp. He had never heard of hysterics; but he began to laugh and cry all at once, to the alarm of the good proprietor of the red wagon.

"I want to go home!" he moaned. "Let me get down and walk home. My aunt won't feed the chickens right, and she'll forget to let out Towser. I'm—I'm having a fine time, and I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Brown; but I guess I'll wait till some other day."

Then his bravery all forsook him, and his sobs shook him as if he had been a blade of grass in the wind.

"There, sonny!" said the kind Silas, coming down from his perch and taking the little sufferer in his strong arms. "Don't take on!"

"I want to go home!" Elijah sobbed; "and we must be a hundred miles away from it."

"We ain't a mile away," answered Silas; "and I'm going back to your aunt's to stay over night,—I forgot to tell you. And there's Towser!"

Was Elijah happy now? Is the frozen earth happy when the April sun shines? Is a lark happy when its cage door flies open?

In a few minutes the wanderer was folded in his Aunt Sarah's welcoming arms, and she cried as hard as he did.

"Mr. Brown told me after you had gone to bed," she said; "and it's all my fault. You shall never wear the aprons again. They're most worn out, anyway. He says he'll give me two six-quart pans for them. And, Elijah dear, I didn't know; I never had any children of my own. I thought the aprons were all right: I didn't know but the boys in Boston wore them."

Then she kissed the little fellow; and with Towser at their heels, they went to feed the chickens.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

IX.—PARIS AND AN AERODROME.

AT six o'clock sharp, the morning after the quarrel at the Golden Globe, Fourrin made his appearance, according to custom, at the door of his grocery; and great was his surprise on noticing that the store of his rival and enemy, Layac, generally open long before his own, was still closed.

His surprise changed to uneasiness when he saw the placard with its announcement, "Closed for reasons of travel."

"Hello!" said he to himself, "is it possible that Layac spoke the truth yesterday? Is he really going to secure, as he said he was, an inheritance of two millions? If so, I must keep my eyes open."

He had no time for further reflection, because customers began to arrive and he had to wait on them. All the same, a few minutes later, even while attending to the increasing crowd of purchasers, he could see an omnibus from the railway station draw up at Layac's door and there receive trunks, handbags, and bandboxes.

"Ah, ha!" said Fourrin, "Layac is certainly going away. Where to, I wonder? That's the question."

Just at that moment, the big grocer appeared and climbed up to the top of the omnibus. With a lingering glance of defiance at the Modern Grocery, he settled himself in his seat and gave the driver the word to go ahead; while Tim, mounted on his motor-cycle, gaily preceded them on the way to the station. And for several weeks thereafter, Fourrin, although no day passed without his thinking of his detested rival, heard nothing further of Layac.

The first stage of the trip undertaken by Tim and his uncle was naturally Toulouse. Our young apprentice had to stop there in order to explain to his

master the voyage he was obliged to undertake, and to obtain leave of absence for three months, which he judged to be about the length of time necessary for the completion of the voyage.

Mr. Drimel was of course very much interested in the story of the will and its provisions. He readily granted Tim the desired vacation, and even promised to go over to Albi to see his apprentice off on the day fixed for the departure in aeroplane from Albi to Lisbon,—a promise which added considerably to Tim's gratification.

Their business in Toulouse being thus successfully finished, uncle and nephew betook themselves to one of the splendid restaurants in Lafayette Place where they dined in comfort. An hour afterwards they took their seats in a first-class car (a future millionaire couldn't do less) of a train bound for Paris.

How their hearts beat at the sound of the long whistle which announced the starting of the train! You must remember that neither one of them had done much travelling, and that the whole country through which they were to go was quite new to them. Tim was altogether delighted. His heart was simply overflowing with joy as he dwelt on the details of this whole romantic adventure. His lively imagination already pictured the most amusing incidents that would fill up the coming days, and he could scarcely sit still at the thought of all the fun in store for him.

Uncle Layac, on the contrary, was rather glum. Calmly passing the whole matter in review, he felt himself invaded by a sentiment of melancholy and of apprehension for the future. Where was he going to so boldly? Into what dangers, what possible catastrophes, what new conditions of life was he thrusting himself? For, after all, he had taken a decidedly hazardous resolution when he had shut up his store for so long a time. The few customers whom he had still retained, would surely betake themselves

to his rival's before he returned. And, supposing—as was not at all improbable—that he could not carry out the eccentric provisions of his friend Doremus' will, what was left for him but definite and irretrievable ruin?

From these sombre meditations he was aroused by the clear and joyous tones of Tim, who, with his nose glued to the car window, had been silently watching the flying landscape.

"Look, Uncle Layac, look! Isn't it splendid?"

And he pointed out the pretty villages coquettishly poised on the slopes of verdure-clad hills, or nestling cosily in the bosom of flowering meadows. Tim, who had often enough rolled along the great highways in automobiles, never ceased admiring the prospect. The smallest hamlet, the most isolated farm, and, in default of these, every glimpse of forest and every patch of grain-field drew from him exclamations of surprise and joy.

Finally night fell and they dozed off until, about midnight, the train arrived in Paris. Then they were confronted with a question which, thus far, neither one of them had thought about. Where were they going to put up? Uncle Layac suggested that they should make inquiries and find some modest little boarding-house, respectable—and cheap.

"Boarding-house, not at all!" cried Tim. "I think I see myself and you, Uncle, a prospective millionaire, setting up at anything else than a first-class hostelry. What do you suppose Mr. Doremus meant you to do with those twenty-thousand francs? A boarding-house? No, indeed! We'll go to the Grand Hotel. See! there's an auto waiting to take us there. Come on, Uncle; it isn't every day one gets to Paris!"

Uncle Layac allowed himself to be persuaded, as most men who are undecided are apt to be persuaded by an energetic companion, and accordingly they took their seats in the auto-bus of the Grand Hotel, which, crossing the Seine by the

Tuileries bridge, rolled along the Place de la Concorde, a scene of fairy-like aspect, and passed into the magnificent Rue Royale, with its gorgeously illuminated *café*, its music and song and re-echoing laughter.

"I say, Uncle Layac," cried Tim, whose eyes were devouring the brilliant spectacle, "it doesn't happen to be the national festival, does it? Then what in the world is the meaning of all this light and music?"

"The meaning, my lad," volunteered the chauffeur of the auto-bus, "is simply that you are in Paris."

To say that the pair of them slept soundly that night would be something of an exaggeration. They were both too excited to rest well, and were consequently up and dressed bright and early. Just as soon as the dining-room of the Grand Hotel was open, they partook of a light breakfast, and then started out to see Paris. Before they had decided what to see first, however, they were treated to a delightful surprise, one seemingly arranged as if by miracle for their especial benefit. A big poster in the entrance hall of the hotel announced, for that very day, the grand opening of Aviation Week at the Juvisy Aerodrome.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Tim. "Here is our affair settled at once. All the best aviators are to fly, this week, at Juvisy. That's the place for us, Uncle Layac! That's where we are to make our acquaintance with aeroplanes."

"You are right, Tim. We'll go to Juvisy to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Why not to-day? Don't you see that the grand opening is set for this afternoon?"

"And what about our seeing Paris?"

"Time enough for that, later on. Paris won't fly away, whereas the aeroplanes—"

"Will fly, eh?"

"Just so, Uncle Layac. Let's find out at once how to get to Juvisy."

The obliging clerk of the hotel told them to take a train at the Quai d'Orsay

station, and they at once proceeded to that busy quarter. Hundreds of Parisians were going in the same direction, and, when they arrived at the station, they were obliged to wait a full hour before getting their tickets. The railway company had opened, for the occasion, a dozen ticket-offices where Juvisy transportation could be secured; but before each of these offices there was a long string of intending passengers awaiting their turn. Finally, our Albi friends secured their tickets, were shown on board one of the numerous trains that were setting out every five minutes for Juvisy, and in due time reached the great aerodrome. It really looked as if all Paris had decided to see the aeroplane flights; for, at the most conservative estimate, there were present fully three hundred thousand people.

How thoroughly, however, Uncle Layac and Tim were repaid that day for all their waiting and trouble! Up above that enormous crowd, scattered all about the aerodrome grounds, who were filling the air with their shouts of admiration and enthusiasm, five or six great, big white birds, gracious and apparently fragile, floated and circled and dipped and soared aloft with an ease and dexterity that one had to witness in order to believe.

The big white birds were flying-machines. Here, an imposing biplane, darting from the ground, swept proudly to the conquest of the skies; there a frail monoplane ascended, almost perpendicularly, up and up and up until it looked no larger than a swallow. It was a magnificent spectacle, that fleet of acroplanes travelling at will through the sunny sky; and one was tempted to believe one's self in a magic land such as one sees only in dreams.

Most of the famous aviators of the world were present at Juvisy that day: the American Wright brothers, the French Bleriot, who in a slight monoplane first crossed the Channel; Paulhan and Latham, the Count of Lambert, the Farman brothers, and Santos-Dumont, whose

manipulation of the smallest of the machines, kept the great crowd thrilling with emotion throughout his entire flight.

There comes an end to everything; and, towards six o'clock, the day's events were concluded. Tim had been enraptured all the afternoon, and even his big uncle, seeing how easily the aeroplanes were guided, had lost for the time being his fear of the upper realms. As the two made their way to their train, the big grocer proudly threw out his chest, and, vigorously slapping his nephew on the shoulder, exclaimed:

"That settles it, Tim, my dear boy! Henceforth you behold in your uncle no longer the grocer of Albi, but Layac, the aviator!"

(To be continued.)

An Absent-Minded Scotchman.

THE Rev. John Duncan, a famous Scotch minister of the last century, was very absent-minded, and many amusing stories are told of this awkward failing. On one occasion he had arranged to preach in a certain church a few miles from Aberdeen. He set out on a pony in good time; but when near the end of his journey, he felt a desire to take a pinch of snuff. The wind, however, blowing in his face, he turned the head of the pony round, the better to enjoy the luxury. Pocketing his snuff-box, he started the pony without thinking to turn it in the proper direction; and he did not discover his error until he found himself on Union Street, Aberdeen, at the very time when he ought to be preaching seven miles off.

On another occasion he was invited to dinner at the house of a friend, and was shown into a bedroom to wash his hands. After a long delay, as he did not appear, his friend went to the room and, behold! there lay the professor in bed, and fast asleep. He was more hungry than tired, and had forgotten all about the dinner.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Announcements of George Allen and Unwin include "Some Winchester Letters of Lionel Johnson."

—A collection of religious poems in the rhythm of the Church Latin Proses, by M. Paul Claudel, has just been published in Paris.

—Many readers of "170 Chinese Poems," by Arthur Waley, will welcome the announcement of "More Translations from the Chinese," by the same hand.

—A notable contribution to the case against Prohibition is "The Whole Truth about Alcohol," by George Elliot Flint. Two important chapters are "The Increase in Drug Addicts" and "The Tyranny of National Prohibition." Published by the Macmillan Co.

—A copy of the famous block book of the Apocalyptic visions of St. John, struck off at Nürnberg or near Bamberg about 1460, and consisting of fifty leaves of designs and inscriptions in Gothic letters, printed from wood blocks, was sold recently at Sotheby's auction rooms in London. Only one other copy, which is at Munich, is known.

—We regret to learn that several of the Bombay "Examiner Reprints," the importance and excellence of which were becoming more and more generally—if slowly—recognized, are out of print. The number includes "Theosophy and Christianity," "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," "Thirteen Articles on Freemasonry," "Ten Articles on Evolution," "Formation of Character," "Essay on Love," and "That Infamous Maxim (the End Justifies the Means)." We hope to welcome soon new editions of all these pamphlets, especially—for an obvious reason—the first named.

—In an Introduction to "Documents and Statements Relating to Peace Proposals and War Aims (Dec., 1916–Nov., 1918)," published by Allen and Unwin, London, the compiler, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, says, with reference to Alsace-Lorraine, that some of the documents and rumors cited suggest that in the summer of 1917 the German statesmen were ready to abandon these provinces. But the failure of the conversations "hardened their hearts"; and subsequently, we are told, "they stated again and again that there could be no question of giving up German territory. On the other hand, French statesmen made it equally clear that the recovery of the provinces was an essential war aim of France. So that, on that showing,

the war would have continued indefinitely for these two provinces (whose total population is but a small fraction of the numbers killed in the war), even if every other issue in dispute could have been compromised." However it may be with the people of Lorraine, those of Alsace, who have the spirit of the Centre Party, still have their hearts hardened against the French Government, which would now rob them of religious liberty.

—A most welcome little book, one for which we have long been waiting, is "The Mirror of Perfection of the Blessed Francis of Assisi," a companion volume of the precious "Fioretti," just published by Burns and Oates. "The Mirror" was compiled from the records of Brother Leo, the beloved disciple of St. Francis, and other early disciples of the saint, who committed to writing their remembrances of his acts and words. "Done in the most holy place of S. Mary of the Little Portion, and completed this fifth of the Ides of May in the year of Our Lord 1228." The work is delightfully translated by Dr. Sebastian Evans, from the Latin text edited by M. Paul Sabatier in 1898. Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., contributes an informing preface, for which all students of Franciscan literature will be grateful. An 18mo of 232 pages, fairly well printed, and appropriately bound in brown cloth. Price about 75 cents.

—Surprises and disappointments are in store for readers of the second volume of the "History of American Literature," edited by Prof. Trent and others. The *London Times Literary Supplement*, which devotes more than a page to the work, refers to it as "a wilderness of chapters on orators, statesmen, early historians, early humorists, magazines and gift books, newspapers, divines and moralists, writers of familiar verse, and unfamiliar writers of verse, poets of civil war and reconstruction north and south, dialect writers, and books for children. This last, or juvenile, section, concludes the text (410 pp.) which is then followed by 260 pages of bibliography and index. . . . Our co-operative history ["Cambridge History of English Literature"] was Cambridge only in name, not in any kind of exclusiveness; but here a partiality can not fail to be noted, for Columbia sweeps the board, and from universities so literary as Harvard, Yale and Princeton there are no representatives whatever. This lack of balance, together with the lack of contagious enthusiasm in the writing, the absence of enkindling citation, and the dearth of comparative estimates constitute in our view

faults which prevent us, in defiance of anticipation, from extending such a cordial reception to the second volume as we did to the first. As an encyclopædia and repository of precise information the standard of the present volume may probably be very high indeed. But as a harmonious and artistic survey of a young nation mewing its mighty youth in the sphere of *belles lettres*, it must be deemed to fall short of a complete work of art."

—Oregon, too, has a poet-priest in the person of the Rev. P. F. Gibney, who has published in appropriately solemn numbers a "Debate with Death." It is a remarkable production for a man of eighty summers (the author has seen that number, we are informed); in fact, it would be a remarkable production for a man of any age. Fr. Gibney has a gentle, humble, forgiving spirit, as these lines go to prove:

My heart often haughty, was never the seat,
Of malice, revenge, or implacable hate.
These often from rectitude made me recede,
For which I, alas! can not ignorance plead.
As I on the verge of eternity stand,
And have not a moment of time to command,
I freely forgive all my enemies here,
In hopes to get pardon where I must appear.

The poet-priest of Oregon would probably consider as pernickety all and sundry who object to certain of his rhymes. A poet, yet surely no pedant, is Fr. Gibney.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
 "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.
 "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.

- "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
 "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X: 50 cts.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. F. J. Koch, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. John Lally, diocese of Scranton.

Sister Edouardina, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood; Sister M. Antonina, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Aloysius, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. A. E. Langton, Mr. Henry Miller, Miss Catherine Feeney, Mr. Charles Roehrig, Mrs. Catherine Gallagher, Mr. Anthony Huver, Miss N. A. Tonkinson, Miss Mary Macdonald, Mr. Albin Thoma, Mr. J. B. Cush, Miss Mary Brady, Mr. Lawrence Hurley, Mr. William Mertins, Miss Agnes McMahon, Mr. Frederick Bogenberger, Mrs. Catherine McCaffrey, and Mr. J. B. Goulette.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: "In honor of St. Anthony," \$6.50; B. J. M., \$10; friend (Philadelphia), \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. X. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1919.

NO. 10

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Cardinal Farley's Last Christening.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

GOD keep thee now, my cardinal-chrism'd child,
 Anchored to the great cathedral, many-aisled,
 By sweet old age made one with all the ageless,
 Uplifted to the Lord of Life by dying hands;
 Let now thy little soul flit cageless,
 Made free of Roman Catholic lands.

By salt and water sifted unto sweetest use,
 And consecrated from the widowed Church's cruse
 The dust of Rome for thee is set a flower!

For thee the golden Mass and purple Vesper-
 tide,—

For thee the pearls are poured from Mary's dower,
 And rubied water from God's side.

Jesu, Priest of Paradise and Mary mild,
 Pity, radiant Ones, both cardinal and child;
 And beside the gates of life and dying,

Where the newborn pass the God-anointed dead,
 Grant him in his last and royal lying—
 A baby's blessing touch his head.

The Birth of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

EARLY BELOVED," says St. Augustine, "we have to-day that longed-for feast of the blessed and ever-venerable Virgin Mary; therefore with the greatest joy let our earth rejoice, exalted by the birth of so great a Virgin. For this is the Flower of the field, from whence is sprung the precious Lily of the valley, and by whose birth the nature of our first parents is changed and their fault removed."

"To-day," cries out Holy Church, "is the birthday of Mary the Virgin, of the seed of Abraham, descended of the tribe of Juda, though most illustrious of the royal stock of David. To-day was she born whose beautiful life [with its wealth of merit] enriches all the Churches."

The child was called Mary: "And the Virgin's name was Mary." "Let us, my brethren," says St. Bernard, "consider for one moment or two the meaning of this holy name, which is interpreted 'Star of the Sea,' and is most fittingly adapted to the Virgin Mother. For think that as a star, without loss of any kind, sends forth its light, so did she bring forth her Child. And just as the ray of light does not lessen the brightness of the star, so neither did her Child diminish her virginal integrity. . . . Oh, whosoever thou art that in this exile of the world findest thyself amidst shoals and tempests rather than walking on firm ground, turn not away from the brightness of this Star! If gusts of temptation rise up against thee, if thou strikest against rocks of tribulation, look on the Star—call upon Mary. . . . If overwhelmed with the hideousness of sin, if confused with the filth of your own iniquity, if terrified by the threats of the Judge, thou shouldst begin to be drawn into the whirlpool of sadness and the abyss of despair, look upon Mary."

If it were permitted me, I should like, for the honor of Mary, to tell about a young man who was studying for the priesthood. When the last moments of his college life came he feared to take the irrevocable step of receiving Holy

Orders. He was in great agony of mind. For months, while others were asleep, he was thinking, reflecting, weeping. He went out into the world. His agony of mind followed him, and life was like a veritable purgatory on the earth. He could willingly go on and become a priest, but he was afraid of the irrevocable step. If it were once taken, he never could retrace it: once a priest, "then a priest forever." Months of agony passed. One day, while he was walking in the fields saying "Hail Marys," a light shone visibly before his eyes. All his doubts were dispelled, all his fears were removed; and he saw his position, in that lightning flash of an instant, as clearly as—more clearly indeed than—he saw God's beautiful creation around him. He became a priest and was blessing God all his days.

Let us follow that priest to the altar. It is the Feast of the Nativity of Holy Mary,—one of those tender mornings that come upon us here in our northern latitude in mellow September, as if a dream of Eden broke upon us. Let us listen to that priest, full of love and gratitude to Christ's Mother, and the opening words of the Introit:

"Hail, Holy Mother, who, laboring with desire, didst bring forth the King that rulest heaven and earth forever and forever! A good word [well mightst thou say] has my heart brought forth. I speak my works to the King. Glory be to the Father."

How humbly and solemnly does he read the collect! "Bestow on Thy servants, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this gift of heavenly grace; that we, to whom the birth of the Virgin was the beginning of salvation, may, by this celebration of her Nativity, receive a blessed increase of peace. Through the same Christ, etc."

How gladly that priest will find the type of Holy Mary far away back in the eternal years, foreshadowed by Wisdom, the most beautiful attribute of God!

Epistle from the Book of Proverbs:¹

¹ viii, 22-35.

"The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning. I was set up from eternity and of old—before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet and I was already conceived; neither had the fountains of waters as yet sprung out; the mountains with their huge bulk had not as yet been established; before the hills I was brought forth. He had not yet made the earth nor the rivers nor the poles of the world. When He prepared the heavens I was present; when with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths; when He established the sky above and poised the fountains of waters; when He compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits; when He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him forming all things; and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times; playing in the world, and my delights were to be with the children of men. Now, therefore, ye children, hear me: Blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates and waiteth at the posts of my doors. He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord."

Before we listen to the Gradual, let us think of these two words, "blessed" and "venerable"; let us apply them to Holy Mary; let us think of the unction that would be around these words in the mouth of a saint of God or of a very holy priest when using them of the Mother of God. Now, let us listen to our priest, whose heart is devoted to Holy Mary, while he reads:

Gradual: "Blessed and venerable art thou, O Virgin Mary, who, without the least stain on thy modesty, wast found Mother of the Saviour! O Virgin Mother of God, He whom the whole earth can not contain was made flesh in thy sacred

womb! Alleluia. Alleluia. Happy art thou, O sacred Virgin Mary, and most worthy of all praise; for from thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our God."

The Gospel read on the Feast of the Nativity is the Gospel that tells of the generation of Our Lord. These Gospels will at times lose some of their meaning to us, if we do not call to mind some circumstances that give them a special meaning. Now, on the 15th of August we had the death of Our Lady; here we have her birth. With these two facts, and beside them, let us place this fact from Church History: that a certain heresy arose, which taught that Our Lord's flesh was not real flesh: that it was a mere phantom; that, therefore, He was not really *man*.

If you want to prove to others or to yourself that Christ our Lord was indeed man, how could you do it better than by saying that He was born of a human mother, and that she was born of parents in the ordinary way; and to show that she was really flesh and bone as we are, God willed that she should die; whereas, in the consistency of Catholic theology with regard to original sin, she ought not to have died? For by sin, death; then by no sin, no death; yet God wished her to die. And the strongest reason presented to my own mind to explain the puzzle of death in her is, for fear that any one should have the slightest foundation for saying that Our Lord was not made flesh really and truly.

"Mere Protestants," says Cardinal Newman, "have seldom any real perception of the doctrine of God and man in the one person. They speak in a dreamy, shadowy way of Christ's divinity. At times they are shocked—thinking it a mark both of reverence and good sense to be shocked—when they hear the man spoken of plainly and simply as God. Now, if you would bring out simply and beyond evasion the Catholic idea that God is man, could you do it better than by laying down St. John's words, that

'God became Man'? And could you declare this again more emphatically and unequivocally than by saying that He was born a man or that He had a mother? The world shrinks from confessing that God is the son of Mary; for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which violates and shatters its own unbelieving view of things."

We see, then, that the Church has many reasons for celebrating both the birth and death of our Blessed Lady. We do not know how many, and perhaps no single man, saint or theologian, knows all the reasons; but, focusing our attention on one—that of the true and real flesh of Our Lord,—we see how marvellously it is brought home to us by the repetition all through the Gospel of the word *genuit* (begot):

"Abraham genuit Isaac (begot Isaac); Isaac genuit Jacob (begot Jacob), and Jacob begot Judah and his brethren." Just as really and truly as Abraham was the father of Isaac, and Isaac the father of Jacob, and Jacob the father of Judah and the brethren; and as they were not phantoms but real and true flesh and real and true sons of their fathers, so was Christ real and true flesh and real and true son of Mary.

There is something very impressive in reading down this long list of patriarchs, some of whom were holy, others unholy, men. There is something alarming, too, in reading "Abraham begot Isaac," but not a word of Ishmael or the rest. Isaac begot Jacob, not a word of Esau. Can we say, "Not written in the Book of Life"? That indeed does not conclusively follow,—at least not in all cases. But it suggests itself to our fears; that as they are not written in the Gospel, we had better take care—we who have now our opportunity—lest our own names be not written in the Book of Life.

Gospel according to St. Matthew: "The Book [or name-roll] of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David,

the Son of Abraham. Abraham begot Isaac and Isaac begot Jacob. . . . And Eleazar begot Mathan; and Mathan begot Jacob; and Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."

"A new thing," exclaims St. Bernard, "hath the Lord wrought on the earth! Go forth, daughters of Sion, and see the diadems with which [He who is to be] her son hath crowned her. On her head a crown of twelve stars; and worthy is that head to be crowned with stars, which, brighter than they, enlightens rather than is enlightened by them. And what have the stars crowned but her who is clothed by the sun? . . . Who shall declare the value of those stars that form the diadem of Mary?"

"What, then, is it that beams starlike in Mary's genealogy? That she was descended from David? That she was of the seed of Abraham? That she was the noblest daughter of a kingly line? Aye, if that seems little, add that, by a special privilege of holiness, it was granted to that genealogy that long previously she should have been promised by Heaven to these same Fathers; that she should have been prefigured by the most sacred wonders and foretold by the most striking oracles. For it was she that the priestly rod overshadowed when, without root, it blossomed; she that Gideon's fleece prefigured when, in the midst of the dry threshing-floor, it was wet with dew; she that Ezechiel beheld in the Eastern Gate which opened to no man."

Offertory: Hail, O Mary! full of grace art thou. The Lord is with thee, blessed among women, and blessed too [shall be] the Fruit of thy womb.

Secret: Of Thy sweet mercy, O Lord, and by the intercession of the Blessed Mary, who was ever a virgin, grant that this day's oblation may be to us both present and everlasting prosperity and peace. Through Our Lord, etc.

Communion: Blessed is the womb of

Mary, that brought forth the Son of the Eternal Father.

Post-Communion: Having been made partakers, O Lord, of those heavenly helps to salvation, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be ever protected by the powerful care of the Blessed Mary ever-virgin, in whose honor we have offered these [holy gifts] to Thy majesty. Through Christ our Lord.

"I see," says St. Hilary, "the whole assembly of the saints filled with heavenly joy because they are called together by the holy and ever-virgin Mother of God; [and they cry out] Glory and praise be to thee, O Holy Trinity, because Thou hast called us all to this celebration! And praise to thee, O Mother of God, for thou art the one precious gem of the whole world; the inextinguishable lamp, the crown of virginity, the sceptre of orthodox faith.

"Through thee the Blessed Trinity is hallowed, the precious Cross is celebrated and adored throughout the earth. Through thee heaven exults, the angels and archangels rejoice; the demons are put to flight, and men are brought to Paradise. Through thee the adorers of wood and stone, withdrawn from error, are led to truth, are made faithful by baptism and become members of the Church of God. By thee the nations are brought to repentance. What more? By thee has the Son of God, the true Light, enlightened them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. By thee did the Prophets foretell and the Apostles preach salvation to the nations. Who can enumerate the glories of thy praise, O Mary, Mother and Virgin! O beloved brethren, let us honor her; adoring her Son, to whom be honor and glory forever and ever! Amen."

To invoke Christ's Mother, the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, is not mistrusting the divine mercy, but, conceiving a just fear of our own unworthiness.

—St. Anselm.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

X.—A VICTIM.

THE weeks that followed the arrest of Barclay and the Woods were filled with anxiety for Catholics. A few other persons of less account were apprehended later on; among these the four servants belonging to the household of the Countess of Huntly,—the very same men and maids with whom Allardyce had contrived to enter the house where Mass was said. There was little doubt in the minds of those who knew the circumstances that the servants were imprisoned rather for the annoyance of the Countess than for their own breach of law; that lady and her family were in favor at Court, and the Presbytery shrank from molesting her personally.

Master Barclay's fate excited more interest among Catholics generally than that of the Woods. The former was a man greatly esteemed by Protestants even, and loved by those of his own faith for his deeply religious character, of which his exceeding charity to the sick poor was the outcome. It seemed incredible that the Presbytery would have the boldness to fly in the face of public opinion, and proceed to extremities in his regard.

The Woods were, it is true, persons of high standing,—young Bonnytown, indeed, reputed to be a favorite with both king and queen; but the ministers of the Kirk had taken care to spread abroad the fact that the charge against these two was criminal, rather than ecclesiastical. It was declared that they had been concerned in an act of violence in forcibly entering the locked-up house at Bonnytown, and of theft in taking therefrom certain papers and other articles. But in spite of these charges, which were calculated to carry weight with Protestants, and with

those who knew little of young Bonnytown personally, Catholics were not to be thus misled. They were well aware that such charges were taken hold of as an excuse for instituting a process against a manifest opponent of the Kirk, and thereby weakening the Catholic cause by preventing his further protection of it.

On the day appointed for the close of the trial of the chief persons concerned, Mistress Agnew and Isobel Sinclair were seated in the room in which we saw them before, occupied in much the same way as on that evening: Isobel was spinning, her mistress sitting with hands idly clasped on her lap. They had often discussed in the absence of the Bailie the probable results of the trial then in progress. Wat, their faithful attendant, kept them well informed of all that was said in public on the subject; to-day would probably bring the decision of the matter.

"I've wondered often, Isobel," remarked Mistress Agnew, "how it was that you and I were not molested. None seems to have noticed us."

"'Tis not unlikely, dear one, that the Bailie's authority in the burgh has been a protection," was Isobel's reply. "Folk know well enough that he has no love for your religion, but still you are his wife; and unless he chose to accuse you to the Presbytery himself—which is not possible," she added, seeing the sudden look of fear in her mistress' eyes—"no other body would dare molest you."

"It's hard to tell!" murmured the other. "I believe he has the direst hatred of our faith. And yet, they tell me, he was reared in it as a lad."

"The Bailie," said Isobel, "is like too many other folk in these sad days: he puts this world in the first place. 'Tis little credit now that a body's a good Catholic, if he would gather plenty of worldly gear! I have a notion that the Bailie doesna care to serve God for nought!"

"Should that be true, I fear there's

little hope of his coming back to our religion. Yet I'd fain help him to save his soul, if I might, and God knows I pray daily for him to that end. Robert has not been an unkind husband to me, take him altogether, and 'twould be a duty to help him thus, were he never so unloving!"

A knock at the door heralded the entrance of a maid showing in Janet Sybald. The latter made her curtsy to the ladies, and unfolded a little parcel she carried.

"I've brought back the lace, Mistress," she said, addressing the Bailie's wife, "that Christian Guthrie left wi' me to mend up for ye."

"Ye've mended it wondrous neatly," exclaimed Mistress Agnew, as the two women examined it. "'Tis good that we've found one who can work thus for me. Mistress Isobel, here, can no longer see well enough to do such fine stitching, though she was once as skilful as any. I have no taste for it, myself, nowadays."

"I'll be glad and grateful, Lady," Janet answered, "to do any suchlike task for ye. I doubt 'twill be hard to find bread these times, wi' my man out o' work! But I trust in the Lord he'll find another master ere long!"

"Where did he work?" asked Mistress Agnew.

"Wi' Bailie Gilchrist, Lady. But Master Gilchrist is nae for keeping Catholic journeymen now."

"Then you're Catholics?"

"Aye, Lady, my man and mysel' and four bairns. The biggest lad was working wi' his father, but he was forced to quit too. I kent well," she continued in a lower tone, "that y'r sel' and Mistress Isobel were wi' us. I heard o' ye bein' at Master Napier's for the preachin'."

"You shall have plenty sewing, and good pay for it," said Mistress Agnew. "Fetch the other lace, Isobel."

When the latter left the room, the two women talked confidentially of Catholics and their grievances. The Bailie's wife asked about Adam and the children,

and Janet, who could see no fault in her idolized husband, waxed eloquent. Mistress Agnew learned of Janet's dislike of town life, and of her desire that Adam might meet with some suitable occupation in more simple surroundings, where they might practise their religion in peace.

"My man is a fine hand at his trade, Mistress," she said; "but he's been reared in the country, and can make himsel' useful at many things. He's a grand gardener, I can tell you!"

Isobel appeared at this juncture, and Janet was given a fresh parcel of needlework, and took her leave.

Late in the afternoon, as soon as he returned, Wat, according to orders, came up to give an account of all that had passed at the trial.

"Tell me, first," said his mistress, "whether Master Doctor was sentenced."

"Nay, Mistress," was the answer. "The poor gentleman was badgered and baited by some o' they foxy lawyer chieils, till I feared he'd be worsted! But ne'er a bit! He's a grand lawyer himsel', I'm told, as well as a rare and skilful leech; and he fairly mastered them! He's appealed to the King's Grace's clemency, as they call it; and they've taken him back to ward again for a spell. But it's gone hard wi' the Younger o' Bonny-toun!"

"What of him?" she asked eagerly.

"He's brought in guilty," said Wat, his face darkening still more with the fierce anger that filled him. "And it's a sore shame! The lad's nae deserving o' death!"

"Death?" cried both women together.

"Aye, death! But folks think as the King's Grace'll be in his favor."

Then he proceeded to give an account, in his own simple, homely fashion, of the proceedings. The two Woods had not been accused of taking part in the Mass, but of the so-called felony alone. Young Bonnytoun had pleaded his full right to the papers he had taken from his father's house, and his father had made no charge

against him, nor had he appeared at the trial; yet both James Wood and his brother-in-law, Wood of Laytoun—tried as an accessory—were found guilty of felony and condemned to death.

"And 'tis clear enough," cried Wat, in honest indignation, "that it's their religion that wrought the condemnation of both o' them, and naething else!"

The sound of the Bailie's voice on the staircase was the signal for Wat to retire. His master's footsteps passed by in the direction of his private office, and the porter seized the opportunity of returning to his post below stairs.

In a few minutes Bailie Agnew made his appearance in the room where his wife and Isobel were sitting. His face bore an expression of gratified satisfaction, and he lost no time in making known the cause.

"Well, Dame," he said, in his sneering drawl; "there'll be one or two pestilent Papists the less in this neighborhood before long!"

His wife made no reply. She sat motionless as a statue, her eyes bent on the fire.

"Did ye hear me?" he asked, annoyed.

"Aye, Robert, I heard you," was all the answer she gave.

"Ye know the folk I mean—that I'm certain of. But I'll tell ye plainly to make more sure: 'tis that insolent Younger of Bonnytoun, and his sister's man. Their heads'll be off their shoulders in a week or two. The thieving chiefls!"

The silence with which the Bailie's communication was received by the women annoyed him intensely. There was no great satisfaction in torturing opponents with pin-pricks, when the tortured showed no sign of suffering. So he essayed a deeper thrust.

"Oh, they're mortal angry—the blind Papists!" he went on. "The men were convicted o' felony! There's little chance o' the King's clemency towards the Woods, whatever the bold Master Doctor may hope for! And there's others that deserve warding as much as they, and maybe

they'll not have their liberty for long!"

He glared fiercely at Isobel as he spoke. She kept silent.

"D'ye hear me, wòman?" he asked angrily.

"Aye, Bailie, I hear you."

"And aren't ye feared for y'rsel'?"

"Nay, I've no fear that any can prove me a thief," Isobel quietly answered.

The Bailie was checkmated. He had thought to terrify her with half-threats of denunciation as a Papist. With her woman's wit she had put him at a disadvantage. He was so taken aback for the moment as to be bereft of speech. He sat with his mouth half open, as if to chastise her insolence with a scathing reply; but no words came.

The situation was saved by the entrance of Wat to summon the Bailie to a business interview below.

"You're overbold, my dear Isobel," exclaimed Mistress Agnew as the discomfited Bailie hastened downstairs. "Robert was very angry that you caught him so cleverly. I fear he'll never forgive it!"

"'Tis yourself, dear one, that's too greatly afraid of his angry words. You've no cause to fear that he'll give you up to the Kirkfolk. His pride would never suffer it. I can not help thinking you would do well to show more courage when he treats you so roughly. I warrant 'twould make him less boisterous!"

"I would I had your brave heart, Isobel!" the poor wife answered. But you know not the hatred he bears towards Catholics, nor the coldness he shows me at times. I see it in many signs that you do not notice—for I know him well! 'Tis hard indeed to know how to bear oneself: when I would be kind he scowls and grumbles; if I keep a still tongue when he rails at religion, he but rails the more! But it's my desert!"

Isobel knew well that she spoke truth, and her own courageous heart was heavy—spite of her brave bearing—when she looked forward to the future. None

could say what trouble loomed over them both, or how soon the storm would break.

James Wood had lain for some weeks in prison before his trial took place. His brother John, as staunch a Catholic as himself, had hastened to visit him and to discuss plans for his defence and acquittal, if possible. Lord Hume, one of the Catholic nobles, and other prominent men were approached to induce them to lend their aid in a matter seriously affecting Catholic interests. No stone was left unturned in the efforts made on behalf of both Woods. The general opinion was that Laytoun would be less severely punished in any case; for he had not acquired any personal profit from the felony, as their enemies persisted in styling the action.

Two things gave young Bonnytoun anxiety as he lay in his prison. The first was the fate of the papers he had entrusted to Patrick Hathaway. His arrest had been carried out so suddenly that he had been able to take but insecure means for concealing them. He had been compelled to trust entirely to his man's fidelity in conveying the message, and though he knew the lad to be sincerely attached to him, he could not be certain that an opportunity had occurred for the purpose. There were, besides, a score of possible obstacles to the obtaining of the letters by Patrick.

The second cause for apprehension was the immense difficulty which would occur in procuring for him, in the event of an extreme sentence, the ministrations of a priest. He never lost sight of the possibility of his life being demanded: death, in those days, was the penalty of any serious criminal offence, and there were many enemies of Catholicism who would rejoice, as he well knew, at his removal. As a faithful Catholic he desired above all things to prepare to meet his end with courage and resignation; for that reason he longed for all possible spiritual help. Yet to introduce a priest into the prison

would be to insure the priest's arrest, and even to risk his death, however cleverly the scheme might be carried out.

As to the first cause of anxiety he could hope for little assistance from his brother, who was entirely ignorant of the whole affair. John Wood's inquiries as to the whereabouts of Patrick Hathaway were unavailing. All that was known about him was that he had left home on the day following the arrest, and had not yet returned. Whether he had found the letters, or whether he had succeeded in conveying them to the priest, could not even be guessed at. Thus for two or three weeks the poor prisoner was a prey to much uneasiness of mind. But a chance word of his brother's brought a gleam of consolation.

"I was at Stoneyburn yesterday," remarked John Wood. "Poor Will is sorely distressed that ye should have been seized in his house. But I told him he was in no way to blame."

"I'm glad ye did that, Jock! Will has been a good friend to me. It's nae blame to him that he's a Protestant, and barring that I've no fault to find wi' him. But did ye chance to see or hear aught o' Pat Hathaway, while ye were up at Will's?"

"I didna see him, but his man—yon red-haired loon—said he was off on some business o' y'r own. He'd got the letter ye left for him, the loon said; and, by the way, the lad particularly wished me to let you ken that! I'd forgotten it, amid so many things else!"

"I'm glad indeed to hear that, Jock!" said the prisoner, his face brightening. "I've wondered often whether he got that letter, and whether he managed to do the service I asked. I see now I need trouble no more on that head."

As to the possibility of getting a priest for James Wood, in the present state of excitement there seemed little hope. If John Wood could manage to persuade the jailer that his brother was in need of a physician, there might be a chance; but the risk would be very great. In any case,

the prisoner would need to be (apparently) in such danger of death by disease, that it was an absolute necessity for a doctor to be admitted, and then only to preserve life for the satisfaction of taking it by violence. But the attempts made to bring this about failed utterly.

The brothers had often discussed the possibility of a sentence of death; James Wood himself had a strong presentiment that his life would be demanded, and arranged everything with his brother under that supposition. When he was at last condemned, the execution was fixed to take place almost immediately—for fear, probably, of the king's tardy intervention. John Wood, therefore, promised to get a priest to give his brother absolution at the Market Cross itself; this could be done, either from a window near by, or from the crowd. With such maimed rites must a victim of Presbyterian hatred be content!

On the evening of the day which saw young Bonnytoun's conviction, Margaret Wood was kneeling by her bed in a small upper chamber at Dunfermline Palace, weeping bitterly. Since the day when her brother had told her of his danger, she had been in constant fear for him, and her prayers for his safety had been almost continual. When the tidings of his arrest reached her, she knew well that it would go hard with him unless the king's intervention could be secured. In her deep distress, she had implored her royal mistress to use her endeavors to that end, and Anne, who was attached to the girl, and had a genuine liking for the doomed man, had promised to do all that lay in her power to save him.

Yet no word had come from the queen as to the result of her pleading; if indeed, as Margaret bitterly doubted, she had really used much effort to influence her husband. Now, to the girl's horror and dismay, came the tidings that all was lost! Sentence of death had been passed that day upon the brother whom she loved so tenderly!

But Margaret judged the queen-too harshly. She had been true to her word, and had strongly urged James to interfere on behalf of this youth—so highly esteemed by them both. And the king had never definitely refused to intervene. Queen Anne had ventured further and had enlisted some of the Catholic nobles in the cause; the Earl of Errol and the Marquis of Huntly had promised to do all they possibly could to prevent the carrying out of a capital sentence.

The king, no doubt, had a good enough will to save the life of his favorite, but with James VI. his own interest was always predominant. It was well known that he had been averse to taking any effectual measures to save his own mother's life, when she was a captive in the hands of Elizabeth of England. To the French ambassador, who had strongly urged him to interfere in Queen Mary's behalf, he had asserted that his mother's conduct had already almost cost him his crown, maintaining that the queen was in no real danger, and "must be content to drink the ale she had brewed!" It was only when one of his nobles had declared to the king's face: "If your Majesty suffer the process to proceed, you should be hanged yourself the day after!" that James made an utterly ineffectual attempt to prevent his mother's murder. The astute Elizabeth silenced any remonstrance after the event by an annual pension of five thousand pounds!

A monarch such as this would not be likely to endanger his popularity by any undue favoring of the Catholic cause. The Presbyterian party knew their man well, and lost no time in forestalling any attempt on the part of Catholic nobles to influence him in favor of a reprieve. A deputation of the chief leading men of the Presbyterian ministry waited upon the king, and asked for a proof of his Majesty's oft-professed sincerity towards the true religion, in declining to interfere in the course of the law which had condemned one who was at the same time

a notorious Papist and a proved felon.

The efforts of the Catholic nobles were consequently of no avail. Had they been first with the king, and especially if they had thrown out hints of a goodly sum of money to be paid to the royal treasurer in the event of the young man's acquittal, they might have met with better success; for such a hint had been known to serve its purpose satisfactorily in previous cases. In the end Wood of Laytoun was reprieved, but Bonnytoun was condemned to die.

It was the knowledge of the failure of every effort made on behalf of James Wood, that had deterred Queen Anne from speaking to Margaret upon the matter. The girl never suspected this, and the apparent lack of sympathy on the queen's part, added to the burden of grief which already pressed upon her sorrowing heart. She could confide in none, and must fain consume herself—it would seem—in unavailing lament for the loss of one so dear and so worthy of her love.

But Margaret Wood's distrust of the queen was to be speedily swept away. While the girl, kneeling by her bed, wept and bemoaned her brother's fate, a summons came to her to wait on the Queen's Majesty. Drying her tears, and setting her attire in order, she at once made her way to the queen's apartments.

Anne was warm-hearted, and constant in her affection for those in her service for whom she had conceived any special liking. Her heart was touched at the sight of this girl, whose sorrow had left such marked traces in the wan and wasted appearance of a face hitherto so pretty and animated. Without waiting for Margaret to approach her with the customary formal obeisances, the queen rose from her chair, and, taking the girl in her arms, embraced her tenderly.

"My poor Meg!" she murmured, in her pretty foreign accent. "My heart is full of sorrow for you. I have done all I could to save your brother, but to no

purpose. His Majesty can do nothing for him. Those crafty ministers threaten to stir up the people against the king, should he show favor in this case. I have done everything possible, my poor child! Indeed I made the king very angry with me. Lord Huntly, and Lord Errol and others have worked very hard too. We all hoped to save your brother—but no! Nothing can be done now! He will die a martyr—"

The queen broke off and hastily cried aloud for help. The overwrought maiden had fainted in her arms.

(To be continued.)

The Cradle of the West Wind.

BY MARY FOSTER.

(CONCLUSION.)

AWAY, far away in the West Wind
Hollow the three children played and
romped together. There was plenty of
food and warm clothing for them now, and
little Jimmie thought that his grandma
was a very wonderful person, more wonder-
ful than his mother had been. For she
had never given him enough to eat when
he had been hungry.

But Susie was older and wiser. She
possessed that farseeing sense and the
maternal instinct that God has given to
the eldest daughters of the poor. No one
was like mother in her eyes, and every
night she wept sorely. The others would
very soon forget their mother altogether,—
even Susie herself forgot during the day-
time when she joined in their childish
games and instigated mischief. But when
the day drew in, and the evening lights
played across the bog, and the west
wind fluttered in over the rays of the
setting sun, then the memory of her
mother rushed back to her, and she would
sit down at the cottage door and, glancing
round wistfully, would say in her quaint
old-fashioned way:

"Me heart's sore for me ma, grandma,
an' I'm thinkin' quare an' long for her.
Will she be back in the mornin', grandma?"

Sure, isn't it more nor two years since she wint away, an' she sayin' she'd be no more nor wan? Has she forgot us, d'ye think?"

"There's niver a mother forgets her own childer, Susie daughter," replied old Mrs. Murphy. "She'll come back till us, sometime. Mebbe, whin the snow has come an' has gone on the mountains, an' the wee spring flowers are out below the Twilight Valley."

Susie listened gravely, and each morning after she anxiously scanned the mountain-side for traces of snow, though it was warm July weather.

But grandma had said that when the snow had come and had gone on the mountains, and the wee spring flowers had bloomed below the Twilight Valley, mother would return. And when the snow came she could watch for it to go; and then she would seek for the spring flowers below the Twilight Valley; and their starry faces would tell her that mother was returning to her children.

Alice's sweet face had become round and rosy, her pretty figure had grown broad and comely by the time she had been nine months in her situation. Her lips smiled readily, her eyes laughed gaily as she sang and played with Baby Roger upon the floor. However it was with the nursery, over which Mrs. Rankin held sway, mirth and laughter always reigned next door. The two lonely, tidy little girls used to find their way there whenever they could; it was well worth while to have such glorious games and romps, even at the expense of a harsh scolding from Mrs. Rankin, when soiled and torn pinafores were discovered, and tossed untidy hair, over flushed, jam-stained faces greeted Lady Graham when she once paid an unexpected visit to the nursery.

But Mrs. Corrigan was not blamed. On the contrary, all she did was perfect: she could not err. Such was the verdict of the whole household. Her gentle ways had endeared her to high and low, but her

wonderful management of Baby Roger had won her a position in the household. The Grahams were not ungrateful people, and Alice had undoubtedly saved the life of their little son and heir. The doctors had given him up when he was six months old; but she had pulled him through an illness with a skill and devotion which was well-nigh miraculous. The baby had lived,—he had grown into a sturdy boy with no traces of delicacy in his fine sound little body.

"Alice is perfectly happy with me now," Lady Graham had often remarked placidly. "She is wise and sensible. She realizes that her babies are far better cared for, now that she is earning sufficient to support them comfortably. Besides, my children are everything to her. Roger, in fact, is as her own baby."

Miss Carrington did not agree, but she did not say so. Only the previous evening, as she had lingered by the baby in his cradle, admiring the beauty of his sweet repose, Alice had sighed out suddenly:

"Sure, he's a lovely child, God bless him! An' I'd give me heart's blood for him. But he's not me own; an' me own babies, sure, Miss, they're callin' on me, they keep pullin' on the cords of me heart. Susie, now, she'll be a big girl," she continued wistfully, as she turned away from Baby Roger's crib, "wid all the months as is past on her; an' Jim'll be brave and big got; an' Paddy, he'll be no longer a baby for sure. The wee yuns'll have me forgot," she added with a sob; "but Susie, she'll mind me."

"I have no intention of sending Alice home now that the period I engaged her for has expired," said Lady Graham. "She suits me very well, and the situation suits her, so we are all satisfied. I will keep her until Roger is old enough to go to school. She has become quite a valuable servant to me."

The whole household loved Alice, even Mrs. Rankin could not quite withstand her winning ways. The cook sent up all sorts of dainties surreptitiously: even the

majestic butler was not above penetrating to the nursery regions when the family was safely out. As for the chauffeur, when he came round to take Alice and her little charge for a rare spin round the Park, it was not the bonny baby figure his eyes watched for. And when the family was away, as was often the case, Flanagan also found his way to the nursery. Roger was a child who exacted plenty of attention, but it was wonderful how much Flanagan was able to devote to the nurse. Alice knew the man's intentions well. He had several times asked her to marry him; it would be a good position for her; he was wise and steady, and she liked him for his faithful devotion. She knew, too, that Lady Graham would deal handsomely by them if they married.

But Flanagan had forgotten what was waiting for her in the Cradle of the West Wind, and she shook her head to his pleadings as she thought of her children. He persisted hopefully, for he did not know why she said him nay. She did not talk to him of her little ones; and if the thought of them ever crossed his mind, he fancied that she would willingly leave them under the good care of their grandmother.

One evening, nearly a year after Alice had taken charge of Baby Roger, a summons came to her to attend her ladyship in her boudoir. Miss Carrington was sitting by her sister when the nurse entered. Alice dropped her quaint Old World curtsy more deeply than usual, so as to include both ladies in her respectful salutation. Lady Graham opened the conversation at once. She was a busy woman—full of committee meetings and secretaryships, besides her multitudinous social engagements, and she always made it a point to waste no time.

"You will probably be thinking, Alice," she began, "that your engagement with me is now drawing to a close. You have fulfilled your obligations to my little son, and you leave him a splendidly healthy child, all owing to your excellent care.

I dare say you have been worrying lately about your future, so I have sent for you to tell you that you need not do so. We owe you a deep debt of gratitude, and I mean to repay it by keeping you in my household. I know that you feel just like a mother to the child, and it would grieve you to be separated from him. I will most willingly leave him still in your good care, and thus, for several years, you will be well provided for; and when he goes to school I will see that you are not the loser by leaving me. You need not feel overwhelmed with gratitude, for I feel that I owe you a debt which I am only repaying in part."

Alice had stood perfectly still during this speech; only her head drooped a little, and her eyes, suddenly moist and soft, avoided meeting the speaker's.

"Me leddy, me leddy," she faltered brokenly. "God knows I bless ye for yer kindness, and yer thought of me."

"Then all is settled," interrupted Lady Graham briskly, and she rose and looked at the clock. "You will stay on with me indefinitely. And, indeed," she added with a meaning smile, "I think it is likely you may end your days on this side of the water."

But Alice caught her breath in a sob.

"Me leddy, ye don't undherstand," she whispered. "An' God help me, how'll I tell widout seemin' to be the blackest ongratefulest woman?"

"My good Alice"—began Lady Graham turning round.

But Miss Carrington interposed.

"Sit down, Celia," she said quietly, "and listen. I think Alice has got something difficult to say to you."

And she glanced encouragingly at Mrs. Corrigan.

"'Tis this way, me leddy," began the latter with much hesitation. "'Tisn't as though I don't be blessin' ye for all yer goodness; 'tisn't indade that I don't be lovin' yer blessed child, next to me own. But, me leddy, me heart's sore for me little ones in the West Wind Hollow. They

call to me, and I ache for thim,—'tis what I can't rightly explain, me leddy; but 'tis nearly a twelvemonth since that I set eyes on thim, an' I've been thinkin' long, long for thim. An' they're me own, and nothing can change the heart's longing I have for thim."

"But, my dear Alice, they have your own mother to look after them," expostulated her ladyship. "They are well cared for; you are earning well, and can keep them in comfort until they are old enough to earn for themselves."

"'Tisn't that, 'tisn't that, me leddy. They're fine an' well cared, thanks be to God!—but they lack their mother's love. Och, can't ye tell how 'tis wid us mothers, me leddy? I must go till them!—I must go! They call on me, an' I'm destroyed wid the longin' to feel their wee fingers round me neck wance more, an' their soft little heads against me breast. Yer blessed babe, me leddy, is very dear to me; and I love ivery toe of his bonny wee feet, but he's not me own—"

She broke off suddenly, and began to weep helplessly.

"Will ye not be for lettin' me go back till thim, me leddy?" she sobbed.

Lady Graham, for once in her life, was absolutely nonplussed.

"But, of course, you may take a holiday, and go home and see your children, and satisfy yourself that they are well. I was going to suggest that you should go to them for a fortnight. Then you would come back to me, cheered by the sight of your family, and strengthened by the change of air."

"Me leddy, I'd niver come back till ye," muttered the woman. "Wance I got the taste of their wee lips on mine I'd niver lave thim again. Sure, I'd niver have left them widout it had been necessity itself that druv me to seek a livin', lest I should watch thim starve foreinst me."

She bowed her head very low, and hid her face. Never before had she mentioned the dire poverty that had impelled

her to leave her children that they might live.

There was a long silence in the pretty boudoir. Lady Graham's clock ticked noisily, it even struck the hour without drawing its mistress' eye to it. And in the silence, Alice's sobs rose quietly,—as quietly and softly as a murmur of her own west wind.

"You can not stop her, she must go," Miss Carrington said at length in a very low voice; and her sister roused herself.

"You could have comfort and peace for the rest of your life," she said slowly. "You could make a good home in this country,—a home of your own with a good husband. And you need not forget your children in Ireland. You could let them live in comfort with their grandmother, while you—"

"While I forsook them!" interrupted Alice, raising her head. "But it can't be, me leddy, an' I must respectably give you me month's warnin'. This day month, dear God! Will the time iver come round? I'll sail for the ould counthry to me own. But God bless ye, me leddy, an' love ye for yer kindness; an' may He keep yer blessed boy in His care!"

The snow had come and gone in the mountains; the starry spring flowers, below the Twilight Valley, had withered on their drooping stalks long ago,—Susie had watched them die. Every day her little feet had pattered down the rough track; every day her wistful eyes had looked at them, and then turned to gaze beyond the peaceful village where the high-road wound by the side of the placid sea.

Already summer reigned in the fulness of its glory. The mild west wind breathed ever so softly over the bog, and rippled the waters scarcely at all.

Grandma had bought two ^{of the} pigs which were fattening in the sty, and there was plenty to eat and drink, and quite a collection of warm clothing put by for the winter. Jimmie and Paddy rejoiced

in the comforts that surrounded them. Their little cheeks were round and rosy, their small bodies plump and straight. But little Susie was failing. She turned away from her food and cried for her mother.

"It's lonesome, grandma," she said in her pathetic little voice, "we're waitin' long. When will ma come back till us? Will the snow have to come and go on the mountains, and the flowers grow in the Twilight Valley again afore that she comes?"

Mrs. Murphy shook her head with a muttered prayer. Alice's letters had ceased lately, and the old woman wondered what had become of her.

"Mebbe she's took up wid some wan else," she whispered to herself.

"But she'd niver do that," protested Susie, whose ears were sharp. "She'd come back till us same as she said she would. Grandma," she added lowering her voice, "d'ye think is she dead same as da an' baby?"

A couple of evenings later, however, just as the little ones were in bed, and Susie was standing near the kitchen in her petticoat, the door opened and Alice herself walked in.

Mrs. Murphy crossed herself devoutly. She was sure she saw an apparition.

But Susie rushed forward, half clad as she was, with her thin arms outstretched, and the mother folded her close to her aching breast.

"Oh, my heart! How I've longed for ye!" she murmured. "Sure, ma, 'tis meself an' I'm back again. Where is the others, the babies I left."

Still clinging to Susie, she pushed her way to the bedroom beyond where the two little boys, who had not yet fallen asleep, were sitting up in their bed, their eyes fixed upon the kitchen door, through which sounded a voice with which they were not familiar.

They submitted quietly enough to their mother's embrace, but Paddy asked wonderingly:

"Who is 'oo?" when he was at length released.

"Oh, they have forgotten me!" Alice cried sadly. "I will have to win their love all over again. My babies, my very own wee babies, have ye no mind of yer ma?"

"We ask God for to bless ma ivery night in our prayers," Jimmie asserted gravely. "Like this."

He knelt up and folded his hands, closing his eyes tightly. "God bless—God bless Jimmie, an'—an'—Susie, how is it? God bless mammy, an' make her a good boy."

Alice hugged him again, and bent over him as she tucked in the bedclothes cosily.

"Go to sleep, me heart's treasures," she whispered softly, "me wee delight, me bonny babies, there's ne'er yer aiquel in the world. Ye'll larn to know yer mammy again."

She passed back to the kitchen, Susie's fingers firmly clutching her skirt; and such a glow of happiness shone upon the child's face that even the mother thought she looked bonny and well.

Long after the children were asleep Mrs. Murphy and her daughter sat together in the kitchen, discussing their future. Alice had much to tell, and her mother listened eagerly.

"But, sure," she ended sadly, "the present's right enough, 'tis the future does be throublin' of me. The good money her leddyship is aafter givin' of me will not last our time, and 'tis I'll have to be doin' of somethin' for the childer; but I couldn't be leavin' of thim again. I couldn't bid for to go back till her leddyship, so kind an' good as she was, an' Miss Carrington—God love her sweet face! The childer had the heart ate on me wid the longin' for thim, an' I jist bid to come home till thim, mother."

"Let God take care of the future, daughter," the old woman said solemnly. "I'm thinkin' ye were but right for to come back till yer own. There was little Susie frettin' her life away for ye, but the

boys—the babies—they had ye forgot. Not but that they'll mind ye again, dearie; an' 'twill be like ould times wance more, an' be the help of God's grace things will go well wid us now on."

It was wonderful to Alice to wake up occasionally during the night for a few moments, and to hear the old familiar rustling of the west wind at her lattice, and to listen to the regular breathing of her children in the big bed near her own. The moonlight streamed in through the uncurtained window and lingered upon the little forns lying in childish grace in their sweet repose. During the last few months she had often fancied what it would be like to be home once more, and she had pictured how the first night in the old bedroom would pass. But none of her imaginations had ever conceived the joy that filled her breast as she lay for a few wakeful moments before restful sleep stole over her again.

Before a week had gone by, it seemed as though the past year had been all a dream; only that the grinding poverty, the pitiful hunger of her children existed no more, she would have thought that no time had elapsed since she buried her baby boy twelve months ago. And yet she was glad to think that the immediate past was, after all, a reality. She dwelt with pleasure upon the kindness she had received, the love her baby charge and his little sisters had given her. It sent a pang of not un-mixed sorrow through her heart to think how they would be crying for her,—how Baby Roger would demand his dear "Na-na" in his peremptory way.

She thought with respectful love of Miss Carrington's gentle face as she had bidden her good-bye, and assured her that she would not forget her. There had been something of a promise in the few simple words she had uttered, and she had turned her eyes with soft intentness upon the comely face of her nephew's nurse.

Just one thought made Alice sigh, even as she looked at her own babies round her knees again, and one face whose image

she shrank from conjuring up in her memory. Flanagan had driven her to the station, he had bidden her good-bye, but it had somehow scarcely seemed like a farewell. She wondered if her persistent refusal had offended him, and she thought of him wistfully, before consigning his pleasing memory to the depths of her heart where painful recollections of the past were buried.

One evening, nearly two months after her return, she was walking from the village up the Twilight Valley to her home. She went slowly, for she was revolving many things in her mind: the ways and means of her household, the children's schooling, the possibility of her getting work of some sort in the village. And she raised her head to see how near home she was; for she knew that round the bend, where the path entered the West Wind Hollow, when she felt its soft breath upon her cheek, little Susie would run out to meet her, and the little boys would follow with joyous cries of "Mammy, mammy!" and eager fingers anxious to explore the contents of her market basket.

Quick footsteps sounded behind her; and, still smiling at the thought which filled her mind, she drew to the side, for the track was narrow, and turned to see who could be coming up to the West Wind Hollow.

Then she gave a sudden gasp, and dropped her basket.

Young Flanagan ran up to her—so joyous, so eager, so full of life; his eyes beaming with something more than the mere pleasure of seeing an acquaintance again.

He took her hand in his, and looked straight into her face, at her pretty downcast eyes which failed to meet his, at her tremulous mouth and varying color.

"Alice," he whispered, "I've come back till ye. Faith, woman, I find I can't get on widout ye. An' I've come to see yer wee children; for I'm thinkin' 'tis thim an' me'll be somethin' near till each other. An' I've come back till the ould country

till ye, an' ye mustn't say me nay. For I've left her leddyship; 'twas Miss Carrington managed all whin I tould her how 'twas wid me,—an' wid you, too, I did say. There's Dr. Merrick below, him as you know where my leddyship stayed herself the time afther Master Roger was born; there's him got a mother started, an' wantin' a chauffeur, an' a handy man like about the place. An' he has me took an' engaged in the situation, thanks be to God! And undher Him to Miss Carrington, blessin's on her what recommended me. An' what's to prevent our marrying, Alice, if so be you'll give me a home in the Cradle of the West Wind, an' let me be a father to yer wee babies, thim as ye couldn't lave motherless. God love ye for yer sweet love!"

He paused, out of breath, and Alice looked up shyly. Then she walked on a few steps till round the bend the Hollow lay before them, and an eager little figure jumped down from her perch upon a rock and flew to meet them.

"Let's see what Susie'll say," she said tremulously.

The child ran forward, her little arms outstretched, just as she had greeted her mother on her return from England. Alice caught her in her arms, and kissing her gently, set her down again, and Susie had time then to look at her mother's companion. She scanned his face very gravely for a moment or two, and then turned again to her mother.

"Is this my da, mammy, as God has sent back till us afther all?" she inquired.

Alice smiled suddenly—a beautiful smile, as her eyes sought those so earnestly turned to her.

"Ay, Susie child," she replied softly; "'tis yer da, yer new da."

My life is a tissue of sufferings and annoyances. People think my position enviable, but I have no greater pleasure than to get away into solitude. I envy the fate of my farmers.

—Madame de Maintenon.

Evening Magic.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

WHEN through the twilight the thrushes are singing
Ballads of long ago,
Whose heart does not lighten as memories brighten
Of days that we used to know?
Over the hill crest—the evening stars beckon,
Lights by the angels hung,—
From forest ways lifting, rose perfume comes drifting,
From censers in woodlands swung.
Chcerily gleaming, the home lights are calling
Far to our dream-shod feet;
Up garden aisles, going where roses are blowing,
We wait for a welcome sweet.
Magic of evening, through thrush voices speaking
Sweetly as twilight nears;
You summon us ever, though we may go never
Down paths of the vanished years!

The Ninth Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

SEPTEMBER was called by the Anglo-Saxons *Gerst-Monat*, or barley month, because then the barley crop was gathered. In connection with the now proverbial "Michaelmas goose," is is curious to find noted in "Blounts Tenures," that, in the tenth year of the reign of King Edward IV., John de la Hay was bound to pay to William Barnaby, Lord of Lastres, in the County of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, one goose "fit for any lord's dinner," on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel; and an old rhyme says:

September, when by custom (right divine),
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine.

There would seem to have been a custom among the rural tenantry, of bringing a good fat goose at Michaelmas to the landlord, when paying their rent, as we are told in a poem by George Gascoigne, (1575) where we read the following lines:

And when the tenants come to pay their quarters' rent,
 They bring some fowl at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent;
 At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas a goose,
 And somewhat else at New Year's tide, for fear their lease fly loose.

As time went on, "To have a fat goose on St. Michael, for dinner," was supposed to insure riches, or if not actual wealth, at least a very comfortable competence. "I shall not want money," to quote the old rhyme; but the succeeding lines say: The custom came up, from the tenants presenting their landlords with geese, to induce their relenting.

In old days, it was usual to elect magistrates on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, because local rulers were regarded more or less as the protectors and guardians of the people.

On September 1, we find in the Calendar the name of St. Giles, abbot, who lived as an anchorite in a forest in France, where his example of utter solitude and heavenly contemplation induced others later on to join him. He was thus compelled, against his will, so to speak, to become the head of a little monastery, round which there shortly sprang up a town that took its name from the holy hermit, veneration for whom caused many churches to be dedicated to him throughout Catholic Christendom.

St. Giles was considered the patron saint of cripples, and churches dedicated to him were usually built either on the outskirts of big towns, or in one of the principal thoroughfares, so that the halt and the maimed could be brought thither more easily. We have, in London, that interesting old church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, the very name of which points to the afflicted ones who, in the Ages of Faith, must have gathered there.

Matilda, the Queen of Henry I., founded, in 1101, a hospital for lepers on the outskirts of London, where stands the present church of St. Giles in the Fields. At a very early period, there was a church of

St. Giles in Edinburgh, in which relics of the saint were enshrined.

In the diary of Mr. John Evelyn, dated "September 2, 1666," we read: "This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete, in London." We know that this terrible conflagration continued for three nights and days, and being favored by a high wind, spread eastward, till it ended at a spot called Pye Corner, in Giltspur Street. "Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle," continues Mr. Evelyn. "Such as haply the world had not seen the like, since the foundation of it. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light scene above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like! . . . Ten thousand houses all in one flame, . . . the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like a hideous storme. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reached neere fifty miles in length."

On the 3d of September, we find in old calendars, Translation of St. Cuthbert, whose shrine in the glorious cathedral of Durham has been visited by countless numbers of pious pilgrims. The saint's body, incorrupt, reposed behind the great high altar, where it remained undisturbed for four hundred and twenty-six years. That St. Cuthbert is still held in veneration by the Catholics of Northern England, we learn from the many churches dedicated to him; and, according to an ancient Northumbrian legend, on dark nights, when the sea was running high, and the wild winds whistling fiercely round the rocky coast, at intervals, during a lull in the storm, St. Cuthbert was heard at his anvil, making beads for the faithful.

The fishermen said that when tempests were coming, the saint's form, dim with spray amidst the gathering darkness, could be seen on a rock, on the shore of Lindisfarne, the holy isle he loved so well. The curious fossils, which go by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads, may still be found after a storm. They vary in size, and the tiny holes in the centre of

each, make it easy to string them together like a rosary.

September 14, the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, reminds us of the many churches dedicated in Britain to the Holy Rood, or Cross. Holy Rood Day was celebrated in Mediæval times with great solemnity, and even those few rood screens that have escaped the reckless fanaticism of the so-called reformers, suffice to prove how great was the devotion of our Catholic forefathers to the sacred sign of our Redemption, and what skill and care were expended upon the exquisitely carved wood-work of which the screens were made. A winding stair sometimes led up to them; and many were favorite places of pilgrimage, like the famous Rood of St. Paul's.

It is strange, in these days of aerial warfare, to read of the first balloon ascents in England. "Balloons," says Horace Walpole, writing in 1783, "occupy senators, philosophers, ladies, and everybody." It may not be known that it was James Tytler, a Scotchman, who first ascended in Britain; but his attempt was surrounded with none of the excitement and enthusiasm which attended the ascent of Vincent Lunardi, a young attaché of the Neapolitan Embassy, who went up from the artillery ground at Moorfields (London), September 15, 1784.

Michaelmas has already been mentioned in connection with the traditional goose. St. Michael the Archangel, "Captain of the Heavenly Hosts," has always been held in the highest veneration, and his festival was kept with all honor, in the days when England was "Merrie England" still, and the darkness of heresy had not yet fallen upon the land.

A LIE is never really successful except by chance, seeing that no intelligence is profound enough to foresee the manner in which it will be some day examined; whereas the truth, being always coincident with the reality, can never be wholly refuted.—*Marion Crawford.*

A Sainly Fortune-Teller.

SANCTITY and fortune-telling are terms rarely found in juxtaposition. The typical fortune-teller indeed is apt to be the reverse of saintly. Whatever may be thought of the genuineness of the second-sight attributed to some individuals of Celtic origin, such as Sir Walter Scott's Highlanders, and whatever explanation may be given of the nature of clairvoyance as practised nowadays, there is nothing repugnant to reason or faith in the idea that God may reveal the future to His special friends and most faithful servants.

As a matter of proven fact, God did so reveal future events to one of the most singular and saintly personages of the nineteenth century—Blessed John Marie Baptist Vianney, best known as the Curé of Ars. Among many proofs of his extraordinary gift that might be cited, we select these:

In March, 1856, the servant of God one day saw approaching him Abbé Babey, Superior of St. John's College at Angely. He had never before seen his visitor or known him in any way; but he, nevertheless, greeted the Abbé in a tone of cordial familiarity, with the question:

"Have you come to talk about young X, who is so ill?"

He named the student, seriously ill with typhoid fever, in whose behalf the superior had made the pilgrimage to Ars, and concerning whom he had spoken to nobody since his arrival.

"Write to the boy's parents for me," continued the Curé, "and tell them that he will not die of this illness."

The event verified the prediction.

Madam Sermèt-Décroze, of Arbigneux, had three daughters. She wished to consecrate one of them to God, and thought she recognized in the second one, Josephite, all the dispositions that signalize a religious vocation. The eldest daughter, Anthelmette, appeared,

on the contrary, to be destined for a life in the world. She liked to dress elegantly,—or at least her mother thought so; and already the latter was looking about her for a suitable husband to whom the girl might be confided. As she was not, however, above doubting the fallibility of her own judgment, she concluded to follow the example of so many others and consult the Curé of Ars. She saw him, exposed her projects for the settlement of her daughters, and fully expected that he would give her plans his prompt approval. To her great surprise, however, he replied that it was useless to think of such an arrangement: that Josephite would never become a religious; but that there would be a religious in the family, and sooner, too, than the mother imagined.

Good Madam Sermèt-Décroze did not understand to whom M. Vianney was referring. On her return to Arbigneux, she told her own pastor of her visit to Ars, her astonishment at the holy Curé's words; and her great curiosity as to which of her family was to be a Sister. She was not left long in suspense. While passing through Lyons on her way home from Ars she had bought a dress for Athelmette, thinking that the latter would be delighted with a handsome new gown. As soon as the girl saw the gift, however, she exclaimed: "Mother, that dress is useless to me. I wish to become a religious." Shortly thereafter she joined the Marist Sisters at Belley, in which community she lived till her death. As for Josephite, she also verified the Curé's prediction: she married at the age of seventeen.

Of a different character is an incident concerning Madam Mercier, a peasant of Bâgé-la-Ville. This worthy woman made it a practice to spend three days at Ars every year. On one occasion, after hearing her confession, M. Vianney asked: "How long do you purpose remaining at Ars?"

"To-day and to-morrow," answered Madam Mercier.

"No, no! Return home at once," said the holy Curé. "There is a serpent in your house."

The frightened woman hastened home, for she had no idea of doubting the truth of the statement. On arriving, she was somewhat disconcerted at finding everything in good order,—apparently as she had left it. In her absence her husband had emptied and refilled one of the bedticks; but, as he had made up the bed before her return, she noticed nothing out of the way. On turning down the bedclothes that night, however, she was horrified to see a snake emerge from the tick and glide out of the house.

**

As a result of typhoid and brain fever, Claudine Venet, a young woman of Virégueux, had become totally blind and deaf. Hoping to obtain her cure, through the mediation of M. Vianney, she made a pilgrimage to Ars. The Curé had never seen her, did not know her, had received no communication relative to her case. Nevertheless, on her being led to the church for the first time, as she stood by the main door for an instant, M. Vianney came along, took Claudine by the hand, and, without saying a word, led her into the little sacristy, where he made her kneel down to begin her confession. Scarcely had she received his preliminary blessing when she both saw and heard with perfect distinctness. Her surprise and joy were indescribable. Her holy confessor, however, at once checked it, saying:

"You will remain deaf for twelve years; and will recover your hearing on January 18, 1862." And, seeing that this singular prediction disconcerted and saddened her, he added solemnly: "It is the holy will of God."

Claudine made her confession. She heard M. Vianney's instruction with perfect clearness, received absolution, and then left the sacristy by herself to kneel for some time in the church. As

she arose, she realized that her ears had again closed to earthly sounds. In point of fact, although she enjoyed the use of her eyes, she heard nothing more during the full period of twelve years. Calm and perfectly resigned, she awaited the date foretold as that of her permanent cure. And, with strictest precision, on January 18, 1862, she recovered her hearing, to lose it no more during life.

* * *

This intuitive knowledge of Blessed Vianney not infrequently occasioned considerable discomfiture to those who sought his ministry. It was a drastic lesson that he taught a young woman at the Communion rail one morning in 1845. Miss Etienne Poignard, of Marcy, who was very pious and a frequent communicant, knew the saintly Curé and had often gone to confession to him. Very early one morning she received a pressing invitation to take a seat in a carriage that was going to Ars. Although the opportunity was quite unexpected, she availed herself of it, and, hastily putting on her outdoor wraps, took her place. On arriving at Ars, she proceeded at once to the church where the Curé was already saying Mass, and when the time for Communion came knelt with others of the congregation at the railing. He gave Communion to the others; but on reaching Miss Poignard, he took the Sacred Host, raised it above the ciborium, began to recite the formula, *Corpus Domini nostri*—and then, without finishing it, stood perfectly motionless.

The anguish of the young woman was naturally acute. Stupefied, not knowing what to think, she set herself to reciting from her inmost heart the acts of faith, hope, and charity. When she had finished them, the Curé resumed the formula and gave her Communion.

Miss Poignard's trouble, however, persisted. Why had he stopped? What reason had he for acting so strangely, for assuming so stern an aspect? After

Mass she managed to see him for a moment and questioned him about the matter, receiving for reply:

"When one has omitted one's morning prayers and been distracted all along the way to church, one is not too well disposed to receive Holy Communion."

Miss Poignard understood at once. In the hurry of her departure from home she had neglected her usual morning devotions, and the talking and laughing in the carriage had prevented any compensation for the neglect.

In none of the foregoing narratives have we thought it worth while to reproduce the detailed proofs of the authenticity of the facts related. The great majority of those who read these columns will be satisfied with the general statement that in every instance incontrovertible testimony is afforded to the truth and reality of the prodigy recounted.

How a Discussion Ended.

A famous physician of the last century was entertaining at dinner one day a large party composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine went round, the conversation took a professional turn, and two of the youngest gentlemen present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. They gradually got heated in their remarks, and finally settled into a debate, in which they made up in loudness for what they lacked in learning and experience. At length one of the men said something so emphatic that a dog belonging to the host started from beneath the table, and bow-wowed so fiercely that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. His master looked at him sternly, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a vigorous push with his foot, exclaiming: "Lie still, you ill-mannered brute. You know as little about the subject as any one."

This remark effectually brought the discussion to a close.

An Important Duty of Parents.

THE righteous and unmeasured indignation with which so-called yellow journalism has lately been denounced in certain parts of the country makes the occasion an appropriate one for reminding parents that one of their most important duties in this age of cheap literature is the careful supervision of their children's reading. The facility accorded to the average child of perusing newspapers, magazines, and books of any and every description is a most deplorable evil; and the neglect of Catholic parents on this point is often grievously reprehensible.

Not even the popular magazines, profusely illustrated as they are with pictures of all grades, from copies of artistic masterpieces to suggestive representations of nudity, can always be safely left in the hands of the young boy or girl. And what shall be said of the fathers and mothers who do not object to their sons' and daughters' devouring with avidity the prurient sensationalism of the daily yellow journal's reports of divorces, murders, suicides, "slumming," and the like degrading news? They are deliberately conniving at the devil's work of corrupting the minds and morals of their offspring; and they can not possibly shirk the tremendous responsibility thus incurred.

The blindness of many parents touching this matter is a never-ending source of amazement to earnest and conscientious people. There are innumerable fathers who would resent almost to the shedding of blood the seduction of their children, yet who can not be aroused to indignation and vigilance by warnings against the veiled obscenity and the evil suggestiveness of the printed word. There are mothers who would give a decade of their lives rather than expose their children to corrupt society for one hour, yet who exercise no supervision whatever over the books that are read

and the newspapers that are scanned in the family circle,—forgetting, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, that the mind is "terribly retentive of evil images and suggestions"; and that vile reading "stains the very fibre of the brain," and renders pure thinking and chaste living almost impossible.

But many persons will ask: Is not this warning exaggerated? Few persons, and these hopeless degenerates, care for evil books; why so solemn a warning about the danger to Christian youth thoroughly instructed in their religion? To assume this viewpoint is a symptom that degeneration has already set in and that conscience is seared or deadened.

The bulk of popular literature nowadays is thoroughly saturated with a contempt for dogmatic teaching and a tolerance of loose morals that would have caused our fathers to gasp and stare. And the danger is all the greater because more insidious and insinuating and indirect, and because veiled under an appearance of decency and reverence.

Until boys and girls are of full age and quite beyond the control of their parents, the latter are in conscience bound to strict vigilance over their children's general conduct,—their incomings and outgoings, their choice of companions, their habitual sports and pastimes, and (not less than over any of these) over their reading. Occasionally, only, there becomes public a crime that is recognized as the direct result of reading bad books or papers; but how innumerable are the sins of thought and desire, of word and deed, unknown to the world but deadly in the sight of God, that are not less directly the outcome of indiscriminate reading!

Better a thousand times that an innocent child should never open any book but a catechism than that he should be allowed, by criminally negligent parents, to roam at will through the poisonous swamps of the cheap literature of the day.

Notes and Remarks.

The opening of a new school year gives timeliness to the recent complaint of a Boston educator who asserts that the average public school graduate can not properly spell ordinary English words. The complaint is by no means a novel one. It has been formulated time and time again by professional and business men in all our large cities. In not a few of those cities, it is a common remark that the pupils of the Catholic parish schools are notably better grounded in the fundamentals of the ordinary branches than are their public school competitors, and, as a result, the parochial school graduate has no difficulty in securing—and retaining—positions in the world of business and industry. This being the case, there is all the less excuse for those misguided Catholic parents who continue to send their children to the public school when they have the opportunity, to say nothing of the obligation, of sending them to the Catholic school. The objection which, some decades ago, was not without a certain degree of force, that the public school was more efficient than its Catholic rival, is devoid of force at present: the position as regards efficiency has been reversed. Apart, therefore, from all question of the moral danger incurred by attendance at the public school, ordinary common sense and a prudent regard for the progress of their children should induce our Catholic people to patronize the parish school.

The Knights of Columbus have received so many compliments because of their achievements during the War that it is almost supererogatory to congratulate them on the thoroughly satisfactory business statement which they have issued in their report of their war relief activities. We especially like this passage: "For administrative purposes, collection, care, and distribution of funds the Knights of Columbus spent \$166,616.76, which sum

was more than derived from cash discounts for prompt payment of merchandise bills." Readers familiar with financial reports of other bodies engaged in collecting and distributing funds for various religious or charitable purposes will be not less gratified than surprised at the economy manifested in the administration of the immense sums that have passed through the hands of the Knights—and will hope that the said economy may be at least approximated by certain other organizations, both Catholic and non-Catholic.

The provisions of the Peace Treaty have been befogged by the language which the diplomatists continue to employ in the discussion of it. They talk of "circumstantial necessities," "concessions to the susceptibilities of Americans," "retrocession by Japan to China of the German rights over Kiaochau and Shantung," etc. The leaders of the Labor Party, on the contrary, write and speak in a way to be understood by their followers and the masses generally. They declare in terms no less clear than emphatic: "The thing ought to be changed for a clean, straight, democratic peace plan. As it stands, we don't want it, and we'll not rest till it is fixed up as it ought to be. Give Germany a chance, and make Japan disgorge." Language that is neither elegant nor academic, of course, but nevertheless easily understood.

The editor of the South African *Catholic Magazine* attributes Charles Dickens' prejudices against the Church to his Catholic friends. "They failed," he says, "to make any real impression upon his irrational attitude towards the Church; because they were more bent upon other aims. When Catholics do not take their religion seriously, they can hardly expect others to do so. Dickens must have seen how some of them pandered to anti-Catholic prejudice. The Catholic faith is something more than a theme for poetry and art. Among these Catholic friends of

Dickens there were some who paid lip-service to those aspects of Catholicism out of which a living could be made in literature. But a few of them were quite ready to abuse the practical leaders of the Church, to jeer at the 'priest in Italian politics,' and to set the clergy at variance with one another, in so far as they had power to do so in the political sheets which they controlled. The practical effect upon the mind of Dickens would naturally be, that whilst Catholicism in the abstract was an admirable thing, the Catholicism of Pope Gregory XVI. and of Archbishop Wiseman was hardly worthy of serious consideration. No man who is so unpleasantly bigoted as Dickens, can be entirely exonerated from the guilt of his acts; but we can surely say that the greater guilt was with those who knew better, and preferred the loaves and fishes to the word of truth."

We quote this passage for its general truth and the rebuke it administers to those Catholics, who for selfish motives sympathize with bigots instead of smiting them. But Dickens had Catholic friends like Percy Fitzgerald, who, we feel certain, never pandered to his anti-Catholic prejudices; and we are no less confident that those among them who didn't take their religion seriously were not taken very seriously by Dickens.

The friends of Prohibition who think that victory in this country is merely the forerunner of a similar victory in England are likely to experience some surprises before their campaign is concluded. Lady Henry Somerset, who has been a consistent temperance worker for thirty years or more, has this to say of the matter:

It is no use arguing by analogy from the United States. Prohibition in the United States is a totally different matter. It is a different country, with different traditions and entirely different social instincts. In America the people are molded by opinions of the moment. How different it is in England, where every new thing takes a long time to take root, and where the

customs are deeply entrenched. The people over here do not realize that the vast mass of professional and working classes in America never have spirits, wines, or even beer on their tables. I have been through all parts of New York, and I have never seen a woman in a saloon. They have totally different ideas in America. Drinking is a vice over there, except, perhaps, among the upper rich, who have cultivated international habits.

Concluding her discussion of Prohibition in England, this titled lady declares: "If it is attempted there will be a tremendous rebound—there will be revolt. But I am convinced that such a measure is an impossibility. The whole campaign is a farce. Prohibition is a distinct infringement of liberty which this country will not have."

Juvenal himself never penned anything more satirical than a letter recently addressed to the *New York World* by a Chinese resident of that city named Li Moy Foo. He is a Confucian, and though he does not say so outright, insinuates that he prefers to be what he is rather than a counterfeit Christian. He writes in part as follows:

If a Chinaman may be permitted to suggest, would it not be possible to found a better and more lasting peace upon the Ten Commandments than upon the Fourteen Points? . . . Why does not the West now, after 1900 years, try the experiment of founding a State upon the teachings of its Christ? . . . I attack not your Christian religion, nor would I compare it unfavorably with our Confucianism. You, however, do not practise your religion. With you a commercial relation comes first in all things: the moral relation is forgotten. Lasting peace will come only when you accept honestly the teachings of the Christ whom you now only pretend to worship.

The reputed wealth of our country and generosity of American Catholics seem to have spread all over the world notions no less inveterate than preposterous. Many missionaries in various parts of Asia and Africa entertain the idea that if some one in the United States would only make known the needs of their missions, abundant means to supply them

all would immediately be forthcoming. The requests of these holy men—and women—of which there is no end, would be pathetic if they were not so impossible. A zealous missionary among pagans, for whose conversion he yearns, asks help to erect "a good number of churches and chapels." Another missionary in India feels the need of a large, well-equipped school, and would like to build it right away. A native priest in China pleads for two good sized hospitals. And so on. Some of our correspondents seem to imagine that we have a private purse as long as the Mississippi—whereas we have none at all; or that millionaires are accustomed to drop in every day to consult us about getting rid of their superfluous wealth; others again are evidently under the impression that one has only to ask money for any purpose to receive any amount of it, in no time.

We wish we could disabuse our foreign correspondents of their false notions, or that it were possible for us to explain to each one of them why it is not in our power to comply with some requests which to them seem so reasonable.

Many persons are now saying, and many more are sighing, What a blessed thing it would have been if Pope Benedict's Note in August, 1917, had been heeded! The result would have been a treaty based on equity and justice, such a peace as all men of good will desired, restoration of the world's strength, and the healing of its hideous wounds. But, unfortunately, the Powers turned a deaf ear, and as a consequence there is chaos swarming with the germs of revolution, "confusion worse confounded," and in every heart grave fears for the future.

A correspondent of a European journal differentiates the Catholic soldier, General Mangin, from other generals whom he has met by the French officer's sense of humor. As an illustration, he relates Mangin's treatment of a Bolshevik who was distributing Bolshevistic literature in

the French language among the soldiers of the Army of Occupation. General Mangin came upon the traces of one such propagandist, who travelled continually between Frankfort and Mayence dressed in such clothes as his fancy dictated. Steps were, of course, taken to ensure that the "literature" should reach the right quarter, with the result that the emissary worked like a bee to bring over piles and piles of it, which were all stored together—in the end they almost filled a large room. When it was felt that the joke had gone far enough, the propagandist was arrested and sent, with all his literature—it filled a baggage truck, with the emissary sitting disconsolately in the middle of it—to Paris, with the facetious compliments of General Mangin.

Two articles in the current number of the *Church Quarterly Review* (London), edited by the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, are of special interest as showing "how the wind blows" in England, at least in some sections of it. Writing on "The Problem of the New Germany," Mr. Edwyn Bevan expresses much sympathy with Germany's present attitude, and pleads for fair play. In dealing with the Irish question, the anonymous author of "The Peace Terms" protests against the place it is given in American politics. "Unless the Americans can learn to mind their own business," he says, "a very serious situation with regard to this country [England] may be created." There speaks what Shakespeare calls "a plain, blunt man—" and a saucy one, too. In diplomatic circles he would be referred to as a pragmatical person.

Tuesday, July 8th, was a gala day in Buenos Aires, more especially among the Irish-Argentinens of that populous city. It was the first Argentine national holiday ever proclaimed in honor of an Irishman,—Admiral William Brown, and the specific function of the day was the unveiling of a monument in his memory. Born in Ireland, in 1777, he played in the South

American republic much the same rôle as did his fellow-countryman, John Barry, in this republic. He was the father of the Argentine Navy. His brilliant naval career was inaugurated in 1814 when he took command of the first fleet in the Argentine War of Independence, and especially notable among the many victories of his after life is that of Costa Brava, in 1842, when he defeated Garibaldi, the so-called "hero of two worlds." The little plaza, off Paseo de Julio, where his monument has been erected will hereafter be known as Plaza Irlanda.

Yet another non-Catholic of prominence gives testimony to the utility of the confessional. The Rev. Dr. Shaw, professor of theology in Taylor University, has learned one practical lesson from his experience with our soldiers. He writes (in the *St. Thomas Journal*):

I was for three weeks in a great American concentration camp, to assist soldiers who had been in France at the height of the battle, and they have assured me that the two things they craved most, before entering into the affray, were the one to go to confession and the other to receive Communion. And why did thousands of Protestant soldiers join the Catholics in hearing Mass? Why did they seek with such yearning the Catholic confessional? Because they wished to purify their souls of the stains of sin; because it was the only way to rid themselves of the anguishing thought "to die in God's disgrace," and they wished to die with Jesus Christ on their lips and in their hearts. We can not help acknowledging, that confession imposes itself. For over a century we have refused to confess our sins, but we must go back and admit that since the horrors of this war souls hunger and thirst after Jesus Christ.

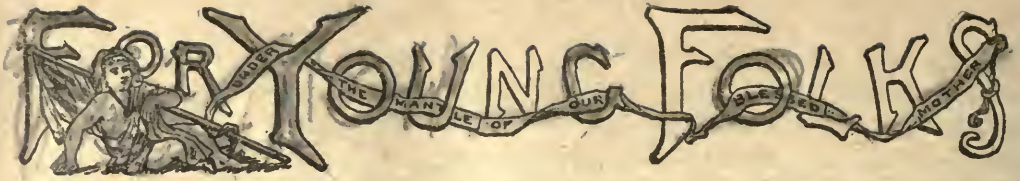
Dr. Shaw is only one among many non-Catholics who have spoken wise words of the benefits of the confessional. God speed the day when they will all come to practise what they preach!

There is something to be learned about the relations of the Koreans to the Japanese Government from an article contributed to the July number of *The East and the West* by the Anglican Bishop Trollope.

"It looks as though Japan has got an Ireland on its hands," he writes, "—only it has an Ireland of nearly twenty million souls, and an Ireland without an Ulster." Not a very comfortable possession, however desirable it may be, most persons will think.

An aviator, who was lately obliged to land in a potato field for some repairs to his aeroplane, thought to placate the irate and indignant farmer whose domain he had so unceremoniously invaded by the statement that he had come down almost from the gate of heaven, so high was his flight. But, although "spot cash" was paid for the injury done him, the farmer was not wholly appeased. "Young feller," he said, "if you ever git that nigh to the gate of heaven again, you'd better go in, if they don't stop you, and let that machine of yourn drop into the other place where it belongs. Do yer understand?" The aviator declared that he did fully, and prepared to take flight once more, assuring the farmer that he would never dig anybody's potatoes in that way again if by any possibility it could be avoided, and further remarking that agricultural pursuits would presently be beneath his notice anyway.

The late Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said to a former mayor of Syracuse, N. Y., who had solicited a donation for a Catholic orphan asylum in that city, after reminding him that he had sometimes assisted in the purchase of organs for Catholic churches: "I did that hoping the music would distract attention from the services." Canny enough, but not so much so as "Andy" doubtless considered it. The organ music in our churches certainly does sometimes have that effect; but the canny old Scot should have kent that the money saved on the organs left so much more to be expended for specifically Catholic purposes, to which he declared he made it a rule never to give anything at all.



On Our Blessed Mother's Birthday.

FROM A SARUM SEQUENCE.

WHAT light and glory
Deck thee, all resplendent,
Thou of Royal David
Glorious descendant!

Mary ever-Virgin
Who in heaven art dwelling,
All the choirs of angels
Evermore excelling.

Jesus all creation
Evermore adoreth,
And full lowly bending,
Rightly now imploreth;

May His pity grant us,
Far our darkness sending,
With thee, in His glory
Joy and light unending.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

IX.—LEARNING TO FLY.



T was rather late when our Albi pair reached Paris, but, notwithstanding that fact and other little inconveniences which they had to undergo, they were both very much taken with their experience at Juvisy. As a matter of fact, they had witnessed one of the most wonderful spectacles that it is possible to imagine,—that of men flying like birds through the air. The Great War has given such an impetus to aviation that nowadays everyone has become accustomed to seeing aeroplanes in action, or rather in flight; but ten years ago they were very much of a novelty, and the sight of one was sure to attract a large crowd in any city or town of America or Europe.

In any case, Uncle Layac and Tim abandoned their idea of immediately visiting the sights of Paris, and betook themselves every day for a week to Juvisy where, as has been said, demonstrations in aviation were advertised to take place during eight days. Tim insisted upon keeping his uncle near him, in and around the aerodrome, where he was continually inspecting every kind of machine, and asking innumerable questions of the different aviators and the employees of the various manufacturers who had their planes on exhibition. These employees were only too willing to supply visitors with all the information they desired; and accordingly our friends—or, at least, the younger of the two—became pretty well acquainted with the respective advantages and disadvantages of the several styles of monoplanes and biplanes proffered for sale.

Two considerations led them to prefer the monoplane. In the first place, it was a neater, more elegant and graceful machine than the biplane; and, in the second, it was an essentially French machine, and the patriotic motive counted for something, not only with Layac but with his Irish-French nephew. There was one particular style of monoplane of which everybody spoke in the highest terms, and for which from day to day the preference of our intending purchasers grew stronger and stronger—the Perinot. It was a dainty little aeroplane which at rest resembled a big seagull poised for flight, and up in the air looked like an overgrown butterfly. After many a doubt and hesitation, Layac finally decided that this was the precise kind of an air-plane that he was looking for. While he hunted up M. Perinot one morning to bargain for the machine, Tim feasted his eyes on its numerous beautiful points, and in-

dulged in rosy day-dreams of the immediate future.

"Just to think," he said to himself, "that it is going to be ours! To think that I am going to sit on that little seat, and in a moment's time leave the earth and rise gracefully up, up into the air, floating among the clouds! What a lucky boy I am; and what a brick Uncle Layac's friend Doremus was to leave him his money under the condition that he'd have to fly to Lisbon in order to take possession of it!"

In the meantime Uncle Layac was chatting with M. Perinot in the latter's office. Buying the aeroplane he had selected was not so simple a matter as the Albi grocer had imagined it to be. It was one of the finest models of the year, and its builder did not care to let it go out of his possession, although he readily promised to build another for Layac on the same lines. That, of course, wouldn't do; the aeroplane was needed at once; the two millions at Lisbon wouldn't wait on the convenience of the builder. When Layac explained the whole matter to M. Perinot, that shrewd gentleman, as wide-awake a business man as he was a skilful mechanic, saw at once the wide publicity his machine would receive when the story became generally known, and at last consented to sell the monoplane for ten thousand francs.

The bargain concluded, Uncle Layac rejoined Tim who was still admiring the dainty plane.

"The machine is ours," cried Layac, as soon as he came within sight of his nephew, at which announcement Tim promptly turned two back somersaults to let off some of his superfluous enthusiasm, and then walked on his hands towards his big uncle. Springing to his feet when he came up to him, he threw his arms about Layac's neck, exclaiming: "Oh, isn't that glorious? Just think of it, Uncle—here we are, aviators—aviators like the Far-nams, the Bleriot, and Latham!"

Almost unimaginable as it was, it was

nevertheless the truth: Prosper Layac, a few days ago merely a small grocer of Albi, was now, or at least was on the point of becoming, an air-man.

The most difficult part of the business, however, still remained to be done,—the learning how to guide the machine. As Layac put it, who was going to be the chauffeur of this automobile of the air?

"Oh, that's all right," said Tim with assurance. "I'll look after the navigation of our air-ship."

The very next day, as had been arranged with M. Perinot when the purchase was made, Tim entered upon his apprenticeship as a flyer. We have already said that he had a special talent for all kinds of mechanics, and so his apprenticeship proved little more than play for him. He comprehended at once everything the instructor explained to him, understood within a few moments all the difficulties connected with motor and valves and steering apparatus, learned with astonishing rapidity the innermost secrets of the ingenious mechanism,—in a word, he amazed everybody who watched him, and in particular the engineer who had been charged with teaching him the mysteries of aviation.

The result was that, at the end of eight days, this engineer reported that there was nothing else he could teach his young pupil, and that Tim was as well able as he himself to run the aeroplane.

Uncle Layac was very proud, that day, of his bright nephew, and he expanded with pardonable joy when M. Perinot, the engineer, and other workers in the aerodrome congratulated him on the wonderful efficiency of his nephew, the youngest competent aviator in France, which meant of course in the whole world. The two millions of his friend Doremus, which up to that time had appeared more or less visionary began to look more solid, now that he had at his service all that was necessary for the stipulated trip to Lisbon—an aeroplane and a conductor.

It was accordingly decided that they

should leave for Albi as soon as possible, for one never knows what may happen on a trip, and it was better to have a good margin of time ahead of them so as to make sure of arriving at Lisbon within the three months specified in the eccentric will of Joseph Doremus. One month had already elapsed since the reading of the will, and so only two months were left in which to make the trip. That was long enough, but none too long when one took into consideration the hundred and one incidents, unexpected because unforeseen, which might well interfere with or delay this novel kind of a journey. All necessary preparations were made, and it was decided to leave for Albi the next day. That evening, however, as Layac was walking along one of the boulevards he casually bought an evening paper from a newsboy who was passing him. And what was this he saw in the paper? A big headline stretching all across the page: "An Original Legacy,"—"An Aviating Grocer." There was no doubt about it: he was the individual referred to.

He read the article forthwith, and, sure enough, he found in it his own story, down to the smallest details. Nor was that all, for, after the story, there were some comments, and the article concluded with this paragraph:

"Monsieur Layac, who is not particularly notable for bravery or an adventurous spirit, would certainly not have accepted this original legacy, in spite of his desire to become a millionaire, if he had not at his side his nephew Tim, a young lad of thirteen, who has just finished with distinction his apprenticeship as an aviator and is pronounced by his instructors thoroughly competent to conduct his uncle through the air. In old times it used to be the uncles who guided the nephews; nowadays the nephews guide the uncles. Other times, other manners."

Wounded to the quick and furious, Layac crushed the paper in his hands.

"Ah, for example," he exclaimed.

"What's the meaning of this? Here are the papers making a joke of me. They are representing me as a pusillanimous coward. Shall I stand that? No, no; most assuredly not. I'll show these insulting editors what kind of man they are libelling."

Increasing his pace, he hurried on to the Grand Hotel where he found Tim tying up some parcels.

"Here," he exclaimed in a tragic tone, handing his nephew the offending paper; "here, read that."

Tim read the article and repressed his desire to indulge in a laugh. "Well," said the uncle, "well?"

"Well, what, Uncle?" replied Tim.

"What's that? 'Well, what'? But will you explain to me, if you can, why the papers attack and mock me in this fashion?"

"Why, Uncle Layac, 'tis only natural, after all."

"Natural? Natural?" burst out Layac, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Why, of course, uncle. Let's see if it isn't. During the time of my apprenticeship at Juvisy, you were present at every lesson I took; and not once, not a single time would you, despite all the invitations you received, consent to go up in an aeroplane. The reporters naturally concluded that you are not particularly brave,—or, not to put too fine a point on it, that you were afraid. As a result we have this article, a little ironical perhaps, but, after all, not very malicious, as you will acknowledge when you are cooler."

"Well, I'll show them whether or not I'm afraid," said Layac with some show of grandiloquence, as he threw out his chest and strutted about the room like a second-rate tragedian on the provincial stage.

"What are you thinking of doing?" inquired Tim who was just a little disquieted.

"Doing? I am going to learn how to run an aeroplane, myself. And I'm going to begin to-morrow morning."

"You, Uncle Layac?"

"Yes; me, and 'twill be myself that will run the aeroplane from Albi to Lisbon."

Had a thunderbolt fallen on Tim, he could not have been more overcome. His uncle, not content with being a simple passenger, wishing to conduct their Perinot, himself! Why, 'twas folly pure and simple, the most ridiculous sort of folly.

(To be continued.)

Sheep Dogs that Fight Wolves.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

SHEEP dogs are always interesting, and very often are as full of intelligence as their masters, regarding the safety of the flock or flocks in their charge. But among the wisest and strangest of all sheep dogs are those that sleep in furs, and fight the wolves night and day in defence of the sheep they are given to watch.

Away in Southern Asiatic Russia, where the steppes or plains stretch for thousands of miles, from the borders of Hungary in Europe to those of China in farther Asia—where all is one immense monotonous level with hardly a wood or a hill,—vast flocks of sheep are kept. Over the pastures the flocks roam all through spring, summer, autumn, and part of winter, and each flock is looked after by the "tschabawn," or head shepherd, and his four or five men—and their trusty dogs.

Were it not for the use of their dogs these Russian shepherds would be very hard put to it to look after their great flocks of sheep and lambs. As the tschabawn and his men take the sheep along the grassy plains their going is very slow, usually not more than five or six miles at most in the day; and the sheep straggle along and scatter about in the ravines and deep gullies of the steppe. There, and among the brushwood, many would get lost were it not for the dogs

shepherding them when by themselves and far away from the reach of their masters' voices. Carefully they watch them for a while, and then, on seeing the main part of the flock go slowly farther and farther away, they slowly trot nearer the straying sheep, and by barking and making dashes at them drive them off to rejoin the flock.

The Russian sheep dog, that is a great heavy animal with a shaggy tail and a coat of thick stiff hair, knows as little fear as the English bulldog, and willingly sets about a wolf, even by itself. To kill a fox, is a mere amusement with it. And wolves and foxes are the torment of the shepherds on the steppes. Wolves, that are very numerous there, and very dangerous, hover for days and nights around an "ottara," or flock, and travel miles in stealthy pursuit of it; and it needs all the watchfulness of the men and their dogs to ward them off, especially during a panic into which the sheep are often thrown by one of the terrible wind or rain storms that sweep down over the steppes. But, as the skin of a full-grown wolf brings a good price, the Russian shepherd is always ready to encourage his dogs to meet and overcome such an enemy.

The tschabawn and his flock go along, very leisurely, and the manner of their going to-day is just the same as it was hundreds of years ago. The wagon, long and low-wheeled, and tented over with leather to protect the provisions and other things from the wind and rain, leads the way; then comes the head shepherd, with his great crooked staff some fifty yards behind it and its oxen, and then the sheep follow him, with the other shepherds and dogs ambling along on all sides of the ottara. When the tschabawn comes to good pasture, he and his sheep stay there till the grass is eaten up, and then the procession starts forward again.

So long as the weather is fine, and wolves and foxes absent, the shepherds

and their dogs lead one of the most pleasant of lives in the balmy air and sunshine of the steppe. The hour they like best is after the evening meal is done, and the dogs have been well fed. Then the shepherds and their four-footed friends sit around the crackling fire of dry reeds, brushwood, and dry grassy turves, the men talking over things that their lonely existence may suggest,—and so immense are the plains, and so few the inhabitants, that weeks often pass before the shepherds see a strange face. Then, after the talk, arrangements for the night are made. The sheep are brought as close together as possible, and the men and their dogs take up their places around the flock. Each man throws his furs that serve him for mattress and coverlet on the spot the tschabawn assigns him, the same distance dividing every two beds.

The next job is to make the dogs' beds. The shepherds of the steppes are a rough lot, though good-natured and extraordinary full of lore about nature; but they look well after their dogs. The tschabawn gives out as many sheepskins and old furs as there are dogs to his ottara; and, as each dog knows his own furs and sheepskin, all that is necessary is to put each sheepskin where it is needed. The dog then takes up its post for the night on the outside of the flock. Each dog lies down on its sheepskin, and its owner partly covers it with the old furs, to keep it warm. He knows the trusty animal will always sleep with one eye open and both ears cocked to see and hear the slightest movement near or afar, and give alarm should danger threaten. Thus, with the shepherds and the dogs, a circle of defence guards the sleeping sheep. Often there are as many as two or three thousand sheep in one flock.

Only two other breeds of dogs are as wise, as trusty, and intelligent, as the sheep dog of the steppes,—one is the old English bob-tailed sheep dog, the other the Scottish collie.

A Bird Paradise.

IN the east part of the Firth of Forth, opposite to the Isle of May, lies the once celebrated Island of Bass. It is about two miles distant from the Castle of Tantallon, upon the coast of East Lothian. The French, when they were in Scotland, called it the Isle of Geese, from the number of these fowls which haunt it. It is an impregnable rock, of small extent, and oval in figure; it has only one landing place, and this is so confined that only a small boat can reach it, and the rock afterwards to be mounted is quite steep and very uneven.

The isle is not above a mile in compass; towards the north it is a high rock, which slopes towards the south; it is somewhat level where the ruins of a fort are still to be seen. It mounts in a cone to the top, and there the flag floated. The ruins of a chapel stand not far from the summit of the hill. It is grassy, and can support some few sheep, and there is a fountain of fresh water in it. In certain places the water has pierced through the rock, and there, in the vast crevices, great numbers of fowls are lodged. In the months of May, June, July, and August, the whole surface of the rock is covered with the nests, eggs, or young ones of the fowls. The immense number of these fowls, which fly about obscure the air like clouds, making a great noise with their cries. The fowls which mostly frequent the Bass are the Solar goose, black guillemot, and the cormorant. It is a paradise for them on account of affording so much food and of being so inaccessible to hunters. This island was purchased by King Charles II., and was long used by him and his brother King James II. as a prison.

THE truly generous person is one who denies himself some luxury, or, better still, some comfort, in order that he may have wherewith to give to those who are in need of necessities.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A translation of a letter-diary written (in Latin) for the nuns of her convent (probably in Spain) by the Abbess Ætheria, while on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the early part of the fourth century, has just been published by the S. P. C. K.

—A literal translation of the Spanish text of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, with an explanatory commentary, and a translation of the Directorium in Exercitia, for the use of Anglican retreatants is among recent publications. The translator, Mr. W. H. Longridge, recommends the "Exercises" warmly, defending them against the allegation that they are a kind of Procrustean bed on which all souls alike are to be stretched.

—A little book for which we are hoping there will be a wide welcome is "Moments with the Consoling Christ." It consists of prayers from Thomas à Kempis carefully selected and grouped under appropriate headings by the Rev. John Dillon, I.L.D., with a foreword by the Bishop of Newark. The size, paper, print and binding of this manual are just what they should be. A durable marker is the only thing it lacks. Published by Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss. Price, 75 cents.

—The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, the object of which is to furnish information regarding Catholics, their belief, doctrines, etc., has issued in convenient form for general distribution a booklet entitled "The Pope and the War," further described as "a brief summary of some efforts of Benedict XV. to alleviate the unhappy results of conflict." The editor has done his work well, and there should be wide practical appreciation of it. It is gratifying to notice that the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, which has rendered many very important services to the Church in the South, has lately received the hearty approbation of the Holy Father.

—The Parisian publishers, Bloud & Gay, whose series of brochures, "Pages Actuelles," were issued at frequent intervals throughout the four years of the war, have just brought out what may be said to be in a certain sense a summary of the mighty conflict, "Messages et Discours." It is a brochure of some three hundred pages, and contains the addresses, messages, letters, and telegrams of M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic, from July 31, 1914 to Nov. 17, 1918. The collection forms a running commentary on the outstanding

events of those fateful years, and discloses official France's relations with allied sovereigns and commanders, her own generals, and the world at large.

—Such of our readers as are interested in American history generally, and in the annals of our Southwestern States in particular, will enjoy the perusal of "A Treatise on the Disputed Points of the History of New Mexico," by Benjamin M. Read. "Treatise" may seem rather an ambitious name for an octavo pamphlet of only eighteen pages, but the name does not detract in the least from the polemical value of the work. Published by the author at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

—"The Christian Historic Witness" (Grand Junction, Iowa: Unity Publishing Co.), is a sixteenmo pamphlet of forty pages, containing a dialogue of general interest between a non-Catholic preacher and a Chinese mandarin, a dialogue which very graphically shows the importance of the Church. The viewpoint of the mandarin and the questions which he addressed to his would-be converter are distinctly interesting, and will be enjoyed by all readers who like clear-cut argumentation.

—A welcome addition to the text-book literature for Catholic schools is "Bible Stories for Children," by a Catholic teacher (Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss). A durably bound twelvemo of 170 pages, it contains twenty-five stories from the Old Testament and thirty-seven from the New. As is well remarked by the writer of the preface, the Rev. Augustine F. Hickey, S. T. L., "the style is well adapted to the capacity of youthful readers; and the illustration crowning each story is an attractive centre wherein the child will see in clear vision all that the story tells." The book bears the *imprimatur* of his Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

—Dorothea Waley Singer, who is compiling a catalogue of the Mediæval scientific MSS. in the British Isles, asks, through the *London Times*, for information as to any of the less well-known collections of early manuscripts in public or private hands in England. Her catalogue already comprises over 40,000 entries. "I am anxious," she writes, "to make it as complete as possible. Early scientific material has been found embedded in the most unlikely places, even in Missals and Psalters; and I shall, therefore, be grateful for information as to any MSS. dating from before the sixteenth century, other than those of our great national

collections, which have, of course, already been examined for the purpose."

—To one who declared that punning was the lowest species of wit, Henry Erskine replied: "Then it must be the best species, since it is the foundation of the whole."—Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott were both given to punning. Among many instances of this propensity on the part of the latter, we record one. A friend borrowing a book one day, Sir Walter put it into his hands with these words: "Now I consider it necessary to remind you that this volume should soon be returned, for, believe me, I find that although many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, almost all of them are good bookkeepers."

—"The Re-creation of Brian Kent," by Harold Bell Wright (Chicago: the Book Supply Company), is the latest novel of an author whose previous seven books, according to his publishers, have attained a sale of eight million copies. The present story has the merits and the defects of Mr. Wright's former volumes. There is an abundance of dramatic action, graphic description, and more or less vivid character portrayal; but there is also, we notice, an exaggerated attribution to mere philosophy and human love of effects which Christian moralists are accustomed to ascribe to the grace of God and the concrete aids of religion.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
 "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "Marshal Föch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.
 "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.

- "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
 "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
 "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
 "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rt. Rev. Maurice Foley, bishop of Jaro. Brother David, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Agatha, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. de Chantal, Sisters of the Humility of Mary; and Sister M. Mercedes, I. H. M.

Mr. Joseph Taylor, Mr. C. W. Fisher, Miss Margaret E. Walsh, Mrs. Clara Gonner, Mr. John Brady, Dr. C. A. Obertin, Mr. Thomas Bailey, Mr. W. J. Hertling, Mr. Stephen Wild, Miss Elizabeth O'Grady, and Mr. George Eiler.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: "In thanksgiving," \$5; P. C., \$10; "in behalf of the poor souls," \$5; "in honor of St. Anne," \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

My Lady Fair.

BY M. H. KENNEDY.

THE passing of thy gentle feet,
Is like the fall of blossoms sweet;
The whiteness of thy lily hands
Is that of snow in Alpine lands;
The music of thy tender mouth
Shames mute the soft winds of the South;
The light in thy dear Mother eyes
Outshines the splendid morning skies;
The perfume of thy wondrous hair
Is that of myriad roses fair;
The shelter of thy loving breast—
But fail my words to sing the rest!
Thy presence sweet is like to none,
Except that of thy blessed Son.

The Vitality of Christianity.

BY M. J. SCOTT, S. J.

A FEW months ago a Christian ruler of a Christian nation numbering many millions, publicly consecrated his kingdom and his people to Jesus Christ. He did this as an act of appreciation for the benefits of Christian principles in the life of the people, and as an act of worship on behalf of the nation. The ruler was Alphonus of Spain. The act of consecration, written by himself, was read in the presence of the most distinguished men of the kingdom and before a concourse of thousands of

devout worshippers. Before giving the act of consecration, composed by the King himself, I wish to advert for a moment to the significance of the fact.

While the war was on, the press of Europe and America and many ministers of non-Catholic churches were asking if Christianity had failed. It had failed for them because they had failed it. Press and pulpit had not only drifted from the religion of Christ but had substituted for it a man-made creed. That man-made creed, which they misnamed Christianity, failed indeed, under the stress of war.

But the Christianity of Christ did not fail. That was the Christianity of Mercier, of Albert, and of Foch. That was the Christianity of the Catholic chaplains and the Knights of Columbus, and the rank and file of Catholic soldiers who were better patriots because they were better Christians. It was the Christianity of Christ that brought the exiled nuns back to the land from which they were banished, to suffer for it and die for it. Christianity was very much alive in the trenches, on the forced marches, in the hospitals, and wherever human nature realized its helplessness. For several generations, governments and press and pulpit have libelled and assailed the Christianity of Christ. Small wonder that their caricature of it failed. The reality of war revealed the camouflage of religion which in some places has passed for Christianity.

Alphonus of Spain, in the minds of many, has made strange concessions to

irreligion. But we must remember that he has been surrounded by elements hostile not only to religion but to social order; and to prevent dreadful conflicts among his people he has tolerated certain measures, in the hope that he could ride the storm and so save the people and preserve the Faith. But he saw that compromise satisfied neither one side nor the other, as always happens, and he now stands forth nobly as the champion of the Faith and the leader of his nation. He has unfurled the standard of Christ before his own people and the peoples of the earth, and declares publicly for Christ the Lord. He is on record for the vitality of Christianity in the twentieth century. Alphonsus is a man's man. Time and again he has shown superlative valor in the face of death. His courage has made him the idol of those who admire manliness. But no act of his life demanded such fortitude as his public profession of faith in a country where a so-called liberal press and party stand ready to assail every act of religion as a Medieval reversion.

To my mind there is nothing finer in history than the occurrence I am about to relate. The circumstances were the following. A statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was erected in the geographical centre of Spain, on an eminence known as The Angel's Hill. The King was invited to be present at the unveiling of the statue and the consecration of the nation to the Sacred Heart. He not only accepted the invitation for himself, but was accompanied by the highest personalities of Spain, and the representatives of every branch of its activities. An immense concourse of people participated in the ceremonies.

When the King arrived he was asked, out of courtesy, if he would read the act of consecration. To everyone's surprise, he said he would. When it was presented to him he said that he would like to look it over before reading it. He went to his room, and, after perusing the act of consecration, put it aside, and wrote with

his own hand the following act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and read it in loud and reverent tones:

Heart of Jesus, Heart of the God-Man, Redeemer of the World, King of kings, Master of those who rule! Spain, the people of Thy inheritance,—Spain, strong and constant in the Faith, prostrates herself reverently to-day before the throne of Thy goodness, erected to Thy honor in the heart of our land.

Following the Catholic traditions of Spanish royalty, and attesting our devotion to Thy divine person, we confess that Thou didst come into the world to establish the Kingdom of God in the souls redeemed by Thy blood, and for the happiness of the nations governed by Thy just and holy laws.

Thou art the straight road which leads to eternal life, the unfailing light which illumines our minds to know the truth, the prime mover of all life and all real social progress.

Therefore Thy Kingdom come,—Thy Kingdom which is a reign of justice and love! Reign in the hearts of men, in their homes, in the minds of the learned, in the halls of science, in the intellects of leaders, in the administrators of public affairs, in the minds and hearts of the whole people.

Bless the poor, the working people, the proletariat, so that, in the harmony of all the social classes, justice and charity may sweeten their lives and facilitate their work. Bless the Army and the Navy, armed, protectors of the country, in order that in the loyalty of their service they may always defend the nation and uphold just laws.

Impart Thy blessing on all of us here, united in the love of religion and country, and who desire to consecrate to Thee our lives and our possessions. Grant as a most special favor that we may live in Thy grace, and die in the love of Thy most Sacred Heart. Amen.

That is the Christianity of Christ. That is the Christianity which never fails the world or the individual. Christianity is a partnership between God and man. Man must do his part. If a farmer does not plough he can not say that the crop failed. If a traveller rejects his guide and loses his way he can not say his guide failed him.

Christianity was established by God to guide the individual and the world aright. But suppose the guide is rejected! Mercier, Foch, and Albert held to Christianity,—the Christianity of Christ. Mer-

cier, Foch and Albert passed through the red sea of blood and the desert of sorrow, but they reached securely the promised land. So may every man who is true to real Christianity.

But man must follow the light from above, not the darkness from the vapors of earth. Man's religion has failed: the Christianity of Christ can not fail.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM-MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XI.—A PEACEFUL HAVEN.

LIFE became for Agnes Kynloch, amid the changed circumstances of her uncle's household, more unendurable every day. Hugh Gilchrist himself, after a spell of silent moodiness, such as she had never seen in him before, announced his determination that all the family would have to take part in future in the Kirk worship, together with him. This was made known at the midday meal on a Saturday.

"I'm nae for the Kirk, anyway!" exclaimed Jock, as though that settled the matter as far as he was concerned. His father had never before insisted upon his attendance at any place of worship; and as he was merely a Catholic by baptism, he had troubled himself little about religion. But he was to discover that his former freedom was to be curtailed.

"Ye'll go like the rest of us, Jock," was all the reply given. Jock knew better than to resist for the present. Later on he had good hopes of escaping so unprofitable a way of spending "Sabbath," which he had hitherto looked upon as a holiday. His usual custom had been to migrate into the country with a congenial associate of like tastes, and indulge in an exciting rat-hunt, or rabbit snaring, or the more sedate sport of fishing. To have to attend kirk—perhaps even twice in a

day—was more than he could contemplate with an equable mind! Though he forbore to answer his father, it is probable that he was forcibly eloquent upon the subject in the society of his boon companions.

Helen treated the matter as worthy of scornful ridicule only. She was well aware that her father's will would be law. Though she made no outward comment, she was resolved that her attendance at kirk would be as irregular as ingenious excuses could effect. She knew well that her father was merely temporizing, possibly on account of remonstrances addressed to him by Bailie Agnew or some other busybody, upon his slackness in the public practice of religion; an occasional appearance at worship would give great satisfaction to the ministers, too. These gentry had long suspected the Gilchrists of Popish leanings, but had refrained from pushing matters too strongly in the case of so prominent a citizen, and would be lenient at first with an infrequent appearance at kirk.

Other thoughts occupied Helen's mind besides these. She was not averse from publicly professing that she was no Papist. Even before she had shocked young Hathaway by her sneering denunciation of Catholics, and had led him to a change of intention in her regard, she had begun to place her hopes on another and a richer suitor. Among Jock's numerous acquaintances was one Nicol Ross, son of a wealthy yeoman in the neighborhood. A big, blustering, conceited gallant, with a handsome ruddy face and a bold, roving eye,—Nicol was far more to the taste of Mistress Nell than a well-born, refined youth, such as Patrick.

Swaggering in one day in company with Jock, and resplendent in laced doublet, large ruff, sword, plumed hat, and French gloves, he had spent an hour or so in the drawing-room bragging so persistently to Helen and Agnes of his prowess at hawking, victories at golf, the superiority of his horses, the breed of his dogs, and

the like, that Agnes, for one, was glad of a timely call to some household duty which enabled her to escape. For, in addition to the lack of sympathy she felt in the youth and his conversation, she had begun to be somewhat alarmed by the pointedness of his attentions to herself. Seeing, however, that the quieter maiden (whom he appreciated as an apparently patient listener) did not encourage his advances, he was led to devote himself with more ardor to the sprightly Helen, with whom he had at first felt a trifle awkward. Her manifest interest in him emboldened the youth to repeat his visit on another occasion, and before long he was as familiar a figure in that house as Patrick Hathaway had once been. The ultimate announcement of his desire to marry Helen seemed now practically certain.

The determination of Hugh Gilchrist that Helen, with the rest, should attend worship at the kirk, fitted in very well with that damsel's aspirations regarding Nicol Ross. For his family was one that had never shown the least antipathy towards accepting the new order of things. Dunstan Ross, forty years before, had gladly embraced a less irksome creed than that in which he had been reared, but which, having never thoroughly known, he had never deeply loved. He had taken a Presbyterian to wife, and his children had naturally grown up in the matter-of-fact practice of the State religion characteristic of so many. By joining the ranks of the reformers at an early stage in his career, Dunstan Ross had not only made secure his tenure to his paternal estate, but had added to an already ample fortune that of a disinherited Catholic kinsman, who had preferred to lose the things of this world rather than the riches of the world to come. To enter a family such as this, Helen knew that she would have to barter any attachment to Catholicism; and her attachment to it, even before Nicol Ross had appeared on her matrimonial horizon, had been but normal.

Agnes alone, of all that household, was seriously troubled by Hugh Gilchrist's resolve. The thought of seeking another home, which had already occurred when Elspeth, her only sympathizer, had left, appealed to her now still more insistently. As to taking part in Protestant worship, she never gave the project a moment's consideration. She determined at last upon making a personal appeal to her uncle, and seeking his permission to join Elspeth in her little home in the country—for Wat had been successful in his quest of the position of lodge-keeper at Hopkailzie, which his sister had so greatly desired. The prospect of their reunion had been frequently spoken of between Elspeth and Agnes, before the final leave-taking of the old housekeeper.

Hugh Gilchrist was in no way astonished when his niece declared that she had determined never to take part in the Kirk services. He had expected her refusal, indeed, and was greatly touched by the gentle yet firm stand she made against his command. He had a strong affection for this child of his dead sister, and it was not in any wise lessened by her heroic devotion to duty. At heart the man was a Catholic, though a timid one; he had been persuaded by Agnew and others like him, who knew nothing of his real convictions, to show better example than he had hitherto done in the matter of religious observances, and had given in to them against his better nature. He could consequently admire and appreciate all the more in a tender maiden the courage and zeal which were so wanting in his own character.

"You shall go to Elspeth for a season, lassie," he said kindly, when the girl had opened her mind fully, "and I'll take care to pay her something regularly for your food and lodging."

Agnes was full of gratitude, and begged to be allowed to go without delay.

"Jock shall ride with you to-morrow," was the answer. "He'll doubtless be ready enough to miss the kirk," he added.

The wistful expression in his eyes told the maiden that he himself really shared Jock's sympathies.

Helen, when told of the arrangement, answered with a sneer.

"I wish you joy, lass!" she cried. "You'll have a quiet time enough, shut up in a bit of a cottage in a wood, with none but old Elspeth for company. But you'll like it well. You're nought but a spoiled nun, really!"

The Monnypenny sisters saw it from a widely different point of view. Agnes had seized every available opportunity to pay the old ladies a brief visit from time to time. Patrick Hathaway was no longer available as her squire on her homeward way, but the Monnypennys' house seemed to be associated with him in the girl's mind more than her uncle's. His name, too, would often turn up in their conversations together on the present state of things.

"You're doing the right thing, my bairn," said good Mistress Eupheme. "I would that I, too, might leave town and settle in some quiet country spot, where a body could hear Mass now and again, free from these prying heresy-hunters! 'Tis little consolation we shall get, when you leave us, dearie! But you'll be happy at Hopkailzie. Mistress Muir—the laird's wife—is a dear friend of ours; she will love to have you there."

The sisters had troubles of their own which had often been recounted to the maiden's sympathetic ears. Their cousin, Master Matthew, who had so successfully hoodwinked the Presbytery up to a certain point, had again incurred the displeasure of that body. His pretended accident had gained a spell of freedom from their unwelcome attentions; but he had been seen in Edinburgh, when he visited his cousins in company with young Hathaway, and had been reported by some officious busybody as well able to be abroad. Should he still persist in his contumacy, he would incur excommunication, and that would entail many incon-

veniences; for it would compel him to a rigorous seclusion in his own house, shunned by all who had any fear of being involved in the like censure. His only alternative was to go abroad without delay, and remain there for a time at least.

"And what would become of us?" cried poor Joanna, whose anxious mind foresaw the inevitable burden of the entire management of family affairs weighing upon her. "What should we do, with no male relative to protect us, and fend for us?"

"We should have to fly the country, too, like enough!" exclaimed the easy-going Eupheme. "Though I doubt whether you'd find it an easy matter, Joan, to get me aboard ship! 'Twould take more than one strong man to carry me!"

Both sisters were unfeignedly sorry to lose their much-loved little visitor, and bade her farewell most regretfully. Joanna was moved to tears when the time came for taking leave. The girl's own heart was sad, too. These good friends had never seemed so dear as now. Times were unusually hard for Catholics just then, and the prospect of meeting the sisters again seemed very remote.

Yet in spite of partings, and the inevitable regrets which surge up in affectionate hearts at leaving familiar scenes behind, it was with comparative lightness of spirit that Agnes awoke next morning at a very early hour, and made her preparations for the proposed journey.

The grim-faced, elderly maiden, Margery Mutch, who had replaced Elspeth as housekeeper, seemed greatly displeased at the flagrant desecration of the Sabbath involved in the excursion. This dissatisfaction of hers was manifested in the dour protestation in her manner when she served their early breakfast, and still more by the muttered texts of Scripture with which she menaced the ungodly travellers.

It was pleasant when they had passed through the still sleeping city, to ride through peaceful country scenery: brown

arable land, awaiting the upspringing of the green blade, grey-green meadows, powdered with hoar frost, which the newly-risen sun had not yet melted. The tingling sensation of the frosty air was invigorating, and Agnes felt the sense of emancipation from uncongenial surroundings swell higher and higher in her thankful heart. Thus they ambled gently onward; Jock rode the sturdy palfrey, and the girl sat on the pillion-saddle behind him, holding firmly to the leather belt he wore for the purpose, and resting her feet firmly on the broad ledge attached to her seat.

Less than an hour's riding brought them to the summit of the ridge upon which Liberton was enthroned, whence they could look down upon the grey city sheltered by hills. Another three or four miles through woodland country, mid leafless trees now, brought them to their destination.

In the mansion on his small freehold estate, situated on hilly country, dwelt Master Hector Muir, often styled "Hopkailzie," from the designation of his property. He was classed by his neighbors among Presbyterians; with what truth will be seen later. Barbara, his wife, had been converted to Catholicism through the influence of the Monnypenny sisters, with whom she was on intimate terms of friendship. They were a childless couple and now advanced in years.

The lodge which formed the principal entrance to the demesne opened upon a long wooded avenue, and this had suggested Helena Gilchrist's gibe of "a cottage in a wood"; for she had heard the place described by Nicol Ross who knew it well. When Jock drew rein at the great iron gates, and whistled shrilly for admission, Elspeth came running out, her face alight with pleasure. With rapturous expressions of joy she lifted down the maiden and embraced her ardently. Even Jock had to submit—though it was with a rueful countenance—to be kissed by his old nurse, who was greatly attached to

the lad, and pitied him for the neglect shown in his upbringing.

It was with surprise they learned that Wat also was now established at Hopkailzie. His position at Bailie Agnew's had grown more than distasteful of late, and he had eagerly accepted the offer from Master Muir of stabler there,—for Wat's sturdy straightforwardness had attracted the good laird towards him. So Wat lived with his sister at the lodge, and spent most of his day in stables and dog-kennels. Thither Jock was directed to get his steed unharnessed and fed, while Agnes followed Elspeth, who carried the saddlebag containing the girl's moderate wardrobe and effects, into her tiny dwelling.

The old woman was overjoyed to learn that her favorite had come to make an indefinite stay with her. She had felt the loss of Agnes more than of Nell, whose flippant and occasionally unkind speeches had often caused her pain. Moreover, her life was somewhat lonely, since she did not care to cultivate, at her age, the society of the servants at the mansion, most of them many years younger than she. Although her intercourse with the girl would still be on the footing of mistress and maid to a certain extent, life would be far more cheerful with the presence of youth in the little lodge.

The great entrance gates were set in a broad archway of stone. On one side was the lodge—a stone building in the late Gothic style of the deep arch of which it formed one of the foundations. Another building, exactly similar, flanked the archway on the opposite side. This served the purpose of a storehouse only. In the centre of the archway, peeping out from the clustering ivy which mantled the buildings, was a good-sized mullioned window, belonging to a little upstairs chamber. It was in this room that Agnes, at her own urgent request, was to be lodged: a veritable convent cell, which would have stirred the amused Helen to further caustic jeers. It did not take long

to prepare the humble apartment for the girl's use, and Agnes rejoiced in finding herself in quarters so greatly to her liking.

That was a happy Sunday for Elspeth and Agnes, and almost as enjoyable to Wat, who was delighted to exhibit to Jock, an appreciative spectator, the glories of his stableyard. It was evening before the lad was able to tear himself away from such fascinating surroundings, and betake himself to his home in the city. Both Elspeth and Wat pressed him to come again before long, and Jock, scenting the prospect of another absence from kirk, gladly promised to do so.

On the following morning, while Elspeth was busy with her cooking, and Agnes was arranging her little cell to her taste, the latter heard the barking of dogs in the direction of the avenue. A tiny window, at the head of the staircase, looked in that direction; peeping out she saw two female figures coming towards the lodge, with three or four dogs, large and small, gambolling around them, or racing after one another down the broad drive. Presently she heard voices below stairs, and Elspeth, running up, announced that Mistress Muir had come to visit her, attended by one of the maids. Agnes hastened downstairs to receive the lady of Hopkailzie. She was seated by the fire, chatting pleasantly with Elspeth; the maid and the dogs having been sent outside the gates for a spell of exercise for the animals.

"'Tis a pleasure to welcome you to Hopkailzie, Mistress Kynloch," she exclaimed, as she rose to greet the girl. "Your friends Eupheme and Joanna Monnypenny are my dear friends, too, so we scarcely meet as strangers."

Mistress Muir was small and slight, and quick in her movements as some bright bird. The hair which showed from under her coif of linen and lace was turning grey; her bright brown eyes had a kindly look, and there was a glint of pleasant humor in their depths at times. She looked a dainty little figure in the homely

surroundings of Elspeth's small living-room. Her dress was rich and tasteful, as became her rank, yet free from the exaggerations of the extreme of fashion. She eschewed the hideous farthingale—or hooped skirt of the day—which would have been most unsuitable for one so short of stature. Her gown of silk brocade, of subdued purple tint, was partly hidden, except in front, by a long, loose robe of fine cloth of a darker tint, fastened under the ruff in front, but flowing open as the wearer moved. Its long hanging sleeves were bordered with grey fur, as well as the edges of the robe where it opened down the front. The usual ruff of fine lawn and lace wristlets completed her costume.

After inquiries about the Monnypennys, Mistress Muir insisted upon accompanying Agnes to her own little chamber, to see if by chance she could add to its comfort by some extra furnishings from the house. She lamented the lack of preparation; she had but just heard from Wat, of the girl's arrival; but was greatly struck by the "dear little nest in the ivy," as she called it, and admired the skilful arrangement of its furniture. Simplicity and a certain austerity reigned in domestic interiors at that date; and though the good lady was profuse in her offers of various adornments, Agnes gratefully declined any addition to her sparsely furnished room.

One object, in particular, attracted the visitor's attention: a pillow for lace-making was on the table, prepared for use. Mistress Muir was delighted with the beautiful and elaborate piece of work then in process of weaving, and begged the girl to show her something of the process. This Agnes gladly did. She told how an old Flemish woman in Edinburgh, since dead, had been her instructress; the teacher had been unusually expert at the work, which was still little known in Scotland, and the pupil had evidently gained great proficiency.

This was the commencement of a time of great peace and happiness for Agnes

Kynloch; Mistress Muir and she, despite the difference in their years, became fast friends. Many a pleasant hour did the maiden spend at the mansion in company with her new acquaintance. Not only did the lace-making prove a great attraction to the elder woman, but also the fact of Agnes being of like faith. Barbara Muir was past middle age when her conversion took place, and her opportunities for instruction in the dogmas of religion had been few and scanty; she therefore gladly availed herself of the girl's more accurate and diffuse knowledge to increase her own more meagre store. Had it been possible, she would have taken the young maiden to reside permanently with her, but Elspeth had shown such strong disapproval when the project was but mentioned, that it was at once abandoned by the kindly lady.

Hopkailzie was indeed a charming dwelling-place. The house had been built before Master Muir's marriage, in place of the former half-ruinous farmhouse which previously occupied its site. The solid stone building with its high gabled roofs, was surrounded by noble woods, except on that side which looked towards the valley where Edinburgh lay. The cluster of grey houses with the crown of St. Giles' tower rising conspicuous above them, could be seen plainly in clear weather, for the town was not more than six or seven miles away. A terraced garden, where roses bloomed in summer, with grassy walks between quaintly-cut hedges of yew, lay to the front of the building, on a lower level. Master Muir himself took delight in his garden, and worked in it with a will when fine weather and inclination moved him thereto; but he kept a gardener to do the lion's share in its upkeep.

Agnes found favor in the eyes of her host as well as in those of his lady. Hopkailzie was looked upon as no great friend to the new Kirk; indeed, some of his neighbors went so far as to say that he was a Papist at heart. Yet he was

careful to put in an occasional appearance at the parish church some four miles away, and he was openly on terms of intimate friendship with Master Doctor Fenton, the minister, who not infrequently visited Hopkailzie, and sometimes joined the household at dinner in the hall.

Hector Muir was in fact a Catholic. He was one of that class, too frequently met with in days of persecution, who deemed it quite lawful to hoodwink the enemy by pretending to agree with a state of things which at heart they ridiculed and despised. He took care to keep on good terms with the Kirkfolk, cultivated the society of the parish minister, appeared occasionally at the preaching in Edinburgh, and never showed by manifest word or action that he was anything but an ordinary Presbyterian of his day. Yet in reality he was a firm Catholic, though it could scarcely be said that he was a very devout one. He made his Easter every year, at a time when it was possible to do so, and he took the opportunities that offered of hearing Mass, when it could be done without arousing suspicions. As his wife knew well, he had been unfeignedly glad when she gained the grace of conversion.

Such a course of action did not, it is true, commend itself to the priests with whom Master Muir came in contact; but nothing could shake his conviction that such mere outward compliance with the law, while it procured for him the friendship of those in power, enabled him to do more than would be otherwise possible for the protection and defence of his fellow-Catholics in more humble circumstances. When his spiritual guides remonstrated with him on the unlawfulness of taking part, even in a mere external way, in the worship of a false religion, he would point to the example of others in a far higher state of life who held the same opinions, and carried out the same line of conduct.

The priests were well aware, and acknowledged it with regret, that one of

the highest authorities in the realm at that period was one of such temporizing Catholics. This was Alexander Seton, Lord Fyvie, sprung from a family loyally Catholic. He had been educated in Rome for the priesthood, but had chosen law instead. His conspicuous ability in his profession had continued to raise him rapidly from one dignity to another. He had attained at last to the exalted position of President of the College of Justice; for all considered him to be one of the greatest lawyers of his age. James VI. held Lord Fyvie in the highest esteem, though, knowing the family history, the king could scarcely have been ignorant of his real religious principles. So cleverly did this notable statesman practise his dissimulation, that none of his many enemies had been able to prove his actual Catholicism. A disaffected Presbyterian minister, who had reason to disapprove of the great lawyer's power, had indeed charged him with being "a shaveling and a priest, more meet to say Mass in Salamanca, than to bear office in a Christian and reformed commonwealth"; but the fact that he retained the Provostship of Edinburgh for ten successive years is a proof that the majority of his fellow-citizens, though they may have suspected him of retaining some of the "old leaven" of his early training, did not believe him to be a practising Catholic.

Such was the man with whom Hector Muir associated as an intimate friend, and upon whose conduct he had framed his own. In Master Muir's household, or even in remote connection with himself and his charming lady, Agnes Kynloch had no grounds for anxiety on the score of religion, at least; Hopkailzie promised to afford her, for as long as she chose to remain within its precincts, a peaceful haven, safe from the storms without.

(To be continued.)

Martyrs of the Blessed Sacrament.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.

ALMOST every dogma, mystery and practice of our holy Faith can point to heroes and champions, whose lives were devoted mainly to its defence, and many of whom shed their blood to uphold its cause. The natural bent of their own minds, the circumstances of the times, and no doubt the guiding hand of Providence as well, conspired to direct their thoughts, ardors and aspirations towards one subject of revelation rather than to others. One was the key-position, to the reduction and destruction of which all the enemy efforts were directed; while the rest lay in the background in comparative calm and safety. Thus for forty-six years St. Athanasius fought for the true doctrine on the Adorable Trinity, nor did he ever cease to struggle until he had overcome the heresy of Arius. Pope St. Martin I., styled by the Greeks *Infallibilis Fidei Magister*, laid down his life rather than change the teaching of the Church to suit the whims of a self-opinionated emperor. St. Thomas of Canterbury was slain at the foot of his own altar because he refused to make the clergy bondsmen of an abominable king. St. John Nepomucene was a martyr to the seal of the confessional.

The Blessed Sacrament, which is the very life of the Church, has of course been adored, loved, and defended by all the saints. To It their thoughts have always flown, from It their gifts and graces have come, for It they have all been eager to spend and be spent. A certain number of them have been privileged to win the martyr's crown in direct defence of the Blessed Sacrament, or through their love for our Eucharistic Lord and the things pertaining to His worship.

MODEST is he who remains modest, not when he is praised but when he is blamed.

—Richter.

One of the first martyrs of the Blessed Sacrament was a youthful acolyte,—what we should call to-day an altar boy. It

was in the early days of the Church, when Christians were on fire with the love of Jesus, and were permitted to have the Blessed Sacrament in their homes. Then it was a highly-coveted privilege to bring Our Lord to the sick, the decrepit, and especially to the confessors who were awaiting martyrdom in prison. This angelic boy, Tarsicius by name, was carrying the Blessed Sacrament to some of his friends,—perhaps to some who were to face the wild beasts in the arena on the morrow. On the way he met a party of soldiers; and they, divining from his demeanor his errand, summoned him to deliver his Treasure to them. On his refusal, they tried to snatch the Sacred Host from him; failing in the attempt, they beat him to death. And even in death, so the legend says, his arms remained locked across his breast like bands of steel, which the utmost force of his murderers was powerless to open. But when the dead boy had been reverently taken by Christian hands, the tense, rigid arms unfolded spontaneously, and the Blessed Sacrament, which he had shielded from profanation at the price of his life, was safely restored to the tabernacle.

A more eminent martyr of the Blessed Sacrament of those same early times was Pope St. Sixtus II. (A. D. 258), who was captured just as he was about to preach to his people in a chapel of the Cemetery of Prætextatus, and slain on the altar itself. Again history repeats itself, or at least is cast in the same mould; and the advantage is all on the side of the pagan persecutor; for his Christian imitator exhibits himself as far more brutal, savage and sanguinary. In the days of Cromwell, about 1655, the Venerable Philip Holden was arrested by a party of soldiers as he was saying Mass. In the presence of his mother, the soldiers cut off his head, stuck it on a pike; and, after making sport and mockery of the mother's anguish, one of them flung the still bleeding head into her lap. The vestments used at that Mass and crimsoned with the martyr's blood, and

the severed head itself were carefully placed in the box used for his missionary tours by the martyr, and these objects remain to-day the proudest treasure and heirloom of the Venerable Philip Holden's relatives.

The Church likewise venerates the memories, although she does not know the names, of many Roman martyrs whose love for the Mass was the cause of their deaths. The persecutors surprised these fervent Christians while Mass was being said for them in the Catacombs. The soldiers sent for bricks and cement, blocked up carefully all the openings and left the prisoners to perish of suffocation. Some seventy years later Pope St. Damasus, the friend and patron of St. Jerome, discovered the remains of these martyrs of the Mass when he was effecting some repairs and alterations in the Catacombs. He would not permit these sacred relics to be handled or interfered with in the slightest way. Everything was left scrupulously as he found it, even the very vessels of silver that had served for the celebration of Mass and Holy Communion; but he opened a window into the apartment, so that the faithful might see and venerate the holy remains of their brethren who had died for the Blessed Sacrament.¹ It was the dream of the great De Rossi's life that some day he might come upon the crypt where the martyrs, whom St. Damasus saw fifteen centuries ago, slumber in peace awaiting the Resurrection. Providence, however, did not grant De Rossi's wish; it reserved this favor for another.

Very beautiful, too, is the story of the early martyr-priest, St. Lucian. About to die in prison from the awful tortures he had endured, he wished to receive the Holy Viaticum before he passed away. Using his own crushed and broken bosom as an altar, he consecrated the Body and Blood of his Redeemer thereon, and received Holy Communion, and administered it to the companions of his captivity.²

¹ Allard, "Hist. des Persécutions," iii, pp. 74-76.

² Apud Bacuez, "Le Divin Sacrifice," p. 380.

An inscription of the Cemetery of Calixtus commemorates Alexander, another martyr of the Eucharist, who found death at the foot of the altar: "Alexander is not dead, but above the stars, and his body reposes in this grave. Kneeling in order to sacrifice to the true God, he was led to death. O deplorable times in which we can not even offer the Holy Mysteries and safely say our prayers in caves!"¹

During the persecution of Diocletian a young virgin, St. Anysia, won the martyr's crown on her way to Sunday's Mass. A soldier met her and asked her where she was going. She made the Sign of the Cross, and replied: "I am a Christian; I am going to the assembly of the faithful." Instantly he drew his sword, and murdered her on the spot.² The fate of St. Castulus was similar. This saint was a kind of butler, or upper servant, in one of the imperial palaces of Rome, and he was noted for his charity towards his coreligionists. As he was on his way to hear Mass, he was arrested on the Via Labicana. The executioners flung him into an excavation near by, and buried him alive under an enormous heap of sand. Similar, too, were the deaths of St. Artemius, his wife St. Candida, and their daughter St. Paulina. The father was the jailer of the martyr-priest, St. Marcellinus, and converted to the faith by the latter. Father, mother and daughter had just heard the Mass of their teacher in a crypt on the Via Aurelia. They were arrested as they were leaving the Catacomb. The father, St. Artemius, was beheaded; the two women were flung down through the light-shaft of the Catacomb, and buried under stones.³

The Reformation raged with Satanic violence against the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. One would think that the Reformers had sworn to obliterate the

Real Presence of Christ on earth. In the savage and sanguinary persecutions practised by the Reform, many martyrs of the Blessed Sacrament were proud to act as defenders and champions of their divine Master. The Breviary assigns to the 9th of July the Martyrs of Gorkum, who at this obscure little village of Belgium shed their blood and won their crowns in 1572. The heroic band numbered no fewer than nineteen persons, of whom St. Nicholas Pierck, Friar Minor, was looked upon as the leader and chief. For two days the most abominable indignities were heaped upon them; finally they were cruelly mutilated and hanged. The place of their death has ever since been a shrine, to which many pilgrims resort every year.

Whenever St. Philip Neri chanced to meet the students of the English College in Rome, he used salute them with the words, "*Salvete, flores martyrum.*" ("Hail, flowers of martyrs.") The title was appropriate and well deserved; for the English mission in Penal Days meant almost certain death to the missionary. To say Mass or to hear Mass, still more to help or harbor a priest, were treasonable offences, and brought the convicted person to prison, torture and death. Yet there were always priests found to brave the rack and knife and dungeon, alive with vermin, and faithful laymen and women, who delighted in helping them. It is no exaggeration to call all these without exception martyrs of the Blessed Sacrament. It was their zeal to say Mass or to hear Mass, their anxiety to promote the true worship of God, which cost them their lives and conferred undying immortality on their names.

Among the laics, who thus signaled themselves as knights of the Blessed Sacrament, may be mentioned George Gilbert, who formed a band of young Catholics to act as guides and helpers to the wandering missionaries; Venerable Ralph Milner, a poor laborer, who facilitated the work of scores of priests and saved the lives of many; Mistress Line,

¹ Apud Gihl, "The Mass," p. 114.

² Apud Jouve, "Instructions," Vol. ii, p. 143.

³ Allard, "Hist. des Persécutions," Vol. iv, pp. 374-378; also Migne, "Dictionnaire des Persécutions," Vol. i, col. 538.

who earned the reputation of being the greatest "harborer of priests," and who was put to death in consequence. Another was Peter Lester, who delighted in making altar-breads. He was denounced to the Government for making "the hosts for the Massing priests that are in England; his irons, which he uses for that purpose, he keeps in a barrel or vessel of beer in his cellar." The number of priests who shed their blood during these years of trial was very large—certainly some hundreds,—among whom may be mentioned Blessed Edmund Campion, a true poet and skilled musician; Blessed Robert Southwell, another poet, whose work won the praise of Ben Jonson; Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith, Ven. John Woodcock, Ven. Nicholas Postgate, and Ven. John Wall.

The curious and pathetic custom obtained among the English Catholics of saturating in the blood of the martyr-priest the corporal or the purifier which he had used at his last Mass. This blood-stained piece of linen was then looked upon as a most precious relic, and treasured with the most jealous care. Several corporals of this kind are preserved in the Franciscan Convent at Taunton; while Stonyhurst College is the proud possessor of a corporal hallowed by the hands and the blood of no fewer than five martyr-priests. There, too, is preserved a reliquary made for the incorrupt thumb of the Venerable Robert Sutton. There are several instances of the thumb and index finger of these martyr-priests being preserved from corruption.

The last Mass of a priest on the eve of his execution was looked upon as peculiarly sacred; was surrounded, as far as circumstances permitted, with the utmost solemnity, and it was accounted a most precious privilege to receive Holy Communion from his hand. On the eve of their execution, Ven. Ralph Corby, S. J., and Ven. John Duckett said Mass in Newgate, and gave Holy Communion to the Catholic ambassadors, many other

persons of distinction, and large numbers of the faithful. Ven. Stephen Rousham was offering the Holy Sacrifice when the soldiers came to arrest him. They were not too inhuman; for they permitted him to finish Mass, and even to make his thanksgiving. Having completed his devotions, the martyr "blessed, kissed and embraced those present, and went down cheerfully to the hurdle." Venerable William Davies, for the last six months of his life a prisoner in Beaumaris Castle, was able to say Mass every day on a table in his cell. In company with some young clerics whose studies and spiritual life he directed, he devoted many hours every day to preparing for the end. His triumph came July 27, 1593; and immediately after his execution, the hangman brought the martyr's clothing all dripping with still warm blood and flung it on the table, where he used to celebrate Mass; "thus seeming to mingle," as Bishop Keating beautifully remarks, "the blood of the martyr with those precious and life-giving streams which his priestly word had so often caused to flow there."¹

A hatred just as intense against the Blessed Sacrament and its ministers was manifested at the time of the French Revolution. During the massacres which were organized in September, 1792, two hundred priests were murdered. Of those massacred at Les Carmes, a large monastery of Paris, many were reciting the prayers for the dying in the chapel when the summons came. Called by twos from the apartment, each couple was butchered mercilessly at the foot of a staircase leading into the garden of the institution. Among the ecclesiastics immolated on this occasion was Mgr. De la Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Beauvais. His leg had been already broken by a musket ball, and he was lying helpless on a mattress in the sanctuary; he was carried to the stairway and killed there. A few moments

¹ Bishop Keating in "Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress," pp. 81, *et seq.*

before, his brother, Pierre Louis de la Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Saintes, had been killed outside in the garden.

Still many priests, undeterred by these terrifying examples, remained in France, disguised, to minister to their flocks. Unshaken by the fate of their brethren, gaining rather boldness from the dangers they affronted daily, they were always ready to administer the Sacraments to the dying and to say Mass for their people whenever an opportunity presented itself. The holdest and most resourceful helpers of these fugitive priests were women; and no fury of the persecutors, no trickery of the spies or traitors, who abounded in these wild times, were able to overcome the courage or outwit the *finesse* of these women, who had vowed that the Faith should not die.¹

Men do not die for an abstraction. We do not hear of the martyrs of Evolution, the martyrs of Socialism, the martyrs of any similar theory or fad. It is an indirect proof, though an efficacious one, of our Divine Lord's real presence in the Blessed Eucharist, that so many in all ages have been proud to seal their faith in the dogma with their blood.

¹ De la Gorce, "Hist. Religieuse de la Revolution Française," Vol. ii, pp. 269, et seq.

In the Dark Night of the Soul.

BY MEREDITH STARR.

WE wander in a land accurst,
To us more desolate than death;
And only Thou canst quench our thirst,
Lord of the life that quickeneth.

Speak Thou, and in this desert land
The rose will blossom, and the spring
Gush forth; the sad, forsaken strand
With the sweet tramp of angels ring.

Speak Thou, and all our grief is past,
And all our hearts, reviving, sing;
O Spirit of the Eternal Vast,
And Promise of the Eternal Spring!

Malachy Logan.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

"MALACHY LOGAN'S quit again," Mrs. Neilan said to her husband.

"Big Jack" looked up from a very satisfactory piece of rhubarb pie. If there was any one thing that Nor' Neilan excelled in it was in the making of rhubarb pie. "What to do?" he asked.

"What to do?" in an exasperated tone. "To sit in the ya'ard an' read the balance of the summer, I suppose. What else?"

Big Jack ate on steadily and said nothing. He hated unpleasant subjects at all times, but especially when he was eating. If he had been born a half century later he might have known that there was a psychological reason for this, but all that he understood about it was that the note of restrained petulance in Nor's pleasant voice troubled him a little, and he wanted nothing to bother him until he had finished his pie. Wherefore, being past-master of that comfortable Irish optimism, What's the Use? he emulated B'rer Rabbit in that he "kep' on sayin' nuffin'." But in this instance the policy of silence worked to no success.

"He's a square man, so he is," Mrs. Neilan went on, in lieu of response from her husband. "For the life o' me I can't see why he gives up his good work, an' goes footherin' away his time with thim ould books an' papers of his. Sure, it's no wonder Mollie's hair would be turnin' gray, an' she with six childher an' the taxes comin' on, an'—"

"Yerra, don't worry, woman dear," Big Jack interrupted in what he meant to be a soothing tone. "It's the same thing every year. They always get along some way."

The color rose in Mrs. Neilan's cheeks, and her dark eyes flashed.

"Some way, is it?" she broke in sharply. "It's me that knows the way, an' all the

other neighbor women, that has to give our bits of washin' to Mollie to keep the bite and sup in the childhers' mouths! Ha! it's little the men know about it an' they care but less, as long as they can sit around at Rody Lee's till all hours of the night listenin' to Malachy Logan an' his ould tales!"

The roller towel, on the back of the kitchen door, hid Big Jack's guilty smile as he rose from the table and prepared to return to his work.

"Ah, now, Norry," he said, ignoring the latter part of her remark; "it isn't you that begrudges the help you can give poor Mollie, I know that."

"I do not," was the reply, in a milder tone. "But I won't tell you any lie: I do begrudge Malachy Logan his rockin' chair an' his a'sy time.—Good-bye, Jack," she called relunctantly, as he smiled at her through the window. It was himself was always good-natured, and never gave her a cross word, and she that short-tempered with the poor fellow. She waved her hand at him as he turned to go down the hill to his work on the section, and Big Jack, looking back, envisaged, as well as his wife's friendly hand, the figure of Malachy Logan under the maple tree in his side yard. He grinned a little as he went on down the hill.

Meanwhile Malachy Logan, totally unconscious of all adverse comment and oblivious of the world in general, sat in his rocking-chair in the pleasant side yard, buried in day before yesterday's *Inquirer*, and enjoying a feeling of perfect and supreme content. The maple tree under which he sat was in full leaf, the air was soft and balmy, his tobacco pouch was full and his pipe drew admirably. He was at peace with the world. In addition to his newspaper there was a relay of delight at hand in a pile of books on the ground at his side, and the sight of them added zest to his careful perusal of the world's news and activities. Among them was a battered book containing Mangan's poems, and a faded green

volume which bore the announcement on its cover that inside might be found "The Songs and Melodies of Ireland." Another was still older, and related in language rich though archaic the legends and stories of ancient Ireland. This was quaintly and curiously illustrated with fairies and gnomes, warriors on fiery chargers, with men and women of the Firbolgs and the Tuitha de Danaan, with round towers and castles and scenes from the "old country" which set many an Irish heart to dreaming. It was the stories from this book, and hundreds like them that Malachy would tell on winter evenings to the men of the settlement who gathered at Rody Lee's little shoe shop for a "bit of a talk" and a smoke; charming them into forgetfulness of all else save the glamour of those great, wonderful, thrilling, early days in the Old Country.

Malachy had "the edication," and was a good talker, with a fine, sonorous swing to his voice, and he told the stories with all the dramatic fervor of the true Celt. The evenings sometimes spun out to unconscionable length, and called down upon late arrivals some sharp reprimands from waiting spouses. Truth to tell, the women could never understand the attractions of Rody Lee's nor the strange fancy, as they considered it, which the men had for Malachy Logan's stories, any more than the men could explain it themselves in so many words. They only knew that they liked Malachy and his stories,—those stories which fed their imaginations, grown anæmic from the dull round of work on section, in shop and field, stirring in them the high resolves and the unforgettable brave spirit of their far-off ancestors.

Moving pictures they were of light and color and sweetness, giving rein to the spirit of romance hidden deep in every Irishman's heart,—the same spirit which has led them into far lands and into distant places, and has left their bones to bleach on many an alien battlefield. Small wonder they were wont to regard with tolerance Malachy's annual defection from

duty and hard work; and no one but themselves knew how much of their cherished "tobacco money" found its way into Malachy's pocket, who accepted it grandly in the spirit in which it was offered.

With great stealth and an oppressive feeling of guilt, the Hill *shanachie* invariably deposited these perquisites in the china teapot on the top shelf of the cupboard, where were secreted the half-yearly savings for "the taxes,"—that bugbear of the improvident, of which class Malachy was at this period the only representative on the Hill. Not that he was lazy exactly; he could not himself explain the impulse which obliged him ever so often to quit work and devote himself to his books and papers. At such times he was given to complaining of strange pains in his j'ints. He was not sick. Oh, no! And Mrs. Quinn, the prescriber-in-chief for the whole settlement, had never been able, with all her wisdom, to locate the seat of his trouble. At least, as she put it candidly to his wife: "I can't find hare nor hide of annything the matther with him, ma'am," a dictum in which Mrs. Logan was fain to coincide, albeit with great bitterness of spirit; for it was hard indeed to be the wife of the only lazy man on the Hill.

Not but what she was proud of him, too, and secretly sympathetic in his revolt against what he, with no appearance of anger but simply as stating a fact, called "the slavery"; and often she had the thought—though she never gave voice to it,—that perhaps if they lived in a larger place Malachy might find some "easier" work to do, something more suited to his ability, for she knew him to be a step above the men about him. But she was a daughter of the Hill settlement, wedded to this strange dreamer, who was a delightful companion, if sometimes a very unsatisfactory husband and father as far as the pay envelope was concerned; and she could never muster up courage enough to suggest the change which would conceivably mean such an upheaval in her life. For what would she do among

strangers,—she who depended so much upon the kindness of her friends and neighbors when Malachy—if Malachy—ah, well, it was no use! God and His Blessed Mother send her patience, for this was her bed, and on it she must lie.

"Look, Mollie," Malachy called, appearing around the corner of the house, "listen to this, will you?" And he read off a long article on the Irish question, stopping at intervals to disagree vehemently with the writer, making his points with flushed cheeks and an eager appeal to his wife's interest. She listened, and smiled, and watched him half sadly, all unconscious that destiny was even then making ready to knock at his door. In fact, the knock came in the midst of his peroration, a loud and somewhat peremptory thump on the front door.

Now, on the Hill, neighborly callers invariably "went around the house," as they said, leaving the front door to such casual knuckles as belonged to strange peddlers, or the book agent, or people like that. Wherefore, Malachy shrugged his shoulders resignedly, and indicated to herself that he would see who was there, deciding that he would make short shrift of the interruption, for if a man wants to read, do you mind, he wants to read. What was his surprise as he walked leisurely around the house to see a carriage in the road outside, and the driver, or coachman, or whatever he might be, down on his knees examining one of the hoofs of the near horse.

"Here's some one coming, papa," he heard a childish voice say, and he just had time to notice that in the carriage were a lady and little girl, when rounding the corner he encountered the author of the resounding knock about to apply his knuckles a second time.

"I beg your pardon," the stranger said, "but one of my horses has gone lame, and I'm afraid we'll have to stop for awhile. Could we rest here a bit? My wife is tired—"

In a second Malachy was the eager

host. "Indeed you can," was the cordial response. "Come right in, and I'll have my wife open the front door."

"Can't we sit in the yard?" the lady inquired, as Malachy opened the gate for her. "It looks very attractive under that pretty tree, and I see some one has found it so."

Mrs. Neilan, glancing out of her kitchen window half an hour afterward, was transfixed with astonishment at the sight of the group in the Logans' yard. Two strangers, a man and a woman, city people, from their looks, were talking to Malachy with every appearance of the greatest interest, while Mollie Logan sat by, sewing away as contented as might be. The four oldest Logans, just home from school, might be seen escorting a strange child in the direction of the chicken yard.

"Well, did you ever?" Mrs. Neilan muttered. "And who are their grand friends, I wonder?"

Surprise would have consumed her if she had heard their conversation. Mr. Corey, the stranger, was, it appeared, the owner of a bookstore in Columbus, and was moreover a real book-lover. Pouncing on Malachy's old books with the eye of a connoisseur, he had at once detected them for treasures, and, after some chat with the owner, had made up his mind that here was a "find" of another sort. Their talk ranged widely and was full of enjoyment to both; and in the end Mr. Corey exclaimed:

"By George, Logan, you're just the man I'd like to have in my store! The sort I have to put up with are enough to drive me crazy. What do you say? But I suppose," doubtfully, "you wouldn't—" He looked around. "You never could tell. They might be people of some means. Still, I don't suppose you would want to make a change, would you?" he said aloud, glancing back at his host, surprising in the gray-blue eyes a look of such splendid joy that his own were dazzled for a moment.

Malachy swallowed once convulsively

before he could find his voice. "I would," was what he said. "I would—if—" He turned to look at his wife. "It's what I would like best in the world!" he burst out, with a curious undertone of pain in his voice; "but my wife—this place is home to her—maybe she wouldn't care to go." A thousand thoughts were tearing at Malachy as he spoke. It was the bad husband he had been many and many a time, sitting idle when he should have been at work; hating the work when he should have loved it for the sake of herself and the children; reading when he should have been bringing in the money—yes, a poor stick of a husband! Could he ask her now to go away with him: to leave her home and people, and those who were so good to her; to go to a strange place? If he had been the right kind of a husband it might be different. And now, when the first chance came to him of work that he would like, it was his own fault if he must lose it,—his own fault! No right had he in all the world to ask poor Mollie, so faithful and long-suffering, to make this sacrifice for him; she who had worked, aye, and slaved, that he might sit at his beloved books. A cruel hand took hold of his heart, gripping it until every jangled chord pierced him with the sharp misery of the unattainable. Ah, how could the likes of him expect such a miracle! As from a long distance he heard the soft voice of his wife.

"Why, Malachy," she was saying, gently as she always spoke, "you know that wherever you are is home to me; I think this is just the work for you." But the brooding eyes, that yearned over him more with the tenderness of a mother rather than that of a wife, flashed an eager message into his, blurred with this new, upsetting surprise. "Oh, isn't it wonderful, Malachy?" the electric glance seemed to say. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Do you mean it, Mollie?" Malachy asked huskily. "Oh, you'll never be sorry for this!"

So Malachy Logan went away from the

Hill, and from Rody Lee's and from the lives of the men, who missed him exceedingly. They thought of him often, but strangely enough, it was mostly on moonlight nights that memories of him and his stories came back to them strongly,—nights when great companies of stars marched across the heavens, stirring in their hearts vague yearnings for "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."

"Give me himself a-ye!" the men would exclaim with great heartiness, when pleasant news of Malachy's great success in his new work came along from time to time. But the women, not to be beguiled from their rooted belief in Malachy's shiftlessness, shook doubtful heads.

"Far-away cows do have wonderful horns!" they would say, exchanging knowing glances.

In Rural England.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I HAD scarcely done lamenting that the Angelus rang out no more in this countryside, where so many places are called by our Blessed Lady's name, when I heard it again, this time from the tower of a High Anglican church. I was very grateful for it. One can not help feeling more in touch with High Anglicanism, which venerates what we venerate, and shows its love and veneration, than with the ugliness of the Low Church in England, still more ugly in Ireland. At Hinton St. Mary they had just agreed on a church clock as a fitting memorial of the dead soldiers of the war. Here a great crucifix is about to be set up for the same purpose. The choice in each case made all the difference.

God is not forgotten nor is His Mother in this stately historic house, where it seems to one that she must have spread her mantle, so gracious, so reverent, so high and honorable is the atmosphere, as though

there was a living light in it. The vicar, on the evening of Peace Saturday, was intoning Vespers all to himself when he went into the church. Poor man, it is an uphill struggle to make the High Church acceptable to the people in an agricultural district in England. Some one complained to me that the "Choral Mass" at nine o'clock every morning was but ill-attended. There is something to be said for the agricultural population. The people are bewildered by the strange new ways, so indistinguishable from "Popery" to their minds. They prefer to worship as their fathers worshipped in a grey stone church with a bare table, closed all the week, so that on Sundays it smells mustily of damp pew cushions, rather than to enjoy the sweetness and light, the rood-screen with its crucifix and the kneeling Mother and St. John, the stained-glass windows, the lit lamp, the flowers, the pictures and the images of saints. The almshouses have their little chapel in the midst, where the old men and women can pray if they will. But prayer in a chapel on any day of the week except Sunday must smack of Popery to these simple folk; and they prefer, I am perfectly certain, to sit and nurse their ailments in the little almshouses.

Glastonbury is not so far away, and the neighborhood of Glastonbury is accountable for so many churches and ruins of abbeys and ecclesiastical buildings generally. So through Suffolk and Norfolk you find the way of the pilgrims to the great shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham marked by a great multiplicity of fine churches, mostly empty; for the rural population of England tends towards Nonconformity when it is religious, more especially if the services at the parish church are "High."

Our hosts saw to it that we had not "a blank Sunday"; so we motored ten miles to Mass, taking with us the wife and children of a somewhat important person on the estate and the important person himself, good man, sitting by the chauffeur.

feur outside. He was not a Catholic, but he was more than tolerant to the religion of his wife and children, and was taking measures to insure that they should be able to get to their church. Great was the good woman's delight at getting to Mass. She was the daughter of an Irish mother and a Lancashire father, who permitted his children to be brought up in the religion of their mother. I have often heard priests say that the Lancashire Catholics are the best in England.

The indomitable good woman sitting squarely facing her offspring in the luxurious car recounted a conversation she had had with the vicar, poor man. He had dropped into her spotless cottage, friendly-like.

"Mrs. —, I have not yet seen you at church."

"No, sir. Did you expect to see me?"

"Well" (after a pause), "I hoped you would come."

"I don't see how you could hope that, sir, seein' as I'm a Catholic."

"O Mrs. —, we are all Catholics!"

"You say so, sir, but you are only playin' at it. Why don't you give over playin' and become the real thing?"

"Mrs. —," said the affronted vicar, "I must leave you to fight things out for yourself. I see I can not persuade you."

"No, sir, you can not. Did you think you could? Good-morning, sir. I'm very much obliged to you for callin'."

There is always an extraordinary feeling to me, an Irish Catholic, about attending Mass at a little church, a lonely outpost of the Faith, in English country. Perhaps one does not appreciate sufficiently the happiness of belonging to a Catholic country where there is a church always at one's door. I remember long ago looking for a Catholic church in a London suburb. The red brick front had little to differentiate it from the various "chapels" beyond its newness and bareness.

"Is this the Catholic church?" I asked a lady who was approaching at the same time as myself. "It is, thank

God!" she immediately responded, with startling fervor. It is just how one feels, especially in the isolated places. But we were fortunate; for at Hinton St. Mary there was Marvell, only three miles away, with its convent and church, and the little Catholic group which always gathers about a Catholic church in England. And at St. Giles's we had the most truly religious hosts who would not see us Massless, even though they did not belong to the body of Christ's Church, though one must feel they belong to the soul.

Never did I feel my privileges more than when I entered and knelt in the little church, exquisitely clean, where the hidden nuns were singing softly, as though from far away, from their hidden choir, and a white-haired old priest was just beginning the Mass. For outward signs of devotion and reverence, commend me to—I will not say English Catholics, for doubtless many of the little congregation was Irish—but to the congregation of a Catholic church in England. Of course the affection, the passionate veneration, are kept alive by the isolation. The praying people, men, women and children, followed the Mass as though it were to be their last,—no staring about, no languor, no coldness. We who are born to our privileges, and are as faithful to them in our soul, might learn something as to outward behavior from such a congregation.

It was SS. Peter and Paul's Day, also it was Peace Sunday. The evening before, the joy bells had broken out suddenly with a great clamor, while the solemn strains of the organ rose in a *Te Deum* through the great house. One had had to remind one's self that it was one of the greatest moments the world had ever seen. I said to some one on the Monday: "You ought to keep to-day's *Times*. Think what it will be fifty, a hundred years hence." It had not occurred to any one. It was the peace which had come too late,—the peace of a world still waging war. "If it had only come two years ago,

three years ago!" we said to each other. Now the ocean of blood and tears had submerged the gladness. Even at the armistice many a one felt dull and flat. How could one rejoice over this emptied and bloody world!

But there was a fitness that the peace should come upon the Feast of the Apostles. Had not one Pope been killed by the war? Had not his successor, through obloquy and the world's contempt, fought hard for the peace of the Prince of Peace? The devout congregation kissed the feet of a little statue of St. Peter, while they sang with the air of passionate fervor "God Bless Our Pope!"

I looked to see if the good Protestant husband kissed the feet of the statue. He did not, though he looked on well pleased at his wife and children doing it.

Presently we were rushing back through the exquisite country that was once the Dowry of Mary, and by the minster in the country town that once was hers; and we were looking out of the windows eagerly for the sight of an Irish flag amid the bunting that fluttered from all the houses. It did occur, but not nearly with such frequency as in London, where a good many loyal English hang out the rebel flag (probably made in Germany) in simple unconsciousness of the meaning of the crownless harp. We actually discovered one little house with two Irish flags and nothing else at all, not even the Stars and Stripes. Perhaps even that might have disguised the significance of the purely Irish demonstration.

And our good woman was telling us in broad Cockney of her love of Ireland, which she had never seen.

"My sister," she said, "is married over there,—same 'as all the luck. Dun Waterford way she is. An' my 'Orace, when 'e was quartered dun your way, 'e went to see 'er. 'An' 'ow d'y like the land, 'Orace?' she says. An' 'e says: 'I calls it a one-'orse place.' Then she flies out at 'im proper. 'Ow dare you, 'Orace?' she says. 'Ow dare you? Why, for two

pins I'd be askin' you to take yer 'at an' go. Ireland a one-'orse show! Don't you ever say the like to me again, 'Orace Miller.' But, then, my 'Orace, 'e didn't mean no offence; 'e likes Ireland; if 'e didn't, 'e wouldn't tell me."

The spectacled child was tuning over eagerly the *Stella Maris* which she had bought at the church door.

"There!" said Mrs. Miller. "My Doris, she did say this mornin': 'I 'ope as they'll stay long an' come often.' But don't you think 'twas a shame to send his lordship over there as it might be to put down the Irish, an' 'im with an Irish mother an' so fond o' the Irish?"

Looking about me, I think his lordship might have been sent on a mission to the Irish landlords. I wonder what the Irish peasant farmers would think of this great English estate, with its pleasant houses set in gardens and orchards. I would not disdain such a habitation at rentals of a shilling and two shillings per week. Who was it said of the Irish landlords that they had rights but no duties? If many of the English landlords had such a sense of their duties as the owner of this estate, there would be much to be said for landlordism, with its personal touch and traditions, as against the soullessness of the great machine which would be State Ownership.

FRIENDSHIP is to be valued for what is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other "convenient to have around," they are not friends: they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its bag of gold. A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother-members of a mutual benefit association, with its periodical demands and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues.

—Henry Clay Trumbull.

Ungentle Gentlefolk.

SOME true though rather eccentric philanthropists, believing that every good rule will work two ways, have seriously suggested social settlements in the aristocratic quarters of various cities. According to their plan, these settlements are to be tenanted by delegates from the slums, who will by example impart to their wealthy and more educated neighbors not only certain principles of frugality and industry, but even the elementary courtesies of life.

This scheme, in spite of its touch of cynicism, has its origin in a profound truth. There are gifts and graces which belong to the poor, rather than to the rich; and certain noble traits flourish, like nasturtiums, only when rooted in a poor soil; while stern circumstances often impart a dignity which the child of luxury can not hope to possess. Any one who is familiar with the daily walk of what convention terms the "lower classes" will testify to continual surprise at the sweet voices, gentle manners, and the thoughtful deference of many of those whom the waves of misfortune have submerged. In connection with this fact the following anecdote, vouched for by a recent writer, is extremely significant:

A charity dinner was given at one of the palatial homes in the West End of London, and among the guests was a candid but well-meaning little maid from the East slums. As the meal progressed the child began to propound startling questions. Fixing her eyes upon the hostess, she burst out with:

"Does your husband drink?"

The questioned and bewildered lady managed to answer in the negative; then the small visitor proceeded:

"How much coal do you burn? Have your children been vaccinated? How much does your husband earn a day? Does he ever beat you?"

The hostess, now convinced that she had a youthful lunatic on her hands, gently said:

"Why in the world do you ask these questions, child?"

"Why, you see," replied the tiny visitor, innocently, "mother told me to be sure and behave like a lady; and when ladies come to our house those are just the kind of questions I always hear them ask."

Verily, the poor have something to teach the rich. The cynic's social settlement deserves to succeed.

The Weak Spot in Modern Life.

IN a letter to Cardinal Vaughan and the English bishops, Pope Leo XIII. thus laid his unerring finger on the weak spot in modern life: "The evils which you deplore, and which you warn all right-minded Catholics to shun, have generally their origin in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice, and in an inclination to a soft and easy life."

In actual practice, the world seems to have concluded that the "straight and narrow path" of the Gospel has imperceptibly become "the primrose path of dalliance"; and that "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence" no longer, but will be awarded as a matter of course to whoever leads a fairly honest life, and can assert with more or less truth that he has been "just as good as my neighbor." For such laxity Leo XIII. did not fail to prescribe the remedy: "Catholics, therefore, must devote themselves more earnestly to the cultivation of the spiritual life; protect the great gift of faith by carefully guarding against the dangers that menace it; labor more zealously in training themselves to the practice of Christian virtues; and especially they must grow in charity, self-denial, humility, and contempt of the perishable things of this world."

Refutation of Anti-Catholic Books.

WE are in receipt of an anti-Catholic book, which the sender requests us to denounce as it deserves. He refers to the author as "another Dr. Littledale," and is of opinion that his production is doing a great deal of harm by its errors, slanders, and misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine. We must decline this request, but it may be worth while to assign some reasons for doing so.

The author of this tirade against what he is pleased to call "Romanism" is little known outside of his own small sect; his book was published several years ago, and was never more than a mote in the eye of the general public; its very title must be a condemnation of it to all who do not share the author's prejudices and hatred of the Church; his style has no quality calculated to give permanence to anything he may produce. Why prolong the life of a book so soon to be entirely forgotten, like innumerable other dead leaves that strew the paths of literature? Its errors have been ably refuted times without number. How useless faintly to echo arguments preserved in the records of voices like those of Newman, Brownson, and a host of others! All who are willing to listen to these arguments may have easy access to them.

It is a mistake to suppose that anti-Catholic books of the violent sort do any great harm nowadays: they have run their course. Nothing could be more useless than for any enemy of the Church to denounce it now in this country, except where the lives of its members are at variance with their profession. The day of "No Popery" literature has passed, and this fact is recognized even where bigotry still lurks. The truth can not be too forcefully or frequently stated that Catholics who, by failing to live up to their religion, set a bad example to their neighbors, do more injury to it and keep more people from embracing it than all

the anti-Catholic books that could possibly be produced.

It has come to pass that non-Catholics, when interested in the subject of religion, are willing to listen to authoritative explanations of Catholic principles; they recognize the unfairness of accepting the testimony of the enemies of the Church rather than that of its adherents. But the vast majority of non-Catholics, although less prejudiced than formerly, are utterly indifferent to the claims of the Church; and they generally remain so, unless their curiosity is excited or their interest is roused by the example of some Catholic who is keeping himself unspotted from the world and thereby unconsciously rendering himself conspicuous. There is not a power on earth to be compared to the simple preaching of the Gospel, and it is eloquently preached by all who practise its precepts.

Refuting Protestant books already refuted by Protestants themselves would be like carrying coals to Newcastle. Since the volume to which our attention has been called was published, other clergymen of the author's denomination, more enlightened and learned than he, have met and overthrown the stock objections to the Church raised by writers like Dr. Littledale and his followers in this country. The publication of a new and cheaper edition of the Rev. Spencer Jones' "essay towards reunion"—"England and the Holy See"—obviates the necessity of further refutation of many errors of Anglicanism on the part of Catholic writers. Members of the Church of England and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States are apt to be more favorably impressed by the arguments of Mr. Jones than by those of professed Catholics. We can not do better than to make such books known and promote their circulation as much as possible among those for whom they are intended. It is to no purpose that we can see to answer such anti-Catholic books as the one that has occasioned this article.

Notes and Remarks.

Gov. Smith, of New York, is to be congratulated on being the first of his fellow-executives to designate a day (Sept. 17) for the celebration of the signing of our Federal Constitution. He says in his proclamation (after exhorting the citizens of the State to enter wholeheartedly into the celebration): "The United States to real thinking people is synonymous with liberty; and a better understanding of our Constitution, which gives us the enjoyment of that right, will assure us progressiveness, and better prepare us to solve properly, in the interest of the people, those important problems which confront us at this time."

Let us hope that the celebration will be enthusiastic as well as nation-wide. The principal feature of it should be the reading of the immortal document, adherence to the provisions of which is the sole guaranty of our national prosperity, even of our national existence. The object of the celebration being to strengthen the faith of our citizens in the American form of government, let the Declaration of Independence be read along with the Constitution. There are no other documents (besides the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount) about which our people have stronger reasons for refreshing their memory.

A good many of our readers, more especially parish priests and parents of growing boys, will be interested in learning that the National Catholic War Council has been studying the plan of the Boy Scout Movement of America, and "is prepared to further its work for Catholic boys in all the communities of this country." The "Bulletin" of the Council declares that a mistaken impression has gone abroad that this is a Protestant movement, but that honest investigation does not bear out this statement. "We have found," it says, "that the organiza-

tion's religious policy is clearly defined. It states: "The Boy Scouts of America maintain that no boy can grow into the best citizenship without recognizing his obligations to God. No matter what the boy may be—Catholic, Protestant, or Jew—this fundamental need of good citizenship should be kept before him. The Boy Scouts of America as an organized body recognizes the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely non-sectarian in its attitude towards religious training. Its policy is that the religious organization or institution with which the Boy Scout is connected shall give attention to his religious life."

It is gratifying to add that the National Organization of Boy Scouts has, as the "Bulletin" phrases it, "more than played fair": it has taken the initiative and created what is to be called a Catholic Bureau; and under this Bureau all activities of the Catholic boys will be directed. The fact that the membership of the Bureau comprises five archbishops, two priests, and six representative Catholic laymen is a sufficient guarantee that the religious part of the Boy Scouts' activities will be well looked after.

In the current issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review* it is stated that Bishop Hickey, of Rochester, in a conference with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and that official's deputy, has secured their approbation for a plan, in the matter of procuring altar wine, somewhat more practicable and less odious than the regulations approved in February of this year,—regulations which required, among other things, that the applicant for altar wine should state under oath the amount in his possession, etc. We notice that the *Review* hopes that the interpretation accepted by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue "will be incorporated in the wording of the statute." So do we; for it is abundantly evident that, despite the courtesy of individual officials of the Government, the Prohibitionists as a

body are not to be trusted in this matter of allowing wine for sacramental purposes. Congressman Coady, of Maryland, a close Catholic student of the whole Prohibition problem, declares, for instance: "It is also true that wine for sacramental purposes has been exempted, *although the original Bill contained no such exemption. But these exemptions can be repealed by some subsequent Congress.* They should have been placed in the organic law. Those responsible for the drafting of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Enforcement Bill evidently did not want to do this. Why?"

President de Valera's welcome to Baltimore, Md., was officially cold, though unofficially cordial; at Manchester, N. H., it was both officially and generally enthusiastic. No fewer than 25,000 people assembled at the latter place to greet the great Irishman, and Gov. Bartlett addressed him in these ringing words:

On behalf of 500,000 people I welcome you to the State of New Hampshire; and on behalf of every man, woman and child within my State, I officially recognize you as the President of the Irish Republic. If the principles of Republican forms of government were sufficient to justify the creation of an American Republic in 1776, then they are just as good to-day, in 1919, to justify the establishment and existence of an Irish Republic in Ireland. And if there is anything that the people of New Hampshire can do to assist you in securing the recognition of the United States for the Irish Republic, and to further help you to keep the Irish Republic alive, you may feel free to call upon us.

After this the governors of other States may "come out bold," without fear of injury to their political prospects.

Exquisite solicitude for the health of President Wilson during his speech-making tour in the West is shown by the *New York Sun*, which says (after respectfully expressing doubt as to the expediency of his absence from Washington, with domestic affairs in their present disturbed condition): "It is only proper that friends and opponents of the President's policies

should alike respect the infrequent opportunities for privacy and rest he will have while on his trip; that local committees of welcome should adjust their ministrations to the well-being of their guest, not to their own celebration; and that all Americans should remember that the office of President of the United States is occupied by a man whose physical endurance is not without limitations. A good, sound sleep will be more welcome to Mr. Wilson than a serenade at midnight; and thoughtful non-interference with his rest will be as respectful as, and more considerate than, the most uproarious of ill-timed welcomes."

Our metropolitan luminary might have added that, while listening to Mr. Wilson's formal addresses, his Western fellow-citizens should not allow themselves to be dominated by the spirit of criticism, but rather admire the richness of the President's great vocabulary and the ease and elegance of his vocal expression, without reflecting for a moment on how anything he may say at any place "gees" with anything he may have said at any other place.

What the war has done, and has failed to do, what are likely to be its permanent achievements, its temporary effects, and its incidental by-products,—all this continues to afford ample material for the conversation of the man in the street, the editorial articles in the daily press, and the more philosophical dissertations in the monthly reviews. Among the publicists who have said something really worth while on the much-debated subject is Prof. Gilbert Murray. In the course of an interesting paper contributed to the *Contemporary Review*, "An Estimate of Our Own Age," he thus enumerates a series of results due to the unprecedented strife of 1914-1918:

The war has had, of course, many powerful and startling effects. It has revealed a degree of heroism and power of self-sacrifice in common men which took most of us by surprise. It is a

perilous thing henceforth for any man to despise his brother. It has also shown that modern civilization and humane ideas do not destroy the military virtues. It has, on the other hand, shown up some startling flaws in our social order: the amount of hysteria that lies close below the surface, the defects of the governing machine, the immense power of the organized lie, and the hideous tyranny of advertisement; the thinness of the crust which separates civilization from savagery; and the rapidity with which ordinary human beings become inured to stories and even to actions of cruelty, which would not only have sickened them but would have seemed incredible to them in the years before the war. I am inclined to think that there has not, on the whole, been much enjoyment of cruelty, such as a Solomon Islander feels when he beats his enemy into a flat carpet. But I suppose that the actual amount of human suffering decreed for purposes of State by persons in power, and approved without much protest by their peoples, is something quite without parallel in history.

It will be well to remember that some of the effects noted above—the immense power of the organized lie, and the hideous tyranny of advertisement, for instance—have not ceased with the signing of the armistice: they still endure, and will long continue to do so.

The sensation of the hour in English religious circles is what is known as the "Free Catholic" movement. It amounts to a new emancipation from Protestantism. The most recent manifesto of this school, according to the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican), is a book entitled "The Coming Free Catholicism," by the Rev. W. G. Peck, a Wesleyan minister, who contends that if freedom in religion, the great Protestant claim, is to mean anything, every man must be free to choose the religion he likes, without any one having the right to criticise him. Mr. Peck has scandalized his brethren by asserting that "a Free Churchman is not necessarily disloyal to his own communion if he looks with wistful eyes towards the majestic order of Rome."

Truly an astonishing statement for a Methodist to make. We quite agree with

Brother Peck that a man ought to be free to choose the religion he likes—provided it is the one in which he is most likely to save his soul. As to criticism, it ought to be ignored, no matter who or how many claim the right to indulge in it. Brother Peck need have no concern about his brethren taking scandal, if he takes care not to give any himself. As a rule, people who are quick to take scandal like to be scandalized.

England's Prime Minister is a member of the Baptist sect, which has no use for bishops; but he it is that fills the vacant Sees of the Establishment, his nominations to them being usually equivalent to appointments. At present he is looking around for some heads to put mitres upon, which causes amusement to his coreligionists, who are regarded by the High Church party as "mere sectarians." A Baptist worthy in this country rises to remark: "We shall presently see Mr. Lloyd George solemnly naming as heads of the Church of England and Lords of the Realm certain men who in their official capacity—a capacity with which he has endowed them—must in all things ecclesiastical utterly ignore him and those who believe as he does! Rather a ludicrous mix up."

Ridiculous indeed, and a decidedly anomalous proceeding on the part of Mr. Lloyd George, England's much-abused Prime Minister. In other circumstances we might be disposed to chide our Baptist brother for the use of slang.

One of the most thoughtful articles contributed to the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, "The Church and the Civilian Young Man," is from the pen of the Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell, recent Episcopal chaplain at the Great Lakes training station. His intimate association with American young men of all kinds has given him some very definite notions as to their needs, and of the manner in which those needs may be supplied by the

Christian Churches. One conclusion to which he has come is that "No one thing, save simple teaching, is so necessary for the holding of young men to Christianity as the revival, in very real, apparent, and concrete terms, in the twentieth century, of the spirit of Franciscanism."

Speaking of the thousands of recruits who came under his observation, the Rev. Mr. Bell declares: "They were not irreligious. They were pathetically ready for spiritual leadership. They threw no bitter slurs at the faith that has made saints and heroes of men like them in the ages past. One could not help but feel that many of them might become simple and happy Christian men, and that their younger brothers might never drift away at all, if only Christians might with penitence reconsecrate themselves, clergymen and people, to definite preaching of the fundamental faith, social worship of an objective Jesus, fellowship in devotion, humble seeking to live a Christlike life, and unaffected utterance of the faith that is in them."

Without at all assuming a pharisaical attitude, or making undue claims for our Catholic young men, may we not remark that The Church, if not the Churches, is not unsuccessfully carrying out the programme laid down by this Episcopal clergyman, and that the multiple testimony of non-Catholic chaplains and other officers as to the conduct, in life and imminent death, of our young Catholic soldiers is uniformly eulogistic?

The ideal clergy for any country is a clergy native-born. Once a bishop, in any of our foreign missions, has organized his diocese more or less thoroughly as to the essentials of worship and administration, he quite naturally seeks to establish a seminary wherein native young men may be trained to take upon themselves the duties of pastors and missionaries among their fellow-countrymen. The reasons for such action on the part of the bishops are succinctly given in this

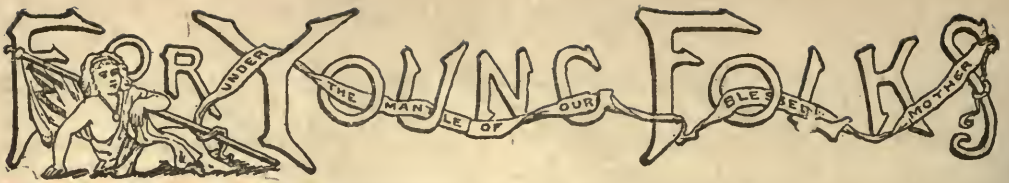
paragraph which we quote from the *Catholic Magazine* (South Africa):

The ways and customs, manners and methods, needs and aspirations of this country are vastly different from those that prevail elsewhere. There is a distinct mentality here. Local conditions, even in the religious circle, are by no means the same as they are in Ireland, England, France, Germany, or America. The native question itself, so grave with us, is far beyond the ken of the vast majority of our priests who come from over-seas, because they had never been in contact with any race of aboriginal pagans. It takes years for most of them to learn the lessons that South African life and development have to teach them, and it is useless to conceal the fact that not a few are "tried as by fire" by the many surprises, the formidable difficulties, and the large liberty forced upon them in this country. But this country is an open book to native and home-born priests from their babyhood.

The justice of these remarks is quite self-evident; and a natural comment thereon is that the appeal of a foreign missionary bishop for funds to establish or support his seminary is one that should stimulate the generosity of the faithful, clergy and laity, everywhere.

A people not factitiously great has no occasion to speak of its greatness; and true patriotism expresses itself in deeds, not words. This patriotism has no suspicions, no jealousies, no fears, no self-consciousness. It is deeper than words. It is silent, majestic. It is where the country is, does what she bids; and, though sacrificing all upon her altars, never dreams that it is doing anything extraordinary. There is, perhaps, more of this genuine patriotism in the American people than strangers, or even we ourselves, commonly suppose. The foam floats on the surface and is whirled hither and thither by each shifting breeze; but below are the sweet, silent, deep waters.

These words of the illustrious Dr. Brownson, quoted without comment by the *Catholic Universe*, make timely reading. We sincerely hope that there is more of true patriotism among us than is realized either by ourselves or outsiders. It must be admitted, however, that the kind of patriotism which expresses itself in words rather than in deeds is a little too much in evidence just now.



The Treasurer's Secret.

ABBAS, surnamed the Great, King of Persia, lost his way one day whilst engaged in the chase. He happened to be riding over a hill on which a little shepherd boy was tending his sheep. The boy was sitting under a tree, playing a flute. The sweet melody of the air, joined with curiosity, caused the King to approach him. The open and innocent face of the boy pleased him. He asked him questions on various subjects; and the quick and clever answers of the child of nature, who had grown up uneducated among his sheep, astonished the King.

He was lost in thought, when his vizier, or prime minister, overtook him. "Come, vizier," he cried out to him, "and tell me what you think of this lad!"

The vizier approached; the King continued his questions, and the boy answered them correctly and promptly. His simplicity, good judgment, and frank disposition, charmed the King and the vizier so much that they resolved to take him with them and give him a good education, in order that the experiment might be made as to what art could do to improve so fine a work of nature.

As a wild plant which a gardener digs up out of an arid soil and transplants into a richly cultivated garden soon improves in size and in the beauty of its colors, so did this boy grow up to be a man possessing many virtues and wide information. The King loved him more and more every year; he named him Ali Bey, and appointed him royal treasurer.

Ali Bey possessed all the virtues of a noble man: purity in his private life; fidelity and wisdom in his office; liberality and magnanimity toward strangers; affability and kindness toward all who

made any request of him; and great modesty, although he was the favorite of a king.

Notwithstanding all these virtues, Ali Bey could not escape the calumny of the courtiers, who viewed his elevation to his high position with secret envy. They set all kinds of traps for him, and did their utmost to cause the King to suspect him. Abbas, however, was a ruler of rare qualities; mean suspicion could find no place in his great soul, and Ali Bey continued a favorite as long as his noble protector lived.

King Sefi, who succeeded Abbas, was the very opposite of his predecessor—full of mistrust, cruelty, and avarice. This was the very kind of sovereign that suited the enemies of Ali, and their envy, which they had been obliged to conceal for so long a time, again became visible. Every day they invented new calumnies against the treasurer, to which, at first, the King gave no heed, until a certain circumstance, eagerly taken advantage of by Ali's enemies, seemed to justify their accusations.

The monarch desired to examine a valuable sabre which his predecessor, King Abbas, had received as a present from the Sultan of Turkey, and which many of the courtiers remembered often to have seen. This sabre could not be found, although it was clearly entered in the list of the treasures of which King Abbas had been in possession. This was just what the royal treasurer's enemies desired; they redoubled their insinuations and calumnies, and represented him almost as a thief.

"He has built several houses for lodging strangers," they said, "and constructed various public buildings at very great expense. He came to the court a poor, half-naked boy, and now he is the possessor

of enormous wealth. How could he have all the valuable things with which his house is filled if he did not rob the treasury.

Whilst his enemies were thus speaking evil of him, Ali Bey entered, and the King, with angry looks, remarked:

"Ali Bey, your unfaithfulness has been revealed to me. I now deprive you of your high position, and within fourteen days you must render an account of your stewardship."

Ali Bey was unmoved on hearing these words, because his conscience was at peace; but he reflected that it would be very dangerous for him to allow his enemies to have fourteen days to mature their plans before he could prove his innocence.

"Nay, King," he said, "my life is in your hands; I am ready, either now or to-morrow, to lay at your feet the keys of the royal treasury and the emblems of the rank and office which you have confided to me, if you will favor your servant with your presence."

This request seemed very reasonable to the King; he granted it, and arranged to visit the treasury at a certain hour on the next day. When he arrived there everything was in the most perfect order, and Ali Bey informed him that the late King Abbas had himself removed the sabre from the treasury, and had used the diamonds with which it was adorned in another piece of jewelry; and that he had omitted to make a note of this occurrence in the list of the royal treasures.

The King had no means of disproving this statement; but mistrust is unjust, and feels itself offended if contradicted in its suppositions. He invented, therefore, some pretext: and asked the royal treasurer to bring him to his private residence, in order that he might see with his own eyes all the valuable things which the courtiers had declared to be in the possession of Ali Bey. To his great astonishment, however, things were quite different from what he had expected. Plain tapestry covered the walls; the

rooms were supplied with only such furniture as was necessary; and Sefi had to acknowledge to himself that an ordinary citizen might have his house better furnished than was that of the treasurer of his vast kingdom.

He felt ashamed at having been undeceived in his suspicions twice in the same day, and wished to depart, when one of the courtiers directed his attention to a door at the end of a long corridor, which was fastened with two strong iron bolts. The King approached it, and asked Ali Bey what it was that he kept so securely protected with bolts and locks. Ali appeared uneasy: a blush mounted to his cheek; but, soon recovering his presence of mind, he said:

"My lord, in that chamber I keep what is dearest to me in the world—my own real property. Everything else which you have seen in this house belongs to your Majesty's treasurer; what that room contains is my own; but it is a secret,—I beseech you not to enter it!"

This peculiar conduct was to the suspicious Sefi the strongest proof of guilt, and he haughtily ordered him to unlock the door. The room was thrown open, and behold! there were only to be seen four bare walls, a shepherd's crook, a flute, and some poor and shabby clothes; these were the treasures which the locks and bolts protected.

All present were astounded, and King Sefi was ashamed of himself for the third time on that day, when Ali Bey, with the greatest humility, said:

"Mighty King, when your great predecessor, Abbas, found me on a mountain tending my flocks, those poor articles were my sole possessions. I have preserved them ever since as mementos of my happy boyhood, and that great prince was so kind as to let me do so. I hope that your Majesty will allow me to take them now and to retire to some peaceful valley, where I shall live more happy and contented than amid the luxuries and honors of your court."

Ali ceased speaking, and many of those who stood around were moved to tears. The King took off his mantle and placed it on him, which was a mark of the highest favor; envy and calumny were struck dumb and covered with shame, and they never again could injure the good and noble treasurer.

Ali Bey lived many years, and received the reward of his virtue—love and reverence in his lifetime, and after his death the tears shed over his grave by his friends. All the inhabitants of the city followed his remains, and ever after he was known as Ali Bey "The Good."

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XI.—HAPS AND MISHAPS.

WHEN Tim realized that his uncle really meant what he said about being himself the conductor of the monoplane from Albi to Lisbon, he endeavored to convince him that the plan would occasion all sorts of complications.

"You see, Uncle Layac," he insisted, "you would have an awful time trying to learn a trade about which, as a matter of fact, you don't know the least thing. Why, you don't know even the elements of mechanics, whereas my experience with automobiles helped me out a whole lot in my apprenticeship as an aviator. Even if you were better able than you are to learn the business, still it would take you a long time to become proficient, and we haven't any time to spare, if we wish to get to Lisbon soon enough to receive the two millions. Just imagine how bad you'd feel if we got there too late!"

Nothing could persuade the obstinate grocer, however, to change his plan. He had said that he'd learn to fly, Lisbon or no Lisbon, millions or no millions. And Tim learned how pride and vanity can make men act like veritable simpletons.

The very next day, accordingly, began

Layac's apprenticeship; and for some days thereafter, it must be confessed, the big grocer was the occasion of continuous fun for the frequenters of the aerodrome at Juvisy. Layac was more awkward and clumsy than it seemed possible for any one to be unless he tried to do things in a way exactly contrary to the way in which they should be done. Every time he got into the aeroplane where his teacher was awaiting him, he gave signs of the most foolish-terror. Then, when he finally took his seat, and the machine after rolling along the greensward for some yards, started to rise, there would be inarticulate cries or broken phrases which could hardly get clear of his throat, so contracted was it by his fear.

"There, that's enough!" he would exclaim. "Let's go down! I'm dizzy! I can't breathe! I'm going to fall out!"

His instructor, fearing that the big grocer would make some awkward movement and really fall out of the aeroplane, would hasten to descend and would land softly in a field, while all the spectators would hurry to reach the landing-place to inquire why the flight was so brief.

"But, my dear sir, you'll never learn to fly unless you can exert some command over your nerves," the instructor protested time after time.

"Oh, yes, I will," replied the big apprentice, somewhat vexed; "I feel that I'm improving. I begin to get used to it. Let's start again."

Alas, it was the same old story when they started again. After a few seconds in the air, Layac's nerves bothered him again, and down they had to come in a hurry.

This sort of thing went on for a whole week, and at the end of the week Layac was not a bit farther advanced than he was at its beginning.

"I assure you, my dear uncle," said Tim for the thirtieth or fortieth time, "you ought to give it up. We are going to be too late to reach Lisbon at the appointed time."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined Layac, with a stubborn proof against every argument. "I feel that I'm beginning to understand the business."

After another week of trial, our grocer had not yet arrived at any appreciable result. At least, the only result was that he had become able to control his nerves a little better than at first. As for understanding the mechanism of the plane, there was no use of his endeavoring to do so; at the end of the fortnight he didn't know one lever or screw from another. And this ignorance came very near costing him his life.

One afternoon, as his instructor was a little late in arriving, Layac got into the plane alone, in order, probably, to let the onlookers see that he was not afraid; and, taking the aviator's seat, began "playing to the gallery" by touching and tapping everything within reach of his hands. The motor had already been started, and the first thing he knew, the monoplane began to move, and pretty swiftly at that. For about fifty yards it kept to the ground, and then sprang upwards into the air.

A cry of alarm arose from all the spectators; and Tim, who was one of them, felt his legs bend under him, while a cold sweat broke out all over his body. His uncle was alone, fifteen yards above the earth, given over to his own resources, or, rather, to the caprices of the monoplane. What would occur? And, while all those about him shouted and yelled their fears, Tim, not daring longer to look above him, closed his eyes. Fortunately the drama—this drama of the air—did not last longer than a few seconds, although the seconds seemed to the onlookers hours long.

As a matter of fact, as soon as Layac saw that the monoplane was rolling along the ground, he dropped everything he had been handling and bellowed, "Help! Oh, help!"

In dropping everything, however, he had without knowing it shut off the power, with the result, fortunate for him, that the

plane fell back to earth like a big bird fatally injured by the ball of a marksman.

There was a rush of the crowd towards the monoplane, from which Layac emerged safe and sound, though rather flustered. At the same time Tim opened his eyes and saw his uncle surrounded by a score of persons who were examining him to see if any bones were broken. The lad flew to his uncle's arms, exclaiming: "O Uncle, Uncle, what a fright you have given us! You're not hurt, are you?"

"Of course not," said Layac, who was recovering himself, and spoke with a certain air of indifference. Then, as everyone watched him, the big grocer shrugged his shoulders and added with a self-satisfied smirk that it is impossible to describe:

"Didn't I tell you that it wouldn't take me more than a fortnight to learn this flying business?"

Tim, with open mouth, raised his arms and let them drop again. Was his uncle joking, or could he be speaking seriously? He watched him for a moment or two, and decided that there was no joke intended. Yet he could have laughed, if laughing were possible after the great fear he had just experienced. And his astonishment was to be increased; for Layac continued: "Now I feel that I am quite up to guiding this machine to Lisbon. I shall give immediate orders to have it packed and sent to Albi, whither we shall proceed, my boy, by to-night's train."

Tim looked at him in silence, and wondered within himself whether the fall his uncle had just suffered had rendered him altogether crazy.

In the meantime, at Albi, the departure of Tim and his uncle had for some days been the talk of the town. At all the usual gossiping places the principal question was, "Well, have you any news? Do you know anything about it?"

As nobody knew anything, however, no one could afford any information. The only thing really known, and that

without any details, was that Layac had fallen heir to a great fortune. Whether he had gone to take possession of it and whether he would return as a millionaire, as he had hinted to a few friends on the eve of his departure, nobody was in a position to say.

The one citizen who was especially pre-occupied about the matter was, naturally enough, the irascible Fourrin to whom Layac had declared in the "Golden Globe" that, once in possession of his millions, he would not rest until Fourrin was completely ruined.

Now, one afternoon while Fourrin was quietly taking the air in front of his grocery, one of his customers came towards him, holding out a copy of the *Albi Journal*.

"Hello, Fourrin! How goes it with you to-day? You've heard the news, of course?"

"What news?"

"About Layac's reason for going to Paris."

"Yes—no—I don't know," stammered Fourrin, who suddenly had a presentiment that he was about to hear bad news.

"Here, then; read this."

He handed the paper to Fourrin who found, reproduced in full, the story which a few days before, in Paris, had so infuriated Layac. Fourrin read, and his countenance took on all the colors of the rainbow. So, his execrated rival had spoken the truth: Layac was going to be a millionaire. And, once a millionaire, he could build over the way a grocery that would look down upon Fourrin's. And he, Fourrin, would no longer be the first and most prominent grocer in Albi! The news was so shocking that the unfortunate man was obliged to take to his bed where he remained for a week, physically and morally depressed.

It was perhaps just as well; for, all that week, nothing else than Layac was talked about in the city. The big grocer of Cathedral Square had become the man of the hour. The *Albi Journal* published his biography on its front page, which

was moreover embellished with no fewer than six portraits of the famous grocer, so that the whole city could admire him in the arms of his nurse, in his first trousers, as a First Communicant, as a soldier, as a fisherman, and, finally, in his actual character as grocer.

It will be readily understood how, from that time, the citizens of Albi looked forward to the return of their great man. Their expectation grew so feverish that the *Albi Journal* conceived the bright idea of saving them the trouble of going to the railway station to watch the incoming Paris trains. It announced in a special edition that the residents of Albi would be warned of the approaching arrival of Layac by a big bulletin posted on the front of the *Journal* building.

The remedy was worse than the disease. A crowd of several hundred loafers and other do-nothings of both sexes forthwith invaded Vigan Place where the paper had its printing office, and the city council had to organize a special body of policemen to secure freedom of traffic in that part of the town.

Three or four days of increasing excitement passed; and then, one day about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the anxious crowd saw two employees of the printing office come out on the balcony and stretch out a long band of white calico on which there appeared in big red letters: "Layac arrives by the three o'clock train."

A loud cheer greeted the announcement, and the crowd at once dispersed.

(To be continued.)

My Violin.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

I THINK whenever I begin
To play upon my violin,
That all the sounds I ever heard,
The whip-poor-will and mocking-bird
Come out to hear! Because, you see,
My violin was once a tree!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Benziger Brothers' *Catholic Home Annual*, now in its thirty-seventh year, does not, we regret to say, improve with age. The reading-matter of the issue for 1920 is less varied than that of most of the former numbers, and we find the illustrations somewhat less attractive than usual. It is a pity that there should be any falling off in a year-book which has become so popular as this one.

—Announcements by Burns & Oates include: "Science and Morals," by Sir Bertram Windle, M. D., F. R. S.; "Living Temples, a Book for Youth," by the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, M. A., O. P.; "In An Indian Abbey: Some Plain Talking on Theology," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; and "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War," by the Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.

—The letters of Lionel Johnson included in the collection, soon to be published in London, were written to friends when he was a boy at Winchester, between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. It is stated that the correspondence deals not with personal or temporary affairs, but with questions of lasting interest, and discloses an acquaintance with English literature very rare in a schoolboy.

—The clergy of the English-speaking world are indebted to the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. for a translation (just published by the B. Herder Book Co.) of some extracts from that excellent little book by the Rev. Charles Willi, of the same Congregation, entitled "*Le Bréviaire Expliqué*." This work is already too highly prized to need further recommendation. A complete translation of it when the new edition appears would be sure of a wide welcome from priests and seminarians. Fr. Girardey's selections form a 32mo of sixty-six pages, the price of which is 50 cents.

—"The Creed Explained," by the Rev. Joseph J. Baiert (Rochester, N. Y.: The Seminary Press), contains a lengthy preface and thirty-nine chapters. The explanations are given according to the psychological or Munich method; they are intended for children of the intermediate grades, and are based on the Baltimore Catechism (No. 2). In presenting this aid to Catholic teachers, the author declares that the catechetical instructions contained in the volume are largely an adaptation of the German work of H. Stieglitz, and are designed to supplement the translations of two other German works: "Easy Catechetics for the

First School Year," and "The Practical Catechist." Much of the preface is given up to a lucid description or explanation of the psychological method of instruction; and such chapters of the book as we have examined convince us that this method is calculated to produce good results. "The Creed Explained" is a well-bound 12mo of some four hundred pages.

—William Roscoe Thayer, whose talent as a biographical writer was made evident in his *Life of John Hay*, has written an intimate biography of Theodore Roosevelt, to be published next month by the Houghton Mifflin Co. As a college chum and a lifelong friend of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Thayer has had exceptional opportunities for knowing his subject, and his work should be of more than ordinary interest.

—"The Government of Religious Communities," by the Rev. Hector Papi, S. J., is a companion volume to the same author's "Religious Profession," and will be welcomed by the same class of readers that have found the earlier work so interesting as well as so instructive. The present book is a commentary on three chapters of the Code of Canon Law, to which are prefixed some preliminary observations on religious communities and their members, with a commentary on the establishment and suppression of such communities. Needless to say, the volume is a quasi-necessity to very many priests, Brothers, and Sisters throughout the country. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—"The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation," by Austin O'Malley, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., a large octavo of 280 pages, is a volume of outstanding importance among all the professional and scientific works of the past few years. Obviously, it is a book for the professional rather than the general reader but its utility is not confined to the medical profession alone: it concerns the priest only in a less degree than the physician, and will be almost as much in place, as a text-book, in the theological seminary as in the medical school. Most readers of mature years are aware that perhaps the majority of non-Catholic doctors are too apt to hold in theory and follow in practice opinions utterly repugnant to Catholic morality; and it is well to have so authoritative a work as the present one by which to correct their immoral tendencies. Devin-Adair Co.

—One does not, as a rule, look to technical periodicals, trade journals, or financial weeklies for worth-while criticism of literary works;

but occasionally one finds in such publications literary criticism that is notably good. A recent issue of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, for instance, contains an editorial article which deals in a thoroughly sensible manner with dangerous fiction. Discussing those books which embody "insidious propaganda of a kind exceedingly dangerous to the sound, constructive American solution of present problems," it says:

First among these is Blasco-Ibáñez's novel, "The Shadow of the Cathedral." Undoubtedly it has had an unusually wide reading on account of the justly great popularity of the author's earlier work—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." This later translated work of Blasco-Ibáñez is a bitter arraignment of religious and social decadence in contemporary Spain; but the author totally ignores the patent fact that it was caused, not by the beliefs or moral convictions of the Spanish people, but by their more or less complete failure to live according to the duties and plain implications of these same beliefs. Blasco-Ibáñez excoriates Church and State as the cause of all these evils, and then offers as a cure the crudest and most materialistic forms of atheism and socialism as a proper solution of the problems. The book gives a convincing and dramatic picture of the life of the Spanish people, which makes his arguments all the more dangerous.

It is necessary to add only that the Spanish novelist's evident desire to convict Church and State of sundry high crimes and misdemeanors has more or less inevitably led him to exaggerate "the religious and social decadence" of twentieth-century Spain, and that his estimate thereof may be taken with an exceptionally large grain of salt.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baiertl. \$2.
- "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10
- "The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
- "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
- "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
- "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
- "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.

- "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
- "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
- "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
- "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
- "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
- "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
- "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
- "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
- "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
- "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
- "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
- "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Jules Perigord, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Conrad Glatzmaier, O. S. B.; Rev. Leopold Bushart and Rev. John Burke, S. J.

Sister M. Apollonia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Alicia, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. Anton Herzig, Mr. Alexander Walsh, Mrs. Rose Evans, Mr. John Desmond, Mr. J. J. Mitchell, Miss Rose Barber, Mrs. Margaret Delaney, Mr. E. W. Mulligan, Miss Catherine Fuller, Mr. E. J. Hahn, Mrs. Margaret Carroll, Mr. Charles Kanta, Jr., Mr. Joseph Smugai, Mrs. Catherine Moriarty, Mr. Richard Barron, Mr. William Ashford, Mrs. Catherine Snyder, Mr. Charles Ames, Mr. Timothy Dailey, Mr. James Dailey, and Mr. R. C. Miller.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Heart of Mary.¹

BY GEOFFREY BLISS, S. J.

NOW from hearts with joy o'erladen
Sing the heart of Mary Maiden,—
Heart to every heart endearéd,
Heart by every heart reveréd.

For the eternal Heart divine
So this Maiden's doth entwine
That forever

Hers from His (adown the skies
Conjured by this Virgin wise)
None shall sever.

Stooping from His Father's throne,
Of this Mother-Maid He's grown
Son and Lover;
Flower of the Divinity
Yields, of her virginity,
Fruit, moreover.

Joy of every heart below,
Solace in this vale of woe,
Heart of Mary!

Constance changeless as the dove's;
Mirror of the Godhead; Love's
Breviary.

Living fount of every grace;
Treasure of the Christian race;
Mercy-daïs;
Bush ablaze with blinding fire,
Yet in every leafy spire
Fresh as May is.

O thou wondrous conflagration!
In thee meet, with sweet conflation,
Flames and dew-fall,—
Flames to warm the soul from sighs,
Dews that on pure hearts and eyes
Ever new fall.

¹ From the hymn for the Feast of the Heart of Mary:
Lætabunda canant pie
Cuncta corda cor Mariæ.

Let them fall without surcease,
Till from sin we gain release;
Till to love-fire's cool and peace
We be winners.

O Thou Jesu, Mary's heart,
Dew and fire and grace Thou art!
Burn and cleanse and draw apart
All us sinners.

O Love that naught can stay!
More wide advance Thy sway
On earth, and past the starry wild.
Make all hearts clean and new,
Make all hearts warm and true,
To praise the Mother with her Holy Child!

The "Black Saint" of Isleta.

BY EUGENE L. KENT.



T. FRANCIS OF ASSISI is the inevitable companion of the traveller in the Rio Grande country. Conquistadores and reconquistadores may have obtruded in hotels and railroad cafés. For, as he partook of food and rested in cloisters, he might read in every conceivable place the names of bygone heroes of the desert: Alvarado, Coronado, Oñate, Zaldivar, Otermin, and De Vargas. But when physical necessities are assuaged, the mind is lured back to the peculiar perfection of the teachings of St. Francis in the outward manifestations of the Indian pueblos along the river. At Isleta, where the trunk line which begins at Chicago divides into two parts—one for the Pacific Coast, the other for the international gateway at El Paso, Texas,—he is stoical indeed if he can withstand the surging tide of pilgrims and sight-

seers bound for the miracle shrine of the "black saint," San Agustin, patron and protector of the largest and most picturesque pueblo of the valley.

San Agustin, most hallowed of the many time-darkened statues which adorn the old Franciscan missions, came to Isleta, with Padre Juan Claros, one of the zealous sons of St. Francis who adventured into the hostile countries in the wake of Oñate in 1598. The illustrious Bishop of Hippo in this historic image is barely two feet in height, is of exquisitely carved wood, with pointed beard and tonsured head, and clad in the flowing gold-figured robes which mark it as the work of artisans of the late sixteenth century. Save for the few tragic years after the great pueblo rebellion of 1680, San Agustin has dwelt with his people all these centuries, the counsellor of the tribe, before whom all momentous affairs are discussed and decided; the principal treasure of a village which lies high and opulent among vineyards, orchards, and rich fields of alfalfa.

If the casual traveller comes to Isleta in August, he is fortunate indeed; for to loiter about means to be fascinated anew with the beauty of holiness, and the transcendent genius of St. Francis and his disciples in coping with works of evil. The story of the "black saint" is of majestic proportions, and comparable to any found in the annals of miracle shrines in older Christendom.

Isleta was formerly in a delta between the Rio Grande and the bed of a mountain arroyo: hence the name, Little Island. Now, it is far above the worst the river can do, even in its wildest rage, on the west bank directly opposite the submerged site. It was a prosperous and powerful pueblo even in Coronado's day, and its jurisdiction extended over nearly all the valley and southward. Padre Alonzo Benavides, who died Archbishop of Goa, in the Portuguese Indies, the most scholarly and accurate of the earlier historians of his Order, visited all the missions of New Mexico in his official capacity as *comisario*,

and describes the great churches, "San Francisco of Sandia and San Agustin of Isleta; and the two large *conventos* in which there are schools for teaching reading and writing, singing and playing on various instruments."

This was in 1629, and under the Padres the pueblo continued to grow rich and powerful. When the great uprising came in 1680 it counted nearly three thousand inhabitants. When Governor Otermin sorrowfully decided to withdraw from the Capital at Santa Fe, early in August of that fateful year, he appointed Isleta as the rendezvous where all Spaniards and Christian Indians would assemble for protection. But Garcia, the lieutenant governor, was timorous, and he for-gathered all the sacred things, the "black saint" among them, and all the people from the near-by villas, and retreated hastily down the river. When Otermin arrived on August 27, not a Spaniard nor friendly Indian was found in the Little Island; and the governor, full of foreboding, began a similar retreat towards El Paso. Meantime, on August 10, twenty-one of the heroic sons of St. Francis gave up their lives for their Faith; many of them suffering deaths of repulsive violence.

For those to whom this edifying chapter of Franciscan history is unknown, a document existing in the Congressional Library at Washington is commended as giving a complete and authentic narrative. It is to be found in the Archives of New Mexico, and is an exact account of the great memorial service held in the cathedral of the city of Mexico on March 1, 1681.

In due time the weary Otermin had come upon Garcia at a point near Socorro; but provisions had run low, and every hardship of the terrible journey was quadrupled through lack of food and medicines. An Indian went southward for aid; and in an incredibly short time it came, in the shape of five wagon loads of corn and other provisions sent by the *custodio*, Padre Ayeta, at El Paso. That was a dreary winter the refugees passed,

waiting until the army for reconquest could form. But those from Isleta erected a shrine for their saint, and were active in sorties in the enemy country.

Otermin assembled his army in late December, 1681, and marched direct to the Little Island. He found the villa occupied by fifteen hundred of the hostile Indians, but they made but a weak opposition to his entry. With Otermin were, of course, the good Padres; and they were soon busy, after the manner of St. Francis, exhorting, chiding, encouraging the poor rebels, and finally receiving hundreds of them back into the fold, baptizing their little ones, and remarrying those who had lapsed into heathen practices. But Otermin was not a vigorous captain-general; and his expedition went back to El Paso, accompanied by all the reconverted Indians, who justly feared the wrath of those still on the warpath. Many of these Indians never returned to their beloved Isleta; but, as the years passed, they founded another Isleta, called Del Sur, which is on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, below El Paso.

Ten years later, De Vargas reconquered New Mexico, and such of the former inhabitants as desired went back with San Agustin, and with great pomp, it may be imaged. The massive church which the rebels had defiled and used as a corral, was purified and restored. San Agustin was placed over the high altar, to act as the direct intercessor of the tribe with the Good Father in heaven. Isleta, naturally, does not now figure among those missions where the blood of martyrs has consecrated their precincts forever. For this, so the Indians conclude, ineffable blessings have been showered on them,—together with the venerated image of their patron, and a smaller one, of Regina Angelorum, also of great age, and also very gracious in listening to the people of Isleta.

There rests the holy body of the proto-martyr of the Southwest, Padre Juan Padilla, who suffered under the Zunis

far back,—possibly in 1545. This brave pioneer was with the first expedition that crossed into New Mexico under Coronado; and he and his companion, Luis de Escalona, declined to return with the viceroy to safety and ease: they remained to carry the Gospel into far-famed regions of Quivira, where the palm of victory was laid in their tired arms. Rumors of wonderful happenings about the grave of Padre Padilla were current among the Indians during the hundred and fifty years which elapsed. According to the legend at Isleta, when the blood of Padres ran red about all the missions north, Padre Padilla was borne reverently by angel hands and laid within the great altar of the old mission church at Isleta.

Added to the miracles which good San Agustin performs for his people—curing their sick, restoring their cattle, protecting their vines from enemies, watching over the rapacious river, bringing wisdom to their councils—there is the wonderful miracle known throughout all the Southwest as the rising of the coffin of Padre Padilla. History sternly denies that the martyr could have been brought from Quivira to Isleta, and maintains that the body entombed is that of some other holy martyr,—Padre Ruiz, who suffered in 1580, or one of the glorious confessors of the Faith whose name shed such a halo on the shrines of the desert. But the Indians and Mexicans in and about Isleta cling tenaciously to their tradition of the miraculous transportation. They believe it is the body of Padre Juan Padilla which is contained in the coffin that yearly rises to the surface of the ground, and may be seen by all who desire to witness the marvel. In that excellent book, "Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico," by L. Bradford Prince, former governor of the Territory of New Mexico and one of her most scholarly historians, there is an entertaining account of Isleta and this well-known tradition. Mr. Prince who is not of the Faith, shows sympathy with the theme, and remarks:

With no pretence at explanation, I simply give the story as it has been repeated for many, many years and has the confidence of many, many people. Whatever version of this strange tradition is correct and whatever may be the correct facts, the belief of thousands of people during hundreds of years, must have some foundation in fact. It assuredly lends interest to the church; and the spot where the coffin is said to rise periodically can not fail to inspire one with awe.

All through August the concourse turns towards Isleta; for the marvel, unlike the miracle of St. Januarius at Naples, has no stated date, but occurs; so the tradition says, at such times as may be expedient. But as the feast-day of St. Augustine draws near, the crowds increase, so that travel becomes wearisome; and those who are not assured of quarters in Isleta do well to remain in Albuquerque and make daily jaunts to the pueblo. It is typical of the spirit of St. Francis that the missionaries allowed a dual celebration of the saint,—one on August 28, of a strictly religious nature; and another on September 19, where the old tribal customs are permitted in the way of games and dances, the rites which precede the change of the seasons.

Though a large part of America knows nothing of this wonderful celebration, it is a favorite pilgrimage for all the Quères and for such New Mexicans as have been attracted by the benevolence of the ancient patron. From so far as El Paso come the descendants of the exiles at Isleta del Sur; and old Mexicans hasten thither from the border States of Sonora and Chihuahua, and north and west from the abandoned shrines of the Quères in the lower desert.

But, sad to relate, old San Agustin, the miracle-worker, has been displaced over the high altar by a life-size statue of the learned Doctor of the Church,—an artistically and beautifully colored French statue of modern make. It has an imposing appearance, especially as the venerable structure shows some signs of innovation,—electric lights, and modish-looking floral embellishment. But the Indians never bestow a second glance on their newer

patron. When their good pastor remonstrated, they replied mournfully that this new image did not hear their prayers like the old statue of their fathers. And, being wise, the pastor is content to have the handsome new San Agustin for an ornament, while the "black saint" receives all the prayers and petitions. Most significant of all, old San Agustin and Regina Angelorum watch over the sacred place where the body rises.

Apart from the legends that lend a fragrance to this ancient pueblo, the church at Isleta is one of the largest and most important in New Mexico; and, like one of the cathedrals in the older world, it faces the great public square, or plaza, and is surrounded by its affiliated edifices,—schools, parochial residence, and convent. Its works of art frequently tempt the traveller who is rushing to the Coast to tarry for a time, even if he be not attracted by the gracious kindness of the patron. There is a wonderful old painting of St. Rosalia, another of St. Bartholomew, and another of the Assumption, and a later painting of the old Mexican school of Our Lady of Guadalupe. There are crucifixes of all the ages since good Padre Claros planted the Cross on the river-bank.

It is a spot where holy feet have trod, and there everything about St. Francis is marvellous. How many refuse to believe the stigmata! Yet it is a fact better attested than most facts stated by history. Why should not angels bring the body of the first martyr among the Indians to a shrine where the Indians remained free from the worst excesses of their orgy of blood? In the present time, when so many reflect on the wisdom of applying the principles which underlie the work of St. Francis, and even some of his methods, to the social unrest of the day, the story of Isleta stands forth commandingly. These desert saints were worthy of their master. The fruit of their labors makes an incomparable companion for the wayfarer along that stream of history and sacred memories, the Rio Grande.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XII.—PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

BAILIE AGNEW was in high spirits at the prospect of the certain execution of the sentence against young Bonnytoun. He took a personal interest in the case, since it was to himself that the young man had been denounced for his presence at Mass; for, though that particular breach of the law was not brought prominently forward at the trial, everyone knew that James Wood's obstinate practice of his religion told greatly against him. The young man himself declared to his brother that he was suffering for the Catholic faith, and if we take his words as signifying that had he not been a Catholic, his punishment would have been less severe, the statement was true.

The Bailie had another cause to feel pride in the matter. The very man who had informed against Bonnytoun, and had been appointed to lead the party for his apprehension, was now in his own personal service. For when Wat Logan declined to remain longer in the house, his position was at once given to Stephen Allardyce. Altogether the Bailie was inclined to put on airs as having bestowed benefits upon both State and Kirk. The sense of his own importance (for he was by nature a bully) made his attitude towards those of his own household more than ever overbearing. Had it not been for Isobel, poor Alison Agnew would have been utterly crushed. She had never been other than a passive recipient of her husband's tyrannous gibes, until courage had been given her to assert herself in the matter of religious belief. Like many a quiet, indolent creature, she had been led to take the line of least resistance in most things, until roused by some strong feeling; this had been the case with regard

to her faith, and on that point not even her husband's contemptuous anger could move her will. But with little physical strength to uphold her under the constant strain of the Bailie's jeers and threats, her life was fast becoming a burden intolerable.

With the exception of Isobel, Wat had been the only Catholic employed in the household, and his place had now been filled by one who was a self-confessed spy, and the prime agent in the recent arrests: this Isobel had learned from the gossip of the maids. Both women began to realize more seriously the dangers amid which they stood. Any attempt to secure the consolations of religion, under such circumstances, would assuredly bring upon them the direst results. Between the bully who was master of the house and the spy who was his trusted servant, their position was indeed pitiful.

Isobel approached her mistress one day, greatly troubled.

"I have heard," she said in a cautious tone, "through one of the maids in the kitchen, that Master Burnet is in extreme danger of arrest."

"How can a Protestant maid-servant know that?" asked Mistress Agnew. Her face paled, nevertheless, as she spoke.

"'Tis but kitchen gossip, it's true. But I fear there's something serious behind it. 'Steenie,' this new porter, has been bragging to the maids about his fine doings. He promised them more tidings before long. 'There's one o' the Popish priests as thinks himsel' free to gather the blind Papists to Mass in the toun any time he lists,' he told them; 'but he'll nae be at liberty long! Wait till Bonnytoun's dragged out to the Mercat Cross. My fine Mass-priest'll find himsel' trappit!' It's clear enough, dearie," Isobel commented, "that some plot is afoot, and Master Burnet is the only priest that's ventured here of late. I would we had some means of warning him."

No other hunted priest, except the Jesuit in question, had been in or near

Edinburgh for a long time. A very few other missionaries were in the country, but mostly in the Highland districts. If this priest were seized, Catholics would be, without doubt, in sorry plight!

The two women discussed the state of affairs with much anxiety. Isobel's quicker wit at length evolved a plan of procedure.

"The man Steenie, as the maids call him," she said, "seems to have bewitched all of them below stairs. It can not be his comeliness that has made him so attractive, for he has an evil-looking face, and an ugly one. But, whatever it be, they are all jealous about him; should he pay attention to one rather than another, they resent it. Meg, the kitchen-quean, who spoke to me just now, happens to be angered with him. After posing as her sweetheart, he has lately neglected her, and she is furious. She will serve me in any way; I but lately dressed her hand which was badly scalded and seemed likely to cost her much for the services of a leech. I'll do a little spying through her. It is in a good cause, surely."

Isobel was more successful in her quest than she had dared to hope. The coming execution of the Papist laird's son was the one topic of gossip all through the town; the maid Meg was easily led on to talk about it, and to relate what she had heard about the circumstances from Steenie.

The girl had been further irritated that afternoon by the porter's marked preference for an older and less well-featured maiden, who openly boasted of her conquest before the exasperated Meg. The latter was therefore disposed to pour out her mind to the disparagement of her unfaithful lover; Isobel, by sympathizing remarks, encouraged the unsuspecting maiden to talk still more freely.

Steenie evidently was a braggart, and loved to have an appreciative audience. Incautiously, he had confided to Meg—in the hope, maybe, of a generous portion of the more savory victuals from the supper table—secrets of great importance. The priest's loon, he told her, had turned to

the Kirk, and was ready to take part in a plot to seize his former master. The priest, who did not suspect the man's treachery, had sent word to him to arrange for a place at the window of a certain house near the Cross, whence he would be able to view the proceedings at Bonnytoun's execution, and it would be an easy matter for this man to deliver up the Jesuit to the Town Guard.

Isobel at once conjectured that this arrangement had been made by the Jesuit for the sake of giving absolution to the condemned man before his death; for it was manifestly impossible for a priest to obtain a private interview with the prisoner. But the information, valuable enough, which she had gleaned from Meg, was of little use to the two women, if they had to depend upon their own resources. She bethought her of Christian Guthrie, a faithful Catholic, and one whom she had often trusted before, and lost no time in going to speak with her on the matter.

It was a happy thought. Christian was able to add to the information already gained. The only house which it would be safe for the priest to make use of was one occupied by a Protestant man, whose wife was a Catholic, though that fact was not known to their enemies. A window in the house looked directly on to the Market Cross, and was therefore the best that could be chosen for a full view of all proceedings; Christian had no doubt that it was here that Master Burnett was to stand. She gave vent to her honest indignation on the subject of the serving-loon; but she seemed less surprised than Isobel expected. "Geordie Tod," she cried contemptuously, "was never much of a man—to my mind! He'd been over well treated by Master Barclay, in France yonder, and the poor white-livered hound is feared o' these Kirk braggarts. He thinks to make a bit o' siller for himsel', this way, ye see. I'd well like to make him feel the weight o' my hand, I can tell ye, Mistress! The dirty, skulkin' chiel!"

Christian did not think it likely that

Tod would know that the woman belonging to the house in question was a Catholic. She was sure that this Violet Leys had not been at either Mass in the Cowgate, for she had been ill at the time, and the priest had not then learned about her Catholicism. That was a point in their favor.

When asked by Isobel whether she would be at the house in question on the day of the execution, Christian with much warmth declared that she was not one to stand by and look on while a good Catholic gentleman was being done to death by the devil's own agents. She would see Violet Leys, and try to get her to warn Master Burnet about Geordie and his treachery, and that was all they could do at present.

While Isobel was thus working against the plot devised by the enemies of religion, events at the Bailie's house were favoring the cause of the priest. As Mistress Agnew sat alone pondering over the probable effects of Christian's intervention, the Bailie entered. He looked round the room, then smiled with satisfaction.

"So that crafty Popish jade is out o' the way for once!" he said with a sneer. "I would ye were quit of her, wife; she's aye sowing discord atwixt us."

"Nay, Robert," she answered promptly. "'Tis plain you like her not. But she's a good servant to me, and a trusty; and I'd find it hard to want her help in the household. You know well, I'm not over strong."

"Well, well!" said the Bailie, with the air of one granting a favor more than usually precious, "we'll say no more o' that to-day. But there's one other little matter I've on my mind. I'd like ye to be at Bonnytoun's execution, when it comes off."

"Eh, Robert!" she cried in consternation, "ye're surely not in earnest! I could never look on while a fellow-creature was being slain."

"Say a fellow-Papist, rather!" he angrily retorted. "I'll tell ye this much, woman! If ye but show y'rself there,

'twill shut the mouths o' the fools that cry that Bailie Agnew's gotten a Papist wife. I dinna ask ye to look on; all I ask is for ye to sit at a window near by in sight o' the folk. Ye can shut y'r eyes, if ye will. 'Twould be proof o' y'r loyalty to the laws passed by the King's Grace, and 'twould prevent harm happening to both y'rself and me. 'Tis little enough, surely!"

His wife sat silent for a few seconds. She was pondering upon the possibility of rendering help to the priest by obeying her husband's wish.

"But I've no acquaintance living near the Cross, Robert. What window is there where I could sit to view it all?"

"I'll see to that," cried the delighted Bailie, as he saw the prospect of her acquiescence. He had another reason, though he had kept it secret, for wishing his wife to be present on the occasion. "There's a house rented by one Leys—a goldsmith to trade, he works wi' Master Gilchrist; the woman takes in folk to lodge at times. They're well-mannered folk; no riffraff. I'll get the woman to let ye sit on her outer gallery, whence ye can see all fine. And ye can take y'r dearie wi' ye, if ye will!" he said sarcastically. "She can comfort ye the while."

"I'll think it over, Robert," she replied, quietly ignoring the gibe, "and tell you later."

The Bailie smiled to himself and rubbed his hands gleefully, as he made his way to his counting-house. Unfortunately for the success of his scheme, he chuckled with delight and congratulated himself, half-aloud, as he went. Isobel had returned, and was awaiting an opportunity of reporting to her mistress the result of her mission. She had heard the Bailie's voice, raised in expostulation, and had stepped into a small chamber adjoining his counting-house, to avoid meeting him when he should pass that way at the close of his interview with his wife. The door of the chamber was partly open, and as the unconscious Bailie passed, Isobel heard him say distinctly:

"The jades'll be fairly caught. They'll see him seized."

Her quick wit told her that "him" meant the priest. She joined her mistress, and was told of the Bailie's proposal. It was plain enough that he intended to cause them annoyance as well as the priest. The latter was to be apprehended before their eyes, and they would be powerless to prevent it, or render any assistance. But in view of Christian Guthrie's promise to do what she could, they resolved to be present at the spectacle, according to the Bailie's wishes. Some means might be found which would benefit the doomed priest.

Early in the morning on the day appointed, Bailie Agnew escorted his wife and her attendant through the already crowded streets—though it was but little past five o'clock—to Violet Leys' dwelling.

The room into which they were ushered was on the upper floor. It was of goodly size, and had one large window facing the Market Cross, which was situated near the eastern end of St. Giles' Church. The window was filled with glass in its upper portion, but wide doors in the lower part opened on to one of the wooden balconies so common in many of the larger houses, whence a view could be gained of the street below. No other person was present in the room when the two women entered. It was unsafe, for the time being, to attempt to communicate with the goodwife herself; Allardyce might have set his spies below, or might be staying there himself to conduct the seizure of the priest later. So the anxious women sat there silent, but praying earnestly that the enemies of God's minister might be defeated in their project.

It was not long before another person entered. A man of mature age, apparently, with grizzled beard and locks; he wore the somewhat shabby livery of a serving-man to some one, it would seem, of no great position or wealth. Throwing off his upper cloak, he walked out of the window on to the gallery outside it, whence

he gazed for a few seconds into the street below, now rapidly filling with a noisy and excited crowd.

He had paid no attention to the women seated there; but as he turned back into the room, his glance fell upon them. Mistress Agnew kept her face partially shrouded by the silken scarf used as a veil by women of the upper classes when going abroad. Isobel wore a large cloak with its hood over her head, and her face was fully exposed to view. As the stranger passed her, he gave a half-suppressed start. Then in a low voice, he said, "You here, Mistress?"

The Bailie's wife turned towards him, and her scarf slipped from her head. Recognizing her he addressed her in the same cautious tones.

"I little thought to meet either of you here, Mistress! What means it?"

They both penetrated the disguise as they heard the well-known tones of Master Burnet's voice, and both exclaimed in amazement. But Isobel quickly recovered herself.

"Father," she whispered, "there's a plot to take you in this room. You must get away!"

Quickly she recounted all that was necessary. The Jesuit, astonished and grieved at the treachery of Tod, was ready to profit by the warning thus opportunely given. Isobel, by his direction, cautiously crept down the "turnpike stair," which wound down a slender tower and gave access to each story, in order to ascertain whether the coast was clear. She returned with the information that all was quiet in the lower rooms, the occupants having apparently joined the excited crowd in the street. The priest, accordingly, stole downstairs and passed out into the wynd, on which the dwelling-house opened by a side door.

At Isobel's suggestion the two women moved out into the balcony, so that Bailie Agnew might have no grounds for accusing them of hiding from view. The throng of folk was growing continually denser. Respectable burgesses, workmen

and apprentices, mixed with the rabble and scum of the city. Country people had anticipated their market-day visit to town by a few hours in order not to miss the sight; boys, due at school by six o'clock, risked their masters' displeasure by joining the waiting throng. After standing in the balcony for a short spell, Mistress Agnew expressed her wish to return within.

Scarcely were they seated again, when another man entered. This one was young, with a sparse tawny beard on chin and upper lip. He was fairly well dressed in doublet and breeches of brown cloth, tawny leather riding-boots and gloves, ruff and wristbands adorned with lace, and feathered hat. Though evidently little more than a youth, his face looked lined and worn; there was a shifty expression in his eyes which denoted either fear or a natural timidity or restlessness. An air of cringing servility which was apparent in his mien, was scarcely in keeping with an appearance of rank and even of fashion.

This visitor made at once for the window, and seemed rather to court notice than avoid it as the priest had appeared to do. He stood in full view of the crowd below for a space, then returned into the room; and, passing out of the door, appeared to be looking out for some expected companion, as he lingered at the head of the staircase.

A loud shouting from the street, which quickly subsided to the former confused din, drew the man once more through the room and out into the balcony. He was evidently, on some score or other, suffering much anxiety. He refrained from accosting the women, as he once more passed back into the room and again waited outside the door at the head of the staircase.

It was close upon the hour of six when he returned for the second time, and his trepidation was still more obvious. He spoke to Isobel, who seemed perhaps to be the leading spirit.

"My man must have missed his way,"

he said. "Have you noticed about the house any one looking like an elderly serving-man, Mistress?"

"We've encountered no serving-man, old or young, since we came here an hour ago," replied Isobel truthfully.

Renewed shouting broke out again and continued. There was a blare of trumpets. The crowd swayed this way and that, and shouts and hisses were heard, as a procession slowly forced its way through the mass of people. The men of the Town Guard made vigorous use of their halberds to clear a path for the civic authorities—bailies, councillors, and the like; a few ministers, too, in gowns and ruffs, formed part of the company. Surrounded by a band of armed men, the prisoner came at last into view, to be greeted by a clamor of curses, hisses and coarse shouts of derision from the crowd.

Mistress Agnew and Isobel drew nearer to the window, but refrained from entering the balcony. It took some little time for the sheriff to lead the condemned man up to the black-draped gallery which surrounded the base of the Cross, and to await the disrobing of the victim before handing him over to the executioner. The surging throng was suddenly stilled, awaiting in dense expectation the dread moment.

The stranger in the balcony continually peered back into the room, as though expecting the appearance of his tardy servant. But none came. Isobel gave a glance at the group before her, on the scaffold.

The central figure stood there prominent against the sombre background—a slim, youthful form, stripped to shirt and hose. He stood there regardless of the throng of upturned faces awaiting the ghastly climax of that hour. His eyes were searching the crowd and the faces at the windows round about, and he took no heed to the droning exhortations and prayers of the grim-faced minister beside him. Suddenly he raised his right hand, and while his lips moved, he signed himself before them all with a large cross—

from forehead to chest, from shoulder to shoulder.

The crowd, at the sight, broke out into blasphemous cries and execrations. The black-masked headsman gave the sign, and the tall youth lay down and placed his head upon the block. Isobel closed her eyes and prayed. Alison Agnew broke into quiet weeping, her face still averted as it had been all through the time of waiting. In the intense silence which again reigned, came the sharp crash of the axe. Then a great shout arose from the packed mass of people, telling of the consummation of the sacrifice demanded of that brave Catholic youth, as the price of his courageous profession of the faith of his Baptism.

Almost before the prolonged shouting had died down to the more restrained murmurs of the dispersing crowds, there was a rush of footsteps up the stairs, and a band of armed men burst into the room. But they were clearly discomfited.

"Where's the Mass-priest and his serving-loon?" was the cry. The stranger appeared anxious and confused. Before he could reply, Isobel spoke:

"There is no priest here, unless it be this gentleman, who has been anxiously awaiting his man. I and my mistress here—the wife of Master Bailie Agnew—have nothing to do with this young man."

She turned to her mistress and began to adjust her veil in preparation for leaving.

"One moment, Mistress, if it please you," said the leader of the party. "We will secure our man first, and then you will be free to go."

The stranger began to expostulate with vehemence. He was the man, who had undertaken to deliver the priest up to them. But the priest had deceived him. He had managed to escape.

More and more earnestly did he try to persuade them of their mistake. Tears of vexation filled his eyes, as the men took no heed of his pleadings. Amid the jests of the rough soldiers, he was hustled away—a prisoner.

The crowds were thinning considerably

when Mistress Agnew and Isobel made their way down and into the street. They knew well that the mistake would be discovered as soon as the Bailie or Allardyce had been made aware of it. Yet it afforded some little consolation to think that this Judas had been compelled to undergo some slight portion, at least, of the shame and derision he had plotted to bring upon his innocent master.

(To be continued.)

A Memory.

FROM THE SPANISH OF SYLVIO ARCO, BY MARY
B. MANNIX.

THERE is a picture I can ne'er forget,—
A little house, a crumbling vine-clothed wall;
Sweet-scented shrubs, a dial roughly set;
Blue sky and golden sunshine over all.
A fragrant, flowery garden, green and warm;
An arbor garlanded with purple grapes;
A wind-brake of dark firs, by rain and storm
Lashed into ragged and fantastic shapes.
A mossy, wide-lipped well, with dripping pail;
Green meads, awaiting through the morning
haze
The short, sharp rhythm of the tireless flail.
Gleaning their fulness through the summer days.
In the dim distance, here and there a gleam
Of soft, blue waters, singing as they flowed;
And farther still, beyond the joyous stream,
A white and winding dusty country road.
Dearest of all, a fair and holy shrine,
By Passion-flowers half hidden, half disclosed;
Where, on His Mother's breast, the Babe Divine,
Encircled by her loving arms, reposed.
There night and day a flickering taper burned,—
One rosy spark amid the emerald green;
And there, in springtime, fledgeling songsters
learned
To warble hymns of praise the leaves between.
Is it a picture? Blue and golden gleam,
The little house in vine-clad background set?
Ah, no! It is a sad, soul-haunting dream
Of days my yearning heart can not forget.

Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Mercier.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS, PH. D.

A MAN of uncommon intellect exerts his influence over countless generations. And it is characteristic of Newman's genius that he has helped many great minds to discover themselves, while inspiring others to a fuller development of their latent abilities. In his philosophical tenets, Cardinal Newman differs widely from Cardinal Mercier. Yet this great exponent of Thomism owes much of his healthy modernity to the English convert's writings.

As a result largely of his training outside the Church, Newman was but vaguely acquainted with Scholastic Philosophy, which was cultivated only in the seclusion of Catholic seminaries, making no attempt to interpret the scientific spirit of the age. He never afterwards mastered it to any great extent. When on August 4, 1879, in the second year of his Pontificate, Leo XIII. published his famous Encyclical "Æterni Patris," designed to bring about a revival of Thomistic teaching, Newman's literary activity had practically ceased. Only a few months earlier, on May 12, the same Pope had put his seal of approval upon it by creating the Oratorian a Cardinal; thus putting an end to the covert attacks and the groundless misconceptions of which he had been the victim for so long a time.

In a general way, Newman admired Aristotle and the Schoolmen for their deep, true, and at times bold speculations. "Aristotle," he writes, "is the oracle of nature and of truth. While we are men we can not help, to a great extent, being Aristotelians; for the great master does but analyze the thoughts, feelings, views and opinions of humankind. He has told us the meaning of our own words and ideas, before we were born. In many subject-matters, to think correctly is to think like Aristotle; and we are his disciples, whether

we will or no, though we may not know it." And when meeting the shallow accusation that the Church has been the relentless nemesis of free intellectual inquiry into the mysteries of the physical world, he challenges his opponents in ringing tones:

"Time went on; a new state of things came in; the Church was girt with temporal power; the preachers of St. Dominic were in the ascendant: now at length, we may ask with curious interest, did the Church alter her ancient rule of action, and proscribe intellectual activity? Just the contrary: this is the very age of universities; it is the classical period of the Schoolmen; it is the splendid and palmary instance of the wise policy and large liberality of the Church, as regards philosophical inquiry. If there ever was a time when the intellect went wild and had a licentious revel, it was at the date I speak of. When was there ever a more curious, more meddling, bolder, keener, more penetrating, more rationalistic exercise of the reason than at that time? What class of questions did that subtle, metaphysical spirit not scrutinize? What premiss was allowed without examination? What principle was not traced to its first origin and exhibited in its most naked shape? What whole was not analyzed? What complex idea was not elaborately traced out, and, as it were, finely painted for the contemplation of the mind, till it was spread out in all its minutest portions as perfectly and delicately as a frog's foot shows under the intense scrutiny of the microscope?

"Well, I repeat, here was something which came somewhat nearer to theology than physical research comes; Aristotle was a somewhat more serious foe then, beyond all mistake, than Bacon has been since. Did the Church take a high hand with philosophy then? No, not though that philosophy was metaphysical. It was a time when she had temporal power, and could have exterminated the spirit of inquiry with fire and sword; but she determined to put it down by argument.

She said: 'Two can play at that, and my argument is the better.' She sent her controversialists into the philosophical arena. It was the Dominican and Franciscan doctors, the greatest of them being St. Thomas, who in these Medieval universities fought the battle of Revelation with the weapons of heathenism. It was no matter whose the weapon was: truth was truth all the world over. With the jawbone of an ass, with the skeleton philosophy of pagan Greece, did the Samson of the Schools put to flight his thousand Philistines."

Yet, while his admiration for the Schoolmen was sincere and unreserved, he did not envisage truth and its acquisition from the same angle as did they. For them truth was the necessary outcome of logical premisses, compelling the mind to assent by its objective evidence. While not denying the cogent power of pure logic, Newman, eschewing all abstractions, set out, in his "Grammar of Assent," to analyze with great subtlety the problem of concrete affirmation, its motives in fact, its relation to the personality of the individual. The moral being, and whatever "pious dispositions" are in him, furnish a real and indispensable premiss to truth; since final assents, however multiplied, are each single and *sui generis*. The importance of the personal equation in all search after certain knowledge was the one philosophical problem elucidated by Newman. Aware of his own deficiencies, he limited himself to an exposition of those broader philosophical principles that are of more general application and usefulness, especially to the teacher. And these he exposed in such brilliant fashion in his discourses on "The Idea of a University," that they stirred his hearers deeply, and have not ceased to stimulate succeeding generations.

Early in his career, Professor Mercier came under the influence of their bold, lucid statements, their keen, close deductions, their challenging language. They opened wide vistas on contemporary

thought, largely unchristian or anti-christian, forecast its evolution with a seer's eye, pointed out the way to meet it on its own ground, and dispelled all fear as to the outcome of this secular combat between the old truth and the newest fallacy decked out in scientific garb. Here was, indeed, a new and a trustworthy guide, fresh from the long struggle through error to truth, acquainted with every devious path of the mind, and with every obstacle lurking on the way to the light. In his famous discourse before the Catholic Congress of Mechlin in 1891 (one year after Newman's death), on the need of a higher scientific training for the Catholic clergy, if it is to meet successfully the enemies of the Church with their own weapons, Professor Mercier spoke under the inspiration, and sometimes with the very words, of Newman. And repeatedly since he has acknowledged his indebtedness to the great Oratorian.

He is at one with Newman in advocating the free and full exercise of reason, without undue and irksome restrictions: "If we invite Reason to take its place in our schools, we must let Reason have fair and full play. . . . To be ever interrupting its processes, and diverting its attention by objections brought from a higher knowledge, is parallel to a landman's dismay at the changes in the course of a vessel on which he has deliberately embarked, and argues surely some distrust either in the powers of Reason on the one hand, or the certainty of Revealed Truth on the other. The passenger should not have embarked at all, if he did not reckon on the chance of a rough sea,—of currents, of wind and tide, of rocks and shoals; and we should act more wisely in discountenancing altogether the exercise of Reason than in being alarmed and impatient under the suspense, delay, and anxiety which, from the nature of the case, may be found to attach to it. Let us eschew secular history and science and philosophy, for good and all, if we are not allowed to be sure that Revelation is so true that the

altercations and perplexities of human opinion can not really or eventually injure its authority. That is no intellectual triumph of any truth of religion which has not been preceded by a full statement of what can be said against it; it is but the *ego vapulando, ille verberando* of the Comedy."

He again re-echoes Newman in insisting that science and philosophy are an end in themselves, eminently worthy of pursuit by the human mind: "Cautious and practical thinkers will ask of me what, after all, is the gain of this philosophy, of which I make such account, and from which I promise so much? . . . To what does it lead? Where does it end? What does it do? How does it profit? What does it promise? Particular sciences are respectively the basis of definite arts, which carry on to results tangible and beneficial the truths which are the subjects of the knowledge attained; what is the art of this science of sciences? What is the fruit of such a philosophy? . . . I answer that knowledge is capable of being its own end. Such is the constitution of the human mind that any kind of knowledge, if it be really such, is its own reward. And if this is true of all knowledge, it is true also of that special philosophy which I have made to consist in a comprehensive view of truth in all its branches, of the relations of science to science, of their mutual bearings, and their respective values. . . . And I mean to show that it is an object in its own nature so really and undeniably good as to be the compensation of a great deal of thought in the compassing and a great deal of trouble in the attaining."

With Newman, he contends that the unselfish pursuit of science is indirectly the best apology of our faith. Many unbelievers of to-day, differently from those of former schools of infidelity, do no longer go out of their way to attack revealed truth: "They have this characteristic—viz., the union of intense hatred with a large toleration of theology. They

are professedly civil to it, and run a race with it. They rely, not on any logical disproof of it, but on three considerations: first, on the effects of whatever kind to indispose the mind towards other studies; next, on the special effort of modern sciences upon the imagination, prejudicial to revealed truth; and, lastly, on the absorbing interest attached to those sciences from their marvellous results. . . . They know perfectly well that sciences which deal with tangible facts, practical results, ever-growing discoveries, and perpetual novelties, which feed curiosity, sustain attention, and stimulate expectation, require but a fair stage and no favor to distance that Ancient Truth, which never changes and but cautiously advances, in the race for popularity and power. And, therefore, they look out for the day when they shall have put down religion, not by shutting its schools, but by emptying them; not by disputing its tenets, but by the superior worth and persuasiveness of their own."¹

Again, Protestants and agnostics have very strange notions about us: "In spite of the testimony of history the other way, they think that the Church has no other method of putting down error than the arm of force or the prohibition of inquiry. They defy us to set up and carry on a School of Science." Let us be done with argument, and set up the school. And this is best done in connection with some great university, the scope of which, as described by Newman, Professor Mercier unhesitatingly endorses: "To adjust views and experiences and habits of mind the most independent and dissimilar; to give full play to thought and erudition in their most original forms, and their most intense expressions, and in their most ample circuit. Thus to draw many things into one is its special function; and it learns to do it, not by rules reducible to writing, but by sagacity, wisdom, and forbearance, acting upon a profound insight into the subject-matter of knowledge, and

¹ "Idea of a University," p. 405.

by a vigilant repression of aggression or bigotry in any quarter."

Thus these two great leaders of modern thought, widely diverging at many points, were one in their clear conception of the intellectual evils of the day and the fundamental means of meeting them: by fearless investigation into every field of science, unhampered by a groundless dread of collision with revealed truth, which never can and never will suffer from any physical discovery.

Like a Ray of Sunshine.

BY AILEEN DRISCOLL.

IT was September, 1904. I was travelling from King's X to Edinburgh, and had spent an hour or so in reading the *Times* and looking at an illustrated paper. Then I noticed a child in the corner farthest from me. We were alone. She was occupied in writing in a very small diary, whose date (1903) was distinctly visible. This amused me, for we were near the end of 1904. Evidently the date of the year did not matter to the child.

Woman-like, I noticed she was simply and carefully dressed, and fixed eleven as her age. "Going to school," I thought, as I saw the black dress, relieved by white cuffs and "stock" collar. She wore glasses, whose thick lenses suggested weak sight; and what was the most beautiful hair I have ever seen was hers.

Her hat was off, and the waves of golden brown were visible. There was a bow of soft white ribbon just above her neck, while a plait hung over her shoulder and touched the seat,—a plait of wondrous hair: thick, glossy, and full of lights. There was a second bow at the end.

Dear me! Even now, after a lapse of many years, I remember how I wished it were mine; for the beauty and glory of young life were there, and my own hair was grey. And as I looked at the child, I thought of my childhood, and lived again through the ardent days of girlhood, when

the world was still a distant land of delight. And I wondered what the years would bring to my little wayfarer. Joy would come surely, for it is given to us all—if only for a time; and just as surely Grief would come, and that radiant hair would lose its lustre; for Grief is grey and sombre and robs us of our youth!

As if conscious of my thoughts, she turned towards the window and sat motionless for several minutes. Suddenly she jumped up and took down a book, from which she took some note-paper, and began to write. She wrote a few words, bit her pencil, and sat with a look of deep inquiry in her eyes. And presently I saw the tears glistening there. She pressed her lips more firmly on her pencil. She would not cry.

"Bravo, bravo, little girl!" I thought. "We are British. Others may see and share our joy, but our sorrow is hidden."

The letter was not finished; and as she stood to put back the book, something fell at my feet. I stooped to pick it up. It was a key—a new one—tied to a label, on which was written "Eveleen Russell. Key of trunk." I gave it to the child, who thanked me in true English style, in two words.

I wondered who she was. Her quietness was marked. She seemed taken up with her thoughts, and unconscious of her surroundings. A child is generally fidgety in a train. I wanted to speak to her, but refrained. I let opportunity have its way, and waited, and was rewarded. The child spoke, and the tone and clipped precision of her words showed breeding.

She asked me what time it was. I told her,—adding it was time for her to eat her lunch, unless she was getting out at the next stop. "No: I get out at Newcastle," she said. I suggested we should lunch together; saying, "If there is anything in my basket that you fancy, you must have it." (I was thinking of the gathered teardrops, which she was too proud to let fall.) She thanked me. Then came her first confidence:

"I'm not very hungry to-day. I'm going to a new school, and all the time I'm thinking of to-morrow, of the days after, and of the years that will come; for if I am happy and clever, I shall stay for a long time."

"And are you pleased to go to a new school?" I asked.

"Yes. It's a nice school,—a convent school, where I shall play cricket and tennis and baseball. But I shall have to work hard, too; for I am going to study for examinations, and I must pass them."

We lunched together, and I learned that Eveleen had been at a small convent school, near London, for four years. She made no mention of home or parents.

"And are you going to keep a diary at school?"

"Yes, though I shall not have time to write it in detail every day. I shall jot down the events in a few words; then on Sunday, during letter-writing time, I shall write it properly in a big note-book."

"And when it is filled?"

"I shall keep it, and the others that follow, too. Then when I'm old and perhaps far away in a distant land, I shall read them all again. It will be nice to have the events, with their dates. I shall keep all the anniversaries. And I am going to put the bad days as well as the good; for the bad ones have nice endings. Haven't they? Like it is nice to make friends again after a quarrel."

I became interested in my little traveller, who seemed to philosophize as she went along.

"And would you like to write a book when you are grown up?" I asked.

"No, not a bit. I like to read books,—there are some I love; but I could never write one."

"And why?"

"I'm not clever enough. I couldn't describe the color of a sunset or the beauty of a garden, for I've tried sometimes in my head. I know when there is beauty near me. I feel it; it makes me happy; but I can not make the words explain it.

Besides, a writer has to know a lot of people and visit many places; so he has to be rich."

"No, that isn't necessary. I know a writer who writes many stories, yet he is poor."

"And are they true stories or does he make them up? I've often wondered about this."

"They are true. He writes the lives of men and women who have lived, who have been happy, who have suffered and who have triumphed."

"And does he put long descriptions? Perhaps they are all right in stories for old people, but they shouldn't be put in children's books. They puzzle. I always skip them. We want to know what is *said*, what is *done*. That's the chief thing. But nearly half of every book is description, and that's not necessary."

I liked her outspoken criticism. And how much truth there was in it, too!

"Does he write children's stories?" she continued.

"No. I don't think he could, either."

She laughed.

"Of course he could. It is much easier to write for us than for grown-ups. We are easy to please. Perhaps he doesn't know any children interesting enough to write about. It is only a few who can go in books. Isn't it? Most of us are too ordinary. We have no real adventures. And a book about an ordinary child would be no good at all."

"What kind of stories do you like?" I asked.

Her eyes sparkled. She whispered:

"Ghost stories." Then a little louder: "Stories about princesses, like 'The Child Countess'; and best of all fairy stories, especially when the fairies are angels in disguise. These are the very best, for they are true."

Her calm avowal astonished me. She was absolutely certain that what she said was true.

"Do you think your friend would write a book for us, if you told him it isn't really difficult?" she went on.

"I don't know. He is in South Africa now. He is writing about the Boer War, and he wants to have the right ideas, and see the very places where the battles were fought and won. And he doesn't live in England at all: he always lives in France, near the Mediterranean, so I shall not see him for at least six months."

"I'd like to go to France," she said, and there was a new note of wistfulness in her voice. "It is the first country I shall go to when I'm big. There are so many places I want to see there, especially Paris."

"And why Paris? Is it Versailles you want to see, or the city itself, which is certainly very beautiful?"

"No: it's a convent I want to visit, where a little girl was at school. I want to ask the nuns a lot of questions about her."

"Do you know the child?" I asked.

"In a way I know her, for I've thought a lot about her; but I've never seen her. She was a real child for a story."

I was becoming captivated by this little traveller.

"Will you tell me about her?"

She hesitated. Some question was weighed in her mind. She looked at me thoughtfully. The angels that she knew so well must have whispered something to her, for she smiled and said, "Yes."

I give the story, so far as I remember it, in Eveleen's words; but the earnestness of her tone, the radiancy of her face, and the deep conviction of her words can not be portrayed. She began:

"In France there was a very clever man (I think he is still living) who wrote books. But his books were very, very bad. They were powerful books and explained things very cleverly. He didn't believe in God at all, and he tried to show that the world went on without God. I don't know how he did this. I suppose he wrapped it up in a lot of puzzling words and descriptions. Well, his books were read by a great many people, who became discontented and unhappy after reading them. A book should help us to be good, or make us

laugh; shouldn't it?" (I nodded assent.) "But it should not make us miserable. So that proves his books were not the right kind.

"Now, this man had a little girl, called 'Marie France,' whom he loved far above everything on earth. She was a beautiful child, but very delicate. Her mother had died when she was quite small, and her father sent her to a convent school near Paris, when she was only six; though he didn't like nuns, and in his books he made fun of holy people. The little Marie thought her surname was 'France.' So did everyone in the convent, except the Reverend Mother, who kept her real name a secret.

"Marie was very happy in her convent school, and loved the nuns; but of course her father came first. To her, he was the greatest hero in the world. He never took her home, for he always lived in a hotel. She spent her holidays in a convent in Brittany, at the seaside. But sometimes he used to take her for drives and buy her cakes and chocolates. They didn't have tea together, for the French don't like it. They drink only coffee and wine. Her father told her she would leave the convent at seventeen. Then she would reign in his home as his queen. But this was a long way off.

"The years passed. Marie grew a little stronger and more beautiful. She wasn't vain. It didn't matter to her what she was like. She didn't think about these things. Everyone loved her. She was kind to the tiny tots; she was happy and mischievous with those of her own age; and she left the elder girls alone. That's the right way to be in school; then all goes well.

"Now it came near the time of her First Communion; and, if you're a Catholic, you know that this is the most beautiful time of your life, especially if you are in a convent—"

Here I interrupted my historian to tell her I was not a Catholic.

"I shall have to stop my story to explain

a little; for you won't understand it at all, if you don't know what 'First Communion' is. And I don't know if I can explain it properly: it is so great, so wonderful, so mysterious; but I'll try."

Now, I knew what Communion was in a vague sense; but I was intensely interested in this child, who couldn't make words give the color of a sunset, yet who could give the ardent glow of enthusiasm to the story of a little girl she had never seen. After a good two minutes' pause she said:

"I ought to begin at the beginning; but if I did this, I should want hours to finish, and we should both get tired, and the train would reach Newcastle. I'd get out, and you would never hear the end of Marie's life. So I shall have to leave out a lot of important things; but I'm sure you'll understand.

"We believe that God is everywhere, as a spirit. He is all round us like the air. He is in this carriage with you and me; but we can't see Him, because He is invisible. And we believe that His Son, who was born in Bethlehem, who died on Calvary, is present, as God and as Man, in every Catholic church. He is there, living, just as He lived in Nazareth, only now He is hidden under the form of bread. He lives in a little golden house, called a tabernacle; and He stays there all day and all night, waiting for us to go and talk to Him. And sometimes He is lonely, for people forget Him. Of course there are always crowds of angels there, who adore Him; but He is lonely for us, because it is for our sake He is there. He has heaven for the angels. He is very powerful, for He is God; and He gives you the most unexpected and most wonderful things, if you ask for them. (I know this, for He has given them to me)," she added parenthetically.

"Well, you see, He is God: He can do everything. So He comes down from heaven, by His own power, every time Mass is said, at a moment called the Consecration. It is a very solemn moment. The bell is rung and everyone bows down

in prayer. And, though we can not see Him, we know for certain He is there,—that the little, round, white circle is the great Living God. It is wonderful, isn't it? He stays in our churches, and we often go to see Him. Now there comes a time—at the age of ten or twelve—when you receive Him into your heart. And when you receive Him for the first time it is called 'First Communion.' You can see it is a very important event, and children prepare a long while,—three or four months beforehand. It's a lovely time, especially when the last month comes; then the last week; then the retreat,—that is three days' silence, when you live a special kind of life, and think about the visit of the King, and make the last preparations for His visit. You fill your soul with flowers, so that He will be delighted when He enters in. You put the lily; that is purity. You put the rose; that is love. You put the violet; that is meekness; and as many others as you can. But you must not forget the evergreen; that is to show faithfulness,—to show Him that even if you let the flowers fade, you will always have your faith; you'll be loyal and true to that. But we must try to keep the flowers, for He likes them very much.

"When the First Communion day comes it is like a dream. Everything seems different. Everyone is happy. There is sunshine everywhere. You feel a 'lightness' in your soul and body that is new and strange. You know that you are very close to God and the angels that day. I can't explain it better. Words are no good. You have to live through this day, and then you understand it."

There was a gentle note of pity in her voice. Was she thinking of what I had missed? I thought a theologian had not done better; and in my heart I venerated the Church which put such splendors into the life of a child. Hitherto I had belittled and mistrusted the Roman Church.

"Now I can get on with my story. The day of Marie's First Communion

drew near; and in France, where everyone is Catholic, that is a day of joy for the whole family. If you are in a convent, your parents come for Mass, and receive Holy Communion with you. Afterwards they all have breakfast together, and spend the day with the First Communicant. Now, Marie thought her father was a Catholic, so she never doubted that he would come. Months before, she had told him about this day; and in every letter she repeated the date, so he should not forget. And when her companions asked her how many visitors she expected, she replied, 'Only one—papa.'

"The retreat began. On the second day Reverend Mother sent for Marie to have a little talk with her. And she asked her if she had a nice garden ready for her King. And Marie told her all that was in it, as far as she could. She had no secrets from the good superior, who was a second mother to her.

"And have you no myrrh?" she asked.

"Myrrh? What is that?" said Marie.

"It is a plant that represents suffering. Have you no sorrow you have suffered bravely for Him, who so greatly suffered for us?"

"No, Mother, I've no sorrow. It's all joy in my soul."

"And the nun wanted to leave it thus, but could not. She had a great disappointment for the child. She must tell her.

"Marie, dear, if papa didn't come on Thursday?"

"O Mother, don't say that! He is coming, isn't he? I've longed so much for the day, to kneel by him at the altar rails and receive my First Communion by his side."

"I'm afraid he can not come. I have just received a letter from him. He says: 'Tell Marie urgent business calls me from Paris. I shall be with her on Thursday after lunch. I have a big surprise for her.'"

"And Marie cried. It was a very big disappointment. So she had myrrh in her garden, after all.

"Thursday morning came. The little

First Communicants, dressed all in white, with veils and wreaths, knelt before the sanctuary. Mass began. It went quickly. The Consecration was over, and Our Lord was there on the altar, waiting to be given to each child. The bell rang for the last time. The moment had come. The children rose, and went with hands joined to the altar rail. Marie was first. There was perfect silence in the chapel. The priest turned and gave the blessing to those waiting children. He descended the steps and approached Marie and gave her her First Communion. She bowed her head, to have it near her heart where Our Lord was; and she prayed earnestly. The time of thanksgiving passed quickly, and the children left the chapel and went into the grand parlor for breakfast. But Marie had hers in the community room—and this was a great privilege,—lest she might feel lonely among the others. And all the nuns gave her presents, for she was especially their little convent child.

"The afternoon came, and her father arrived. How she rushed into the parlor, and how she kissed him, you can easily imagine; for she loved him with all her soul and strength. They talked together, and Marie told him about the moment of Communion and how beautiful it was. He listened but said nothing. He looked at her with great love; but what he thought we shall never know. I think he must have felt sorrow—a sorrow that hurts—because he was not what Marie thought he was.

"After some time he said: 'And does not my little queen expect a present to-day?' She answered: 'Yes. But to have you here is better than every present.' And she kissed him.

"He untied a parcel, and there was the most beautiful book she had ever seen. It had an ivory cover, with gold edges; and in raised letters of real gold was her name, 'Marie France.' She only looked at it: she thought it too beautiful to touch. Her father spoke:

"Now listen, little girl! When you get

older you will hear that your papa is a great writer, and that his books are read by thousands of people. Well, the best book I've ever written or ever shall write is there. I've written it for your First Communion.'

"Marie was dazed with surprise and delight. She could not speak. He continued:

"You trust me, Marie, don't you? Read that story. You will like it. It's the very best present I could give you. And now—give me a promise. You will never read another written by me?"

"Without hesitating, she said, 'Papa, I promise.' And her father was satisfied.

"Marie read the book and loved it. But we can not read it, because only one copy was made, and that was buried with Marie, who died in the convent three years later."

Eveleen sat silent for some minutes.

"So you can guess why I want to go to Paris, can't you? It's to ask the nuns to tell me all the story. They are sure to know it; for it is not long since Marie died."

I thought of the many nuns expelled from France, but said nothing. It was kinder to let Eveleen dream of her visit. Such dreams are precious. I thanked her for her story. It had been a revelation to me.

Our solitude was broken in upon at York, so there were no further confidences. At Newcastle my little fellow-traveller left me; and for the remaining hours of my journey I mused upon the wondrous things spoken of by the child. She crossed my life like a ray of sunshine,—or, I have sometimes wondered, was she not herself one of God's angels in disguise?

PEACE, and quiet, and perfect freedom are useful medicines, but not wholesome diet. Their charm lies in contrast; there is no spark without the concussion of the flint and steel; there is no fine thought, even no perfect happiness, that is not born of toil, sorrow, and vexation of spirit.

—*Herman Melville.*

Memorials of Oldtime Missionaries.

BY WILL W. WHALEN.

IN Buchanan Valley, Pennsylvania, where our old church of St. Ignatius graces the brow of a very green hill, there are memories, golden ones, of dead-and-gone Jesuits who used to ride horseback, and in battered carriages, miles upon miles from Conewago to offer Mass here. In ancient farmhouses, I now and then meet with faded pictures of withered Jesuits, with white hair sadly needing the attention of the barber. Winter and summer, without fail, those Padres were here to offer the Holy Sacrifice, to give the Benediction, to baptize and marry and bury the members of our congregation.

The church stands here a monument to their zeal,—a building one hundred and three years old, which looks as if it were built ten years ago. There are many relics of the presence of those departed heroes—prints of vanished but forgotten saints: Xavier, Regis, Aloysius, and Stanislaus,—old prints that could not now be secured for money. I dare say the successive clerical visitors each had his own favorite in the Church Triumphant, and so the pictures remain.

I have antique chalice covers made into cushions. The colors I can not describe. If the chameleon found his path leading across those Joseph's coats, he'd burst himself trying to be fifty-seven hues at once.

Under the gallery stairs not long ago I did some ferreting, in spite of my creeping hate of spiders and shuddering anticipation of horrible crawly things. I found an old altar-card, ancient beyond compute, which came from France. It must have been there a long time, too; for I have an old set of altar-cards which has been replaced by a more up-to-date trio. My "find" dates back three generations of altar-cards and you can guess, or maybe you can't, how long a generation of altar-cards means.

This card is done in the most exquisite, faint colors, with touches of light blue. The design looks like three Corinthian churches, in the left of which are the *Gloria* and *Credo* and the prayers for the offering of the Host and the Chalice. Cruets and bare cross and crosier and censer and palm and wreath of roses are heaped in beautiful promiscuity at the foot of the prayers. Apostles, not bigger than dolls, stand in the middle of the pillars,—one reading a Hebrew roll of prayers, another bearing the palm of his martyrdom; one with a cross against his bosom, another holding the chalice of the Precious Blood.

In the right of the card are all the other ordinary prayers of the Mass; and at the bottom again, in artistic confusion, your eye finds a Pope's tiara, a Greek cross, a stole, and the book with the seven seals. In the centre of the card are two heavy curtains drawn back and fastened to pillars. From a low-marble altar rises a majestic crucifix, dividing in half the solemn words of Consecration; so that, in watching the card for the guiding text, the celebrant could not escape or forget the crucifix. On the low altar is a medalion of Christ falling under His cross. Above the dome are joined hearts, blazing each with love; one crowned with thorns, the other with white roses, with a cruel, piercing sword hiding behind the blossoms.

I have framed the card and hung it in the sacristy,—a new building added to our old church. There I can glance up ever and anon at the card that holy eyes sought in the holiest moments of their lives,—eyes, some of them, grown weak in the long, hard service of the Master; eyes watery from the cold blasts that took away their vision as the gallant son of Ignatius rode over the snow-capped mountains with his "Excelsior" message for these mountaineers; eyes that sought this card with only the light of candles, like the stars of Bethlehem, at the earliest Mass on Christmas morning, when the little farm-girls were singing *Adeste*

Fideles; eyes that saw their own Resurrection near from things earthly, when *Hæc Dies* rang out from the same little choir; eyes that were blind with tears when the *Dies Iræ* moaned in grand sweetness from the loft, while the body of some precious friend was being borne to rest under a small white cross. One could go on and on recounting these blessed memories.

No other fingers shall touch the naked beauty of this card. It is now veiled behind glass. Last evening, by candle-light, I looked at it. In the velvet-shadowed crystal I saw, dimly outlined, the countenance of an old priest with Consecration-bright eyes. I felt sure that Jesuit was gazing out at me, and I almost reached forth my hand to put it into his. I went nearer, and saw only my own features in the glass, wholly unlike the vision. Do the Jesuits still linger here in spirit? Sometimes I believe they do.

Why Saturday is Dedicated to Our Lady.

IT is a time-honored tradition and deeply-rooted opinion in the Church, dating from the earliest ages, that the Blessed Virgin was the only individual who at the time of Our Lord's Passion and during His rest in the sepulchre never wavered in her confident belief that He would rise again from the dead. The Apostles and chosen followers of Christ, like all their fellow-countrymen, expected that the Messiah would be a temporal ruler; that kings and peoples from the ends of the earth should come and bow down before Him to pay homage; that through Him, the great Lawgiver, the Father of future ages, wielding the sceptre of David, Israel should rule all nations.

When they saw the Master whom to follow they had given up all, to whose teaching they had listened, at whose miracles they had marvelled, arrested and dragged before the Roman tribunal, His career cut short at so early a stage,

Himself satiated with suffering, scourged, loaded with obloquy, sentenced to the ignominious death of a traitor; a runaway slave accursed by the law—"Cursed be he that hangeth on a tree,"—a spectacle to men and angels, they forsook Him and fled. Only St. John remained with Mary, to see the last of the Lord whom he loved. Afterward he joined the other Apostles; and when, on the third day, they assembled together, with the faint, lingering hope that "He who should have redeemed Israel" might yet make good His promise and appear again on earth,—St. John too, with the rest, felt, as the hours sped by, that their cherished hopes had proved a sad and sorrowful delusion.

Even St. Peter, who had so boldly professed his faith in Our Lord,—St. Peter, the rock on whom the Church was to be founded, shared in the general disappointment and despondency.

Mary alone of all Christ's followers and fervent disciples was not scandalized in Him; she alone did not distrust His word, did not despond at the sight of His sufferings, His abasement, His death. It is on this account that Saturday is specially dedicated to her. She was the holiest, the humblest of all; and here we have the reason of her invincible perseverance, her unshaken faith, her constancy and fidelity when all appeared lost. Fittingly indeed, then, does the Church consecrate the day intervening between that whereon we commemorate Our Lord's death and that of His resurrection to the honor of the one who alone, despite all appearances, believed that on the third day He would rise again, triumphant over death and the grave.

No language can be conceived more ardent or absolute than that in which the earliest records of Christianity, the liturgies, the Fathers, speak of the Mother of Our Lord. Spotless, sinless, thrice holy, holier than the Seraphim, the holiest next after God,—these are the descriptions of her sanctity.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Spare Time.

ONE of the paradoxes which at first view appear quite absurd, utterly at variance with common-sense, is Hazlitt's statement: "The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have." Like a good many other paradoxes, however, it contains not a little truth, as most persons will acknowledge if they review their individual activities during two different periods,—an extra busy week, for instance, and an unusually slack one. The experience of most people during a slack week confirms what Lord Chesterfield says on the subject: "It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do, the less time one has to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and, therefore, one seldom does it at all; whereas those who have a good deal of business must buckle to it, and then they always find time to do it in."

The indubitable fact of the matter is that one of the flimsiest fallacies by which the indolent, the irresolute, and the inconstant seek to justify either their neglect of duty or their non-performance of optional things really worth while is, "I haven't time." And, it may be well to add, a great many more persons belong to the class of the indolent, the irresolute, or the inconstant than are at all willing to admit their membership therein. Leaving entirely out of the question what is commonly termed "the leisure class," there is little, if any, exaggeration in saying that even the busiest of men and women in professional, commercial, and industrial life have at least an hour or two a day of genuine leisure,—that is, opportunity for ease or relaxation, freedom from employment or occupation,—in a word, spare time. Very many such men and women will, of course, deny this statement; some of them may be unaware of its truth but the fact remains that, as a rule, and a rule admitting of but few exceptions, average men and women nowadays have,

or would have if they systematized their time, three or four half-hours a day unencumbered with specific duties, occupation, or employment,—half-hours which they are entirely free to spend just as they think fit.

The whole question of leisure, or lack of leisure, for a definite purpose will be found on investigation to be mainly a matter of the relative importance which we attach to different activities, or of the relative pleasure we take therein. For the duties universally recognized as of primary importance—eating and sleeping, for instance—no one pleads lack of time. So with one's routine work: professional and business men do not declare that they have no time to go to their offices; nor do industrial clerks and laborers assert that they are too busy to attend to their work. It is rather with regard to duties less obviously insistent, and to activities which, while not of strict obligation, are yet altogether fitting and eminently expedient, that we hear the fallacious "I have no time."

Courtesy, if not duty, requires, for instance, that I should visit such a friend or write a letter to such a relative; but my performance of either act would interfere with a pleasure that appeals to me more strongly, and so "I haven't time." A proper regard for my health demands that I take a certain amount of physical exercise daily; but a love of my ease, or of light reading, or of gossiping at length with friends and acquaintances, militates against such exertion, and I accordingly strive to persuade myself, that "there's really no time" for it. A wholesome respect for the Lord's Day prompts me to attend Vespers or Benediction on Sunday afternoon or evening; but such attendance would bar my enjoyment of an automobile ride or a boating excursion, and once again "There isn't time." And so with a multiplicity of other quasi-duties and suitable occupations: I neglect them, not because in reality I have no time to attend to them, but because I prefer

to spend the leisure which they would monopolize either in doing nothing or in doing something else more to my taste. To pretend to myself or to others that I fail to accomplish such quasi-duties or to take up such suitable occupations simply because "I have no time" is the flimsiest possible species of hoodwinking.

The inconsistency of some persons, in this matter of leisure, is so gross as to be merely laughable. A professional man whose physician tells him that his tendency to obesity imperatively demands that he take an hour or two of physical exercise every day acknowledges that he ought to do so, "but unfortunately my work renders it quite impossible for me to spare the necessary time." Then one day he becomes the possessor of an automobile, and he forthwith discovers that his work permits him to spend two or three hours every afternoon in riding. Another gentleman "can't find a minute" to write a letter to relatives or friends; but, on procuring a gramophone or phonograph, can find hours to listen to dozens of new records. Still another "has no time" to visit a sick friend, but has ample leisure to discuss politics by the hour with his fellows in the office or the club.

One way of securing abundant leisure for intellectual or physical recreation is to systematize our time instead of dribbling it away as the caprice or the whim of the moment suggests. Archbishop Spalding used to say that there are few persons whom routine work keeps busy more than ten hours in twenty-four. Allowing eight hours for sleep and two for meals, there remain four hours for self-improvement—in a variety of ways. A man of method will utilize these hours intelligently and usefully; his immethodical neighbor will fritter them away, by the quarter-hour and half-hour, in fussing about unimportant things and events. What is lacking to most people is, not leisure, but method and system in employing the spare time that the busiest life allows to the average man and woman.

Notes and Remarks.

Facts not to be lost sight of at the present time should include the indisputable one stated by our Secretary of State at a meeting of the American Bar Association in Boston on the 5th inst. After declaring that, even with autocracy vanished and democracy triumphant, he did not know that the world will ever be free from the sinister influence of national avarice until it is spiritually regenerated, Mr. Lansing added: "We must recognize the fact, unpalatable though it may be, that nations to-day are influenced more by selfishness than by an altruistic sentiment of justice. The time may come when the nations will change their present attitude through a realization that uniform justice in foreign as well as in domestic affairs is the highest type of expediency. But that time has not yet come; and, if we are wise, we shall not deceive ourselves by assuming that the policies of other Governments are founded on unselfishness, or on a constant purpose to be just even though the consequences be contrary to their immediate interests."

People have deceived themselves and been deceived by their leaders for so long and in so many ways that individualism may be said to have been abandoned. The gradual awakening to this fact is the surest sign of better times to come, however long they may be delayed. A clearer perception of the truth and a higher regard for law and justice is what mankind needs most nowadays.

A recent writer, who acknowledges that he is not well read in the ethics of Socialism, declares: "If a burglar broke into my house, and I caught him stealing my goods as his fair share, I should not want to read his private correspondence and hear his views on human affairs, or wish to know if he had a clean shirt on, ere I threw him out of the window or fetched the police. Socialists do not like sharing their property with others any more than

I do." The same writer—we have a special reason for not naming him—shows in another passage that he is ignorant of other things besides the ethics of Socialism; and that, while declaiming against the methods of revolutionary Socialists, he really sympathizes with them. "Could I have my own way," he says, "I would lead a vast army to demolish the mighty cathedrals and churches of Europe, and to rob the wealth of the altars, selling the débris and giving the proceeds of the glorious battle in the cause of true religion to the thousands of starving little city children, providing covering for their tiny, emaciated bodies. God would be my best friend in fighting for His helpless family and providing comfort for deserted women and fallen men."

This reformer, who would resent having his own house broken into and his goods stolen, would have no scruple about breaking into the house of God and despoiling it, in order to distribute its wealth among the poor. Such is the aim of all revolutionary Socialists. They haven't the sense to see that the destruction and spoliation of churches would be the greatest injury that could possibly be inflicted upon the poor; but they can not be unaware of the fact that those in whose name sacrilegious confiscation is committed never yet profited by it.

The article dealing with Cardinals Newman and Mercier, in our present issue, is so far timely that it finds the Belgian prelate a visitor to this country, and the recipient of universal admiration and respect. Non-Catholics vie with ourselves in testifying to the genuine esteem in which his Eminence is held by all who appreciate moral elevation of character and intrepid discharge of spiritual duties in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. As for the great English prelate with whom our contributor compares Cardinal Mercier, the *Catholic Times*, of London, recalled on the occasion of the twenty-ninth anniversary of Newman's

death, Mr. Birrell's superb compliment to the dead writer, who "contrived to instil into his very controversies more of the spirit of Christ than most men can find room for in their prayers."

The outstanding fact in the Near East, according to the American commissioners who lately returned from there, after an experience which they describe as "exceedingly illuminating, but well-nigh heart-breaking," is that the unspeakable Turk has never been seriously taken to task for the crimson crimes of which he has so long stood convicted before the world. To quote the exact and evidently well-weighed words of the commissioners, a body of men whose trustworthiness is beyond question,—as much above suspicion as their disinterestedness: "Jealousies between the great Powers have always prevented the infliction of their just deserts upon the Ottoman Government or the Turkish people; and the Turk is even now expecting that by some hook or crook he will once more escape serious punishment, and thus be enabled to repeat the infamous massacres and orgies of lust and rapine which have outraged mankind." The deplorable but unquestionable fact is that when the last of the British troops have left the Caucasus (unless their place is immediately taken by others), the unfortunate Armenians will be worse off than they ever were; and wholesale massacres will result.

The situation in the Near East is horrible in the extreme. The gentlemen whom we have just quoted declare that, "among the refugees in the Russian Caucasus and in parts of Central Turkey, women and children can be seen eating raw grass in the fields. . . . It is no infrequent thing to see people lying dead from starvation in the streets, or starving along the roadside, or to meet ragged and emaciated children begging for bread." From the same source we learn that more than 100,000 people of Syria and the Lebanon Mountains have died of starvation, and upwards

of 20,000 dependent orphans have been found in that section alone. Stupendous work for the relief of the Armenians and Syrians has been done by the American Committee. Tens of thousands of children, besides men and women, are living to-day who, without the aid sent to them from the United States, would certainly have perished. But the need for it has not passed; and after relief must come reconstruction. It is the conviction of the Commissioners, who have made a thorough survey of conditions in Western Asia, that the basic need in the Armenian situation, after all, is a just and stable government. They say that all gifts of food, clothing, and shelter will be only temporary expedients if such a government is not established.

We are hoping that Representative Little, who has already made memorably eloquent appeals in Congress for the unfortunate Armenians, will again raise his voice in their behalf, and plead for the establishment among them of such a government as they so sorely need. There is not a man in the United States who could more ably espouse their cause, or whose words at this time would carry greater weight with all classes of our citizens. Mr. Little is undoubtedly among the best informed and most broad-minded of Americans, and one of our most impressively eloquent publicists.

In its review of "From Cloister to Camp," which, though an English publication, had already been noticed in these pages, the *London Tablet* records the author's judgment on the men, the officers, and religion at the Front. Of the men, "whom one loved more than one could tell," Father Devas says: "How wonderful they always were,—patient, plodding; facing gaily the rising of each hopeless dawn, living out so often the brief months of a hard life, and cheerfully closing it in blood!" Of the officers: "How few and far between were the really unpleasant ones!" Their friendly hospitality, the

pleasure of their company dwell always in his memory. As to religion, the Franciscan chaplain's testimony is identical with that of numerous other priests: "The prevailing ignorance, not simply of Catholicism . . . but of Christianity and religion in general, I can only describe as abysmal beyond all conception."

While acknowledging that there is not a little truth in Mr. Barnum's familiar statement, "The American people like to be humbugged," we question whether their gullibility is quite so extreme as some of our anti-Catholic journals appear to imagine. Are there, for instance, any considerable number of even the most illiterate and ignorant of our fellow-citizens who are so wildly credulous as to put any faith in this declaration of one such journal?—

When the late Mayor Mitchell required an investigation of the books of Roman Catholic institutions receiving moneys from the city, there was a terrible uproar among the Papists; and Mr. Mitchell failed of a re-election, and later his body was found dead.

The writer of the foregoing was, of course, quite well aware that the ex-mayor of New York lost his life in an aeroplane accident, with which the "Papists" had nothing to do; but he evidently believes that some at least of his readers are so crassly ignorant as to credit the suggested charge that Mayor Mitchell was murdered by Catholics. Is it possible that really sensible people can so stultify themselves as to accept such distorted calumnies, or retain any respect whatever for the calumniators?

While everyone hopes that the endeavors of President Wilson and Congress to reduce the high cost of living will prove successful, that "consummation devoutly to be wished" will more surely be achieved if individual Americans forthwith follow the sensible advice given by Vice-President Marshall, who says: "I only beg the thoughtful consideration of younger men who have the good of the Republic at

heart, seriously to consider the problem as to whether the only way in which to meet the increasing difficulties of American life is not by additional striving to produce more, to earn more, to economize more, and to save more."

Producing more and earning more concern, it is true, only some of us; but economizing more and saving more are within the competency of all of us; and the present is a good time to practise these old-fashioned and homely virtues.

We had something to say recently as to the comparative efficiency of parish and public schools in the matter of secular knowledge, and contended that, even on the ground of prudent foresight for their children's material welfare, Catholic parents should send them to our own schools. As for the really important part of education, the training in morality and religion, there can be, of course, no comparison whatever. We may possibly be taken as a special pleader for the parish school; but that charge can hardly be laid against the Chief Assistant District Attorney for New York, who says, in the *Evening Mail* of that city: "We are turning out a nation of pagans from our public schools. If the public who read the newspaper accounts of hold-ups, burglaries and murders knew the ages of the prisoners, they would be startled. The proportion of them that are acts of boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and nineteen is startling."

All honorable people must experience gratification on meeting with a thoroughly adequate refutation of a calumny,—the complete and wholly satisfactory exposure of a falsehood. A case in point is mentioned in one of our English exchanges, and has to do with a Catholic whose well-merited fame is almost as widespread on this side of the Atlantic as on the other,—Mr. Hilaire Belloc. A correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* having accused Mr. Belloc of "hating the Jews," that

gentleman writes in reply: "That is a complete misstatement. Of my small circle of intimate friends, three are Jews. Of the generation before my own, the two women whose friendship most honored me and mine were Jewesses. In my own family, all my private affairs have passed through the hands of a Jewish secretary, who has been a close member of the household for more than ten years."

It would accordingly appear that, if Mr. Belloc "hates the Jews," it must be in an abstract, or perhaps a Pickwickian, sense; in the concrete he apparently likes and trusts them.

In his autobiography ("Fernando"), Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew tells of "a very touching thing" which he heard, on the eve of his reception into the Church, from a man who had been travelling abroad. "He said that in some German town—in Bavaria, I think,—he had gone to a week-night Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and had been astonished to find that the preceding devotions were all being offered for the conversion of England. In replying to his inquiries, they had told him that every Wednesday night for hundreds of years, these good Germans had been accustomed to meet thus and pray for the return of England to Catholic unity." These "Huns"!

As a religious pastor at large, giving medical and legal advice as well as moral guidance, and showing sympathy for people of no church or social connections, the Rev. Dr. James B. Wasson, chaplain of an association in New York known as the Strangers' Welfare Fellowship, is entitled to a hearing on the subject of Bolshevism. He declares that it is gaining among young Americans; and, in support of this contention, says: "Fully one in three of the young men of New York into whose families our fellowship goes to help them, whom we find expressing Bolshevist sentiments, are American born, and they speak and read the English tongue. I

expect to find some who are unable to speak English give voice to European prejudices, but more and more I find sons of American parents doing so. . . . The number of these young Bolshevists steadily increases."

Dr. Wasson is in a position to know whereof he speaks, and we shall not quarrel with him; we can not help thinking, however, that he does not make sufficient allowance for youthful effervescence, and that he spoke in the same mood President Wilson was in when he told the people up in St. Paul that the outlook for everything is "black dark"—and would remain so until his unqualified League of Nations has been actuated.

The "work" known as the Fatherless Children of France has been the subject of no little ill-founded criticism, or at least of considerable misunderstanding. It seems that, a year or so ago, there was ample reason to believe that some agents of the "work" were proselytizing the Catholic orphans, but at present there is no such action. The following letter addressed by Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, to the Abbé Cabanel, military chaplain, puts the matter beyond all doubt. His Eminence writes:

I learn that the work called the Fatherless Children of France is still being made, in the United States, the object of unjustified attacks, as a result of confusing it with another organization which could not inspire Catholics with the same confidence. I should like to say again that, after repeated investigations, I have reached the conviction that the funds collected by this work are distributed to the orphans with entire impartiality and complete respect for the religious convictions of families. I again express my thanks for all that generous America is doing, and wishes to do, for the dear children of France whose fathers have given their lives for their country and for the cause of right.

This is the day of "drives" of many kinds, and our readers are probably called upon for contributions to a score or more of excellent funds; but we urge them to lend a helping hand to the Fatherless Children of France.



Our Prayer.

BY PHILIP FROST.

WHEN play is over and the day is done,
Mother, we turn to thee;
And when another morning has begun,
Mother, we turn to thee.

Through the long day if we should meet with pain,
Mother, we turn to thee;
And when joy thrills our heavy hearts again,
Mother, we turn to thee.

And at the end of life, when God shall call,
Mary, we'll turn to thee;
O Mother, ask thy Child to keep us all
Safe in eternity!

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XII.—A WELCOME AND A THREAT.

AS if by enchantment, the news of Layac's coming spread from one end of the city to the other; and very soon there was not in all Albi a street, an alley, a store, or a house in which could not be heard from young and old the joyous exclamation, "Layac's coming! Layac's coming!"

It goes without saying, accordingly, that all Albi was at the station to meet the three o'clock train. Uncle Layac and Tim, who had no idea that during their absence they had become so famous in the eyes of their fellow-citizens, found themselves the centre of a demonstration of sympathy and interest which might have gladdened the heart of a monarch arriving "in his good city." In fact, the welcome given our friends very much resembled one of the oldtime "triumphs" of Roman Empire days. A crowd of two thousand

persons escorted the blushing pair to their home, while all along the streets other thousands took good care to show the travellers that they quite understood the glory which, thanks to the grocer and his nephew, was going to envelop Albi.

The only one who refused to take part in the general joy was Fourrin. He was standing in front of his store when the procession reached Cathedral Square; and one look at his face, distorted by jealousy, was enough to let one understand the hostile sentiments with which he regarded his neighbor and rival. It was not jealousy alone, however, that made him look so black,—at least not jealousy at seeing Layac thus become the idol of his fellow-citizens. Apart from the plain threats Layac had uttered on the occasion of their quarrel at the Golden Globe, Fourrin had another reason, and to his mind a very serious one, for deeply detesting his big competitor.

As a matter of fact, the rumor had spread through Albi during the past few days that the fortune which Layac was obliged to seek in an aeroplane at Lisbon was left by a certain Doremus, a native of Albi, who had left his natal city about thirty years before. Now, this Doremus, whose name had not yet been mentioned in the papers but was passed from lip to lip among the citizens, was none other than a second cousin of Fourrin's.

It may be easily imagined what anger surged in the bosom of the proprietor of the Modern Grocery as he reflected that not only was his rival the heir to a fortune that would probably be used in ruining him, but especially that this fortune was one to which he had much more right than Layac. So angry indeed did Fourrin become that, when the crowd at last left the returned travellers alone in their store, he suddenly made up his

mind; and, crossing the street, entered the grocery of his rival.

Layac's astonishment was considerable when he recognized his visitor.

"You!" he cried, his face flushing with rage,—"*you* here, after what took place at the Globe!"

"Yes, I," sharply answered Fourrin.

"Oh, ho! Then what can I do for you?" inquired Layac, seeing that his best policy was to keep cool and speak ironically. "Will you have some smoking tobacco or some snuff? Or perhaps you'd prefer a salt herring,—a fine salt herring costing only five cents."

Despite the impertinence of the proposal, Fourrin kept his temper.

"Omit the chaffing," declared he. "I haven't come over here to give you a chance to show your wit, or to show mine, either."

"Well, then, what *have* you come for?"

"I want some information from you."

"What about?"

"Is it true that the fortune that you are to inherit is that of a fellow named Doremus, who left Albi years ago to seek gold in America?"

Layac was just going to reply that it was none of Fourrin's business, but concluded that he could vex his rival more by acting otherwise. So he answered calmly but with a certain disdain:

"Yes, 'tis perfectly true."

Fourrin turned quite pale; but, retaining his mastery over himself, he inquired:

"Do you know that this Doremus was a second cousin of mine?"

"I wasn't aware of the fact, but I'm delighted to hear it," said Layac; and he rather dwelt on his last words as if to emphasize the pleasure he experienced in inheriting from a relative, no matter how distant, of his rival.

"Well, then, sir," rejoined Fourrin, dwelling in his turn on every syllable, "you will understand that if I was, yesterday, your commercial enemy, I am doubly so to-day."

"Which means?" demanded Layac.

"Which means, Monsieur Layac, that the last word has not been said in this affair, and that you see before you a man who knows how to defend himself, you may depend on it."

And, without waiting for Layac's reply, Fourrin hurried out and crossed over to his own store, where he hid his anger behind his counter.

"Oh, the rascally man!" Tim, who had listened in silence to the conversation, could not help giving vent to this exclamation.

"Exactly," concurred Uncle Layac; "that's just what he is."

"He has made it clear, this time, that he meant what he said when he threatened you at the Golden Globe. Now we know what we have to expect from him."

"You think so?"

"There's no thinking about it, Uncle: I *know* it. You'll see that M. Fourrin will do everything to prevent the success of our trip,—that is, to keep us from getting to Lisbon within the required time. So it's up to us to keep our eyes open. If, as our proverb says, a warned man is worth two men, then two warned men ought to be worth four."

"And yet," said Uncle Layac, "if Fourrin had any intention of putting obstacles in our way, he'd hardly be fool enough to come and tell us about it. That would be simply warning us to keep our eyes open."

"Yes, that's so, too," assented Tim. "But you forget, Uncle, that M. Fourrin was very mad, and a man doesn't do much reasoning when he's in a passion."

"Well, so much the better," concluded his uncle. "The passion of this enemy of ours will have served to put us on our guard."

It would not do, however, for the eventual heir of Joseph Doremus to waste any more time in Albi. The date at which he should arrive in Lisbon was only five weeks distant, so they had to think of starting.

Layac and Tim accordingly made their

preparations as rapidly as possible; and, after consultation with the City Council (for it was easy to see that there would be an immense crowd to witness their actual leaving), it was decided that the aviators would depart on the next Sunday, exactly at noon, from the drilling grounds, situated on the Toulouse road, just outside the city limits. The *Albi Journal* published a special edition to announce the great news, which became known an hour later in Toulouse, and that same evening was read in all the neighboring towns and villages.

About the same time it became known that the proprietor of the Modern Grocery had gone, by the advice of his physician, to a watering-place for the benefit of his health, and that he would be absent some weeks. This bit of news was not sensational enough to make much stir in Albi. In fact, nobody noticed it, except perhaps Layac and Tim, who thought Fourrin's leaving town just then was something more than a mere coincidence, and concluded—as perhaps was the case—that their enemy had decided to put his threats into execution.

At last the great day arrived. From early morning the little city of Albi, usually so calm, wore an altogether unwonted appearance. All the hotels and restaurants were crowded; and, as for the boulevards and streets where on ordinary days you might count the people, they were simply full of good-humored, laughing throngs.

As the forenoon advanced, the whole crowd, estimated at fifty thousand persons—for since the previous evening all incoming trains had been more than filled,—made its way, joking and chatting, to the drilling grounds, where temporary grand stands had been erected. It was really a curious scene; for, parked all around the spacious grounds, there were vehicles or conveyances of all kinds and all ages, from the humble *calèche* of the peasant-farmer to the sumptuous limousine of the grandee from the castle. In fact, to

see Layac take his departure, people had come from all sides,—from hamlets as well as towns and cities, from the farms as well as the country-seats.

Suddenly silence fell on the whole great gathering. The noon Angelus sounded from the belfry of a neighboring church; and, the overwhelming majority of those present being good, practical Catholics, hats were taken off, while lips moved in prayer. A minute later a long murmur swept over the throng:

“Look! There's the aeroplane! There's the aeroplane!”

A guard of soldiers had just brought the monoplane from one of the hangards in which it had been placed on the previous evening, and set it in front of the principal grand stand. The pleasure of seeing the machine was soon succeeded, however, by surprise at its fragile proportions. There was a general exclamation of, “Oh, how small it is!”

The crowd had evidently been expecting to behold a gigantic aerial monster, and could scarcely realize that this slight assemblage of sticks and sails was intended to carry two human beings through the dominion of the air. As a result, the admiration already professed for Uncle Layac and Tim was redoubled. Our friends were no longer pretty daring individuals: they were actual heroes.

The bustle and general movement occasioned by the arrival of the machine had scarcely quieted when there was another shout:

“Here he comes! Here he is!”

Immediately everyone pushed and struggled to get a glimpse of the great man who made his appearance before the stands; paying but little attention to our friend Tim, who came a step or two behind him. The shout of greeting that acclaimed Layac's appearance, however, was speedily followed by a burst of laughter. From all sides came the cry: “Oh, how funny he looks! *Isn't* he a sight?”

And there was some reason for the question. Before leaving Paris, the big

grocer had visited a manufactory of pneumatic tires, and, determined that he would take all possible precautions against accidents, had contracted for a full rubber suit that could be blown up just as an ordinary automobile tire is distended; and Layac was now wearing the suit, in which he looked very much like a large hogshead.

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Masterpiece.

LORENZO LIPPI'S "Flight into Egypt" owes it to the good-natured assistance of Salvator Rosa's pencil that it was ever finished to contribute to the fame of its author. It happened that Rosa, in one of those fits of idleness to which even his strenuous spirit was occasionally liable, flung down his pencil and sallied forth to pay a visit to his friend Lippi. On entering his studio, however, he found him laboring with great impetuosity on the background of this picture; but in such sullen vehemence, or in such evident ill humor, that Salvator demanded:

"*Che fai amico?*"

"What am I about?" said Lippi. "I am going mad with vexation. Here is one of my best pictures utterly ruined; I am under a spell of some sort, and can not even draw the branch of a tree or a tuft of herbage."

"Great goodness!" exclaimed Rosa, twisting the palette off Lippi's thumb, "what colors are here?" And, scraping them off, and gently pushing away Lippi, he took his place, murmuring: "Let me see! Who knows but I may help you out of this scrape?"

Half in jest and half in earnest, he began to touch and retouch and change, till nightfall found him at the easel finishing one of the best background landscapes he ever painted. All Florence came the next day to look at this *chef-d'œuvre*, and the first artists of the age took it as a study.

A Strange Bird.

"AS crazy as a loon" is a common expression of old-fashioned people along the New England seacoast; and any one who is familiar with that strange bird well knows how apt the comparison is. Sometimes the loon is called the great northern diver, for he can dive like a pearl-fisher and swim as fast as a duck. On land he is very awkward, but in the water he is graceful as a swan. During their first year loons are of a brownish gray color; but in their second year their feathers become black and white, with spots of blue and purple.

It is the voice of the loon and his peculiar manner of using it that has given him the reputation of having lost his wits. This sound has been likened to the cry of the wolf, and there are people who can not hear it in the night without trembling with fear. Others declare that the loon's cry is like the utterance of an insane person.

And loons can laugh as well as cry. If you shoot at one (which I hope you will never do), and miss him (as I trust you will), you will hear this sad and unearthly laugh, which sounds as if he said: "Shoot away, if you will, at a poor defenceless bird that has never harmed you! You can not hit him."

The long, wailing cry of a loon before a storm is one of the saddest and most hopeless sounds ever uttered by bird or beast. Hearing it, one can not help thinking of shipwreck and drowning and all painful things. It is said that before the great storm in which Minot Ledge lighthouse was wrecked, the loons wailed for hours at a time.

The sea birds of the Atlantic coast are now protected by law; and in some Eastern States it is accounted a crime to kill one or even to wear the plumage of one on a bonnet. May the loons, and all other feathered creatures that God has given a home by the sea, be kept safe from the cruelty of man!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among the novels announced for October is a new book by Kathleen Norris, "The Sisters," the scene of which is laid in California. It will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

—Autumn announcements by Messrs. Methuen, London, include the "De Imitatione" of Thomas à Kempis, reprinted, under the editorship of Dr. Adrian Fortescue, from the first Latin edition by Gunther Zainer, at Augsburg in 1471 or 1472.

—Two or three decades ago, Jerome K. Jerome was exclusively known to the reading world as a humorist, the author of "Three Men in a Boat." Of late years, however, he has taken to more serious work. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" had a distinctly religious tone; and the title of his forthcoming volume, "All Roads Lead to Calvary," carries the suggestion of a similar flavor.

—The Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, Alamo Heights, San Antonio, Texas, are to be congratulated not only on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their foundation, but on the exceptionally beautiful "Golden Jubilee Souvenir" in which that celebration is commemorated. This copiously illustrated brochure is a thing of artistic excellence as well as of historic interest.

—"A Layman's Answer to Agnosticism," by J. Howard Holt (a brochure of some thirty pages), is a poem with a proem, a preface, a prologue, and seventeen cantos of varying length. There is nothing particularly new in the author's answer, unless indeed it be the literary form in which he has cast it. As a sample of that form, we quote the last quatrain of the preface, in which Mr. Holt says of the agnostic's professions:

To answer this, seems folly at this day and time;
And greater folly still, to answer it in rhyme.
Yet, with small knowledge and imperfect speech, I tell
Why I believe in God, a Heaven, and a Hell.

—The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America has published "Observations in the Orient by a Maryknoller," the illustrated account of a long journey to Catholic mission fields in Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China, Indo-China, and the Philippines. The "Maryknoller" is none other than the Very Rev. James A. Walsh, superior of Maryknoll, whose fine zeal, quick insight, and irresistible humor radiate from his book and make it the most thoroughly alive and illuminating volume that has appeared on missions in the East. As a diary, it is literary and delightful; as an appreciation of conditions

in the Orient, it is keen and to the point; and as a plea for the Foreign Missions, it is shot through with earnest intensity of love for the cause of Christ among the Orientals. "Observations in the Orient" can be recommended without reserve to the American reading public as an intelligent appraisal of the great Eastern Empires, and a practical Christian direction of American interests there.

—The "Adoration Book of the Blessed Sacrament" lately published at the Benedictine Convent, Clyde, Mo., is a decided departure from the red and blue books of devotion that one deplores so much nowadays. It is composed almost entirely of portions of the Holy Scripture, the Sacred Liturgy, and the writings of the Fathers of the Church. It is arranged, for purposes of perpetual adoration, in twelve hours, leading from adoration to atonement, and dividing the prayer of the worshipper between praise, thanksgiving, and reparation. The book is certain to find wide use and thorough appreciation among communities devoted to Perpetual Adoration, and is suitable also for the devotions of the Holy Hour held in parishes and convent schools. No detail of care or expense has been spared to render the volume as beautiful and perfect as possible; perhaps in future editions—and it is to be hoped that there will be many—a cheaper binding would put the book within the reach of a greater number of users; while somewhat simpler language, where possible, and a few substantial markers would also contribute to make it more thoroughly useful.

—A scholarly work of very high value and of extraordinary interest is "A Hidden Phase of American History: Ireland's Part in America's Struggle for Liberty," by Michael J. O'Brien, historiographer, American-Irish Historical Society. The book is most appropriately entitled; for the phase of American history with which it deals is indeed hidden to the vast majority of people, only a very few having any idea of the extent to which Ireland contributed to the cause of American Independence. Mr. O'Brien's work is of exceptionally great value and interest, because it not only sets forth an array of unknown facts, but corrects numerous misstatements by reputable historians, hitherto unrefuted, though not seldom challenged. Our author presents evidence which can not be gainsaid, and does this with admirable dispassion and orderliness. One gets the impression that he feels the truth of all that he writes, and is content to let it stand and speak for itself.

Further research may fortify his conclusions, but it will not weaken them. Let him who will now attempt to disprove the statement that thirty-eight per cent of the Revolutionary Army was Irish. For the production of this painstaking work the Irish race in America will forever be a debtor to Mr. Michael Joseph O'Brien. He has rendered an eminently important and timely service. Let Irishmen everywhere show their appreciation of a book which does them so much honor, and see that it gets a place in all public libraries beside the writings of Bancroft, Lodge, Palfrey, and others, who, themselves prejudiced or misinformed, have so long misled their readers.

"A Hidden Phase of American History" has two welcome appendices: Officers of the American Army and Navy of the Revolution of Irish Birth or Descent, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Enlisted Men Bearing Irish Names in the American Army and Navy of the Revolution. The value and interest of the volume are further enhanced by thirty-six illustrations—portraits from the Emmet Collection, facsimiles of documents in English archives,—all excellently reproduced by Anna Frances Levins. The frontispiece is one of the best, though least familiar, of the George Washington portraits. This handsome book of 533 royal octavo pages is published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
- "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
- "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baierl. \$2.
- "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
- "The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
- "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
- "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
- "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.

- "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
- "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
- "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.
- "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
- "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
- "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
- "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
- "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
- "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
- "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
- "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
- "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii., 3.

Rev. Patrick McGuire, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. John Byrne, diocese of Ogdensburg; and Rev. Gilbert Simmons, C. S. P.

Sister Maria Ambrose, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. John Mitchell, Mr. William Baldwin, Mrs. Michael Cudahy, Mrs. Catherine Rainey, Mr. Henry Kissel, Miss Mary Healey, Mrs. Margaret D. Byrne, Mr. J. J. Lyons, Mr. David Tracy, Miss Mary Park, Mr. J. J. Riordan, Mr. William Wilcox, Mr. Joseph Merkel, Jr., Mr. Joseph Quinn, Mr. William Gleason, Miss J. M. Meder, Mr. Conrad Sprinz, Mr. Dennis Kehoe, Mrs. C. W. Gallagher, Mr. A. J. Truesdale, Mr. Joseph Mueller, Mr. M. A. Ryan, Miss Mary Koettker, Mr. Thomas Maguire, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mr. James Cash, Miss Mary Regan, Miss Josephine Grasser, Mr. Thomas O'Neill, Sophia, William, Charles and Otto Bishop.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M. K., \$10. For the Armenian children: Mrs. E. L. W., \$3. For Bishop Tacconi: Mrs. T. B. T., \$1; Mrs. I. E. B., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. X. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919.

NO. 13

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Love and Pain.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE MCNAUGHT.

THE days brought wonder like the break of dawn,

And touched my soul with gladness soft as light:
I hushed my heart, as one who fears he might,
By speaking, find some transient treasure gone;
I stilled my thoughts, that I might ever hear
The rapture of the strains that thrilled me through;

It was as if earth beckoned me anew;
It was as if the stars had come too near.

Then suddenly my happiness grew dark,
While from the silence came the dread word
"Pain."

Before me slowly formed a Cross, upon
Whose shadowy framework stretched a Figure stark.

I knelt, and felt my soul grow glad again
With radiance; for Love and Pain are one.

Luther and the State.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

IN these days of crumbling empires and kingdoms, and of new and untried ventures in State-making, the attention of Catholics is naturally directed to the whole theory of civil government,—its essential character as distinct from its accidents; and its relation to its subjects on the moral and religious side. It is hardly too much to say that the false principles men have held, and still hold,

as to these things are responsible for most of the disasters that have periodically overwhelmed human society, and now and then seemed to threaten its very being.

That States should exist is a necessity of the natural law. As soon as men emerged from the patriarchal condition—when the family had developed into the tribe and the tribe into a nation,—organized rule emerged as an imperative need. And, being the expression of natural law, the jurisdiction of the State, rightly conceived and rightly exercised, has a God-given authority and sanction. The primary end of this jurisdiction is the temporal welfare of the subject. But there is another jurisdiction established by God of a far higher character, which has for its object the supernatural and eternal happiness of man. This jurisdiction is entrusted to a society which knows nothing of national limitations, and whose authority is supreme throughout the world.

This society—the Catholic Church—has in her trust the exercise of divine worship and the proclamation of divine law, both natural and positive. Since divine worship in some fashion is a duty revealed by the natural law, it follows that the State is bound to see that such external recognition of the Creator's claim and of His creatures' dependence on Him is duly paid. And, no less, the State is bound to recognize the whole natural law in its administration of justice. Beyond this, since God has given a divine revelation and established a divine kingdom in the world, it is incumbent on the State to be guided as to the offering of divine worship

by the Church, which alone is the guardian of that Revelation; to protect her rights as it would protect those of any of its citizens; and in no way to hinder, but even to promote, the good works of the Church, since they react so beneficially on the temporal welfare of the people. In other words, the State, as a corporate body, has a corporate responsibility with regard to the moral law and the practice of religion.

Of course this Christian view of the State is of little account in these days; it is terribly obscured even where it is not categorically denied. But *magna est veritas et prævalebit*; and the world must find its way back to reality and truth, if it is not to sink in a welter of confusion and despair. This was the doctrine of the State on which Christendom was built up; it is the only doctrine which amply safeguards the rights of the secular ruler, and at the same time those of the individual and the family. Its antithesis is despotism—whether of emperor, king, cabinet, parliament or mob, it matters not a jot,—and the senile State. It may be both useful and interesting to consider the anti-Christian theory as it was set forth by the man who, if not its author, is certainly its chief exponent and defender.

The latest Life of Martin Luther (a work which must for very long remain the classical study of the founder of German Protestantism) by Father Grisar, S. J., gives into our hands such collected material as has never been before at our service, to enable us to understand Luther's real position with regard to this question. When it is clearly comprehended, we gain an extraordinary light on much of the troubled history of Europe since the sixteenth century; and not least on the theory of State morality and responsibility, which has had such terrible results in the appalling war from which we have only just emerged. While frequently inconsistent with himself, and often failing to realize the ultimate trend of his teaching (in this as in so much else), there can be no

doubt that he put into the hands of apostate and unscrupulous rulers a weapon which they were not slow to use. He created a disastrous tradition, the terrible heritage of which has rested like a nightmare on European politics down to our own day. The Peasant War and the sack of Rome, with their unutterable horrors, in Luther's own lifetime; the 'Thirty Years' War in the succeeding century; the partition of Poland in the eighteenth, and the Schleswig-Holstein robbery, and the outrage done to France in the confiscation of Alsace-Lorraine in the nineteenth; and the Great War of the present century, are all the legitimate fruits of the tree planted by the fallen Augustinian friar.

The well-known German Protestant writer, E. Luthardt, in his "Die Ethnik Luthers," published in 1875, is not afraid to write: "What is most characteristic of the Kingdom of Christ is the order of grace, whilst what is most characteristic of the kingdom of the world is the order of law; they are quite different in kind, nor do they run on the same lines, but belong to entirely different worlds. To the one I belong as a Christian, to the other as a man." He quotes Luther: "The Kingdom of Christ has nothing to do with outward things, but leaves them all unaltered to follow their own order. . . . If any one were to try to rule the world according to the Gospel, just think, my good friend, what the result would be. He would break the chains and bonds that hold back the wild and savage beasts."¹

How utterly different this is from the Christian ideal, according to which the kingdoms of the world were to be incorporated into the Kingdom of Christ, needs scarcely to be pointed out. To St. John the Baptist, to St. Peter and St. Paul, a man's life in the world *is* to be the outward expression of his inward life. Every rightful calling—of soldiers as well as priests, of men of business no less than dedicated virgins—is to receive the con-

¹ Grisar, vol. v, p. 365.

secration of the new life of grace, and to be subordinated to the demands of the New Law. Luther's dualism is the very antithesis of Christianity. It goes far to explain some of the most repellent features of his career, such as his urging the German princes to crush with utmost savagery the rising of the peasants (which was largely the result of his own teaching), and the ungoverned hatred and abuse he pours on all whom he reckons his enemies, whether Catholic or Protestant. So anti-Christian a conception of human society could not fail to manifest itself in anti-social words and acts. In justice to Luther, we have to remember that there was another and better side to his character in this respect; but it was, unfortunately, too often in abeyance.

Father Grisar points out that Protestants—by whom he chiefly signifies German Lutherans—have found the essential difference between Protestantism and Catholicity to consist in the fact that, according to Luther's theory, Protestantism separates "religion and theology, faith and knowledge, morality and politics, Christianity and art"; whereas the Catholic religion, according to the inspired motto of Pius X., seeks *restaurare omnia in Christo*. The Lutheran writer Schiele goes the length of declaring that "we know that Revelation has only an inward mission to the individual soul; the Catholic believes in its public mission for universal civilization." And again: "We should fear for the purity of our faith, and no less for morality and civilized order, should these domains ever be Christianized."¹

Such a message of hopelessness carries its own condemnation. According to the New Testament and Catholic theology, the kingdom of grace is the leaven that is to permeate and gradually renew human society; failure is the result of man's free will not co-operating with that leaven, but resisting its action. According to Lutheranism, the Church is not in any sense

a social institution. It is more than probable that Luther's denial of the freedom of the human will to choose or reject grace was intimately, if not with full consciousness, connected with his theory of the Church,—a theory which reduced the whole conception of the *Una, Sancta, Catholica, et Apostolica Ecclesia* to a mere verbal expression.

His earlier teaching desiderated a "church" of true believers only—i. e., of persons who accepted his doctrine of justification, with its logical divorce of religion and morality. All external organization was merely for the large majority who were outside this small coterie—which never materialized into fact. Even public worship was intended for the gross mass of men, to bring them within hearing of Luther's gospel. He had lost all sense of a corporate act of homage to the King and Creator on the part of His subjects and His creatures, just as he had lost hold of the truth of the Church's mission to the world.

And now we arrive at that later action of his, when, under pressure of circumstances, he absolutely reversed his earlier policy. He saw that his adherents, numerous as they were, stood in grave danger of dispersion, and his movement, therefore, of collapse, unless he could give it some organic shape. He had, however, denied the power of legislation to the ecclesiastical authority, and rejected the very idea of Canon Law with contempt and abuse. So little by little he devolved all upon the secular powers. These have, indeed, according to him, nothing to do with Christianity; and yet must, for the sake of public order, establish one form of belief, and allow no other. He lays down this rule of church government in case of dispute: "Let the rulers step in and examine the case; and whichever party is not in agreement with Scripture, let him be commanded to be silent." He also demands that "heretics" should be banished, and punished as public blasphemers,—that is, the very rulers who

¹ "Christliche Welt," 1908; quoted by Grisar, vol. v, p. 365.

have no concern as with the moral law or the Christian religion are to be the judges in a theological controversy!

Then finally, in defiance of all his theory of the relations between Church and State, he falls back, to his secret and sometimes expressed disgust, on a State Church. He abuses the secular power, not without a good deal of excuse as exercised by the princes who had become supporters of his "Evangel," yet he comes to rely on it more and more completely. Father Grisár quotes Gustav von Schulters-Richberg as saying truly that "Luther knows no Christian State. The State is as worldly a thing as eating and drinking." In fact, its commands and its deeds "all belong to hell."¹ And yet, with amazing inconsistency, this is the instrument he uses for the consolidation and advancement of his "Reform."

The State, indeed, had, according to him, no official concern with religion; but he saw what use he could make of such unprincipled libertines as Philip of Hesse and Johann of Saxony. He altogether despised the idea of freedom of conscience, and therefore he called on scoundrels like these to enforce the preaching and the establishment of the new religion, and at the same time to extirpate the Catholic faith and worship within their realms. According to him, the "absolute patriarch"—i. e., the secular prince,—is to compel his subjects to hear the new preachers, to appoint and control preachers and professors, and to administer the "greater ban"—i. e., major excommunication!

The Lutheran writer Boehmer says: "Luther's political and social views are in every essential Mediæval, antiquated, and unmodern."² They certainly were unmodern; but it is very slightly true to term them Mediæval. Luther's teaching is the Renaissance theory of "Divine Right" run mad. As the writer just quoted acknowledges, the political doctrine of St. Thomas of Aquin was far more en-

lightened and progressive. The Church has never approved the theory of "Right Divine to govern wrong," so dear to the Tudor and Stuart kings, and to many other potentates, and of which we have had an amazing example in our own days. Besides, with Catholics there is always a restraining force in the independent (in its own sphere) spiritual power; while of this Protestantism necessarily knows nothing.

It is melancholy work to trace the confusion and endless contradiction which ensued from this theory which Luther adopted in despite of his better knowledge and better judgment. The one thing that mattered was the furtherance of the new teaching; and to this he was ready to go almost any length of inconsistency. He declares that every parish has a divine right to independence of all external authority; yet the secular ruler has equally such a right to interfere, and so he terms the egregious Johann Friedrich of Saxony "our emergency bishop"! The congregation is to have entire freedom to choose its own pastor; failing such common action, the town council is to select; but no one must be appointed who is not a *persona grata* at Court."¹

He supports the appointment of "Consistories" by the prince, as the means of maintaining ecclesiastical discipline; yet says the Courts are determined to rule the churches as they pleased, and that Satan is bent on introducing the secular power into the Church. As a counter-stroke, he appoints Protestant "bishops" like Amsdorf of Naumburg. He insists on passive obedience on the part of the people; yet defends the assassination of a tyrannical ruler.² It is, however, always to be understood that the princes who must be obeyed without question are those who follow the new religion. Towards those who are loyal to the Catholic Faith, from the emperor downwards, there is no such obligation. This, of course, reduces his doctrine of divine right to mere opportunism.

¹ Op. cit., p. 575.

² Op. cit., p. 582.

¹ Op. cit., p. 599.

² Op. cit., p. 577.

The Lutheran author Drews, who is well known as both a historical and liturgical scholar, truly says: "At heart he saw only too well that the princes, under the cloak of the Christian name which they did not deserve to bear, were solely intent on their own aggrandizement when they laid their hands on ecclesiastical authority. He also saw that he himself in his 'Unterricht' [a kind of circular instruction to the Lutheran parishes], was to blame for this." (p. 602.) This was his final position, so far as anything can be said to be final in Luther's strange and contradictory speculations: the State is absolutely non-Christian, and worse; and yet the State is to be supreme over men's consciences no less than over their bodies and their properties. The new law of Christ has nothing to do with the secular magistrate, or with the government of human society. No Christendom was possible according to this terrible doctrine.

So he ends in appalling failure. So the history of his sect for four hundred years has been a long tale of State despotism, and of heresy sinking ever more and more completely into agnostic materialism. Protestantism has taken a different form in the various countries that have fallen away from the Faith; but nowhere as in the States that have followed Luther has an anti-Christian theory of temporal government been so openly proclaimed or borne such bitter fruit.

PEOPLE think sometimes that it is only to the strong in faith and spirit, to them in whom there is some great achievement of virtue, that absolute realization of Christ's presence in the Eucharist is vouchsafed. It is not so: it is given to those who need rather than to those who deserve it. The Divine Lover does not woo where He has already won; but He pours out His ungrudging sweetness to the wayward and far off, as the prodigal's father left the good son, to run out to meet the miserable ingrate one.

—John Ayscough.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XIII.—HAPPENINGS AT HOPKAILZIE.



WILL meddle wi' no man's belief," exclaimed Master Muir, with energy; "and no man shall meddle wi' mine!"

It was to his newly-arrived gardener that he made this profession of religious toleration, in answer to the inquiry of the man as to the necessity of attending the services of the parish kirk. The new gardener was none other than Adam Sybald, for whom Wat had spoken strongly as to his fitness for the vacant post. Adam had no intention whatever of joining in Presbyterian worship: he had put the question in the hope that Hopkailzie might declare himself a Catholic, though a hidden one. But Master Muir was too wary. He knew well enough what Adam's religion was before he engaged him, and there he left the matter for good and all. Adam, on his part, felt no anxiety as to liberty to practise his faith whenever opportunities might present themselves.

The gardens at Hopkailzie were fairly extensive. Besides the flower gardens in front of the mansion, with grass-plots, yew hedges, roses, and other blooms requiring a good deal of attention, there were two other gardens for fruit and vegetables; the gardener's work was consequently not slight. But Adam loved work, and rejoiced in the country air after confinement for so long a spell in a workshop, day after day. A pretty rose-covered cottage near the walled gardens was allotted to the gardener as a dwelling-house, and hither came Janet, Elsie, and the two little ones under Rob's escort,—the latter driving them and their belongings in a farm cart. Rob was taken into the house to serve a kind of apprenticeship under old Finlay Smeeton, who

had acted as butler to Master Muir's father, and was now beginning to succumb to the weight of so many years of service. Rob had every chance, should circumstances prove favorable, of succeeding Finlay in his office. Elsie now emancipated from school, and a slim, growing girl of thirteen, had been engaged by Dame Muir to help her tiring-woman with needlework; she also had thus a fair prospect of future advancement.

It was a joy unspeakable to Janet Sybald to find herself in constant association with her old friend Elspeth, whom she had known for so long in Edinburgh. Wat and Adam were similarly pleased, while Rob was in perfect delight at the prospect of being so near his adored Mistress Agnes and perchance waiting upon her from time to time.

On a sunny May morning Janet was busy with her household affairs; the two bairns, sitting on a bench in the sun outside the porch, were occupied with more serious business than play: Davie was acting as tutor, and diligently instructing Babie Katie in the mysteries of A, B, C. Footsteps outside announced the approach of visitors, and the portly form of Christian Guthrie appeared in the doorway; she was followed by her pretty little daughter, Rose, a girl of about Elsie's age.

"Ye look troubled, gossip," was Janet's remark, as soon as greetings had passed between them. "What's wrong wi' you?"

"Seems to me there's nothing right, Janet," she answered, as she seated herself on the settle by the fire. Christian had changed greatly in the few weeks that had passed since she and Janet had lamented the unhappy events which had followed close upon the Mass they had heard together. Her face, though still ruddy, was thinner and more lined; her eyes, too, were red-rimmed, as though tears had been frequent. She dispatched Rose to talk to the little ones outside, and proceeded to unburden herself to her trusty friend.

Her husband, the hitherto easy-going

Robbie, had lately been called to account for the slackness of himself and family in attendance at kirk. Bailie Agnew seemed to have been the moving spirit in the investigation, and the continual badgering to which poor Robbie had been subjected had resulted at last in a promise to appear at kirk and bring his family with him.

"He's no bad-meaning man at heart, Robbie," said his wife in his defence; "but it's not likely that he'd understand what we feel about such matters. He'd have me and the lassie go wi' him just once or so to the kirk,—for form's sake, he says,—and he'll make no difficulty about our getting to our own service when there's a chance. But I'll never set foot in their kirk,—me that was born and bred a Catholic, and my forbears the same! And the lassie's a good enough quean, and'll do whatever I tell her. Now, what do ye think about it all, neighbor?"

"Ye're well able to look after y'rself, Christian," said the other. "Would ye be willing to put the lassie to service away from town, if ye kent a good place?"

"That I would, and willing enough. But she's o'er young yet. And places are hard to find for a Catholic lass."

"Thank the Almighty," cried Janet, delighted, "I can help you, gossip! Mistress Muir, the lady up at the big house, was wishing I had another lassie o' my own to work aside my Elsie. There's sewing enough for the two o' them, and the tiring-woman's aye kind and considerate. I've little doubt o' getting Rosie the place, if y'd be willing to leave her."

"Would she be safe from any interference about religion, think ye?"

"The lady is one o' ours," whispered Janet. "Rosie'll get no harm here. There's my Rob and Elsie, both in the house, and they're all playmates,—or were not so long since."

"And is the Laird one o' ours, too?"

"He attends kirk, whiles," was Janet's whispered reply. "But my man tells me that there's little doubt he's all right at

heart, and does it to keep in favor wi' the ministers,—just what Robbie wanted you to do. I canna agree wi' such notions, as I tell Adam; but I've no right to judge the master. Anyway, he's a fine, civil-spoken gentleman, and kind to all."

"Well, it seems a properly good chance for my lassie," was Christian's summing up. "Will you go to the big house wi' me, gossip, and hear what the lady says?"

Janet assented, and they went at once. They were fortunate in their quest. Mistress Muir was pleased with Rose's appearance and manner, and agreed to take her into the household as soon as her mother could arrange matters. Christian was only too delighted to leave her behind without further parley.

Christian and her daughter had walked up from Edinburgh, starting at an early hour; and it had been the intention of the former to continue their journey that evening to Currie, seven or eight miles farther. At that place Christian had a married sister, herself a Catholic, but her husband a nominal Presbyterian; the goodman plied as a carrier between Currie and Edinburgh by the direct road which connected the two places. Rose was to have remained with her aunt for a while, to keep her out of Edinburgh; and Christian would return home in the carrier's van, after a day or two with her relatives.

The Sybalds, however, insisted that their old friend should stay the night, at least, in their new home; and Christian was nothing loath. Accordingly, when the little ones were bedded, Adam and his wife listened by the fireside to the recital of recent events in Edinburgh. Young Bonnytoun's execution was the talk of the countryside; even Protestants deplored what everyone knew to be the effect of the bigotry of the extreme party in the Kirk, while Catholics lamented the loss of an able leader. Great disappointment was felt because of the king's abstension from intervening on behalf of one to whom he had shown such partiality.

The other important prisoner, Dr. Bar-

clay, who had appealed to the king's clemency, and had remained in prison since his apprehension, had now received sentence of banishment; he had been ordered to leave Scotland within forty days, and had already sailed. Lady Huntly's serving-men had also been banished; the two maids were released on condition of quitting the service of the Countess.

"I pity the poor maids," said Christian. "They'll get no one hereabouts to take them in, after being warded in the Tolbooth. But I heard that the Mistress Monnypennys had promised to help them to flit to Glasgow."

"What about the Monnypenny ladies, themselves?" asked Janet. "I doubt they'll not be left long without some interference from the Kirkfolk."

"I've had no tidings about any trouble yet. But Master Matthew, their cousin, has flitted across sea to foreign parts, they say. One o' my gossips heard that the ladies themselves meant to let their house to some other body, and quit Edinburgh for good. But I canna say that it's true."

"And Mistress Agnew—poor lady!—and her woman, Mistress Isobel,—how are they doing?" asked Janet.

"Ah, poor lady!" exclaimed the kind-hearted Christian. "She's to be pitied indeed. The Bailie's just a stinging wasp. Never a minute—'twas Mistress Isobel said it wi' her own lips—but he's aye flouting the Catholics. And his poor wife must needs listen to his bletherings, and aye keep a still tongue, poor lamb! Ye mind how Wat Logan, yonder, couldna abide the Bailie's sneers any longer, and left him. Now the spiteful bully-rook has put one Allardyce in Wat's room—a chiel ye wouldna trust out o' y'r sight for three minutes,—the sly, cringing caitiff!"

"Allardyce!" exclaimed Adam. "Why, surely, he was the spy that got Master Barclay warded! I mind him well,—a sour, dirty, foxy-looking loon, as ever was. And he's putten there to spy on the mistress, I doubt."

"Na, na!" answered Christian. "'Tis

not the mistress the Bailie fears: he canna bear the sight o' Mistress Isobel; for 'twas she brought back his lady to our religion. I hear that the Bailie keeps his eyes open to try to catch Mistress Isobel, and get her warded. Then he'd easy manage the poor lady."

Christian told of the excitement among the Kirkfolk at the mere mention of a priest being allowed to visit young Bonnytoun before his death. There were ministers enough in Edinburgh, it was said, to teach Bonnytoun the pure word of God. Should a priest venture near the Tolbooth, he would surely be warded himself.

"But 'tis said by folk who know it as the truth," she observed in low tones, "that Master Burnet was not far from the Cross at the time, and no doubt he would give the poor laddie all the help he could afore the end!"

"Well, well!" Adam exclaimed. "May we all be as brave when our end comes! May he rest in peace!"

And all devoutly signed themselves with the Cross.

Christian could give little information about the Gilchrists, about whom Adam was particularly anxious to learn. She could but repeat the floating gossip that all the family had conformed to the Kirk.

"My man tells me nought about Kirk matters. But one of our near neighbors told me that Master Gilchrist himself had been seen at the preaching some four or five times of late. But naething was said about the son or daughter."

"Young Jock's got nae religion," was Adam's remark. "And as to Mistress Nell, 'tis her own bonny face and pretty trinkets that she worships, I trow."

"The niece, Mistress Kynloch, is biding wi' Elspeth Logan here. Did ye ken that?" asked Janet.

Christian had heard nothing of that fact, and expressed her surprise. She had seen the lassie at their service, she said, and thought her a modest little maiden and a bonny. She compared her favorably with her cousin Helen.

"Yon's a proud, forward jade!" was her opinion of the latter. "She's too fond o' laughing and jesting wi' the lads, I'm thinking. And there's many seeking to win her. I'm told she'll have a good fortune, ye ken."

"The lass is to be pitied," said kindly Janet. "She's had nae mother to guide her, and Elspeth was but a servant and could do little when the maid grew up. But there's no doubt but she's a real beauty."

"I'd fain see more than a bonny face in a lass. She's aye giddy and flichty. Folks say that Bailie Agnew's more ta'en up wi' Mistress Nell Gilchrist than be-seems an honest married man. He's aye buzzing about the house on some plea or other, yet he and Master Gilchrist have little in common."

"Nay, woman!" interposed Adam. "Mistress Nell's fond o' pleasure and flattery. That's all it is. She'll be making sport o' the old Bailie when his back's turned, ye ken."

"Maybe 'tis so," was Christian's ready response.

Janet was loud in praise of Agnes Kynloch, who had renewed her former interest in the Sybald bairns, and taught them regularly.

"And ye'd find few loons of his age cleverer than my Davie," she proudly declared. "Mistress Agnes says he'll read his book quite easy before long. And the bairnie aye says" (and she dropped her voice) "as he'll be a priest."

"God bless him!" exclaimed Christian.

"He's o'er young yet," was the father's cautious remark.

Christian went her way early next morning.

"I've nae fear now," she said in response to Janet's good wishes for the future. "The lassie's safe, and I'm well able to look after myself. Ye'll never hear o' Christian Guthrie being seen at the kirk preaching,—that I tell ye."

It was a few weeks later, when June had set in, and everything at Hopkailzie was

blooming and beautiful, that a far more startling event disturbed without warning its wonted peace.

• Wat was occupied, on a certain afternoon, with trimming up the little flower-beds near the lodge, where, to the particular delight of Mistress Muir, he had formed a picturesque garden, which brightened up considerably the entrance to the grounds. The sound of horses galloping with unusual vehemence broke on his ear. Running out of the gates, he saw two horsemen coming at a furious pace along the rough country road that led past the entrance. As they drew nearer, he recognized the foremost rider as Master Patrick Hathaway, whom he knew well by sight. The young man at the same time reined up his horse, and, turning to the rider who followed, shouted to him to keep on to Liberton, and so to Edinburgh.

"I know you well for a Catholic," he said hastily to Wat. "My friend yonder is a priest, and the informers are after us. I must mislead them somehow."

The road turned abruptly just beyond the gates, and the priest had already disappeared round the curve. The sound of pursuers behind quickened Patrick's wits.

"Open the gate quickly," he said. "I'll appear to be riding out, and will make off as fast as I can. They'll think he's gone up the avenue. Keep them asking questions as long as you can. 'Twill give him time."

He sat on his horse within the shelter of the archway until the pursuers had come nearer. Then he rode out, and, seeing them, appeared to be hesitating for a moment, then spurred his horse along the road towards Liberton. The others, however, had the advantage of him, and speedily passed him; then turned and threatened him with their pistols. There were three of them, on strong horses; the fourth, less well mounted, was urging on his steed towards them.

Patrick feigned fright. He wished to give time to the priest by detaining these men as long as possible. He sat still and

silent on his horse. Wat came running out from the little side gate near the lodge, as though anxious to know what was happening. He had told Elspeth as much as he had been able, and cautioned her to keep in hiding and open the gates to none.

"This is one o' the cursed Popish priests!" cried the leader—an evil-looking scoundrel, with one eye only—as Wat hurried up. "We've ta'en the chiel at last!" he shouted in triumph. "He'll nae get off in a hurry now."

The others, with many oaths, corroborated. But by this time the laggard had ridden up. He was in a state of frenzied excitement.

"'Tis nae the priest," he said, and he poured forth a volley of oaths and execrations. "Ye blind fools! 'Tis the serving-loon ye've got, and nae the priest at all."

He caught sight of Patrick's face, and his anger died down. Patrick recognized him at once. In spite of his better dress and his flushed face, streaming now with sweat, he saw before him red-headed Willie's "dirty, sour-faced chiel" of the Stoneyburn adventure.

The man broke out into a coarse laugh.

"Ha, ha!" he shouted gleefully. "So we've ta'en ye at last, my fine gallant! I ken ye well! Ye were at the Popish Mass nae long since, in Cowgate. And I've another quarrel wi' ye. Ye broke my head—leastways yon foxy-haired man o' yours—at Stoneyburn. But we'll be equal."

The one-eyed man interrupted angrily with a string of oaths.

"What's all this bletcher about? If this one's nae the priest, let's make after him." And he turned his horse about and was starting along the road.

"'Tis little use taking the road to Edinburgh, if the chiel's nae ta'en that way!" cried another man.

"Right for you, Andra!" the one-eyed villain answered. "But where's he gone?"

"Through yon gateway," said the third, who had kept silence.

"Hoi, hoi, man!" shouted the one-eyed

man after Wat, who had taken the cue to go back to the lodge and secure the gates firmly. The speaker rode back to the lodge, where Wat was standing inside the massive bars.

"Did ye see the way the other chiel took?" he asked.

Wat gazed on him, amazed. Then, scratching his head with a stupid expression on his face, he slowly asked in his turn: "What chiel?"

"The chiel that was riding wi' yon man. Did he pass through the gate here?"

"I canna answer for all as pass yon gate," replied Wat, in stolid surprise. He drew the large key from the lock as he spoke, then betook himself inside the lodge.

The one-eyed man got suspicious. He rode back to his men.

"Look well after yon man," he said to the three others. "I'll talk to this simpleton a bit."

He returned to the gate and whistled for Wat. The latter took his time in answering the summons. When at last he appeared, he was submitted to a minute catechising, which he received with such blank stupidity that the other was angered past endurance, and broke out into a torrent of abuse, plentifully seasoned with foul oaths. In the end it appeared that yon young gentleman had asked for a drink of water, but no other had entered the gates of late. He seemed utterly unconscious of any other "chiel."

At last the one-eyed man insisted on being admitted; and called to the spy, Allardyce, to come with him, since he alone would be able to detect the priest. Wat took care to get out of sight before Allardyce got near enough to recognize him; for he might remember having seen him at *Baillie Agnew's*, where he had opened the door to him more than once. But the spy was too much engaged just then to take heed of Wat. The two men rode quickly up the avenue, after giving orders to the others to guard Patrick well. They were convinced that the priest had taken refuge at the house, and that they

would secure him without difficulty when Master Muir had been told of their errand. The delay was just what Patrick desired.

There was no chance of evading his guards; for they sat on their horses in the middle of the rough track, which served as a road, facing him,—their loaded pistols in their hands, and their eyes steadfastly watching his every movement. Wat came lounging up towards them. Patrick saw that he held something behind his back. With his head he motioned towards the lodge. Patrick sat ready for any opportunity of escape; for he gathered that Wat had some plan in view.

Strolling up towards the guards, Wat began to talk to them. He asked in a friendly way how long they had been in the saddle and such like unimportant questions. Then when they were off their guard in his respect, he suddenly fired off under the very noses of their horses the musket he had been keeping concealed. There was at once a plunging and rearing, under cover of which Patrick spurred his horse back towards the gates. Both men fired at him, and the report frightened their horses still more, and they became quite uncontrollable. Wat put the finishing touch by rushing up and striking both animals across the hind quarters with the butt-end of his weapon. The terrified beasts rushed off down the road, beyond the control of their riders, who had much to do to keep their seats. In a mad gallop the couple were carried, willy-nilly towards *Edinburgh*. None except one who, like Wat, had learned the weaknesses of horses as well as their powers, would have dared to act thus boldly.

Patrick had reined up his horse near the gate, and Wat was alarmed to see him swaying upon his saddle. He rushed up and caught the youth as he fell helpless. Dragging him from his horse's back, he ran with his burden into the lodge and called to *Elsbeth* to look to him. Then he hastened to bring in Patrick's horse,—a better-bred animal than the others, and less affected by the noise and scurry.

He succeeded in hiding the horse behind the lodge just as the one-eyed man and Allardyce came riding back.

Without stopping for further inquiries, they rode quickly out and down the road. They had heard the firing, and surmised that a rescue had been attempted, and thought it best to make for Edinburgh without delay. Moreover, they were somewhat crestfallen after the unpleasant reception given to them by Master Muir, who said many forcible things about their stupidity in searching in his domain for any one in the shape of a priest; and warned them off with all dispatch, under threat of legal proceedings. They were quite subdued when they recognized in the owner of the property they had thus invaded a well-known Presbyterian of the country gentry.

Mistress Muir and Agnes, who had been sitting in the withdrawing-room of the manor, were disturbed by a message from the lodge, asking for Agnes' immediate presence. The girl hastened down, and found Elspeth bustling about in a state of great excitement, with warm water and bandages. She welcomed Agnes with fervor as a competent helper; and, leaving her to prepare what was needed, betook herself to the small chamber in the rear, which was Elspeth's own sleeping room. There was no time for explanations, beyond the fact that Master Hathaway was lying within, badly wounded, and that Wat had gone full speed on horseback for the leech.

Wat had the good fortune to meet that functionary on his way towards Liberton, and persuaded him to accompany him at once. Elspeth took the grave, grey-bearded man into the sick chamber; and Wat gave Agnes some account of the circumstances which had brought about the accident.

Though startled at the news that it was Patrick Hathaway who was lying there—perhaps in great danger,—Agnes listened with interest to Wat's account, until Elspeth summoned him to help her lift

the patient for the doctor to examine him more thoroughly.

Patrick's wounds did not seem to be serious in themselves. The shots had entered the fleshy part of one leg and the shoulder on the same side. Before the surgeon had finished dressing them, the patient had regained consciousness. It was hoped that quiet and rest would soon work a cure. It meant, as the leech thought, some two or three weeks' nursing, and then perfect recovery; he did not anticipate any permanent ill effects.

(To be continued.)

"Ould Aunt Oonah."

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

FROM the blue peaks of Inishowen a wind with breath of dew and honey swept over fields of fragrant hay, and down the sunny road, which widened into a square in front of a long, low farmhouse with stacks of turf piled high beside it. Dr. Daly, medical officer of health for the district, was slowly driving, discussing the prospective harvest with his companion, a clear-eyed, keen-featured young man, who, fortified with a letter of introduction from his parish priest across the ocean, had arrived at the Doctor's a few days ago. Because he had come from New York, he was more frequently mentioned in local discussions as "the American" than as Mr. Oakley; and for the same reason it was rumored that he was a millionaire.

A grey donkey looked over a fence to shake its ears at the travellers; geese stretched long necks at them; ducks waddled by with contented "quack-quacks,"—peaceful, homely sights and sounds that were suddenly disturbed by the headlong rush of a lean dog with a bare bone, hotly pursued by a hard-featured little woman, whose eyes were like solid black beads.

"Bad luck to ye for a yella dog!" she

screamed. "It's the sorrowfullest thing in life, so it is, that all the things that's good for nothing comes to me. Ye couldn't blind a fly's eye with what's left to me after feedin' and keepin'—och, is that yourself, Doctor?"

"None other, Mrs. O'Hara," he replied; he had already drawn rein as if intending to call at the farm. "And what is the best of your news?"

"Indeed, there's not much of the best of anything here, Doctor. The heart of me is broke with ould Oonah; it's truth I'm tellin' you. 'Tis a great care to have a useless, foolish ould crater left on me hands. When Michael, me husband, was livin', 'twas bad and bad enough; but now that I'm a lone woman, with nothin' but the weeshy farm between me and ruination, it's too much to be burdening meself with the likes of her. 'Tis in the workhouse she should be, or the asylum itself. Look at her, tramplin' down me beautiful geraniums, after givin' the best of me pantry to the dog!"

The American had drawn his hat well over his face, as though to shade it from the sun; but from under the brim he, like the Doctor, gazed at a distant figure, retreating hurriedly across a gaudy flower-bed; the very droop of the white head and of the shabbily-clad, thin old shoulders expressing Aunt Oonah's consciousness of being in disgrace, and liable to stern rebuke.

"Did Michael make no provision for her when he died?" asked the Doctor. "She was his father's own and only sister, lived in his father's house, and took care of him when he was a motherless little boy. When he sold the old place at the other side of the county and bought this instead, he brought her with him to keep house for him, and—"

"And, true enough, she was the mistress here before he married me," interrupted Mrs. O'Hara, sharply; "but not after, Doctor. And sure you wouldn't have it different, would you? She hadn't as much of her own as would cover a crutch, and

not a penny piece did her brother leave her—"

"He trusted to his son to do what was right, no doubt," interrupted the Doctor, in turn.

"Well, 'tis me, a lone woman, that has all of it to do now, Doctor; and Michael, knowin' that do it I would, left everythin' to me to do it with."

"I see," said Dr. Daly, thoughtfully. What he did see was that she was in full possession of all the O'Hara property; he had seen ere this that Aunt Oonah was made as much of a drudge as her old age permitted her to be. He spoke in an undertone to his silent companion, who had taken himself by the chin, and was staring fixedly into space. "Anything else, Mr. Oakley?"

"Drive on, that's all! Otherwise, an explosion," murmured Oakley; and Dr. Daly gathered up the reins, nodded to the "lone woman," and drove away, whilst she returned to the house, raising her voice to concert pitch.

"Bridie, Bridie Fahan, I say! Is it sleepin' ye are? Bri-i-idie! Was ever the likes of her known?"

A dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, the rose of Erin in her cheeks, and a delicious dimple in her chin, hastened from the kitchen with a conciliatory "Yes, ma'am!"

"Yes, ma'am! 'Tis time ye were speakin', and me callin' ye this hour! And the bone that was left of the dinner Oonah O'Hara's given to the dog!"

"Sure, there wasn't a pick on the bone, and the dog was hungry," pleaded Bridie, soothingly. But Mrs. O'Hara's eyes flashed; she dropped the bone, so to speak, and proceeded to issue commands.

"Ye've plenty hot water? Bring the blankets from the big room, and tell Oonah O'Hara to get to the washin' of them at once, and don't be havin' all this fine, hot day wasted."

"But you wouldn't be asking poor ould Miss O'Hara to do that, ma'am," said Bridie, reproachfully. "Sure, it would half kill her; and not an inch to the

bidding of her do it will the two feet of me move."

"Then the two feet of ye can move back to the house they brought ye from," said Mrs. O'Hara, vindictively.

"I am asking nothing better," declared Bridie. "I'll send for what belongs to me to-morrow, ma'am, wishing you good-day now!"

Without more ado, she threw a shawl round her, prepared to trudge home to the little cottage "away back" in the glen; her people were not so poor that they could not shelter her until such time as she found another place. Because of her compassion for Oonah O'Hara she had endured much from a miserly, bitter-tongued mistress; but her stock of submission and patience had given out at last.

The air was warm and sweet, and there was a tangle of pearly clouds in the deep blue sky. As Bridie walked along the quiet road between honeysuckle hedges, the peace of the scene and the atmosphere laid a soothing hand on her wrath; and as she calmed down, she began to regret her hasty action, for which she knew Oonah O'Hara would suffer. To go back, however, was worse than useless, as the only result would be the slamming of a door in one's face.

"What's Bridie Fahan doing out this far, I'd know?" came the pleasant voice of a comely young matron, dandling a baby in her arms at the gate of a farmhouse smothered in climbing roses. And when Bridie had told her tale, she settled matters with: "Indeed, it is not to the glen you'll be walking in this heat without a cup of tea to rest you."

From the house came the smell of good things baking, the sounds of a fiddle and children's laughter.

"I could be staying here altogether, Mrs. Breslin," said Bridie, wistfully.

"And what harm if you do? Himself said this very morning that minding the children was work enough for a girl, without her having the doing of another thing. Well, well, 'tis a pity of poor ould

Miss Oonah, having no comfort in the few, little, small years that's left her."

"What will I do at all to help her?" asked Bridie, with overflowing eyes. "See her now, old and sorrowful, and no one caring for her; though she was young once, and she would have been pretty and happy, going to marry the man that loved her. He died of a fever, she told me."

"The Lord be good to her!" said Mrs. Breslin. "I'll see how it is with her at Mass on Sunday, Bridie. Isn't that the Doctor driving? And who'd he have with him but the American millionaire? 'Tis to see himself they're coming; but you'd think 'twas to see the baby, the way she's laughing and jumping, the darling! Go in, Bridie girleen,—go in, and don't let the children be too bold with you."

II.

It was the talk of Inishowen. The like of it had never before been heard in the countryside. "The American" was not an American at all, any more than his real name was Patrick Oakley. It was Patrick O'Hara, but he had taken the name of an old man in New York who left him a "power of money." And who was he but the younger brother of Michael O'Hara, of Carrigart, dead these years? The way no one here had known him, was that he had not been in this part of Donegal before. He had come back to the Old Country for good and all, and had bought a fine place for himself, and had it stocked from Breslin's farm. And who had he brought to it but his poor ould aunt, Oonah O'Hara, not to be a housekeeper, but a lady, if you please! 'Twas wonderful.

As Patrick O'Hara had no desire to see his sister-in-law again, negotiations for the transferring of Aunt Oonah to her new abode had been carried to completion by Dr. Daly. Once recovered from her consternation at the disclosure of "the American's" identity, Mrs. O'Hara had agreed to every proposal, with an eagerness that savored of fear; and had shown an overwhelming desire to conciliate the new authority, and to lavish belated kindness

on Aunt Oonah, whose relationship to herself she now emphasized. Patrick avoided her; and, as he lived in a different townland, he easily enough could do so.

Autumn and winter came and went, and the long, brown furrows were growing green again, when Mrs. O'Hara heard that Patrick was looking for a wife; and she determined to secure him for a connection of her own. She had gained confidence from his silence, and his avoidance of her; evidently he did not intend to demand an account of her stewardship, and she was ready for him even if he did. So, taking her courage in her hands, she drove forth to his residence, with a small present for Aunt Oonah as an excuse for her visit. A mile from the house she met him; he was on horseback, riding with lithe, easy grace. She called to him by name; and when he halted, she "stripped her teeth," as the people say, in an attempt to look amiable and pleasant.

"I was on me way to see ye," she informed him, "to tell ye that I bear ye no ill will for what ye done to me."

"And what did I do to you?" he asked, raising expressive eyebrows.

"Ah, now, didn't ye take ould Aunt Oonah away from me, and me a lone woman with not another body to comfort me? And never once all these months did either of ye look the way I lived, nor put foot inside me door."

"I shouldn't have thought that you missed her, or cared to hear about her or me," he answered quietly.

"Ye know better than that, Patrick. But there's been trouble made between us, I'll not say by whose bad tongue. Many's the tear it's cost, thinking what me poor Michael would say to us not bein' like friends. But I'm willin' to let bygones be bygones."

"So am I," said he; "so, I am sure, is Aunt Oonah. Her days of drudgery are over; she may walk where she chooses in my garden, and feed all the hungry dogs she will. It is my turn to care for her. You see, I am in her debt. When

I was a delicate little chap without a mother, she nursed me, cared for me, gave me all the joy I knew; and when I left for the States, gave me all she could, perhaps all she had,—a few pounds and a Rosary. The pity is that I could not repay her sooner. Still—" he paused, and looked straightly into Mrs. O'Hara's hard black eyes. "I have sent her money regularly, and in Michael's lifetime I used to get an acknowledgment of it. Who opened the letters after his death and who got the money?"

Mrs. O'Hara flushed crimson, and seemed on the verge of choking. Recovering, she replied with sharpness:

"'Twas me opened the letters, of course. And it took twice the money ye sent, and more, to keep her."

"You should have let me know that. It isn't agreeable to think that she needed anything."

"Och, she was well cared for!" declared Mrs. O'Hara. "She had anythin' and everythin' she asked, though I took off of meself to do it. If she says she hadn't 'tis just one of the foolish notions old people have. 'Twas the fine, easy time she got."

"Not judging by what I saw and heard the day Dr. Daly brought me to your place," said Patrick, quietly as before.

"And indeed I wonder ye are not ashamed to be speakin' of that. 'Twas a mean trick of the Doctor never to say who ye were, and mean of ye to sit there as if ye'd been born dumb."

"Seems strange to you, I dare say. But I had asked the Doctor not to mention who I was until Aunt Oonah had been prepared for so tremendous a surprise. That is one reason. As for my silence, there was nothing adequate I could say, so I resolved to do, and at once. The whole thing is this, ma'am. I trusted you, my brother's widow, and you didn't play fair. When for a long time I had heard nothing at all about Aunt Oonah, I made inquiries, and got a hint that she was not happy, and that it was time that some one looked after her. That hastened my return to

Ireland. Possibly you thought the money had stopped altogether because I refrained from sending any more until I got back. I went to Dr. Daly as to a man likely to know the true state of affairs, and he brought me as a stranger to see for myself what they were. That's another reason why he did not say at once that I was Patrick O'Hara."

"Ah, well, ye meant no harm," she said forgivingly; "we've agreed to let bygones be bygones, so I'll say not a word more about it. Aren't ye lonesome in that big house, with only poor ould Aunt Oonah, good and all as she is? I'll be expectin' ye on Sunday, Patrick, and I'll have Miss Conlin from Belfast to meet ye. She's a girl that can discourse with the best."

"If I'm lonesome, I won't be lonesome long," replied Patrick, ignoring the invitation. "I am to be married at Easter."

"Married! Is it to one of them feather-headed Breslins? I heard ye were goin' about the farm."

"It is to Bridie Fahan, a great pet of Aunt Oonah."

"Bridie Fahan!" screamed Mrs. O'Hara, with a gesture as though she dragged a cloud from the sky and tore it into fragments. "A servant, and a servant I turned out of me house for impudence! Och, 'tis mad ye are, I'm thinkin'!"

"That doesn't matter, as Bridie thinks differently. Her nature is as lovely as her face, and that *does* matter. Aunt Oonah's heart would have been broken but for little Bridie, and the girl who is gentle and loving with old age and with infancy, with every helpless creature, is the girl for me. As for her having been a servant, you are a servant yourself, and worse—you are a slave to your temper and your avarice. They are profitin' you mighty little now, and they'll profit you nothing at the end. I wish you well, however; and now I wish you good-bye."

With that he rode on, between the tender green of budding hedgerows, to where the welcome of a loving heart awaited him.

The Son.

HERO, says the world,—my little one!
 Though others see a man in uniform,
 My mother arms yet feel you small and warm;
 My heart sings lullaby to you, my son.
 Those lips, firm-closed against their eager "Why?"
 Were held for me to kiss but yesterday;
 I see the little lad I watched at play,
 Now firm of step and confident of eye.
 So Mary must have felt when Christ, her Boy,
 Led bravely up the way to Calvary:
 'Twas yesterday she kissed away the pain
 Of some small hurt, restoring childhood joy;
 A while ago her answers gave when He
 Asked why—but this her love can not explain.

A Bit of Bronze.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

IT was noontide, and all round the old barn near the shattered Belgian town was loneliness and the quiet born of it. Even the little feathered Brothers of the Air, in the adjoining wood, were silent; for their Tree Land had been invaded. Men with spiked helmets had invaded it,—had concealed themselves in it. Inside the big barn on the outskirts some one was hiding, too,—a youngish man in an English uniform, toilworn, dusty, hungry; a fugitive who had escaped from a shell-hole under cover of night, and taken refuge there,—one Dennis Concannon by name, who knew that the moment he showed himself outside, the sharpshooters would fire on him.

He was a man who had seen much of life, had played many parts in it,—had been a watchmaker, a sundowner, even a beach-comber. That old meerschaum of his had been smoked on tramp steamers, on sheep runs,—in all sorts of places, including the trenches. He had been the black sheep of the Concannon family; had pawned the silver watch-cases belonging to his father's work; had left home

like a thief in the night; had wasted the money he made at "Rouge et Noir"; had not even troubled to write home.

Now, as he sat on the hay smoking his precious last bit of shag, Memory, the unseen and uninvited guest, took her place beside him; pictured the house on the banks of the river, with its lilies and other fair flowers; the grandfather's clock tick-tacking in the corner; the silvery-haired grandmother, born Cathy Davitt, knitting; the kindly father, the thoughtful mother, and even the family dog sleeping on the hearth-rug. Dennis knew that he was the unforgotten one; that his mother could say with truth:

And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within mine eyes the tears of two.

He remembered how she had nursed him during the scarlet fever, and he determined to write and tell her that he had turned over a new leaf. If only he could win the D. C. M. how proud she would be!

As he pondered thus, he heard the tramp of feet; and, looking through a slit-hole, saw a company of British soldiers coming steadily along. "O God, our Tommies!" muttered Concannon, and then he remembered the enemy in ambush.

The telegraph wires within his brain worked quickly. "You can, you *must* save them. You may have been spared from the fiery rain to do it." Then the unspoken prayer: "Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!" And before you could have counted three he stood outside in the sunshine.

"Boys," he shouted, "be on your guard! There's an ambush."

From the dense trees a short distance away came puffs of smoke; the figure in the muddy uniform fell prone on the ground, quite still. The oncoming regiment, warned in time, was ready; and an army doctor who chanced to be with the men bent over Dennis.

"Shot to the heart," said he, as he rose. "A brave fellow, who well deserves the bit of bronze!"

And he got it,—or rather those whom

he so ardently desired should have it got it. And this is how they received it.

The chimes were playing "Angels ever bright and fair," and the birds flying round the saints and kings on the high red sandstone steeple, when the late Private Concannon's father and mother, in their Sunday best, walked up to the little house by the river and lifted the latch of the door. The white-haired widow, who had known many ups and downs and whose name was Margaret Davitt, was fast asleep in her high-backed chair; and she must have been dreaming of the past,—of her early days of widowhood, when she came to sit by daughter Cathy's hearth; for she smiled and said: "Sure, Dennis, it's meself that's up to your tricks." The next moment she opened her eyes, and Cathy put a bronze maltèse cross into her trembling right hand.

"Cathy, is *this* it, for sure?"

Concannon spoke: "Yes, Grannie. It's the Victoria Cross, Dennis' bit of bronze; and it was given at Buckingham Palace this very morning."

St. Michael in Time of Peace.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

FOUR offices are given to the Archangel Michael by Christian tradition—namely, to fight against Satan; to rescue souls from his power, especially at the hour of death; to be the champion of God's people, whether Jews in the Old Law or Christians in the New; and to call men's souls from earth and bring them to Judgment. All through the Middle Ages he was the patron of the Church and of knights. The Greek Liturgy styles him "highest general"; but the early Christians regarded some of the martyrs as their military patrons, and entrusted the care and protection of their sick or wounded to St. Michael. He was the miraculous healer and the Angel of Peace, who calmed and soothed, consoled and comforted when the clash of arms had

died away and blood no longer flowed. Indeed, at the place where he was first venerated in Phrygia his prestige as angelic healer obscured his interposition in military affairs.

Tradition tells us that in the earliest ages St. Michael caused a medicinal spring to burst forth at Chairotopa, near Colossæ; and that all the sick who bathed there were healed, upon invoking the Holy Trinity and the angelic patron. Still more celebrated are the springs St. Michael drew from the rock at Colossæ itself. When pagan impiety directed a stream against St. Michael's sanctuary, with the object of destroying it, the Archangel caused lightning to split the rock. This gave a new bed to the stream, diverted its course, and saved the sanctuary. The waters of the gorge were sanctified forever after. In the Greek Church, the 6th of September is consecrated to the memory of this miracle.

Hot springs were dedicated to St. Michael at Pythia in Bithynia, and elsewhere in Asia; while his most important sanctuary was the Michaelion, at Sosthenion, near Constantinople. It was here that he was said to have appeared to the Emperor Constantine, the feast of St. Michael being celebrated in the neighborhood on the 9th of June. The sick would sleep all night in the church, waiting for a manifestation of their patron. A church of St. Michael also stood within the walls of Constantinople, close to the thermal baths of the Emperor Arcadius; and here the "synaxis" of the great Archangel was kept on the 8th of November. This date is now that of his principal feast in the Orient. The 27th of October was another, and was celebrated in the *promotu* church at Constantinople; while the church of St. Julian, at the Forum, kept a festival of St. Michael on the 18th of June, and one was held at Athæa on the 10th of December.

Nowhere is St. Michael more honored, in his capacity of healer and angel of peace and plenty, than in Egypt, where

the Christians place their life-giving river, the Nile, under his protection. Besides keeping his festival on the 12th of November, they have a special commemoration of him on the twelfth day of every month of the year. They keep June the 12th, when the Nile begins to rise, as a holyday of obligation, also sacred to St. Michael the Archangel.

His position as a celestial physician is also recognized in the Eternal City, where he appeared over the Moles Hadriani (Castel di S. Angelo) in 950, during the passage of the procession ordered by Pope St. Gregory, to procure the cessation of the plague then devastating Rome. Upon the appearance of St. Michael the scourge vanished. Boniface IV. caused a church of St. Michael to be erected on the site of this apparition. At Monte St. Michel, in France; the saint's feast is kept on the 18th of October, the anniversary of the dedication of the first church erected there in his honor. Monte St. Michel is, before all else, the sailors' sanctuary,—*St. Michaelis in periculo maris*.

In pagan times many German mountains were consecrated to the god Wotan. Christianity ousted Wotan and enthroned St. Michael in his place, which is why so many shrines and chapels of St. Michael are to be found perched among the mountains of the Fatherland to-day.

The apparition of St. Michael at his sanctuary on Monte Gargano restored his glory as patron of war. But when the day of battle is done, it is well for us to remember that he is also the Angel of Peace and the angelic healer, to whom we are invited to turn with confidence, in order that he may bind our wounds and bring balm to our suffering hearts.

THE image of Mary the Mother of God, whether graven exteriorly or, still better, inwardly impressed upon our imaginations and hearts, is something which, once known, for our soul's health we can never consent to forego.

—*Joseph Rickaby, S. J.*

Devil-Worship in Ceylon.

THE amount of superstition in the world—especially, of course, among pagans—is hard to realize. The dark cloud still lowers even where European civilization has long been established. The superstitious practices prevailing here and there among Christians are harmless, and fade from memory when one contemplates the awful darkness in which so many of the world's inhabitants are still plunged. A clerical correspondent of the *Catholic Messenger* of Ceylon thus describes a form of superstition which he declares to be very common in some of the more remote districts of the island:

People living in the towns have no idea of the extent to which devil-dancing is practised in the villages. Every ailment that does not easily submit to medicine is attended with a devil-dance, even when the patient is about to breathe his last. Death, of course, follows; but that is no reason for discontinuing the practice. The participants find innumerable reasons for the failure, but see none against the custom itself.

A devil-dance is no insignificant affair. On a board, some twelve feet square, they make with fine clay the images of three or more gods and goddesses—or devils, for there is no difference whether they call them *yakkus* or *devatas*. These images are daubed with various colors, obtained usually from leaves and flowers and roots of trees readily found in the neighborhood. When the images are sufficiently dry, the board is placed in a slanting posture in a hall erected temporarily for the purpose, and lit with a profusion of lights.

The dancers, the devil-priests, the tom-tom beaters, and their attendants number a dozen or more. All these they have to feed for a day or two, besides paying the amount agreed on for the trouble. This amount is sometimes as high as fifty rupees. Stipulation is also made that if the sick one should recover within a specified time, there should be paid something more.

In numerous cases, instead of the hall and the image-board, there is a small platform raised on four stout sticks, with a roof covered with young *cadjan*. On this platform, offerings of rice, cakes, young cocoanuts cut on one side, etc., are placed, and the dance is performed in their presence. At the end the offerings are carried to

a lonely place and left for the devils, presumably, to consume.

Such practices are said to be contrary to Buddhism. But there are Buddhist priests who observe them, and defend their conduct by a reference to the life of the Buddha, in which the *devatas*, or devils, have played so prominent a part in the salvation of the world. But for the contrivances and the assistance which they afforded the Buddha, his religion or philosophy could never have been begun or spread.

To a man of thought it is sad to reflect that, after four hundred years of contact with European civilization, people are yet to be found who can believe in such absurdities.

It will doubtless be a surprise to those who still cling to the Buddhist fad, introduced into this country after the World's Fair, to learn that devil-worship is a feature of their cult. "All the gods of the Gentiles are devils," says St. Paul. Missionaries in pagan lands have often had striking proof of the existence and power of Satan when idols were overthrown and the sign of Redemption for the first time erected.

No Ideal without Reality.

"THERE is in elementary physics a charming little experiment," says Père Gratry in one of his beautiful essays. "One causes to appear, suspended in the air, in the middle of the room, a bouquet of roses; one sees it, and yet in reality there is nothing."

Under what condition can the operator make the imaginary bouquet appear? Under one alone—an essential one: it is that the bouquet actually exists, not at the point where we see it, but at another invisible one, where mirrors, skilfully arranged, reflect the image to the spot where it appears to be.

Such is the divine ideal. If you find it in yourself, it is because it exists—not in your brain, but somewhere higher than yourself. There can not possibly be an ideal without a corresponding reality. If you think of God, be assured that it is because God exists.

Simplicity in Religion.—A Store of Needed Knowledge.

IF Catholic papers were more industriously edited, the attention of the readers would oftener be directed to articles of exceptional importance appearing in our reviews, notably the *Dublin*, the popularity of which, even with those for whose benefit it is primarily intended, is out of all proportion to its worth. That a periodical of such high character, and presenting so much that is of especial value and timely interest, should have so few readers among educated Catholics anywhere is a sad and very humiliating circumstance.

Losing hope of seeing a notably valuable article on "Simplicity in Religion" either exploited by our papers or reprinted as a pamphlet by one of our Truth Societies, we feel it a duty to inform our readers where they can find an adequate refutation of the charge so frequently made against Catholicism nowadays—namely, that it over-emphasizes the objective, external, corporate aspect of religion; in other words, that the Catholic Church is, by reason of its complexity, opposed to the simplicity of the Gospel.

The article to which we refer was published in the April (1918) number of the *Dublin Review*, and is from the pen of the Rev. Fr. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. A convert to the Church, he realizes, better than would be possible for an hereditary Catholic, how completely the view expressed is that of outsiders.

It would be necessary to reproduce many passages of this article in order to give a good idea of its scope; it will suffice, however, to show how the writer identifies modern, Mediæval and ancient Catholicism, to quote a few lines regarding worship. The ordinary Protestant asks, What contrast can be more marked than that between the homely Breaking of Bread of which we get glimpses in the Acts of the Apostles, and High Mass sung in the

presence of a bishop on his throne in a majestic cathedral? Fr. Vassall-Phillips answers: "If the Bread which the first Christians broke was believed by them to be the Body of Christ and the Sacrifice of the New Law, and that such was their belief is made clear by the Epistles to the Corinthians, then that Breaking of Bread is identical with Mass as offered to-day. The growth of ceremonial was inevitable, as the Liturgy was offered no longer in private houses or in the bowels of the earth."

As far as it is possible to do so, Fr. Vassall-Phillips enables non-Catholics to see things from the inside, presenting many facts which they have either never had the opportunity of learning, or have always seen in a wrong light. Considering how general—as general as false—the notion is that the religion of Catholics is opposed to the simplicity of the Gospel, we feel sure that we do not exaggerate the importance of this effort to make outsiders see that what seems to them preposterous is in reality perfectly reasonable.

Let us add that, under the editorship of Mr. Shane Leslie, the *Dublin Review* has afforded numerous papers of great value and of particular interest to Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic; it is a pity that they should not all have a wide reading. The current number, for instance, besides a masterful discussion of "the much-abused doctrine of freedom," by the Rev. J. G. Vance; a vivid account of "The Holy Places" in Palestine, by Monsignor Barnes; stirring narratives of "Chaplains in the Great War"; a scientific article of exceptional importance and timely interest by Sir Bertram Windle; a capital paper on "Spiritism," by Mr. C. C. H. Williamson,—besides these contributions, the editor presents *in extenso* the correspondence of Cardinals Manning and Gibbons and Archbishops Corrigan and Keane. This is a chapter of American Ecclesiastical History in itself, and should have especial interest for Catholics in our country.

Notes and Remarks.

The outbreak of Bolshevism in Boston, of all places, lent weight to President Wilson's simultaneous foreboding of red peril for the United States and all the rest of the world, if the League of Nations—of Notions or Hallucinations, or of Fine Passions, if preferred—is not very soon ratified, and without any of those amendments or reservations which so many stubborn American citizens, senators among them, stoutly insist upon. Circumstances favor Mr. Wilson sometimes. With looters, vandals, burglars, highwaymen, and other disciples of uncivilization, mostly from abroad, of course—from New York and other abodes of unculture,—disturbing the atmosphere of Boston, and making dents in its decorous traditions, universal chaos might well be threatened. For, as everyone knows, or should know, the city where culture counts points the path for national following. There, heretofore, agitators have always agitated in the orderly fashion approved by our President; but of late they have resorted to brick-throwing and other obnoxious methods of procedure. Ungrammatically profane and lawless language has been heard even in the Back Bay district; and the classic streets have resounded with snatches of song and hoots unfamiliar to ears attuned to harmony and accustomed to modulated oratory.

It is a sad world. If one could not betimes take refuge in the realms of Emersonian thought, one would despair of modern civilization when contemplating the recent outburst of Bolshevism in Boston. Such untoward occurrences are to be expected, of course, in New York or Chicago, or even in Philadelphia—but in *Boston!*

Some of the addresses delivered at the recent conference of the "Modern Churchmen" must have been heard with deep interest, if not amazement, by the attendants. These addresses go to show that

the "failure" of the Church of England is fully realized by not a few of its leading members. Prof. W. R. Matthews averred that the Establishment "has carried incoherence to the verge of indecency." Strong language is this; however, facts warrant it. With Anglican parsons omitting words from the Fourth Commandment, and the Upper House of Convocation proposing to change all Ten; the General Synod of the Church of England in Canada sitting in judgment on the Athanasian Creed; canons, vicars, and curates openly expressing their disbelief in the existence of hell,—"who in the world," asks the Rev. G. H. Tremewheere, of St. Frideswide's Vicarage, Oxford, "can respect a Church which jettisons her standards of belief or practice?"

At the same conference the Rev. Harold Anson reminded the clergy that on many subjects which are of interest to them the laity are not interested at all; that very few people are really interested in the Old Testament or likely to get any valuable religious teaching from large portions of it; but that they are interested as never before in the fundamental teachings of Christ and their bearings on modern life. Mr. Anson is a sagacious man.

We notice that provident physicians are warning our citizens that there is danger of the influenza's again making its appearance in this country. Prevention is admittedly better than cure, and any feasible precautions against the threatened evil may well be taken. One such precaution should be an unwillingness to lose one's head, or one's wits, whenever attacked by an ordinary cold. Exaggerated fear of the influenza, as of sundry other diseases, predisposes people to contract the malady. In the meantime, should this country again be ravaged by the disease, it is to be hoped that our civic authorities will not attempt to enforce so rigorous a quarantine as was proclaimed not long ago in Sydney, Australia. So drastic were the regulations there that

the authorities refused admission to the quarantine camp to a priest who obeyed the call to attend a dying nurse. Thereupon the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney, at once took action. He sent a written request for permission to enter quarantine himself. As no reply was sent to this, he promptly presented himself at the gates and demanded admission. This was absolutely refused, and his Grace was about to take other steps when the authorities thought it wiser to "climb down." Through the Federal Minister, the announcement was made that, "subject to certain precautions, clergymen will be permitted to enter quarantine to minister to dying persons."

Catholic priests and prelates are among the first to support the civil authorities in their efforts to safeguard public health and morals; but they naturally "draw the line" when panic-stricken officialdom interferes with the administration of the Sacraments of the Church.

The author of an attempt at a practical solution, in the light of modern experience, of the age-long problem of the limitations of authority in the State maintains that the democracy must now be educated, and that it must develop that moral sense which subordinates individual interests to the good of the commonwealth; if not, then the last state of the commonwealth will be worse than the first. The only comment on this contention that seems called for is that the proposed education must be of a certain kind in order to give any assurance that the moral sense will be developed; and that development supposes existence.

Those Americans who believe that our President and his advisers in Paris were, to use an Addisonian phrase, "imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled" by Mr. Lloyd George and his English counsellors, may derive some little satisfaction from the perusal of an English publicist's opinion regarding diplo-

matic triumphs at the Paris meetings. Apropos of the English Embassy at the Vatican and alleged French objection thereto, the editor of the London *Catholic Times* has this to say:

Really, it is high time for Englishmen to protest against this studied servility to France and the statesmen who for the moment are at the head of her Government. Has not this country been sufficiently humble in its dealings with French Ministers? Mr. Lloyd George has let them mould the Peace Treaty until it is little more than a guarantee for France against possible perils from her neighbors. The Versailles negotiations were a continued triumph for French diplomatic skill. And now we are asked to withdraw our Embassy to the Vatican, lest French anti-clericals may object! It is too much. We do not know whether they do object. But if they should, let them. Our Embassy to the Vatican is our business, not theirs.

So it would appear that, if Lloyd George got the better of the Americans in the Paris negotiations, Clemenceau managed to outwit even the supple-minded Welshman; and one may accordingly believe that at the close of the Versailles conference there was, in the case of the French diplomatist as in that of his namesake of the classic limerick, a "smile on the face of the Tiger."

In order to show how the advocates of Prohibition have overstated their case, Mr. George Elliot Flint, the author of "The Whole Truth About Alcohol" (Macmillan Co.), cites the following typical example from one of the standard Prohibitionist publications. An unfortunate guinea-pig has been inoculated with a quarter of a cubic centimetre of absinthe essence:

At first it seems thunderstruck. It remains fixed in one place as if stunned. At the end of two or three minutes there follow on this stupor the most frightful agonies. Suddenly it stiffens on its paws and then makes, all at once, a prodigious leap into the air. The poor little creature, ordinarily so harmless, takes on an entirely unexpected expression of ferocity. It resembles an hydrophobic animal, with its convulsed face, its twisted lips covered with foam. In its eyes—wide open, haggard, convulsive, mad—one reads an impulse to kill. It is now a prey to hallucina-

tions. Directly its spine curves in a half circle, its membranes and whole body are thrilled with shocks, interrupted by little plaintive cries. Then a brief moment of calm. The attack recommences, showing at each fresh crisis signs of accumulated violence. Finally it dies after half an hour of agony.

Is it not enough to frighten one when one reflects how many men drink this poison absinthe? One meets in the cities, Saturday evenings and Sundays, gallows-birds with the glare of a homicidal mania at the bottom of their pupils. Take care, my friends! Such a one is a dangerous tippler; ordinarily inoffensive enough, it may be, but with absinthe in him he is an evil demon.

"Naturally such examples do not discourage persons who like a glass of ale or wine," remarks the *London Times* in its review of Mr. Flint's volume. "He reverses these experimental arguments, and quotes from physiologists who have killed animals by injecting into their veins minute quantities of casein, which drinkers of milk and eaters of cheese take in great quantities. And he reminds his readers that a solution of common salt almost instantaneously crumples up and destroys the living cells of human blood."

The advocates of Prohibition have injured their cause by over-enthusiasm and overstatement. The evils wrought by the drink-trade are indeed enormous; and, were there no other way of overcoming them, every right-minded person would be on the side of Prohibition. The effect of the regulations in force during the war leaves no room for doubt that an enormously preponderating percentage of drunkenness is preventable by legislative means,—fixing and restriction of hours of opening, forbidding of treating, etc. Total abstinence from alcohol will not bring the millennium.

Marshal Foch is quoted as saying in a conversation with Cardinal Mercier: "People are always talking about my military genius. Rubbish! I have simply been an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence. Of course, I thought before coming to a decision; but each time I

had to make one I said to myself: 'If I say Yes, I may sacrifice perhaps 50,000 or 100,000 men; if I say No, I may do the very same.' What was I to do? Make an act of faith and say to God: 'My God, I will only what Thou wilt.' If I have any merit it is just this: that if I think it necessary to say Yes, my will is then inflexible."

A characteristic declaration. Marshal Foch is a man of faith, piety, and modesty. We are told that at a recent celebration in his honor he seemed to be meditating rather than attending to what was going on around him.

The writer of a peace article contributed to the current number of the *Round Table* is no pessimist. He holds that when the worst has been said of the Peace Treaty, the broad and vital fact remains that it embodies, as no document of the kind has ever embodied, the judgment of the world on certain moral and political doctrines. Thus it has declared that right, not might, is the supreme law of nations; that the nations of the earth form a unity; that Europe, if not the whole world, shall be safe for democracy; that the civilized nations are trustees for the backward races; and that social and economic progress is an international problem and a condition of world peace. If the Western nations can keep that aspect of the Peace in view and make it their rule of conduct, "there is little doubt that in half a century they could change the world."

Germany has already been changed. According to Senator Knox, who has presented the actual provisions of the Truce of Versailles, as the Treaty ought to be called, in the most concrete and understandable form in which we have seen them, that ponderous and voluminous document "closes out German interests in practically the whole civilized world—outside the territories of her late allies,—including those areas which have been taken from her and given to others." Our negotiators declare that Germany

will not be able to meet the terms of the treaty,—“the hardest treaty of modern times,” in Senator Knox’ opinion. “I have no objections to its being so,” he says; “but I see no reason why we, who do not partake in its spoils, should become parties to its harshness and cruelty.” Are we to understand from this that the Senator would otherwise see a reason? “There is need of the guidance of the infinite wisdom,” he declares at the close of his speech. Yes, and need of willingness to be guided.

It is a commonplace of contemporary history that genuine Catholics, those of the “Roman” variety, are occasionally duped on first entering a Ritualistic chapel or church. So closely have Anglican “Catholics” approximated to the normal architecture and appurtenances of our places of worship that at first blush one is apt to be mistaken in classifying their edifices. So, too, with such categorical purposes as these:

To maintain the doctrine of the Perpetual Virginity of the Mother of God and the Bodily Resurrection of Our Lord; to promote the practice of the open and public Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament; to uphold and teach publicly the practice of the Invocation of Saints; to teach the practice and regular use of the Sacrament of Penance and the observance of the rule of Fasting Communion; to contend for Catholic order and discipline in the Church, and to combat all breaches of the same.

The average Catholic man in the street, reading the foregoing, may perhaps wonder why a “federation of Catholic priests,” seven hundred in number, should find it necessary to formulate doctrines and practices so ancient and so common; but it will scarcely occur to him, at least not immediately, that the “Catholic priests” mentioned are in reality Protestant clergymen, having their habitat in England. One’s only regret in connection with the matter is that the last purpose or object of the federation—to contend for Catholic order and discipline in the Church, and to combat all breaches

of the same—is not retroactive in its scope, in which case the federation would speedily become truly Catholic by closing the breach with Rome.

Circumstances alter cases—in law, in equity, and in conscience. A more homely proverb, equally applicable to various phases of social life, declares that “much depends on whose ox is being gored.” Our Canadian contemporary, the *Catholic Register*, recalls the fact that the bitterest opponents of the “Ne Temere” decree, promulgated some years ago to discourage mixed marriages, were the leaders of the Orange Order; and indulges in a pardonable chuckle as it quotes Rule 4 of that same Order, to this effect:

Any member dishonoring the Institution by marrying a Roman Catholic shall be expelled; and every member shall use his best endeavors to prevent and discountenance the marriage of Protestants with Roman Catholics, such inter-marriages generally occasioning unhappiness, and tending to the injury of Protestantism.

By the way, in the new world which reconstruction is supposed to be forming, is there any real necessity for so outworn, antiquated, and useless a politico-religious creed as Orangeism?

To have spent fifty-six years in the priesthood, and four decades of those years in the same parish—the record of the late Father Maguire, of Canton, Ohio,—is a notable experience, although by no means a phenomenal one. Much nearer to the phenomenal is the case of Father Lindesmith, whom Father Maguire succeeded as pastor in Canton forty years ago. Born in 1827 (the year that witnessed the completion of the first railway in America, at Quincy, Mass.); and ordained in 1855 (the year of the first crossing of the Suspension Bridge at Niagara), he is still in active service as chaplain of St. Anne’s Hospital, Cleveland. On the occurrence of his ninety-second birthday, not long ago, this venerable priest looked vigorous enough, it is said, to defy the ravages of time for yet another decade.



A Little Girl at Prayer.

BY T. M.

A LITTLE child kneels down to pray,
And heavenly hosts draw nigh
To hear her prayer, and wait it to
The great White Throne on high.
In accents clear she names her wants,
Her sorrows, and her joys;
She asks for bread (and chocolates),
And begs for nice-new toys.
Her tiny tongue lispeth out the names
Of those she loves the best—
Of father, mother, baby too,—
And prays that they be blest.
Then silently she bends her head,
And none can hear her say:
“God bless me, too, and keep me safe,
And make me good away.”
A little child kneels down to say
A simple little prayer;
And, lo, the angels need not wait,
For God Himself is there.

Woyko.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

“YOU have the very best garden anywhere about. How do you make your vegetables grow so well, Vrouw Muller?” asked Tom Mitchell, as he stood looking at the productive little patch of ground beside the two-roomed cottage of Koby, the old Dutch cobbler, and his wife Betje.

In her picturesque white cap, blue cotton bodice, peasant’s skirts that tidily cleared the ground by several inches, revealing the coarse, home-knit hose and well-turned wooden shoes, the good

Mevrouw might have been supposed to have just stepped over from Holland. As a matter of fact, however, she had lived in northern New Jersey for a quarter of a century, without having found it necessary to alter either the fashion of her attire or the quaint domestic customs she had brought with her from the land of dykes and windmills: of fair green pastures and placid canals.

As Vrouw Betje turned her gaze from her cabbages to the boy who regarded them with such good-natured approval, a smile, half of amusement, lighted up her sun-browned, weather-beaten face.

“How it was I make them to grow, Master Tom he ask?” she said, with a nod of the head. “Well, for the most part, juist by work and care. To have what is goot we must for it with patience strive; is that not so?”

And then Tom remembered how all during the long summer Vrouw Betje was to be seen, early and late, hoeing and weeding and watering her garden, until the bit of land reclaimed from the briers and brambles yielded a much more generous return per square foot than any space of the same size within the fertile area of his father’s farm.

“Mother wants to know if you will sell her some lettuce?” he continued, cutting short the old dame’s gentle homily. “Our lettuce has not grown very well this year, although father’s new gardener learned his business at an agricultural college.”

Vrouw Betje smiled again, — a quiet, kindly smile that Tom liked to see.

“It is not from the books always that we learn to know how,” she said sagely, as she filled his basket with the crisp, dewy salad plant.

“What is to pay?” he inquired.

"Zehn cent."

"Ten cents! Why, that is much too cheap!" protested the boy. "Mother sent a quarter and said I was not to take any change."

"But it is only zehn cent to her, she is so goot to me," objected the old woman. Nevertheless, her eyes brightened as he pressed the coin into her hand.

His purchase made, the boy still lingered, with the nonchalance of youth surveying the little holding, as the Mullers called their small premises. Aging fast, and with neither son nor daughter remaining with them to lessen for them the burden of life, the worthy couple yet managed to eke out a livelihood by means of the garden, and the earnings of Koby at his cobbler's bench. For who out of Holland could shape as light and neat a sabot as Koby?

"Vrouw Betje, you ought to take your vegetables to market," Tom volunteered presently. "In Newark you could sell them for twice as much as you can get here."

"Ach, yes!" sighed the good woman, and a shade of regret passed over her honest countenance. "Of all this I have think too. Koby says many times if juist we have a horse, or so much as one small donkey like as they drive to market laden with garden truck in the old country, our fortune would be made. Ah! then we could go to Mass, too, every Sunday."

"But how could you manage to feed and care for a horse, Vrouw Muller? Where would you pasture him, and who would groom him when Koby is laid up with the rheumatism?" cried Tom, astonished.

"There is good pasture bordering the public roads. I could lead him along by a rope, and keep on with my knitting the while," she said, having long ago settled the question in her mind. "For shelter there would be the shed yonder, where the folk who lived here before us kept their horse. I could groom him

myself as well as another. In winter we could rent him for his board, bargaining to have him on Sunday. And yet—no sense do I speak—a horse is not for us; I only please myself some whiles by talking of it. Master Tom he best not stop any more to listen to a foolish old woman like me. His good mother at home waits for him."

"Yes, that is so. Mother wanted the lettuce in a hurry!" exclaimed the lad, with a start. "Good-bye, Mevrouw!"

He scampered away, wondering why Vrouw Betje invariably addressed him in the third person. He did not know that in her country it would have been considered an unpardonable rudeness for peasant folk to do otherwise in speaking to those of a more favored condition of life than their own.

When the boy reached home his chum, Jack Bennett, was waiting for him.

"Tom, let us go fishing," said Jack. "The fellows say there is fine trout in Forest Lake."

"Of course I'll go! Just stop until I get my fishing rod," was the instant reply.

Tom rushed into the house, gave the basket to the cook, receiving in return a generous supply of small cakes for himself and Jack; then, finding his rod, he was back in a trice. Half an hour afterwards, in the ardor of casting the fly and waiting for the trout to nibble, Tom forgot all about the day-dream of old Vrouw Betje.

II.

One afternoon, a week or more later, the two boys set out on a holiday excursion together to the County Fair at Newark. It was Tom's birthday, and his godfather had sent him a crisp, new ten-dollar bill in honor of the anniversary. He and Jack had some silver coin besides; but in his waistcoat pocket Tom carried his bank-note not that he had any notion of changing it, but because the consciousness that it was in his pocket contributed not little to his satisfaction.

After sauntering around for an hour or so, the boys were attracted toward an inclosure in front of which waved a red flag. On the fence sat a man gesticulating vehemently and talking at the top of his voice.

"An auction!" cried Jack; and they drew nearer to watch the sale of some live stock.

The cattle having been disposed of, there were led into the paddock several broken-down nags, sent here to be sold by the management of a street railway that had recently adopted the trolley system. How exciting the bidding was! Tom and Jack soon caught the spirit of the occasion.

"By Jiminy, Jack, if I had money to burn I'd buy a horse, sure!" declared his companion, in jest.

At length a particularly rawboned cob was put up for sale. Everybody smiled at the wretched appearance of the poor beast. Such a scarecrow of a horse was he that the auctioneer could not get a single bid for him.

Finally, however, after the man had talked himself hoarse, a sharp-faced farmer came along. He eyed the animal closely, examined his teeth and hoofs, and then blurted out with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Ain't much good, is he? Well, I'll give five dollars for him."

There was a general laugh from the bystanders. But Tom was alert.

"Old Bones had some strength left, or that shrewd countryman wouldn't make an offer for him," reasoned the boy to himself. "Hold on! what was it Vrouw Betje said the other day? A horse would make her fortune. Jiminy crickets! If this one is to be sold for a song, why shouldn't I buy him and give him to the good old woman? It would be a kindness, a clarity even; for Mevrouw and Koby have no one to aid them, and a horse would help them to earn their living better."

The ten-dollar bill had, as the saying is, "been burning a hole in his pocket" all the afternoon.

"By Jove, Mevrouw's astonishment and her comical goings on when she found her dreams come true would be worth the money!" he chuckled to himself. "And, then, I've always thought if I were rich, I'd like to do good with my money."

Tom felt very rich at this moment. Catching the glance of the auctioneer, he said aloud:

"I'll make that bid six dollars!"

There was a peal of mirth from the crowd.

"Seven dollars!" snarled the farmer, glaring at him.

"Eight!" shouted Tom.

"Nine!" added the opposing bidder.

Tom's enthusiasm had now reached a fever heat. His face glowed, his eyes sparkled, his throat felt parched and dry. He was resolved to have that horse, if possible.

"Come off, old chap!" whispered Jack. "The auctioneer will think you are in earnest, and you will get caught."

There was no time to explain to Jack that he *was* in earnest.

"Ten dollars!" he called, trembling with excitement.

A momentary pause occurred; but it seemed to Tom an age, for this was his last chance to become the owner of the horse.

The old farmer, priding himself upon his penetration, had concluded that the opposition to him was simply a plan between the lad and the auctioneer.

"Ten dollars, I'm bid!" reiterated the auctioneer. "Who will make it eleven? You gentleman there on the edge of the crowd?"

Tom felt the suspense keenly. But there was no further bidding even from an imaginary buyer in the background.

"Ten dollars!—once, twice, thrice!" repeated the seller. "Going—going—gone! Sold for ten dollars. Name, please? Ah! Mr. Thomas Weldon."

"There, Tom! I told you to look out!" exclaimed Jack, in blank dismay.

But Tom was jubilant.

"That is all right," he said. "I have bought the horse for Vrouw Muller."

Having paid his money, he walked over to the scrawny animal and patted him on the neck with all the pride of ownership.

Jack followed, still dazed.

"By Jove, you have bought a fine bag of bones, then!" he laughed. "Vrouw Betje can use him for a rack to hang clothes upon, though,—if he does not fall dead from weakness and age on the way home."

For the first time Tom contemplated his bargain rather doubtfully. But the old sorrel blinked at him solemnly, as if promising to do his very best to give satisfaction.

To get the horse home Tom must needs ride him. The groom from the car stable loaned him a bridle, and a blanket to serve as a saddle.

"Come, Jack, we can both ride!" said he, magnanimously.

Jack was not sanguine in regard to the journey. He would not abandon his friend in a difficulty to go by train, so they started off along the highway.

How amazed were the Weldon family at sunset when they beheld the boys coming up the road,—Jack astride of an ungainly sorrel horse, and Tom running by his side like a squire of old; for the weight of both had proved too great for their steed!

"It is Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to the life!" said Mr. Weldon, laughing.

And how astonished they were when they learned that the jaded animal was actually Tom's property!

Mevrouw Betje did not look askance at their gift horse, however.

"God be praised! And may He bless thee for a true-hearted lad!" she cried with delight, when Tom, after some difficulty, made her understand that the old sorrel was to be really her own. So extraordinary a piece of good fortune

quite startled her out of her usual Dutch stolidity, and her expressions of gratitude were as quaintly droll as the boy had anticipated.

But while Tom laughed away her thanks, oddly enough a queer mist seemed to dim his sight, and he had to wink away—well, perhaps it was a raindrop that spattered into his eye. Yet he was very light-hearted. His birthday gift had bought for him as full a measure of happiness as it had for Vrouw Betje; for what pleasure in life is so sweet as that of being able, by means great or small, to bring joy to another?

"What will you call your horse, Mevrouw?" he asked.

The old woman reflected a moment or two before replying.

"If it please you let the name be Woyko," she answered at length. "For so was called the donkey we had at home in the days of our prosperity."

A few days later Tom went to visit his godfather, who lived in Boston. When he returned, after an absence of two months, as he walked home from the railway station he descried a familiar figure on the road coming toward him. It was Vrouw Muller trundling along in a wagon that had seen its best days, and driving a fat sorrel horse.

"Ya-ha! Woyko it is, if that is what Master Tom he would ask," she said, after she had exchanged hearty greetings with the boy. "Mr. Weldon he sent us some oats, and Koby give Woyko much care; so he looks fine, is it not so? For a good horse he was, only he had too hard worked. The wagon Mr. Weldon say that we can have, and Koby has made it grand. So we was doing well, God be thanked! And for the winter we will have the bit money we have gained by the garden truck to the town bringing. Ach! to Master Tom, for sure, we owe much fortune. And Master Tom must come take Woyko to drive and ride with him whenever he so please."

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XIII.—OFF FOR LISBON.

LAYAC strutted around the grounds for a few minutes in order to show himself to the crowds who had just acclaimed his appearance, and then walked over to the aeroplane. Tim was already there, giving a last look at the motor and the various levers, and chatting with Mr. Drimel, his late master, who, according to his promise, had come over from Toulouse to see him off.

"Now, then," said Layac to his nephew, "start the motor, while I place myself in the steering seat."

"What's that, Uncle?" replied Tim, "do you mean to say that you are going to steer?"

"Naturally."

"Oh, pshaw! That's simply ridiculous. You know quite well, Uncle, that you are not capable of acting as pilot."

"Who isn't capable? Me?"

"Yes, you, sir. Remember your tumble at Juvisy. It was a miracle that you were not killed on that occasion."

"Do you really believe so?"

"Believe so? I'm quite sure of it."

"Well, perhaps you are right."

And Layac, to whom the prospect of another fall did not appeal very forcibly, was about to yield to Tim's remonstrances when the Captain of the Fire Brigade, who had donned for the occasion his finest uniform, approached him, saying:

"Well, Monsieur Layac, when do you start?"

"Why, right away, Captain," replied the big grocer, in a tone which his emotion caused to tremble a little. Then, turning to his nephew, he commanded him as sternly as he could: "Tim, hasten to execute the order I've given you. Set the motor in action."

Tim was going to present a further objection, but Uncle Layac looked at him

so fiercely that the lad understood at once why, his uncle's vanity being aroused, not even his cowardice or his instinctive prudence would avail to make him change his mind. Accordingly, seeing that it was absolutely useless to discuss the matter further, he contented himself with an inward determination to keep an eye on things generally; and then, while his uncle proudly installed himself in the pilot's seat, he leaned over and with a vigorous jerk of his arm set the motor going.

An emotional "Ah!" ran through the great throng.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Layac impatiently, as he saw Tim making a final inspection of all the levers. "Isn't everything in order?"

"Yes, Uncle: we're all right. We may start whenever you wish."

Layac turned towards the group of city officials standing near by, and, in the tone of a general giving the word to fire in a big battle, solemnly said: "Let her go!"

A spontaneous cheer, louder than all those which had preceded it, arose from swarming thousands.

"Long live Layac! Hurrah for Layac!" they shouted.

Then another cry was taken up and repeated all over the grounds:

"They're off! They've started!"

As a matter of fact, the monoplane, having rolled along the track for fifty or sixty yards, suddenly arose from the ground. The effect on the crowd was stupefying, or, rather, almost maddening. It looked as if all the fifty thousand spectators were suddenly seized with the same delirium. They clapped their hands, stretched their necks, threw up their arms; and, as the slight apparatus rose upwards, it was accompanied with a prolonged roar of thousands of voices.

"Oh, look, look!" they cried. "It's like a bird! It's flying!"

In truth, a phenomenon quite natural and easily intelligible was taking place: the crowd was all at once astounded at

seeing what, after all, they had exactly expected to see.

Before the first minute of their surprise had passed, the monoplane had gone five or six hundred yards—that is, almost to the other extremity of the drilling grounds,—and the spectators began to realize that their pleasure had been very brief. They were not yet, however, at the limit of their emotions.

The aeroplane, steered by Layac, was heading directly for a grove of tall poplars that formed the boundary of the drilling ground; and so fast was it going, and in so nearly horizontal a direction, that everybody expected to see it strike the trees and be ruined. So another cry went up,—this time one of fear:

“Ah-h-h! They’ll be killed!”

Fortunately, however, Tim had his eyes about him. Just as the plane came within a hundred yards of the poplars, he leaned towards his uncle, and with both hands seized one of the levers. The plane immediately swayed to one side, and to the astonishment of the onlookers, reversed its flight and came sailing back towards the grand stands. Frantic hurrahs greeted this performance; for the spectators had for several moments expected to witness ‘a catastrophe, and became enthusiastic when they saw it averted. The enthusiasm was natural enough; for Uncle Layac and Tim had escaped a collision “just by the skin of their teeth,” as Mr. Drimel put it.

Now the aeroplane, the command of which Tim had seized for the time being, began to describe circles of large circumferences; just like birds of prey which, when they wish to rise high in the air, begin by flying in circles that grow constantly higher and higher. So the monoplane rose from fifty to sixty, seventy, eighty, one hundred yards; after which it continued in a horizontal direction making for Toulouse—and Lisbon. Layac and Tim were at last definitely on their way to the “fortune.”

“Well, nephew, dear boy,” said the

uncle, “on the whole everything went off very well, eh?”

“Sure thing, Uncle,—very well indeed,” replied Tim, who, knowing that the big man was rather sensitive, had the good sense to refrain from reminding him that he had all but run the machine into the trees.

“God grant that the voyage may continue as favorably until we get to Lisbon!” added Uncle Layac.

“There’s a saying that God helps those who help themselves, Uncle; and perhaps we ought to take the best means of travelling safely before counting on the assistance of Heaven. There’s one thing we can do to make our voyage, a good deal safer than it will otherwise become.”

“And what is that, pray?”

“It is your consenting, dear Uncle, to let me do the steering,” replied Tim, with just a little hesitation in his tone.

“After all, you may be right,” rejoined the grocer, who, having posed to his satisfaction at their departure from Albi, had now nobody before whom to “show off.” “Besides, while you are steering, I can admire the landscape.”

“All right, then,” said Tim. “You take my seat and I’ll take yours.”

With infinite precautions the two aviators accordingly exchanged places,—a proceeding which came very near being too much for the elder, because when he stood up he could not but look downwards, and the sight of the “empty void” below him made him so dizzy that he almost fell out of the plane. The change was at last effected, however; and the monoplane, as if it realized that the proper pilot was at the helm, bounded forward with increased rapidity.

“That’s the idea!” cried Tim. “The wind is fair and the motor is running as smoothly as one could wish. A few days at this rate, and we’ll be in Lisbon.”

“Oh, there’s no need of hurrying!” replied Layac. “We have more than a month left us for the trip.”

“A month?”

"Yes, I've been calculating, and find that we have exactly thirty-five days in which to make the trip,—in other words, just five weeks."

"All the same," said Tim with confidence, "we'll get there in ten days. It's not going to be said that, in the year 1910, it took an aviator like me five weeks to fly from Albi to Lisbon."

And despite the remonstrance of his uncle, who began to feel that they were travelling a little too swiftly for comfort, Tim deliberately increased the speed.

Those first hours of the aerial voyage were hours of genuine enchantment for the young mechanic. It appeared to him that he was lord and master of the air and of space. And no one who has not had the experience can adequately appreciate the unparalleled sensation of sweeping through an atmosphere full of May sunshine, at an elevation of four or five hundred feet above the earth.

"O Uncle, Uncle, if you only knew how happy I am!" exclaimed the delighted boy every few minutes.

Our young apprentice had never before, indeed, enjoyed such a celebration. He was blissfully happy. And, while behind him the motor gave out its regular, sonorous droning, it seemed to him as if it was the very air that was singing.

Layac, on the other hand, was not at all enthusiastic. Now that the excitement of their departure was over, and that he found himself some five hundred feet above ground, he began to think that this aerial locomotion was not all that its admirers claimed for it—was more disagreeable, indeed, than pleasant,—and that his good friend Doremus had made a sad mistake when he obliged him to make this raid through space. Yet they were beautiful, even fairy-like, all those rich and verdant fields and meadows over which the aeroplane passed, unrolling themselves continually in the sun-shot glory of this springtime afternoon.

Down below, in the meantime, on the roadways and in the fields, what excite-

ment and agitation there was! At the doors of every house and cabin, along all the highways and byways, people were standing, with heads thrown back and arms raised to Heaven, wondering in a state of stupefaction what in the world could be this strange bird passing over them. The children took it for a monster kite; and the old women declared that such a prodigy must mean that the end of the world was at hand. As for the men,—not to compromise themselves, they shrugged their shoulders with a knowing air, and muttered something about "a new war-machine."

In the course of two hours the monoplane arrived at Toulouse, which Tim recognized a good distance away by the spire of St. Sernin's church. Passing the city without stopping, they flew above the great plain, so rich from an agricultural point of view, but also so monotonous as a landscape, which stretches from Toulouse to Auch. It was almost dark when they reached this latter city, from which they set out the next morning at eight o'clock, amid the general curiosity of the inhabitants, with Pau for their next objective point.

(To be continued.)

A Famous Mason.

FROM the following inscription on the Abbey of Melrose, consecrated in 1146, it would appear that a mason named John Murdo superintended most of the ecclesiastical edifices of Scotland:

John Murdo sum tym callit was I,
And born in Parysse certainly,
And had in keyping all mason werk
Of Sanctandroys, the hye kyrk
Of Glasgu, Melros, and Paslay,
Of Nyddysdale, and of Galway.
Pray to God, and Mari baith,
And sweet St. John, keep this holy kyrk fray
skaith.

Kyrk means church, of course; "fray" is the Scotch for "from"; and "skaith" is injury; the meaning of all the other words will easily be guessed.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A welcome announcement by Messrs. Chapman & Hall is "Precepts and Judgments," by Marshal Foch, translated by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and containing a biography of the author by Col. Grasset.

—"John Redmond's Last Years," by Stephen Gwynn, who was a close friend of the Irish leader and a member of his party, is in press by Longmans, Green & Co. Mr. Gwynn has had access to all of Redmond's papers.

—A Nativity play entitled "The Shepherds," by Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., will be published in the autumn by Burns & Oates. We learn that it is to be acted in London during the Christmas season, under the management of Miss Edith Craig, well known in connection with the Pioneer Players, whose aim is to give a better tone to the stage.

—"The Catholic Truth Society: Its History and Objects," by Hugh Fraser Mackintosh, and "Reading Circles and Study Clubs" are pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada. The former is an interesting account of different agencies in the production and dissemination of Catholic literature; the latter, a catalogue of authors and titles, which is susceptible of much improvement.

—The death of Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, is a great loss, not only to the venerable institution over which he presided so worthily, but to Catholic literature as well. He was a frequent contributor to Irish, English, American, and Italian reviews, and the author of a number of meritorious books, the best known among them being probably "Catholicity and Progress in Ireland" and "Life of St. Columbanus."

—Messrs. Dent & Co., to whom the reading public is indebted for so many beautiful books, announce for early publication a color edition of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," illustrated by the French artist, Eugène Burnand. The translation is by Prof. Okey, and contains fresh material in the shape of additional chapters—from a Spanish version of the work (1492), and from other sources—which have not hitherto been translated into English.

—The Church and the Order of St. Benedict have sustained a distinct loss by the death of Dom Henry Norbert Birt, which took place on the 21st ult. On this side of the Atlantic he was best known for his scholarly "Elizabethan Religious Settlement" and "Lingard's History Abridged." He was a model monk,—pious,

simple, and industrious, carrying out the spirit of Lord Collingwood's saying: "Not to be afraid of doing too much; those who are, seldom do as much as they ought." *R. I. P.*

—Some very attractive titles appear in the announcements of new and forthcoming books, among them: "A Stainless Sword," a romance of the Crusades, by the Rev. J. J. Kelly, O. S. F.; "Jacopone da Todi," a spiritual biography, by Miss Evelyn Underhill; and "Catholic Soldiers," by sixty chaplains and others, edited by the Rev. Charles Plater, S. J.

—A new book by Dr. E. J. Dillon, dealing with "The Peace Conference," will soon be published by Messrs. Hutchinson, London. It will have much to tell, the announcement states, about the inner history of what really happened in Paris, including "a vast amount of hitherto unpublished information on the growth and development of the causes of dissension among the associated Powers, and the methods taken to arrange a settlement of these."

—One of the disastrous results of modern spiritism is the weakening of the power of accurate observation—a power by no means common—on the part of investigators. It is generally supposed that all members of the Society for Psychical Research are possessed of the wary accuracy demanded in examining spiritualist phenomena. But they are not: they seem to live in a world where almost anything is credible; and most of the books which they and their followers produce are just what might be expected of them. "Modern Psychical Phenomena," by Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., and described as a "startling volume," has afforded us no thrills, because it seems to appeal to the love of the marvellous, and to have been written for believers in all the tomfoolery that goes under the name of spiritism; also for the purpose of increasing the number of the credulous. A considerable portion of the book is not new, and many pages, we must say, are mere twaddle. Works like "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," by Dr. W. T. Crawford, Mr. A. B. Richmond's "Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report," and others that we might mention, possess a real scientific value; but by far the larger number of books on the subject of spiritualism are to be classed as worthless,—worse than worthless, on account of being mischievous as well as misleading. Let us not be understood as holding that there is nothing in spiritism but conjuring and fraud.

We know better. Modern spiritism is the ancient necromancy. Viewed in the light of Christian Revelation and orthodox theology, as a recent writer remarks, "it has three sides—namely, its falsity, its sacrilege, and its disastrous results."

A noble champion of the Church was the late Mr. W. S. Lilly, who passed to his well-earned rest on the 30th ult., at the venerable age of seventy-nine. From the day of his conversion to the Faith until almost his last hour his energies were devoted to the cause of Catholic truth. His scholarly books and his numerous not less important contributions to the leading English reviews and journals on religious, historical, social and political subjects, bear witness to his unflagging industry and indefatigable zeal. By far the most important service rendered by Mr. Lilly, in our opinion, is "Characteristics of Cardinal Newman," a volume industriously and very discriminatingly compiled from the works of his venerated friend and guide. It has done untold good, not only by propagating the opinions but by diffusing the saintly spirit of that great father of souls. The London *Tablet*, in an extended notice of Mr. Lilly's career, refers to him as "The Apostle of the Magazines"; as "a man in whom word and deed were loyally mated; a man of unwearying industry in propagating the creed which he illustrated with his own blameless life." Peace to his soul!

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
 "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
 "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baierl. \$2.
 "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
 "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.

- "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "Marshal Foch." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
 "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
 "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
 "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
 "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.
 "His Luckiest Year." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. \$1.
 "The Heart of Alsace." Benjamin Vallotton. \$1.50.
 "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Lapointe, of the diocese of St. John; Rev. J. F. Byrne, archdiocese of San Francisco; and Rev. Joseph Hynek, diocese of San Antonio.

Brother Remigius, C. S. C.

Mother M. Cecilia, of the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M.; and Sister M. Gabriel, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. William S. Lilly, Mr. J. H. Williams, Mrs. Laurence Flood, Mr. Frank Ambs, Mr. James Burke, Mr. Henry McMullen, Mrs. S. M. Berry, Miss Helen Boyce, Mr. J. N. Schoppe, Mrs. Margaret Phillips, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mrs. Amelia Boyle, Mr. Joseph Reising, Mr. William McDonald, Miss Winifred Curley, Mrs. Catherine Moran, Mr. Charles Husbauer, Miss Mary Cushing, Mrs. Hannah McEntee, Miss Margaret Dougherty, Mr. Frank Joblowski, Mrs. Mary Lilly, and Mr. A. W. Noel.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Our Lady of the Starlight.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

THE blue-robed sky, with starry blossoms
sown,

How like her eyes, immeasurably fair!

The golden moon that climbs the southern stair
Is lit with beauty, richly overblown

With summer's honeyed breeze; somewhere, alone,

I think Our Lady walked, hushed deep in pray'r,

Whenafter she heard Gabriel declare:

"Hail Mary, full of grace!" in gracious tone.

Still paths she trod in girlhood, free from fears;

But soon broke storms of sorrow; life became

For her a night of darkness, blood and flame,—

Life's thunder roared amid a rain of tears;

Then quietness, but peace no more for shame,

Remembering His death through starlight years.

A New Catholic Power.

BY BEN HURST.

SERBIA was so long an outpost of Greek Orthodoxy that it is difficult at once to realize her transformation into the Kingdom of Yugoslavia (Yug-South), or Kingdom of the Southern Slavs, where Catholics predominate. The new State counts seven million Catholics and six million Orthodox. These figures are, of course, approximate, pending the final regulation of frontiers; but even if fresh decisions of the Peace Conference in Paris should increase or diminish the population, this proportion

will remain practically the same. Croatia and Slovenia are overwhelmingly Catholic. Dalmatia is almost entirely Catholic; and since the Balkan War of 1912, Serbia already counted some thousand Macedonian Catholics among her people. Before that date the Serbians of Serbia did not include more than a dozen Catholics among them. During thirty years' residence in that country, the present writer never met more Catholics of Serbian birth than could be reckoned on the fingers of one hand.

The religious question was considered an insuperable barrier to closer relations with Serbia's kith and kin of Croatia and Slovenia; and this feeling was fostered by the two great rival Powers that overshadowed the East: Austria and Russia. The Holy Synod of Russia, as well as the Tsar's political régime, viewed with disfavor and misgiving all attempts at a *rapprochement* between Serbia and the Catholic Slavs around her. The statesmen of Russia were ready to help the formation of a greater Serbia, which would comprise Orthodox Bosnia, Orthodox Herzegovina, and link up with Orthodox Montenegro. The Southern Slav Catholics were left outside their calculations, as it was held desirable that Serbia remain a purely Orthodox State. With the downfall of the Tsarist régime a new horizon opened for Serbia's untrammelled extension.

In a wave of generous tolerance, Serbia, whose valor had delivered her entire kindred, decreed the abolition of all special privileges enjoyed by the State Church, and placed the Catholic and Orthodox

creeds on a footing of perfect equality. The Catholic bishops of Croatia and Slovenia responded by hearty adherence to the Government of Serbia; and, in the chaos of Austria-Hungary's disruption, the brightest outlook for the Church was afforded by the spectacle of this happy fusion of two Christian elements,—a fusion that guarantees Catholic liberty and every facility, therefore, for Catholic expansion. In order to emphasize her attitude, Serbia, alone qualified to treat at Paris with her allies, proceeded to admit Catholics to the direction of affairs. A Slovene priest, Dr. Anton Korosec, became vice-president of the Serbian Cabinet; a Catholic professor was appointed Minister of Public Instruction; two other Catholics got less important portfolios; and a Catholic chaplain was named to read prayers at the opening of parliament. Among the elected members of that body are many Catholic priests, mostly representing Slovene constituencies; for the Slovenes (a more Catholic people than even the Irish, since they are quite free of Protestantism) are accustomed to confide all their cares and interests to their clergy.

Thus Serbia has, strangely enough, taken up the mantle of Austria with regard to being the leading Catholic State of Southeastern Europe. The amalgamation with those of her race who profess the Catholic faith has served her politically and will no doubt also serve her morally. Their higher intellectual culture will be of immense advantage in the formation of new conditions, and their fixed standards of thought and act will give the tone to new educational values. As an instance, we may point to the continuation of religious instruction in the advanced classes of Serbian Orthodox Schools. This subject had been eliminated in favor of literature or natural science, which accounts in part for the estrangement from his national creed of the average educated Serbian, accustomed to belittle all but materialistic knowledge. Under the

healthy incentive of rivalry, the Orthodox clergy are now coming forward with various projects for the revival of belief among their indifferentist flocks; and if these efforts be sustained, a healthy spirit will replace the stagnation that formerly characterized Serbian Orthodoxy.

The Catholics of Croatia and Slovenia, on their side, are full of ardor for the reunion of the Churches. Already a Chair has been endowed in the Catholic University of Agram for the study of the Orthodox faith; and the clergy of both creeds have formed a union of prayer for their common aspirations and desires. Whatever difficulties may stand in the way of consolidating the young State of Yugoslavia, none are likely to arise from religious bigotry. It is true that there is still a small minority of irreconcilables in Croatia, who refuse to join the "schismatic Serbs" at any price. This attitude must gradually disappear, however, as they realize all the advantages offered to them by a liberal administration on purely national lines, such as they never could hope to enjoy under the most clement Austrian régime.

Far otherwise is it with the irreligious elements, who would fain see the Church's influence diminished with the fall of the Hapsburg dynasty, and are already endeavoring to create friction where none exists. Thus the appointment of a bishop to the See of Jakovo without reference to the Serbian Government was made the subject of violent recrimination on the part of men noted for their anti-clerical agitations throughout the former Austria-Hungary. The Serbian Government hastened to dissociate itself from this campaign, and to accentuate its complete deference to the ruling of the Holy See. On the other hand, the semi-official organ of the Vatican explained that Serbia had requested, in the friendliest terms, that she might in future be consulted in the matter of episcopal appointments; and had received an explanation, likewise couched in the friendliest language, of the

Vatican procedure. The Concordat concluded with Serbia some time before the outbreak of the Great War has not yet been extended to the newly-created province of Yugoslavia; therefore it is not binding on the Holy See elsewhere than in Serbia proper.

The effect of this little incident has been to accelerate preparations for the recognition of the Serbian Concordat, so eminently satisfactory to the Holy See, as binding on the new Yugoslavia. Serbia, who sacrificed one-fourth of her population for the realization of her national ideals, is fully aware of the political advantages to be gained by assuming the rights and status of a Catholic Power. It is true that the former State religion is not shorn of any of its rights, but it no longer possesses them exclusively. The Moslem element is negligible; and Catholicism, a living, working factor, is bound to lead. Already Catholic principles are asserting themselves in the new Legislative Assembly of Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes. The devoted Slovene pastors will "let no grass grow under their feet," as the saying is. They are full of gratitude to the brave Serbian Army that brought freedom to the entire race; and they are very glad to feel that they, in turn, possess a gift far more priceless, which they long to share, in God's own time, with their Serbian brethren.

How it is that Christianity is always failing, yet always continuing, God only knows, who wills this,—but so it is; and it is no paradox to say, on the one hand, that Christianity has lasted eighteen hundred years, and that it may last many years more, and yet that it draws to an end,—nay, is likely to end any day. And God would have us give our minds and hearts to the latter side of the alternative, to open them to impressions *from* this side—viz., that the end is coming; it being a wholesome thing to live as if *that* will come in our day which may come any day.—*Cardinal Newman.*

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XIV.—HOPES AND FEARS.

THE doctor's favorable opinion of Patrick Hathaway's condition proved ill-founded. During the evening that followed his escapade he showed signs of such restless excitement that Elspeth was filled with alarm. Before long it was evident that he was suffering from fever. When Wat returned from work he, too, was greatly disturbed by the youth's condition. It was found necessary to keep watch all night; for Patrick soon became delirious, and in the morning the leech was sent for without delay.

There followed many days and nights, during which some one had to be constantly at his bedside. Master Muir, anxious to do anything in his power for the relief of the invalid, and for providing sufficient relays of nurses and attendants, set free any of his servants who were of use to render help whenever required. Thus Adam and Rob, besides Elspeth and Wat, were able to take turns in the sick room. Mistress Muir had at once insisted upon Agnes' removing for a time to the manor house; although later she might be able to help, it was more seemly that Patrick should be left for the present in charge of those who had been appointed.

Master Jerrold, the leech, visited the lodge daily. Like many country practitioners of that period, he was neither profoundly learned nor widely experienced; it might well be that the absence of skilful treatment of the wounds in the first instance had brought on the fever. Speedy recovery was now out of the question; the cause of anxiety was the great weakness which followed when the fever had been subdued, and which gave rise to grave apprehension on the part of Patrick's friends.

But the youth's fine constitution, uninjured by excess of any kind, had probably as much to do with saving his life as the treatment and medicines employed by Master Jerrold. It was a joy to the devoted nurses to see that, in spite of excessive weakness, Patrick showed signs of having turned into the road that led towards ultimate recovery. Those zealous attendants had spared themselves in nothing that could benefit him; he might have been of nearest kin to each and all, so unstinted was their labor and patience.

It was remarkable how the youth won the affection of all who came into close contact with him; it touched everyone to see the grateful humility—added to the charm which was natural to him—with which he acknowledged his indebtedness to these simple working-folk for renewed health, and even life. As he gradually gained strength, his cheery gaiety showed itself in the playful humor with which he rallied Elspeth on her fretful anxiety about his welfare,—“like an old mother hen with her weakly chick.” He took delight in joking and twitting Wat, in laughing and jesting with Rob, in encouraging Adam's quaint reflections on men and things. To see him thus was a joy to them all, for it was proof of approaching recovery.

To none was the suspense of that trying period more disquieting than to Agnes Kynloch. Patrick and she, to the world outside of them, were little more than ordinary acquaintances; yet to her it seemed as though an invisible bond had gradually drawn them closer together. He had long been her ideal of a true Catholic gentleman,—brave, courteous, kindly in all the affairs of ordinary life; staunch, fearless and devout in the practice of his faith. The pert attitude of her cousin Helen towards him, culminating in violent invectives against all of his way of thinking, had shamed Agnes deeply. At first it was pity for him that had stirred her; then, when she discovered that his loss of Helen was less afflicting than she had

feared, pity gave place to appreciation.

Patrick was, indeed, the only youth with whom the maiden had been on terms of intimacy. For, previous to Nell's outburst, his visits to the goldsmith's house had been frequent; and, though the bright, beautiful Helen had been the obvious attraction, Agnes had been necessarily thrown much into his company. Nicol Ross, it is true, had attempted to make himself agreeable to her in his somewhat boisterous fashion; for when Nell was unapproachable by reason of some more favored suitor, Nicol would try to force his company upon the quieter cousin, however coldly he might be met. Had he been as winning as Patrick, he would have fared no better; his Protestant upbringing and surroundings were sufficient entirely to disqualify him in the eyes of Agnes.

So far as birth went, Agnes was a fit partner for either of the young men. Her father, Sir Andrew Kynloch, though he had espoused the sister of a burgher of Edinburgh, was of ancient lineage, fully equal to the Hathaways and their forbears. Like the Hathaways, too, he had impoverished himself by his loyalty to Church and queen. It was but natural then, that Patrick's evident appreciation of herself, joined to her own real liking for him, should have given the youth a prominent place in her thoughts and aspirations.

No wonder, therefore, that Patrick's illness, so long and so fraught with anxiety should cost Agnes many a secret pang. The mysterious nature of the accident which had befallen him was another source of solicitude. Beyond vague remarks dropped by Wat about priest-catchers and a hostile attack, little information reached her on the subject. Her maiden modesty shrank from direct inquiry of the Logans or Sybalds, and Mistress Muir seemed to know as little about the matter as she. Master Muir, kind and hospitable as he was, and ready to do all in his power to help the youth back to health,

was not the man to communicate whatever he might have learned about raids on priests or anything relating to them. He had been careful to ascertain from Patrick what were the latter's wishes with regard to acquainting his relatives. But Patrick was desirous that his uncle should not be rendered anxious in his regard as long as there was hope of his ultimate recovery. He had made Sir Jasper acquainted with his whereabouts before his eventful ride with the priest, and preferred to wait a while before communicating with him further. This much the ladies knew, but little more.

It was, therefore, with real joy that Patrick was welcomed to the manor house on the first occasion on which he was strong enough to get there, borne in an improvised litter by Adam and Wat. His pale face, worn to a distressing thinness, alarmed Agnes; but the young man's gay good humor showed that there was no lack of life in him, however weak he might have been rendered by the recent stress; and her fears were soon dispelled.

As he gained strength, his visits became more frequent and even daily. Soon he was able to hobble up the avenue with no further assistance than a stout staff; and, except during his hours of sleep and necessary rest, he might be said to reside at the manor house. Invited by good Mistress Muir to remove thither, he could never be persuaded to inflict upon the faithful Elspeth the sorrow which such a preference would cause. Yet he was welcomed at their midday meal whenever he chose to present himself, or to join Master Muir at a game with the cards or the draught-board in the evening, or chat with that shrewd old humorist while the latter sat by the hearth smoking his pipe.

Master Muir was often absent of an afternoon; but the ladies were pleased to see Master Hathaway in the withdrawing-room while they stitched or knitted, and to listen to his gay remarks on various subjects. It was on one occasion of the kind that they heard from him

the account of the adventures which had led to his accident. Suppressing all mention of Stoneyburn and the flight thence in company with red-headed Willie, as perilously bordering upon disclosure of a secret, he told of his accidental meeting with the Jesuit, and his resolve to accompany him, in the absence of the serving-man, on his missionary travels in the neighborhood of Stirling and into Fife-shire: For some weeks he had been thus privileged to assist at Mass frequently, and to render many useful services to Master Burnet, who had dressed and acted while on their journey, as Patrick's servant.

It was when they were near Stirling that they heard of the extreme danger in which young Bonnytoun lay. A letter long delayed at length reached the Father. In it John Wood, brother of the prisoner, told of the passing of the sentence against Bonnytoun; and begged the Jesuit to hasten with all speed to Edinburgh, so that the condemned man might not pass out of life entirely deprived of the consolations of religion. The letter spoke of the hopes of the friends of James Wood that the king would intervene to prevent the death sentence from being carried out, but insisted very strongly upon the desire felt by both brothers to have the priest at hand in case the worst should happen.

Master Burnet had at once set out for Edinburgh. Patrick remained for a while with friends near Stirling, in order to join the Jesuit on his return. He would have gladly risked appearing in the city if he could be of any service to his unfortunate friend; but the priest had strongly deprecated any such attempt.

The execution of young Bonnytoun, with its attendant circumstances, was already a subject of much lamentation at Hopkailzie; but Patrick had more to relate which had not reached them before: the treachery of the priest's serving-man, the failure of his plot, the absolution which Master Burnet had been able to

impart at the last moment, and the safe retreat of the Jesuit from Edinburgh to rejoin Patrick and proceed into Fifeshire.

The priest had been warned about the renewed activity of priest-catchers in that county, and considered it prudent to remain but a short time in Fife. They had accordingly moved away to the neighborhood of Stirling, intending to take the direction of Dumbarton and Glasgow. But tidings of pursuit reached the Jesuit before they were well on their way; and he changed his plan, and resolved to make for Leith by a circuitous route, and thence to Dundee. The priest-catchers, however, were soon on their trail and had pursued them across country to the very gates of Hopkailzie, where the ruse carried out with Wat's help had enabled Father McQuhirrie to escape, though it had cost Patrick some weeks of illness.

Although the youth was well enough to think of leaving the gatehouse and betaking himself elsewhere, his good friends at Hopkailzie were very strongly opposed to his venturing anywhere near Edinburgh at that juncture. The fate of young Bonnytoun had stirred up fresh animosity against Catholics, even as the taste of blood rouses the fierce cravings of a wild beast. Everyone knew that the Hathaways favored Papists, although Sir Jasper's cleverness had eluded detection as a practising Catholic; moreover, it was known to Allardyce, the spy, that Patrick was one of those present at Mass, although his name and family had not yet been discovered. Under such circumstances the young man would be rash—as his kind adviser, Mistress Muir, persistently told him,—even to venture near his uncle's house. The further entanglement with the priest-catchers rendered caution doubly necessary. At Hopkailzie he was safer for the present than anywhere; the rebuff met by Allardyce and his companion at the interview with Master Muir would deter them from further inquiries at Hopkailzie, especially since

the priest had eluded them. So Patrick remained, well pleased to find himself in such pleasant quarters. He was not yet sufficiently recovered to join Master Muir in outdoor sports, even had it been advisable to take the risk; thus he found himself more and more thrown into the society of the ladies.

The Laird himself took no part in those consultations; his good lady was Patrick's sole adviser in such matters. Master Muir to the world outside was a sufficiently devout Presbyterian for a country gentleman,—not given to over-much kirk-going, perhaps; but no worse in that respect than many others. He was an intimate friend of Lord Fyvie, provost of Edinburgh, as everyone might see; his parish minister, Master Doctor Fenton, was a frequent guest at his table, too. What more could be desired of a loyal Scottish landowner? Yet, in spite of all this, it is to be suspected that Mistress Muir's advice, so sensible, and so worldly-wise withal, owed much to private conferences with her husband, whose real religious opinions and true state of mind she alone, of all his circle of friends and acquaintances—Lord Fyvie excepted,—thoroughly knew.

After more weeks of such frequent intercourse, Agnes and Patrick became almost insensibly drawn closer together in sympathies and aspirations. The attraction of youth for maiden grew daily more evident to the keen eyes of that inveterate little matchmaker, the Lady of Hopkailzie, who let slip no opportunity of strengthening the ties which had already begun to bind the two together. To her mind, no pair could be more marvellously suited: both were Catholics, staunch beyond compare; both were of good blood; each seemed to be attracted by the other. True, neither had much fortune; yet Patrick would come some day into possession of Haddowstane, such as it was; and Agnes had a tiny income of her own from the rents of a couple of farms (her father's dwindled estate), in addition to whatever Hugh Gilchrist, a wealthy bur-

guess, might be expected to bestow upon his much-loved niece.

Whatever Mistress Muir might plan and plot in order to bring about the union she so greatly longed for, she was impotent apart from the will and desire of the two persons concerned. Yet to an outsider it would appear that very little encouragement or assistance was needed. There could be no doubt that a warm friendship, at least, had sprung up between them. Whether it was to develop into a tie deeper and more intimate time would show. Mistress Muir, however, felt assured of the result.

Had that good lady possessed the gift of thought-reading, her self-congratulation would have suffered a check. Agnes and Patrick were undoubtedly close friends, but nothing more. The mind of the maiden was, in reality, secretly ill at ease. In Edinburgh, Patrick had begun to show a more than friendly interest in Helen's little cousin; and she, on her part, had been sincerely gratified that his emancipation from Helen's toils had not only left him heart-whole, but seemed to be turning his affections towards herself. She had long admired and esteemed him in secret, both for his staunch Catholicism and his attractive character, with its gifts of courage, gaiety, and modest bearing. Thus the half-expressed hope of closer relationship had begun to haunt her.

Then came his accident and consequent illness, with the resultant anxiety, soon to be dispelled by a slow but sure recovery. The pleasant days of convalescence had taught the maiden still more about Patrick's real worth, and had increased the warmth of feeling in his regard which she acknowledged to herself. They had been growing in pleasant intimacy day by day, and Agnes had felt assured that the time was near at hand when the youth would make his desires known.

But a change, undetected by Mistress Muir, had passed over Patrick. Agnes could see it. For no reason that she could assign, a kind of coolness had set in between

them, which weakened her rising hopes. Patrick no longer welcomed her presence with that charming smile; the ready pleasantry which had so often lighted up his bright eyes with mirthful gaiety was less observable; while always courteous and gallant, the tender intimacy which had seemed to draw them so closely together—presage of a nearer and dearer tie—had vanished. Yet no blame could be attached to him; he had spoken no word of love, nor had he shown any sign of affection that could compromise him. Nevertheless, in her own heart's depths the maiden knew for certain that a sore disappointment had fallen upon her in these days of her real loneliness,—that her rosy visions were destined to fade.

Such forebodings were soon to take more definite shape. It was lovely summer weather, for August had just set in; and Mistress Muir and Agnes sat under a wide-spreading lime in the garden. Flowers shone everywhere; the scent of roses and the hum of bees filled the air. Agnes had her lace pillow on her lap, and was busy tracing with the threads of her bobbins some intricate pattern. Mistress Muir was knitting. Through the hedges of clipped yews came Patrick in their direction. He had practically recovered, except for a slight lameness which still called for the help of a staff. In face and figure he was almost his old self.

The hostess welcomed him effusively.

"Come and seat yourself on the grass-plot, Master Hathaway!" she exclaimed. "I've news for you."

The youth obeyed at once.

"Ye've lady friends coming from town to visit you," she went on, casting a sly glance in the direction of Agnes, who appeared to be deeply absorbed in her lace-making.

"I've no lady friends in town who would seek me here," said Patrick, laughingly. "But why such mystery?"

"Two ladies are certainly coming here, and they're as certainly friends of yours. No lady friends who would seek you,

forsooth! What about the Monnypenny ladies?"

Patrick laughed gleefully.

"Oh, the Monnypennys!" he cried. "They're more than friends: they're just aunties."

"That's what Agnes called them," rejoined the irrepressible little lady. "So they're aunties to both of you! Well, I must needs run in and make sure that the maids have all prepared for them, since they come to-night."

Laying aside her knitting, she tripped across the lawn and into the house, leaving the young people to themselves.

Mistress Muir's transparent insinuation added to the embarrassment of the moment. It was not easy to find a way out of the subject, but the youth did his best by making pleasant inquiries about the coming visitors. Then silence fell, and the shadow made itself perceptible which had lately dimmed the brightness of their intercourse.

Patrick from his seat on the grass gazed fixedly down to the lower levels far away, where the faintly perceptible cluster of buildings—which meant the city of Edinburgh—lay in the bluish haze of a hot afternoon. Agnes bent her head over her work, and her flying fingers twisted the bobbins, whose gentle rattle alone broke the silence. Then the youth spoke.

"Poor Jamie!" he said softly, then heaved a deep sigh.

Agnes knew well enough what was in his mind: he was lamenting the fate of his dead comrade.

"And yet," Patrick continued, "'twould be truer to call him 'lucky Jamie.' What could be better than to give one's life for the best of causes—for there can be no doubt that Jamie Wood died for his Faith? Had he not been so true a Catholic, he would sure be living yet."

Then there was silence again for a while. With a trace of bashfulness—that shyness which youthful manhood feels in alluding to the heart's most sacred emotions—Patrick at last revealed himself to the maiden.

"The faith dying out, and priests so scarce!" he spoke as though to himself alone. "'Tis enough to make a man long to do whate'er he can to help poor folk to stand firm, and e'en to gain the faith. 'Tis but a selfish thing—does it seem thus to you, Mistress Agnes?—for one to settle down contentedly to the ordinary human joys of life, and leave it to others to struggle and fight on behalf of the one thing needful."

There followed another spell of silence. The girl dare not lift her eyes, but sat with bent head, swiftly weaving her threads. She felt as though everyone she twisted was helping to spin out for her a future which lay desolate and joyless before her mental vision.

"Maybe," went on the quiet voice, "the Lord asks sacrifice of more of us. He wills it for the good of our fellows."

She realized then that a more sacred fire than that which human love could kindle had touched his heart.

"You're both deadly silent!" cried the cheerful voice of Mistress Muir, as she tripped across the grass towards them.

"My thread is spun out," said Agnes, controlling her voice with supreme effort. "I must away to the house."

(To be continued.)

Harvest Time.

BY MARION MUIR.

THE autumn sun is glowing
 On ripened fields of grain,
 Whose crested waves are flowing
 Like billows of the main.
 And Indian Ocean never
 More precious burden bore
 Than waits now man's endeavor
 Its garnered wealth to store.
 Blessed His name who dowers
 With ample yield the plain,
 Whose changing suns and showers
 Brought bounty in their train!

The Vision of Father Kozeniecki.

BY JULIUS PATTEN.

TAKEN in connection with recent events, there can be little doubt that the terrific vision with which the holy Dominican, Father Kozeniecki, was favored just one hundred years ago, related to the present period. The vision came to him one memorable night in 1819, as he knelt in the solitude of his cell praying for the welfare of Poland. Himself a Pole, Father Kozeniecki had a great devotion to his martyred countryman, Blessed Andrew Bobola. Indeed, it was while he was imploring his help and intercession that the martyr suddenly appeared to the Dominican, and, lifting the veil of futurity, gave him one fleeting glimpse of the war that would convulse the world a century later.

Blessed Andrew Bobola was born in the Palatinate of Sandomir, where his family had been illustrious for generations; and in 1611 he joined the Society of Jesus at Wilna. After his ordination in 1622, he was appointed preacher to the church of St. Casimir, patron of Poland; and was made superior at Bobruisk some eight years later. He was a wonderful orator, and was distinguished before all others for his self-sacrifice and devotion during an epidemic of the plague. His work in the Lithuanian missions began in 1636, when Poland was being ravaged by Cossacks, Russians, and Tartars, and the Catholic Faith was made the object of the concerted attacks of Protestants and schismatics alike.

Blessed Andrew's success in converting schismatics made him many powerful and vindictive enemies. When the adherents of the Greek Pope decided to centralize their forces in Polesia, one of the Catholic nobles of that province placed a house at Pinsk at the disposal of the Jesuits, and here Blessed Andrew was stationed. Nothing was left untried that

might hinder his work or put obstacles in his way; but all in vain. Exasperated at their failure, his enemies placed in his path two brutal Cossacks, who, after severely beating him, tied him to their saddles and dragged him to Janow. Here the brave priest was put to death with the most terrible tortures on the 16th of May, 1657. He was buried first in the collegiate church of Pinsk, and then at Polotsk.

On this night in 1819, of which mention has been made, as Father Kozeniecki was absorbed in prayer, he suddenly became conscious of another presence in the room. It had not entered through the door, for that was shut; nor through the window, which was also closed. But there it was, all the same,—standing at his very elbow, clad in the sombre garb of a member of the Society of Jesus. Familiar as he was with the pictured representations of Blessed Andrew Bobola, the Dominican had no doubt as to the identity of the apparition, and was overwhelmed with joy at this mark of Heaven's favor, and sign that his prayers had been pleasing to God. The martyr had come to the assistance of his suffering country, and was ready to serve her still in her hour of need, even as he had loved and served her while on earth.

"Arise!" said the celestial visitor, and the Dominican rose to his feet. "Now open your window and look out." Father Kozeniecki obeyed at once, expecting to be confronted by the quiet convent garden, bathed in the cold moonlight. How widely different was the scene that met his view! The garden had disappeared,—not a shrub or a flower remained; and in its place was a wide plain, with a seemingly interminable landscape stretching in the distance, and which he was given to understand was the fair province of Pinsk.

Bewildered, the Dominican turned as if asking for further information. "Look again!" said the figure. Father Kozeniecki looked; and, behold! the vast plain, empty of life but an instant before, was now

overrun with soldiers. Russians, Turks, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Austrians, and Prussians, as well as crowds of others whose nationality he could not make out,—all were there, engaged in a sanguinary struggle, “such as might take place in a war of extermination.” The terrible vision melted away after a few moments; the landscape faded, and once more the convent garden bloomed peacefully in the moonlight. But the memory of the terrible conflict of which he had just had a glimpse left Father Kozeniecki a prey to the saddest misgivings.

“When the war of which you have just seen a picture shall have given way to peace,” said the apparition, pitying his anguish and dismay, “Poland shall be restored, and I shall be recognized as its principal patron.”

With these words the black-robed figure disappeared, leaving the good Dominican greatly consoled.

During the century of sorrow that ensued, the cry of suffering Poland ascended day and night, and seemingly in vain. There were wars and rumors of war often enough; but the great war prophesied by Blessed Andrew Bobola, the war wherein almost all the nations of the earth would be engaged, was yet to come. Simultaneously with its outbreak in August, 1914, the Grand-Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, issued, to the people of Poland a proclamation in the course of which he said: “The hour has come in which the sacred dream of your fathers, and of your ancestors is to be fulfilled. A century and a half has passed since the living body of Poland was torn to pieces, but her soul is still alive. She has lived on in the hope that the moment of her resuscitation would come.”

Commenting upon these words, a French Dominican, Père Mainage, says: “Five years have passed, and Poland has indeed been resuscitated. But it is not the sceptre of the Tsars that has touched the tomb where she has been enshrouded. A Poland,

stronger and freer than could have been conceived by the son of the Romanoffs, blossoms on the ruins of the very Empires that tore her living body without being able to destroy her soul.”

In his “*La Pologne, Puissance Catholique*,” Père Mainage adds that France, “the Eldest Daughter of the Church,” will welcome reborn Poland with open arms as a Catholic Power prepared to throw her weight on the side of religious and social liberty. But the sufferings of Poland are as a drop in the ocean compared with those endured by Ireland, her sister in sorrow. It may be that they are also destined to be sisters in joy, and that the year which witnesses the fulfilment of Blessed Andrew Bobola’s prophecy with regard to Poland may also see the accomplishment of St. Malachy’s with regard to Ireland, whose long agony was to endure for “a week of centuries,”—centuries that have now rolled by. The years following the Great War will be years of reconstruction on the spiritual as well as on the material plain; and to rebuild ruined towns and villages will be a far easier work than to replenish the depleted ranks of the priesthood, or guarantee religious education to the children who will be the men and women of to-morrow, and on whom the future of Catholicism to a great extent depends. What a free Ireland would do to promote the interests of the Faith is best gathered from what even an enslaved and persecuted Ireland has been able to accomplish.

THE young soul, ardent, generous and aspiring, dreams of the great tasks and the noble opportunities at the ends of the earth or on some splendid stage; and finds, years after, that the task was close at hand, and garbed so meanly that it seemed but another of the weary commonplaces of daily life; and that the opportunity was, at the moment it presented itself, only a homely and familiar chance to work.

—Hamilton Wright Mabic.

The Road Back.

BY EDWARD J. O'TOOLE.

MY two daughters were still in the South, and I had just received their last letter from Florida, saying they would leave for home on the following Friday. I was glad and sorry,—glad, because the great house was terribly lonesome without them, even though I saw very little of them for most nights of the week when they were home. But even to have them at dinner a few evenings; to hear them scolding the maids and murmuring at the chauffeur; criticising the party and hostess of the night before; “phoning” and babbling over musicals and teas and benefits, with all the gusto of a broker when the market is rough; yes, even pleading for new things and more allowance,—all this I missed. There were other things for which I know I would have missed them far more. But, this being the usual diversion they gave me, I was glad they were coming back.

And I was sorry, because I should no longer be master and free in all things. Since they were gone, I could come and go as I pleased. They would never permit me to bring the butler to my room at night to play chess, and yet he knows the game better than the majority at the club. So perhaps it was a realization that I had only a few days left in which to do as I liked that made me attempt a journey I would never dare suggest before. I had thought of it often, so the details afforded no objection or delay. It was the last call that life makes to all who live long enough. And the warm breath of an early April day coming gently into my wide office urged and pledged and promised until within two hours I was on the train speeding North, to see again, after about forty years' exile, the scenes that memory had sealed and labelled, “Boyhood.”

No schoolboy going home for his first holiday was more excited or jubilant than

I. I might have motored, but there were reasons against that. The most important was that I wanted to be alone. One small bag with my shore fishing-togs, was all I brought. It was a “bluff” to the servants at the house. Somehow, I couldn't read the papers and magazines I had purchased at the station. While the train rumbled on up along the river, the sun playing down full on the unruffled water, I sat and dreamed. Indeed, when I alighted to change for a side-line, I couldn't recall one face that had been in the car with me for nearly four full hours. Every few moments my better sense shouted “Folly!” but my adventure was pouring youth back into my veins, and I would not listen.

The words that kept repeating themselves were a song of triumph: “Going back,—I'm going back to where I started from.” Then the verses would be in perfect sequence, winding back the years until I saw the house that sheltered me in the best years, it seemed now; for I wanted to catch something of them again,—back, until from them I could follow my life's milestones even until now, when I was counting them as a miser counts the coins he must soon give up.

Back between the hills where I was going there were eighteen years of my life. I thought of the drowsy town; the houses less friendly as one went north or south from the post office, and a great circular fountain in the centre of the square; the tall pines on the hills; the little white house with the nasturtiums in lattice along the low front porch. Just lately I had heard there had been few changes. Many had gone out to the world from between those hills, but little of the world went down to that valley.

Somewhere in a small, fenced-in plot on the North Hill they slept—my father and mother. I scarcely remember the former. He died when I was five. But my mother,—only an old man like myself can tell in full what a mother means to a boy. Sentimental, you say? I'll confess it as such, but I can not be sorry.

But to continue. At eighteen I went away to school; and, learning of the world, I forgot the lessons of the valley. Ambition set its demanding hand upon me, scourged me, until I paid of pagan coinage. My mother died before I could grieve her too seriously. Admitted to the Bar, I looked to high places, and my faith was smothered in the new aspirations I took to my heart. Smothered was all, however: I was too great a coward to let it die completely. I married outside the Church; kept my convictions to myself, lest they should offend in their utterance. And I got all I sought; for what is there one can not buy if he be willing to pay? Wealth, prestige, power,—I have them, or at least flatter myself in thinking so. But places that look high are not always secure. And on the train I thought for a long time on what it had really cost me to have what I wanted.

In place of the old bay team and bus, a mud-spattered, rickety auto was waiting at the station. I was the only passenger, and I purposely avoided conversation with the driver. I wanted to find out everything for myself. A pilgrim wants no more than the direction to his shrine. And I did not need this; for, even in the deepening twilight, old sights and sounds and smells convinced me I was back again on the old road. I understood now why the imaginative immigrant says his soul shall go back through his own land on its way to eternity.

At the hotel—save only for new paint and a concrete porch, it was the same old Mansion House, centre of my life for many days and nights,—I registered under an assumed name. I was playing a game, now in my second childhood, and I did everything to court adventure.

If my daughters could have seen me that night, they would have rushed from the South immediately. For the room was strangely cornered, even to the ceiling that sloped down to the unwashed little window; and the many-colored paper on the walls was broken in places, and

stained from gutters that leaked. But the smell of the balsam in the pillows was the lotus of Arcady to bring wonderful dreams. The sun was slanting down from well to the centre of the sky when I awoke. And I had intended to be up at dawn!

I might attempt to describe every sensation and emotion that came crowding to me that day, from the bacon and eggs that made breakfast in New York no more than an imitation, even to the night that lit my way with every light in her treasury, back the road I went after noon. But of one part of the day only I shall tell you, and that part but poorly. For, somehow, it seems almost sacrilegious to try to write of it at all.

To that small, fenced-in plot on the North Hill I went as soon as dinner was over. The day was warm with that timid warmth of Spring. The roads were well dried; for thus far April showers had been tardy. On the hills, a stray patch or two of white showed out against the dark of the shrubbery in the gullies. A little breeze came almost without direction.

I found the stones I had set up to mark their graves, quite the most pretentious in all the square, unkept cemetery. But for some reason I wasn't proud of them. It struck me as an ugly attempt at easing my conscience. While I stood and, with my cane, poked the leaves clinging wetly together, I said some prayers, but not for them. I couldn't imagine them anywhere but with God.

Turning out at the west entrance, I stood on a narrower road that wound up and was lost in a heavy wood. And my memory—or was it memory?—played me a queer trick. For the one thing I could remember of that road was an incident, of which I shall tell you as briefly as possible.

Up that road, when I was a boy, lived an old blind woman with her only daughter. The daughter died, and the next time the priest came for Mass some one brought word that the mother had fallen and was dying. Now, I was an altar boy, and the priest was new to our locality; so I became

his guide. That day stood out to me as one of the occasions of my life. I can not describe how I felt when I had seen the priest put the Blessed Sacrament in the little gold case, and take his hat and silently motion me to start. It was a good two miles, and we walked, because the road was too narrow to be really a road, and too wide to be merely a path.

I say it was an "occasion," and yet all its details had slipped from me during my busy, selfish years, until now they came back, clear-cut and crystal like. I even remember that my shoe came untied here at this very cemetery gate, and how ashamed I was while the priest waited for me to tie the laces. Every sentiment was renewed. And almost unconsciously I began that journey which I had once made with Christ beside me.

How exalted I went that day, a mere lad! Faith was hot and full in my heart. And I know I said prayers that I would not say aloud,—prayers like this: "If anything happens to the priest, I'll take care of You. And if robbers come, I'll make them kill me first." For I had in mind that Roman lad who died rather than give Him up to the sport of unknowing pagans. And to-day as I walked—oh, much slower now!—I realized that I had never made such a journey since.

The whole way to the little shack where the blind lady lived, I went. But the house was gone. Only a hole in the ground with a few tiers of stone proved where it had been. I sat on an old box and rested, my forehead on my hands, over the cane-head. I thought I had come just to see the hills and the pines, and the stream where I had fished and swam, and the trees on whose sturdy trunks I had carved my initials. But I was hanging my head, hiding from the sights of the valley, because there were things more vivid, that the body's eyes could not see. Hundreds of valleys I had seen, more picturesque than the one that lay before me; pines that were more numerous and more martial; streams that wound even more

prettily under their trailing willows. Yet never had I seen things such as I was looking at now, with my head bowed and my eyes closed. After all, I thought, it isn't always that we long for the places or persons of memory for themselves, but for what we had when they were our company.

I saw the neighbor mother, a wee lad clinging to her apron, standing at the door. I heard the blind woman mumbling from the little room to the front. I remember how, when she knew it was the priest, she tried to get out of bed to kneel, and only forced arguments convinced her that her Master demanded no such reverence from one eighty years old, blind and crippled. How calmly she had rested, while the priest sat for a short time! That wasted body was dust for decades now. But that soul, that spirit that would gladly torture the body anew in order to courtesy to her Lord!

Then the walk back. The priest had said strange things. They all came now, and were plain. When we were well down from the house, he began: "Well, Michael, we went up this road with our Blessed Lord, didn't we? And now we're going back without Him." After a while he went on: "But any journey we make for Him or with Him, He'll not let us go back the road alone."

Dusk was just unfolding her first thin mantle when I started towards where the gate had been. Somehow, I felt that I was not taking the road back alone. There was so much to think of! My wife, so thoughtless and frivolous in health, so complaining in her long sickness, before she died, had asked me once what Catholics believed, and I avoided telling her. In my desk, in the office, was a contract to be signed, pushing an oil-venture that was to gather for a few of us the savings of many. And I told the One who was going back the road with me,—told Him these and a hundred other things, great and small.

Just beyond the cemetery, before one

comes to the main road, is a bridge. That day, years ago, it was only planks with no railing: now there was a concrete wall of unpretentious design, on either side. Over it I leaned and watched the waters reflecting the gold-faced stars and the white, full moon. It was the end of the road back.

From the hotel, I "phoned" the station to telegraph my head clerk to destroy a certain paper in a certain drawer the first thing in the morning. Without supper, I sought the church and rectory. The town had grown to this, at least, that it was judged deserving of a resident pastor.

As I waited on the porch after rapping, I wondered if the priest would be surprised at the journey I had taken. But, then, priests know there are as many roads back as there are roads that turn off and away.

The Tenth Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THIS month seems to have nothing specially interesting in the way of rhymes or prognostications concerning the weather; but, beautiful as the days so often are, the "falling leaf and fading tree," the autumn winds moaning through field and forest, the "swallows making them ready to fly," fill us with an irrepressible feeling of sadness and regret for the golden hours of a summer past and gone.

Need it be said that on the first Sunday in October we keep the festival of the Holy Rosary, which was instituted by Pius V., of happy memory, not only to implore the divine mercy on the Christian world, but especially in thanksgiving for the celebrated victory of Lepanto over the Turks, in 1571? And, later on, another victory—that of Prince Eugene over the Turks at Belgrade, in 1716—was ordered by another Sovereign Pontiff, Clement VII., to be included in the blessings which this feast specially commemorates.

It is impossible to pass over October 4 without mentioning St. Francis, the Little Poor One of Assisi, whose "life falls like a ray of light across the darkness of his time," and whose beautiful character and extraordinary humility have made him the admiration of all the succeeding ages. St. Francis was a true poet; and often, when the burning love of God caused him to fall into a state of ecstasy, he would pour forth his soul in verse. Brother Leo, his devoted friend and companion, tells us that he frequently saw the patriarch so absorbed in devotion that he was raised high above the ground.

The crowning glory of the life of Francis was the impression of the sacred stigmata which occurred on Mount Alverna, when, rapt in the fervor and passion of prayer, he saw our Saviour in a vision; and, after that vision passed, found that he himself had become the living image of Christ Crucified; marked, through his seraphic love, with the wounds in hands, feet, and side,—wounds which Pope Alexander publicly declared he had seen with his own eyes. Surely no saint, amongst all the glorious cloud of witnesses around the great throne of God, has inspired a holier, more personal affection, or led men on to higher ideals or truer acts of self-sacrifice, than this lowly Franciscan friar, whose name has gone forth into all lands, and his words to the ends of the earth.

History tells us that on October 5, 1318, was killed Edward Bruce, brother of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland; and this recalls the fact that the latter, and his sworn foe, Edward I., of England, both desired that their hearts should be buried in the Holy Land, in fulfilment of certain vows they had made. The heart of Bruce, which on his deathbed, he had entreated his beloved and trusted friend, Sir James Douglas, to carry to Jerusalem, was enclosed in a silver case, worn on a chain round Sir James' neck. But, on reaching Spain, Douglas was slain in a battle against the Moors; and thus it was that Bruce's heart was given into the care of

Sir Simon Locard of Lee, "who bore it back to Scotland," and deposited it beneath the altar in the venerable Abbey of Melrose, afterwards changing his name to "Lockheart."

Hearts were considered valuable legacies to well-loved shrines, as we see from the instructions concerning them to be found in ancient records. Robert, Earl of Leicester, who died (1118) in the Abbey of Preaux, where he was buried, ordered his heart to be taken "to the hospice at Brackley," which he had founded. Isabella, daughter of William the Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, and wife of Richard, brother of Henry III., desired that her heart should be sent in a silver cup to her brother, then abbot of Tewkesbury, to be there buried before the high altar. She died at Berkhamstead in 1239, and her body was interred at Beaulieu, in Hampshire. The body of her husband, Earl Richard, was buried at the Abbey of Hales, which he had founded; whilst his heart was placed in the church of the Minorites, at Oxford.

The heart of Henry, son of Henry III., who was cruelly murdered when hearing Mass in the church of St. Laurence, at Viterbo, was sent in a golden vase to Westminster Abbey, to be deposited at the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor.

The representation of a heart may often be found on old monumental brasses. These hearts, in many instances, have the sacred letters J. H. C. inscribed upon them.

In the calendar, under the date October 9, we find St. Denis, Bishop, the patron saint of France, who, with his companions was martyred in the early ages of the Church. First a chapel was erected over the spot where they were buried; then, in the fifth century, a church, which was much frequented by pilgrims, was built. And again, about two hundred years later, King Dagobert founded, in the same place, the famous Abbey of St. Denis, in which himself and his successors were interred.

On the 10th of October was born Father

Mathew, the heroic missionary priest, and noted Irish apostle of temperance, whose labors can hardly be too highly estimated; indeed, as a non-Catholic writer has well said: "A true benefactor of humanity, Father Mathew must ever be regarded as one of the most shining ornaments of the Church to which he belonged."

It was on the 17th of October that the relics of St. Etheldreda were translated from their humbler resting-place in her convent to a costly shrine in Ely Cathedral. It may not be generally known that, from the contracted form of her name, "St. Audrey," has been derived a word in constant use at the present day, though its origin is for the most part ignored or forgotten. At the fair of St. Audrey, at Ely, in bygone days, toys of all sorts were sold, together with certain cheap necklaces, which, under the designation of "tawdry laces," long enjoyed great celebrity. Frequent allusions to "tawdry laces" are to be found in Shakespeare, Spencer, and other writers of prose as well as poetry; and thus it came about that, as time went on, the epithet "tawdry" came to be applied to "any piece of glittering tinsel or tarnished finery."

In a codicil to his will, which is dated October 26, 1277, we see that Walter de Merton leaves the residue of his property to his college; in truth, he was one of the four chancellors to whom the ancient University of Oxford is most indebted; for he not only founded Merton, but "provided a chapel with residence for chaplains, and accommodation for a warden, having charge of the scholars within the same premises." Hitherto the scholars had lived in lodgings in the town; it is certain, however, that Chancellor Merton elaborated and extended the collegiate system, giving his whole heart to the success of the undertaking. William de Wykeham, founder of New College; William of Waynflete, founder of Magdalen; and Thomas Wolsey, founder of Christ Church, were the other three celebrated Oxford chancellors.

The Ways of God.

From "After Supper in the Refectory." By Brother Ekehart (circa 1300).

YOU must be quite clear as to the way in which God is impelling you to go, because, as S. Paul says, all men are not called to God along the same road. If you find that your nearest way to God does not lie in great labours or mortifications and hardships—which are not of very great importance, unless you feel yourself specially called to them by God, and are able to perform them without disturbing the interior life,—if you find that you have not this, then rest in peace, and do not trouble your head any further about it.

Perhaps you may say, "Well, but if these things do not matter, why did our forefathers and so many of the saints do them?"

Consider now. Our Lord certainly gave them this way, but He also gave them the power necessary for them to walk steadfastly in that way, and it was to them the way of salvation. But God has not limited the salvation of men to this one way. God has given the same power to all good ways without exception, since one good thing is not contrary to another. People ought to realize in connection with this how wrong they are when they become acquainted, perhaps, with an excellent man, or hear tell of him, and because his way is not theirs they say that it is labour wasted. Just because his method does not please them they conclude, forsooth, that he is not worth much. One should respect other people's ways—it is a very good rule—and despise no man's way. Let each one keep to his own good way, and gather up all others into it, so as to absorb into his own way all that is excellent in the others. Changing one's way shows an unstable character and an unsettled mind. All that one of them can give you can be equally well attained by the rest; it is quite impossible for all

men to follow one way. And that holds good about following the hard life of many of the saints who have undergone great penances. You ought to esteem this method very much, and may like it very much without being impelled to adopt it.

You may say, "Our Lord Jesus Christ's way was undoubtedly the highest way; surely we always do right to follow Him." Quite true: we ought certainly to follow Our Lord, but not in every particular. Christ fasted forty days, but no one attempts to follow Him in that. He did a great many works in which we can follow Him spiritually but not literally. We must indeed make great efforts to follow Him in a reasonable manner, for He has spread His net rather for our love than for our work. We must always follow Him in the proper way. How? That is just what everyone must think out for himself in every case. As I have often said before, I should consider a spiritual work as far more profitable than a bodily work.

Christ fasted forty days. Follow Him in this way: notice what you are most attracted to; deny yourself of that, and be very much on your guard. That will be more conducive to keeping you mortified than if you fasted strenuously from all food. So also it is often much harder for you to keep back one word than to keep silent altogether; and a little taunt that amounts to nothing is often harder to bear than a great attack which, if one is prepared for it, falls lightly. It is harder to be alone in a crowd than in solitude, more difficult to give up a small thing than a great, and to persevere and complete a trivial piece of work than one which is considered important. Thus one can follow Christ according to the measure of one's weakness; and one need not—nay, one must not—think that one can not succeed in this. . . .

Just take things as they come: if one kind of lot falls to your share, accept it as

good, in the sense that you accommodate yourself to it; but if, on the contrary, a totally different lot befalls you, be equally satisfied with that. . . .

Lay hold of one good way (gathering up into it all good ways and regarding it as coming from God) and keep to that one way,—not starting one thing to-day and another to-morrow. And do not be afraid of losing anything thereby; one never loses anything with God, any more than God Himself ever loses anything.

Job's Tears.

A SPECIES of grass called *Coix Lachrima Jobi*, or "Job's Tears," native of tropical Asia, has at times been found in gardens as a curiosity. Gerarde, in 1597, says of it: "Jobe's Teares hath many knottie stalkes proceeding from a tuft of threddy roots, two foote high, set with many broad leaues like unto those of the Reede, amongst which leaues come forth many small branches like strawe of corn, on the end wherof doth grow a graie shining seed or graine hard to breake, . . . every of which graines is bored through the middle like a bead." These seeds have much the appearance of a teardrop, and their white lustre makes the semblance more striking. The old Spanish writers prior to 1573 call the plant "Moses' Tears,"—*Lagrimas de Moysen*; in France, however, at the same period, "Our Lady's Tears,"—*Larmes de Notre Dame*,—was the name. Still earlier, Tragus avers that the plant was called *Lachryma Christi*,—"Christ's Tears."

This plant was once employed in medicine, but the only purpose for which it is now used is that of stringing the seeds for Rosaries. One still frequently sees them so used, and the question of their origin is all the more interesting when one considers their names in ancient plant lore; one of these, "Job's Tears," being the only one under which the plant is now familiar.

One Safe Topic.

TWO ministers exchanged pulpits one Sunday; and one of them, upon his arrival at the place of his visitation, was waited upon by the "leading man" of the congregation,—for convenience let us call him Mr. Smith.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Smith, "there are several things about which I wish to caution you. For instance, I hope that in your sermon to-morrow you will not say anything about Prohibition. It is currently reported that some men of this community—church folk among them—have no place in their cellars for the supply of winter coal.

"I had no intention," replied the minister, "of speaking of Prohibition. Pray what else do you desire me to avoid mentioning?"

"Well, there's gambling. Several of our congregation are in the habit of speculating on the Board of Trade, and our ladies are all much interested in progressive euchre. Perhaps it would be better to say nothing about gambling."

"Certainly not," answered the parson. "I had not the remotest idea of referring to the subject. Is there anything else concerning which you wish to give me a hint?"

"Why, yes," responded Mr. Smith. "Above all I beg you not to allude to divorce. We have quite a number among us who have been divorced, and most of them have married again. In fact, I've been divorced myself. It wouldn't do to mention divorce."

"The subject of divorce was utterly foreign to anything I had in mind," replied the minister. "But I should like to know if there is *any* topic to which it would be entirely safe to refer."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Smith, after a moment's reflection. "You might preach on the menace of Mormonism."

It was consecutive polygamy only, it appears, which the bewildered minister was forbidden to mention.

A Foolish Passion.

“BY the envy of the devil,” says the Book of Wisdom, “death came into the world; and they follow him that are of his side.” There is good authority, accordingly, for the statement that this unlovely quality is as old as death, and is in its nature essentially devilish. A comprehensive definition of the word by which we designate the quality will make the statement additionally clear. Envy, then, is a feeling of uneasiness, mortification, or discontent excited by the contemplation of another’s superiority, prosperity, or success, accompanied with some degree of enmity or malignity, and often or usually with a desire or an effort to discomfit or mortify the person envied. It is worth while remarking that in the idiomatic use of English the verb “to envy” is frequently employed in a sense connecting little or nothing of the malice or the sin implied in the use of the noun. Such expressions as “I envy you your good health,” “I envy you your happy temper,” may obviously be used between excellent friends, and with no thought whatever of uncharitableness or ill-will.

This much being premised, let it be said that envy is not only a very ancient but a very common passion. It characterizes a large number of persons who would utterly disclaim it were they charged with its possession, and who even strive to persuade themselves that they are altogether free from its debasing control. And this is quite intelligible. “Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame,” says Rochester, “that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.” Rochefoucauld bears the same testimony: “We are often vain of the most criminal of our passions; but envy is so shameful a passion that we never dare to acknowledge it.” These assertions, and similar ones from scores of other philosophers and moralists, suggest the advisability of examining our consciences with particular care as to this

matter whenever we prepare to approach the tribunal of penance. If we have been in the habit of speaking at all uncharitably of our neighbor, it is quite possible that, unwilling as we may be to accuse ourselves of so base a sin, still envy pure and simple has been at the root of our evil speaking. It is more than possible, indeed it is highly probable, that the common excuse for uncharitable talk, or the attempted justification thereof, “I didn’t mean any harm,” is the direct opposite of the truth. Self-deceit is as common as fresh air, and most mortals are ingenious in palliating faults rather than ingenious in avowing them.

Any serious consideration of this passion of envy must inevitably convince us that it is a peculiarly foolish passion. Every sin is, of course, a folly, but envy is absolutely destitute of any show of wisdom whatever. As Burton well says, “Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both. We should strive against it, for if indulged in it will be to us as a foretaste of hell upon earth.” Even apart from the injury done to God by the commission of this sin, and the damage done to our neighbor’s reputation by our envy-prompted calumny or slander, there is a never-failing source of personal unhappiness in our cherishing the degrading passion. Like anger, it burns itself in its own fire; and as long as that fire rages in the heart there can obviously coexist no peace of mind or conscience. In a truer sense than is the case with most other sins, envy is its own punishment even in this life, just as it is the deathless sting in the other world of the devil and them “that are of his side.”

As has already been said, the envious are never willing to acknowledge their being dominated by the passion; and yet it is so common among otherwise good Christians that even the best of us may well ask ourselves whether we are quite free from its blasting influence. One means of determining our real standing in

the matter is to examine our thoughts, words, and actions regarding others, and probe into the genuine causes which move us to think and speak and act in that fashion rather than some other. If we do the works of envy, then, despite our most passionate disavowals, we are envious. It is easy enough, no doubt, superficially to deceive ourselves as regards the motives of our conduct,—to tell ourselves that our uncharitable talk, our exaggerated dispraise, our biting criticism, our ridicule and mockery flow from no other source than a desire to pass away the time and entertain our hearers; but a genuine examination of heart, face to face with God, may show us that despicable envy is at the bottom of all our ungenerous thoughts and words and deeds.

According to all moralists and spiritual writers, the best way in which to eradicate a vice is to cultivate the opposite virtue; and so the best means of overcoming feelings of envy is to do all the good we possibly can to our fellowmen, especially to those whose superiority to ourselves admits of little or no question. St. John Chrysostom tells us that in order to thrust the monster of envy out of the heart, no sword or breastplate is needed, but only the panoply of love. "Do all the good you can to the person whom you envy," he advises; "at least pray for him, that his happiness may be increased. Thus will you banish the demon from your heart; you will thereby deserve a twofold crown: the one for your victory over envy, the other for the charitable deed you have performed."

As for those who are the objects of the envy of others, they need not allow themselves to be depressed or unhappy in consequence. As Pliny observed long ago, "envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides." Ben Jonson declares that "envy sets the stronger seal on desert," and Pope's couplet teaches the same lesson:

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;

But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.

Notes and Remarks.

The imperative duty of American Catholics to combat the spirit of hate engendered by the war is pointed out by Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, in a letter to the Central Verein. "It is, alas! only too true," writes his Eminence, "that this cruel war, which had so completely divided the human race into two opposite camps, has left behind it a trail of hate among the nations. And yet the world can not possibly enjoy the blessed fruits of peace for any length of time unless that hatred be entirely blotted out and all the nations be brought together again in the sweet bonds of Christian brotherhood. To bring this about the Catholics in a more particular manner must lend themselves, since they are already closely united in the mystical body of Jesus Christ, and should constantly give an example of Christian charity."

The Cardinal's letter was addressed to Archbishop Mundelein, and read by him at the recent convention of the Central Verein in Chicago. This was very appropriately done in the course of a fervent sermon delivered by his Grace on the happily chosen text: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world giveth do I give to you." There was the closest possible attention on the part of the large audience while this letter was being read, nor did it for a moment relax until the sermon was concluded. The Archbishop, who has the rare faculty of saying just the right thing at the right time and in the right way, thus commented upon the quoted words of the Pope's message:

Reconstruction is the watchword of the hour. But few indeed are those who have the knowledge or the courage to tell us what to do. Here our Holy Father tells us what the first necessary step is to bring it about. When the body is injured by a gaping wound, the surgeon's first effort is to get the wound to heal, to get the arteries to meet, to get the bone to knit. When communication is interrupted

between continent and continent, they grapple for the break in the cable, and splice together each of the strands that make it up. When an earthquake or a flood has torn up the roadbed of a railroad, before an engine or a car can cross, the workmen must replace the earth, relay the ties and renail the rails until all are joined as they were before.

The great war is over; it has made a terrific gap in the world: we must now busy ourselves to fill in and bridge over that gap. It has caused a deep wound in the human race: we must help that wound to heal. It has made enemies of millions who before were friends: we must now bring about a reconciliation. It would be an impossible task for you or me to do that alone, but if each one of us does our share in earnest, then our example will be infectious, and others will help it along. They, too, will impress and convince others, and soon results will show.

* * *

Visitors to the United States from any of the allied countries—especially visitors who come here to collect money for benevolent or charitable purposes—will do well from now on to avoid saying or writing anything calculated to fan the flame of hate engendered by the late war. That flame, for reasons which are becoming more and more apparent, is less lurid now than it was; and the sooner it disappears altogether, the better it will be for the welfare of all the world.

Facts of which all intelligent persons must now be aware are that the fundamental industrial organization of the world is undergoing a complete transformation; that the mighty working classes are aroused, organized, and fully conscious of their power; also that the more radical elements among them are determined to secure drastic changes, in spite of all efforts at repression. In his introduction to an article contributed to the current number of the *Constructive Quarterly* (intended to show what the Church would now be able to accomplish if Christian unity existed), the Rev. Dr. William D. Mackenzie quotes a recent English writer as saying, apropos of the facts just stated, that the problems which are before the

world at the present time "can not be settled by merely leaving them alone. They can not be adjusted by force. The fires can not be put out one by one; nothing could be more futile than settling a strike in one city and failing to settle it in another."

Not less truly and wisely does Dr. Mackenzie himself say: "If the worst disasters are to be avoided, the official mind in every industrial organization must cease to act officially, must immediately face the most startling facts, must consider the most extensive proposals of change, and must set itself to secure wise as well as peaceful methods of dealing with the situation. No exertion of blind force can direct constructively the passions that have been aroused. Wherever rebellion movements have the slightest measure of injustice or oppression to justify them in the minds of those who create them, they can only be met adequately by bringing the light of wisdom and justice and even of charity to bear upon them."

The appointment of Lord Grey as temporary British Ambassador to the United States has naturally called forth multiplied tributes to that statesman's qualities and merits. The *Westminster Gazette* declares that one of his guiding principles from the beginning of the late war was that "to be right with America was an absolute essential to the Allies." Further on in the same editorial utterance we find this paragraph:

We have said that to be right with America is now a universally accepted maxim of statecraft among the European Allies. In that we may rejoice unreservedly, but something more than the mere saying of it is necessary. To adjust the American point of view to the European, and without compromising the independence of either, to bring both into line for the world-peace, is a work of constructive statesmanship which will need no small measure of patience and forbearance on both sides.

It is rather unfortunate for the interests of peace—in this country, in Great Britain,

and in the world generally—that our English friends are so dilatory in recognizing that England can never be “right with America” or with the civilized world at large until she makes herself right with Ireland. Coercion of Sinn Feiners may be justified superabundantly by appeal to English law; but the world has come to see that England herself is responsible for all that is abnormal in the political condition of the Irish people; and that, if “constructive statesmanship” on the part of Lloyd George and his political colleagues can not build up a contented Ireland, it is pretty safe to prove a failure in a larger field.

Students of Newman will remember the eloquent passage in which he acknowledges the great help he received from the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, especially St. Ambrose. Others, who fancy that in the lives and writings of those old worthies there can be little to interest them—nothing directly bearing on the burning questions of our own day,—would do well to “read and inwardly digest” the following passage quoted by W. H. K. (*Literary Notes, London Tablet*) from an old *Life of St. Jerome* by Fray José, lately translated into English. The author prints numerous other extracts from the holy Doctor’s letters and treatises, in which he defends himself, and the holy women who shared in his studies and co-operated with him in his charitable undertakings, from the vicious attacks of a school of critics which is not yet wholly extinct anywhere:

“Apollo, an apostolic man and most learned in the law, ‘one mighty in the Scriptures,’ is taught by Aquila and Priscilla; and they expound to him the ways of the Lord. Hence, if it be not an ancient thing, nor undue, in an apostle to allow himself to be taught by women, why should it not be permissible in me, after having taught many men, to teach women also?” And again: “I speak not of Anna, Elizabeth, and other holy women, who are cast into the shade by the greater resplendency of Mary, as the stars pale before the light of the sun. Let us approach the Gentile

women, in order that in the age of philosophers they should learn that difference of body is not what is sought for, but of soul. Plato, in his Dialogues, introduces Aspasia; Sappho is found to have collaborated with Pindar; and in Alcæus we see Themista, who philosophizes with the most grave men of Greece; and Cornelia, of the family of the Gracchi and your own, whom the whole of Rome praises and celebrates. Carneades, a learned philosopher and rhetorician of great elegance, who moved all Greece to applause, did not disdain to dispute on a special case with only one matron. Why speak of Portia, daughter of Cato, wife of Brutus, whose courage is a good reason that we should not be astonished at that of her father and husband? Greek and Roman history is full of all this, and even whole books. It suffices me to say at the end of the prologue (since I wish to come to the work of expounding) that at the resurrection of Our Lord He first appeared to the women, thus making them apostles of His Apostles, in order that men should be humbled and ashamed at not seeking for what the women had already found.”

W. H. K. is at pains to point out a curious but unimportant error in the rendering of St. Jerome’s words: *Sappho cum Pindaro scribitur et Alcæo; Themista inter sapientissimos Græciæ philosophatur*. “It is clear that there is no question of ‘collaboration.’ The meaning is that Sappho is ranked with Pindar and with Alcæus: Themista philosophizes with the wisest men of Greece.”

In the course of a stirring address delivered before Congress on the one hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the signing of the Constitution, Representative Towner, of Iowa, declared that it was the great bulwark against the rise of Bolshevism in the United States; and that the people should be made to know, as something of supreme importance, that the abolition of our Constitutional Government meant the beginning of anarchy, the inauguration of chaos. “If ever there was a period,” Mr. Towner said further, “when we should unhesitatingly repel attacks upon the Constitution from whatever quarter they may come, it is now. If ever there existed conditions

which require that the people stand firm against any surrender of their Constitutional powers, such conditions exist now. Never before has there been such serious attacks upon our Constitution."

Undoubtedly the Constitution is the foundation upon which our republic rests. It is immeasurably more important than any political party, and in its defence, as Representative Towner rightly said, all party lines should disappear. Back to the Constitution, Follow the Founders of the Republic, are the slogans that should now resound throughout the length and breadth of the land. Our national life is threatened. "How long do you think the American republic will endure?" was a question once asked by M. Guizot of James Russell Lowell, who answered: "So long as the ideas of its founders continue to be dominant." By "ideas" our illustrious and patriotic countryman said that he meant also "the traditions of their race in government and morals."

In spite of what President Wilson said, in one of his recent speeches out West, about "looking backward" and "stumbling all the time," there is truest wisdom in stopping to listen to warning voices behind us; and we shall certainly not stumble while we stop.

Discussing in a recent sermon the three different influences by which a child is fashioned and molded—heredity, association, and education,—Archbishop Glennon, says the *Church Progress*, "discounted heredity to a considerable extent." As will readily be understood, a study of the oldtime Cavaliers of the South or of the Puritans of New England will furnish ample grounds for the St. Louis prelate's discounting. Quite naturally, he spoke of descendants of the Cavalier stock of Virginia as being, some of them, "the poorest of the poor; and the most ignorant of the ignorant." The census, he said, "shows hundreds and thousands in the South, descendants of the Cavaliers—who exist but do not live—who do not know

how to read and write. The same is true, to a certain extent, of the Puritans. While there are some left of the Puritan stock, yet the strain is dying. It has made an impress on the nation, and some few are left who trace their lineage to the 'Mayflower'; but as a race they are negligible, and are gradually being absorbed. There is no home life left, no children, and consequently the race is passing away."

The relative importance or unimportance of heredity in the formation of character is a moot question on which authorities are still divided. That "blood will tell," and that "what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," are proverbs containing, no doubt, a measure of truth; but there is a growing conviction that education and environment constitute a more potent influence in the molding of character than does the "bluest" blood of Puritan or Cavalier.

The following paragraphs, quoted from a recent letter written by the Rev. E. Vincent Waring, of London, to Father Wynne, S. J., of New York, relate to a non-Catholic English investigation as to the effects of the war on religion:

Among other facts established, one stands out painfully conspicuous: among non-Catholic soldiers as many as from 80 to 90 per cent had but the haziest notions of things supernatural; their ignorance on such definite points as God, the Incarnation, the Church and the Sacraments, was unspeakably depressing; and of course one has to bear in mind that the soldier of to-day is not the same class of man as in pre-war days. There is no more such a thing as a typical soldier at the present time in England than there is in America.

The Protestant committee were of the opinion that the information they had collected concerning Catholic soldiers warranted their believing that, except for about five per cent, all the men classified "R. C." were well informed as to the fundamentals of Christianity; and even those who had neglected their faith, and in consequence were rather "rusty," could soon be put right, and needed but little preparation to fit them to receive the Sacraments.

While it is of course gratifying to learn that the condition of the Catholic soldiers

was so much better than that of their non-Catholic fellows, the state of things disclosed in the first of the foregoing paragraphs must be depressing to Christians of any and every creed. It is quite possible, even, that the Protestant verdict as to our own soldiers is somewhat more favorable than the actual state of affairs warrants. In any case, there is evident need of emphasizing more than ever the claims of Christianity on the minds and consciences of humanity.

Better worth while than any words of commendation from their officers or than medals of honor from their king was the tribute recently paid to the Australian Catholic soldiers (stationed in Weymouth, England, since 1915) by the Rev. Father Sheehan, pastor of St. Augustine's Church in that town. In the course of a sermon delivered prior to the departure of the Australians for their home, he said, among other interesting and edifying things:

The virile Catholicism of these men came as a revelation to me. To Catholics and Protestants alike, to all who were brought into intimate touch with them, it was clear that they were proud of their religion, and they took every means of showing to the world what they were. A priest walking through the camp was acknowledged and saluted by every Catholic there. The priests and teachers in Catholic schools and colleges in Australia are to be congratulated; for through their efforts the Church in Australia is producing a type of Catholic not to be excelled in any of the old countries. The men had a thorough grasp of their religion: this was shown in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament on weekdays: in their willingness to utilize opportunities of receiving the Sacraments; in their attendance at Benediction on the cold, dark winter nights, wounded and broken down as many of them were, and stationed at a great distance from the church; also in their eagerness to help at Catholic social functions.

That should make pleasant reading for the prelates and priests and Sisters and Brothers of what Boyle O'Reilly called "the fair land and drear land of the South."

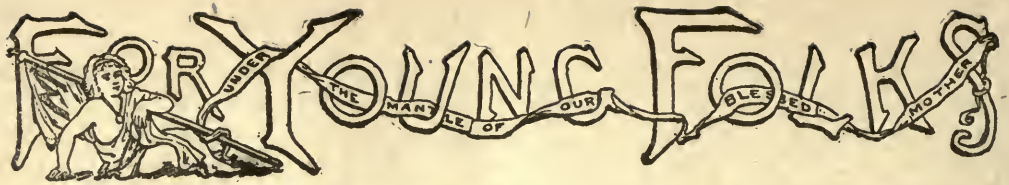
It is more or less natural that, while entertaining the highest esteem for the

scholarship and practical good sense of the hierarchy, Catholic laymen are prone to attach even greater weight to the opinions, on secular matters, of eminent men in their own non-clerical ranks. Accordingly, the following remarks of Admiral Benson, addressed recently to the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus, are well worth reproducing here:

Of course, we can not and we should not get mixed in politics except to this extent: we should be careful, wherever a Catholic man is elected or considered for a prominent or any public position, that he is a man that purely exemplifies and will live up to the principles of the Church. One of the great injuries that has been done to the Church in America has been done through petty ward politics, and the bringing into prominent positions men who were so-called Catholics, but were not really Catholics. It has been one of the greatest difficulties that the Church has had to contend with; and I don't know how I can adequately express my pity, if not contempt, for any man who calls himself a Catholic and does not live up to the rules and teachings of the Church. Therefore, when you contemplate a person for an important office, if he be not what he claims as a Catholic, he has no right to be supported.

There is, of course, nothing particularly novel in this piece of advice; but, as has been said, the status of the adviser adds some adventitious importance to its inherent good sense.

We are hoping that the one-part story which is published in THE AVE MARIA this week ("The Road Back") will have a wide reading, for it has a special appeal. It is told just as it should be: straightforwardly and in few words. Elaboration of any sort would have spoiled it. We have presented many stories that we liked as well; but, for reasons that need not be explained, we like this one very much indeed. It was a commonplace of the oldtime literary critics to remark that they rose from the perusal of what was in hand with feelings of pleasure or dissatisfaction as the case might be. Catholic readers of "The Road Back" who would profit most by it might feel like crawling away on all fours.



Grandma's Rosary and Mine.

BY C. M. C.

WHEN Grandma goes to say her Beads
For all our family and our needs,
She sweetly says to me: "My dear,
Play nicely with your dollies here
Until I call. Then come to me,
And bring your little Rosary."
I help her (Grandma says it's true)
With *Aves* ten, when she's most through.

She lays her hand, her gentle way,
Upon my head. "When children pray,"
She says, "the guardian angels take
The whispered *Aves*, and they make
(They do, indeed, right then and there)
The loveliest rosebud of each prayer:
Some rosebuds white, some rosebuds red,—
Red as the lips the *Aves* said.
Then, with the posy, off they fly,
Those happy angels, to the sky."

And all that Grandma says is true
I see it in her eyes—so blue
And clear and deep and kind—
That look right into mine, and find
Those thoughts that can not see a way
To get out in the words I say.

I see her sitting over there
In her old-fashioned rocking-chair,—
The place (so I've heard father say)
She taught her babies how to pray.
And now the rosy altar light
(She keeps it burning day and night)
Sends rays that give the softest kiss
To her gray head—like *this* and *this*.

THERE are four points of the compass,
four winds, four weeks in the month, four
seasons, four quarters of the moon, four
rules of arithmetic, four great continents,
four sides to a room, and the violin has
four strings.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XIV.—THE RED AUTOMOBILE.

TIM had just attained the proper
height above the immense prairie
that lay to the right of the great
highway when he suddenly remarked a
little red motor-car which had stopped on
that highway just as soon as the aeroplane
had left the ground. He would not have
paid any attention to the car if, after
remaining stationary for a few moments,
it had not all at once turned about and
followed another road,—one that ran in
the same direction as that taken by the
aeroplane.

"Hello!" said Tim. "Do you suppose
that automobile is following us? Well, it
isn't strange if it is. Tourists have the
right to amuse themselves in their own
way."

"Pooh-pooh!" remarked his uncle.
"Why should any one be following us?
Do you imagine they want to race us?
They'll mighty soon get left if they try it."

And, without further comment on the
incident, the aviators continued their way
over prairie, hills, and valleys.

Suddenly a train was seen to emerge
from behind a hill and speed along on the
track whose two rails shone in the sunlight
several hundred feet below them. Whether
or not Layac's remark about a race inspired
him with the idea, Tim at once decided
that he would race the train.

For a few minutes it was an interesting
contest, that between the terrestrial
monster, the long serpent with its numerous
links speeding over the rails beneath, and
the fragile bird which, up above in the
fluid air, shook its white wings so gaily.
Only for a few minutes, however. Tim

soon saw that he could pass the train at will; and, having proved to his satisfaction that he could do so, he indulged in another fancy. No fewer than ten different times he flew down pretty close to the cars; sailed over them; and then, turning about, passed over them again. He had the pleasure of seeing the passengers thronging the platforms of the cars, and gazing up at the aeroplane with evident excitement and admiration.

"Here, here, enough of this fooling!" said Uncle Layac, who looked more dead than alive during these evolutions. "Do you want to break our necks?"

Tim would probably not have paid much attention to the warning if, immediately after it, there had not come a sudden shock which set the plane wobbling in a rather dangerous fashion. Uncle Layac emitted a yell of terror. Tim had been flying so low that he had collided with a telegraph wire which ran along the railway; and, as it needs very little to disturb the equilibrium of a flying machine, the aeroplane at once pointed downwards. Fortunately, Tim was skilful pilot enough to redress the machine instantly, and so they escaped a bad accident.

The lesson was a good one, and our young aviator took a firm resolution to be very, very prudent during the remainder of the voyage. Accordingly, after rising to the height of several hundred feet, he went his way without bothering about the trains speeding along underneath him. By dinner-time they reached Pau, the oldtime capital of Bearn; and, from the admirable terrace of that pretty town, were privileged to enjoy one of the finest views to be found anywhere on earth: the panorama, laid out tier upon tier, of the whole chain of the Pyrenees.

After visiting the various points of interest in the town, Tim made a number of purchases. As he was henceforth going to fly over a region of which he knew nothing, he took care to provide himself with a compass and with road-maps not only of Southwestern France but of those portions

of Spain and Portugal above which his journey lay. Their next stop was to be at Bayonne, although Tim tried hard to get his uncle to consent to spend at least an hour or two at Lourdes, which is not far from Pau; declaring that it would not be time lost to visit Our Lady's Grotto and ask her protection during their long and perilous trip.

Uncle Layac, however, decided against any further stopping before reaching Bayonne; but he agreed to say the Rosary during their flight along the valley of the Gave. This programme was followed, and before they had finished the Beads they had entered the valley of Adour. Nothing unusual occurred until they drew near Orthez, about halfway between Pau and Bayonne. Then Tim started and could not repress a cry of surprise.

Down below, on the road the direction of which the aeroplane was following, he saw a little red automobile which looked very much like the one he had noticed the day before between Toulouse and Auch. Not only did the cars look alike, but the number of passengers was the same,—two in each.

"Oh, ho!" said Tim to himself. "Can that be the automobile we saw yesterday? And, a much more interesting question, is it really following us? I'll soon find out."

Thereupon, effecting a turn, he appeared for a few moments to be flying back towards Pau, much to the surprise of his uncle, who inquired, "What in the world are you trying to do?"

Tim said nothing for a moment or two. He was looking behind him at the automobile. Yes, sure enough: the car had stopped, and then turned around to take the same direction as the plane. There was no doubt about the matter now: the red motor-car was accompanying Uncle Layac and his nephew.

When Tim told his uncle why he had turned and the result of his movement, the same thought came to both of them: "Could it be Fourrin?"

And how were they to find out? If they descended to earth, it would not advance matters much, as the automobile would probably set off at full speed just as soon as the aeroplane gave signs of coming down.

Uncle Layac struck his forehead, as if a brilliant thought had just occurred to him.

"I'll observe those two travellers through my field-glasses!" he cried.

Leaning carefully over the side of the plane, he fixed his sight on the red car, which, a hundred yards or so in the rear, continued to follow the plane now turned again in the direction of Bayonne.

"Well?" said Tim with some anxiety. "Do you recognize them?"

"No: it can't be done."

"Why not?"

"Because their headlights and the wind-shield hide their faces."

"Too bad!" said Tim. "I should like to get a glimpse of those two gentlemen. Anyway, if it is Fourrin who is following us, he'll understand, by the turn which I made a few minutes ago, that we have understood his moves and that we'll be on our guard against him."

That evening they slept at Bayonne, and on the following day they reached Biarritz. Although it was not the height of the season at that noted resort, there were a good many tourists already there; and quite a large crowd had gathered on the golf links when Layac and Tim made their landing. And judge of the surprise and pleasure of our two travellers when they recognized among the crowd their friends, Mr. Tilbasco and Mariena.

Tim's mobile face glowed with lively satisfaction at sight of the charming little maiden whose acquaintance he had made a few weeks before, and whose smiling image he had kept in his memory quite without effort.

"You see," said the Portuguese banker, "we have made it a point to be the first to welcome you."

Turning to Tim, who, bothered by the number of curious persons surrounding

him, was preparing to stop his motor, he continued:

"As a matter of fact, how has the trip been so far?"

"Altogether splendid," replied Tim.

"No accident? No collision?"

"None."

"For that matter, the papers have informed me that you have become a first-class aviator."

"Oh, the papers exaggerate a good deal!" was the modest reply.

"Not at all,—not at all!" broke in Uncle Layac, who probably thought that he was being overlooked. "We are quite ready now, my nephew and I, to compete with the Bleriots, the Lathams, or the Farmans, if they care to measure themselves against us."

So saying, the big grocer cast a glance around him to see what effect his words produced on the people thronging about the plane; while Mr. Tilbasco, who knew perfectly well that the whole honor of the voyage belonged to Tim, and not his uncle, hid in his beard an ironical smile.

As for Mariena, that little lady looked upon her young friend, now become a regular aviator, and almost a famous one, as if he were an out-and-out hero. Tim, who had kept his eye on her, understood what she was thinking about, and said to her:

"Mademoiselle Mariena, I believe I can guess your thoughts."

"Can you, indeed?"

"Yes: you are thinking that it must be just splendid to go up in an aeroplane—away up near the clouds,—and you are wishing to take a trip in our machine."

"Yes, yes, you guess right," she replied, clapping her hands, and looking longingly at the big "white bird" reposing on the greensward as if tired with its latest flight.

"In that case, will you allow me to take you up for a short while?"

Mariena opened her lips to say, "Yes"; but then the thought came to her that she was forgetting one thing—the consent of her father. She turned towards him and

saw that he looked serious and shook his head. The father, in truth, as a prudent parent, had no desire to see his little daughter flying through space.

Mariena, however, gave him a look so suppliant and so distressed, and she said to him in a tone so gentle and so pleading, "O papa, papa, *do* let me go," that he could not utter the "No" that his lips had half formed.

"Oh, thanks, papa,—thanks!" cried Mariena, as she bounded into his arms and gave him a loving hug. "You are just the kindest daddy in the world, and I'm as happy as a queen."

"Softly, softly!" said Mr. Tilbasco. "I consent all right, but only on one condition."

"What is it?" asked Mariena, already a little uneasy.

"It is that Tim will display extra prudence, that he won't go up very high, and that he will come down at once when I give him the signal."

"All right, sir! I promise," said Tim without hesitation.

Just then Uncle Layac approached, and, addressing Mr. Tilbasco, remarked with an air of dignity:

"Would you like me to do the steering on this little trip? You will, perhaps, feel more confident if I do."

"No, no, not at all!" replied the banker, quickly. Then, seeing that the big man looked a little crestfallen, he added: "Let us allow the children to amuse themselves together, Mr. Layac: that will be the best plan, I think."

(To be continued.)

The Names of the Things We Wear.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.



HE twins, Bobby and Betty, were out in the chair swing with their Cousin Stella, idly rocking back and forth. All at once Cousin Stella's slipper fell off into the grass; and while Bobby was putting it on again, Betty had a brilliant thought.

"What do our clothes' names mean, Cousin Stella? Don't they mean something, too, just the same as our names do?"

"Yes, indeedy, Bettykin; though it is not always easy to tell just how some of our garments got their names, or why?"

"I know why they call these things slippers," grunted Bobby: "'cause they slip off so easily,—lots more easily than they go on."

"You're right, Bobby; and thank you, too!" said Cousin Stella. "And I suppose you'll agree that another good name for a slipper is pump,—worn for pomp, or display, since it is often more ornamental than useful."

"And why sandals, Cousin Stella?" asked Betty. "Because they keep the sand off my feet?"

"Sandal is a Persian word for a foot-covering which is mostly sole, with straps to hold it on. Sandals have been worn for hundreds of years in Oriental countries and Southern Europe. Mocassins get their name from the Indian word *makisin*, this style of footwear being the Indian's idea of warmth, beauty, and comfort combined. Boot comes from the Latin *botta*, and shoe from the Anglo-Saxon *scoh*, which is as far back as we can trace those words; and far enough, since Latin, the language of early Rome, and Anglo-Saxon, the language which Scandinavian invaders took to England as long ago as the year 500, are the chief sources of all our modern English words. Galosh, by which we mean an overshoe, is a French word, which comes from two Greek words

KINDNESS to animals is no new thing. When the Parthenon was finished, the Athenians agreed that all the animals that had been employed in its building should be turned out into the pasture for the remainder of their lives. One of the oxen came back to work, of his own accord, the next day; and the people, seeing that, said he should be the guest of the city as long as he lived.

meaning 'a shoemaker's last,' or 'a wooden foot,' because made with a wooden sole. Clog is our word for a wooden shoe, from an old English word *clogge*, a stump or block of wood. Patten is also a wooden shoe, named from the French word *patte*, a paw. Brogue is the Irish word for shoe, particularly one made with a heavy sole. And that has given rise to the well-known expression, 'to speak with a brogue,' which really means to speak thick, as though having an Irish brogue on the tongue."

That amused the children, and Bobby observed:

"We used to have a maid, named Molly Maguire, that always talked with her shoe on her tongue. It was all any one could do to understand her."

"Why, I don't remember her," said Betty.

"I suppose that was before you were born," replied Bobby. Which made Cousin Stella laugh merrily, because Bobby is only a few minutes older than Betty.

But Betty looked very wise and said airily:

"I think, then, Bobby doesn't remember much about Molly Maguire. Please tell us some more, Cousin Stella."

"Well, take the word glove. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *glof*, probably taken from the Scandinavian word *lofi*, meaning the palm of the hand. The French word for glove is *gant*, so gauntlet means a little glove,—though it is really larger than an ordinary glove, and at first was made of armor to protect the hand from wounds. Mitten is taken from the French language; perhaps it came from the same Latin word as *mite*, meaning small. The German word for glove is *handschuh*, or a shoe worn on the hand."

"Then I suppose they call a stocking a foot glove?" spoke up Bobby.

"No: their word for stocking is *strumpf*, which we have not used in any English form. Our word stocking comes from the Anglo-Saxon *stocc*, meaning a trunk, like the trunk of a tree, which a stocking

somewhat resembles, particularly when on the leg. Sock is from the Latin *soccus*; a kind of low-heeled, light shoe. Hose is an old Anglo-Saxon word, used probably by Alfred the Great; and is related to the Danish word *hose*, meaning trousers, because it reached to the hip. Trunk hose, worn so long ago, and even trunks, such as swimming trunks, are named because they cover the body."

Bobby nodded. "I'll remember that, to tell the boys the next time we go swimming."

"Our word trousers is traced to the Latin *thrysus*, a stalk or stem, so quite properly applied to coverings for the limbs. Trousers were originally short ones, a sort of truss or pad, worn under armor to prevent chafing of the body. The Danish verb, *kilte op*, meaning to truss or tuck up, is the origin of kilt and kilties. Pantalone is a character in old Italian plays, usually very lean and old, dressed in long, tight trousers, which gave rise to the term pantaloons. Sometimes pantaloons are called 'pants,' though it is always wise to remember that 'gents wear pants, gentlemen wear pantaloons,' which means that the two long words are more correct than the short ones. Pantalone, the Italian play-character, is not supposed to be very clever, which of course seems funny to his audience, since his name is from two Greek words meaning 'all lion,' or 'very brave.' Perhaps, though, Bobby, that is why boys feel so grown-up and brave and lion-hearted when they put on—pantaloons?"

"'Spose so," agreed Bobby; "though I've only got to knickers yet. And what does knickers mean, I wonder?"

"Short, full knee-trousers were worn by the early Dutch settlers of New York; and, since Washington Irving, under the name Diedrich Knickerbocker, wrote his History of New York, he may be credited with giving the name to the kind of trousers you boys wear. Sometimes there is a story tacked into the names of your clothes, you see?"

Bobby grinned. "Now I'll have to read

the Knickerbocker History of New York. We have it in the library."

"I suppose" (and Betty giggled in anticipation of her little witticism) "they call gaiters 'spats' because they're apt to get into little fights with each other?"

"No, though they might be. You see, 'spats' is short for 'spatterdashes,'—leggings worn to keep mud and water from spattering one's hose. The French call them *guetre*, or gaiters; and soldiers call them puttees, from the Hindustan word *patti*, a ribbon, brace, or tie, because wrapped around the leg. Garter is from the old French *garet*, the bend of the knee. Suspenders are braces from which the trousers are hung, or suspended; while gallusses is from an old English word, *galwes*, or gallows, or cross, either because the suspenders are crossed in the back, or because the trousers are *hung* from them, which is a very clever joke on the part of the English, isn't it? Braces is another word for suspenders, from the Old French word *brace*, the two arms. It first meant armor for the arms, but later became armor to hold the trousers up. Overalls is easily guessed, since they are put on over other clothes. Pyjamas is from two Persian words, *pai*, foot; and *jamah*, garment. Necktie is another easy word. The French name for it is *cravat*, from Cravate, a Croat or Croatian, as Austrian troops wore the ornament; and from them, in 1636, the French copied the fashion."

"What about a collar?" asked Bobby.

"Collar comes from an Old French word *col*, the neck. Kerchief is also French, from *couvrir*, to cover; and *chef*, the head, or a head-covering. A neckerchief is a *fichu*, as the French term it; while a handkerchief is carried in the hand. The German word for it is pocket-cloth."

"Don't forget our coats, Cousin Stella," reminded Bobby.

"Coat is a form of a French word, *cotte*, from the Latin *cota*, a tunic. Petticoat used to mean a petty (or little) coat, or an undercoat worn by men. Now it has dropped to the waistline, and is a small

skirt or underskirt, worn by women. Overcoat is simple; also topcoat, or a coat worn on top of the other garments. Ulster is a long, loose overcoat, originally made from frieze, a material manufactured in Ulster, Ireland. A raglan, with loose sleeves, is named from Lord Raglan, a British general; perhaps he first wore this style of overcoat. Jacket is the English form of the French *jaquette*, because worn by Jacques, or Jack, a common given-name in that country. Mackinaw is named from Mackinac, Michigan, once an Indian agency, where stores of goods were distributed to the Indians, who preferred gay plaid blankets, in patterns and colors much like those now used in mackinaw jackets. A waterproof is a rain-coat, made of cloth covered with a rubber solution. Oilskins are garments made of a waterproof material coated with oil; while a slicker is the same material, too slick for the rain to stick to."

"Now tell about some girl's clothes, Cousin Stella," spoke up Betty, feeling that Bobby had been getting most of the definitions so far.

"Very well. Dress comes from the old French verb *dercier*, to prepare; so before women had 'dresses' they dressed themselves in garments, which word also comes from a French verb, *garnir*, to garnish, or 'fix up,' or prepare. The earliest dresses were robes, worn by men and women alike, made simply and usually in one piece, and called by various names in different countries. A gown is in one piece, and the old English word *gounne* is supposed to be of Welsh origin, their word *gwn* meaning a loose robe. Kimona is the Japanese word for their particular kind of robe. Our word suit comes from a French verb, *suivre*, to follow, because the various pieces are worn together, forming a *suite*, like a suite of rooms. Skirt is a good old English word, *skyrt*, of Scandinavian origin, such as the Swedish *kjorta*, a shirt. Indeed, both skirt and shirt come from the same word as short, because neither is a full-length garment. Kirtle is another

form, from the Anglo-Saxon *scyrtil*, and is commonly used in Scotland. Cloak means a *cloche*, the French word for bell, because usually so shaped. A wrap is of course wrapped about one. A dolman copies the long, sleeveless wrap worn by Turks, and called by them *dolaman*.

"Apron is an old word, which came from the Latin *mappa*, a napkin, perhaps because the first ones were so shaped. The early English word was *napron*, so those we consider careless when they say a 'napron' are really speaking older English than we who are precise and say an 'apron.' A pinafore was an apron worn pinned over the dress in front, but is now a sort of slip-on dress as well. Tier is another name for an apron, from the French verb *tirer*, to draw. Bib is a form of the Latin verb *bibere*, to imbibe, or drink, because a bib catches what a baby spills in drinking."

"Or when it *isn't* drinking," giggled Betty. "Mrs. Bingham's baby is teething, and it's just the drooliest baby I ever saw!"

"Don't forget our heads, Cousin Stella," and Bobby gave his cap a little twirl on his finger.

"Cap is from the Latin *cappa*, a cope, or covering, from which also comes the word cape. Bonnet is a French word for a certain kind of cloth from which such head-coverings were first made. Hood is *hod*, a good old Anglo-Saxon word used centuries ago in England; and hat, or *haett*, also Anglo-Saxon in origin, in Scandinavian is *hattr*, or *hottr*, hood. Turban is the Persian head-covering, which is called *dulband*."

"And *lid*?" suggested Bobby, mischievously.

"That is a covering, too," laughed Cousin Stella; "but also a covering that closes—which we will now let it do, and take a walk."

The twins agreed, and they merrily set off together.

To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the words I say.

A Precious Gift.

A LONG time ago the people of the Low Countries had the monopoly of the coffee trade, sending the product of their industry in every direction. One day a worthy magistrate of Amsterdam sent to Louis XIV., King of France, a very nice specimen of a young coffee-tree, bidding him plant it among the other curious shrubs of the Jardin des Plantes.

The King, however, was too shrewd a monarch to let so valuable an opportunity slip away from him; so he set his gardeners to work, and in a short time they had a dozen slips of the shrub well rooted and growing. The climate of France was too severe for them; but the mild climate of Martinique was within easy reach, and soon the young trees were on their way to that French colony, in charge of a famous botanist. The voyage was long and tempestuous, and the fresh-water gave out.

"I can not supply your precious plants with any more water," said the captain.

"Then I myself will go without water," answered the devoted old botanist; and so he did, and had the happiness of seeing the coffee-trees thriving in the genial soil of the beautiful island.

King Frederick's Stratagem.

ON one occasion when two belligerent officers asked permission of Frederick the Great to fight each other, he gave his full and free consent. But when they repaired to the chosen spot, they were startled to find a gibbet erected near by.

"What is this, sire?" they asked of the King, who had promised to be present at the encounter.

"It is a gibbet. I intend to see that the survivor is promptly hanged."

The duel was not fought, and it is said that this stratagem of Frederick was the means of putting an end to the practice of duelling in his army.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A series of tracts by Savonarola, many of them with woodcuts, was recently sold at auction for £600.

—"The History of the English College in Rome," by Cardinal Gasquet, with illustrations, is among forthcoming publications of Longmans, Green & Co. The institution dates from the sixteenth century.

—A useful list of the Catholic papers and magazines published in the United States has been issued by Benziger Brothers. Though probably incomplete, the list contains as many as 313 titles, which are arranged alphabetically according to States.

—Messrs. Allen & Unwin, London, are soon to publish a new work on "The Guild State: Its Principles and Possibilities," by G. R. Stirling Taylor, who includes chapters on "A Guildman's Philosophy of Life" and "The Foundation of the Guild System."

—The beautiful "Adoration Book of the Blessed Sacrament," lately noticed in these pages, may be ordered from the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo. The price is \$2; with gilt edges and designs, \$2.50. The book is tastefully and substantially bound in leather.

—*The Bengalese* is the title of a new periodical, to be published monthly in the interests of the extensive mission in Bengal under the care of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The initial number of *The Bengalese*, which takes the place of "Bengal Mission Notes," is full of interest and promise. We join with the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne in the hope that the mission and its organ "may grow and prosper for the glory of God, the conversion of pagans, and the deepening of Catholic life in our own land."

—The latest publication of the Boston branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is "Life Sketch of Mother Mary Lawrence, F. M. M.," by the Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M. A. L. The author is Missionary Apostolic of the Nile Delta; and the subject of his biography is "an American missionary Sister who toiled out her young life in China, where she recently died a martyr to her devotedness and zeal." The story, a fascinating one for true Catholics, is of a French-Canadian girl whose parents moved while she was but a child to Worcester, Mass. At the age of twenty-four she entered the Order of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. That was in 1904. In 1912 she was officiating as mistress

of novices in Rome; and two years later, arrived in Manchuria. Her life on the mission lasted only three years, but the memory of her saintlike virtues and her many activities will endure a hundredfold that period.

—Among new publications of Heath Cranton, London, we note: "The Life of Mr. Justice Day," by one of his sons, with a preface by Cardinal Gasquet; "The Life and Visions of St. Hildegarde," by Francesca M. Steele; and "Catholic Democracy, Individualism, and Socialism," by Henry C. Day, S. J.

—The announcement is made that Dr. Maurice Francis Egan is co-author, with Mr. John B. Kennedy, of a forthcoming history of the Knights of Columbus. The work will be in two volumes,—the first dealing with the origin, growth, and activities of the organization; the second being in the nature of a memorial of those Knights, more than fifty thousand in number, who served in the late war.

—"Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course," by the Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen (Wheeling, W. Va.: Catholic Book Company), a 12mo of 356 pages, is a work that is safe to be welcomed by all who have to do with the religious instruction of the little ones. Taking account of child-intuition, of the natural religion present in the heart of the child, and of the child's interest in concrete rather than abstract things, the author has provided a series of forty chapters that can scarcely fail to equip an intelligent catechist with material for thoroughly drilling a class of young children in the essential elements of our religion. Most examiners of the book will agree with Bishop Shahan, who says in a preface to it: "I feel that this volume will prove a godsend to many."

—Although Isabel C. Clarke's new novel, "The Deep Heart," has a religious purpose, it can not be said that it is any of the best artistic on that account; it is skillfully planned and extremely well written, besides being of absorbing interest. If the story illustrates the influence of the Catholic religion upon certain of the characters portrayed, it is for the simple reason that the Church exercises power over all classes of people in real life. If her laws concerning what is right and what is wrong are represented as being exact and stern, it is because they are such in reality. To speak of Miss Clarke's novels as tracts masquerading as psychology would be utterly absurd: they are nothing of the sort. Like Christian Reid's stories, they sow

good seed instead of bad seed; they make for religion instead of irreligion. Some of them, it is true, are less convincing and finished than others; but all are of very high excellence, and distinctly superior in every respect to most of the best-sellers. Their increasing popularity is a sincere gratification to us; and we are hoping that "The Deep Heart" will have a host of readers, and win a great many additional ones for "The Secret Citadel," "The Elstones," "Whose Name is Legion," and the rest.

—"The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow," by Corporal Martin J. Hogan, U. S. A. (D. Appleton & Co.), is a plain, straightforward, non-philosophical account of one young Irish-American's experiences in the Great War, and, incidentally, the more or less complete story of the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" in the same mighty conflict. Corporal Hogan's story makes it abundantly evident that the Shamrock Battalion lived and fought up to the high standard set by their fathers in the Civil War and subsequent strifes of minor importance. He himself, while he never missed a battle, had the distinction of being sent to the hospital from three different fronts. Few of our soldiers saw so much of the war as this young non-commissioned officer from New York; and still fewer have told of what they saw with such graphic power, artless art, and pleasant humor.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course."
Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
"The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
"An American Girl on the Foreign Missions."
Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M. A. L. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.
"The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow."
Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
"Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
"A Hidden Phase of American History."
Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
"The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baierl. \$2.

- "The Government of Religious Communities."
Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
"The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
"Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
"Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
"Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.
"Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
"Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
"The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
"The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems."
Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
"The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
"Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
"A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
"The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
"Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
"Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
"The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Price, of the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society.

Mr. Frank Chamard, Mr. James Wickham, Miss Mary Byrne, Miss Sarah O'Neil, Mr. William Schultz, Mr. Joseph Zalusky, Mr. Thomas Riley, Dr. J. V. Kelly, Mrs. Catherine Moore, Mr. Peter McAnally, Mrs. P. Graham, Mr. J. A. Wick, Mrs. Ellen Murray, Mr. Julius Trudeau, Miss Julia O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Philip Wimoner, Miss Mary Scanlon, Mr. James Heath, Mr. John Walker, Mrs. Catherine McKeown, Mrs. Mary Crowley, Mr. Duncan Chisholm, Mr. Alexander Scott, Mrs. Mary N. Keogh, Mr. Peter Giroux, Mr. A. C. Salvat, and Mr. William Taylor.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: W. M. L., \$5; J. D., 50 cents; K. V. S., \$1. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Bradford, \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Perseverance.

BY T. E. BURKE, C. S. C.

Lord, I have tried to walk the narrow way
That leads up Calvary's hill to Thy abode;
Oft have my wandering footsteps gone astray,
Oft has my heart grown faint upon the road;
Still have I struggled through the dismal night,
Hoping the dawn might find me at Thy side;
Though my poor soul is scarlet in Thy sight,
Lord, I have tried.

Lord, I have trod where thorns and briars grew;
Along each stony road my feet have bled;
And when the wasting winds of passion blew
I sought to follow where Thy footsteps led.
What though I still am plodding in the gloam,
Far from the mountain peak where saints abide,
Take Thou my hand; for, though I'm far from
home,
Lord, I have tried.

The Charm of the Rosary.

BY ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.



ALMOST every individual has a particular conception of prayer. To some favored souls prayer means voluble and sustained conversation with God; to others it is silent adoration and entreaty. Many pray best apart, in an isolated corner, whence outer distractions at least are excluded. To those who love the form of prayer called meditation nothing could appeal more than the Rosary. It is a mine of thought, a treasure-store of gems,

a picture with endless, fascinating vistas.

In the Rosary we reconstruct the historical scenes in which the greatest drama of the world was enacted. We come close to the source of all modern civilization, to the origin of true knowledge, to the vital truths essential for salvation. The Rosary is a most admirable compendium of revealed religion. We can engage upon it at all times of the day or night, in all places and circumstances, using the hallowed string of beads or simply our fingers. While the lips move naturally in a form of greeting to the grandest Woman that ever lived—a greeting composed by angels at God's bidding, and by loyal Christians,—the mind is intent on a wealth of spiritual values. On a journey, in a crowded tram-car, or on ship deck, lying on a bed of pain or seated at work, it is a refreshing interlude and a comforter. The Rosary lifts us at once from cares of earth to higher regions, gives us a tangible hold on imperishable goods, and, by its well-ordered symmetry and variety of subjects, regulates our imagination and directs the channels of our devotions.

As in everything else, practice is required to make adepts of the Rosary. Force of habit draws one to it with ever-increasing affection. When the mind is absorbed by a fresh aspect of a particular mystery, it often happens that the recital of the ten *Aves* takes far too short a time. Reluctantly one breaks off. It is a wise and fruitful discipline,—looking forward to the morrow for a more adequate study of the point that engaged our attention. We need never fear that the fountain of inspiration

will dry up. The more one reflects, the more one discovers. Take for example the Annunciation. The attitude of the Holy Virgin is full of lessons in calm recollection, ready conformity to God's will, zeal for humanity, selfless devotedness to the Creator, perfect identification of her own ideals with God's designs. We can picture the gentle little maiden, unconscious of her predestination for the world's deliverance, wrapped in contemplation of the wondrous attributes of God. Clad in the simple, flowing garments of the East, her every move was gracious and blessed. Our fancy can run free as to her actual occupation when Gabriel accosted her. Was she resting after her humble household labors? Had she just returned with a full pitcher from the well? Had she risen from the loom? Was she walking among the flowers of the fields, intent on nature's beauties, that were to her a reflection of the Divine Beauty? Was she, as so many painters have represented her, seated within her home, the Word of God on a trestle in front of her, or posed upon her knees, a harbinger of what was soon to come? Whatever her actual employment, working or reading, we know that she was communing with the Holy Spirit; we know that she was a most perfect being in the sight of God; that her beautiful soul found such favor with Him that He was moved to absorb her entirely in Himself.

Mary's courage was equalled only by her humility. Overwhelmed with astonishment at the strange salutation, she does not hesitate to ask the messenger who announces her great destiny: "How can this be?" When he explains and reassures the consecrated virgin, she at once accepts and adores. In that brief colloquy the redemption of man is determined. Was Mary so accustomed to visits from angels that the appearance of Gabriel did not startle her? But even if angels were her daily companions, she had never yet beheld one so radiant as this shining herald sent straight to her from the bosom of God.

And Gabriel? With what fierce elation did he dart to announce the marvellous message! Gabriel no doubt watches with a special care over all clients of Mary. He is forever linked with the human race. We should call on him as on our patron, to keep us close to the Holy Maid, so that we may welcome all good promptings with fervor and act on them without delay. Blessed forever be the day of the Annunciation! (The decade is finished.)

Mary's visit to her cousin Elizabeth affords matter for much delightful conjecture. The two inspired women were, no doubt, intimate friends and former associates,—the elder woman finding such ripe judgment, such extraordinary virtue in the Maiden full of grace as made her a loved companion in spite of the disparity of years. In her lonely journey over the mountains of Judea, Mary was protected by hosts of angels, watching lest she should "dash her foot against a stone." They had also conveyed the news of the visit; for Elizabeth meets Mary on the threshold of her home, opens her arms to her and then sinks on her knees, welcoming and adoring the Incarnate God. What pure joy is in this meeting! Nothing has as yet transpired of the sorrows in store for Mary. The fate of the Precursor is likewise unknown to his mother. The two women unite in rejoicing at their motherhood. Perfect harmony of purpose reigns between them, who are as yet sole recipients of the message that was to change the face of the world. Mary's impulse towards her soul's sister teaches us that the truest friendship is based on supernatural ties. The Holy Virgin had many relatives: Elizabeth was the dearest of all and most worthy to be the mother of John, baptizer of the Saviour. Charity, sympathy with others, self-sacrifice, promptitude in good, are taught by this mystery. (The ten *Aves* are said.)

In the stable at Bethlehem we conjure up the vision of Mary and Joseph bending in delight over the miraculous Babe. They had Him to themselves before the

arrival of the Shepherds or the Kings. They could gaze their fill on the Divinity in human form as He reposed on the straw of the manger, when the happy Mother laid Him a moment out of her arms to perform various household tasks, such as preparing the food brought by Joseph. Was the owner of the animals whose breath kept the stable warm also privileged to behold the Divine Infant? Did Mary take him by the hand and invite him to view her Treasure? With what care she ministered to her Adorable Son, the promised Founder of a new world! We belong to this world, however seldom we reflect on what it means to be a disciple of Christ. In this humble abode, cradled among cattle, He began His teaching. We can never neglect kindness to animals if we remember how He willed them to be near Him in His first hour of life. Frugality, contentment, trust in Providence, gentleness, indifference to material comfort, absorption in things eternal, simplicity. (The decade is too short.)

The day of Jesus' Presentation in the Temple was a great day for Joseph and Mary. For the first time their Treasure was to be made public. Early in the morning the young Mother rose, swept her house, made all ready for the event; chose the best of the poor clothes, her own handiwork of modest material, in which the Master of the World was enveloped. We can see Joseph taking his staff and closing the door, joyously accompanying his Virgin Spouse as she proceeded with her sacred Burden to the Temple. If the wind, moved by angels' wings, blew aside the veil that covered the Infant's face so that a passer-by got a glimpse of it, he would exclaim, "Oh, the beautiful Child!" and pause, entranced, as was Simeon a few minutes later on recognizing the marvel of a God-Man. Joseph and Mary would have interchanged looks and smiles. And Mary would have pressed her Treasure closer to her heart, blessing and thanking Him. Hitherto all was happiness; for what mattered poverty and privation? She held

the Jewel of Ages in safe keeping. But the days of pure happiness are over. Never again, after the Presentation in the Temple, will the girl-mother gaze on the lovely little face without a pang at her heart. Simeon's words will never be blotted from her memory. Persecution, entailing flight, was soon to begin. (The decade is told.)

In the fifth mystery joy is but the outcome of sorrow. The Holy Virgin had set out with a peaceful heart, accompanied by her two dear ones, to worship the Lord in Jerusalem, and was soon exposed to one of the most fearful trials a mother can know. Her beloved Charge is lost! Vainly she seeks Him. She who had watched over His every move, when He walked, worked or played; who gathered round her knees His comrades of the village, teaching them to love Him of whom they were to be later the Disciples; who prepared His food and protected His repose,—she is now suddenly separated from Him, and her soul is full of anguish. She knows He is destined to sorrow, but her knowledge of the date and manner of His passion remains vague. She asks herself if His hour be already come? Then, in a flood of relief, she sees Him; and, after the way of mothers, her heart overflows in tender reproach: 'O Son, how could You leave us! O Love, how we have pined without You!' And in her never-failing thought for others: 'Thy poor father has grieved for Thee.' With rapture she hears His answer, His first lesson to the world: Chief of all things must be the Heavenly Father's business. At a later date He will speak still more definitely: "Whoso loveth father or mother more than Me—"

A grain of seed has now been sown among the doctors of the Temple. Some, at least, have heard and marvelled. They are astonished at the wisdom of this Child of God. Mary's soul is filled with ecstasy. He is her Son, and but a Boy of twelve! Such majesty, such love, such sweetness! Soon the entire world will listen in a transport of adoration. (The Beads are run out.)

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XV.—A FLITTING.

THE anniversary of the delivery of the young king from the Gowrie conspiracy, in the early years of his reign, was annually celebrated with public rejoicings in Edinburgh. All day long, on that 5th of August, people were required to give expression to the loyalty they bore towards their sovereign. It had been decreed that preaching should take place in the kirks both forenoon and afternoon; but apart from that duty every citizen was free to join in the general holiday-making. Bells pealed, trumpets and drums added to the clamor of the crowds that filled the streets and shouted with glee,—more, perhaps, from the pleasure which some human beings feel in being free to make an uproar than from very deep loyalty. Feasting and merriment were to the fore among all ranks of the population; much wine was provided for the drinking of the king's health at the Market Cross; sweetmeats were cast about among the crowd, and there were dancing and singing in the public thoroughfares. The revels lasted until a late hour of the night, when bonfires were lighted on the hills, and fireworks thrown about in the streets. Nothing was omitted which could help to further the spirit of rejoicing on what was intended to be looked upon as a day of national thanksgiving.

The revelation of the bent of Patrick Hathaway's mind, made in the garden at Hopkailzie, related in the preceding chapter, took place on the very day thus annually distinguished. But the general merrymaking affected the household there no more than any other casual happening in the far-off city. In the residence of the Monnypenny sisters it was a day to be kept in memory in after years.

The general relaxing of restraint was welcomed there as a God-sent opportunity, for it was the day fixed upon for quitting the home which had sheltered the sisters and their dead relatives for many generations. It was not without long and careful consideration that the Monnypenny sisters had come to a decision. Master Matthew, their sole remaining relative in the neighborhood, had been driven to take refuge on the Continent from the persistent attentions of the Presbytery. Rather than submit to arrest and imprisonment, and inevitable banishment, the good man had determined to take matters into his own hands and retire into voluntary exile. Through an accommodating lawyer, who professed (when it suited his purpose) to be a staunch and rigid Presbyterian, but who was not averse to managing Catholic business when a profitable opportunity presented, Master Matthew had been able to effect the sale of his little property, and to carry with him the proceeds. He had never ceased urging his cousins to do the like. Sentimental considerations did not weigh with a man of his practical character; however many years those elderly ladies might have spent in the familiar shade of their Canongate dwelling, the recollection would count for little if they should have to relinquish it unwillingly, and together with it their other means of subsistence. And such might well be the case, since their known relationship to Master Matthew was calculated to turn the eyes of the Presbytery in their direction.

Eupheme and Joanna, therefore, setting aside all other considerations except the important fact that poverty and imprisonment might be theirs sooner than they had reason to fear, resolved to make their sacrifice. The same useful and liberal-minded gentleman of the law who had assisted their cousin was invited to come to their help also. He himself purchased the house, and considered himself rarely lucky in acquiring so satisfactory a residence on terms so easy; the lands belong-

ing to the sisters were already let on favorable conditions, and Master Lewison undertook the collection of the rents on the ladies' behalf.

After business affairs had been thus happily settled, the sisters made their plans of procedure. More than a week previous to the day of the Gowrie anniversary, all had been determined upon. Preparations began for a secret relinquishment of the house and a stealthy departure from the city; the maids, under Mistress Joanna's unrelaxing supervision, were kept hard at work in packing clothes and such small possessions as could be taken away at once, and in thoroughly washing and cleaning the whole building, and polishing up everything that would bear more polishing. For Joanna's housewifely heart would have grieved sorely had there been room for complaint on the part of new inmates as to any want of order or cleanliness in the dwelling.

The one difficulty which had persistently faced the elderly gentlewoman was the need of a reliable man to take upon his shoulders that part of their burden which looked too heavy for them and their womenfolk. Old Andrew, their faithful servitor for many years, though true as steel, could scarcely be regarded as possessing the requisite qualities of brain and muscle required in the emergency.

They had decided not to attempt at present to set sail for France. It would draw upon them the eyes of all Edinburgh, were they to take ship at Leith just then, with the recollection of Master Matthew's recent triumph over the Presbytery fresh in mind. So it seemed advisable to propose a visit to their friend of long-standing, Mistress Muir of Hopkailzie. There they would be free to discuss matters as to future procedure, and to correspond with their cousin abroad. But even to get to Hopkailzie was a project which appeared to them in such circumstances beyond their power.

The difficulty was solved at last in a way wholly unexpected. Their old friend,

Sir Jasper Hathaway, had undertaken to act for the time being as their representative in the legal and business matters which had lately been satisfactorily settled. The necessary correspondence involved had frequently led red-headed Willie to the Monnypenny household, where he had become fairly well acquainted with the domestics. Most of these were rather elderly and serious-minded women, of little attractiveness in the eyes of a bright lad of twenty, but the little sixteen-year-old Eppie, an assistant in the kitchen, found more favor with him. To her, in casual conversation, he opened out his own grievances,—in response, maybe, to Eppie's trifling woes under the severe discipline of Ursula and the rest of the elderly maidens there.

Willie had much to say as to the monotony and dreariness of his present position. While his young master had been at home, there was plenty of change and occupation for him; but he had not heard from Master Pat since he left Haddowstane, and Sir Jasper had begun to suggest that Willie might as well look out for another place, since there was not enough work for him at Haddowstane at present. Willie wondered whether the ladies within had any use for a loon such as himself. Would Eppie find out? Eppie promised, and the result was the engagement of red-headed Willie by the sisters as their serving-man, on the testimony of Sir Jasper to the lad's trusty character.

It may be remarked that, although Willie knew nothing of his master's whereabouts, Sir Jasper was aware of his residence with the Muirs; for word had been sent him of the circumstances which had prompted a longer stay at Hopkailzie than Patrick's health really demanded, and the old knight had thoroughly agreed as to the prudence of the resolve.

During the few days that remained before the date fixed for departure, Willie was invaluable to the Monnypenny household in general. It was to him the ladies were indebted for the suggestion of the

safe and easy means which were to enable them to reach Hopkailzie. For days they had been puzzled as to the best method to be adopted. It was out of the question to mount Mistress Eupheme on horseback, even if (as she jocularly remarked) a sturdy farm-horse could be found of sufficient strength for the purpose. Willie solved the difficulty by undertaking to hire a heavy but capacious farm-wagon with a hooded shelter, in which the two sisters might travel safely and secretly to their destination.

The thanksgiving day was chosen as a favorable occasion for leaving the city; since, when so many folk were about, an unusually large number of equipages would be departing in the evening for various country places. The sisters would travel alone, leaving behind for a few days the old female servants who insisted on sharing the exile of their mistresses.

So at the hour of eight, on that bright August evening, Willie drove through the garden from the wynd below, and brought his sturdy horses to a stand at the house door. He had stored the wagon with some bales of fresh hay, to serve as a couch. A hood covered the whole vehicle, and was closed by curtains at the back as well as behind the driver's seat. It took all the available strength of the establishment—even Eppie had to help, and old Andrew to hold the horses, while Willie's muscular arms assisted—to hoist up the bulky Eupheme into the wagon. But it was satisfactorily accomplished at last. A bed was prepared upon the hay, as the least uncomfortable mode of travelling for her; Joanna, with the help of the bales of clothing, managed to provide a sufficiently easy seat for herself. Thus secure from prying eyes, the exiles set forth from the home they had known since childhood.

As the lumbering vehicle passed slowly along the broad road of the garden towards the gate opening into St. Mary's Wynd, the sounds of revelry floated down from the upper streets of the city they were

leaving. Cheering and half-tipsy shouting, shrill voices singing, the skirl of pipes leading the dances,—all mingled in one noisy chorus. The wagon reached at last the almost deserted wynd, and jolted along the rough road. The sisters in cautious tones expressed their joy in so easily escaping from what might have proved insuperable difficulties. Through the gate—St. Mary's Wynd Port—they passed without challenge; for it was still wide open on such an evening. Willie was successfully steering his team towards the open road leading to Liberton; and, though a few stragglers were hurrying along Cowgate to reach the centre of festivity in the higher parts of the town, no one paid any heed to so ordinary an equipage.

But they were not to escape so easily. A party of noisy lads were making their way from outlying meadows, where they had been amusing themselves with shinty and such like games. They had evidently been paying visits to the quarters where wine had been liberally dispensed all through the day; and, flushed with such potations, they were boisterously bent upon any enjoyment that might offer, especially if it should afford opportunity of mischief.

Willie's team provoked laughter, and the wagon held out promise of rare amusement. With loud cries and coarse jests they surrounded it. Some sprang to the horses' heads and stopped their progress; others expressed their intention of unyoking and mounting the horses in an impromptu procession to the scene of rejoicing; others, dissenting, struggled to prevent, declaring it better to take possession of the vehicle as it was.

While this unruly rabble shouted and disputed, and continued to stop their progress, the poor ladies within trembled for fear of unknown happenings. Their discovery would lead to serious inconveniences, if not to danger of health and limb. Even Willie, usually so resourceful, was for the moment puzzled as to pro-

cedure. But it was not for long. He soon proved his worth. His quick wit told him that angry remonstrance would have the effect of spurring the lads to greater efforts, and would therefore be worse than useless. But he could trick the loons, he thought. In a terrified voice he cried to one of them who seemed to be playing a leading part, imploring him "for God's sake" to listen to him. The others were quiet for a moment, waiting for some more exciting development. As the lad in question drew closer to Willie, the latter leaned down towards him and spoke in cautious tones of anxiety:

"Ye dinna ken what ye're after. There's two wives within, my old mither and auntie, as the leech has sent out o' the city. I'll no say they're sickening for the pest, but it's as well to call yon lads awa' from any danger there might be. It's ill play'ng wi' sic matters."

It was enough. The lad's face paled with terror. The pest was said to have broken out in Edinburgh; that much he knew. He wished for no nearer acquaintance with the death-dealing visitor. He excitedly explained matters to his companions, and immediately, amid a chorus of wild cries and frequent oaths, the whole troop rushed off in fear towards the city. It was a true stroke of genius on the part of red-headed Willie.

Reassured, the driver whipped up his team, and they proceeded on their way without further adventure. Willie did not trouble himself to explain by what means he had so easily got rid of their molesters; but, merely telling his passengers that there was no further cause for alarm, he drove steadily along up the hilly road through Liberton to Hopkailzie.

Their progress was very slow, and it was late when the wagon arrived at the entrance of the manor house, after passing the gates which Wat had been ordered to leave open for them. With all due kindness and hospitality, Mistress Muir welcomed her old friends.

Willie had no idea of the near presence

of his young master as he drove past the gatehouse lodge. Wat did not know the lad; and, although he helped Willie to unharness, and led him to the servants' quarters at the manor house, he had, of course, no conception of his relations with Master Hathaway. Not even Patrick himself would have dreamed of connecting Willie with the coming of the Monny-pennys.

Agnes was full of joy at the sight of the old friends she so dearly loved. At so late an hour there was little opportunity of much conversation. Ten o'clock was near midnight, as countryfolk would reckon. So that beyond a few inquiries after mutual acquaintances, the visitors retired to rest after a slight refection. Agnes longed to ask about the welfare of her uncle and his family, but in Mistress Muir's presence it was out of the question. When Eupheme had been made comfortable in her ground-floor room, and Joanna accompanied Agnes upstairs to share the same chamber, the girl was able to satisfy her desire. To her great grief she learned that her uncle seemed to have thrown himself heart and soul into the proceedings against Catholics which distinguished Bailie Agnew and his party. The Bailie was continually at the Gilchrist's house, and Hugh Gilchrist himself was regarded as a prominent supporter of the Kirk and an enemy to Papistry and its adherents.

On the following morning Mistress Eupheme, thoroughly rested from her unwonted excitement, was in the highest spirits. She could afford now to treat the attack upon their wagon as a subject for jest, and gave her amused audience a spirited account of the whole affair. There was something to say about her cousin Matthew too, and the project of joining him shortly. The sisters had become quite reconciled to the loss of their home. Things in Edinburgh were becoming so much more difficult for known Catholics—such as they were—that they deemed themselves fortunate in escaping

the consequences of further persecution. Spies had increased in number, and were more than ever active in attempting to convict any one of attendance at Mass and thereby earn a goodly reward.

"'Twas by good luck we chanced to entertain a priest only last week!" she exclaimed. "He rode boldly up to our door in the Canongate, dressed like a serving-man, with old Mistress Gillespie of Lasswade on the pillion behind him. 'Twas four o' the clock in the evening, and the street full of folk, for it was market day. We laughed merrily over it later."

"And did you get Mass?" asked the hostess.

"Aye, surely! He stayed the night and we had it next morn. And before sunrise the good gentleman was off and away."

"And none of the neighbors the wiser," added Joanna. "Two or three o' the folk praised up the bonny serving-man that Mistress Gillespie had hired, and Ursula gave him a rare character to them for sobriety of manner and discretion. If all serving-men in the town were such as he, she said, the city of Edinburgh would be more like heaven than it was."

"Was it Master Burnet?" Agnes asked.

"Yes: he took the opportunity of coming for my sake chiefly," said Eupheme. "He's leaving Edinburgh soon. The spies are too troublesome just now to warrant risking a longer stay. He's intending to move to Dundee for a while."

A servant here announced that Master Doctor Fenton would fain pay his respects to Mistress Muir and the ladies.

"'Tis the parish minister," explained Mistress Muir, when she had ordered Master Doctor to be shown into the room. "He's a harmless body enough,—not one of your Edinburgh heresy-hunters; an easy-going gentleman, who's quite content to keep in favor with Master Hector and myself, if so be he gets asked to sup his bowl of brose with us now and again. I fancy he knows my belief," she whispered. "But he never breathes a word upon religion here."

Doctor Fenton appeared immediately as she finished speaking. He was by no means typical of the Presbyterian clergy of the period. A profound scholar, it was said, he had come from Galloway some thirty years before, and had been quite content with his rather mean little kirk and still meaner manse, with the trifling emoluments attached; unlike many of his brethren, he strove for no more important position or richer glebe lands. But he was unmarried, and that may have had something to do with his lack of ambition. He was reported to be somewhat unpopular with his fellow-clergy, by reason of his liberal views with regard to doctrine, and his outspoken dislike of the forcible spreading of the true "Evangel" by means of persecution.

A thin, shrunken figure, with lean, sallow face, and crown of snowy locks, he possessed a shy, retiring manner, which may have accounted in some measure for his lack of combativeness. With the Monnypenny sisters he was affable enough, if a trifle embarrassed; but his remarks were carefully guarded against any mention of religion. The weather, the approaching harvest and its prospects, the advantages of town over country life, a generous appreciation of Hopkailzie and all that pertained to it,—such were the safe topics over which the conversation glided without mishap.

"Truly a pleasant-spoken gentleman!" was Eupheme's verdict, when the door had closed upon the visitor.

"I tell you," said her hostess with emphasis, "that he'd ne'er harm a bairn that disagreed with him. I would there were others of his cloth of likè gentleness. 'Twould make life more pleasant for many a one."

Doctor Fenton's visit had prevented any allusion to Patrick Hathaway and his presence at the lodge. The sisters were filled with astonishment, yet with pleasure, as Mistress Muir recounted the adventures that had befallen that youth, of his illness and present healthy state.

"I am expecting Master Pat to pay his respects to you," she concluded. "I sent word that you had arrived safe, and would be glad to receive him."

Agnes rose at this juncture, and, excusing herself to her hostess, passed out of the room.

"Is Agnes shy at meeting Master Patrick?" asked Joanna, astonished. "They used to be such great friends when they met at our house."

"And I should deem it possible they'd be something more than friends now, after biding so long in the same place together. What think you, Barbara?" asked Eupheme.

"I doubt not they're good friends still, but—"

Mistress Muir hesitated for a moment or two. Then she took courage and unburdened herself. She, too, had woven romances about that same youth and maiden, and all seemed merrily tending towards matrimony; but a change had come, and each seemed shy of the other. She knew not why. Agnes had grown more silent and reserved; Patrick was less gay than of old. She was sorry for it all; for she could not imagine two more suited to each other. They did not seem to have drifted apart on account of indifference on one side or the other; rather did they appear to be unaccountably troubled about something—she could not think what.

"Agnes has really gone to teach the gardener's bairns," she said, in conclusion. "She goes daily, and loves the work. But I doubt not she was glad of the opportunity of missing Master Pat's visit."

"Master Pat himself does not seem in a great hurry to greet his old Edinburgh friends," remarked Eupheme.

"He'll surely be here shortly now," was Mistress Muir's reply.

But Patrick, though they knew it not, was at that moment far away from Hopkailzie and its safe seclusion.

(To be continued.)

The Composer of "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, MUS. D.

SINCE the Dublin "Rising" of Easter Week, 1916, the tune which was originally composed for Dr. Ingram's noble lyric, "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" has been very much in evidence throughout Ireland, having been adapted to a ballad entitled "Who Fears to Speak of Easter Week?" Numerous prosecutions for the singing, or even whistling, of this latter song took place in the years 1917 and 1918; and therefore it may be of interest to furnish the readers of THE AVE MARIA with the result of my gleanings as to the original tune and its composer.

When preparing an Introduction for a new edition of "The Spirit of the Nation" for James Duffy & Co., Ltd., Dublin, in 1909, I endeavored to trace the composers of the original airs which had appeared in the first edition of that remarkable volume in 1845. Unfortunately, led astray by some notes given me by a deceased friend who was a close student of '48 history, I changed my own opinion as to the composer of "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" and inaccurately ascribed it to John Edward Pigot, the composer of "Dear Land." This statement appears in the printed Introduction of the new edition (1911). Since then, on closer investigation, and urged to a more protracted search by my friend, Mr. Arthur Griffith, I succeeded in proving beyond any manner of doubt that the tune originally composed for "The Memory of the Dead" ("Who Fears to Speak of '98?") was really the composition of William Elliot Hudson, in 1844,—a fact which I myself had made public for the first time at a lecture in 1903, and had announced again in the *Freeman's Journal* (March 19, 1904).

Before proceeding further it may be well to give the genesis of the glorious lyric, "The Memory of the Dead." This song

was written by John Kells Ingram, a young B. A. of Trinity College, Dublin; and made its first appearance in print in the "Nation," on April 1, 1843; being reprinted in "The Spirit of the Nation" in the following month of May. Ingram became a Senior Fellow of Trinity College in 1884, and was given the honorary degree of D. Litt. in 1891, becoming vice-provost in 1898. Although he was well known to have been the author of the song, it was not till 1870 that his name was disclosed by Prof. Robert Yelverton Tyrell. Twelve years later—on St. Patrick's Day, 1882,—at a concert held in the Rotunda, his name appeared as author on the concert programme; but it was not till 1900 that Ingram himself, then in his seventy-seventh year, formally acknowledged the lyric as his, in his published "Sonnets and Other Poems." To this work he added his last poem, entitled "National Presage," the concluding lines of which are worth quoting:

Yet, reading all thy mournful history,
Thy children, with a mystic faith sublime,
Turn to the Future, confident that Fate,
Become at last thy friend, reserves for thee,
To be thy portion in the coming time—
They know not what, but surely something great.

On January 14, 1906, Ingram wrote a copy of his immortal lyric on parchment for his elder daughter, Mrs. B. R. T. Balfour, of Townley Hall, Drogheda. He died on May 11, 1907.

As has been seen, Ingram's song, originally issued in April, 1843, and reprinted in "The Spirit of the Nation," attracted some attention; and in 1844, William Elliot Hudson set it to music, composing for it an original air, which duly made its appearance in the musical edition of "The Spirit of the Nation," published by Duffy in 1845; the music of the song being printed on pages 44 and 45, while the song is given in full on pages 46 and 47. Strange to relate, neither in the printed text nor in the index is there any clue given to the name of the author or of the composer, the bald statement appearing that the air was "original." Notwithstanding its anonymity, however, the air became popular almost at once,

and was in high favor with the Young Ireland party.

The first clue I gained as to the actual composer of Ingram's song was in Davis' magnificent essay on "Irish Music and Poetry" (1845), in which the following lines supplied the much desired information: "Fortunately, there was one amongst us (perchance his example may light us to others) who can smite upon our harp like a master, and make it sigh with Irish memories and speak sternly with Ireland's resolve. To him, to his patriotism, to his genius, and (I may selfishly add) to his friendship we owe our ability now to give to Ireland music fit for 'The Memory of the Dead' and 'The Hymn of Freedom,' and whatever else was marked out for popularity for such care as his."

No doubt a sceptic may reply that Hudson's name is not explicitly mentioned in this paragraph from Davis' essay; but certain it is that Hudson was the patriot and the genius and the man who financed much of the work of the "Nation," and published the music in the *Dublin Magazine* (1842), as well as being the intimate friend of Davis, at whose request he composed thirteen of the original airs in "The Spirit of the Nation," 1845. In fact, Davis intended that Hudson should compose, or adapt, music for all the songs in this remarkable work,—he "who can smite upon our harp like a master." Here are his words, in a letter to Gavan Duffy in 1884: "Hudson has written music for the 'Men of Tipperary,' and will do so for the entire series." As a matter of fact, of the seventeen original airs appearing in the musical edition of "The Spirit of the Nation," Hudson composed thirteen—namely, "Fag an Bealach," "Men of Tipperary," "The Memory of the Dead" ("Who Fears to Speak of '98?"), "War Song, A. D. 1597," "Oh, for a Steed!" "Repealers' Trumpet Call," "The Sword," "Bide your Time," "A New Year's Song" ("My Countrymen, Awake, Arise!"), "Ourselves Alone," "Our Own Again," "Hymn of Freedom," and "A Nation Once Again."

Of these thirteen melodies composed by Hudson, only two have survived—namely, “The Memory of the Dead” and “A New Year’s Song.” It may be observed (the fact is not generally known) that Henry Russell, the composer of “Cheer, Boys,—Cheer,” “A Life on the Ocean Wave,” “I’m Afloat,” and dozens of once popular songs, tried his hand at a new setting of Ingram’s song, and sang it at the Rotunda in Dublin in November, 1847. In the programme of the concert (now lying before me) it was announced as: “Mr. Russell’s new composition—‘Who Fears to Speak of ’98?’” Evidently the new air did not please, and it does not appear to have been published in the collected edition of Russell’s songs.

In Davis’ letters to John Edward Pigot,¹ fuller evidence is forthcoming as to Hudson’s share in the musical settings for “The Spirit of the Nation.” Thus, in a characteristic letter, Davis writes to Pigot on the 24th of March, 1844: “Hudson has written music for ’98, ‘Fag an Bealach,’ etc.’ ‘The Spirit of the Nation’ is to be issued in six parts, the size of Macaulay’s Ballads, with a new and an old air in each number.” This letter alone is convincing testimony from Davis in regard to the composer of “Who Fears to Speak of ’98?” and it definitely fixes the debated question in favor of Hudson. In a succeeding letter, Davis writes to Pigot (May 12, 1844): “W. E. H. has written music to the ‘Men of Tipperary.’ If you have done any music for it, pray send it.” A third letter,² dated June 12, 1844, affords an interesting sidelight on Hudson as a composer: “H.

[Hudson] says there is a turn like some other air at the end of one of his airs, which he expects Miss Prendergast to discover. Ask Miss P. to cross out the Bo-peepish part of ‘A Nation Once Again,’ as H. is fond of the air, and wants to revise it, subject to her final judgment.”

It is quite evident that even before the publication of the musical edition of “The Spirit of the Nation,” the anonymous settings of the *original* airs gave rise to no little confusion. Hence we are not surprised to find a letter from Davis to Pigot, on September 16, 1844: “Will you put ‘Fermoy,’ or some signature, to the end of your *music*? It is desirable to have it distinguished from Hudson’s. I gave the ‘Giolla mo Croidhe’ to the engraver [Holden] the day after you left town.” Not long afterwards, on September 29, Davis again writes: “Did you keep his [Hudson’s] music of ‘The Nation Once Again’ as amended? I can not find it.” Finally, on the eve of publication, Davis writes to Pigot (March 22, 1845): “Have you completed your ‘Spirit of the Nation’? Forde is in London, and not in prosperity. He is to see the airs here on his return, so you must wait till after that for them.”

After this long preamble, which, however, was necessary for the accumulated proofs of the legitimate claims of Hudson as composer of the tune “Who Fears to Speak of ’98?”—a tune that is still popular after seventy-four years,—I now present a brief biographical memoir of William Elliot Hudson, whose unselfish work for Ireland deserves to be better known.

William Elliot Hudson, son of Edward Hudson, a famous Dublin dentist, was born in the beautiful residence known as the Hermitage, Rathfarnham, not far from the Priory, associated with the memory of Sarah Curran. It is not a little remarkable that the Hermitage, where Hudson first saw the light on August 18, 1796, was acquired a century later by Padraic Pearse, who converted it into St. Enda’s School. Thus the Hermitage enshrines the memory of two Irish patriots.

¹ These letters were published by the late Father Matthew Russell, S. J., in the *Irish Monthly*, vol. xvi.

² This note refers to Hudson’s setting of “A Nation Once Again,” some bars of which have certainly a strange resemblance to the tune of “Little Bo-peep.” As an air it never got into favor; and in 1880 was superseded by another setting by the late Mr. J. J. Johnson,—a setting quite unworthy of the noble words, but which had a considerable vogue between the years 1882–1902.

Hudson's father was involved in the troubles of '98, and it is not surprising that young Hudson became an ardent Nationalist. His cousin (not nephew, as Moore states), Edward Hudson, was imprisoned in Kilmainham; and it was while visiting him in March, 1799, that Tom Moore got the inspiration for his beautiful lyric, "'Tis believed that this harp which I wake now for thee"; though it is well to note that the harp, which was drawn by the younger Hudson and which Moore saw, was copied from the frontispiece prefixed to an "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," written by the elder Edward Hudson, the father of William Elliot Hudson, in 1788, and published in Dublin.

Called to the Bar during the Easter term of the year 1818, young Hudson opened offices at No. 40 Grafton Street, Dublin, and gave promise of rare abilities. The death of his father, on October 8, 1821, aged seventy-nine, left William Elliot Hudson in possession of a handsome fortune, much of which he devoted to fostering the literature and music of Ireland. His elder brother, Edward, had a brilliant course in Trinity College, Dublin; and, being ordained to the Protestant ministry, was appointed curate to his relative, the Rev. Thomas P. Lefanu, rector of Ardnageehy, County Cork, from 1819 to 1830.

From 1838 onwards, William Elliot Hudson was an ardent friend of Thomas Davis.¹ In Gavan Duffy's "Memoir of Thomas Davis" (1890), in connection with the year 1840 we read: "The friends with whom Davis was in the most affectionate and confidential relation at this time, outside the *Citizen* circle, were John Blake Dillon, William Elliot Hudson, and Robert Patrick Webb. . . . Hudson was by several years the senior of Davis: a man of sweet, serene disposition, and singularly unselfish patriotism. He held the office of taxing master in the Four Courts, and had associated with O'Loghlen, Perrin, and

the leading Whig lawyers in reforming the administration of justice in Ireland. But his leisure and income were devoted to projects of public usefulness, in which ambition had no share; for his name was never heard outside of his own circle. National airs were collected and published at his cost, and various studies in Celtic literature promoted; and he bore the burthen of the *Citizen*, which was published at a constant loss; and contributed from time to time valuable papers in the region of political science."

Hudson, in addition to the thirteen songs which he set to music for "The Spirit of the Nation," composed a number of anthems, hymn tunes, and original ballads, one of which, "Your Loss will Break my Heart," was a great favorite with Miss Dolby, and was published by Robinson and Bussel, of Dublin, in 1844. He also composed much ephemeral dance music, including "The Malabar Waltz." But, true to his love for native Irish minstrelsy, he rescued from oblivion two hundred Irish airs, the best of which are included in the *Citizen* (1841 and 1842). It is of interest to note that his cousin, Dr. Henry Hudson, was also a keen collector of old Irish songs and tunes, five volumes of which are now in the Allan Brown collection, in the Boston Public Library (U. S. A.); and one volume (Vol. III.) is in the private library of Captain Francis O'Neill, of Chicago, an enthusiastic collector of old Irish airs.

So notable were his legal qualifications that, in the year 1836, Hudson was appointed assistant barrister—County Court Judge—for County Carlow; but a few years later he resigned the office for the more congenial post of taxing master in the Dublin Courts. He was founder of the Irish Archæological Society and of the Ossianic Society, and was a close student of the Irish language. To show his practical sentiments towards the revival of the native language, he donated the sum of £200, in December, 1849, towards the work of compiling an Irish Dictionary. He also interested himself in Irish antiq-

¹ In 1839 he lived with his brother, the Rev. E. G. Hudson, at 39 Up. Fitzwilliam St.

unities, and on December 21, 1848, was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy. To his credit be it said, he secured for the Academy Library a copy of Colgan's "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ," which he had purchased for £21.

In connection with his composition of airs for "The Spirit of the Nation" he had the able assistance of a talented young lady, Miss Prendergast (alluded to in the earlier part of this paper), whose fine artistic discrimination overcame his rooted aversion to matrimony, and he married the lady in 1851.

After the death of his brother, the Very Rev. Edward Gustavus Hudson, Dean of Armagh, in 1851, William Elliot Hudson regularly attended Mass; and he was formally received into the Church by Father J. Wall, C. C., at Cork, in January, 1853. He died an edifying death, fortified by the rites of the Church, on June 23, 1853. Hudson's memory is well assured to posterity in the glorious tune which he composed for "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

Before My Crucifix.

BY ANASTASIA E. CONLON.

WHY should I wonder if through tears

Scarce can see,

When by my many sins I caused
Such grief to Thee?

Why should I weary if my hands
By toil are worn,

When, dearest Lord, Thy holy palms
By nails were torn?

Why should I murmur if at night
My tired feet ache?

Were not Thine own nailed to the cross
For my soul's sake?

Why question if my very heart
Crushed seems to be?

Did not Thine own shed its last drop
On Calvary?

Why murmur if I am forgot
By some dear friend?

Of all Thy own, how few remained
Unto the end!

Her Brooch and Her Bracelet.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

AS the train stopped at Graveport City, Mrs. Boyce looked from the window of the Pullman, and wondered whether the eight or ten men and women who had been waiting for it would crowd into the already crowded day-coach or take seats in the almost empty chair-car. Having nothing else to do, she watched them climb aboard,—a frail woman with a child in her arms; three giggling, overdressed girls; several salesmen, alert and quick; and last of all a sweet-faced old lady, evidently unaccustomed to travel. Her clothes were shabby and old-fashioned, and she carried a shabby bag and a cheap umbrella; but for all that there was no mistaking the fact that she was a gentlewoman, born and bred. It was she whom Mrs. Boyce watched most closely as one after another filed into the day-coach, and of her that she was thinking as the train moved on and she opened the magazine that lay in her lap.

Mrs. Boyce was turning the pages back and forth in search of something interesting to read, when the old woman came timidly into the car and took a seat near hers. Again she watched her for a few moments, and went back to her magazine at last, with a half-defined feeling of pity in her heart. A quarter of an hour later, when she was lost in a story, the old woman crossed the aisle and touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"Pardon me! But shall I have to pay extra if I ride in this car? The other is crowded. People are standing, and I could not stand. Shall I have to pay more here?"

Mrs. Boyce glanced back and saw that the conductor was only beginning to make the round of the car.

"No, you will not have to pay more," she assured her, smiling kindly as she spoke.

Rising at once, she murmured an inco-

herent excuse; and, going to the conductor, explained the case in a low voice, paid for the woman's seat, and hurried back to her own.

For some minutes the two talked across the aisle of conventional commonplaces,—of the weather, the crowds, and the high cost of living; and when common interests were exhausted Mrs. Boyce went back to her story, and the elder woman became absorbed in her apparently sad thoughts. Half an hour passed before she crossed the aisle again and asked when the train was due at Pittsburgh, and whether it was on time. Mrs. Boyce told her; and, surmising that she was lonely and more than a little frightened at travelling alone, suggested that she would sit beside her.

The woman *was* lonely and afraid, and she was also in trouble. Mrs. Boyce was approachable and sympathetic and extraordinarily kind; so it was not long before the old woman was telling her story in little, disjointed fragments. Bit by bit and disconnectedly, she told things that nothing would have induced her to confide to her neighbors; for it is easier for some people to talk openly to a stranger, whom they have never seen before and will never see again, than to one who already knows parts of the story from the outside. Besides, in this case, the tired old heart was overfull and very, very sore.

"I have business in the city," she began, and there was not only anxiety but pride in her soft voice. She had never before had business anywhere. But, as she went on, she talked sadly, looking at the seat before them; or straight into Mrs. Boyce's eyes. "You see, Tom, my husband, is old; and he's feeble beyond his years. He is a lawyer and did well for years, but he lost his hold after—after—" She did not say after what; but, leaving the sentence unfinished, continued: "We had a nice brick house, and lost it; so we left Philadelphia and went, first to Pleasantville, then to Graveport City, where a distant cousin of mine had died and left me her cottage."

She was silent for some minutes before explaining further:

"My business in the city is in connection with that house. Tom is clever, and as good a lawyer as there is in the State,—any one would tell you so; but he's old beyond his years, and broken and feeble, and has lost interest in life, and naturally enough, cases slip between his fingers. So we—we mortgaged our little house two years ago, and now the interest is due again: a hundred and thirty-five dollars. We haven't the money to—to spare. That's why I am on my way to the city."

Mrs. Boyce said nothing, but her face was so sympathetic that her new friend was unconscious of her silence. The truth is that Mrs. Boyce was wondering if she dared offer to help this little gentlewoman.

Suddenly the old woman looked up with a shy, winsome smile.

"Why do I tell you all this? We old people talk too much. We forget that strangers are not interested."

"But I *am* interested, and *so* sorry!" Mrs. Boyce quickly contradicted, with sympathy so genuine that tears sprang into the old woman's dim eyes, and she said gratefully:

"You are very kind! It does me good to talk. I have been silent so long,—almost all my life. And you don't know me or Tom; you don't know even our name, so it can't matter if I say too much."

Mrs. Boyce made a kindly, reassuring reply, and after a few moments the little old lady went on: "Last year *he* came. He sold his dog and his gun and a fine old watch. We were rich for a month or two, and delightfully extravagant." She laughed a little at the remembrance of some unnecessary purchases, but her face fell almost instantly as she added: "This year he is ailing, and besides—it would have hurt him too much; for—my things must go now. If we live another year, God will have to provide for us in some other way."

She took from her bag two old-fashioned jewelry boxes—one velvet, the other paste-

board,—handling them with such reverent care that Mrs. Boyce realized how precious her treasures were to her.

“Oh, you hate to part with them!” she exclaimed, sympathetically.

“Hate to part with them? Well, perhaps I do. I’ve tried so hard to make father believe that I do not mind that I’ve ended by almost persuading myself that I don’t.”

And she laughed again, softly and merrily; then opened the boxes and displayed a quaint gold bracelet set with garnets, and a very pretty, old-fashioned brooch.

“My husband gave me the bracelet the first Christmas after we were married,” she explained. “The pin is not nearly so old. It was a present from my son on my forty-fifth birthday. He bought it with the first money he ever earned. He was proud of it, and loved to see me wear it.”

Tears filled her eyes as she looked at it; and as she hurried on there was a tell-tale quaver in her voice, although, quite evidently, she tried to make it business-like.

“It will be five o’clock before we reach Pittsburgh, so I shall not attempt to dispose of the things to-night. I have the address of a boarding-house where I can spend the night, and in the morning I’ll go to a jeweler’s.”

“May I ask what you expect to get for the bracelet and brooch?” Mrs. Boyce inquired, after a little hesitation.

“Tom paid a hundred and fifty dollars for the bracelet. It was dear of him—but foolish! He couldn’t afford it. We were just starting then, and had to economize on our grocery bills all winter to pay for it. I don’t know exactly what the brooch cost,—about thirty-five dollars, I think. I hope that I can get what was paid for them. Do you think that I can? It would make nearly two hundred dollars, and the interest on the mortgage is only a hundred and thirty-five.”

Mrs. Boyce did not say what she thought the jewelry would bring; instead, follow-

ing the thought uppermost in her mind at the moment, she changed the subject by asking sympathetically:

“Is it long since your son died?”

The old woman flushed painfully.

“John isn’t dead—so far as I know. But you must not blame him. He and his father are as much alike as two peas, which somehow made it hard for them to get on together as John grew up. Father himself was raised very strictly, and he was strict with his boy; and he couldn’t realize it when John became too old to be treated like a child, but punished him still. And—at last they had a quarrel, and father sent him away, and told him never to come home. And John went. Father—father was very angry, and again and again he returned John’s letters unopened, and after a time they stopped coming. That was years ago. Father broke his own heart, but he doesn’t know it. His practice began to slip away from him, and now he has almost none. His health failed; he became an old man at fifty. He never mentions John’s name,—he hasn’t since that awful day. It would seem good to me even to talk about him, but—I know that Tom couldn’t. It isn’t his way. He has been silent so long that even I did not understand, and he had begun to think that he had forgotten or didn’t care. But of late, since he grew more feeble, I have often had to go to his dresser and his desk to get things for him, and hidden away among his papers I came across some of John’s broken toys, and his First Communion picture, and the diploma which he received when he graduated from the parish school; and in another place I found the loving cup that he won in a boat race, and some dear, dear boyish letters. John was always a good boy, but it breaks my heart not to know—”

She hastily brushed her hand across her eyes, as she added:

“He could not find us now. We have moved twice since we left Philadelphia, and the old friends we had there are dead or far away.”

She said no more, but sat looking absently at the seat before her, seeing a grave young face, and trying to picture it older and graver, changed by time and life.

After a few minutes Mrs. Boyce ventured timidly:

"I like the pin very much. Will you let me have it for fifty dollars?"

"How kind you are! But you couldn't really want it," the old lady shrewdly answered.

Then Mrs. Boyce affirmed, "I want it very much."

She said this with exaggerated emphasis, uncomfortably conscious of the jewels on her fingers and the handsome pin clasped in her blouse.

"But fifty dollars is too much," the other protested. "I am certain that my son did not pay more than thirty-five for it."

"Everything has gone up in price,—you know that," Mrs. Boyce insisted.

"Indeed I do, to my sorrow!" the woman agreed, with the laugh that was still quick to come after all her sorrows. "If you are certain that you really want it, and that fifty dollars isn't too high a price, oh, I'll be so glad!"

They were approaching the station, and Mrs. Boyce had hardly counted out five ten dollar bills before it was time to slip into their coats.

"Can you tell me what car to take? Sixth and East Main Street is the address of the boarding-house," the old woman said nervously.

Mrs. Boyce laughed.

"Yes, I can easily tell you. You are going to take my car. Our chauffeur is to meet me, and I'll take you to Sixth and East Main Street."

Tears filled the old woman's eyes.

"No one was ever so good to me before," she said. "I'll never forget you!"

An hour and a half later Mrs. Boyce sat opposite her husband at a faultlessly appointed table in a handsome dining room. He had kissed her affectionately

when he came home, and had been pleased that she had enjoyed her visit; but he was a silent man, and throughout the meal it was his wife who talked. She told him of entertainments given for her, and all about some foreigners whom she had met; then, during a lull in the one-sided conversation, she remembered the old lady and her jewelry, and told him parts of her sad story, and how sweet and gentle and ladylike she was, and how timidly brave,—coming alone to sell her dearest treasures, although she had never before attended to any business, and never before made even a short journey without her husband.

Mr. Boyce was not deeply interested. His only thought regarding it all was that, as usual; his wife had been kind and thoughtful.

"Did I say that I bought the pin from her for fifty dollars?" she added, after having finished her story. "I should have liked to take the other piece—a bracelet,—but I have been so extravagant of late that I was afraid even you would not like it."

She laughed, and so did her husband. Evidently her extravagance was a joke between them.

After dinner they went to the living room, and Mrs. Boyce took the pasteboard jewelry box from the table on which she had laid it with her bag and gloves. She examined the pin more carefully than she had done before, saying,

"It is quite pretty. There is a date engraved on the back: June 10, 1891."

Mr. Boyce held out his hand.

"Let me see it," he said. He looked closely at it, but made no comment.

"Do you think that I cheated myself very badly?" his wife inquired.

"No,—oh, no! It's worth anything you paid for it," Mr. Boyce replied.

He wandered restlessly about the room, with the pin still in his hand; and presently Mrs. Boyce said:

"Isn't this the evening of your committee meeting at the Bankers' Club?"

"Yes, this is the evening." And he glanced at his watch. "It is eight o'clock now, and I told Jerry to bring the car at eight ten. I'll be home early."

His wife smiled.

"I know all about your meetings! They are interminable."

"I mean it this time," he insisted, and was leaving the room when he turned back to give her the pin. "I was taking it with me," he said.

To Mrs. Boyce's amazement, three-quarters of an hour later the front door opened and she heard her husband's voice in the hall. An instant afterward he was standing in the doorway of the living room, and beside him was the little frail old woman whom she had met that afternoon.

"I brought mother home for the night," he said, and his voice trembled in spite of a strong effort to keep it steady. "We'll take her back in the car to-morrow morning. I'd like to see my father and mother. Mother says that he would like to see me. We will start about half-past nine. I must have time first to go to the office of the Halliday Company and pay off this little mortgage that mother is worrying over."

His mother clasped the hand of her new daughter, still clinging to her son's arm, as if she could never let it go.

"My own dear boy!" she sobbed.

CONSCIENCE punishes our misdeeds by revealing to us our guilt and ill desert. It will not permit us to enjoy the love of one whom we have secretly betrayed. It will not suffer us to take pleasure in the esteem of our fellows, when we have fallen below the standards which they cherish. It can not be put off or cheated or bribed. For it is inside us; it is an aspect of ourselves; and to get away from it is as impossible as to get away from or around ourselves. Repentance, confession, and attempted restitution are the only offerings by which offended conscience can be appeased.

—William de Witt Hyde.

The Three Mountains.

A LEGEND OF LANGUEDOC.

BY D. L. F.

IN the year A. D. 1075 there dwelt in the province of Languedoc a certain noble woman "Dame d'Esparon," who was beloved by everyone. Most of all was she beloved by the three knights, her sons, who refused to woo the maidens of the country, asserting that there was for them but one woman in the world, and that was their lady mother. This opinion they maintained for many a year, until, alas! one sad day the Dame d'Esparon fell ill, and sent for her sons: Lupus, Guiral, and Alban.

Lupus, the eldest, was the first to arrive.

"My son," said his mother, "I have not long to live; yet, could I but leave you happily wedded, I should die in peace. Are there, then, no fair maidens in Languedoc or Provence, that you are so unwilling to marry?"

"Yes, mother," replied Lupus, "there is one: Irene de Rogues."

"Then hasten, my son," advised the Dame d'Esparon; "for I feel that my days are numbered."

This conversation took place on the first day of the week. On the next day Guiral, the second brother, entered his mother's chamber. When, however, she entreated him also to take a wife, the young man answered as Lupus had done, declaring that if he were to marry at all, it would be with Irene de Rogues. Likewise when, on the third day, her youngest son appeared, to his mother's consternation he in his turn asserted that not one of the damsels of Languedoc or Provence was worthy to be compared with the Countess of Rogues.

Lupus set off first to learn his fate, travelling across a barren plain, and entering at last a small but fertile valley, where, upon a rocky eminence, stood the castle of Irene de Rogues. It was a large

feudal building, flanked by square towers and defended by drawbridge and moat. Behind it loomed the range of mountains called the Cévennes, with its three snow-capped peaks. Irene, a tall dark girl with a queenly bearing, was looking down from her battlemented roof. Upon seeing Lupus, she waved a welcome, and descended into the hall to greet the young man.

"The lady your mother fares better, I hope, since I see you so far from home?"

"Alas, no!" answered Lupus. "But if I am here, it is at her express desire." Then his heart beat faster as he continued rapidly: "She knows that I love you, Countess Irene: will you consent to be my wife?"

He bent his knee before the noble maiden, but her answer was long in coming. It was known in Languedoc that the D'Esparons were loath to marry, and this sudden proposal took her aback.

"You must allow me time for reflection," she said at last. "Come back three days hence, and at the hour of sunset I hope to give you my answer."

Lupus rode away on his mountain pony,—a gallant figure, tall and erect. Irene stood watching him from the castle gateway, reflecting that this young man was better than handsome: the D'Esparon brothers being famed throughout Languedoc for their valor in battle, their charity to the poor, and their zeal for religion. Irene thought that she might do worse than accept this brave knight; and doubtless in the end she would have married Lupus, had not, on the morrow, a fresh suitor appeared,—a suitor as gallant and as virtuous as the eldest D'Esparon. This was Guiral, his younger brother.

The latter's arrival renewed her perplexity. And Irene, weighing mentally the characters of the brothers, found the balance so even that she answered with a sigh:

"Of a truth, I am unable to choose between you. Return in two days. At the hour when the sun dips behind the mountains you may come and learn my decision."

On the third day, however, yet another suitor appeared: Alban d'Esparon, not a whit inferior to his elder brothers.

"Return to-morrow," she replied, still more embarrassed. "At sunset I will receive you and your brothers and tell you my decision."

Alas! on the day appointed, when the three knights appeared in the great hall of the castle, Irene, much to their disappointment, requested a further delay.

Now, all this happened at a time of the year when the great Montpellier tournament took place; and the brave knights of Languedoc issued a challenge to the champions of Roussillon and of Savoy. Both guerdons and glory were to be acquired on that occasion; and Lupus, Guiral, and Alban prepared arms and horses, eager to take part in the contest. As, on the morning of the tournament, they rode side by side out of the city gate; a messenger stopped them and handed them a letter from Irene de Rogues.

"Bear yourselves valiantly, good knights," she wrote; "for to him who best maintains the honor of Languedoc will I give my heart and hand, my castle and domain of Rogues."

The brothers went on their way rejoicing. No petty jealousy disturbed their minds; a friendly rivalry alone animated them; while the prospect of fighting for their lady love added new zest to the tournament. And in the lists they performed such prodigies of valor that the flower of chivalry went down before them. Unfortunately, this very equality of perfection harmed each one's chance with Countess Irene. Not one of the three had excelled the other, so she again put off her decision.

About this time the Dame d'Esparon died and was bitterly mourned by her sons. Then one day Irene sent for the three brothers, who found her walking in her garden. A new light shone in her eyes.

"O knights," she cried, "so brave in battle, so courteous to women, so chivalrous to the weak, listen no longer to mere

earthly voices! A higher claim is being made upon you. 'Tis the voice of Jerusalem calling you to Palestine; the wail of Christians pining in captivity; the glory of our God, whose sepulchre is profaned. Have you not heard what Bernard of Clairvaux preached to the multitude assembled at Clermont, urging them to join in a great Crusade? Burning were his words; and when he had finished speaking, the people acclaimed him with the spontaneous cry: *Dieu le veut!* ('God wills it!') Up, then, noble knights! Don your armor and enlist; follow the banner of Godfrey the brave, cross the seas; fight for Christ against Mahomet. And, further, this will I swear: that he who returns with the highest renown, he shall be Lord of Rogues."

Thus Irene spoke. Her dark eyes glowed, and the accents of her voice thrilled the young D'Esparons. "God wills it! We will go!" they cried enthusiastically; and, returning home, they proceeded to set their affairs in order. Before the month was over they had taken ship at Aigues-Mortes,—Irene riding down to that port to see them embark. Slowly the vessel sailed away. But when it was out of sight, Countess Irene wept; for, now that her suitors had obeyed her desire, her mind misgave her sorely.

The months rolled by until news of a great battle reached Castle Rogues. Jerusalem had been delivered by the victorious Crusaders, and Godfrey of Bouillon was elected king. The war was practically over. Irene now looked forward to the return of her gallant suitors; and indeed, little by little, singly or in groups, the Crusaders began to arrive at their homes. Where, however, were the knights of Esparon? Each morning Irene climbed to the battlemented roof, whence she could see right across the vast Montpellier plain, away to that line of dazzling blue which marked the sea. But in vain she mounted the turret stairs; for winter followed autumn and changed into spring, and neither Lupus, Guiral, nor Alban ever

crossed that barren plain. Filled with grief and remorse, Irene slowly pined away, and the day came at last when, in despair of ever seeing the brothers again, she laid herself down to die.

Scarcely had the bell tolled the passing of her soul when three weary travellers met at Esparon. Their hair was grizzled, their faces were bronzed, they looked no longer young.

Said Lupus: "Having recovered from wounds and fever, I travelled on foot through many lands and crossed the dangerous passes of the Alps. On the way I suffered much from hunger and cold. And you, brothers,—how did you fare?"

Answered Guiral: "I had re-embarked on the vessel we had chartered, when a great storm arose on the Mediterranean and our ship was stranded on the dreary African Coast. In this desert many of us perished. A few, including myself, made our way to Alexandria, whence we were conveyed to Marseilles."

Then Alban spoke in his turn: "I took ship, intending to travel through Italy and make a pilgrimage to the Eternal City. Alas! one night we were attacked by pirates and carried away to Morocco. There, by good fortune, I earned the favor of an Arab; with his assistance I made my escape. But why do we linger here? Irene must be anxiously awaiting our arrival. Let us go on to Rogues."

The church bells were ringing slowly and sadly as the brothers entered the village of Rogues, and a long line of mourners came winding down the lane. At the sight, a chill foreboding struck the three D'Esparons; and their forebodings were too well justified. Past them walked in state the bishop and his clergy; past them all the village children; past them maidens clad in white; past them, too, borne shoulder-high, an open coffin and the uncovered face of the beloved dead. And thus it was that Lupus, Guiral, and Alban came again into the presence of Irene de Rogues.

Standing out from the treeless rocky

Cévennes, and forming as it were a semi-circle above the valley of Rogues, are three high mountains which are called "Pic St. Loup (Peak of St. Lupus), Pic St. Guiral, and Pic St. Alban, in memory of the three young knights of Esparon, who, forsaking the world after Irene's death, retired thither for the remainder of their lives. They never went to visit each other, but once a year they kindled a bonfire upon their respective heights to show that they were still alive; and they continued this practice until their death.

Alban, full of zeal and piety, sometimes quitted his cell on the mountain and descended into the plain, where he preached in the towns and villages. He worked several miracles, and on one occasion he caused a spring to bubble out of the earth. This spring is still visited by pilgrims, and is said to have effected supernatural cures.

Guiral, on his peak, became the shepherds' friend, helping them with his advice, and instructing them in the maxims of the Gospel. After his death, they venerated his memory, and to this day consider him as their patron saint.

As for Lupus (or Loup), who had chosen the highest peak, he took up his abode in a cavern on the mountain, where he lived a contemplative life, and, like his brothers, achieved a reputation for sanctity. His intercession is invoked in times of drought, when his relics are carried in procession. When the Peak of St. Lupus is hidden by clouds, the Languedoc peasant rejoices; for, as the saying goes:

Quand St. Loup met son chapeau,
Berger, mets ton manteau.

Which, translated, means:

When St. Lupus dons his hat,
Shepherd, don thy cloak.

WISDOM without honesty is mere craft and cozenage; and therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten, which can not be but by living well; a good life is a main argument.

—Ben Jonson.

The First Scientific Society.

IN daily papers or popular magazines we do not expect to find that exactness of statement which results from careful investigation of historical or scientific facts; but when glaring inaccuracies are made in circulars from prominent educational institutions, we do not feel that they should be passed over. In the introduction to a study on the correlation of high school and college courses, contributed to the official bulletin of a State university in this country, this sentence occurs: "In 1619 the first scientific society was formed at Rostock, Germany." This statement has no particular bearing on the matter of the other articles in the bulletin; but elsewhere it has been made times not a few, and without question.

For some time it has been customary to assert that science and scientific thought (not always the real thing, perhaps), like other commodities, has been "made in Germany." "Atti della Pontificia Accademia Romana dei Nuovi Lincei (1918)," the proceedings of a scientific society for the study, promulgation, and publication of scientific knowledge, which has, with slight interruptions, been in existence since 1603, bears on its title-page, "L'antica accademia denominata dei Lincei ebbe origine in Roma nel 1603; per opera del principe Federico Cesi romano." ("The ancient academy called 'of the Lincei' had its origin in Rome in the year 1603, by the action of the Roman prince, Frederick Cesi.") They called themselves the "Lincei" (at first written Lyncei), from the Italian word *lince*,—a lynx: a cautious, curious, cunning, investigating animal. They were later condemned and suppressed by the ecclesiastical authorities because of opinions and statements thought dangerous or contrary to Faith. In 1740 the society was restored by Pope Benedict XIV. under the name "Dei Nuovi Lincei," which is still held.

We have at hand one of the earliest

works of this society, a rare edition of the "Ekphrasis Minus cognitarum stirpium," by Fabio Colonna (Fabius Columna), published in 1616, three years before the Rostock society was founded. The book was edited under the auspices of Cardinal Odoardo Farnese, and described the rare and new plants from various parts of the known world, even Mexico and the United States,—plants that happened to grow in the Cardinal's private botanical garden at Rome. Additions to those plants were described by Pierro Castelli in 1625.

Some of the first descriptions of American plants were made by these authors from specimens planted in the Farnesian gardens; and among them that most brilliantly scarlet lobelia, found throughout the middle and eastern United States in autumn, and called *Lobelia Cardinalis*, or the "Cardinal's Flower." It was named, after the owner of the garden, *Flos Cardinalis Farnesianus*,—"The Flower of Cardinal Farnese." The seal chosen for the Society Dei Nuovi Lincei was the image of a lynx; and it appeared on the title of all the publications, as it still does.

The second edition of Fabius Columna's "Phytobasanos" (Examination of Plants), in 1744, gives a short history of the society, a list of its publications, etc. As we see from its title, this history, the first flora of Mexico, by Hernandez and Recchi, was reprinted by the founder, Federico Cesi. The founder gives the purpose of the society's foundation—viz., that mathematics, physics, and natural history be studied primarily and completely, not in a vulgar sense—that is, by reading books only or in simple speculations,—but that nature itself should be investigated with the eyes of a lynx,—*Lynceis oculis et in rebus ipsis*.

The present list of honorary members of the society includes his Holiness Pope Benedict XV., Cardinals Vincento Van-nutelli, Merry del Val, Gasparri, etc. Among regular members are such eminent men as De Toni, Wassman, and Père Gregoire.

Labor in Vain.

THE *Constructive Quarterly Review*, ably edited by Mr. Silas McBee, is sad reading, as a rule, for Catholics. Its aim is to create a better understanding between the isolated Communion of Christendom,—an aim of which the editor, we must say, never loses sight. But the contributors, for the most part, seem to have no realization of the fact that Christian unity can not be separated from its constituent elements—authority and obedience; that Reunion is impossible unless the supremacy of the Vicar of Christ is acknowledged. Furthermore, these gentlemen—at least a great many of them—do not realize how far the different denominations which they seek to unite have departed from fundamental Christian teaching. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation have been relegated to the position of "pious opinions." The majority of Protestants, though affiliated with other denominations, are in reality Unitarians. The Spiritists are gaining numerous converts from all the sects in the United States and England. Truth to tell, with divorce rampant, and the number of church attendants steadily decreasing, our own country is becoming pagan.

Belief in doctrines which were formerly held by all non-Catholics as necessary are now, indeed, insisted upon by very few. The rector of a Protestant Episcopal church once confided to us that his congregation included "not a few members" who did not believe in the divinity of Christ at all. There were not children enough in his parish of fifty families to warrant the establishment of a parochial school on which he had set his heart, as a means of combating "pure paganism." Only one family in the whole congregation numbered three children. This good man was an ardent promoter of Christian unity. We assured him that he was wasting his breath, and urged him to preach on the Ten Commandments. He afterwards left the ministry and went into business.

As we have often remarked, all endeavors to promote the reunion of Christendom are praiseworthy; though most of them, in the very nature of things, are doomed to be futile, for the simple reason that by far the larger number of the promoters of Christian unity lose sight of the fact, pointed out by Newman, that, whilst it is the duty of the Church to define and defend the faith of which it is the depository, ministers of the Gospel are answerable chiefly for the formation of the Christian character in the hearts of men. The greater number, he says, live as if they had never heard of the doctrine of Christ. To quote directly: "A thick veil is drawn over their eyes; and, in spite of their being able to talk of the doctrine [of the immortality of the soul], they are as if they never had heard of it. They go on just as the heathen did of old: they eat, they drink; or they amuse themselves in vanities, and live in the world without fear and without sorrow, just as if God had not declared that their conduct in this life would decide their destiny in the next; just as if they either had no souls, or had nothing or little to do with the saving of them, which was the creed of the heathen."

In his volume of sermons on "Subjects of the Day," the same author reflects in pathetic terms on "the abundant evidence which we have on all sides of us that the division of Churches is the corruption of hearts."

We are strongly of opinion that the propagation of Newman's books and the cultivation of his spirit would do more to promote the reunion of Christendom than any number of conferences, however general, or any amount of discussion, however amicable. Newman's writings have not yet attained the dissemination they deserve; nor, in spite of all that has been written about him, is he himself thoroughly appreciated. More than any other writings in the language, his are calculated to enlighten minds clouded by prejudice, and to comfort hearts seeking rest.

Notes and Remarks.

It may be worth while to remind such of our readers as are Catholic parents that the New Code of Canon Law, of which during the past year they have heard and read not a little, contains one regulation affecting them very closely. Canon 1374 explicitly states that "Catholic children must not attend non-Catholic, neutral, or 'mixed' schools." Ecclesiastical authority—the bishop of the diocese—may in case of necessity dispense from the observance of this canon; but, where no such necessity exists, parents are undoubtedly obliged to conform to the Church's ruling. Where no parish school has yet been established, there is an excuse for sending Catholic children to the public school, in which case the parents are bound to take extraordinary pains in the religious training of the children. Where there is a parish school, the obvious duty of the parents is to send their children to its class-rooms; and, as we have so often pointed out, there is, apart from the obligation of obeying the Church, every reason of right and expediency for pursuing such a course.

Statistics as to the growth of Catholicity in this country are annually exploited when the "Catholic Directory" makes its (dilatatory) appearance, and the tabulated statements that are recorded in the Catholic press are doubtless of genuine interest to all our coreligionists. As a rule, it is the growth of the Catholic population that is stressed,—the increase in the number of the laity. The *Church Progress* thinks that a not less interesting growth is that of the clergy, and it gives some statistical comparisons of conditions three-quarters of a century ago and to-day. Taking the following dioceses in alphabetical order, Baltimore seventy-five years ago was credited with 69 priests, to-day with 597; Boston 34, to-day 774; Cincinnati 47, to-day 377; Louisville 51, to-day

209; New York 71, to-day 1098; Philadelphia 61, to-day 745; St. Louis 77, to-day 568—a first-period total of 410, as against a present total of 4368.

In 1855 the "diocese" of Chicago, then a suffragan See of the archdiocese of St. Louis, had 44 priests, all told; and there were only 66 in the whole State of Illinois, "Quincy" being the only other diocese in it. Now there are 936 priests in the archdiocese of Chicago alone; and the State has four other dioceses.

Believing that an open confession is good for the soul, the Rev. David H. Weeks (we regret not to know what religious body he belongs to), who devoted himself to stirring up patriotic enthusiasm during the war, and who has been seeing things for himself in France since the armistice, rises to remark: "If I said harsh things about the German-American people before or after America entered the war, I am sorry for it: for many of them were not true. They were propaganda. I'll say right now that I favored America's entering the war, and I am glad that she did enter it; but I regret that we used some of the tactics we did to stir the people up."

This is doubtless honest and sincere; but we confess to having some scorn for all such testimony, from any source,—coming when no moral courage is required to render it. Many Christians are now expressing themselves just as Brother Weeks does. But where were they all during the war?

There are many who think, in these days of industrial disturbance, that we have gone a long way, even a sufficiently long way, in our recognition of the rights of labor, and that more emphasis should rather be laid on the duties of the working classes. It is unquestionably true, on the one hand, that a great deal has been done to better the condition of laboring people; and, on the other, that in certain quarters radical labor leaders show too little regard

for the rights of others, while violently proclaiming their own. The fact of the matter is, however, to our mind, that, while labor must always be mindful of its obligations, labor has yet to receive its full right. In this connection, the Rev. T. J. Nunan, writing in the current number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of "The Poor at Home," makes an excellent point. To quote:

The laborer has a *right* to the living wage. When he receives less, he has a *right* to the remainder; therefore, if charity gives him anything—cheap milk, free lunch, free coal, etc.,—he accepts it as his *right*. The money that should be his is in the pocket of his employer, who, in his turn, contributes largely to local charities. Would it not be better for such employer to give the necessities of life, the living wage, to the men who do men's work for him, and so permit a reduced charity bill to assist the only proper objects of charity, those who are incapacitated from earning a living wage? By so doing, he would fulfil both justice and charity; at present he fulfils neither. (The shareholder who does not protest must share responsibility.)

That labor in many industries is well paid, nobody will deny; but who shall say, in view of the high cost of living, that labor is overpaid, or even that labor generally receives a fair wage? Finally, there is much virtue in Father Nunan's concluding parenthesis.

Some thirteen decades ago—to be precise, on September 9, 1790—Bishop Carroll, the first bishop of the United States, wrote (from London, whither business had called him) to the Papal Secretary of State:

At the request of his Excellency the Apostolic Nuncio, one of the directors of St. Sulpice (M. Nagot) came to London. In our conferences we have determined to establish a seminary at Baltimore. From this institution we must hope great advantages will accrue to religion. In my opinion, it is clearly a providential dispensation, in our regard, that such excellent priests are inspired to bring us such valuable help at a time when our diocese is in such need of their service.

The passing years have proved that Bishop Carroll's opinion was quite correct:

the advent of the Sulpicians assuredly *was* a providential dispensation; and the debt of the Church in this country to the Baltimore Seminary, and later on to other seminaries conducted by the Sulpicians, is one which is as large as it is freely acknowledged by the prelates and priests of our Republic everywhere. The dedication of their new Seminary at Washington marks a further step forward in the line of educational activities by these competent priest-formers, and furnishes as well an opportunity of voicing the gratitude due to them for their past eminent services.

Manifold are the ways in which we see verified the words of St. Paul: "We know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good." In the course of a speech delivered a while ago in London, a certain Mr. Durham, formerly an Anglican clergyman, declared: "I have been a Catholic layman for fourteen years. For thirty years I had been trying to convert Papists throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. I converted only one, and that man was myself. My effort to drive men from the Catholic Church brought me into her fold, through the wonderful grace of God."

There are, no doubt, many other anti-Catholics at present engaged in the effort to "convert" those whom they call "poor benighted Papists," who will eventually experience the same wonderful effects of God's grace. Given their good faith, their own conversion would seem to be practically inevitable.

The Anglican bishop of Chelmsford must regret that it is not in his power to depose the vicar of Thaxted, who, in spite of his Lordship's gentle recommendations, entreaties, remonstrances, and exhortations, followed by stern rebukes, keeps on having what he calls "processions and benedictions of the host." The vicar is "High" and the bishop is "Low," so there is no way out of the difficulty. If his Lord-

ship would listen to our counsel—he won't, though,—we should urge him to let the matter drop. The more the vicar is opposed, the more recalcitrant he will become, and the larger will be the number of vicars taking sides with him. Vicars are difficult persons to deal with; whereas, according to the derivation of their name, they should be yielding, at all times amenable to authority, and the like. And they are apt to air their grievances in the papers and make attacks on the Bench of Bishops—like the anonymous vicar (if he isn't a vicar, he writes just like one) who lately told their Lordships that they would be better employed in extirpating heresy from the Establishment than in hounding the clergy. He pointed out some horrible heresies in the writings of one of these right reverend gentlemen, and accused them of disloyalty, deliberate or indeliberate, not only to their consecration vows but to Our Lord Himself.

An officer of the A. E. F., Ry. Engrs., writing from Kraznerask, Siberia, sends us some information which he hopes will have the effect of increasing the zeal of our readers for the work of the Foreign Missions. We share his hope, and are glad to quote at length from his very interesting letter. He writes:

I have travelled through Japan, Korea, China, and Siberia, and witnessed the self-sacrificing life led and the wondrous labors performed by our missionaries,—priests, Brothers, and Sisters, native and foreign. How well they deserve alms and prayers! . . . There was not a Sunday anywhere when I was prevented from attending Mass. At Vladivostock, on Christmas Day, the priest had to wear a heavy overcoat and big boots under the vestments, there being half an inch of frost on the walls and ends of the benches in the church.

The fortunes of war made it necessary for me to spend several months in Nagasaki, Japan. The Japanese make splendid Catholics, and their devotion is something never to be forgotten. Nagasaki was the centre of the persecution about three hundred years ago. We visited the place where twenty-six martyrs to the Faith were crucified on the 5th of February, 1597. A large church, with a seating capacity of some thousands, stands on this hallowed spot. French

priests have charge of most of the churches, native priests assisting them. All those we meet had many years of service to their credit. Father Sulmon, for example, came from France at the age of thirty, and died some months ago, at the age of eighty-one; completing fifty-one years of service. During all that time he had never left the confines of his parish for a visit of any kind. Father Thiry, who has been in Japan for twenty-five years, can talk a little English; he and the others made every effort to render our stay in Nagasaki a pleasant one. Next door to the church is a pagan temple, in which the drums begin to beat as early as five o'clock in the morning, and continue until far into the night, every day of the year. Father Thiry has taken a number of young Japanese girls from the degrading work of coaling ships, and put them to making Rosaries out of seashells. These Rosaries may be had very cheap, and a great work is helped by the purchase of them.

The Brothers of Mary, who have colleges in all the large cities of Japan, also helped to make our stay at Nagasaki enjoyable. They showed us all the places of note, and told us many interesting things about the customs of the people. There are nine Brothers in Nagasaki. The youngest in service, a native of California, has spent fifteen years in Japan.

In Harbin, Manchuria, the Sisters of Charity have a mission in the Chinese section, which has a population of over 50,000 Chinese. We called it an island in a sea of mud. The few buildings are badly in need of repair, but very clean. There are five Sisters and one Chinese priest. The congregation consists of several hundred members. The Sisters maintain a school, and teach the young Chinese girls to sew. Their big work is among the poor and sick, of whom there are a large number in every Chinese city. One of the Sisters is a trained nurse, and she even performs minor operations. One day when I called she had, in one room, about forty patients with all manner of ailments.

The Sisters have one small shack for patients who are beyond human help when they arrive. There were eight patients the day I was there, and it required considerable nerve just to walk through the place. Several Belgian soldiers who had suffered a "hell" on the Western Front, left this place, all unstrung, after seeing what the Sisters have to go through. Their patients are the poorest of the poor. They told me that the Chinese priest baptized many persons in this old shack where the homeless and helpless invalids are placed.

"Too much can not be said in praise of the work of Catholic missionaries in China," concludes our correspondent; "those who

come to their aid are serving God and suffering humanity with them." The presence in this country of Bishop Tacconi, and our Contribution Box, always open to receive alms, small or large, for the Sisters, afford a favorable opportunity to all who are disposed to help our heroic Chinese missionaries.

One of the best of men and truest of priests was the late Father Edward J. Vattman, the oldest chaplain of the United States Army, who passed to the reward of a devoted life last week, at the venerable age of seventy-eight. He bore a long illness with exemplary patience and resignation, and prepared for his end with accustomed simplicity and fortitude. He was a native of Germany, and in early manhood a convert from Lutheranism. As guileless as a child, kind-hearted, zealous and self-sacrificing, he won the respect and affection of all who came in contact with him. He was an intimate friend of three former Presidents, who held him in highest regard. Mr. Roosevelt in one of his letters refers to him as "one of the best men I ever knew, and one of the best friends I ever had." Of Father Vattman's services as a chaplain and a patriot, it will suffice to say that they were important and numerous. *R. I. P.*

"Life in India is becoming a rush and a bustle, a keen competition for rupees; and there are many factions and much strife. Thus lunatics are made," says the editor of the *Madras Catholic Watchman*, in a notice of the official report of the three lunatic asylums of the Presidency. It is remarkable that of the 877 inmates, by far the largest number are classed as persons "of no occupation"; also that there is not a single lawyer in these institutions. "It is the clients that go mad," says the editor. We are afraid he would have said further, had he thought of it, that if they didn't have a marked tendency to madness they never would have become clients.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Roses.

BY B. S.

OF fifty little roses
I tried to make a crown,
And at Our Lady's statue
I laid the roses down.
Our Lady took the roses
And said, "How good thou art
To bring my dearest flowers!
I'll wear them on my heart."

Saved by a Song.

BY JULIA HARRIES BULL.

DURING the age of chivalry there was found at every court in Southern Europe, no matter how small, a wandering minstrel who sang or recited verses of his own composition. These troubadours, as they were called, were the delight of the princes and fair dames of that most picturesque period. Their poetry originated, flourished and fell with the chivalry whose deeds of valor and tales of romance were its chief inspiration. One of the most celebrated of these troubadours was Blondel, a devoted friend and favorite of Richard Cœur de Lion. Their mutual love of music made a close bond of sympathy between King and poet, and together they wrote and set to music several songs.

According to an old chronicler, when Richard joined the third Crusade, Blondel accompanied him to the Holy Land. On their return from Palestine, in the autumn of 1192, Richard was seized and imprisoned by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who the following spring delivered him up to Henry VI., the German Emperor. By the order of this monarch, who was

noted for his cruelty, Richard was secretly conveyed to the Castle of Trifels, at that time the most impregnable on the banks of the Rhine. Here, into one of the strongest and most closely guarded cells, was thrown the Lion-Hearted King. But even in prison Richard's courage did not fail him. Although he knew there was little hope of escaping his enemy, and that a cruel death probably awaited him, he sought to distract his mind from gloomy thoughts by singing his favorite songs, especially those which he and Blondel had so often sung together.

The troubadour's grief at his beloved master's capture and subsequent disappearance knew no bounds. He made a vow that he would not rest until he had discovered Richard's hiding-place, and that he would risk life itself to set him free. Blondel, accompanied by a few faithful English knights, traversed the whole of Germany seeking the King. They inquired at every town and castle without discovering the faintest trace of him. They searched the banks of the Danube and the Rhine.

One evening, as they descended into the wild valley of Anweiler, they perceived on the summit of the next mountain the towers of Castle Trifels outlined against the sky. Blondel was seized with a presentiment that here he might find the King, and he resolved not to leave that vicinity until he had made the most careful search.

The next morning the troubadour and his companions climbed the thickly wooded slope, which brought them at length to the rocky eminence crowned by the frowning fortress of Trifels. Here, after their toilsome ascent, they were rewarded by a magnificent view of the Rhine valley spread out before them. In the distance, beyond the fertile fields and vine-clad hills, they beheld the cathedrals of Spire

and Strasburg. Over the right bank of the river the Castle of Heidelberg was faintly visible, and on the left the serrated edges of the Vosges Mountains bounded the horizon.

The knights hid themselves in the forest near by, while Blondel went to explore the fortifications. As he strolled along with this end in view he met a young shepherdess, with whom he entered into conversation. She told him that she lived in the neighborhood of Trifels, and, in answer to his questions, gave him some information in regard to the castle. As they were about to separate, Blondel begged the young girl to wait a moment, as he wished in some measure to repay her for the information she had given him. So, taking his guitar, he sang an old and touching melody, King Richard's favorite air. Charmed with his music, the shepherdess cried:

"Oh, you sing the same song that a poor prisoner sings,—the one who is shut up in the north tower! I have often heard him sing it as I pastured my flock near the prison walls."

These parting words from the young girl were a ray of light to Blondel. Happy at the thought of being near the end of his laborious search, the troubadour directed his steps stealthily toward the castle at nightfall. Getting as close to the north tower as he could without being discovered, he played and sang King Richard's favorite air. Scarcely had the notes of the first stanza died away when Blondel heard a voice, coming from one of the windows of the tower, take up and continue the melody. Then the same well-known voice asked in muffled tones:

"Blondel, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, your Majesty," replied the troubadour. "Thank Heaven I have found you at last! A few of your faithful followers are near at hand. We have vowed to liberate you."

The next day, when Blondel obtained entrance to the castle, he saw the danger attending his enterprise. The fortress,

which was well guarded by a large garrison, could not be taken either by force or surprise. Only by a ruse could his desire be accomplished. Blondel's gayety and lively songs soon won the favor of the guardian of the castle and of his pretty stepdaughter Mathilde. The troubadour fell in love with the girl, and before many days begged her to fly with him to England. This Mathilde, whose heart he had won, consented to do. He then disclosed to her the secret of his mission, and she promised to aid him in the perilous undertaking. She knew the secret passage leading to Richard's cell, and also where her stepfather kept the keys.

One dark and stormy night, after Blondel and his companions had made all their preparations for rescue and flight, Mathilde seized the keys while the stern guardian of the fortress slept. Leading Blondel to the King's cell, they unlocked the door, gave him a sword and shield, and then all three crept noiselessly to the courtyard of the castle. There Richard and Blondel threw themselves upon the soldiers at the portal and forced them to open the doors. Before the garrison, awakened by the noise, could come to the defence, the valiant knights, waiting without, rushed into the courtyard, and, after a desperate fight, succeeded in liberating the King.

Once outside the castle walls, they all, including Mathilde, mounted the horses which were in readiness, and rode off with the greatest speed. After travelling for many days filled with numerous adventures, they arrived in England. Blondel married Mathilde, and received from Richard a generous reward for his perseverance and fidelity. The knights who had aided the troubadour in his perilous quest were also liberally recompensed by the Lion-Hearted King.

WORDS of violence commonly begin with "sp,"—for instance, spurt, split, spring, splutter, spasm, splash, spill, splinter, spurn, spar, spike, spat, spank, and so on.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XV.—A MISHAP.

TIM and Mariena had taken their places side by side in the aeroplane, and a moment later the machine gracefully arose from the ground and soared aloft. The crowd of onlookers watched it admiringly, and soon began to applaud its movements with enthusiastic cheers and hand-clappings.

Layac was furious.

"For example!" he growled under his breath. "Why has Tilbasco confided his daughter to my nephew rather than to me? He takes me for a clown. Ah, I must show him my mettle!"

Occupied with such thoughts, he failed to see that Mr. Tilbasco had given Tim the signal to descend; and the result was that he came very near receiving the aeroplane on his head, a bystander pulling him out of the way just in time.

The landing was effected, needless to say, amid a regular ovation from the spectators, many of whom pressed forward to shake hands with the young aviator. This served only to increase the dissatisfaction and spite of the big grocer.

He was destined, however, soon to have his revenge—and what a revenge! In fact, just at that moment a middle-aged gentleman of a distinguished air approached him. It was the president of the B. S. C.,—in other words, of the Biarritz Sporting Club.

"Monsieur," said the president, addressing Layac, "permit me, in the first place, to bid you welcome; and, in the second, to ask you whether you will not be kind enough to gratify the colony of strangers now present in Biarritz by making an ascent over the Grand Beach this afternoon before you resume your journey."

Layac's face lit up at this request with so broad a smile of gratification that Tim felt his uncle was going to accept. Accord-

ingly, he hastened to forestall his reply.

"Remember, Uncle," he interposed, "that we are pressed for time,—that we haven't a minute to lose. And, as you know quite well, an accident may occur at any time. What's the use of exposing ourselves to any risk by making useless and supplementary flights?"

"But," dryly replied the grocer, "you didn't ask my advice when you took your little friend Mariena for a flight a while ago. Or perhaps you imagined that excursion to be a useful one."

There was no answer to that argument, so Tim bit his lips and remained silent.

Layac turned then to the president of the B. S. C.

"Mr. President," he said, "you may announce an ascent over the Grand Beach for this afternoon. And it is I," added the susceptible grocer, in a tone loud enough to be heard by Mr. Tilbasco,—"*it is I* who will do the steering."

The magnate of the Sporting Club made his acknowledgments and retired.

Tim was almost in despair. It was clear that the lesson which his uncle had received in Paris a few weeks ago, and the one he came near receiving at Albi only two days previously, had counted for nothing. He would remain until the end of the journey the incorrigible and imprudent boaster, from whom one might expect the worst possible follies. Try to reason with the big man? What was the use? Tim would not succeed in convincing him any more than he had succeeded at the drilling ground at Albi. His uncle would pay no attention to him. As a matter of fact, there are some cowards who, when their vanity or self-esteem is concerned, suddenly become to all appearances as bold as veritable dare-devils.

That afternoon all Biarritz assembled on the Grand Beach to witness the promised flight. Layac had decided to start from the board walk, and then ascend over the sea, so as to describe a number of circles above the cove which separates the old casino from the hill of St. Eugenie.

A cosmopolitan and elegantly attired throng had accordingly taken up positions all around the cove, and on the beach which borders it, as well as on the neighboring rocks which give the place so picturesque an air. They broke into cheers when Layac and Tim made their appearance on the board walk, and especially when the aeroplane arose and swept gracefully above the waves which were rolling in upon the sands.

For a few moments, indeed, everything went off as well as could be desired; and not even the best of aviators could have handled his machine better than on this occasion, and probably by accident, did Uncle Layac.

"Fine! fine!" said Tim to himself. "Everything is going splendidly." And, glad to find that the flight was normal and much better than he had anticipated, he rubbed his hands with unconcealed satisfaction.

But, alas! he had scarcely had time to felicitate himself when, his uncle having suddenly pulled the wrong lever, the machine yawed terribly, and, after rolling desperately for a second or two, started straight downwards from a height of two hundred feet. Tim and Layac had hardly time to utter a cry before the aeroplane was submerged at the base of a bluff, against which the waves broke in seeming anger.

The catastrophe had been so brusque, so rapid, that the crowd, stricken with stupor, scarcely realized what had occurred. Many eyes indeed were gazing aloft, looking for the plane, which was now entangled with the sharp points of the rocks under water. The first emotional minute having passed, however, a rescue party was speedily organized; and a dozen boats, manned by sturdy old fishermen who plied their oars with energy and skill, made for the rock on which the aviators had taken refuge, and where they were now endeavoring to hold the aeroplane with all the strength of their weary arms. The waves were pounding

the wings of the machine as if determined to make it a complete wreck.

It was no easy task, even for experienced sailors to rescue the unfortunate fliers from the dangerous position in which they found themselves; but they finally succeeded in doing so,—or, rather, they thought they had succeeded when, just as they were about to take hold of Uncle Layac, he slipped on some seaweed that covered the rock, and plunged once more into the water. And here at last the grotesque rubber suit which formed his aviating costume proved of some use. Instead of sinking to the bottom, as his weight would have rendered inevitable under ordinary conditions, he floated, and began bobbing up and down like an inflated buoy; the waves tossing him, now up, now down; at one moment throwing him close to the bluff; the next, carrying him out to sea. It took a full quarter of an hour to get hold of him and finally haul him aboard the largest boat, in which Tim was already seated.

It need hardly be said that our young friend Tim was not in the best of humor. On the contrary, he was decidedly cross,—or, as he might have expressed it, was as mad as he could be.

"Well, Uncle, I suppose you're satisfied now! The plane is all battered up, and we'll have to telegraph to Paris to the Perinot House, telling them to send us immediately a squad of workmen to repair it. As a result, two weeks, if not more, lost; and our journey, and possibly the Doremus legacy, compromised. Oh, you may felicitate yourself on having done a nice afternoon's work!"

His nephew's sarcastic tone would under other circumstances no doubt have elicited a reply; but just then Uncle Layac was restoring to the sea the last pint of salt water that he had swallowed, and he could scarcely do more than cast a distressful glance at the aeroplane which the sailors were with considerable difficulty hoisting up from the rocks.

Wishing to avoid the crowd that still

covered the Grand Beach, Tim asked the boatmen to put them ashore at a more retired spot near the Old Port. That is probably the reason why he did not notice Fourrin, who, in the first row of the spectators, had witnessed the accident and taken in all the details.

"Good, good!" said Layac's rival to himself. "If things continue to go in this way, I don't think I shall have to interfere in order to prevent my friend Layac from reaching Lisbon within the required time."

Poor Uncle Layac paid dearly for the vanity that caused his misfortune. He was laid up for a full week in consequence of his enforced bath; and for several days Tim was very much disturbed about his condition. The big grocer had been taken to the hotel in a fever, and for three days and nights was delirious the greater part of the time.

While nursing his uncle, however, Tim did not lose sight of the purpose of their journey. He spent the day between the sick-room and the lumber yard, where the Perinot workmen from Paris were busily engaged in setting the plane to rights. At last, about ten days after the accident, both Uncle Layac and the monoplane were in a fit condition to "take the air." Tim almost regretted that the date for their departure had arrived; for during the enforced stay at Biarritz he had seen a good deal of his little friend Mariena, who two or three times a day accompanied her father now to the hotel, then to the lumber yard, making inquiries as to the condition of patient and plane.

There was no chance of delaying their departure, however; for the travellers would need all the remaining days in order to reach their destination. It was no more than prudent to take into account the possibility of being delayed somewhere else for another day or two. To avoid any such delay as far as possible, Tim decided, on the morning of their resuming their trip, that he would have a serious and perfectly plain understanding with his uncle.

"Uncle," he said, "we are going to start in a few minutes. Now, before we go, you will have to make me a solemn promise."

"What about?"

"About steering the plane. I want you to give me your solemn word that you won't attempt to steer the machine before we reach Lisbon. It's only on that condition that we stand any chance of getting there in time."

"Oh, I promise you that readily enough!" said Layac quickly. "I've had my fill of this trade of aviator; and, even at the thought of being obliged once more to travel through the air, I've a good mind to give up the whole business and go back home by train."

"Then it's understood, Uncle: you promise you won't interfere with my steering?"

"Never again, my boy,—never again! From this out, I leave everything to you. You are boss of the machine."

(To be continued.)

How to Win a Prize.

Earl Beauchamp, formerly Governor of New South Wales, in a speech to the children of a Catholic school at Goulburn, on one occasion said he felt sure that every schoolboy and schoolgirl wished to obtain a prize at the end of the year, and then showed them how it might be won. His Excellency's advice is timely and memorable. He said: "Well, now you will be sure to win a prize if you just observe how the word 'prize' is spelled. *P* is for punctuality: be always punctual as to duties. *R* is for regularity: never absent yourself a day from school. *I* is for industry: always be industrious—work hard at your lessons. *Z* is for zeal: if you are zealous in the discharge of your school duties, you are certain to succeed. Lastly, *E* is for earnestness. When one works earnestly all through the year, one deserves a prize."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, entitled "Irish Impressions," is announced for early publication.

—There will be many readers to welcome the new "Dooley" book, which is attractively named "Mr. Dooley: On Making a Will, and Other Necessary Evils."

—Lists of recently published and forthcoming fiction include: "Abbotscourt," by John Ayscough; "Love of Brothers," by Katharine Tynan; "Pearl," by Beatrice Chase; and "Deadham Hard," by Lucas Malet, the convert daughter of Charles Kingsley.

—In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* we read of a discovery made in Mexico by "the Dominion Padre Ximenez." If we saw this anywhere else except in our Boston contemporary, we might be inclined to think that a Dominican Padre was meant.

—The April issue of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, just to hand, contains an excellent appreciation, by Joseph B. Jacobi, of William Dunbar, the Franciscan friar and poet, who was a contemporary of Chaucer. We have often wondered if the fact is generally remembered that practically all English literature up to the time of the so-called Reformation is the work of Catholics.

—"Profit Sharing; or, The Worker's Fair Share," by George W. Perkins, an address delivered before the National Civic Federation last month, is now available in pamphlet form. Discussing the relationship between the man of capital and the man of labor, Mr. Perkins says that in the course of time it has been expressed by such phrases as "owner and slave," "master and man," and "employer and employee"; and he thinks that the future relationship will have to be expressed by the term "partners." Attentive study of his thesis on the part of sciolists who talk much (and know little) of the question of Capital and Labor would be an excellent thing for such talkers—and a blessing for their auditors.

—The second series of the "Musa Americana" comprises translations from American, English, and Irish lyrics. These "home songs in Latin set to popular melodies, with English text," by Anthony F. Geyser, S. J., A. M., prove that Latin is still a living language. "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "To a Robin," "Lead, Kindly Light," "The Meeting of the Waters" (to mention only a few of the pieces)

are real tests of the translator's skill. These Campion College songs sung in Latin, at any kind of a contest, ought to insure victory. Classical clubs will welcome this second series of the "Musa Americana"; it whets the appetite and gives a taste for more. Loyola University Press, Chicago.

—The Committee of the Swiss Holy Land Society have issued, in the form of an octavo pamphlet of fourteen pages, the programme of a Catholic International Palestine Congress, to be held at Einsiedeln, Switzerland, October 21-24 of the current year. The purpose of the convention is to take suitable measures against the dangers that menace the Holy Land; and that purpose has the approbation and best wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff.

—One of the most interesting of the multiplied "Reports" of conventions to reach our table for months, not to say years, is "Transactions of the Fourth Annual Convention of the Catholic Hospital Association of the U. S. and Canada." The convention was held in Chicago in June, and was attended by from seven hundred to a thousand members, the great majority of them being Sisters. While the papers read and the discussions to which they gave rise are naturally of special interest to those engaged in hospital work, the general reader will find that they are neither so dry nor so technically uninviting as he might be expected to consider them. The Association is evidently doing excellent work, and, judging from "Transactions," is doing it in a thoroughly practical way.

—David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery have, during the past few years, done such excellent work against Socialism, both on the platform and in the printed page, that it is a pleasure to welcome their latest work, "Bolshevism: Its Cure" (Boston School of Political Economy). The book, a stoutly bound twelvemo of more than four hundred pages, is a timely dissertation on a subject, or series of subjects, concerning which there are extant not a little misinformation and a good deal of downright ignorance. Both authors are converts to the Church, and they speak of Socialism from first-hand knowledge. The titles of the volume's eight chapters will indicate the structure of the work and its scope: "Two World Powers"; "Standards of Faith and of Fatalism"; "Patriotism"; "The Star-Spangled Banner or the Red Flag"; "Socialism Would Corrupt the Army and Navy"; "Bolshevism in Schools"; "Bolshevism Itself"; "The Pope and the War."

We cordially recommend the work as being emphatically one of the comparatively few outstanding books of the year.

—"The Land They Loved," by G. D. Cummins (Macmillan Co.), is an Irish novel with something of a new flavor. In many of the chapters, as in the title, there is a reminiscence of such passionate attachment to "the land," the farm, the concrete soil, as is found in French stories of the type of "Alberta: Adventure." The heroine of the present work is, however, a totally different character from the "leading lady" of the novel just mentioned. Katè Carmody is a young Irishwoman who, after five years spent in service in "the States," returns to her home in Droumavalla. From there she proceeds to Dublin, once more to enter service as a cook; and goes through many humorous experiences. Her ineradicable love of life on the farm finally determines her return to the old homestead, where in due time her ambitions—of head and heart—are fully satisfied. The tragedy of the war assumes a subordinate place in the story; as does likewise, by the way, the religious element, which we are accustomed to see occupying a somewhat conspicuous rôle in the typical Irish novel.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
- "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
- "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
- "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
- "An American Girl on the Foreign Missions." Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M. A. L. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.
- "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
- "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
- "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
- "Convent Life." Martin J. Scott, S. J. \$1.50.

- "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baiertl. \$2.
- "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
- "The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
- "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
- "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
- "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
- "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
- "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
- "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.
- "The Life of John Redmond." Warre B. Wells. \$2.
- "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
- "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
- "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
- "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
- "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
- "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.

Obituary.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

Rev. Amadee Lessard, of the diocese of Manchester; and Rev. Edward J. Vattman, U. S. A.

Sister M. Nepomucene, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart.

Mr. Andrew Gass, Mr. C. W. Beadles, Mr. R. F. Tobin, Mr. John Shay, Miss E. B. Hamper, Mrs. Catherine Finigan, Mr. John Wilson, Miss Wilhelmina Eichler, Mr. Thomas Donnelly, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Mr. J. D. Granville, Mr. William Heery, Mr. John Heery, Miss Elizabeth Ring, Miss Annie Smiley, Mr. Thomas Killalea, Mr. John McCann, Mrs. Anna Malone, Miss Mary Weir, Mr. Thomas Daly, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Mrs. Eva Menard, Mr. John Murphy, Miss Rose McCann, Mr. Alexander Ouimet, Mr. Alfred Brousseau, Mrs. Anne Foley, Mr. John Murphy, Mr. Alphonse Labine, and Mrs. Maria Prince.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Fiat!

QUESTION not the way that Thou art leading
My soul, grown weary with its doubts and fears;
My will I yield, the while my heart is pleading
Thy tender hand may stay the falling tears.

I cling to Thee in spite of all my grieving,
Thy servant still, Thy least behest to do;
Earth's joys and friends for Thy sake gladly
leaving,
Since Thou, my God, art joy and friend most
true.

Then help me, Lord, this day to do Thy willing,
And give me aid to-morrow's cross to bear;
My poor heart's tumult Thy dear presence stilling,
By my Communion in Thy strength I share.

O Mother Mary, to thy Jesus praying,
Win me the grace to love Him more and more,
Until, my body debt of Nature paying,
My soul may speed to heaven's blessed shore.

MARIE.

Armenia and Its People.¹

BY G. M. HORT.

ALTHOUGH there has been of late, both in America and Great Britain, a great and widespread sympathy for the sufferings of the Armenians—a sympathy that has expressed itself in many practical ways,—it is still to be doubted whether the average American or European has a very clear picture in his mind of the little Asiatic Christian State, of its history and legends, and of the kind of life its people live. Perhaps the light has centred a little too

strongly on Armenia as a *tragic* figure. It is as though we tried to form a complete idea of the character of a person from his appearance and behavior in the throes of pain.

In truth, Armenia with her vivid skies and fertile pastures, her swift-flowing rivers and snow-capped hills, is not a typical land for grief and melancholy to house in. And the Armenians, even under Turkish rule, remain a courageous and light-hearted people, with boundless pride in their memories of their country's past, and ceaseless hope for her future.

To their religion, as we all know, they cling with the passionate loyalty peculiar to isolated and persecuted communities. Their history, in an especial sense, is religious history. Their legends are all lit up with pious imagination. Their social life is colored through and through by their reverence for, and interest in, religious rites. The Lithuanians, we believe, have the unenviable distinction of being the last people in Europe to accept the Cross. The Armenians claim to be the first people in the world who, *nationally* and *as a whole*, received the Faith.

Legend says that St. Thaddeus and St. Bartholomew set out to preach in Armenia immediately after the first Pentecost; and were not only hospitably received, but found their coming expected, and their welcome ready. The well-known

¹ Authorities consulted,—so many that they can not be enumerated. Of especial value have been: "The Lesser Eastern Churches" (Dr. Adrian Fortescue); "Armenian Legends and Poems" (Zabelle C. Boyajian); "Women of Turkey and their Folklore" (Lucy M. Garnett). The kindness of Armenians, personally known to me, has also afforded much help by word of mouth.—G. M. H.

story of Christ and Abgarus; of the sick king of Edessa healed by the miraculous portrait of Christ (sent to him by Our Lord Himself, together with a promise that His Apostles should visit Armenia), is sometimes quoted in explanation of this; and though even the Armenians are now content to acknowledge that Edessa was not an Armenian town, nor Abgarus an Armenian, there may well have been communication between the neighbor countries. The fame of the king's cure may well have spread from Mesopotamia.

We may think, however, of other reasons for a Christian bias in the Land of Ararat. The pre-Christian legends of Armenia tell us that the land itself was a holy land, with the impress, as it were, of God's creative Hand visible upon it. Here was the site of Paradise; and the four rivers spoken of in Genesis as fertilizing the God-planted Garden, had their rise there. To this day the Armenian peasant will point out to the traveller certain flowers that grow around Erzerum (the supposed site of Paradise), and that are said to be unknown elsewhere. They will remark: "These grew in Eden."

The resting of the Ark on Mount Ararat is pictured in the Armenian national arms; and the place where Noah built his altar of sacrifice is still shown, as well as some withered roots of the vine he planted. Again, the famous Haik, claimed by the Armenians as their first king and the founder of their nation, is said to have been a grandson of Japhet; and so, by inference, a monotheist. Haik (after whom the land is still, in the Armenian tongue, called Hayastan) was a redoubtable champion and giant. He wrested his independence from Belus, king of Assyria: then moved northward, and, with a band of followers, set up a kingdom in the fastnesses of the Armenian hills. He probably brought with him some tradition of the worship of the One True God. There were, moreover, in early times, many Jewish immigrants, with whom there was, doubtless, some intermarriage and whose

influence must have been considerable.

To return to the Apostolic Church of Armenia. It did not, of course, accomplish the *national* conversion. That came in A. D. 261, after Armenia had suffered many things under the alternate yokes of the Persian and the still unconverted Roman Empires. The then Armenian king, Tiridates, was subject to Rome, but tyrannical enough to his own subjects. He had restored the old Armenian worship of Nature and of borrowed heathen deities, and demanded that his people should conform to it.

A picturesque legend says that one day, when he was robed as a priest and assisting at a sacrifice to the supreme god Aramazd, he noticed in the crowd around the blood-stained altars a young man who was taking no part in the ceremony, and who, when challenged by the king, declared himself to be Krikor, or Gregory, the only surviving member of a dispossessed royal house, and now newly returned from his place of refuge, Cæsarea, where he had been baptized and educated as a Christian. This youth, hereafter to be known as St. Gregory the Illuminator, the Apostle of Armenia, was thrown into prison by the infuriated Tiridates—only to emerge in triumph to baptize the repentant king, and to heal him of a disease that was regarded by all as the punishment of his cruelty and idolatry.

On the spot where now stands the monastery of Etchmiadzin, Gregory had a wondrous vision in which he saw a flock of black goats passing through a river, and coming out of it again, in the guise of white lambs. They were the souls of his countrymen, mystically cleansed by the waters of baptism.

Etchmiadzin had its mystic cleansing, too. At the time of St. Gregory's coming there, it was, says the legend, the seat of a heathen oracle, delivered from three triangular stones which were possessed by demons. In St. Gregory's further vision Christ descended from heaven, smote the rocks with His Cross, and exorcised the

demons. But still, say the Armenian peasants, the demons dwell beneath the rocks, in a state of servitude to the servants of God,—to the good monks, for whom they are compelled to draw water, chop wood, and do other menial offices.

The little chapel built by St. Gregory at Etchmiadzin can still be seen there, surrounded by the walls of the statelier church that succeeded it,—the church where the consecration of the Armenian bishops now takes place. These bishops, as we know, claim descent from St. Gregory; and the separated Church of Armenia calls itself "Gregorian." But Gregory himself was no separatist.¹ He went to Cæsarea to be ordained and consecrated, and his commission was confirmed by Pope Sylvester I. There is no doubt that the separation, as well as the famous Monophysite heresy, was the work of later times,—of the terrible isolation of Armenia, and the many difficulties of communication with the Holy See and other Christian States. Even so, the Mediæval kingdom of Cilicia, or Lesser Armenia, whose history reads like a romance of chivalry, was altogether Catholic. This kingdom was founded (about the time of the Norman Conquest of England) on the slopes of Mount Taurus by fugitives from the intolerable yoke of the Turks. Its princes befriended the Crusaders, and intermarried with them; and one of its kings, Ghevond (or Leon) II., was crowned by the Archbishop of Mainz on the Feast of Epiphany,¹ A. D. 1199.

There seemed at that time every chance that the little Armenian colony would grow and prosper, and, with the aid of its more powerful fellow-Christians, redeem Armenia itself from the Moslem power. But the Crusading wave turned home; the power of the Crescent waxed once more. The terrible Mamelukes—those fierce "slave kings," the descendants of prisoners of war, who formed the bodyguard of the Sultan—captured the Armenian prince, Ghevond VI. Ghevond, on his release,

wandered in exile till his death, in 1393, at Paris. The kingdom of Cilicia was broken. Armenia itself meanwhile had been laid waste by the Turks and Persians. Since that time there has been no kingdom of Armenia, and no independent state colonized by Armenians. Their political history has been one long monotonous record of oppression and persecution.

The all too familiar tale of atrocities need not be retold here. Through it all, and up to the present time, the Armenians, whether subjects of Czar, Shah, or Sultan, have maintained an independent life of their own, and something of their primitive simplicity of manners. In Turkey, particularly, they remain the people apart, separated from their Mohammedan neighbors, and united among themselves to an extent that is scarcely realizable by American or European communities.

There are many Catholics or Uniates. Dominican missionaries reached the country in the fourteenth century; and scattered fugitives from Cilicia had, earlier still, been united under a bishop of their own.¹ But Catholics in Armenia retain by Papal permission many of the customs of the ancient Armenian rite. For instance, Mass is said in the Armenian tongue. And of the Gregorian Church itself, Dr. Fortescue notes "a great number of Latin peculiarities, customs, and ideas," handed down, perhaps, from St. Gregory's day.

Armenian family life is almost patriarchal in its methods. Members of two or three generations will remain together under one roof; and a son, as a matter of course, will bring home his bride to live with his parents. There was formerly a considerable seclusion in the life of a young married woman; for instance, the wearing of a veil, and some ceremonious restrictions in her intercourse with her husband's relations. But these are gradually giving way before the growth of Western ideas, and to the good sense of the better-educated Armenians, who realize that such customs,

¹ In the sixteenth century the number of Catholics increased enormously.

¹ Dr. Adrian Fortescue, "The Armenians."

far from being bound up with their own ancient traditions, are a reflection from the Mohammedan manners around them.

Among the Turks the words "Armenian" and "Christian" are synonymous. When a Turk has occasion to refer to his Armenian fellow-subjects, he as often as not will call them "the Christians." Everyone knows that the Armenians are meant; for all Armenians are regarded as Christians. If one becomes a Mohammedan, he no longer belongs to the Armenian community, but is cut off completely from those of his race; becoming henceforth, to all intents and purposes, a Turk pure and simple.

In the eighteenth century, Mohammedan fanaticism made many converts to Islam by force. But even the descendants of these hapless folk are said to retain some of their Christian customs. The women make the Sign of the Cross over their new baked loaves, and sing to their children Christian lullabies. Armenian free-thinkers, too, show more respect for ecclesiastical customs than is usual for their like to do in other countries. Christianity is, as it were, in their blood,—an inherited instinct apart from personal convictions.

The Armenians have many legends of Scriptural times and characters. Armenian lesson-books bear as a motto the words, "O Cross, come to my aid!" And many writers inscribe the same words at the head of their manuscripts. The motto of the lesson-books illustrates the strong devotion of Armenia to the Holy Cross. Perhaps no independent and powerful people can quite realize the place which the great symbol of suffering held in the life and thought of this persecuted race.

At the font, an Armenian child has a cross fastened, with a specially made cord of white and crimson threads, to its wrist or forehead; and it is worn for several days after baptism. The baptized infant is also carried into the sanctuary, and its lips made to touch the wood of the cross. In the ceremonies of betrothal, the parish priest (who in Armenia often acts as a

matchmaker) gives a small gold cross as a token to the chosen maiden. It is also significant that the Armenian word for a shameless ruffian is *khatchakogh*, which, literally, means "cross-stealer" or profaner. Other signs of honor, more common to other Christian countries, are the great importance of the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross; and the preservation in the cathedral of Etchmiadzin of a relic of the Holy Rood, supposed to have been the gift of the Emperor Constantine to that other convert king, Tiridates.

Armenia also has a great reverence for the Blessed Virgin. There is a tender little custom of never leaving a new-made mother, with her infant, alone in a room without placing beside her, or over her bed, an image or a picture of *Sourb Meriam* (Blessed Mary). The great cathedral of Etchmiadzin is dedicated to her. Her Immaculate Conception seems to have been acknowledged in Mediæval times.¹ The Assumption is a very great festival in the Armenian Kalendar; and the feast of the Annunciation is, in households where the seclusion of brides is the rule, one of the two occasions (the other one being Easter) when the new-made wife may appear in public.

The literature of Armenia, which is much more interesting and extensive than is generally known, has the distinction of being, like the people, entirely Christian. No pagan writers have survived; though Moses of Khorene, a fifth-century historian, gives, like the old English chroniclers, many legends of pagan times. The Mediæval writers were mainly ecclesiastics; and their works, especially their poetry, are full of pathos and sweetness,—of the love of country and the love of God.

As is well known, the Uniate monastery at Venice was the means, in the sixteenth century, of preserving a wealth of Armenian literature. Its printing press became famous, and the brethren were great scholars and equally great patriots.

¹ See an anecdote in Matthew of Westminster's "Flowers of History."

The Armenian Catholics yield to none in their love of their native land.

Byron studied the Armenian language with the monks, and helped them to compile an Armenian-English dictionary. He much admired the language, and said that it would well repay the trouble of learning it,—a statement with which the present writer takes leave to agree. The curious alphabet, which shows some likeness to the Greek, dates from A. D. 400, and was the work of two ecclesiastics. It is said that there was an earlier alphabet in existence, but that the Christian scholars discarded it because of its pagan origin and associations.

A very fair knowledge of Armenian literature may nowadays be obtained without wrestling with the tongue in which it was originally written. Miss Zabelle Boyajian, in her very beautiful volume, "Armenian Legends and Poems,"¹ recently published in London, has opened a little-known treasure-house to English and American readers; and rendered, equally, a great service to her afflicted countrymen.

Sympathy for the Armenians has been long assured. But it is well that it should be an intelligent sympathy. Those who may still be inclined to look on the Armenians as an inferior race, and on the restoration of their national independence as an impossible dream, can hardly do better than acquaint themselves with the literature—the charming folk-verses, the shrewdly simple fables, the songs full of fiery patriotism or religious resignation—with which, in the midst of disaster and humiliation, this down-trodden people have enriched the world.

¹ Miss Boyajian's book also contains a chapter on Armenian Folklore and Literature by Aram Ratfi.

FROM the truth of Mary's divine maternity follows her pre-eminent glory; never upon any creature was laid a dignity so great as that of bearing the Incarnate God and nurturing Him as her Infant.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XVI.—A WOEFUL DAY.

AT a very early hour next morning, red-headed Willie drove down the avenue of Hopkailzie, on his way to restore the wagon and horses to their owner. He whistled cheerily as he went; for he was well pleased with the result of yesterday's adventures. Moreover, he was in good spirits at the prospect of a congenial occupation in the service of the good ladies Monnypenny. He was entitled to look forward to change of scene, should they go abroad, as he had been given to suppose; or to varied work in entire concordance with his wishes, should they decide to remain in the country.

The great gates were closed and locked when he reached them; for it was earlier than Wat had been accustomed to expect vehicles to pass either in or out. So Willie whistled shrilly to announce to the inmates of the lodge his desire to pass out. But it was not Wat who responded to his lusty shouts, when whistling did not avail. Patrick, with a stirring of heart, recognized the lad's familiar cry, and hastened out to him. So utterly astonished was Willie at the sight of his master's face—thinner than its wont, and paler than usual with the sudden emotion—that for a moment he sat staring at Patrick, stupefied; then he raised his right hand and made a large Sign of the Cross upon himself. (He acknowledged later that he had taken Patrick's appearance as a ghostly indication of his master's death.)

"Why, Willie, loon!" cried the other, astonished. "What ails ye that ye canna gi' a friendly word to a man? Are ye struck dumb?"

The spell was broken at once. Down tumbled Willie from his wagon, and, with a radiant face, he seized his master's hand and shook it warmly, crying out the while

that he had 'niver thought to set eyes on his honor again.' And Patrick's joy, if less demonstrative, was no less than Willie's; for the two had grown up together from childhood, and no tie save that of blood relationship could bind hearts more closely together than that of being nursed on the same woman's breast.

There was much to tell on both sides, yet little time in which to tell it. Patrick was seized with the desire to mount the box at Willie's side and drive with him towards the city. The pleasure of again seeing his faithful loon stifled any fears; for he was a youth inclined to take risks somewhat rashly when his mind was greatly set upon a thing. Willie, when questioned, said that the farm to which he was bent was about half a mile this side of Edinburgh, and that decided the matter. They could get horses to ride back without much difficulty; Patrick would wait at the farm while Willie fetched them from a stabler's in town.

Without more ado, therefore, Patrick seized his ample riding cloak from its peg, clapped a small, close bonnet upon his curly locks, and hobbled out to the wagon and up to the driver's seat. But, in response to Willie's suggestion, he clambered into the interior of the vehicle, where he could conveniently shroud himself behind the curtains of the hood, should he wish to escape observation. For Willie was not unmindful of the remark made a few months ago by a notorious priest-catcher, as to his ability to recognize a certain young gallant who had attended the Mass in Cowgate.

Both master and man seized the opportunity of telling all that each had experienced since that Sunday, five months before, when they had parted on the hilly country not far from where they were then driving. Patrick's adventures have been recounted. Willie's were less exciting. There had been no difficulty with regard to the Stoneyburn men. The spy had no idea of who Patrick was, but had merely recognized his features; Willie he had barely seen, as the jacket was over his head before he could detect

more than the red locks. To simple farm loons and stablemen the spy's description of Patrick had aroused no suspicions against him. So that all that was necessary was to keep out of the way of the "dirty, sour-faced chiel" (to use Willie's characterization), and no harm could come.

Patrick had more reason than the lad to feel anxiety with respect to Allardyce; for the "chief" had recognized him at Hopkailzie gate; and the two men who had been guarding him, and had been carried off by their terrified horses, might also be able to detect him. But his illness had changed him somewhat, and that might lessen the risk.

The August morning was bright, and the air pleasantly cool, as they drove slowly along the wooded road, towards Liberton. As they turned into the broader highway, Adam Sybald met them. He was making his way home after calling at a farm hard by on some gardener's business. Patrick shouted out a message to Elspeth. He had gone for a drive with his man, whom he had just encountered, and would be back ere long. Even as he was speaking the sound of rapid riding broke upon their ears. Round a bend of the wooded road appeared a man who spurred on his jaſſed-looking horse towards the direction from which they had come.

Patrick recognized the rider at once. It was Master Burnet. With a joyful cry he accosted the priest; but the latter scarcely checked his steed. Breathlessly, he told them that the pursuers were after him, and his horse was well-nigh spent.

"I'm riding for my life!" he exclaimed. "I must on!"

Then Willie's sharp wits were stirred.

"Jump into the wagon, sir!" he cried excitedly. "Let your horse loose. He'll find his way somewhere."

No sooner said than done. Into the wagon climbed the priest, to be covered with the hay that had served its purpose yesterday as a couch for Mistress Eupheme. His tired horse began to nibble at the wayside grass. Willie ran to drive him off the road.

"Stop!" cried Patrick, as a thought struck him. "Shout to Adam to come back. Let him mount the horse and away. He'll mislead them."

He threw out the priest's riding-cloak and hat for Adam, who put them on, and at once mounted and rode off,—leisurely at first, until the pursuers should catch sight of him. He was in great glee at the prospect of thus deluding the priest-hunters.

All had been so quickly accomplished that, although the noise of horses' feet on the hard road had been audible even when the priest had climbed into the wagon, Willie was able to get into motion again before the party appeared round the curve of the road, whose leafy trees had hidden these proceedings from view.

Patrick had wisely concealed himself under the hay, as Master Burnet had done. Willie pulled down his bonnet well over his brows, and assumed an aspect of countrified stolidity. Sitting hunched forward on his seat, he chewed a straw; while he let his team meander along, without any effort to quicken their pace either by whip or shout. In such guise he met the party of pursuers.

There were some six of them, and in their centre rode no less a personage than Bailie Agnew himself. Willie knew him well enough by sight, but he recognized with less indifference one who rode by his side; for the Bailie would see in him but a country lout, driving a farm wagon; while the other the "dirty, sour-faced chiel" whom he had gagged and bound in Stoneyburn stable—might recall Willie's voice, although his face was unknown. He felt grateful for the hood and curtains which hid his master in that hour of extreme peril.

As the wagon appeared, the cavalcade drew up in front of it; and Bailie Agnew, swelling with importance, shouted to Willie in a truculent voice:

"Did ye meet a chiel on horseback up yon road, loon?"

Willie sat gazing at him with a bovine stare, saying nothing. He did not wish to

appear anxious to get away from them; so he assumed a bewildered air, looking from one to the other, as though in trepidation at being intercepted by so formidable a party.

Bailie Agnew got out of patience, and with a savage oath repeated his query in a still more awe-inspiring manner. Willie at last, in a rough, boorish way, still staring at his questioner, mumbled out that a chiel on a spent pony had met him up yon hill. He volunteered the further information—unsolicited—that the pony was "fairly done."

"Aye, aye!" he repeated, as though astonished, yet gratified, at his own quick-sightedness. "'Twas fairly done! That it was!"

Such information was sufficient to start the party off after the "spent pony" with all speed. They rode away amid exclamations of delight at the sure prospect of overtaking the fugitive.

Bailie Agnew had almost staked his reputation as a man of unerring judgment in loudly proclaiming his ability to seize this priest, who had so many times baffled the agents of the Presbytery. He had taken steps to prevent the Jesuit's journey to Dundee; and, by means of well-paid spies (among them his own porter, Allardyce, and the former priest's loon, Geordie Tod), had discovered that "Burnet," as his enemies called him, intended to make his way towards the north by a circuitous route along the foot of the Braid Hills, and down in the direction of Stirling,—a neighborhood in which many suspected Catholics were to be found. The Bailie himself, therefore, resolved to accompany the pursuing party; and irritated the men considerably by insisting upon their compliance with his arrangements rather than take such course as their own experience might suggest. This obstinacy of the Bailie had nearly cost them the loss of their victim more than once, and they were by no means disposed to submit further to his incapacity. The prospect, however, of shortly accomplishing their purpose re-

stored their spirits, as they put spur to their horses and dashed up the hilly road.

Willie lost no time in pushing on his horses with all the speed possible. He spoke no word to the inmates of the wagon, and they both lay silent, too. It was possible that the party would return as soon as they had discovered the mistake they had made in pursuing Adam Sybald. Caution, therefore, was absolutely necessary.

As they made their way towards the city, Willie, from his post on the driver's box, heard distinctly, from the hill behind, the sound of a pistol shot, followed immediately by a second. Bending towards the two who lay concealed, he said in an anxious voice:

"They're firing on him!"

"God grant they may miss him!" Father McQuhirrie whispered.

Arrived at the farm for which he was bound, Willie asked the priest what he wished him to do.

"Drive straight on to Leith," was the answer. "I may be able to get aboard before they can reach Edinburgh again."

As the wagon jolted along over the paving stones of the causeway, and on past the city to the seaport, the Jesuit informed Patrick of the plan he had in mind. Sir Jasper had made all arrangements with the captain of a small Dutch vessel to convey the priest to Holland on the way to France; but the project had been abandoned on account of the strict watch, at the instigation of the Presbytery, lately kept upon outward-bound vessels. Sir Jasper himself had, however, determined to make use of the vessel; he had arranged for a Protestant griever to take charge of Haddowstane meanwhile, and was intending to set sail in company with Archie and Pheemie Stoddart, Willie's parents, on that very day. As Willie had been so well provided for, nothing had been said to him on the subject. Father McQuhirrie hoped to be able to get on board the vessel at once, and thus escape the attentions of his enemies for a while. Later on, he contemplated returning to Scotland, when he could with

greater freedom than at present minister to the needs of Catholics.

The pursuit instigated by Bailie Agnew had resulted in the withdrawal of the spies who had been keeping watch at Leith; for it was chiefly on account of "Burnet" that they had used such vigilance. Patrick had learned from Willie, before they reached the port, of the presence of Allardyce with the Bailie's party; he did not hesitate, therefore, to venture in search of the vessel in question, and happily discovered it without great labor. Master "Burnet" was successfully stowed away on board, and Patrick took occasion to remain on the vessel until his uncle should appear. He was unwilling that the old man should leave the country before they could meet. Willie drove off in his wagon, promising to return with all speed in order to bid "good-bye" to his parents, of whose voyage he had only then been made aware.

Sir Jasper's joy was great when he found Patrick awaiting him on board the vessel. Nothing would do but that his nephew should join him in the voyage. Haddowstane was arranged for; and Patrick would do well to keep out of Edinburgh for a time after recent happenings, of which he had heard from the Jesuit. It took little persuasion to induce the young man to agree with his uncle's proposal. It fitted in with his own aspirations towards trying his vocation for the priesthood, of which he had not as yet spoken openly. In any case, he might be of use in conveying the queen's letters to Rome. He decided, therefore, to embrace his uncle's suggestion.

But red-headed Willie had to be reckoned with. He positively refused to leave his master. If Patrick went overseas, then he would go, too. Sir Jasper laughingly consented.

"I've a full purse just at present," he said; "so I'll not deny the loon his wish. But ye'll need to get work and keep y'rsel'," he added to Willie.

Patrick was not unmindful of his good friends at Hopkailzie. He could never set sail from Scotland and leave them in

ignorance of his whereabouts. It would be the height of ingratitude, to say the least. So the captain's aid was invoked; and a letter written to explain matters was addressed to Master Muir, and dispatched by a messenger upon whom he professed to be able to rely. But the messenger was less trustworthily than the good captain imagined. He pocketed the liberal remuneration offered by Sir Jasper; then, when the vessel was well out of port, he consigned the missive without compunction to the secure secrecy of the waters of the harbor.

Up at Hopkailzie, on that beautiful August morning, Agnes Kynlock, at the gardener's cottage, was devoting herself to the dearly loved task of pushing on the education of the two little ones, especially of the bright Davie. The laddie was most earnest and indefatigable, and daily made great progress.

"Hearken to that, now!" would his admiring mother exclaim, as she listened to his reading. "And him but eight years of age! His father's just proud to hear Davie read an' count, and a' that. My man's awa' to a farm near Liberton wi' a message. He started early and he's no' back yet. I canna understand what's come to him."

Agnes, her task over, was making her way towards the manor house, when Wat accosted her. His face was full of misery, his eyes wet with tears.

"Eh, Mistress," he almost sobbed out, "'tis a woeful day for yon poor lass, Janet Sybald! Her man's just been carried back dead—shot through the heart,—and I havena the courage to tell her."

Hurriedly he gave her such particulars as he was able. He had been sent to seek Master Hathaway, and bid him go to the house to greet the ladies who had come the night before—he became embarrassed at that point, and broke off incoherently. Agnes knew nothing about Patrick's continued absence; so she attributed Wat's breakdown to the emotion he felt, and encouraged him to finish his narrative. But

he had little more to tell. A chance wayfarer had accosted him, and begged him to come to the help of a wounded man lying by the roadside. He had gone with the man, and had discovered Adam's dead body.

It was a day of grief and forebodings of disaster to all at Hopkailzie. At the cottage, Elspeth strove in vain to comfort the stricken wife and disconsolate Rob. At the mansion, nameless fears and dire anticipations filled the hearts of the women and caused many a pang to good Master Muir. For added to the shock of the sudden catastrophe which had overtaken honest Adam was the disaster of the unaccountable disappearance of Patrick Hathaway. He had gone away early that morning—no one could imagine whither or for what reason,—and had never returned. No tidings had arrived concerning him, either; whether he was alive or dead, his friends could not conjecture.

Nor, as the days passed, could any explanation be obtained on the subject of either of the mysteries which had brought such trouble into that haven of peace. Diligent inquiries set on foot by Master Muir had no result. As to the cause of Adam's violent death, and the fate of Patrick Hathaway, nothing could be ascertained. Those who had loved the gay and handsome youth mourned him as dead. Their grief was scarcely less poignant than that of the heart-broken widow and inconsolable children at the gardener's cottage.

From Agnes Kynloch, with her hidden sorrow, the joy of life seemed now indeed to have passed beyond recall.

(To be continued.)

Epitaph for a Little Grave.

BY SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O. P.

FOR you, the thread had barely touched life's
wheel

When, lo! the frail strand broke:
God sang your soul to sleep within His Heart
Almost before you woke.

Hare Street House To-Day.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

ALTHOUGH England was once Our Lady's Dowry, and rich in shrines not only in her honor but in that of the valiant army of saints who followed in the footsteps of Augustine, Columkille, and Aidan, it can scarcely be said to be to-day a place of pilgrimage in the same sense as Ireland and some Continental countries are. Yet, though no canonized saint he, ever since Monsignor Benson's early and somewhat sudden death, I had promised myself a pilgrimage to the secluded retreat in the heart of the rose-country which he hallowed by his presence, and where, through his sacred ministry, prayer and praise and sacrifice ascended once more to Heaven, and Our Lord, after an absence of over three centuries, made His dwelling amongst men in the Sacrament of His Love. Hitherto that coy dame, Chance, had kept aloof; but at last she favored me in the month dedicated to our Blessed Lady, and I set forth,—not indeed with pilgrim's staff and scrip, but mounted on a bicycle, a strong wind ahead, a scorching sun above, and before me twelve leagues odd, nearly four of which ran through the mazy, congested streets of England's capital.

No one who does not know his London town can have any idea of what a difficult thing it is to negotiate its entire length or breadth on so hazardous a means of locomotion. Much manœuvring was necessary to avoid the main roads, where the traffic constituted a real danger; but I believe thereby every turn of my wheels brought me near or through some scene of Catholic interest. Almost at the outset, I cycled over the identical spot where Tyburn Tree once stood,—a grim menace to faithless and faithful alike; past venerable churches, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was wont to be offered centuries before Henry was

born or Elizabeth heard of. Skirting the city, I rode some miles along a thoroughfare named for seven sisters, pondering on their history,—whether they were saints or sinners; and thinking the while of a shrine in the County of Wexford dedicated to seven sisters who were *all* saints. Farther on, in a suburb to the east of London, the ruins of an abbey built by the Saxon King Harold still stand,—a mighty testimony to the antiquity as well as the greatness of The Church in England.—

But I had no time to linger and probe the secrets of London's Catholic past; for Hare Street, Buntingford, on the highroad to Cambridge, was my goal; and present-day London's eastern artery seemed to lengthen and lengthen as if it would bear me company willy-nilly, since it was powerless to drag me back and keep me from my pious tryst. At last the country displayed its beauty for my delectation,—verdant, wooded, undulating; but with it the hills and the wind began to rise simultaneously. From thence long, sober inclines, short steepes, brief dips; a rising land before, a beautiful panorama behind, and a white, wide ribbon of road zigzagging ever upwards. The shadows had begun to lengthen, and the mellow golden light following on a summer's day was flooding the land, as I free-wheeled down a short decline and into the town of Buntingford. A brand-new church in a wide flat field seemed to call to me as I passed; but I rode on unheeding, looking on either side for the street named Hare, until the country began to spread itself out before me on the far side and suggested the common-sense method of making inquiries.

"Oh, you are coming away from it! Go back to the cross, and turn sharp to the left. It's a matter of two miles or more. You can't miss it."

I did not faint, but my heart did. Who but a very seer would have guessed that Hare Street was a village of its own! For a quavering second I wrestled with

the temptation to tarry for the night in the ugly little town and let the morrow's morn bring what it might; for I had been pedalling under a hot sun since midday; and, like that of the pilgrim famous in song, my way also had been "long and lonely."

The two miles odd proved to be a matter of up a hill and down again on a narrow, gritty, cross-country road. The off side ran into Hare Street with startling suddenness, revealing a village of some twenty houses, but nothing to indicate the whereabouts of my quest; so, the day being far advanced, I inquired for the hostel of my pilgrimage—the convent, Little Hornead. Another brace of miles! But, setting my face as directed, I realized that I had taken a wrong turning somewhere; for I was riding on a broad highway running between London and Cambridge, and the wind was in my wake.

Little Hornead is neither a town nor a village: it is a place that just happened. Half a dozen cottages peer at one furtively from behind high, unkempt hedges; a gaily-painted bungalow has the legend "The Presbytery" inscribed on its gateway; a smiling, three-storied white house on the breast of a rising lawn looks down with shining eyes on a straggling, straw-thatched barn standing apart to the right of the drive; and, all around, the beautiful, undulating, wooded rose-country displays its charms with a mixture of modesty and grace. Instinctively I knew that the smiling white house was the home of the nuns of St. Mary; but it was not until the next day that the brass plate on the gateway revealing the fact came under my notice.

I supped alone, and then went out of doors to get a breath of the light, invigorating air before retiring. Presently a tall, beautiful nun, looking like a lily on a black stalk, joined me, and said without any preface:

"You are the cyclist-pilgrim? Yes? Pardon that your reception has not been in accordance with our rules of hospitality. The community is on retreat."

I reassured her on that point, and she went on:

"And—you came by rail—to Buntingford?"

"My dear Sister, how should a cyclist-pilgrim come save on a velocipede?" I queried in turn.

"Not *all* the way! It is far. And—the *hills!*" she said in a tone of concern; adding: "You must be weary. It is time you went to rest."

"Not before I have made my prayer of praise and thanks in front of the altar for having negotiated the hills and—all the other obstacles successfully," I answered.

"Oh, I fear the chapel is closed! But—I will go and see." And she glided quickly in the direction of the barn aforementioned.

"Pardon, Sister! I have no desire to see that—that building yonder," I sang after her. "I was proffering a wish to see the chapel."

"Ah, but that *is* the chapel! We are so proud of our barn-chapel. It is the wonder of the rose-country," she vouchsafed.

I slept soundly, but was up betimes and hurrying across the intervening stretch of lawn to early Mass, at the call of a hand-bell on which a very young, white-coifed nun played a musical peal. I found the chapel a barn in very truth, wide and roomy, its thatched roof plainly visible between the twisted joists and rafters. The floor was covered with coarse matting. Small prints of the *Via Dolorosa* hung on the rough walls. A wooden confessional hid itself in a quiet corner. A harmonium stood in a wide space under the western window. The altar steps were carpeted in red, and the wooden altar was gay with flowers, mostly late roses. The decoration was of the plainest, but there was nothing tawdry. A statue of the Sacred Heart held the place of honor. There were plenty of chairs to accommodate a fair-sized congregation; and, despite the original use of the structure, an air of great peace and

holiness pervaded it. Later I learned that a pious Catholic lady had purchased the place for some refugee Belgian nuns, who, lacking space in the dwelling-house for a home for Our Lord, had metamorphosed the barn into one, pending such time as funds permit the erection of a more suitable edifice.

"A small perpendicular chapel and a whitewashed cottage next door. It must be a sweet and secret place,—preferably in Cornwall. I want and mean, if it is permitted, to live in a small cottage in the country, to say Mass and Office, and to write books." Thus wrote Monsignor Benson after his ordination to the Catholic priesthood.

Nine o'clock found me kneeling at Mass in the Hare Street chapel,—not in his ideal chapel, nor yet in that which he evolved out of a disused stable, and which, it is said, was so like that other stable in Bethlehem, but in an odd-looking building recently raised over his grave in the orchard: a chilling place of devotion, lacking any ornament save a beautiful bronze crucifix on the altar and two very tall wooden candlesticks standing at either end. A small statue on a niche to the left of the altar conjured up the fancy that it might be King O'Toole and his gander—the dead priest was fond of the odd,—until I learned that it was a statue of St. Hugh of Lincoln and his faithful swan,—a saint of whom I must admit having been hitherto in total ignorance. In a small Lady Chapel, which also does duty as a confessional, the place of honor is given to a statue of Our Lady, carved by Monsignor himself from one of the apple trees that grew in his orchard,—a colored figure, wearing its gilt crown with stately grace, treading underfoot demons, foxes, and serpents, and looking more like "Graine-Ui-Mhaille," or some Mediæval warrior-queen turned saint, than the gentle Mother of all mankind. A stone slab in the centre of the nave, and probably directly over his grave, commemorates very briefly his memory and

ecclesiastical status; and another, more pithy still, is let into the northern side wall.

Monsignor certainly chose a "sweet and secret place" for the cottage of his dream; but it comes more under the category of a fair-sized country residence; and the garden is such a one as poets laureate love to glorify in song. Both are faithfully portrayed, I believe, in his novel "Oddfish"; but a man who was a spirited advocate of the destruction of Self would naturally leave out the personal note, and that is the chief charm of the house at Hare Street which he hallowed by his presence and beautified by his untiring energy. Who but he would or could have decorated his study (or parlor, as he liked it named), with figures in tapestry representing the "Quest of the Holy Grail"? He was very proud of this tapestry—but justifiably so, for it is unique as well as beautiful,—and was wont to boast that "no woman ever put a stitch in it." Such joyous pilgrims as they are,—King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, and an archbishop, Monsignor himself, two lay friends, a gardener, and an artisan; all mounted except the last two, and following closely a grey Celtic cross, which canters along, leading the way of its own volition. The last stage of the Quest reminds one forcibly of the scene in Wagner's Opera as it was presented at Covent Garden, London, where Perceval and the Knight Gurnemanz are arriving within sight of the Holy Grail after their long and weary pilgrimage. This parlor was his favorite place for literary work; and, having seen it, I no longer wonder at his clear vision of the Catholic attitude towards life, with such a phalanx of gallant knight-errants before his bodily eyes for example and inspiration.

A large spare bedroom is, as it were, dedicated to the Dance of Death. The walls are for the most part covered with tapestry, in which all sorts and conditions of people are represented as being confronted by the arch-enemy,—from a Pope in his palace to a little child "who lightly

draws its breath." The variety of expressions in the faces is an amazement in such art as appliqué tapestry. An old monk in white and the little child smile at Death and hold out hands of welcome; a scoffer is smitten with great terror; some, after the first spasm of fear, seem to greet him with a shrug; a few remonstrate,—amongst them Monsignor himself, whose expression seems to say 'Go away now! I'm busy. Another time—maybe. Can't you see what a colossal heap of work I have yet to do?' A young damoiselle, in her dawning womanhood, looks up with a face of prescience, as of one possessing occult knowledge of worse things in store; a young man, who feared to give up all things for Him in life, takes Fear again by the hand; and, finally, four weird, grey-cloaked figures, hooded and blind, take Death away in a gravedigger's handbarrow; while above this extraordinary array runs like a frieze the scroll, "Remember, man, that dust thou art, . . ." A gruesome room, you will say; yet my kind guide informed me that guests sleep soundly in its canopied four-poster.

Monsignor's own bedchamber, a square panelled room, has nothing out of the ordinary, save the emblems of the Passion carved on the posts of the bed, and one panel displaced to make a niche for a skull,—pre-Christian, he was wont to affirm. The oak-panelled stairway is treated in the same way—the emblems of Our Lord's sufferings being beautifully carved in the brown oak. In the wide and rather eerie attics, sacred figures, finished and unfinished, testify to his untiring energy with his chisel. In that odd home there is nothing priceless as the world counts that word, and yet everything is priceless in a better application of the term; for he was a great man, who did things little and great in a great way—for God. He is dead, but his spirit lives in that quiet house more potently than when he hurried up and down its stairways; said Mass, shrived sinners, and preached God's truths in the stable-

chapel; recited his Office in the secluded, sunny garden; or gathered fresh inspiration for his manifold genius by getting down to fundamentals with the aid of a spade. He sleeps so quietly in front of the altar, almost under the Tabernacle. But as he had the secret of eternal youth in life, so now he has the secret of immortality in his words and work and example; for all that he did was done for God.

There is a painting of him, in his monsignorial robes, in the dining-room,—nearly full-size, looking very young, almost boyish; and it conjured up a picture of him in my mind's eye, still young and boyish, going about God's work,—soulful, energetic, carrying conviction wherever he went by the sheer force of his own absolute sincerity. In life he was hated and loved,—hated, as Our Lord was hated, for the truth that was in him; loved by the thousands of wandering souls whom, like another St. Christopher, he helped across the troubled waters of Anglicanism to the safe shore of Catholicism. But, unmindful of human love or hate, he toiled on for God's honor and glory, buoyantly, joyously, ceaselessly; preaching God's truth in different continents almost in succeeding weeks; sending forth volume after volume of Catholic revelations with startling rapidity; replying to a mass of correspondence which would have taxed a man with no other care in his life; giving personal interviews to comfort, cheer and console. One of his biographers has written:

"It was strange to walk as I did round about the whole garden, which had been so tangled and weed-choked a wilderness, and the house, at first so ruinous and bare, and to realize that it was all complete and perfect,—a setting of order and peace! . . . I passed through the house, with its silent panelled rooms all so finely ordered, all prepared for daily use and tranquil delight. It seemed impossible that he should not be returning soon in joyful haste, as he used to return,

pleased to show his new designs and additions. . . .”

But to me, a mere pilgrim, who had often heard his impassioned words in crowded London churches, it was passing strange to walk about that silent house, noting the result of his extraordinary and versatile genius; the quaint, odd things which he collected and loved; the mementos of Our Lord at every turn, as if he lived every moment of his life in full consciousness of His presence. I could almost see the mourning of these inanimate things for the master they loved; hear their silent testimony to his greatness; their sorrow that his eager hands would touch them no more; that his voice would never reach them from the Far Shore, called they ever so loudly. In the garden, gay with flowers and summer sunshine, there yet seemed a sadness, as if the things of nature mourned with these dumb things within the house because he came no more.

With a bunch of thyme “for remembrance,” I stood at the gate making my farewells and my thanks,—at “the finest little gate for ten miles around,” as he was wont to say; a wrought-iron gateway, in which are fashioned the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and surmounted by a priest’s hat with tassels.

“You will go to the procession at Buntingford this afternoon?” my kind guide said. “It is the month of our Blessed Mother, you know.”

More wonders! The church which I fancied had called to me the evening before—it proved to be the Benson Memorial Church—was decorated as for a festival. The wide, flat field was filled with people. Rose-crowned, white-clad children carrying baskets of flowers; acolytes, choristers, nuns; Children of Mary, cloaked in blue and veiled in white, a guard of honor; a brass band,—all were forming up in order of procession, while the air was filled with the music of *Pange Lingua* played by the band and voiced by hundreds of lusty lungs. Pres-

ently the robed priests came forth, bearing Our Lord on high; the acolytes swung their censers, the children strewed the path with flowers, and the procession wended its way to the far end of the field, where waited an improvised altar in a cosy, shady corner. Near this stood a temporary pulpit, and an eloquent preacher delivered an open-air sermon therefrom, taking for his text: “And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.” Then Our Lord blessed the people of the rose-country, who had come in their hundreds, only half knowing what they came for; and listened open-mouthed to the words of His minister, but half-understanding the meaning of them; and followed the shining Lamb in His Eucharistic procession in awe-struck wonder, and swelled the mighty chorus of “Faith of Our Fathers” and “God Bless the Pope!”—they whose forefathers had relinquished their faith and abjured the Pope!

My pilgrimage ended, I said good-bye to the smiling white house (the nuns were still on retreat); to Our Lord in His humble barn-home; to the spirit of the faithful “captain in Christ’s army” to whom, under Him, is due this great awakening of things spiritual in the sweet rose-country; and, mounting my iron steed, I set my face towards London, adown the hills which I had climbed with so much travail the day before, through the poppy-decked cornfields ripe for the sickle, between the flower-laden hedges, on and on into the golden West, no longer tired and weary, but filled with a great uplifting of heart and soul because of the things I had seen and felt and experienced; filled with a great pride for being the child of a mother so venerable, yet so young; so gentle, yet so powerful; so great and wonderful in herself and her children in the beginning, throughout the ages, and forever.

FRIENDSHIP, in noble souls, takes the place of the greatest pleasures.—*Bonald*.

A Tress of Golden Hair.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

IT was in 1792. The priests of Notre Dame had been arrested and thrown into prison. As they passed along the streets of the parish on their way to captivity, the doors and windows were filled with women, afraid to express their sympathy in words or looks, yet somehow contriving to convey by their presence that their hearts were in accord with the prisoners. Now and then a woman, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, would hide, weeping, behind her companions. Even the men forbore to insult them, but permitted them to pass silently. Only the little children, ignorant of the penalties, crowded unterrified and undismayed in front of the pastors whom they had known and loved so well; who had baptized them, taught them their catechism, and with prophetic insight, perhaps, to strengthen their young souls, had told them stories of the martyrs who in the days of persecution had suffered and died for Christ.

It was market day that morning. From the group of country women who displayed their tasteful baskets of fruits and vegetables along the route, a delicate little girl of about ten suddenly sprang towards the prisoners; her charming, innocent face flushing crimson as she approached the old Curé of Notre Dame, with a small basket in her hand.

"Take this, Monsieur le Curé," she said in a low voice. "It is my luncheon. There is some nice fruit underneath. It will taste good to you in prison. I will go to see you there. Bless me, Monsieur le Curé."

The priest smiled benignantly, raised his hand in blessing, and said to a tall, fine-looking peasant woman, the mother of the child who stood beside her in the roadway:

"Margotton, I dare not take the gift. It would do harm to me and you. See! They

are wondering back there why we have halted in our march."

"But, Monsieur le Curé—" began the woman.

The priest stopped her with an imperative gesture.

"Silence, Margotton!" he said. "You must not be seen speaking to me. Come no more to the market: it is not safe."

She fell back at his command, the child half hiding behind her voluminous skirts. The procession resumed its march. In a moment the square was silent, almost empty; for the crowds had followed in the rear of the captives.

Margotton looked blankly around her.

"If we are not to go to market any more, what is to become of our produce? Here, this morning, I have a large basket of fruit, one of vegetables, and several dozens of eggs."

"Yes, mother, what shall we do with all our eggs?" asked the child at her side. "We can not eat them."

"I will buy them from you," said a voice behind her,—the voice of a man of seventy, who had heard all that had passed. "I have no money with me, but I live not far from here, in the Rue de Deux-Portes. Come with me, and I will pay you."

Seeing that the woman hesitated, he added:

"Do not be afraid: there is no danger."

"Pardon, citizen!" replied the market woman. "But in these times whom can one trust?"

"I am no more 'citizen' than you are 'citizens,'" answered the old man in a restrained but angry tone. "Would that I might see the imbeciles who have given us these sobriquets hung on their own bloody gibbets! Come, woman,—come quickly!"

They followed him,—the mother with a basket in either hand, the child carrying the eggs very carefully in another. He led them down a short, narrow street, where he unlocked the door of a barber shop, which he entered; presently returning

with a handful of genuine coin, which he gave them. Then he took the baskets, emptied them inside the house, and replaced them in their hands. The woman expressed her thanks in voluble terms; but he said, with a peremptory wave of the hand:

"Home with you now as quickly as possible. And do not come to market on Friday. Wait two weeks before you return; and dress differently, if you can; for there may have been some spies in that motley crowd, even among your neighbors, who, if they felt any sympathy for the Fathers, did not make themselves conspicuous, as you did. In a fortnight the incident and you who caused it will, I hope, be forgotten. Things move quickly in these days, my friends."

"But, sir—" began the mother.

The old man interrupted her.

"Tut, tut!" he rejoined impatiently. "The child did a brave and beautiful thing; but bravery and beauty are at a discount in these times. If one be brave, loyal, or honest, one must hide the fact as well as possible. The devil is on top now, I tell you."

The woman bowed meekly and turned to depart.

"Wait!—one word!" said the old man. "I know neither your name nor where you live, and I do not want to know. But if ever you should have need of assistance, remember my house and that you will always find me ready to help you."

The mother and daughter bowed respectfully, and turned, with their empty baskets, towards the open country.

The barber's wife came into the shop some time later.

"Where did all that fruit and vegetables and those eggs come from?" she inquired.

Her husband told her, whereupon she became very angry.

"You are worse than a fool!" she cried. "I have never seen anything like your imprudence. You will be arrested, and then what is to become of *me*?"

"God will take care of us," said her husband.

"How has He taken care of all those who have already been slain by the Republic?"

"He has brought them into the Kingdom of Heaven,—most of them," he replied. "Better death any day than disloyalty and hypocrisy, Jeannette."

"Oh, you fool, you dreamer!" she retorted. "It was an unlucky day for me when I became your wife," she added, passing to the rear of the shop.

The barber stroked his chin, looking after her.

"Perhaps not for you alone," he murmured thoughtfully.

That night, when he was closing his shop, a youth dressed as a workman entered, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said in a low voice:

"I am here with a message from the Countess de Villers, Blanchard."

The old man went on with his work without turning his head.

"Follow me quietly," he said, "as soon as I have finished putting up the shutters."

When they were firmly fastened, Blanchard took a candle, lighted it, and, accompanied by the stranger, led the way to the cellar. Closing the door behind them noiselessly, he inquired:

"What do you want of me, Monsieur?"

The young man, removing a coarse black wig from his head, turned and confronted the barber, revealing the face of a boy of seventeen. The old man regarded him uneasily.

"What! Do you not recognize me, Blanchard?" he exclaimed.

"Ah, it is M. George!" cried the barber. "*Mon Dieu*, how you have changed in two years! You no longer have a girlish voice nor a girlish figure. You are almost a man. But how imprudent you are! This is no time to return."

"My friend," said George, "it was absolutely necessary. My mother and sisters are in safety, but entirely destitute. They fled hurriedly, as you know, and sought refuge in Villers. When they saw they must leave the chateau they went

to Honfleur, where they passed as lace-makers. I wish to take them to England; but, having no money, I have returned for the gold and diamonds which my mother so successfully concealed."

"Alas!" replied Blanchard. "Your house has been ransacked and sold to a Jew, who has turned it into tenements, with shops on the ground-floor."

"I am aware of all that," answered George; "but the diamonds and money are in a hidden place which that Jew could not possibly discover. It is underneath the garden. I know the exact spot. I have a diagram. It must be reached from here. Your shop—the rear part—overlooks it."

"I see!" rejoined the barber. "In order to get at it, my cellar wall must be partially demolished. Is that it? We shall have to remove some stones down below to reach the level of the garden, which is higher than my wall."

"Just that," replied George. "My mother wishes me, in some manner, to gain an entrance to the place, secure the valuables, and return to Honfleur with the sailors who brought me, and are waiting for me here."

"In some manner!" repeated the barber. "But in what manner, may I ask?"

The youth smiled, shrugging his shoulders as he replied:

"That is to be your part of it, Blanchard. My mother knows how resourceful, how careful, how perfectly reliable you are. She told me to depend absolutely upon you."

The old man leaned his head on one side, then on the other, cast his eyes on the ground, closing his fist like a trumpet and blowing sibilantly into it, while he reflected. Then he answered:

"Monsieur George, your plan is good and practicable, *with caution*. The best thing will be for you to come to my shop as an apprentice. I dismissed mine for good cause a fortnight ago. I had not thought of taking another, as business is slack just now. It is necessary, however, to have some one in the shop when I am away, as I must sometimes be. In the

meantime we can be working towards the hidden spot; for you know this building, being part of the old mansion, has a party wall. From this moment, remember, you are Jean, my apprentice; and you must give me permission to address you now and then in somewhat rude fashion. I am the master, you the boy; we must play our parts well, so as not to arouse suspicion. In these days the very walls have eyes as well as ears. My wife must not be informed of it. She knows and shares in my long fidelity to your family; she would not betray you for her life; but she is so nervous and timid—poor creature!—that she would not have an easy moment, or sleep a wink, if she knew who you are. She is a good woman, but—"

"I understand," said George, smilingly. "I promise not to make myself disagreeable to her. But how shall we be able to conduct our operations without her knowledge?"

"Oh, that will be easy enough! For a long time she has been imploring me to arrange some place in the cellar where we can hide our few valuables. I will tell her that I have concluded to do so. But come: let us go up stairs. She will be wondering what keeps me so long down here."

(Conclusion next week.)

THE great work of our perfection is born, grows, and maintains its life by means of two small but precious exercises: aspirations and spiritual retirement. An aspiration is a certain springing of the soul toward God; and the more simple it is, the more valuable. It consists in simply beholding what He is, and what He has done and is doing for us; and it should excite the heart, as a consequence, to acts of humility, love, resignation, or abandonment, according to circumstances. Now, these two exercises have an incredible power to keep us in our duty, to support us in temptation, to lift us promptly after a fall, and to unite us closely to God.—*St. Francis de Sales*.

Some Irish Martyrs.

BY E. BECK.

IRELAND, ecclesiastical writers tell us, is the only country in the world where the faith of Christ was established without hindrance and with no bloodshed; and for centuries after the coming of St. Patrick the Irish annalists make no mention of any crimsoning of the soil with martyrs' blood. But in other lands Irish blood has flowed freely for the sake of God and the sake of right.

St. Kilian, bishop and martyr, is little known in his own country, but the Venerable Bede and the annalists of Franconia have much to tell of him. He was born in the north of Ireland and became a priest at an early age. Probably he was related to Columba; for soon after his ordination he repaired to Iona and spent some time in its monastery. Then he went to France and resided in the famous monastery of Florentius on the banks of the Moselle. From this place he proceeded to Rome and obtained permission from the Pope to preach the Gospel to the people of Germany. He was commissioned to go to Würzburg and the Pope advanced him to episcopal dignity, and allowed him all the privileges necessary for his apostolic work. Colman and Totnan went with him.

The ducal throne of Würzburg was at that time occupied by Gospert, a pagan, who had many fine traits of character. He listened attentively to Kilian, and professed himself willing to become a Christian. But there was an obstacle. Gospert had married the widow of his brother, and the saint explained to him that this union could not continue. The duke submitted; but Geliana, the widow, vowed to have revenge, and this she had in time. Many converts proved the efficacy of Kilian's preaching, but a war broke out that took the duke away from his country. In his absence the wicked Geliana induced a band of assassins to murder Kilian, Colman the

priest, and Totnan. Their dead bodies were buried in a wood, and Geliana spread abroad the report that they had left the country. The duke, on his return, was greatly puzzled by the disappearance of the three holy men, and at once began to make inquiries. One of the murderers was seized with a sudden illness and confessed his guilt, and the woman who had planned the crime went mad. The remains of the three martyrs were removed to a suitable place of interment, and fifty years later the Bishop of Würzburg had their relics transferred to the small Romanesque church (then a cathedral), where they still repose.

Longfellow has immortalized Kilian's memory in his legend of the troubadour, who left a bequest to the monks of St. Kilian's monastery, in order that the birds who came to his grave might be daily fed:

From those feathered songsters
I have learned the art of song.

The feast of this Irish saint and martyr is kept on the eighth of July.

The founder of the quaint old city of Mechlin, in Belgium, was Rumold, the prince-bishop of Dublin. His father was King of Leinster, and his only son was born towards the end of the seventh century. As he grew up he was distinguished for his beauty of person, sweetness of temper, and intelligence of mind; and the tribesmen of the kingdom loved to think he would be their sovereign some day. But Rumold did not desire worldly honor: his only ambition was for a religious life, and he stole away from his home and entered a monastery. The death of his father caused him to be summoned to take up the burden of royalty, though he was at that time Bishop of Dublin. He hastened to quit his own land, and, crossing through England, went to Rome, where Stephen II., the ruling Pontiff, after much solicitation, consented to release him from his episcopal charge, and Rumold proceeded to Belgic Gaul to preach the faith to its people. Fortunately, Ado, the ruler of the country, and his wife were Christians, and gave the

Irish missionary a warm welcome. A son was born to the royal pair soon after Rumold's arrival, and was baptized by the name of Libertus. In after time this boy became a monk in Rumold's monastery.

Once this child was playing on the banks of the swollen Scheldt and fell into the river. When all hope of his rescue had been abandoned, the saint arrived where the weeping parents stood, and raised his hands in prayer. Suddenly the child appeared safe and unharmed in their midst. This miracle was the means of drawing many to the true faith; but some of the nobles remained obdurate. One of these men determined to have Rumold slain, and engaged a ruffian for the purpose. The disappearance of the saint caused much surprise; but a light burned constantly over the spot where the assassin had buried the body, and, on examination, the remains of the saint were found.

Ado placed the relics of his beloved friend in a costly tomb, but they were removed in 1823 to a place beneath the high altar of the magnificent cathedral raised to his name. In the Office of St. Rumold the incident of the miracle of the child, Libertus, is commemorated. The saint died on the feast of the Baptist in 775.

St. Trudpert, brother of the more famous St. Rupert, Bishop of Salzburg, was born in Ireland about the beginning of the sixth century, and went with his brother and sister on one of the common pilgrimages to Rome. After visiting the shrines of the Apostles they turned northward, and Trudpert settled in a little cell in the Black Forest to live a solitary life, as was the custom of so many of his people. With much toil he won a scanty subsistence from the soil, and his piety attracted such attention that the lord of the district bestowed a tract of land upon him for a monastic school. Later, the ruler sent workmen to erect a more worthy house; and when the saint once remonstrated with these artisans over their idleness, they resolved to kill him. They put their wicked

plan into execution on the twenty-sixth of April, 644.

St. Intract was of noble birth, and received a liberal education in Ireland, where schools were flourishing during the seventh century. When his education was finished, he and his sister, Dominica, with several companions, set out to visit the Eternal City. A miracle occurred as they journeyed through England. At sunset the band of pilgrims paused to give thanks to God for His protection during the day, and the staff of Intract took root in the ground and spread into a stately tree. On their return from Rome, they rested for a time in Glastonbury, and then proceeded to the coast. Ere they reached it they were attacked by pagan robbers, who slew the entire company.

The pious King Ina had built a palace for himself on a slope of the Mendip Hills, so as to be near his beloved monastery of Glastonbury; and was astonished to see a column of flame rise to the skies in a certain direction. The marvel continued, and, finally, the remains of Intract and his companions were discovered. They were carried to Glastonbury and interred. Colgan attributes their martyrdom to the fifth of February, 678.

When Stephen of Blois was abbot of the monastery, he encased the remains of St. Intract and St. Benen, the "sweet singer," in a silver-gilt cross, which probably passed into Henry Tudor's sacrilegious hands at the dissolution of the monasteries.

Blathmac is the martyr of Iona. He was born about the middle of the eighth century, and always desired a religious life. His soldier-father objected to this, and the future martyr at last made his way to Iona, where, in Columba's monastery, his piety and scholarly attainments won high renown. It was in the beginning of 825 that the calm of the little Isle was broken by the arrival of the savage Danes. Blathmac was saying Mass when the Northmen reached the church of the monastery. They told

him to point out the spot where the relics of Columba and the treasures of the house were concealed. Blathmac replied that he knew nought of any treasure, and if he did he would not answer their query. The invaders then fell on him and literally hewed him to pieces.

The miracles attributed to St. Dympna have given this young Irish virgin her far-spreading fame. She was the daughter of a powerful chieftain, who, on the death of his wife, sought to marry his own daughter. The girl, however, had become a Christian; and, under the protection of the aged priest who had baptized her, she fled from her pagan father to Belgium, and found an asylum in Gheel, near the church of St. Martin. The inhuman father pursued her across the sea, and he and his followers put the old priest and the young girl to death. St. Dympna's relics were enshrined in the church of Gheel; the priest's, in Xanten.

From the earliest times St. Dympna has been invoked as the powerful patroness of the insane. Immense numbers of the mentally-afflicted are cared for in Gheel. At first the least violent are watched in an institution, but afterwards placed out among the inhabitants. This treatment is productive of the best results, and the inhabitants of Gheel and the surrounding country attribute many blessings which they have received to their kindly feeling for these unfortunates. Numerous bands of pilgrims visit the shrine of the saint on the Tuesday following Pentecost, and Gheel is often called "the City of the Simple."

THERE are too many Catholics who continue through a lifetime in a routine that is outwardly adequate and sufficient, but which the want of good motives, the strong infusion of vanity or self-seeking, and the coldness of divine charity, combine to rob of its supernatural value in the eyes of God, and of its merit unto everlasting life.

—*Bishop Hedley.*

Notre Dame des Dunes.

THE devotion to Notre Dame des Dunes dates from the Middle Ages. In 1383 the town of Dunkirk, in the archdiocese of Cambrai, France, which had been taken by the English, was recaptured by the King of France, the victory being attributed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The town was restored to the Count of Flanders, in whose possession it had been previous to the invasion of the English.

At the close of the month of May, 1403, whilst the fortifications destroyed in the war with the English were being repaired, a small statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child was discovered buried in the sand close to the foundations; and on its being removed a spring of pure, clear water welled up from the spot. The chronicles of the time record that the appearance of this spring was exceedingly welcome, as the water supply in the town had become brackish.

The image was carried to the principal church, amid the veneration of the people; it was at first named Our Lady of the Fountain—Notre Dame de la Fontaine,—and under this title it was honored, until at a later period the name was changed to the one it at present bears. A chapel was erected on the spot where the statue was found, and there it was enshrined. But the building suffered much during the vicissitudes through which the town of Dunkirk passed—the various sieges by the Spaniards and English—so that it had to be reconstructed in 1654. Later on, when the fortifications were rearranged, it was enclosed in a bastion.

In 1793 the town was again besieged by the Duke of York. The inhabitants were then celebrating the services held in thanksgiving for the return of the fishermen from their yearly perilous voyage to Iceland; and, without breaking off their devotions, they defended the town

with such valor that the siege had to be raised. This was attributed to the intervention of Notre Dame des Dunes on behalf of the pious Bretons.

During the Revolutionary troubles the statue was concealed by the wife of an army officer; and in 1816, when religious peace was restored, the chapel, which had been used as powder magazine, was rebuilt; and the image, held in profound veneration and affection by the fishermen and their families, was again placed on the altar of her own sanctuary.

Among the historical personages who have worshipped and presented gifts at the shrine of Notre Dame des Dunes may be mentioned the Emperor Charles V.; his son, Philip II.; Queen Maria Theresa; and Pope Leo XIII., who passed through Dunkirk in 1846, while he was Papal Nuncio at Brussels.

St. John's Wort.

THE plant called St. John's Wort, *Hypericum perforatum*, was introduced into America from Europe, and has become so common as to be considered a weed. The Greeks called it Hypericon centuries before Christ. The name St. John's Wort, now used to designate the whole plant family, is derived from the English word *wortel*, or wort,—a root, or plant. No matter where this interesting species may be planted, it starts to bloom a few days before or after St. John's Day, whence its name. Gerard, an English botanist (1597), thus describes it in his Herball: "St. John's Woort hath brownish stalkes beset with many small and narrow leaues, which, if you behold betwixt your eies and the light, doe appeere as it were bored or thrust thorow in an infinite number of places with pins points. The branches diuide themselues into sundrie small twigs, at the top where do growe many yellowe flowers, which with the leaues brused do yeele a reddish juice of the colour of bloode."

Serving at the Altar.

IF familiarity does not always, as the proverb asserts it does, breed contempt, it very often lessens suitable reverence, and beclouds one's vision as to the dignity of the function in which one habitually takes part, or the excellence of the personage with whom one is habitually associated. The saying, No man is a hero to his valet, is so far true that closeness to a really great man may blind us to his outstanding merits while impressing us with his imperfections, his minor faults of character or manner. Not all men are capable of taking the broad, large, comprehensive view of either functions or personalities; and, accordingly, many of us are very apt to underestimate privileges which, were they less common, would postulate and receive our unstinted admiration.

The average Catholic, for instance, scarcely ever realizes the incomparable dignity of the Mass, or is sufficiently grateful for the privilege of being allowed to attend its celebration. True, in a certain vague, indefinite fashion, he knows that the oblation of the Adorable Sacrifice is the central fact of all Christian worship. He believes, when his attention is called to it, the dictum of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, "One Mass is worth more than all the treasures of the world." In so far, however, as exterior conduct is the adequate expression of interior belief, he rarely gives evidence that he is actually influenced by these sublime considerations.

For one thing, he does not attend daily Mass with the unflinching regularity that is quite feasible,—if indeed he is present thereat even occasionally. For another, he habitually regards the serving of Mass as a work of trifling importance, much more suited to boys of ten or twelve years than to young men out of their teens. The real truth, if only he had the grace to see it, is that the serving of Mass is quite the most dignified, most honorable, and most advantageous office within the com-

petency of a layman to fill, be the layman's age what it may.

Catholic papers occasionally relate, as worthy of special comment, some such incident as an altar boy's absence being supplied by an eminent judge or banker or physician or military officer; and the comment often enough gives the impression that the officiating priest, if not the Church generally, should feel highly honored by the favor conferred. As a matter of indisputable fact, it is the layman who has been honored, and in no slight degree. One or two considerations will make this clear. In the first place, there is no other action or function performable on earth that possesses anything like the inherent importance, excellence, greatness, and sublimity of the Mass; and the dignity of the priest who offers it is unequalled by that of the ranking dignitary in the world of politics, jurisprudence, letters, or art. Merely to be present at such a function is a signal privilege; to take an active part in assisting the celebrant of the Holy Sacrifice is a distinction that may well be prized by the world's noblest and mightiest.

The ordinary Low Mass differs from the most solemn form of the Holy Sacrifice only in unessential features, in adventitious rites and ceremonies. The Pontifical or the Solemn High Mass is essentially not more sublime than is the less splendid function which the humblest village priest performs in his lowly chapel every morning; and the little altar boy or the adult Mass-server who waits on the celebrant in the latter case is filling an office fundamentally as honorable as that filled by the deacon, subdeacon, and other ministers of the more elaborate oblation. Just as priests consider it an honor to be appointed as ministers at a Solemn Mass celebrated by Pope or Cardinal, Archbishop or Bishop, so should the server of a Low Mass consider himself privileged beyond his fellows.

Not only is the serving of Mass the most honorable occupation in which a layman can be engaged: it is, moreover, the most advantageous work of which he is capable.

Advocating attendance at daily Mass, Father Cochem says: "If a shower of gold fell from the clouds, thou wouldst surely leave thy work and hasten into the street to gather up the coins. Only a fool would stay indoors. And thou art a fool if thou dost through indifference or negligence omit to hear Mass, when a stream of heavenly treasures is poured out from on high." As for those who receive these heavenly treasures, or who participate in the fruits of the Mass, they are: first, the individual for whom it is celebrated; then, the priest and all who are present; and, finally, all the faithful, both living and dead. It goes without saying that among those "who are present" he who acts as the celebrant's assistant or server receives a larger share of the treasures or fruits, a fuller measure of graces and blessings, than do the others.

A rather obvious conclusion from what has been said in the foregoing paragraphs is that serving Mass is a work that should appeal to all Catholic boys and young men, or, for that matter, to men of any age, young or old. Catholic parents should see to it that, as soon as their sons reach the requisite age, they receive the necessary instruction in reading at least, if not in learning by heart, the responses of the Mass, and the necessary training in the various movements and ceremonies which the office of server entails. A graduate of a Catholic school or college should esteem it a veritable disgrace not to be able to serve Mass; and it is hardly too much to say that some portion of the disgrace attaches to the school or college itself. The New Code of Canon Law and recent discussions in ecclesiastical magazines make it evident that there are cases in which the priest is confronted with the alternative of saying Mass without a server or omitting to say it altogether. In a parish in which there are even a dozen of male Catholics, such a situation should never arise; and it never *would* arise if Catholics held correct notions concerning the honor and the benefits attached to serving at the altar.

Notes and Remarks.

Vice-President Marshall, in a recent address to the American War Mothers, had something to say about the Blessed Virgin—whom he styled “the typical mother of all time”—which we are glad to quote. It is not often that a non-Catholic refers to the Mother of our Redeemer in terms like these:

There is a religious communion that venerates and worships a type of woman—the Blessed Virgin. It delights me to consider her the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of God incarnate upon earth. I do not myself happen to be a communicant of that great Church; but I hope I shall be violating none of the proprieties when I say that the feelings of those communicants from the divine standpoint has appealed to me from the human standpoint. I have thought of her as the typical mother of all the mothers of all the ages, even though they have been compelled to stand and see their sons suffer in the cause of justice and humanity; have been compelled to see their little prattling babes grow up to stalwart manhood and face the hour of duty, of service and of sacrifice; who have watched them sad-eyed and broken-hearted as they marched, to martial strains, along the highway of duty to the Calvary of supreme sacrifice in the cause in which they believed.

She, the typical mother of all time, has glorified and beautified and made sacred motherhood in all the ages and all times. But particularly has she made sacred that motherhood, which, for a cause in which the son believes, has been ready and willing that the son should give up his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the accomplishment of his noble ideal.

Vice-President Marshall, we feel certain, did not mean to assert that the Catholic Church “worships” the Blessed Virgin in the sense of paying her divine honors. Being familiar with the etymology of the word “worship” and with its Scriptural use, he employed it as Ruskin does in these oft-quoted sentences:

I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces of Catholicism, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage house throughout the length and breadth of Europe

in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women. . . . From the moment, when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ, became the light of every honest heart and the joy of every pure and chastened soul.

The Smith Bill advocating Federal control of education is still pending, and it should not be forgotten that it has the support of the Administration. It is being “pushed for all it is worth” by those in favor of it, and they are numerous and powerful. The creation of a Federal department of education is the object of its existence. If there were no other objection to this Bill, the unjust distribution of taxes that would result from its enactment ought to be enough to kill it. As Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, pointed out in a recent speech, New Jersey, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania would contribute \$41,256,000 of the school fund and receive but \$18,972,000. Mississippi, on the other hand, to take an example, would contribute \$143,000 and receive \$2,115,000. “The danger of Federal control of education,” the Senator declared, “must be apparent to all. The Administration even now is disseminating through the schools propaganda in favor of the Smith educational Bill. What would it not do if it had actual control? And, no matter what may be said to the contrary, control will surely follow the purse.”

With increasing frequency as the years go by, scientists the world over are discovering that in all the fields of human thought and human endeavor the doctrine and practice of The Church—not the Churches, be it noted—have been safe and sane, sound in theory and salutary in practice. One of the latest discoverers in this line is Dr. Rivers, author of “Mind and Medicine.” Lecturing recently on psychotherapy, he was led to consider

the place of religion in psychological medicine, and quite naturally touched upon "the traditional practice of the Catholic Church." Commenting on his lecture, the *Cambridge Magazine* says: "Our attention is drawn to the striking fact that the organization which has by long experience acquired the most highly developed system of treating moral defects lays great stress on the apparently minor faults which have led up to definitely immoral conduct, and directs the efforts and attention of the penitent to these quite as much as to the conduct which is the immediate occasion for penance." In other words, the most advanced of modern physicians recognize that their treatment of psychological patients is precisely what the Church has been practising in the spiritual field for centuries. "Laying great stress on minor faults" is, after all, merely the outcome of the dictum of Ecclesiasticus, "He that contemneth small things shall fall little by little."

There has recently come to our table a new venture in journalism called *The Sower*, a monthly journal of Catholic education, printed in England. It is a slight periodical, containing only sixteen pages (with no advertising), but it strikes us as achieving a maximum of effect with a minimum of "machinery." It is well written, well edited, and totally devoid of cant. Take, for instance, this editorial observation on "Interest":

Perhaps the most useful phrase about Interest is Mr. Kenneth Richmond's, who says that "Interest is the growing end of the mind." Let us connect this with a sentence in one of Bishop Hedley's pastorals: "A man whose knowledge of his religion is only that of a child can never be safe against religious attacks which are made by mature and reflecting men." What happens to many a Catholic after he leaves school? His mind and imagination go on developing in a thousand ways; he grows up, but his religious ideas do not grow up with the rest of him, but remain stationary. All his life his religious ideas are about twelve years old. What wonder if they very soon cease to affect his conduct? When we ask *why* his religious ideas do not grow up,

the answer must be that they have not found a place in the growing end of his mind; they have been stacked neatly in some pigeonhole away in the back of his head, and there they stay, covered with the dust of years. In other words, he never got interested in his religion; if he had been interested in it, it would have kept on growing in his mind and relating itself to the other departments of his life.

That is excellently put: psychology informing pedagogy; and both together throwing a light on a matter perennially discussed. Why will not Catholics read Catholic books and periodicals more generally than they do?

There appears to be a pretty general consensus of opinion among political economists and publicists in this country that, in the new orientation of Capital and Labor necessitated by present-day conditions, profit-sharing must have a distinct and recognized place. At a recent meeting of the National Civic Federation, a number of speakers dealt with this phase of the Labor Question, all of them approving of the general principle involved in giving to the workers some share, besides their regular wages, in the profits accruing to the particular industry in which they are engaged. The speech of Mr. George W. Perkins, reproduced in pamphlet form, has been outlined in our "Authors and Publishers" department; and we now give an excerpt from the address, on the same occasion, of the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan:

It seems to me the only way you can get men interested in their work, interested in the pecuniary effects of it, and in the creative part of it, is by making it worth their while to produce more. And you can make it worth their while to produce more, it seems to me, only through this device of partnership. The two principal elements, I think, are, first, labor participation in industrial management, so far as that is feasible; and, second, profit-sharing in the surplus that remains above, let us say, a fair return on the capital. The point is, I think, that we shall have to divide this surplus among or between the management and the rank and file of the workers. I don't know on what principle it can be done. I am not suggesting a particular basis for the distribution. But, as to the principle, the fact that the workers must be allowed to par-

ticipate in this elastic and definite surplus, I have no doubt whatever.

Profit-sharing, as our readers do not need telling, is not an entirely novel method of solving the difficulties of the labor problem. It has been tried, and with notable success, by industries here and there in France, in England, and in this country; but, as a general policy to be put in force universally, or even nationally, it is a new procedure. We trust that it may be adopted, and have no doubt of its efficacy in ameliorating present intolerable conditions.

An interesting aspect of the functions in honor of Cardinal Mercier at the leading universities of the United States—the enthusiasm and freedom from sectarian prejudice—is noted by the *New York Sun*, which says: "This is the more interesting because during Cardinal Mercier's visit his ecclesiastical character has been strongly emphasized, and if any suggestion of intolerance were discernible, it would be brought to the fore at this time." The absence of the least sign of religious prejudice at these ceremonials is thus explained:

Most of the older American colleges and universities owe their beginnings to religious impulses which, to put it mildly, were not friendly to Rome. Their founders were Protestants, frequently defiantly Protestant. Each of these institutions was bound more or less closely to one or another Christian sect severed from the Papal Communion. These allegiances lasted for many years, and even to-day not a few alumni instinctively associate Such-and-Such with Presbyterians, So-and-So with the Baptist teaching, Good-old-this-and-that with the Congregational brethren, and so on. Actually the universities long ago outgrew sectarianism. Insistence on titular reverend presidents has become a memory. The theological schools are overshadowed by other schools in numbers, fame, and intramural influence.

It is true that our universities and colleges have largely outgrown sectarianism, but in doing so they have become indifferent to all religion. If they are no longer "unfriendly to Rome," it is not on account of acquired knowledge of, and respect for, its claims on their intelligence; but because

they have abandoned their traditional attitude, and imbibed the spirit of agnosticism. Indifference has taken the place of antagonism. That is all.

One of the most common defects in the spoken and written words of public speakers, editors, and publicists generally is a lack of definite aim or purpose in their pronouncements,—a hazy sort of generalization instead of a precise and clear-cut statement concerning the subject under discussion. Nowadays, as in the time of "The Merchant of Venice," there are too many Gratianos who "speak an infinite deal of nothing." One of them is a writer in the *Guardian* (Anglican), of London. Discussing the reunion of the Churches, he recently said: "But we are sure of one thing, and that is that He through whom the ages were made has in the past spoken in divers manners, and will not fail in the future to speak in whatsoever manner the times may require. We confidently expect that the divided garment which is His Church will again become a seamless robe, whole and unbroken. But we are perhaps a little too anxious that the robe shall be of the old pattern."

The *London Catholic Times* comments on the foregoing in a manner as terse as it is adequate. "Indefinite language of that sort," it says, "is not likely to do much good. Either schism is a sin, or union is not an essential. If schism is a sin, let Anglicans return to their obedience. If union is not an essential, why trouble people about Christendom's becoming again one?"

A very gloomy view of present-day religion is taken by the Rev. W. B. Greene, Jr. He finds signs of decadence in the widespread abandonment of Sabbath observance and family worship, the disuse of the Bible, etc. It certainly is depressing to recall that, according to the last census, there are 60,000,000 Americans who are not connected with any religious denomi-

nation, and that there is a divorce for every ten marriages amongst us; to find that church-attendance is going out of fashion, and Bible-reading no longer in vogue anywhere. But cordial for our drooping spirits is not lacking. Prohibition has become a law of the land; and good roads are being constructed all over the Union. There are 20,000,000 Frenchmen waiting to be converted, according to the secretary of the Société Central Evangélique; and itinerant gossellers report many "open doors" in South America and other foreign countries.

Of course it is going to cost a lot of money to keep all the people from ever using what some of the people were always abusing, and to spread the good tidings of the Gospel among so many "foreign heathen"; but we still have "money to burn"—in spite of all that has been burned. Those perverse people in Oregon and elsewhere who are engaged in raising harmful hops, and those evil geniuses in Maine and other places who are inventing new and more depraved modes of distillation, can all be rounded up in time. Considerations like these should animate the drooping spirits of Dr. Greene.

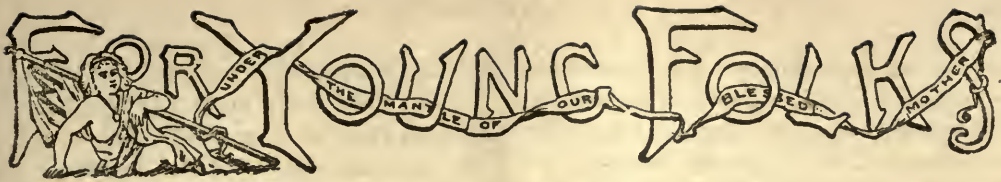
What with the variety of spiritual questions propounded by the correspondents of the *Bombay Examiner*, and the practical, common-sense answers of that paper's able editor, Father Ernest Hull, S. J., Catholic readers in all English-speaking countries (for the *Examiner* is quoted in each of them) are acquiring a considerable fund of worth-while, detailed knowledge. A case in point is the following extract from a lengthy reply to a question concerning the firm purpose of never sinning again which one makes at confession:

"Knowing full well that I shall commit the same sin again" is the regular bugbear of all sincere souls; and the bugbear becomes still more acute if the act of contrition or of amendment is worded this way, "I will never sin again." But there is no need to say it in this way. "I firmly resolve never to sin again" is better; because a resolution is, or can be, quite sincere and true,

even if afterwards the resolve is broken, and even if past experience makes one feel certain that it will be broken. A still better way of saying is this, "I firmly purpose never to sin again"; for it is notorious that purposes are sometimes not carried out. But, whatever form the words take, there is always a difficulty in the mind if one speaks of *never sinning again*. This being so, we have a suggestion which will meet the case. Instead of saying 'I promise or resolve or purpose never to sin again,' say this: 'I resolve, promise or purpose to resist each future temptation when it comes.'

Perhaps as good a purpose as can be formed relative to the danger of one's again committing some specific sin is this: "I sincerely purpose to go to confession again just as soon as I notice that the temptation to commit this sin is growing strong and insistent." It should be remembered that the Sacrament of Penance not only absolves from committed sins, but gives grace to prevent relapses.

Acting upon Col. Roosevelt's motto, "Do what you think to be right and say what you believe to be true," Mr. Henry Noel Brailsford, an English correspondent, thought it would be the right thing to publish a book on the war ("Across the Blockade: A Record of Travels in Enemy Country"), and he resolved to tell what he believed to be the truth. This he has done, evidently without the slightest regard as to who or how many might disagree with him. He refers to "wicked machinations" on the part of the Allies, and characterizes the League of Nations as "an alliance of the victors to ensure the spoils." Persuaded, doubtless, that the only good feature of falsity is to make truth appear more respectable, Mr. Brailsford seems to have been bent upon disclosing as much of the truth—or what he considers to be the truth—as he could. But he should have done this more decorously. The "naked truth" is shocking nowadays. It ought to be decorously draped,—not so as to conceal it altogether, of course, but to render it less liable to wound the susceptibilities of the fastidious, or to rasp the nerves of the unsophisticated.



At Night.

BY CHARLES WOODMAN.

WHEN father's tired out at night
And will not talk with me,
And mother says she shall not have
A single minute free,
I open my old story-book,
And there I find in rhyme
How Christ played with the little folk,—
He always had the time.

I'm certain that my pa and ma
Are working hard all day;
But when the evening comes, you'd think
They'd have some time for play.
But I am left all by myself
Until I start to nod,
Because, it seems, my ma and pa
Are busier than God.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XVI.—IN THE PYRENEES.

TIM was strongly of the opinion that the departure from Biarritz should be as simple and as private as possible. He had had quite enough of crowds and cheers, as they served only to distract one's attention just when one had need of all one's wits to prevent a false movement.

Judge then of his astonishment when, on arriving at the golf links from which the ascent was to be made, he found that a large crowd had already assembled.

"For Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed with disappointment, "how did all these people know that we were going to leave this morning?"

"In the simplest possible manner," said

a gentleman standing near him, "all the billboards in the city are placarded with posters announcing your departure."

Uncle Layac had sworn not to interfere with the steering, but he apparently was still anxious to get as much notoriety out of his aviation as he could; and although the nephew was not at all pleased, the uncle was beaming with satisfied vanity.

The young aviator had accordingly to make the best of conditions, and he at once proceeded to examine the plane in detail to see whether everything was in good order. When he had rapidly finished his examination, he found to his amazement three women, evidently English or American, leisurely using their penknives on the woodwork of the aeroplane.

"I say, there, ladies," he exclaimed, "what are you trying to do?"

"Taking souvenirs," calmly replied one of the women.

Tim could not help breaking into a roar of good-humored laughter, but, when it was finished, he said:

"Has it occurred to you that, if all the ladies in Biarritz insisted on following your example, there would soon be mighty little of our plane left?"

"Quite so, little boy; but, you see, we absolutely *must* have a souvenir of you."

"Little boy," replied Tim, not too well pleased to have his size referred to, "well, you had better retire before the owner of the plane gets here, for he is a big man."

The women completed the operation of detaching splinters from the machine as coolly as if it belonged to themselves.

"Oh, shucks!" said Tim to himself, "we'll have to get out of here at once."

Beckoning to his uncle who was expatiating on the joys of flying to an admiring throng, he ordered the Perinot workers to start the motor. A moment

later, uncle and nephew were seated in the machine, and, waving a salute to Mariena who was standing near by with her father, Tim cried, "All ready!"

The workmen stood to one side, the aeroplane rolled along the ground for some yards and then arose once more to continue its journey through the air. As usual, one or two big circles were described, and then the big mechanical bird took its flight in the direction of Spain, while the morning sunshine striking obliquely on its wings covered them with powdered gold.

The region over which our two friends were now travelling was the Basque country, and they soon reached Ustaritz and Cambo whence they could see, several hundred feet below them, the magnificent villa where Edmond Rostand, the celebrated author gives himself up to his poetic dreams. Continuing their way, Tim steered in the direction of the fine Rhune mountain which dominates the defile through which they were to pass into Spain.

Unfortunately the Perinot workers had not repaired the machine as thoroughly as they should have done, and, as they drew near Espelette, Tim found that he could not control it to his satisfaction. Being determined to take no unnecessary risks, he made a landing, and set about regulating the motor. It was a delicate and tedious piece of work, and by the time it was completed, the sun was sinking into the Gulf of Gascogne.

"Shall we try to cross the Pyrenean chain to-day?" asked Tim of his uncle, "or had we better wait until to-morrow?"

"Oh, as far as I'm concerned," was the reply, "since my experience at Biarritz, I have no opinion at all to express in matters of aviation. Do just as you like."

Tim pulled out his watch to see just what time it was, then he looked at the sky.

"Well, there's going to be daylight for another hour, anyway," he remarked, "and 'twould be rather silly not to utilize

this fine evening; so we'll go ahead."

Unhappily, however, they very soon discovered that while aviators may propose, 'tis the aeroplanes that dispose. All through that "fine evening" Tim had to struggle against sudden squalls of wind coming from the Gulf of Gascogne, and he had all he could do to keep his machine out of danger. In fact, if he had not been a really skilful pilot, they would more than once have come to grief.

"We'll never get across the Pyrenees at this rate," he murmured every two or three minutes.

He began to look out for some village where he might make a landing. Villages, however, are not very numerous in that mountainous region, and, though he looked all around and below him, he could see no light that might indicate a house or a hamlet.

"Confound the business!" he exclaimed; "our situation is becoming rather critical."

As it was now quite dark, he determined to turn about and go back to Espelette or Cambo, to spend the night there. No sooner had he begun to put resolve into execution than the moon, as if to show him his way, appeared above the peaks of the Rhune mountain, and diffused a soft, clear light over all the landscape.

Looking around them Uncle Layac and Tim saw that they were quite far up in the mountains, Tim's manœuvring when he was going to turn back having resulted in the plane's ascending higher than he had noticed at the time. Now, in order to avoid striking against some of the peaks, or against the trees which here and there jutted out from their sides, he was obliged to skirt along one range on the flank of which he could see in the clear moonlight a rocky path leaning from base to summit. They proceeded for some time, forced to follow the way traced for them on either side by the Pyrenean peaks which seemed to grow higher the more the aeroplane ascended.

Then, suddenly, shadows appeared coming down the mountain path. As far

as could be discerned at the plane's height above them, they were men, carrying big bundles on their shoulders. They walked silently and with that regular, long stride peculiar to mountaineers, even when they march along roads encumbered with pebbles or larger stones. From time to time, when they neared a turn of the path, the whole troop stopped, and one of their number, who had no load to carry, ran on ahead, as if to see whether the way was clear, or if there was any danger to fear.

"Hello!" cried Layac, "who are all those folk?"

"Very likely they are Spanish smugglers," replied Tim. "It looks to me as if they are carrying their merchandise secretly down the mountain, in order to avoid paying duty on it."

"Do you suppose so?"

"Well, notice that fellow ahead of the others. Doesn't he seem to be on the lookout for spies or soldiers?"

Just then, before Layac had time to answer, there was heard the sharp, shrill sound of a whistle which re-echoed up and down the mountain-sides. It was the smuggler's advance sentinel who had sounded it.

Quick as a flash, the Spaniards disappeared. Throwing their bundles on the path, or behind some of the boulders that bordered it, they scattered at once and sought refuge among the rocks with the rapidity of a swarm of lizards.

Yet their flight was not rapid enough. The instant the sentinel's whistle was heard, a band of French customs officers appeared as if by enchantment and opened fire on the smugglers, the shots resounding for almost a minute in the faraway ravines and gorges. One of the smugglers was evidently hit, as he fell to the ground, and our friends in the aeroplane could see the officers rushing towards him.

"Oh, Blessed Mother!" cried Tim, who was much touched by the scene unfolded before him, all the more as it passed in a few seconds; "I hope the poor fellow isn't killed,"

He was at once reassured on that point, as the man just then got up and was about to renew his flight when the customs officers seized him. Tim was lamenting his fate, out of pure good nature; but Uncle Layac, whose commercial soul revolted at the idea of smuggling, did not agree with him.

"Come, come," he protested, "that's enough of that! You needn't waste any pity on the wretch, the robber, the good-for-nothing! He has been arrested,—so much the better! He is getting just what was coming to him."

In the meantime, while smugglers and officers were thus engaged, the moon, then at its full, appeared clear above the summit of the mountain, and flooded the earth with a radiance so brilliant and so pure that one could see as plainly as if it were day.

"Look here, Uncle," cried Tim, "there's no use in turning back to France now! It would really be so much time lost. Anyway, it isn't any harder to steer an aeroplane by night than by day, when it is as clear as this. Let's go on to Spain. I'll guarantee that, now that the wind has calmed down, we'll be across the Pyrenees and can land at our ease on the other side within an hour."

Uncle Layac made no objection, so the journey over the mountains was continued. And what a thoroughly delightful journey it was! Gliding through the peculiarly luminous atmosphere that characterizes the Basque country was something like a trip through fairy-land. Our travellers could not sufficiently admire the marvellous succession of summits and peaks which was unrolled below them, and they were continually uttering exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

Tim had not been presuming too much on his skill when he spoke of reaching Spain so soon. Inside the hour, as a matter of fact, the aeroplane, to the consternation of the natives, who ran from all sides to behold so remarkable a phenomenon, sank gracefully to earth in a little Spanish village coquettishly set in the bottom of a

beautiful valley. Our travellers at once inquired for an inn where they could spend the night, and were conducted to a *posada* (a small tavern). Having first disposed of their aeroplane by securing it in a large barn, they set themselves down to a dinner of which salt codfish—as is customary in most parts of Spain—formed the greater part. Scarcely had they begun to eat, however, when the noise of a motor-car's halting at the door of the inn caught their attention.

"Some automobilists have arrived," said Tim. "That's fortunate. They are doubtless tourists, and we may have a pleasant evening, much more agreeable than if we had to talk only to the innkeeper."

"Yes," agreed Uncle Layac, "and for my part, I'm all the more satisfied, as, I must confess, I didn't feel at all secure about this village tavern in this God-forsaken land."

"For goodness' sake, Uncle, what were you afraid of?"

"Afraid of? Why, of brigands, of course. Isn't Spain the very place in the whole world where they congregate like flies?"

"That was so in old times, Uncle; but not nowadays."

The big grocer was going to reply when the door suddenly opened and there appeared two automobilists—Fourrin and his chauffeur!

(To be continued.)

The Use of Bells.

The calling of people together by ringing a bell is a very ancient practice. Bells were thus used in the temples of Isis in Egypt, and worn upon the borders of the garments of Jewish high-priests. Bronze hand-bells were found in the ruins of the palace of Nimrod, and the Greeks used them for many purposes. The Romans, who copied so much from the Greeks, learned of them to use bells. Then came Christianity, consecrating the melodious metal object to the offices of religion.

How Animals Love Home.

A SHEEP-DOG was sent by rail and express wagon from the city of Birmingham to Wolverton; but, escaping from confinement the next Saturday at noon, on Sunday morning reappeared in Birmingham, having travelled sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Says one writer: "I was stopping with a friend about eighteen miles from Orange, New South Wales. My host brought a half-grown kitten sixteen miles by a cross-bush track, tied in a flour bag at the bottom of a buggy. She was fed that night: in the morning she had disappeared. She was home again in rather less than four days." The same person owned a horse which, after two years of quiet residence on his farm, suddenly departed, and was next heard of one hundred miles away, at the farm of the old master from whom it had been stolen years before.

A rough-coated cur was taken by a gentleman, to whom it had been given, from Manchester to Liverpool by train, thence to Bangor, North Wales, by steamboat; but on landing at Bangor, the dog ran away, and the fourth day afterward, fatigued and footsore, was back in its home kennel, having no doubt travelled straight overland the whole distance. The same gentleman knew of a kitten that was carried in a covered basket six miles—from one side of Manchester to the other,—and found its way back the next day through the turbulent streets. Similarly, a foxhound transported in a close box between points one hundred and fifty miles distant, and part of the way through the city of London, came back as soon as let loose. A retriever did the same thing from Hiddersfield to Stroud, two weeks after being taken to the former place by rail; and a foxhound returned from Kent to Northamptonshire, which are on opposite sides of the Thames; finally, a dog came back to Liverpool from a distant point whither it had been forwarded by rail *in the night*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque*, by Sister M. Philip, has just been published by Sands and Co., London. There is a preface by the Bishop of Leeds.

—An enlarged and revised edition of "*Ireland in Fiction*," by Stephen J. Brown, S. J., is announced. This work, published in 1910, appeared in a second edition in 1915.

—Mr. Philip Gibbs is completing his series of war books with a work in which he has recorded his most intimate impressions of the five years' struggle, which he witnessed on the Western front from start to finish.

—"*L'Armée dans le Conflit Européen*," by Lieut.-Col. de Chambrun and Capt. de Marenches (Paris: Payot), is praised as a valuable record of the American Army in Europe, from its formation until its march to the Rhine.

—A translation, by Dr. Alexander Souter, of Tertullian's treatises on prayer and baptism is the latest addition to the Christian Literature Series of the S. P. C. K. "*De Oratione*" is said to be the earliest surviving exposition of the Lord's Prayer in any language.

—"*Catholicism and Politics*," a little sixteenmo pamphlet of only ten pages, is an exposure, by the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, of "the thing which is not,"—another of those anti-Catholic canards which are so plentiful "down South," and which the Association in question is so effectively combating.

—To have written novels regularly for almost seventy years is an experience not at all common among litterateurs of any nationality, but it is a distinction achieved by the venerable Mrs. Terhune, better known to the reading world by her pen-name, Marion Harland. Her latest book, "*The Carringtons of High Hill*," is announced by the Scribners.

—"*The World of Wonderful Reality*," by E. Temple Thurston (D. Appleton and Co.), is a sequel to a novel published ten years ago, "*The City of Beautiful Nonsense*"; and pragmatic people are quite likely to declare that one part of the title of the former work is an appropriate characterization of the present one. As nonsense, more or less attractive, the book will certainly impress all readers who "have no use" for idealism; and perhaps the epithet most accurately descriptive of its theme and treatment will be, even in the estimation of persons not devoid of idealism—whimsical. For the rest, Mr. Thurston touches incidentally on Catholic doctrine and Catholic

priests, and his touch is neither sure—nor particularly complimentary. We have no doubt, however, that those who admired "*The City of Beautiful Nonsense*" will be quite satisfied with its sequel.

—Mr. Edward Arnold, the London publisher, announces "*A Medley of Memories*," by Sir David Hunter Blair, late Abbot of Fort Augustus, who entered the Benedictine Order when he was twenty-five, served as Private Chamberlain to both Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and included monastic experience in Belgium, Germany, Portugal, and South America, as well as in England and Scotland.

—"*Phases of Irish History*" is the title of a collection of twelve lectures by Prof. Eoin MacNeill (National University of Ireland) on the early and Medieval periods—Pre-Celtic and Pre-Christian Ireland: the Celtic Colonization and the coming of Christianity; the "Golden Age"; the Struggle with the Norsemen; coming down to the fifteenth century. Just published by M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin.

—The almanacs for 1920 are already making their appearance. The general make-up is along the lines of their predecessors. Catholic almanacs, like Catholic papers, are more or less a necessity in Catholic homes. The task of the compiler is to provide suitable material,—to combine the useful with the entertaining, to select the proper illustrations, to give a review of the events of the past year. We acknowledge the receipt of "*St. Michael's Almanac*," and the "*Manna Almanac*" (for young folk); "*Der Wanderer*" and "*Der Familienfreund*." All have the qualities mentioned. They ring true with the Catholic tone on every page.

—The Frederick A. Stokes Co. have published in one volume, entitled "*Poems*," the substance of Mr. Theodore Maynard's "*Laughs and Whiffs of Song*," "*Drums of Defeat*," and "*Folly*," which were issued separately in England within the past few years. Such a collected edition gives one a shock, not so much of surprise as of delight, at the very considerable extent of Mr. Maynard's poetical achievement. The character of his achievement hardly needs dwelling upon in these pages, to which he has been so valued a contributor. Yet it is well to bring before the attention of Catholic readers that here is one of our own who has made glorious song of the discovery that the folly of the Cross is the only real wisdom, and the wisdom of the world the only real folly. Again

and again this central truth inspires him to poetic utterance, varied as beautiful. There is a development, too, in the poet's work, in the only proper sense of progress, that he has become more and more himself. The keen-sighted Introduction which Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote for "Laughs and Whiffs of Song" opens this collected edition, and the publishers have produced a fittingly handsome book. Catholic and Mediæval—which is to say of all time,—Mr. Maynard is a refreshment and a delight in these days of artistic lawlessness and one knows not what emotional and intellectual anarchy.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have just published "Benedictine Monachism: Studies in Benedictine Life and Rule," by the Rt. Rev. Cuthbert Butler, abbot of Downside Abbey. The volume consists of a connected series of essays covering the most important aspects of Benedictine life and activities. It is addressed, of course, primarily to Benedictines; but it should appeal to wider circles,—to students of the history of religion and civilization in Western Europe, as an account of one of the most potent factors in the formation of our modern Europe during a long and important phase of its growth; and also, in a special way, to those scholars and students who rightly hold the Benedictine name in veneration.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Poems." Theodore Maynard. \$1.35.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
 "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
 "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
 "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
 "An American Girl on the Foreign Missions." Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M. A. L. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.
 "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
 "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.

- "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
 "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baiert. \$2.
 "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
 "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
 "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Hemlock, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Paul Keating, archdiocese of Brisbane; and Rev. Wendel Miller, diocese of Grand Rapids.

Brother Tobias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Prisca, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Mother Stanislaus, Sisters of Loretto.

Mr. A. A. Cooper, Mr. Charles Eline, Mrs. W. G. McNulty, Mrs. Caroline Tehle, Mr. John Hepburn, Mrs. T. Donohue, Mr. Philip Healy, Mr. Thomas McKenzie, Miss Mary McKenzie, Mr. Henry Wessel, Miss Eva Hamper, Mr. Patrick Quigley, Mr. John Lynch, Mr. Edward Guion, Mrs. James Gorman, Miss Elizabeth Giehl, Mr. F. W. Baer, Mrs. J. J. Conroy, Dr. Joseph Foltz, Mr. Owen Corrigan, Mr. F. A. Devoto, Mrs. Mary Schultzer, Mrs. Mary McCreedy, Mr. Thomas Clifford, Mrs. Anna McDonnell, Mr. F. H. Engking, Miss N. R. Gallagher, Mr. W. T. Sauerbrunn, Mr. Michael Lamb, and Mr. Daniel Fluegel.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Taccori: M. W., in honor of St. Francis, \$10; friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, \$5. For the Armenian sufferers: M. C. C., \$3. For the Sisters of Charity in China: Arthur Zorfars, \$1; Mrs. G. W., 70 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. X. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 25, 1919.

NO. 17

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Beautiful Roses at Mary's Feet.

BY R. O'K.

BEAUTIFUL roses at Mary's feet!
Softly your Rosaries ye repeat
All day, all night,
Crimson and white,—
While, stroke after stroke, golden hours fleet;
Silent your litanies ye repeat,—
Beautiful roses at Mary's feet!
Mystic your modest faces, as meet;
Purity white, and red to entreat,
All day, all night,
Scarlet and white;
Monitors meek, with wisdom replete,
Mystic your gentle faces and sweet,—
Beautiful roses at Mary's feet!
Rich, like the balsam on Jesus' feet,
Filling the house with your odors sweet;
All day, all night,
Golden and white,
Offering incense at Mercy's Seat;
Fill ye the house with your odors sweet,—
Beautiful roses at Mary's feet.]
Virgins and martyrs, blessing, I greet,
Yielding up life at every beat;
All day, all night,
Purple and white,
Martha's and Mary's tasks ye repeat,
Serving, yet restful in calm retreat,—
Beautiful roses at Mary's feet!

The O'Gorman Mahon.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.



IRELAND is always a fascinating study,—whether one considers her many natural advantages: her hills of living green, her fairy-haunted glens, her lakes and streams, bright silvered as were the streams of the Terrestrial Paradise; whether there be question of her ancient lore, her poetic tradition, the picturesque symbolism of her language, the psychology of her many-sided and complex people; or yet those vital issues, economic, industrial, social or religious, that are now more than ever forging to the front.

Her history is a tragic one. She sent prophets and saints to enlighten the Continent of Europe, while her sad destiny in the grim days of old was to be herself deprived of all educational facilities. And though it has been her happy fortune to people the eternal mansions with a host of martyrs and confessors, she, like Israel of old, was compelled to witness the dispersal of her children, and left to gaze with wistful eyes at the nations and empires which these wanderers had helped to up-build. Her story, too, which has become an international question, has always been read with the dun-colored spectacles of prejudice, ignorant or malicious. Too often her children, or her children's children, have been amongst her traducers. So now and then it is wisdom to single out from the troubled pages of her annals

At least once in every lifetime the soul, by God's grace, sees itself clearly as in a mirror, in its stark, actual relation to the eternal truth.—*Isabel C. Clarke.*

some one of those chivalrous personages who, in the age-long struggle of her existence, were—

True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers.

Amongst the celebrities of his day was the O'Gorman Mahon. He was of ancient and illustrious lineage, being descended from Mahon, brother of Brian Boru. When the Liberator was fighting the battles of Church and country, this young gentleman, of liberal education, owning considerable property in the County Clare, "proud, chivalrous and daring, was idolized by the people, warmly welcomed by the Catholic leaders, and feared by the oligarchical foes of Catholic Emancipation." From 1825 to 1845 he was conspicuous in every popular movement; and his life then and thereafter was as full of stirring incidents as any romance. He is described as of excellent physique, tall, handsome and impressive of countenance, with dark hair and beard, "somewhat of the Spanish or corsair type." He was fluent of speech, with the cultured accent and propriety of diction peculiar to his class.

Born in 1800, he began with a century in which he was to cut a striking figure. At the time of the famous Clare Elections, which was an outstanding episode in his life, he was just twenty-six, and a member of that Catholic Association which did such yeoman service to the great cause.

"A young and promising man," says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, "of great personal grace, of manly form and undoubted courage, he was well calculated for an efficient canvasser in an Irish contested election. He boasts the inheritance of undiluted Celtic blood, and no one more truly than he represents the *beau idéal* of Milesian aristocracy as handed down by history and tradition. In fashionable life, he was the idol of the ladies and the envy of the men." He had already acquired a reputation as a skilful duelist, employing, after the fashion of the times, that curiously unorthodox manner of resenting

insults to his faith and nationality. To the end of his life it was difficult to persuade him that offensive language on the "hustings," or even in the House of Commons, should not be noticed by a challenge.

It is claimed that his advice and support induced O'Connell to stand for that ever-memorable election, the causes and effects of which make it one of the most remarkable contests that ever engaged the attention of a people. Intensely dramatic, it abounded in incidents, humorous, pathetic, even sublime. For it was underlain by a vital principle,—national indeed, but more deeply religious. Peculiar pathos was lent to the situation by the fact that of the 60,000 voters, mostly peasants, ranged under the Catholic banner, and behaving with order, decorum and propriety, by far the greater number had thus exposed themselves to persecution, even to the possibility of ruin by their landlords. It had come as a bombshell when O'Connell (though disqualified by the iniquitous law then in force), in the absence of a candidate amongst Catholics, or even liberal Protestants, had announced his intention of standing for that important constituency.

O'Connell, in his address to the electors, told of the required oath, declaring impious and idolatrous the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the saints; and he solemnly affirmed that he would rather be torn to pieces than stain his soul therewith. He spoke of himself as one who has "ever lived and is ready to die for the integrity, the honor, and the purity of the Catholic Faith and the promotion of Irish freedom and happiness." So, too, were those intrepid lieutenants who stood with him through the storm and stress of the battle.

That election of Clare, being a milestone on the thorny path of Emancipation, is deserving of particular mention. It was a memorable day for the county when the rival candidates, with their supporters, appeared in the court-house. O'Connell's opponent had with him the whole body of

the lauded gentry; for it has been the misfortune of Ireland that the class which should have led in her struggles for civil and religious liberty, with some honorable exceptions, has been all too frequently arrayed upon the opposite side. On that particular occasion (if we except the liberal and high-minded Protestant, Thomas Steele) O'Gorman Mahon was the only one of his order who stood with O'Connell. His entrance upon the scene is thus described by the chroniclers:

"The election opened; and the court-house, in which the sheriff read the writ, presented a new and striking scene. On the left hand of the sheriff stood a cabinet minister, attended by the whole body of the landed aristocracy of the county. On the right hand stood O'Connell, with scarcely a single gentleman by his side; for most of the Catholic proprietors had abandoned him and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court represented the power of O'Connell, in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sacerdotal visages were felicitously intermingled. Before the business began, there was observed a gentleman, on whom every eye was turned. He had, indeed, chosen a most singular position; for, instead of sitting, like the other auditors, on the seats in the gallery, he stepped over it, and, suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the high sheriff. The attire of the individual perched in that dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He wore a coat of Irish cabinet, with trousers of the same glossy material; he wore no waistcoat, but a blue shirt striped with white, open at the neck; a broad green sash, with a medal of the 'Order of Liberators,' hung conspicuously on his chest; a profusion of black curls, curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, great part of which was covered with bushy whiskers.

"Who are you?" demanded the sheriff

in a tone of imperious solemnity, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company.

"My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who had conveyed this intelligence thought very little of a high sheriff and a great deal of the O'Gorman Mahon. The sheriff had been offended by the appearance of a gentleman who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation. He was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent 'Order of Liberators' hanging from his breast.

"I tell that gentleman," said the sheriff, 'to take off that badge.'

"There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced:

"This gentleman' (laying his left hand on his breast and pointing with his right to the sheriff) 'tells that gentleman that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will protect himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, so long as he has the arm of a gentleman to protect him.'

"This extraordinary pronouncement was greeted with prolonged bursts of applause from all parts of the house. The sheriff looked aghast. After an instant of irresolution, he sat down."

The arrival of this powerful adherent, with all the prestige of ancient descent and social standing about him, contributed largely to that result to which, together with Mr. Steele, he had lent his unremitting efforts. They had travelled through the country, by day and night, addressing the people; "and," declares Sheil, "it is no exaggeration to say that to them the success of Mr. O'Connell is largely to be ascribed." His success had far-reaching consequences. The Duke of Wellington, who had recently declared that "Roman Catholics could not be placed in a Protes-

¹ "Memoirs of O'Connell," Robert Huish. Sheil's "Sketches of the Irish Bar."

tant legislature with any degree of safety," became convinced that the choice lay between Emancipation and civil war. The King's speech recommended the consideration of Catholic disabilities, and Catholic Emancipation became the law of the land.

The Liberator appeared at the House of Commons to take his seat; and, it being claimed that he was elected under the old Act, he was presented with that iniquitous oath, which on his lips would have been perjury. For it is one of the most curious paradoxes of history that attempts should be made to secure men's loyalty to the British Crown by infidelity to their most sacred convictions, and by swearing to what they know to be false. O'Connell appealed once more, under the new law, to his constituents, and was returned unopposed. Nor could his most rabid adversaries thenceforth keep him out of the House. Unnecessary here to emphasize the debt which English-speaking Catholics everywhere owe to O'Connell and his followers; nor to repeat, in his own words, that that glorious revolution was effected "without the destruction of one particle of any man's property, and without the shedding of one drop of human blood."

In his second appeal to the electors of Clare, O'Connell deploras the persecution of "my beloved friends," the O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele, who played so noble a part in the great victory. "You are not ignorant," he says, "that they made themselves enemies by the activity, courage, and success with which at a critical moment, in spite of every obstacle and every excitement, they preserved the peace of your country. You know how much bloodshed they prevented. The commission of the peace was never in the hands of men who so sedulously and successfully preserved that peace. But, in the eyes of our enemies, it was a crime too great to be forgiven that the King's peace was preserved." He further declares that "those estimable gentlemen preserved the lives of the people, and nobly vindicated at the

last election the religion and the liberties of the Catholics of Ireland." It was not until 1847 that the O'Gorman Mahon was at last elected to Parliament for Ennis, in the County Clare. He brought there a reputation for courage and resolution and an unwavering support of Catholic Emancipation. His character, his influence, social and personal, and his strong conviction, made him an adversary to be reckoned with, and he is frequently mentioned in letters of Peel as one to be carefully watched. To him might truly be given that—

Praise to the placeman who can hold aloft
His still unpurchased manhood.

The years that followed were full of scarcely credible adventures. He went to travel on the Continent, became a notable figure at the court of Louis Philippe, and the familiar associate of Talleyrand. He shot bears and wolves with the Czarowitz in Finland, and was an officer of the Czar's imperial bodyguard. He travelled literally from China to Peru, and controlled for a time the destinies of the Republic of Uruguay. There was a legend current that he was commander-in-chief and lord high admiral of one of the South American Republics.

Returning to Europe, and that land of France for which, like many Irish gentlemen of his day, he had an extreme partiality, he was received at the Tuileries with great distinction by Louis Napoleon, by whom he was made a colonel of chasseurs, though the army regulations had to be altered for the purpose. The Emperor was anxious that he should go to the front in the Austrian campaign. He was an accomplished French scholar, and often amused the House of Commons by substituting a French phrase when at a loss for a word,—not by way of displaying his accomplishment, but because the language had become more familiar to him. In Germany he was received by the King of Prussia, and made the acquaintance of Bismarck, then struggling into fame. He formed a close friendship with the

Crown Prince of that day, who was later the Emperor Frederick; and years afterwards they had a touching meeting at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee.

Though by this time he had reached an advanced age, the incidents of that adventurous life were not ended. He returned to Ireland in 1879, in the heat of a celebrated parliamentary struggle, when Gladstone seemed inclined to give relief to Ireland, and Parnell was at the zenith of his fame. It was a dramatic moment when the veteran of that old decisive combat for religious freedom, who had been elected fifty years before by the freeholders of Ennis, and returned to Parliament for the same constituency, made his first appearance in the House. He had seen the rise and fall of many a leader, and witnessed numberless political vicissitudes. He had taken the oath of allegiance to "the first gentleman of Europe" when the Duke of Wellington had been Prime Minister, followed by Earl Grey. The O'Gorman Mahon had seen Peel and Brougham, Althorp and Melbourne, Macaulay, Lyndhurst, and Durham, and countless other legislative figures of more or less eminence, pass before him like shadows.

Gladstone was still at college, Disraeli a struggling novelist, Cobden a commercial traveller, and Bright was writing invoices in his father's office, when the member for Ennis began his political career. Before he again took his place in the halls of Parliament, as a nonagenarian, the whole face of Europe had changed. But the O'Gorman Mahon, like the gallant gentleman he was, had in no wise changed, but was prepared to proclaim, in a voice that age had not enfeebled, those eternal principles of right and justice, and to raise the old war-cry of civil and religious freedom for his country. It is interesting to note the comments of that new generation upon "his political reincarnation." Says the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*:

"In the erect figure of an octogenarian colonel and descendant of an Irish royal

house, who has seen service on many a foreign field, is the present Irish party connected not only with the generations of patriots of O'Connell's day, but with the dim past of Irish history. That fine old Irish gentleman, the O'Gorman Mahon, who stood beside O'Connell on the hustings of the Clare election, and sat in Parliament before the Reform Bill, bridges over three generations of Irishmen, to represent his native Clare amongst the patriot party in Parliament to-day. He is one of the oldest members of the House and yet one of the most vivacious. If he were to sit down and write a book on his life, this veteran duelist, soldier and patriot, who has been an honored guest of the principal courts of the Continent, and who knew personally most of the greatest men of Europe for half a century, what wonderful reminiscences could he not recount! His is one of the picturesque and venerable figures it does one good to see; and on many a weary all-night debate, that white-haired veteran, with the humorist twinkle undimmed in his eyes and the everlasting flower jauntily stuck in his buttonhole, sitting there whispering droll stories in his neighbor's ear, has been an inspiration to colleagues who might have been his grandsons."

The London correspondent of the *New York Sun* describes "a very old white-headed man appearing at the Bar of the House to take the oath, shaking hands with everybody, and generally making himself at home. No one dared to interfere; for the big white-haired man is the O'Gorman Mahon who, in precisely the same way, made himself comfortable in the House of Commons fifty years ago, when most of the present members were babies. He lives to-day to renew his pledge to the country, after having stood no fewer than thirteen times on the sod to throw his life on the hazard of combat for Ireland. In the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, he was the most dauntless and daring of the men who, fighting the people's battles, had to carry their lives in their hands."

Still another correspondent, writing from London to the Philadelphia *Times*, thus summarizes this last of the far-famed agitators for Catholic freedom: "Happening into the House of Commons the other night, I saw there a man who would attract attention anywhere. He was far above the average height. His hair was snow-white, his head was leonine, and his face still handsome and impressive, in spite of advanced age. It was the famous O'Gorman Mahon, who was O'Connell's partner on the hustings when that great agitator first essayed to enter public life.... The ancient fire had not yet gone out of the old man's eyes; and he supported Parnell with the same devotion that he gave to O'Connell more than half a century ago. His tall figure is to be seen mixing up with all the various groups that gather in the smoking-room; and many a weary hour, when the House is plunged in some tedious debate, is whiled away listening to the hale and vigorous old man telling of men and things as they were three-score and ten years ago, when 'the world went very well,' though not so fast as it does now. The O'Gorman Mahon is one of the sights of the English House of Commons, and even the stolid attachés of the House take an interest in pointing him out to strangers. Save that he had grown somewhat deaf, an infirmity by which he was more or less incapacitated, he was the same old fighter, keenly alert for the cause of freedom and the liberties of his co-religionists."

He lent his oratory, which was earnest and forcible rather than eloquent, to the Home Rule debate; and gave all the influence at his command, and such powers as remained unimpaired, to what proved, after all, a hopeless struggle. The same old forces were too powerful. But had that gallant champion raised his voice during half a century for any other than the Catholic Faith, or for any other freedom than that of Ireland, what a hero he would have been to the world at large! It is Whittier who says that there is nothing

more noble than to devote oneself from youth upwards to an unpopular and a losing cause. And that the O'Gorman Mahon did with steadfast and undaunted courage.

Yet do thy work. It shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's need,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's meed.

That parliamentary struggle was his last; and he was presently called upon to go forth, from a life that had been so full of vicissitudes, to what has been fitly described as the "great adventure, Death." The *Daily News* devoted nearly a column to his passing, declaring that 'the House of Commons had lost one of its oldest members and most picturesque figures, who would have been the father of the present House, but that his career was not continuous.' It records his many wanderings and notable adventures, and remarks that "Peel, who advised that daring rebel's prosecution, has been dead these forty years; O'Connell died some forty-four years ago; the O'Gorman Mahon died on Tuesday. . . . His was a strange career, and certainly an honorable and gallant one. He knew when his death was approaching, and awaited the event with unabated and characteristic cheerfulness. Many a flash of positively high spirits helped him to brighten the gloom that was settling on his friends. He had got a great deal out of life, and had warmed both hands at its fire." To which may be added that, fortified with Christian faith, secure in its hope, the soul of that great patriot and valiant fighter for Catholic interests went forth to "the long Sabbath of the light."¹

¹ Much of the information contained in this article is taken from notes upon the subject found amongst the papers of that able journalist and distinguished Catholic, who held an important public position under the Macdonald government,—the late Mr. J. G. Moylan, of Ottawa, whose wife was a near relative of the O'Gorman Mahon. The late Richard O'Gorman, of New York, who was prominent in legal and social circles, and who belonged to the Young Ireland group of patriots, was also a relative.

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XVII.—A BRAVE SHOW.

IT is Market Day in Edinburgh, when the streets are usually alive with movement. But on this September morning there is evidence of some other reason for excitement beyond the customary bustle and animation of selling and buying. Countryfolk have, as usual, their baskets of eggs, butter, cheese, and fruit; yeomen and farm lads, quitting the Grassmarket, their ordinary resort, through the High Street; merchants, leaving their stalls untended in the Lawnmarket, imitate their example; craftsmen and prentices, in their leather aprons, and showing bare brown arms, swell the crowd; fishwives, with their creels, truant schoolboys, citizens of every rank, are there. The main street of the city is thronged with this mixed crowd, and some unwonted topic keeps both burghers and countryfolk agog with expectation. The throng is densest round the Tolbooth, with which the prison is connected, and all along the route past St. Giles' Church to the Market Cross, not far from the eastern end of that building.

For the news has spread all through the city and into the country round about that a Popish priest—who had been seized in the very midst of the "foolish mummery" which Papists style "Mass," and which Master Knox, years ago, as well as all good Christians since his time, ever hated as wicked idolatry—was to pay the penalty of his disobedience to the ordinance of his Grace the King. Folk said that the aforesaid priest was one Mackie, a Dunkeld man by birth, whom the Lord Bishop of Moray had long sought to apprehend for saying his Mass in many and various places in the North. He had flitted from the Marquis of Huntly's houses, Strath-

bogie, and Bog o' Gight, to my Lady Sutherland's at Dunrobin, and Master Leslie's, near Aberdeen, to carry on his "Popish practices," and encourage the ignorant common folk in those parts to persist in their errors. But he had been laid hold of at last; and the sentence passed at his trial two days ago was one intended to put in fear all such "prevaricators," and prevent further practices of the kind.

The bold priest has been condemned to be bound to the Market Cross in the very "Mass clothes" in which he was apprehended, and with the "cup which Papists style chalice" in his hands the while. There he is to remain chained, from the hour of ten until midday; after which all his "Mass clothes" will be stripped off and burned to ashes, together with the rest of his "Popish baggage," in a fire kindled for the purpose. The priest will then be led back to a ward, until a ship can be in readiness to transport him out of the realm.

Papists were growing overbold, forsooth, grumbled the more zealous Kirkfolk in the crowd, if they could thus dare to flaunt their false religion—put down near half a century ago,—in defiance of the Kirk set up by the authority of the King's Grace. It was just and right that a public example should be made at the cost of one of those proud, rebellious priests, who are truly the cause of all the mischief.

The good folk gossiped and argued, as people will do in such cases, upholding a diversity of opinions; yet for the most part the action was approved of. Though, on the whole, it was thought a good thing to expose "false belief," and root out "all semblance of idolatry," there were some who shook their heads mysteriously over the too great interference of the Government in matters of religion. They had in mind, doubtless, the recent introduction of bishops (surely officials of Popish tendency) into the Kirk, which they had gloried in styling Presbyterian. Thus tongues wagged, passing widely different judgments on the questions at issue.

A small and insignificant minority in that throng kept their own counsel as the wisest and safest course. These were the few Catholics who had ventured among the crowds; they were naturally in entire sympathy with the culprit. A wide gulf separated them from enthusiastic upholders of law as well as from mere idle onlookers. They were there in order that their unspoken sympathy, testified by their very presence, might help to support the endurance and stimulate the courage of the brave pastor who was to suffer on their account; for it was because of his zeal for their souls that he was forced to descend into such depths of ignominy and shame.

The hour of ten was still far off when the crowds began to gather. As the time drew near, not only the street but the windows of houses affording a view of the Cross displayed numerous spectators; the latter class consisted mostly of moneyed burghers, who could afford to pay well for the privilege of freedom from the jostling below. The wooden gallery in front of the very window, engaged by Bailie Agnew, six years before, for the use of his wife and her confidential attendant, Isobel Sinclair, at the execution of the Younger of Bonnytown, was now filled by a gayer party than on that occasion.

The centre—in every sense—of the group was a splendidly garbed and unusually beautiful young woman. Her handsome dress of green cloth with rich gold embroideries, her many chains and jewels, delicate laces, and other adornments—not to speak of an air of insolent pride, apparent in her mien,—marked her as a member of the rich, if not the aristocratic, class of citizens. Six years have added a more pronounced perfection to the girlish charm of Helen Gilchrist; she ranks now as superior to all other ladies of fashion in Edinburgh in loveliness as in vivacity. Her position as the youthful wife of the senior Bailie has helped greatly in raising her to prominence in the gay society of the Scottish capital; for the former Helen Gilchrist is now acclaimed as Mistress Agnew.

From this fact it might be inferred that the pitiful and long-suffering Alison Agnew is now at rest from earthly woes; it is true, in a sense. That poor lady is freed from the constant unkindness and unceasing slights heaped upon her by the cruel, vindictive partner with whom she bore so patiently. But it was not death that relieved her: she became the victim of an iniquitous form of persecution, tolerated openly in no Christian country except Calvinistic Scotland. So zealous were the Presbyterian ministers for the extirpation of Catholicism, and so great their power, that they were able to summon before them any person suspected of "Popery," and force such a one to subscribe to the articles of Presbyterian belief; in case of refusal, they would launch the sentence of excommunication. The Catholic wife of a Protestant, under such circumstances, might be driven, as excommunicated, from the shelter of her husband's roof; but that was but the mildest part of the punishment. Presbyterian theologians, to their shame, deemed it not only lawful but expedient for the husband to fill the place of the renegade wife by marrying a Protestant. Catholics, especially the clergy, bitterly lamented so disgraceful a state of things; but they were powerless to prevent it. All that priests could do was to encourage the sufferers by exhorting to patience under such heavy afflictions.

Among those who had been thus oppressed was Mistress Agnew. The spy Allardyce, who had become a servant in the house of the Bailie, had but to report the poor lady to the Presbytery, together with her woman Isobel, and proceedings were taken against both. The hypocritical Bailie, who had really been the secret instigator of the denunciation, added insult to injury by his simulated grief at the result. He was forbidden to allow his wife to remain an inmate of his dwelling, he said; but he would certainly supply an annual allowance for her ample maintenance. His proposal was rejected with scorn; the outraged wife chose rather to

endure poverty and obscurity. She left the house, in company with Isobel, unknown to the Bailie, and betook herself no one knew whither. That her husband's protestations were entirely insincere was proved by his so-called marriage, a year later, with Helen Gilchrist, whom he had secretly admired long before.

Mistress Nell queened it over the wives of other burgesses with no apparent shame; and such was the hatred of Catholicism at the period that the union aroused no outward opposition or expression of disapproval. For Hugh Gilchrist had been spared what would have been to him a source of deep sorrow: he had died some months before. His death, indeed, had made some provision for Helen inevitable. The business had greatly decreased; and when his affairs came to be settled, it was found that all had to be sold to meet debts incurred. Little was left for the children. Helen had to be content with the companionship of an elderly maiden relative in the country, and Jock was forced to work for himself.

Fortunately for Hugh Gilchrist, his early training by a pious mother bore fruit on his deathbed. He begged Jock's services in obtaining a priest who would prepare him for his end; this was accomplished, and he died a penitent Catholic. Something else must be put to Jock's credit: he opposed with all his might the suggested union with Bailie Agnew, to which Helen, sick of the monotony of her life, was quite keen to consent. Though no Catholic in practice, Jock was an upright lad, who viewed such a marriage with disgust; he denounced it to Helen in such unmeasured terms that neither she nor the Bailie would have admitted him to their house, had he wished to enter it. The brother and sister thus became altogether estranged; and Jock's position as a favored foreman in the establishment of a rival merchant in the Lawnmarket rendered him still less pleasing to Bailie Agnew.

The party assembled in company with

Helen on this September morning is composed principally of men,—for she is a greater attraction to the opposite sex than to women. There are four in number—all overflowing with animal spirits, and the majority quite youthful. Nicol Ross, her former suitor—of the dark, impudent face, and roving eye,—still dances attendance upon the lady he most admires; for Agnes Kynloch, so far as he is concerned, has entirely disappeared from ken. Two other youths, insignificant enough in themselves, but scions of aristocratic families—dressed in the extreme fashion of long waists and puffed-out sleeves and breeches,—flutter round the recognized beauty like moths round a candle, and with no better result to themselves. The fourth person is evidently the one most in favor. A handsome man of at least forty, with fair hair and beard, blue eyes and florid complexion. Captain Strong is a military officer of English race, at present holding some position of authority at the Castle, but ordinarily attached to the English Court. Though no longer youthful, it is plain that he is as much under Helen's spell as his juniors.

Mistress Agnew's duenna, seated in the background, is a somewhat sour-faced, elderly woman, of forbidding aspect; she might well have been chosen to serve as foil to her mistress. Margery Mutch had been little to the taste of Master Jock when he became head of the Gilchrist family, and Helen was ready to employ her as tiring-woman when she married. Although so strict a Presbyterian, and an accomplished quoter of Scripture, as we have seen, Margery made no scruple of accepting her present employment. These six persons constitute the party, as Bailie Agnew himself is occupied in an official capacity with the proceedings of the day.

"There's a rare gathering of folk to see the fun," remarked Nicol Ross, as he gazed down at the crowd below. "I'm nae one o' yer religious chieles, but I think they might leave the poor devil to carry on his mummery if he will."

"Nay, Master Ross!" cried Margery, warmly. "Ye canna surely wish to allow the sin of idolatry. What's the Scripture say?"

But her mistress quickly interposed:

"Peace, Margery, with yer cackling! We need none o' your preaching here—unless the Captain would fain listen to a godly exhortation," she said gaily, laughing in his face the while.

"Nay, nay, Margery!" rejoined the officer. "I'll not trouble you now, but I shall know where to come should I need it."

This raised a laugh at the expense of the discomfited duenna, and relieved her mistress in a situation that might have proved embarrassing, had Nicol ventilated his opinions more at length. He must have known that Helen at one time had been at least a nominal Catholic, whatever religion—if any—she now professed to follow.

The blare of trumpets outside signalled a preliminary stage in the proceedings, and drew all to the front of the balcony. The crowd below was surging in the direction of the Tolbooth, whence a procession was issuing. Halberdiers led the way; councillors and magistrates followed with grave step and solemn visage, as becomed their exalted position and its responsibilities. For it behooved them, of all people, to defend the purity of religion, and inflict just punishment upon its opponents. Some ministers, too, in gown and ruff, represented the State Kirk, whose authority had been set at naught by the culprit. Last of all, surrounded by halberdiers, came the chief figure of the pageant.

A sorry figure, truly,—a man of middle age, with pallid, careworn face begrimed with the filth of his prison cell, and with hair and beard all unkempt. He was clad in priestly vestments, sordid enough, and soiled and stained; and in his thin hands he bore a small silver chalice. His eyes blinked as he encountered the sudden glare of the sunlit street; and he staggered a little with dizziness now and again, as

he dragged his way along with faltering steps. Behind him a lad bore open on his breast a large book—the priest's Mass Book,—and exhibited it, with many marks of derision, to the populace as the procession slowly made its way through the crowd.

The people greeted the appearance of the principal actor with shouts of ribald mirth and the pealing of noisy laughter. The spectators at the upper windows around were less demonstrative; yet on most faces there sat an expression of contemptuous amusement. Of the party with which we are concerned, Captain Strong showed least interest. He held in derision both the bigoted prejudices of Presbyterians and the headstrong foolishness (as he would term it) of zealous Catholics. His religious opinions, supposed to be those of the Church of England, rested lightly enough upon him. He gazed down at the scene with a mien of lazy indifference. In Nicol Ross' dark eyes, on the contrary, there shone the gleam of something very like compassion. He, too, was without any very definite religious views; yet he was a sturdy, honest lad enough, whose feelings would revolt against any deliberate cruelty shown to man or beast; and here was, certainly, uncalled-for cruelty, which nothing could justify. Margery Mutch, with glowing face and kindling eyes, seemed to gloat over the spectacle; to her ignorant, superstitious nature this would appeal as a manifest blow to wickedness and idolatry. It matters little what the other two gallants thought; their minds were too shallow to be troubled by very strong feeling.

What of the chief personage in that group? What thoughts occupied Helen, as she sat there, in her bold, dark beauty, watching all that passed, with an inscrutable expression on her clear-cut face? Was it contempt that twisted her lips into a kind of half smile, or was the expression but a mask assumed to hide her real emotions. She alone, of those six, knew what the pageant signified. She had

often seen in the past a figure clad like the prisoner below, but in what different circumstances! Such figures had always been compassed about with an indescribable sense of dignity and awe, no matter how poor or mean the surroundings. For a priest, in those past years, had betokened the nearness of God to man, because of the ineffable union which a priest alone could effect between the Creator and the favored creature. Was it possible that she could now look on at such indignities heaped upon God's minister, and smile approval? Whatever she may have felt, her face betrayed nothing.

The figure of the priest disappeared behind the basement of the great stone Cross, and, after a few minutes occupied in climbing the narrow staircase within, appeared on the broad balcony surrounding the column, together with some of the magistrates, who directed the guards in fastening the prisoner securely to the shaft by means of chains. Two guards remained on the balcony, to the rear, but all the others retired. How pathetically lonely the central figure looked, standing there in his soiled vestments, chained to the shaft of the Cross, and clasping his chalice in his hands! He was set there to receive the execrations of that dense crowd. He who had so often stood to offer the mystic Sacrifice as representative of his Divine Master, was now called upon to tread more closely in that Master's footsteps,—to become, like Him, "the reproach of men and the outcast of the people." Surely his heart was lifted to his Master in loving resignation in that hour of shame, and suffering! He gazed from that height upon a concourse assembled to gloat over him; their delight was to jeer in insolent triumph at the humiliation he was undergoing. Thus had another crowd long ago reviled and insulted the very Son of God, whose lowliest servant he rejoiced to be. Surely the grace of consolation came to him at the remembrance of his Master's word of comfort: "Blessed are you when they

shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for your reward is very great in heaven."

The crowd soon began to thin, when folk had had their fill of the spectacle; for business must not be neglected. Besides, there would be a chance of returning later—perhaps when the two hours had expired, and the "Popish trash" would be burned by the hangman. Two hours' exposure thus the victim had to endure,—a light penalty, surely! (True, his Master hung from the nails for three hours.) Their grandfathers had seen direr punishment meted out to such "vermin."

At the conclusion of the first portion of the proceedings, Bailie Agnew made his appearance to escort home his youthful spouse. He had occupied a prominent position in the procession, and was accordingly arrayed with considerable splendor. His suit of fine, snuff-colored cloth was profusely adorned with lace and buttons of silver. Set off by a fine ruff and handsome lace wristcuffs, it was a costume which would have looked handsome on a man of more graceful proportions. But Bailie Agnew could not be rendered even passably elegant, were his garments ever so splendid.

The Bailie's cringing attitude in presence of aristocratic persons had increased with his upward progress. He seemed to regard it as a mark of humility on his part. On this occasion it was all the more evident, since he was apparently highly gratified with the morning's work. He approached the group, bobbing and becking to the gentlemen, rubbing his hands, and smiling with satisfaction.

"Well, well!" he cried, showing his irregular yellow teeth as he gave a wider smile than ever. "'Twas a brave show, Captain! What think you? Was it not a grand expression of the faith that is in us, here in Edinbro?"

"A brave show, truly," was the non-committal reply.

"Then shall we make for home, Mistress Nell?" asked the Bailie.

Helen had never looked towards him since his entry into the balcony. Her gaze had never left the forlorn figure at the Cross, since it had appeared behind the parapet. She roused herself at the words as from a dream.

"Aye, surely!" she replied, with a re-assumption of her usual careless gaiety of manner. "The bravest of shows will weary a body." And she forced a yawn.

"Margery woman! Quick! Give me my face-mask and gloves! The street is clearing, Captain. There will be no great difficulty in making our way now."

The tiring-woman adjusted her mistress' velvet mask,—a fashionable substitute for the thick silken veil more commonly worn, and concealing less of a beautiful face. Bailie Agnew, admiration expressed in every line of his fallow, ill-favored face, stepped forward to hand Helen into the inner room. But it was to Captain Strong that she had already extended her gloved hand; and it was to him chiefly that her conversation was addressed, as the party threaded its way through the street—still more than usually thronged—to the house in the Lawnmarket.

Another spectator of the scene at the Cross had carried away far different impressions from those of Bailie Agnew. Jock Gilchrist had gone, like so many others, to witness an unusual sight. The connection between the punishment of this culprit and the faith which his father had with such eagerness professed anew at the eleventh hour, did not at first appeal to him with much force. A Popish priest, the crowd exclaimed lightly, had broken the law and deserved to suffer, and the comparative novelty of the spectacle in recent years drew an unusual number together to look on. Jock accompanied others there, as he might have done had it been a question of mere pony-racing in the meadows, or any such like attraction; for he had easily shed the faint impressions of Catholicism which had resulted from the

meagre training he had received in childhood. To him, one religion was much the same as another for irksomeness; and he troubled himself little about such matters. During Hugh Gilchrist's short-lived practice of nominal Protestantism, he had been very lenient as to the conformity of his children, and Jock had attended kirk about as many times in the past six years as might be counted on the fingers of both hands. As regards religious instincts, therefore, his mind was entirely unprejudiced.

But the incidents of that morning had dealt Jock an unexpected blow. When the crowd parted to allow the procession to make its way to the Cross, he had been too far off to distinguish the different persons composing it. But when the central figure—a man in garb, strange to his eyes—appeared in full view on the platform round the foot of the Cross, a shock passed through him; something familiar seemed to appeal to his recollection. In a moment he understood. That forlorn figure, chained to the shaft, and clasping a little silver cup in his hands, was a Popish priest, it was true; but he was something more: that was the very man through whose ministrations peace had returned to the mind of the father who had been very dear to him, but whom death had snatched away. That was the man who had appeared so secretly one dark evening, in response to the letter which Jock himself had carried to one of his father's old and trusted friends, to beg help in his dire distress.

Jock's mind rushed swiftly back in recollection. He saw his father tossing uneasily on the bed, which could give no rest to his body because his mind was agitated with fears and apprehensions; then he recalled the almost incredible calm that had followed the stealthy visit of the priest. And the man who had brought about that wonderful result was the pale, worn, lonely outcast at whose pitiless abasement a mocking crowd exulted,—and he formed one of them! A lump rose in the youth's throat; tears could with difficulty be

restrained; his face flushed with shame.

Just then he caught sight of the group on the balcony,—Nell and her gallants, laughing and jeering, no doubt, at the scene before them, which they had taken care to witness. They were rejoicing that such a man should be put to shame. And for what? For no real offence; rather, for acts of merciful charity towards his fellows, at the risk of such recompense as this he was undergoing. All this public execration was the man's reward for the selfsame ministrations to others which he had rendered to Nell's distracted father on his bed of death. He was suffering because he was a priest,—for nothing else. And it was solely because of his priestly powers that he had been able to render to Hugh Gilchrist consolation beyond belief.

Such thoughts rushed through the lad's mind with lightning speed. What was he to do? He could do absolutely nothing: he was impotent to soften the sufferer's woes in the least—much less was he able to put an end to his agony. Nay,—there was one thing he could do: he could renounce all part in these hateful proceedings, by refusing to lend even his presence to the countenancing of such barbarity. He would stay there not one moment longer. Such things as this were done in the name of godliness, he muttered between clenched teeth, as his square shoulders relentlessly forced a way for himself through the dense throng.

An influence of a totally different character may have helped Jock's attitude towards the day's happenings. He had changed greatly since he had been forced to make his own way in the world. He had no definite religious views, it is true, or any very declared leaning towards piety; but he was inclined to look more kindly upon those who had such views and aspirations. Long ago, when Christian Guthrie was accustomed now and again to drop in for a chat with her gossip, Elspeth, she would often bring with her the little lassie Rose, who became a favorite playmate with Nell and her brother. When they

grew older, the acquaintance cooled down; and after Elspeth's departure, even the casual greetings when they chanced to meet had become more distant.

But Rose had lately come across Jock's path once more. A year or two at Hopkailzie, under Dame Muir's tiring-woman, had worked wonders. Rob Sybald, after his father's death, had secured a footing, through Master Muir's influence, in the household of Lord Fyvie, since created Earl of Dunfermline. The lad had become a great favorite with his master, who now held the high position of Lord Chancellor of the Kingdom. When a young maiden was in request as assistant to the Countess' woman, Rob spoke up for his old playmate, and Rose obtained the post! Now Andrew Tullideff's, where Jock occupied a trusted position, was the leading establishment in Edinburgh for dainty linens and laces; and this had been one cause of the renewal of the intimacy between the two young people; for when the Countess happened to be residing in the Chancellor's town house, Rose was often sent for the dispatch of business by Mistress Harper, whom she assisted in the care of their Lady's wardrobe.

Another help towards their revived friendship was the presence of Rose's mother, Christian Guthrie, in Jock's modest household. For he had been compelled to set up housekeeping for himself, after his father's affairs had been settled; and Christian, a widow and obliged to support herself by work of some kind, had long been a familiar acquaintance. Christian was not more than fifty, yet her life for the past few years had been a hard one. When her husband, the easy-going Robbie, had fallen a victim to the stern vigilance of the Kirk authorities, her lot was rendered most unhappy. She was ceaselessly spied upon; and her husband, entirely under the influence of Bailie Agnew and his spy, Allardyce, plainly warned her that any intercourse with known Papists would bring about her denunciation and probable imprisonment. She was even forbidden to hold

any communication for a time with Rose. But that was a preventive measure chiefly; for it was considered quite safe for the girl to be residing in a house such as Hopkailzie—nominally Protestant—so long as her mother was prevented from influencing her. For Robbie, who knew very little about his daughter's mind on such matters, was convinced that the girl was no keen Papist.

Rose, then, had made a great impression upon Jock,—heart-whole, and of an impressionable age. Though, so far, no love-making had taken placé, or was even hinted at, the evident pleasure he took in her society, when he happened to find her visiting her mother in his own house, showed clearly the bent of his mind. When it is said that the Countess of Dunfermline and her children were devout Catholics, enjoying by their high position more frequent opportunities of approach to the Sacraments than others less fortunately placed, it need not be insisted upon that the well-trained daughter of so fervent a Catholic as Christian Guthrie made use of the privileges thus afforded to the Catholic members of that household. Jock was quite aware of the rumors which made the Chancellor's family unpromisingly Catholic, though the Chancellor himself passed as a Presbyterian; Rose's practice of the religion in which her mother had brought her up from childhood was, consequently a foregone conclusion.

In view of these circumstances, it seems possible that when Jock indignantly realized the cause for which the outraged priest was being cruelly exposed to derision at the Cross, the thought of Rose's opinion of those proceedings would add fuel to the fire of his wrath.

But there may have been another influence at work within the lad's soul, although he himself reverted to it not at all. He had been baptized a Catholic: might not the grace of the Sacrament have stirred his heart at that moment, and aided his resolve?

(To be continued.)

The Silent Ways.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

THE fields and lanes are carpeted
In sombre shades of brown,
With here and there a golden thread,
And now and then a glint of red,—
Frayed bits from Autumn's gown.

The distant hills are seamed and scarred
Beneath the soft'ning haze;
The milkweed pods are brown and hard,
The sumac cones hang black and charred
Above the silent ways.

Though trees are bare and skies are gray,
And brown nests empty swing,
The flow'rs will bloom again some day;
So let's be cheerful as we may,
While waiting for the Spring.

Dalkey Island.

BY OWEN UPPERWOODS.

WE have it on the authority of the Four Masters that a celebrated Milesian chieftain named Sedgha, one of the most renowned warriors of the day, built a *dun*, or fort, at Dalkey in the year of the world 3501. The martello tower erected on Dalkey Island, as elsewhere along the Irish coast when Napoleon threatened to invade England, is supposed to occupy the site of this ancient fort. St. Begnet "the Virgin," a seventh-century hermit, is the patron of Dalkey; and the ruins of an oratory constructed by him upon the island are very interesting, in spite of their antique character's having, unfortunately, been somewhat lost when the building was restored some years ago. Owing probably to a certain similarity of sound in the two names, this venerable oratory is often called "St. Benedict's" instead of "St. Begnet's."

Wells dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Begnet were favorite places of pilgrimage for visitors to Dalkey Island

in the ages passed. A sacred well existed also on the mainland, on the top of Dalkey Hill; and was overhung by a rock known as "Cloch Tobair Gailline," or the Rock of the Well of Gailline. Of the seven fortified castles of ancient Dalkey, only the ruins of two remain to-day. One of these ruins is incorporated with the modern town-hall. The remains of the parish church are particularly interesting to antiquarians because of the old belfry, reached by a flight of steps, and having openings for two bells. From the facility of access to these, it is naturally presumed that they were not tolled in the usual manner, but struck with some instrument held in the hand.

During the Danish invasion, Dalkey Island was used as a place of refuge; and it was while endeavoring to reach its shores, as he fled from the Norsemen in 978, that Coibhdeanach, Abbot of Cillachoidh, was drowned. After the Anglo-Norman conquest, Henry II. gave Dalkey to Hugh De Lacy, constable of Dublin, who presented it to the See of that city. Under the wise rule of the archbishops, the little town developed rapidly; the right to hold a weekly market, and an annual fair on the 12th of November, feast of St. Begnet, being among the privileges granted to the inhabitants.

Dalkey Island is about a quarter of a mile from Dalkey town; and, while the season lasts, boatmen are kept busy plying between it and the mainland. James Hammond, of 4 Bambar Cottages, is one of the best known of these, and belongs to what are called the six principal families of Dalkey; the others being the Archbalds, the Smiths, the Murrays, the Kavanaghs, and the MacGuires. In the eighteenth century a mock monarchy was established on the island, the sovereign being annually elected as "his facetious Majesty King of Dalkey, Emperor of Muglins, defender of his own faith and respecter of all others, and Sovereign of the illustrious Order of the Lobster and Periwinkles." This potentate had his

prime minister, chaplain, knights and nobles, and officers of state; and was crowned amidst much laughter and rejoicings, whiskey, it is said, playing an important part in the ceremony. But the Government took the farce more seriously than it deserved, and, under the impression that it must cloak some sort of conspiracy, suppressed it.

The last "King" of Dalkey Island was one Stephen Armitage, a bookseller. Brought before the authorities at Dublin Castle, an official, anxious to learn the supposed secrets of the society that elected him, said: "You have some privileges in return for the large sums of money you expend, I suppose?"—"Surely," answered King Stephen, solemnly: "We have the privilege of importing thirty thousand barrels free of duty."—"Good heavens!" gasped the astonished official. "Thirty thousand barrels of what, pray?"—"Of salt water, my lord."

Etty Scott, "the gold-dreamer of Dalkey," as she came to be called, was another celebrity connected with the place. She was at the zenith of her fame about 1834, when she gave out that she knew by visions that a great treasure was buried at Dalkey by the Danes, who had only just time to hide it before they were driven from the country by the victorious Irish. Etty Scott was the daughter of a Scotch quarryman, and was so fine-looking a girl that many men believed, or professed to believe, in her "prophecies." According to an enthusiastic biographer, her commanding and well-proportioned figure, dark, flashing eyes, dishevelled hair, and earnest manner, no less than her prophetic power, influenced her followers to such an extent that they carried out a "great blasting scheme."

We are told that while the men worked with a will, Etty Scott exhorted them in a deep-toned voice: "Watch well—work with energy. But, above all, believe in my dream, and be silent as the grave while working. Await with patience the fitting moment; for the secret treasure of the Dane will be surely found, if you hearken

to my voice." And hearken to it they did, leaving their legitimate occupations to follow the gold-dreamer. Large sums of money were spent on blasting powder and flambeaus; and, while the men worked, Etty Scott sat on a rock, a gamecock in one hand and a black-handled knife in the other; ready, should any ghostly visitant appear, to cut the throat of the cock. This extraordinary scene was repeated night after night and day after day, in the presence of thousands of people, till poor Etty "caught her death of cold," exposed as she was to the wild sea breezes, and died without the hidden treasure's having been brought to light.

Some months later, however, many wealthy people came to Dalkey and expended thousands of pounds in the purchase of little patches of land from the squatters and natives, who believed in Etty Scott and had worked under her direction. So that, in one sense of the word, at all events, her famous dream brought gold to Dalkey. To this day many people hold that it is quite possible the Danes concealed a big treasure at Dalkey, and believe that it will yet be discovered. However, this may be, the place has been so blessed by Heaven, from point of view of climate and of natural scenery, that it is not likely to want for gold, at all events, during the summer months.

TAKE away God, and this world is unintelligible. Take away God, and human life is a melancholy puzzle. Take away God, and each human existence drifts like a frail bark which has been cast loose from its moorings and is at the mercy of the waves and currents of the treacherous sea. Take away God, and death hangs over our life's end like a dark and heavy curtain, hiding we know not what, extinguishing hope, and tempting perplexed mortals to give themselves up to this world when the world is bright, and when it is black to lift their hands against their own lives.—*Bishop Hedley.*

A Tress of Golden Hair.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

MADAME BLANCHARD did not receive the new apprentice with a warm welcome. Owing to the stringency of the times, she considered him more in the light of an extra expense than a necessary or desirable adjunct to the household. But Jean showed himself to be so polite and willing that gradually her heart softened towards him. The morning after his arrival he set himself vigorously to work, sweeping the floor, polishing the windows and mirrors, and conducting himself in every way as should be, but as is seldom done by apprentices of any kind. Very soon he became an adept in frizzing and curling the *perruques* that were daily brought into the shop. Madame praised him highly; but her husband seemed very indifferent to the merits of the new apprentice, so much so that his wife took him to task for it.

"How is it, Blanchard," she asked, "that you have never a word of praise for Jean, who does his work so well that he is bringing us new customers every day? It seems to me you do not know a good thing when you get it."

"It is better not to make him think himself invaluable," replied the barber. "I have always found that to be the best way. My frequent absence from the shop, busy as I am making that treasure-hole of yours in the cellar, should be evidence enough to him of my satisfaction with his work."

"You ought to teach him to shave. I am sure he would be as skilful at that as he is at everything else."

"In that case, he might all too soon be taking the bread out of our mouths by setting up for himself."

"I never thought of that," replied Madame Blanchard, reflectively; and she subsided.

One day Blanchard was called to the house of a customer who was ill. While he was gone his wife pursued her household avocations, and Jean was busy in the shop. It was the noon hour; there were no customers at the moment.

The door opened and a little country girl entered.

"Is Monsieur Blanchard at home?" she inquired.

"No, Miss," answered Jean. "What do you wish?"

"I would like to sell him my hair," she replied.

"Indeed!" said Jean. "That would be a pity. Does your mother know?"

"My mother knows. Would you like to see it?"

With these words she removed her little white linen cap, and shook down over her shoulders a mass of the most beautiful golden hair it was possible to imagine.

"How much will you give me for it?" she asked.

"How much do you want?" inquired Madame Blanchard, who, hearing a feminine voice in the shop, came in at that moment to reconnoitre.

"For the love of God, Madame, give me all you can spare!" said the child. "If you could only see those poor prisoners and know how miserable they are!"

"What prisoners?"

"The Curé and Vicar of Notre Dame. They are starving to death, and I have nothing more to give them."

"What! Have you been allowed to enter the prison?" exclaimed the barber's wife in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Madame, and some other little girls also. We pretend to want to play with the jailer's children, and we give them a little—a very little—money, for we have not much. So they let us see the prisoners and even talk with them. You are a good Christian, Madame, I know, and will give all you can afford for my hair."

"I will give you twenty francs," said Madame Blanchard. "Hurry, Jean,—cut it off! If my husband should come in

he would give her twice that and allow her to keep the hair besides. I know him so well. Oh, hurry, Jean!"

"Cut it yourself, Madame," said Jean. "I do not dare to; I am afraid the master will scold me."

She took the scissors in her hand, opened it, hesitated. Her somewhat cold eyes filled with tears.

"I can not do it," she said. "The child I lost had hair of the same color and thickness. Come, Jean, go to work!"

Jean still hesitated. Suddenly the child snatched the scissors from him, divided her hair in two parts, cut half of it herself, and replaced the scissors in his hand.

"Now finish it," she said, "and straighten it all round; for I have cut it crookedly, I know."

But he shook his head. "I can not do it," he answered.

Madame Blanchard seized the scissors, cut the remaining half, neatly arranging what remained. Then she laid twenty francs in the child's hand.

"Thank you,—thank you, Madame!" she said, put on her cap, and went on her way rejoicing.

When Blanchard returned, he was told what had occurred.

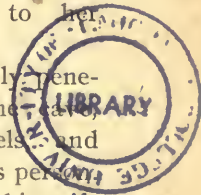
"Oh," he exclaimed, "why was I not here? I never would have cut that beautiful hair. I am sure it was my little heroine of the market. Why—why wasn't I here?"

"There, did I not say so?" cried Madame Blanchard, turning to Jean. "You will die in the poorhouse, Blanchard. You are a real aristocrat."

"Why an aristocrat?" queried Blanchard. "That child was a peasant. Your reasoning is not good, Jeannette."

Madame Blanchard retired to her kitchen, grumbling.

Two days later, the wall entirely penetrated, Jean found access to the cellar, recovered the money and jewels, and carefully concealed them about his person. The next day Blanchard invited his wife to the cellar, where he showed her a hole he had made at one end, the existence of



which he had covered with an old dresser. "It seems to me it has taken you an extraordinary time to do this little bit of work," she remarked.

"I had to be cautious and not make any noise," he rejoined. "People are so suspicious nowadays."

"Yes, that is true," she said, and seemed satisfied.

The following morning at the breakfast table, as had been arranged between him and the barber, Jean announced his departure. Madame Blanchard was astonished and displeased.

"You are a foolish fellow," she said. "You have in you the makings of a first-class barber. Now you are throwing yourself out of a good situation and a good home—for what? I hope Beaugard, down the street, has not tempted you away from us."

"Not at all, Madame," was the reply. "I find that indoor work does not agree with me: I must be in the open air."

"Not agree with you!" exclaimed Madame. "In the open air, forsooth! When you came to us, hardly a fortnight ago, your bones were sticking out of your skin, probably from hunger."

"That is very true, Madame," meekly rejoined the apprentice.

"Now you are already a different-looking person. I fancy your open-air work will be that of tramping from farm to farm, vainly looking for something to do. When you find it impossible to get employment, remember not to come back here."

"I shall remember," said Jean.

"Blanchard, why do you not say something?" exclaimed the irate woman.

"What can I say?" answered the barber. "You have said all that was necessary. And in these days of liberty and equality everyone seems to be entitled to do as he pleases."

That night, after the shop was closed, Jean took his departure. Before leaving, he asked his host to permit him to take with him a wavy tress of golden hair which, on the day of the incident, he had separated from the shining mass the little peasant

girl had sold to Madame Blanchard. Wrapping it in linen, he placed it in his bosom. "To show my mother," he said, "a souvenir of a heroine, and prove to her that the poor women of France have not all forfeited their loyalty to the Church and her ministers."

Blanchard, under pretext of a sudden call, accompanied him to the place where the faithful sailors awaited him. The young man soon rejoined his family at Honfleur, and several weeks afterwards a fishing smack landed the exiles on the English coast.

Madame de Villers rented a cottage in a seacoast town, and, thanks to the partial recovery of her large fortune, found herself in a position to assist the families of her compatriots, several of whom had established themselves in the same locality.

One morning, at low tide, while walking along the shore, the Villers ladies noticed a poor woman gathering seaweed. A long crape veil, brown and rusty, hid her face; her garments were very much the worse for wear. Madame Villers was struck by the beauty of her hands. She asked her, in English, why she was gathering seaweed.

"I do not understand you, Madame," the woman replied. "I can not speak English. I am French, like yourself."

"What a voice!" exclaimed Madame Villers. "It reminds me of Trianon."

"You are right, Madame," answered the stranger, lifting her veil. "It is at Trianon, close to our unfortunate Queen, that I have known you."

"*Mon Dieu*," exclaimed Madame, "you are the Marquise de Luciennes!"

"The same," was the reply. "Mine is a sorrowful story."

That evening the Marquise was installed in the De Villers household. She had suffered so much, and was so weakened by the privations she had endured, that Madame de Villers dared not question her. She knew that the Marquis had been killed at the siege of the Tuileries; and that the father of Madame de Luciennes, after

having taken her to Dover, had died almost immediately. But she did not know what had become of the child whom she had seen several times with her mother in Paris. Naturally she concluded that the widow had lost all whom she loved.

Every evening there was a reunion of the exiles at the house of Madame de Villers. Many of them had lost husbands, fathers, sons or brothers; and the frequent arrival of new refugees was seldom the occasion of encouraging news from home. But they were all French people, with the unconquerable gaiety and social charm of their nation; those meetings at the hospitable house of the Countess could not fail to banish in some degree the melancholy of their souls.

One evening an old priest appeared among them. He had been the Curé of Notre Dame. He was greeted with exclamations of joy and surprise. When she saw him, Madame de Luciennes fell on her knees and seized his hand.

"O Monsieur le Curé," she cried, "how long has she been dead? She was almost at her last breath when my poor father, himself so soon to go, forced me to come to England. He assured me that she would surely die of privation if we brought her with us; but that her good foster mother, Margotton, would have a chance of nursing her back to health if we should leave her. I followed his advice, and from that dreadful hour I have had no tidings of her. When did she die?"

"Madame," said the priest, clasping her hands in his and lifting her from the ground, "she is not dead, but very well indeed."

"When shall I see her? When will she come to England? O Monsieur, why did you not bring her with you?"

"I *did*," rejoined the priest. "She and her good Margotton and myself travelled together,—I representing myself to be the father of her foster mother, clad in the roughest peasant's clothing I could find. In London I sought you in vain. Yesterday I was told that a number of French

exiles were living here—and here I am. To-morrow your daughter will be in your arms."

The Marquise sank on a couch, weeping for joy; while Madame de Villers, clasping the poor mother in her arms, begged her to be calm and prepare herself for the joyful to-morrow.

"How did you yourself escape, Monsieur le Curé," inquired George.

"By bribing the jailer," was the reply. "For the sum of twenty francs—it was not much—he consented to let me go, with two of my companions. He intended, he said, to burn the register by accident, so that our escape might not be noticed. But the money—you can not guess where it came from?"

"We never could imagine," said Madame de Villers.

"From the sale of a beautiful mass of golden curls, Madame," said the priest. Then, turning to the Marquise, he continued: "It was your daughter, Mademoiselle Marguerite, who did it. To her I owe my liberty."

George sprang to his feet, put his hand in his breast pocket and drew forth a small portfolio. Opening it, he revealed a long, golden curl.

"Do you recognize it, Madame?" he asked.

The mother clasped it to her bosom, kissing it again and again.

"But, Monsieur George," she cried, "where did you get it?" Then he told her all.

One by one the visitors departed,—all but the Curé, who had accepted the hospitality of Madame de Villers for the night.

The friends sat talking another hour, though Madame de Villers seemed a little sad and absent-minded.

"Midnight!" exclaimed George, as twelve rang out from the belfry of the church near by. "I must go."

"Go where?" asked the Curé. The two mothers rose to their feet.

"Come, I will show you," answered the youth, leading the priest to the window,

where he lifted the heavy curtain. A ship rode at anchor on the moonlit water; a small boat was approaching the shore.

"What does this mean?" asked the priest.

"That in a few moments I shall be leaving for France," replied the boy. "They are fighting in La Vendée. I am going to join Henri de la Rochejaquelein. Bless me, Monsieur le Curé; and you also, my dear mother."

As he rose from his knees he turned to the Marquise.

"Madame," he said, "I beg that you will give me a strand of that golden curl. It will be for me a talisman when I am in danger. I shall never forget the lovely, innocent face nor the pleading blue eyes of that child as she stood before me that day in the shop of Monsieur Blanchard."

Gently dividing the golden tress, the mother placed half of it in his hand.

Since the days of the Revolution, a singular occurrence has taken place in each generation of the family of De Villers. Among the many dark-headed, olive-skinned children of the race, there is always one—a girl—distinguished from the others by her delicate, fine white skin, blue eyes, and curls of shining gold.

(The End.)

The "Credo" in the Wilderness.

WHEN Cardinal de Cheverus was a missionary in the United States, as he was traversing a dense forest one Sunday morning, there suddenly fell upon his ears the sound of solemn, melodious singing, issuing from the thickest part of the woods. He turned his steps in that direction, and was astonished to find a band of Indians assembled around a venerable man, singing the *Credo* in concert. These pious Indians, having been converted some years previously, and having no priest to say Mass for them, desired at least to show their faith in the Church by reciting its Creed, and proclaiming that they, too, believed.

Cromduff Sunday.

THE Sunday preceding the feast of All Saints is called by Irish-speaking people Cromduff Sunday; and the day was so named in commemoration of the overthrow by St. Patrick, of the great pagan idol, Crom Cruach, and his sub-gods. This idol had been set up for public veneration by Tiernmas some sixteen hundred years or more before the birth of Christ; and the plain on which it was erected was known as "Magh Slecht," which meant the plain of adoration. This plain is supposed to have been somewhere in the County of Cavan.

There were some few Christians in Ireland prior to the arrival of St. Patrick. Indeed, as early as the reign of Cormac, the first Irish adventurers had carried home the Faith of Christ. Cormac was a wise and gifted king, and it is said that towards the end of his life he himself became a Christian. Dr. Ferguson, in a familiar ballad, tells that the monarch sternly refused to be buried with his pagan ancestors, and that he declared:

"Crom Cruach with his sub-gods twelve,"
Said Cormac, "are but craven treene;
The axe that made them, haft or helve,
Had worthier of our worship been."

The chief idol was a huge pillar of stone, with slabs of silver and gold, and a circle of twelve minor idols surrounding it. When Patrick was going on his missionary journey to Connaught from Tara, he learned that a great multitude of people were assembled at Magh Slecht, worshipping the renowned idol. The saint immediately proceeded to the place and struck the idol with his pastoral staff, and the huge stone fell and crumbled to dust. Tradition tells that the sub-idols thereupon were swallowed by the earth.

AGE is not all decay: it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.

—George McDonald.

Literary Poison and Preventive.

CATHOLIC readers of secular and sectarian periodicals must sometimes get the impression that there is a gradual lessening of the hold of Christian principles upon individuals and nations. One writer descants on the failure of all existing modes of religious education to meet the conditions of modern times; another contends that the Commandments are woefully inadequate as a guide to the complex life of to-day; yet another claims that the teaching of St. Paul is in contradiction to that of Christ. And so forth and so on. One is apt to forget for the moment that rejoinders to all such contentions are sure to come sooner or later from the camps of orthodoxy and conservatism. We had just finished reading an article bemoaning alleged failures of Christianity to meet modern needs, when we met with a "lay sermon" in a number of the *Century Magazine* combating all such pessimism, and maintaining that more of genuine Christianity is what the world needs. We quote some striking passages:

"It is more, and not less, Christianity that the world needs as between peoples and between people, in diplomacy, in public and private business, in all affairs of the State, the family, and the individual. Unselfish kindness, helpfulness, courtesy, gentlemanliness, honorable dealing among men,—these are all practical versions of the Golden Rule, and genuine products of the Sermon on the Mount.

"In the secret soul there are apprehensions and appreciations of the hidden truth, the deep humanity, of even the dogmas which are so often spoken of nowadays with scornful and superior criticism by those who have not studied their philosophical significance or felt their meaning in spiritual experience. The doctrine of atonement, by so many deemed outworn,—how many souls it has helped to cast off an impairing and degrading past! How many, in dashing

aside the shell of form and tradition, despoil themselves of some inner treasure, fit and needful for the spirit's food!

"More, and not less, of genuine Christianity is the need of this world. Every intelligent religion may have something to impart to those born to Christianity; but those so born, and the nations thus cradled, will arrive at nobler destinies in the increasing endeavor to follow the spirit of the teachings of the world's one inimitable Prophet."

The consoling fact is that much of what is written against Christianity nowadays is of as little real influence as the *p* in pneumonia. There is an antidote for every intellectual poison. A person who reads in one periodical an article calculated to weaken his Christian faith is almost sure to find in another something to strengthen it.

At the same time, by far the better plan would be to avoid imbibing the poison at all. There are a number of periodicals published in this country, ostensibly as exponents of broad Christian doctrine—organs, so to speak, of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man,—magazines and papers with which a good Catholic has no more business than with avowed antichristian books nominally and specifically condemned by the Holy See. It is well to remember that we are obliged to avoid imprudent running into temptation of any kind; and indiscriminate reading may lead to sins of the intellect as readily as to thoughts and desires contrary to purity. Prevention is a good deal easier, and in every respect incalculably better, than cure. An untrained mind may receive what will prove to it a staggering blow from an article or a book that in its last analysis is mere puerility. Much of the literature of the day is an edged tool, so far as orthodoxy is concerned. The great mass of readers are, in the matter of ability to weigh and judge, mere children; and the literary edged tool is more dangerous to the grown-up child than is the material one to the little folk.

Notes and Remarks.

It is both unjust and foolish to throw the blame of failure to subdue mobs on the police. In the first place, they are as powerless in most cases as the old woman of the nursery tale who tried to drive back the tide with her broom. It is to the great credit of the police that they are always so reluctant to resort to extreme measures. They realize that the vast majority of those composing a mob would be incapable, as individuals, of the lawless acts so often committed by aggregations. The blame lies with the authorities that allow mobs to gather; and this neglect of preliminary precautions can not be charged to the police, who seldom fail to give warning of dangerous assemblages. There are times, it is true, when large mobs seem to gather spontaneously. In such cases the services of the firemen would be far more effective than those of the police. A heavy shower of cold water is better calculated to restrain the mob spirit and to prevent lawless acts than any amount of oratory or any number of clubs and pistols. Violence always provokes violence. None know this better than the police, and it is only when their lives are in danger—often not even then—will they “shoot to kill.” If policemen were not more humane than those armchair reformers who call upon them to quell insurrectionists, “no matter how many get killed,” we should hear of manslaughter by the police on every occasion when the public peace is disturbed, or there is any danger of lawlessness getting the upperhand.

Discussing Catholic lay activities, Father Muntsch, S. J., in the course of an interesting paper, propounds these questions:

Of what use to bewail the fact that our Catholic press is not supported, that Catholic books are not read, that Catholic schools are not patronized, that active membership in Catholic societies is ignored, if we do not set about remedying the evil by good example? Of what avail to pass resolutions condemning “attacks upon our religious

rights” and upon the “rights of our schools,” if we do not bring home to those in power, frankly, yet convincingly, just what are our rights in the premises, and clearly outline the steps we feel bound to take to secure them?

The foregoing touches the quick of one of the greatest drawbacks to Catholic progress in this country. We are too fond of imagining that, just as soon as we have spoken or written eloquently about some Catholic topic, our duty in its regard has been accomplished; that once we have, “in convention duly assembled,” resolved that such and such an anti-Catholic public policy is intolerable, we have acquitted ourselves of all our obligations in the matter. The trouble is that we have altogether too much talk and altogether too little action,—or at least we have had such excessive talk and defective action in the past. Let us hope that the new era on which we have embarked, that of the hierarchy’s active participation in all problems affecting Catholic interests, will see both laity and clergy habitually supplementing the eloquent word with the vigorous deed.

In the course of a magnificent address on “Four Centuries of Catholic Faith,” delivered recently at the Christian Brothers’ Old Collegians’ Communion Breakfast, at Adelaide, Australia, the Rev. C. F. Ronayne, O. C. C., D. D., set forth, with uncommon historical erudition and no less power of language, what has been the Catholic contribution to the progress of the world in the centuries since the so-called Reformation. How well the learned Carmelite Father was able to relate this to current political history is well brought out in the following excellent period:

In his message to Congress in February of last year, President Wilson said that people may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. In thus enunciating the democratic principle known now as the right of national self-determination, he was merely making in a political sense an American’s act of faith. For in the American Declaration of Independence of 1776 there occur these inspiring

words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Now, to what political philosopher or to what school of political thought belongs the credit of first formulating that democratic creed? Possibly you may have heard it credited to the writings and influence of Rousseau, the evangelist of the French Revolution. But Rousseau's claim will not stand critical examination. Its true lines of development go back farther still. In the days of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the thirteenth century, it already existed as an unrealized part of the great wealth of Medieval jurisprudence; but its clear and definite formulation as a precise political principle—the principle which Mr. Wilson expresses when he says that peoples may be governed only with their own consent—is due to two great Jesuits of the latter half of the sixteenth century: the Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine and Father Francis Suarez. Of the latter, who is one of Spain's greatest glories, an eminent Scotch professor, not a Catholic, says that he was the founder of international law. Starting from the Church's official teaching that political government is a natural necessity for human society, that the authority of the legitimate ruler ultimately comes from God, and that each of the three common forms of government—monarchic, aristocratic, or democratic—is in itself lawful, these two Catholic philosophers crystallized the liquid tradition of Medieval political theory into the definite principle which is called now the right of national self-determination. Across the dead years of three centuries there rings to-day the democratic message from the graves of these two worthy sons of St. Ignatius of Loyola.

It is easy to believe, as indicated in the report of the *Southern Cross*, that Father Ronayne's discourse was frequently interrupted by hearty cheers and applause. A more notable oration we have not read in many a long day.

One of the leaders of the Protestant Committee who look forward to the transformation of France into a sectarian country, with no further right to be styled the Eldest Daughter of the Church, is quoted as saying: "It is not so much the reconstruction of the devastated churches

which we have in view as the renovation of the French spirit. Unhappily, the Catholic Church, during the war, has gained in popularity, and on that account our mission is harder."

The French spirit which this evangelist would desire to see renewed is doubtless the anticlerical spirit; but it is altogether doubtful that such renovation would serve the purpose of the proselytizers. It is a commonplace among the best French authors that a Frenchman, when he ceases to be a Catholic, becomes an infidel. And it is an old story, that of the French gentleman who, on being complimented on having become a Protestant by an English lady to whom he had admitted that he had lost his faith, replied: "Ah, no, Madam! You mistake me. I said I have lost my *faith*, not my *reason*."

However far one may be from agreeing with all the views of the Rabbi Stephen Wise, of New York, on the Labor Question, one can not help admiring his courage and humaneness. He is not afraid to express his convictions; and his sympathies are openly with the working classes, whose offences against law and order do not cause him to lose sight of the hardships which so many of them endure and the wrongs from which they have so long suffered. "I am not unaware of, or blind to, the abuses which obtain within the ranks of organized labor," he said in a recent sermon. "I know not a little but much about the blackmailing and corruption and thievery which are responsible for some of the almost inevitable ill-will felt against labor organizations by employers of labor. I know these things and I abhor them."

Rabbi Wise is no Bolshevist. In the same sermon he declared that he was as unalterably opposed to Bolshevism as to Prussianism. Among the real Bolshevists, he holds, are those, Jews or Gentiles, who would deprive the workers of the right to organize and to deal collectively with their employers. In refusing to retract or to modify his strictures against those whom

on several former occasions he thus characterized, he said among other things:

I venture to predict that there will be no betterment of conditions with respect to labor organization and leadership, and that the same practices and abuses that have for decades disfigured it will continue to obtain as long as labor organization remains under suspicion and under fire; as long as it is outlawed and semi-outlawed; as long as it fails to have its normal and legitimate place within our industrial scheme. The one course to pursue toward labor unions is not to attempt to outlaw and to crush them, but to regulate them, to give them legal sanction, to place upon them legal responsibility whether they will or not.

More power to the Rabbi Wise, and may his kind increase! His economic theories may sometimes be more plausible than practical, but his sentiments are invariably noble and humane.

The appeal of Bishop Nussbaum in behalf of the stricken diocese of Corpus Christi, Texas, addressed to the hierarchy of the United States, is sure to meet with a generous response, if seconded in anything like the cordial spirit shown by the Bishop of Fort Wayne, who writes to his clergy: "Read to your congregation the subjoined letter of the Bishop of Corpus Christi. It is left to your reverence to determine how to receive from the charity of your people the contribution they may be willing to give for the relief of our sorely afflicted brethren of the diocese of Corpus Christi: Send the amount received at your earliest convenience to the Chancery."

Bishop Nussbaum's letter is no less simple and direct; he writes:

The full loss of life and property caused by the hurricane and tidal wave which wrecked and submerged the city of Corpus Christi and neighboring country for two hundred miles, on Sunday, September 14, has not been reported by the press. The smaller villages on the Gulf Coast have disappeared; and the city, some sixteen miles inland on the Bay of Corpus Christi, is a mass of wreckage. In the whole storm area the water trapped thousands, and how many were actually drowned will never be known. Returned soldiers declare that the battlefields of France and Belgium show no such complete destruction as the territory which was

swept here by the fury of wind and wave. Not a single piece of church property in the stricken area escaped damage or complete destruction. In Port Aransas and Rockport the very foundations have been washed away. Some priests barely escaped with their lives, losing all but the clothes they had on. I beg your Lordship to send us some help in this hour of distress, and enable our priests to repair their wrecked chapels or to reconstruct them. I know you sympathize with us, and I trust that you will call upon the charity of your people to assist their sorely tried brethren in the South.

A reliable and well-informed correspondent in London—a Catholic author well known to our readers—writes, under date of Sept. 19: "The Labor Party here is on the side of justice for Ireland; but the Press does not report what the leaders say. Over here we have not a free Press any longer; and the accounts of events in Ireland are to be taken with a cartload of salt, not with the proverbial grain."

The fact of the matter is a free Press has not been in existence anywhere since August, 1914. It is only now and then that the public gets the plain, unvarnished truth nowadays on subjects involving political interests. All intelligent people have learned, of course, not to place too much reliance upon the statements of newspapers, even those claiming highest respectability; but they have yet to be convinced that even official documents are not always to be taken at their face value, and that the language of diplomacy does not readily lend itself to speaking the truth. The time is coming, however, when the "common people" will not so unhesitatingly consume what governments give out "for public consumption."

The activity and rush of life have become so general that it is a most unusual experience nowadays to meet with any one who is leisurely and deliberate. Almost everybody is hurrying to finish what is in hand or to undertake another task, to go to some place or to get back from some other place. "I am so overwhelmed with work," writes a United States Senator,

"that I could not attend my own funeral if they were to insist upon having it this evening." We are hoping that this excellent gentleman's funeral will be indefinitely delayed; he will be forced to attend it, however, when the time comes, no matter how much occupied he may be with other affairs. If there are any mottoes which moderns would do well to bear in mind, they are *Memento mori* and *Festina lente*. We should all live better if we were to think oftener of dying, and accomplish more if we worked more slowly. "Are they all mad?" asked a native from Southern Italy, just arrived in New York, as he stood watching from one of the parlor windows of a hotel the scurrying pedestrians and swiftly-driven vehicles. A fellow-countryman who stood by answered in the words of Shakespeare:

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was
wont;
And makes men mad.

In the current number of the *Christian Union Quarterly* may be found, among numerous other communications, a letter from a Catholic priest who propounds what the editor describes as "some interesting queries." We append some of these questions, and the editor's answer to them:

The April issue of your magazine, page 22, gives a report of what has been done towards the reunion of Christendom. It seems that efforts are made to reunite all Protestant Churches. Suppose such a happy event does take place, will then the witness be perfect if the Catholic and Greek Churches are left out? Can the Catholic Church relinquish any of her doctrines, all of which she considers divine? Her discipline may change, but what is of divine origin can not be tampered with. Deny our doctrine; then God's authority vanishes and nothing remains. In this tremendous decision God's will, not human whims, must be the guiding star. No compromise is permitted in dealing with Christ's word: 'Go and teach all things which I have commanded you.'

The editor replies as follows:

It is not the purpose to leave the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic Churches out of the reunion, but the first step is Protestant unity.

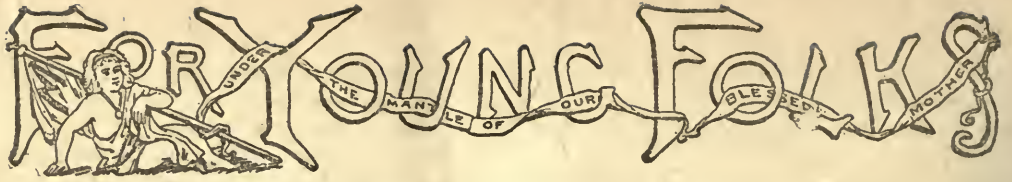
The second step will be the union of Christendom. Many questions raised by Father Vernimont are among the unsettled questions. We must come to learn that because one part of Christendom practises a thing and another part equally as devout and scholarly dissents from the practice, that practice is not established as true, however ancient the practice may be.

Does the editor not know the difference between dogma and discipline, the latter of which Father Vernimont rules out of the discussion? It is with the latter only that the editor's answer deals. Or is the editor only a dodger, and not an artful dodger at that? Until the various "organizations for the promotion of Christian unity" grow honest enough to look these questions squarely in the face, they will remain merely a precarious means of livelihood for indigent ministers.

It is a rather gratifying sign of the times, in France, that M. Clemenceau should have acknowledged, in an interview which has been made public, a radical change of opinion with regard to the French clergy. In a conversation with Senator Monservin, the Premier said:

Formerly I had great distrust for the clergy; I reproached them with concealing the liberty of our thought and persecuting our freedom; and in the early days of the war, when I travelled to the trenches, I used to ask the soldiers, pointing out the chaplain, "Does he not annoy you?" The soldiers invariably replied: "Annoy us! Quite the contrary: he is brave, charming, devoted, cheerful. We love him much." Many times regiments asked me to decorate their chaplains because of magnificent acts of bravery and devotion. These priests I decorated and congratulated with all my heart: a man who renders useful and benefactory services to his country must be considered a good servant of democracy, regardless of religious and political opinions. No one, if he loyally accepts the Republic, must be considered as an adversary.

While the gracious words of politicians are not always supplemented by correspondingly gracious deeds, it is something at least that an avowed anticlerical has recognized the error of his judgment. May he speedily recognize, and correct, the error of his ways!



The Emperor's Face.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

ON the outskirts of a little village not far from Vienna lived a widow with one child—a boy of ten, named Franz. She was very poor and had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. But she was also patient and pious, taking all her misfortunes as coming from the hand of God.

One morning in winter she awoke feeling very ill and unable to rise. Her son brought her a cup of hot milk, which usually relieved her. But on this occasion it was of no avail.

"Go, my child," she said at last, "and ask the doctor to come to me. I can not endure this pain any longer."

"Where shall I find him, mother?" asked Franz.

"He is generally driving along the road in the morning about this time," answered the poor woman. "If you go outside you will see him coming very soon, wrapped in his big cloak."

The boy ran out to the road as quickly as possible, and had not been there long before he saw a one-horse vehicle being driven briskly by a tall man in a heavy mantle.

"Stop, please, sir!" he cried. "I beg you to stop!"

The gentleman reined in his horse and inquired.

"What is it, my child?"

"O doctor," said the boy, "my mother is very ill, and she wants you to come in and see her! She sent me out to watch for you."

The occupant of the vehicle at once alighted, tied his horse, and followed the boy into the poor cottage, on entering

which he was much impressed by the bareness of the room and its exquisite neatness. In front of the fire sat a woman wrapped in a shawl. She looked very ill.

"Mother, here is the doctor," said little Franz. "He was just coming up the road as I went out."

The sick woman turned to the physician, who stood, hat in hand, his cloak thrown open, bending over her.

"This is not our doctor, Franz," she said. "This looks like a very grand gentleman. O sir," she continued, "I could never pay your bill: it would be too heavy!"

The doctor smiled.

"Do not disturb yourself, my good woman," he said. "I may not be your physician—indeed, I am not a physician at all,—but I have some knowledge of medicine, and shall, perhaps, be able to relieve you until your own doctor arrives. What is your ailment?"

"A terrible chill," replied the suffering woman, not forgetting to add, in the midst of her pain: "You are very kind, sir,—you are very kind!"

The gentleman produced a flask from his pocket, went to the cupboard, from which he took a glass, and poured some brandy into it. Then taking the kettle from the hob where it was singing merrily, he half filled the glass with water.

"Drink this," he said, placing the draught to the woman's lips. "It is a strong dose, but it will help you."

She obeyed at once, and had hardly swallowed it before she began to feel relief. Her feet and hands, which had been very cold, experienced once more the glow of life.

"The pain is gone, sir," she said, looking up at the visitor gratefully. "The medicine acted like magic. God bless you!"

Once more the gentleman glanced about the room.

"Will you not sit down, sir?" asked the widow.

"No," was the reply. "I must go. But before I do, tell me how you live and what are your resources."

"I live by washing and cleaning for my more fortunate neighbors," she answered.

"Do you manage to live comfortably?"

"For a poor widow, yes," she said.

"We do not require very much, my child and I."

"Can you save anything?"

"That I never expect to do," she replied.

"But I trust in God."

The gentleman buttoned his cloak.

"I am leaving a small gift on the table," he said. "Continue to trust in Providence." With these words he left the room.

Meanwhile little Franz, having heard from the lips of the stranger that he was not a doctor, had concluded to go out on the road once more and waylay the physician whom his mother had told him to summon, as he feared the ministrations of their unknown friend might not be effectual.

As the gentleman left the house, the doctor and Franz were entering the gate. To the surprise of the boy, the doctor removed his hat and made a deep bow, which was returned with courtesy.

"Frau Katherine, do you know whom you have had for a visitor?" inquired the physician of the widow, as he closed the door.

"A very kind gentleman, that is all I know," answered the poor woman. "He relieved my distress with some good liquid, though he says he is not a doctor. And he left a gift on the table, which was very kind of him. There it is, doctor,—near your hand."

The physician took a twenty-crown gold piece from the table and held it up to the eyes of the sick woman.

"Do you recognize that face, Frau Katherine?" he asked, turning the gold piece toward her.

"It is the same!" she cried in astonishment. "Can it be possible?"

"You see it before your eyes," replied the doctor. "Your kind visitor—God bless him and grant him length of days!—was no other than our most charitable and beloved Emperor—Franz Joseph of Austria."

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XVII.—FOURRIN'S REVENGE.

UNCLE LAYAC and Tim were on the point of crying out when they saw Fourrin, but their stupefaction strangled the cry in their throats. As for Fourrin, visibly taken aback on finding himself discovered, he remained motionless for several seconds without saying a word, apparently thinking about what he had better do. Then, making up his mind all at once, and seeming to forget their previous quarrels, he exclaimed:

"Well, I declare! What a fortunate meeting! You? And here?"

Uncle Layac remained quite impassive and made no reply.

"But say, my dear Layac," continued Fourrin, "can you still be angry about my outburst the other day? I was very much put out at the time, and I beg to offer you now, most sincerely and loyally, every possible excuse. Forget it all, I pray you. Remember what the poet says: 'Let's be friends, my Prosper: it is I who invite thee.'"

This quotation, in which Layac thought he discerned something of irony, caused the big grocer to break out:

"Ah, for example, that's a little too thin! You ask for my friendship after all the evil you have done me! You offer it to me here, where you have come for no other purpose than to spy on me! Keep your friendship, sir."

"And yet—"

"It's quite useless to say more! I haven't any intention, by becoming reconciled

with you, to facilitate your design of making me your dupe."

And Uncle Layac, as he spoke, assumed an attitude so stern, not to say tragic, that Tim couldn't help crying out, "That's the talk, Uncle!"

"So much the worse for you," replied Fourrin. "You'll have only yourself to thank for whatever may happen."

Having delivered himself thus, Fourrin went with his chauffeur to the other end of the room; while Tim and his uncle, somewhat disturbed by the exchange of compliments, hastened to finish their meal. Having drunk their coffee, they went out into the yard of the tavern.

"Now, then, Uncle,—it's clear enough, eh?"

"What is clear?"

"Why, Fourrin's presence here. There's no doubt whatever now. It was his automobile, fast enough, that we saw a few days ago near Orthez. The confounded sneak must have followed us to Biarritz. There he saw the direction we took to enter Spain; and, passing by Hendaye and the Bidasson Valley, he came here to wait for us."

"Ah, the rascal! But what can he imagine he is going to contrive against us?"

"As for that, I don't know. But there's one thing sure: we mustn't stay here any longer than is necessary. We shall start to-morrow morning at the first touch of dawn; and to-night, instead of occupying the rooms prepared for us, we shall sleep on mattresses in the shed where we've placed our aeroplane."

"That is just what I had decided on."

"And so, if this abominable Fourrin should take a notion during the night to injure our machine, we shall be there to receive him."

"Exactly," acquiesced Uncle Layac; "and it will be *some* reception, too."

Without wasting time, Tim gave orders that mattresses should be placed in the shed; and half an hour later both the aviators were sleeping as soundly as folks generally do sleep after a fatiguing

day, no matter what emotions they have undergone.

All the same, it was not just the wisest thing they could have done that night, this going to bed so early,—as we shall see. In fact, about midnight, when the innkeeper, half asleep, prepared to close his doors, a band of queer-looking customers invaded the dining-room, where Fourrin and his chauffeur were taking a final cup of coffee,—the former in a decidedly bad humor, as he was asking himself how he could stop Layac from continuing his journey.

The newcomers, men and women, were dressed poorly but in rather a picturesque fashion. They might have been taken for a troupe of wandering players. The men wore wide trousers of brown cloth tied at the knees, and long waistcoats of the same material, ornamented with several rows of metal buttons. The women's dresses were gaudy, with the most brilliant of colors displayed in striking contrast. All wore *espadrilles*—a kind of Spanish moccasin with legs,—and one could surmise from the tint of their complexion that they were accustomed to live in the open air and to frequent the mountain heights.

The oldest of the band, he who seemed to be the leader, could not repress an exclamation of discontent when he saw that a couple of strangers were in the room.

"Here, Pepita!" he called to one of the maids of the tavern, who was waiting on Fourrin and his companion. "Isn't there another room where we can be by ourselves?"

"Oh, yes, Signor Antonio! The next room has nobody in it just now."

"Very well: bring us refreshment there."

The maid, evidently impressed by the old Spaniard whom she probably knew well, hastened to obey his orders and the band followed her into the room she had spoken of.

"Now, I wonder," said Fourrin to himself, "who all these folks can be?"

His curiosity was all the more stimulated by the fact that, once inside the room, with

the door closed, the band gave way to stormy talk and imprecations. From the frequency with which they struck the tables with clenched fists, it was easy to surmise that they were in anything but an amiable mood.

The maid coming from the other room just then, Fourrin accosted her.

"Pepita," said he, "can you tell me who are those persons?"

"I don't know, sir," she replied, apparently vexed by the question.

Without being much of a psychologist, Fourrin understood that he would get nothing out of Pepita unless he loosened her tongue with a tip; so, slipping a silver coin into her hand, he continued:

"And now perhaps you can tell me."

The maid hesitated a second or two, turning the coin about in her hands; then, glancing at the door to see if it were well closed, she drew close to Fourrin, and, trembling lest she should be heard, whispered:

"They are smugglers."

"Ah, indeed!" commented Fourrin. "And do you know why they have so preoccupied an air, and are making all this racket?"

"Yes."

"Well, why, then?"

"Because there has been a battle in the mountains to-night between them and the French customs officers; and one of their companions, the smartest and most famous of the band, was taken prisoner."

"Yes, I can see now why they seemed so excited."

"Oh, that wasn't the only reason!" said Pepita.

"Had they anything else to be angry about?"

"I should say so!"

"What was it?"

"They declaré that, for the French officers to have surprised them, some one must have denounced them; and they are naturally asking themselves who the denouncer could have been."

These words were like a flash of lightning

for Fourrin. He had found the sought-for means of interrupting the trip of his enemy Layac, if indeed the trip would not have to be altogether abandoned. Accordingly, he lost not a minute.

"Go tell the chief of the band," said he to Pepita, "that there is some one here who wishes to speak to him at once."

"O sir, you're not going to let on to Antonio that I've told you anything, are you?"

"Not at all! Rest quite easy. But hurry up. I've no time to wait."

The maid hesitated for a moment, then went to the door, opened it, and called to the Spaniard. He was a tall old fellow, straight as a pine tree, and, despite his age, still very robust.

"What do you want?" he asked Pepita, as he came through the door separating the two rooms.

"It is I who wish to speak with you," said Fourrin, advancing towards him.

"You? In the first place, who are you?" asked the old man, somewhat suspiciously.

"That doesn't matter. I am going to do you a service."

"A service? To me?"

"Yes."

By common accord, both men made a sign to the maid to go away. She, having no desire to become mixed up further in the matter, at once obeyed. Fourrin's chauffeur thought it discreet to follow her example, and he, too, went out.

"And now," said old Antonio, "speak out."

Weighing his every word, Fourrin explained to the smuggler that by pure chance he had learned the real trade of him to whom he spoke, and that he was well aware with whom he had to do. Then, before Antonio had recovered from his surprise, the wily Fourrin added that the same chance had disclosed to him the identity of the individual who had betrayed the smugglers to the customs officers; and he concluded that, as, for his part, he considered such action simply infamous, he had no other wish than to see the be-

trayer receive the punishment which he so richly deserved.

The old man's eyes flashed like lightning.

"You swear to me that what you tell me is the truth?" he demanded.

"I swear it," replied the odious Fourrin, his voice trembling a little as he took the false oath.

"That's well," rejoined Antonio.

He was quite convinced; for all Spaniards, no matter whether or not they be honest men, regard an oath as something peculiarly sacred.

The old man reflected in silence for a few moments.

"And you say," he remarked at last, "that you know the wretch who betrayed us, and who is the cause of one of our band's being wounded and taken prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Ah, who is he,—who is he?" he asked, clenching his fists with rage.

"He is a fellow named Layac, who is travelling to Lisbon in an aeroplane. That, by the way, is how he was able to see you and to denounce you afterwards to the French officers."

"Just so,—just so!" said the furious Antonio. "We noticed the aeroplane during the evening. And, now I think of it, I remember that it was flying just above our heads when we were surprised by the customs officers."

"So, you see—"

But the old smuggler did not allow Fourrin to finish his sentence.

"Where is the miserable spy?" he asked, as he brought his fist down on the table. "Where is he, that I may avenge our comrade?"

"He is here."

"Here?"

"Yes: in this inn, whence he is going to depart at daybreak."

"Well, he had better recommend his soul to God as speedily as possible."

"What are you going to do?" inquired Fourrin.

"That," said the old Spaniard in a truculent tone,—*"that is my business."*

Then, after thanking his informant for the service he had rendered him, he betook himself to the other room and joined the members of the band.

"Good, good!" exclaimed Fourrin to himself, as he rubbed his hands. "It strikes me that Layac is not so near Lisbon as he imagines he is."

Thereupon he lit a fine cigar and strolled outside, where his chauffeur was watching a group of young people dancing the fandango.

(To be continued.)

God's Primer.

One of the leaders of the French Revolution of 1793, the ferocious Carrier, so well remembered on account of the murders at Nantes, once said to a Breton peasant:

"We are going to tear down your belfries and churches."

"That may be," replied the man, "but you will have to leave the stars; and while that primer is left to us we shall teach our children to spell from it the name of God."

This fine response recalls those inspired words of the Psalmist:

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

No Eyes.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

A VELVETY mole,

A worthy old soul,

Who lived in a house down below,

Once said to a toad:

"Sir, I think your abode
Is a very poor thing, do you know."

To which Toadie replied,

With eyes opened wide:

"Friend Mole, you are not very wise;

For my house fits me well;

But you really can't tell,

As, alas! poor old Mole, you've no eyes."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Letters of Dante," edited with translations and notes by Mr. Paget Toynbee, and a volume of "Essays on Dante," by the same author, are announced by the Oxford University Press.

—Hodder & Stoughton, London, promise "The Memoirs of Cardinal Mercier," in two volumes; and several additional volumes in the English edition of Fabre's works, including "The Story Book of Birds and Beasts" and "The Mason Wasps."

—Among recent publications of the Catholic Committee of "Propagande Française" is an exceptionally interesting brochure by Mgr. A. Baudrillart, "L'Amérique avec la France." The author utilizes some of the impressions which he received during his visit to this country last year.

—"Le Canada Apostolique," by Henri Bourassa, a very interesting brochure of 170 pages, is a review of the mission work of French-Canadian Sisters. Mr. Bourassa wields an eloquent as well as a trenchant pen, and his new work is an admirable addition to our store of mission literature.

—"The Workings of Prohibition," by Louis Seibold, a pamphlet of seventy-four octavo pages, is a reprint of a series of articles published, a few months ago, in the *New York World*. It will be found of unusual interest by both the advocates and the opponents of Prohibition; and the latter will find in its pages not a few arguments calculated to buttress their opposition to the policy to which, by something of a snap vote, our country stands committed.

—Lovers of Irish folklore will not care to miss "Lo and Behold Ye!" the latest volume from the hand of that indefatigable Irish writer, Mr. Seumas MacManus. (Frederick A. Stokes, publisher.) A few years ago Mr. MacManus gave us "Yourself and the Neighbors," a book of exquisite charm and one sufficient to establish a reputation. The present volume is not a tale about the people of his Donegal hills, but the tales which they relate among themselves around the turf fire. Most of these stories have a very ancient origin, some of them being rendered from the original Gaelic. They are, of course, frankly fictitious, especially in some of the characters they conceive; and generally the incidents they relate are gorgeously impossible. Yet the story-teller's art is such that for the moment the atmosphere is made so real there is no impression conveyed of the

grotesque. The humor of them is broad and rollicking, as in "The Man who Would Dream" and "Donal O'Donnell's Standing Army"; while at least one story, "The Day of the Scholars," has a fine edge of satire. The book has a few illustrations which hardly increase its merit or attractiveness.

—While the retail prices of books in this country still remain higher than the average purchaser thinks is either necessary or expedient, we are better off in that respect than the book-buyers of England. The cheap cloth-bound English book which, before the war, sold for fourteen cents now costs fifty; and the standard English novel which used to cost \$1.50 can not be secured nowadays for less than \$2.00.

—Having seen specimen pages of the small folio and large quarto Ratisbon editions of the new *Missale Romanum*, we strongly advise those who intend to discard their old missals as soon as the new ones are to be had, to wait for the Ratisbon productions, which will be ready in April. They will be skillfully printed on specially made, scientifically tinted paper, from new type admirably appropriate to liturgical publications; and, as formerly, elegantly and durably bound in leather. In every respect the Ratisbon missals are distinctly superior.

—"The Truth about China and Japan," by B. L. Putnam Weale (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a twelvemo of 248 pages, 155 of which are devoted to five chapters with the headings: General Introduction—The Early Relations between China and Japan, The Outline of the Far East, The Settlement of the Chinese Question, The Problem of Peking, and If Japan Refuses? The remaining pages are given up to an appendix containing the text of fourteen different documents. Readers of the magazine *Asia* will have already perused the body of the work in the form of essays contributed to that periodical. It is a pity that Mr. Weale did not take the trouble to furnish an index for the book.

—To all who are in search of reliable information on the subject of Spiritism we can confidently recommend "The New Black Magic," by Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, just published by the Devin-Adair Co. It is a trenchant criticism by an expert (formerly a member of the Society for Psychical Research) who for many years has been a diligent investigator of spiritistic phenomena, and is the author of several standard works dealing with the new necromancy. The

present volume presents the evidence of Christian thought, of common-sense, of fact and experience, of history, and of true science. It proves the "new revelation" to be a monstrous delusion, points out the grave dangers of spiritistic practices, and shows the utter worthlessness of so-called spirit-messages and of the evidence of spirit-photography, etc. The truth about the ouija-board is also told. The entire argument of the book is thus summed up by the author:

The occult phenomena, evoked and observed and studied in modern times, are no discoveries by science of hidden but normal powers in man which may be legitimately utilized and cultivated, and by means of which the spirits of the dead can be made to furnish proof of their survival, and by which they can impart useful knowledge to the world. Their induction is a revival, in modern form, of that ancient necromancy and black magic, which was and is to-day practised by most uncivilized or partially civilized races, and which, both the legislators of the Jewish race and the teachings of Christ and of the Christian Church, in every age, and in the most emphatic terms, rigidly condemned. It is a movement of thought, in violent and bitter antagonism to the revealed, supernatural truths of Christianity, tending to separate the human soul from the supernatural order and reducing it to that state of helplessness and naturalism from which Christ came to set it free. Its appearance, in our time, is a literal and startling fulfilment of remarkable words of prophecy and warning, uttered nearly two thousand years ago.

In view of the rapid spread of Spiritism, its grave dangers, and the ignorance of the great majority of people concerning it, we regard "The New Black Magic" as a most timely and important publication.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The New Black Magic." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$2.00.
 "The Truth About China and Japan." B. L. Putnam Weale. \$2.
 "Lo and Behold Ye." Seumas MacManus. \$1.60.
 "Poems." Theodore Maynard. \$1.35.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
 "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
 "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
 "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.

- "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
 "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
 "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
 "An American Girl on the Foreign Missions." Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M. A. L. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.
 "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baierl. \$2.
 "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Ethics of Medieval Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
 "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
 "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.
 "Fernando." John Ayscough. \$1.60; postage extra.
 "The Principles of Christian Apologetics." Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25.
 "The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems." Benjamin R. C. Low. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Philip Garrigan, D. D., bishop of Sioux City.

Sister M. Antoinette, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Belinda, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Apollonia, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Adelbert, Sisters of St. Dominic.

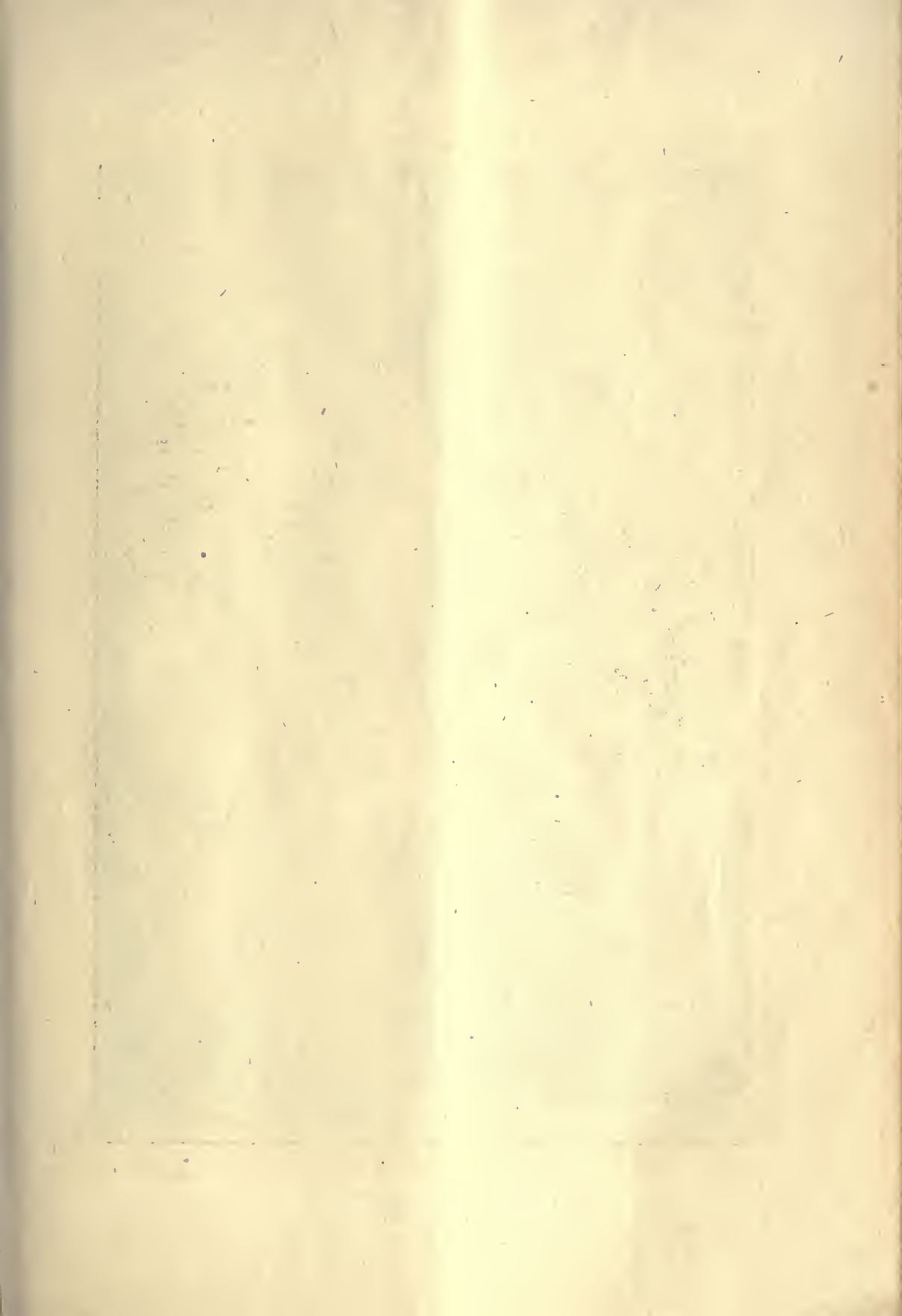
Mr. Ambrose Roth, Mr. George Hilke, Mrs. Lucy Regan, Mr. James Cassidy, Mr. A. A. Dickerman, Mrs. Rose McCarthy, Mr. John Boegmann, Mr. Leo C. Healey, Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Lucy Bowen, Mrs. Helen Geacns, Miss Catherine Wood, Mr. Thomas Connor, Mr. James Heath, Mr. Edward McMenamin, Mrs. Loretto Holmes, Mr. John Goulais, Mr. Owen McKelvey, Mr. Edmund Lacasse, and Mr. John Cameron.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M., \$100; friend (Bradford), \$2; E. J. G., \$10. For Bishop Tacconi: A. C. I., \$1; Mrs. B. J. S., \$3; friend, \$10; Sister, \$3. For the Armenian children: E. J. G., \$10.





QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS
(Sodoma, Turin)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Madonna of the Hearth.

BY HENRY C. MCLAN.

THOU within the oaken frame
That hangs upon our hearth-stone wall,
This All Souls' night in prayer we call
Thy blessed name!

For them we say thy Rosary;
We follow Christ, when all is still,
To garden, pillar, hall, and hill,
And hope in thee.

Madonna chaste, thy tearful eyes
Recall the day of poignant grief,
When Jesus promised to the thief
God's paradise.

Of Christ, the Lamb of whitest fleece,
Three gifts we crave for souls to-night:
His sweet refreshment, heavenly light,
And perfect peace.

This morn we prayed for them at Mass;
At eve we say thy Rosary,
That souls from their dread agony
To Christ may pass.

Purgatory.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

I.—DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

DEATH is the door to judgment. We should have a fear of death. God desires that we have a holy fear of it, because death is His own punishment. "On the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." It is only right that we should have a reverent fear of death; because it is a means

that God has chosen to make use of for our good. He could have chosen other ways and other means to punish sin. He punished it in the case of Our Lord by the Cross. Christ, of course, had committed no sin, and did not deserve punishment; but, because He agreed to take our sins upon Him in such a manner as if He Himself had committed them, "God laid upon Him the iniquities of us all"; in that sense Our Lord deserved the Cross. But for us, pain and sorrow and finally death are the just punishment of sin.

We are to fear death, then; and yet not to fear it. Our Lord feared the Cross. "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." Nevertheless, tradition and the saints tell us that He stretched out His arms to receive the Cross, and kissed it. To go on despising death in a foolish bravado way is near to blasphemy. It is against what God intends death to be—namely, a means to make us avoid sin. "Remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin."

But, on the other hand, to fear death excessively is sin, too; because it is to despair of God's kindness and mercy in a time of darkness and trial. God told Moses to cast his staff on the ground; and it became a serpent, and so living and real that Moses ran away from it. But God said again to Moses: "Stretch forth thy hand and lay hold on it." He did so, and it became a staff in his hand once more. So is it with death.

Two things will give us great comfort on our deathbed: did we receive Holy Communion, and did we say a "Hail Mary"? During life did we try to receive

Holy Communion reverently? Every time we did so, Our Lord repeated His promise anew: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." And we can appeal to Him to keep His promise. The more frequently and the more reverently we receive, the stronger will our appeal be. And when we recite the "Hail Mary" we say: "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death." We may say it a hundred or a thousand times, ten hundred or ten thousand times; but if we only say it thoughtfully and fervently, then a hundred times or a thousand times we shall have asked Holy Mary to remember us at the hour of our death; and she will not forget to do so.

The Council of Trent defines that "there is a purgatory, and that the souls detained there are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and above all by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar."

After death comes judgment. Before passing sentence, God summons to judgment. When Adam sinned, "the Lord called him and said: Where art thou? And he said: I heard Thy voice in paradise and I was afraid. . . . Thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat."¹ And, again, when Cain had sinned, "the Lord said to him: Where is thy brother Abel? And he answered: I know not. Am I my brother's keeper? And God said: What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to Me from the earth."²

Each one has three judgments: judgment on the last day, private judgment at the hour of death, and the judgment we make of ourselves at confession. Of these the last has the closest, most important and most efficacious connection with purgatory. The cleansing fires shall have passed away forever when this Last Judgment takes place. Purgatory follows instantaneously on the verdict of the private judgment, and no opportunity is

allowed of wiping out or shortening by our own act the sentence then pronounced.

But the judgment of the Tribunal of Penance,—oh, that is the important one! The more solemn and the more careful that judgment of ourselves is, and the more punctual and pious our fulfilment of the satisfaction, the shorter the detention in purgatory will be. Our Lord Jesus Christ will sit in person both at the private and at the Last Judgment. His Cross will be raised in front; and He will not appoint nor will He suffer a representative. In both those tribunals judgment is His, and He will not give it to another. But in the Tribunal of Penance He has representatives, in order that His mercy might be manifested. "With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plentiful redemption." There are numbers of reasons why it is men, and not angels, He has chosen for his representatives in that most gracious judgment-seat. And now that He has made it so easy for us, let us 'come to terms with our adversary while we are on the way'; let us reap as abundant profit as possible from this merciful provision of our Blessed Lord.

And, to help us to do this, the priest, sitting as judge, is ordered by the Church to add at the end of the absolution, and as an integral, though not essential, part of the sacrament, this prayer: "May the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of all the saints; may whatever good thou thyself hast ever done, and whatever wrong thou hast suffered, be unto thee to the remission of thy sins; be unto thee to an increase of grace, and to the secure reward of eternal life. Amen."

Our duty plainly is to make every effort to receive the sacrament worthily. The woman in the Gospel lost but a groat. It was only a small coin; yet Our Lord Himself says that "she lighted a candle, swept and searched the house; and, having found it, rejoiced." "Every man that hath this hope [of seeing God] sanctifieth himself," says St. John in his

¹ Gen., iii, 9-11.

² Ibid., iv, 9, 10.

First Epistle; "as He also is holy." And Our Lord tells us: "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God."

PRAYER.—O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, give to the souls of Thy servants and handmaids departed the remission of all their sins; that, through the help of pious supplications, they may obtain the pardon they have always desired. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

II.—SATISFACTION.

In all the ages, every person of a serious turn of mind, who believed in a future life, looked on a middle state as reasonable. Pagan beliefs had their Elysian Fields, Pluto's gloomy region, and an intermediate sphere where the shades had lesser pains and lesser joys. The Jewish and Christian religions, having God for their central worship, at all times accepted and taught the doctrine of purgatory.

Purgatory is a necessity of the instability of the best of us, almost of the greatest saints. "The just man falleth seven times a day." Jews and Catholics were unanimous in its belief. No one acknowledging God questioned it, till Protestantism came. Even the sects that fell away from the Church in the early ages, taught it. But Protestantism without a blush told them that they were all wrong; and it went on for two centuries or more teaching that there was no purgatory. A change came, however; and—blessed be God!—perhaps more than half the members of that denomination now believe in purgatory and pray for departed friends.

Protestantism from the start was bound to take the stand it did. In order to make life easy and indulgent, the doctrine of good works was set aside. Then "Indulgences" offered a favorable battle-ground. No good works and no indulgences, necessarily and logically no purgatory. The Epistle of St. James was expunged from the authorized version of the Bible, because it recommended good works. The two books of Machabees were expunged from the Old Testament,—

beautiful writings containing instances of exalted piety and sacrifice on the part of the people, and miraculous protection on the part of God.

Judas Machabees was fighting the enemies of his country. Before one of the battles, some of the soldiers, contrary to the prohibition of God, had entered a heathen temple, and had taken away objects of devotion offered to the idol there. These they hid in their tunics. Now, these men, and none others, fell in the fray. And "Judas called upon the Lord to be their helper, and leader of the battle. Then, beginning in his own language, and singing hymns with a loud voice, he put Gorgias' soldiers to flight."

But 'the day following, the Jews came to bury their dead comrades; and they found under the coats of the slain the votive offerings of the idol; so they all plainly saw that for this cause they were slain. And so, betaking themselves to prayer, they besought the Lord that the sin which had been committed might be blotted out. But the most valiant Judas exhorted the people to keep themselves from sin; and, making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem to be offered for sacrifice for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously of the Resurrection. It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins.'

Protestants and Catholics agree that the Books of Machabees are at least perfectly reliable records of history. That is all that is asked for here. If they be trustworthy historical documents, we can appeal to them to tell us what was the general belief of the Jewish Church with regard to prayers for the dead; and we have the answer in the foregoing. This is not the place to prove that they are inspired; and so we pass on, merely saying that the Third Council of Carthage calls them inspired: "These are the Books which our fathers in the faith

¹ II. Mach., xii, 36, 37.

taught us to read in church under the title of divine and canonical Scriptures," is its declaration. St. Augustine makes an enumeration of all canonical Books of Scripture, and numbers the Books of Machabees among them. Pope Innocent I., in 405, counts them among the Inspired Scriptures; as does Pope Gelasius, and with him seventy bishops in the Council of Rome, A. D. 494.

Protestants hold that the Church was without error in the first centuries. We look to those times to find what was its belief regarding purgatory. St. Clement of Alexandria says that one of the faithful, who dies after putting away his vices, has nevertheless to suffer punishment. Tertullian speaks of the prison in the next life, "from which no one departs till he has paid the last farthing." St. Cyprian writes: "It is one thing to await pardon, another to enter directly into glory. One dies, and is cast into prison, and will not leave it till he pays the last farthing. Another dies, and straightway receives the reward of his faith and his courage. One may be purified from his sins by suffering for a long time the pain of fire, or efface everything all at once by martyrdom. In a word, it is one thing to endure patiently the sentence of the Lord, and quite another to receive immediately the crown of glory."

"Satisfaction"—derived from two Latin words: *satis*, "enough"; *facere*, "to do," "to do enough"—has the same meaning that it originally had in our ordinary speech,—“to make up fully for the wrong that has been done.” When, then, we get a “penance”—that is, “satisfaction”—from the priest in confession, we ought to rejoice and be thankful that we have an opportunity of making reparation to God for the injury we have done Him. And we ought to perform the “penance” carefully and piously; for we are thus making “satisfaction” to God.

If we do not from our whole hearts make reparation to the full, the remainder will stand against us; and it rests with

God to exact payment of it by laying on us temporal losses—suffering, pains, and sorrows—in this life, or by inconceivably grievous pains in the fires of purgatory hereafter. Now, charity to our neighbor is one of the holiest means we have of pleasing God. “When thou didst pray with tears,” said the Angel Raphael to the elder Tobias, “and didst bury the dead, and didst leave thy dinner, and hide the dead [of thy people] by day in thy house, and bury them by night, I offered thy prayer to the Lord.” But charity to the soul is of greater merit than charity to the dead body. And the greatest charity on earth is to pray for souls in their last agony and for the departed souls in purgatory. To pray for either, or both, will make almost boundless satisfaction for our own sins. When we pray earnestly, we may be sure our Guardian Angel will offer our prayers to the Lord.

Let us pray, then, for the dead,—assist at Mass, say our Beads for them. ‘The prayer of the just man availeth much.’ The prayer of each just man is holy and of great merit. By a “just man” is meant one who is in the grace and friendship of God. Such a man may be within or without the Church,—that is, if he be inculpably outside its pale. He could not be a “just man” if he were culpably outside the Church; for then he would be disobeying directly the commandment of Our Lord to belong to and obey the Church: “He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.” St. Paul was inculpably outside the Church, and even persecuting it, till he was stricken down on the road to Damascus.

The individual prayer of every just man availeth much; and when Protestants pray for a deceased friend, they are to be sympathized with and encouraged, and for two reasons: (1) If their friend died in the friendship of God, without grievous sin (original or actual) on the soul, then the soul (since God is just) could not be sent to hell; (2) as they pray from a clean

heart for that soul, that soul will, from purgatory, pray and obtain for them more light—"Lord, what will Thou have me to do?"—and will obtain for them more simplicity and innocence. "Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you can not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"—on earth, which is the Church. But Catholics have a million times more abundant helps and resources in praying for the dead, as we shall see later on.

(Conclusion next week.)

For the Sake of Justice.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XVIII.—MORE REFUGEES AT HOPKAILZIE.

IT was long past sunset of the September day which had witnessed the insults heaped upon the faithful priest at the Market Cross in Edinburgh. Two women were toiling along the rough road which led past the entrance gates of Hopkailzie. As they slowly made their way, it was evident that one of them, who leaned heavily upon her companion, was well-nigh spent. Both wore the plain, rough garb and dark hooded cloaks of women of the laboring class. The taller of the two was apparently the elder, though her stronger physique enabled her to support her companion on one arm, and to carry a goodly-sized bundle with the other.

As they passed the lodge, the flame of the newly-lighted lamp illumined the interior, showing through the unshrouded window the table spread for a meal in the little living room. The sight helped to increase, by the contrast with her own fatigue and discomfort, the languor of the weaker woman: she fell helplessly against the other, with a muffled cry that she could go no farther. Her companion, dropping her bundle, took the weary traveller into her arms, and, half-carrying her towards the gate-house, cried aloud for help.

A woman ran out at once to her assistance, and between them they bore the now

unconscious stranger into the shelter and warmth of the cottage. When she had been placed on the settle under the ingle-nook, and her heavy cloak removed, she speedily came to herself, and was able to sip a little of the cordial which the goodwife had quickly produced. It was not until the poor woman had revived a little that either hostess or guests were able to regard one another very intently. But when the mistress of the cottage looked at the thin, wrinkled face of the elder of the travellers, she started with surprise.

"Surely, 'tis Mistress Sinclair!" she exclaimed.

Then, as the other made a sign for silence, she gazed at the weaker stranger, and uttered an involuntary exclamation as she recognized Alison Agnew, wife of the rich Bailie. A few years ago she had mended, for a liberal reward, some pieces of lace for that very lady. She looked from one to the other in mute appeal for enlightenment.

"You are Janet Sybald! I recognize you well," said Isobel Sinclair, in hushed tones. "But remember—my companion is a stranger to you!"

She glanced apprehensively round the room. There was no other occupant except a shy-looking little maid of about nine, who was busily taking down from the shelves trenchers and cups for the entertainment of the visitors. She had evidently heard nothing of the whispered conversation.

"You know my name," said Isobel aloud. "But you must call me simply Elizabeth. My poor friend is called Jean Crathie; she is far from strong, and we have walked too far for her. Can you, in charity, let us remain here to-night?"

"I should, in good faith, be a poor sort of Christian did I turn either of you outside the door this night!" cried the kindly housewife. "Ye shall have the best I can give ye, and ye're welcome to bide as long as ye have a mind to."

Then the little daughter was introduced,—brown-haired, grey-eyed Katie.

"That's all the household we have at the present," the good woman explained,

"except—" she hesitated, then resumed, with a trace of embarrassment, "my goodman. He'll not be here for an hour or so yet."

Then, as though to set straight what might be a cause of misunderstanding, she sent Katie upstairs on some trifling pretext, and explained the situation.

Her own man, Adam; as she told them with some appearance of grief, had been taken from her six years ago, and in the cruelest manner. He had been carried home dead,—shot by an assassin, who had never been discovered. The elderly woman who kept the gate formerly had died soon after; and Master Muir, the Laird of Hopkailzie, had given herself the vacant place. The brother of the former lodge-keeper had removed to another cottage; but, after two years of loneliness on the part of both, he had persuaded her to consent at last to marry him.

"For 'tis not easy, Mistress," she said in extenuation, "for a widow woman to live alone in these days, with two small bairns to bring up. My new man has been as good to the lassie and a bigger loon as though he'd been their own father. And, what's best of all," she added in a lower tone, "he's as firm a Catholic as ye'll find in all this countryside."

Mistress Agnew revived sufficiently to take a little nourishment; and Isobel—or Elizabeth, as she wished to be styled—sat at table with Janet and Elsie. They had long finished their meal, and were seated by the fire, listening to Janet's account of Hopkailzie and its folk, when a heavy step sounded on the threshold, and Wat's burly form appeared in the room.

Janet had just taken the precaution of sending Katie out, so that Wat's loudly expressed surprise did not reach her ears. That he was greatly astonished may be understood. To find his former mistress—a grand lady of the city—sitting by his fireside in the garb of a peasant woman, was bewildering enough. Janet was reminded, by his bewilderment, of her husband's former connection with Bailie

Agnew's household,—a matter which had not occurred to her previously.

Wat had heard—for all Edinburgh had rung with the news—of the separation between Bailie Agnew and his wife, and his subsequent union with Helen Gilchrist. But although he had made diligent inquiries as to the whereabouts of his former mistress and her waiting-woman, from both of whom he had received much kindness in the past, he could discover no trace of either. Even the Bailie himself, he had heard, was entirely ignorant of it. Those who were at all interested in the matter had come to the conclusion that the two women had gone abroad, where they would be unknown, and could settle quietly. The Bailie, as everyone took for granted, would surely provide a sufficient income for his wife. Yet here they were, in the dress of poor working-women, seeking shelter in the cottage of the Bailie's late serving-man! Wat was filled with amazement.

When Katie had retired to rest, and they sat round the hearth, the window shrouded from observation from without, Isobel related the story of their adventures.

Long ago Isobel had known a young girl in Haddington whom she had taught as a child. This girl had taken service in Edinburgh, but had married, more than twenty years ago, a Protestant who lived out in the country,—a man of no decided religious opinions, who was kind to his Catholic wife. This Maisie Scott had always kept up a connection with Isobel, and was accustomed to visit her on her rare journeys to Edinburgh. In their trouble it was to Maisie they turned. In one of her calls at the Bailie's house with her little gifts of eggs, butter, country flowers, and the like, she had told Isobel with great glee that her husband, Sandy Wishart, had been engaged as grieve by Sir Jasper Hathaway of Haddowstane, who was now out of the country for a long spell. They were to live in the mansion itself, in order to keep it in good repair and condition. Maisie begged Isobel to come and stay there whenever she could find it convenient.

Here, then, was a refuge which would be safe and secret. They left Edinburgh unknown to any one except Maisie and her husband; the latter meeting them with a farm cart just outside the city boundaries. Mistress Agnew had refused any help from her unnatural husband, but had carried with her some valuable jewels which were her own. Isobel, too, had money saved up so that they were able to support themselves without difficulty. At Haddowstane they had dwelt until quite recently. The Wisharts had no family, and the place was quiet and retired; but of late there had occurred circumstances which necessitated a change.

"So ye were at Haddowstane, Mistress," Wat broke in eagerly. "Did ye happen to learn anything o' Maister Patrick,—Sir Jasper's nephew, ye ken? He was biding in this very house for months, up to the day he was missed,—the same day that the wife's first man, poor Adam (God rest him!), met his death. My poor sister Elspeth (God ha' mercy on her soul!) nursed Maister Pat for weeks, after the priest-hunters had shot him,—poor lad! He went awa' early in the morn, un kent by anybuddy, and he was never heard of till a year or two later. When the Master came to hear that, he was over the sea. D'ye ken where he'll be now?"

"Neither Maisie nor her man knew anything about Master Patrick, as long as we were there," said Isobel. "Indeed, the man Stoddart and his wife, who had served Sir Jasper for many years, and who crossed the sea with their master, told the Wisharts that Master Patrick had not been heard of for months, so far as they knew. Sir Jasper wrote to the grieve while we were at Haddowstane, for Sandy Wishart asked me to read the letter for him. In it he said that he was not likely to return for a long time. He spoke of the Stoddarts being in good health and quite happy and comfortable, but there was no mention of his nephew."

"But why did ye flit from Haddowstane, Mistress?" asked Janet. "'Twould seem to be a fine secret place for ye to bide in."

"For a long time it was everything we could desire," was Isobel's answer. "'Tis quite in the country, with fields on either side, and a fair garden with high walls around. I used to take my mistress out there whenever it was good weather, and we both loved Haddowstane greatly. But we found that one of Bailie Agnew's men, whom we desired to avoid, was frequenting the neighborhood, and we thought it wise to make a change."

"Is that foxy-faced spy, one Allardyce, still porter there, d'ye ken, Mistress?" asked Wat with vehemence.

"That was the very loon I meant," said Isobel. "We feared that he might have learned some tidings of us, and we dreaded we might meet him."

"The dirty, ill-conditioned chiel!" cried Wat, in a fury. "I'd fairly like to get a hold on the knave!"

"I happened to see this same Allardyce riding by one day," explained Isobel, "and I recognized him at once. He saw Wishart on the road, and asked many questions about Sir Jasper, and whether his nephew lived thereabouts now. Sandy knew nothing about the nephew, and was too canny to give any news of Sir Jasper. He was told later that Allardyce had been the leader of the party that apprehended Master Wood of Bonnytoun, some years since. It was at Stoneyburn they took him, and a Stoneyburn man told Wishart about the matter. Sandy saw the man again, later on, and mentioned the fact to his wife. So we determined to leave, although Maisie was greatly distressed at losing us."

It appeared that Wishart had driven them as far as Liberton, and they had mistaken directions as to their road to a cottage in which they had hoped to lodge for the night at least. Mistress Agnew, a poor walker at any time, had broken down with the unusual exertion. Their ultimate destination was some miles off, near Currie, where Christian Guthrie's sister would be able to help them to find a lodging. Isobel was anxious to get together

a few bairns whom she could instruct in a humble school; it would be a charitable work, and bring in a little addition to their modest income as well.

Wat and his wife talked over affairs next day; while the travellers, settled for a day or two in the room over the archway once occupied by Agnes Kynloch, rejoiced in their much-needed rest and seclusion. Wat had undertaken the care of the gardens as well as the stables, since Master Muir had lessened the number of his horses; the gardener's cottage was, therefore, unoccupied. It was possible that the refugees might rent the cottage, and Isobel might start her little school there; for there were several children round about, in the families of farm servants and the like, whose parents would welcome the opportunity of some education for their bairns at a trifling cost. Mistress Muir herself, always interested in the welfare of people about her, would be sure to encourage the project if her husband were willing to let the cottage.

When the scheme was put forward by Wat, Master Muir was at once in favor of it, and his wife grew quite enthusiastic on the subject; so little time was lost. In a few days "Mistress Jean Crathie and her aunt, Mistress Elizabeth Anderson," entered into possession of the rose-covered cottage near the gardens. Five or six little ones, joined by Katie, formed the first batch of scholars; and for the first time in many weeks the sorely tried women found at Hopkailzie the same peaceful shelter it had already offered to others.

Mistress Muir took particular delight in visiting the cottage from time to time to chat with its inmates, who were, as she soon detected, of higher social rank than they appeared. For both of them continued to wear the simple dress of countryfolk of the working class. Mistress Muir herself, although in the city her costume would have been pronounced out of date, was a figure of fashionable elegance compared with the dark skirts, coarse linen wimples, and close caps

worn by the others. For the little lady, though advancing in years, was still as daintily clad as ever,—in flowing, fur-bordered loose gown with hanging sleeves, headdress and ruff of lawn and lace, and a few handsome jewels.

"The sight of these dear little bairns learning their book," remarked Mistress Muir, on a visit paid just after school hours, "calls to my mind the pleasure taken by a young maid in the selfsame work, and in this very house, too. 'Twas a maiden from Edinburgh, Mistress Agnes Kynloch. She was biding at the gate-house for a while with her old nurse,—now dead, God rest her! Master Muir and I would fain have kept her here with us, but circumstances prevented it. Ye might have known Mistress Kynloch, perhaps—but maybe you're not Edinburgh folk."

Isobel explained that they knew very few people in the district; though, until lately, they had been living not far from Edinburgh.

Mistress Muir continued to draw upon her recollections, however.

"'Twas a sight to see the wee Sybalds and Mistress Agnes teaching them," she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "The laddie Davie would have had his eyes on his book the livelong day, had his mother allowed him. He was aye set on being a priest, and Agnes took delight in helping him all she could. He's away over in the college, in Flanders," she continued in a lower tone. "I tell ye this, since I hear from Wat that ye're both Catholics."

Alison Agnew took little part in such conversations. Her place was usually in a large cushioned chair—provided by Wat—set near the fire in the ingle-nook. Isobel would never allow her to take any share in the little domestic duties of the cottage, although she had expressed a desire to help more than once of late. As her health improved in the strengthening country air, she insisted upon occupying her hands with needlework. On this particular day she was stitching with colored silks at a piece of velvet stretched

on a small frame. Mistress Muir had moved over towards Alison's chair to inquire kindly after her health, as she always took care to do; for the pathetic expression in the face of the pale, worn woman—speaking of mental as well as physical suffering patiently endured—had awakened the good lady's sympathy from the first. The extraordinary beauty of the piece of embroidery drew from her an exclamation of delight. She took a keen interest in all such crafts.

"What bonnie work, Mistress Crathie!" she cried enthusiastically. "I never saw more beautiful. But what extremely fine stitching! I fear my eyes are not equal to such work."

"I felt the same at one time," Mistress Agnew quietly answered. "But I think my sight has improved with my general health. I find no difficulty now."

She might have added that the desire of assisting to increase their scanty means had helped to revive her long-dormant energy.

"I was just now mentioning to your auntie a dear little maiden whom I love as much as though she were my own lassie,—Mistress Agnes Kynloch, from Edinburgh. She would have rejoiced in this beautiful embroidery. I have in my chamber some bonnie pillow-lace which she wove for me. She was quite accomplished in lace-making. Do you weave lace, Mistress?"

"I can not weave it, but I have—" she checked herself hurriedly,—"I have seen a good deal of fine lace, and I am particularly fond of it."

"Then you shall see some of mine. I will send my little waiting-maid, Elsie, with it at once."

Isobel noted with pleasure the interest with which her poor mistress had listened to Mistress Muir's conversation. It was a sign of an awakening to the simple joys of everyday life, which had once seemed beyond expectation.

When the visitor had departed, the two fell to discussing the identity of the Mistress Kynloch of whom she had

spoken so warmly. But neither of them was familiar with the name; for Alison Agnew had no personal knowledge of Edinburgh Catholics; and Isobel, very little. So the matter was soon dismissed. Luckily no mention had been made of the relationship of Agnes with the Gilchrist family; it would have stirred up many bitter recollections had that name been alluded to. For it was to the fatal charm of Helen Gilchrist that these women owed their present exile and poverty, consequent upon the shame and disgrace cast upon the Bailie's dishonored wife.

Very soon Elsie appeared with the promised lace. The foster-child of Janet Logan had remained in Mistress Muir's service since she had entered it six years before. The elderly tiring-maid, whom she had assisted for a long period, had now been granted a pension, and Elsie had taken her place. She had blossomed into a slim, sweet-faced maiden of eighteen, with pale flaxen hair and blue eyes. With her unassuming gentleness of mien she combined a capable deftness at her work, and her mistress idolized her; but Elsie had plenty of common-sense, and remained the busy, humble damsel she had shown herself to be in earlier years. In her prim, close-set coif—almost concealing her abundant hair,—her broad kerchief and apron of spotless white, she was the ideal of a neat waiting-maid.

Delivering her parcel and message, Elsie inquired kindly as to the invalid.

"My mistress charged me to see if there was anything that could be done for your comfort," she said. "One of the maids could easily be spared at any time to work in the house; and any little piece of furniture that was needed should be sent down, if you would kindly tell me of any such want."

Isobel, with much gratitude, declined.

"Janet Logan," she said, "is kindness itself. She is always offering to lend a hand. But I try to trouble others as little as possible."

"You need never fear to ask my mother

for help," returned the girl, her blue eyes kindling with affection. "She's never so happy as when she can help a neighbor who's in need of it,—especially the sick," she added, glancing at the weary-looking figure by the hearth. "She was telling me yesterday how pitiful it was when the poor lady swooned away with real weariness, and you had both of you to carry her into the lodge. Ah, she's aye kind and good, is mother!"

"What! Is Janet your mother?" asked Isobel, astonished. "I'd understood she'd but wee Katie."

"I call her mother, because I have never known any parents except her and poor father that's dead. I was a babe when she took me at the time my real mother died. Her name was Marion Bowie, but folk call me Sybald, since I was looked upon as one of the family. I doubt whether the bairns know that I'm not really their sister. Rob does, of course," she added, blushing a little.

"And who is Rob?"

"Rob's my mother's biggest loon. He's in the Lord Chancellor's service," Elsie answered with a touch of pride in her tone. "He was here at Hopkailzie for two or three years, helping Master Finlay, the butler. But the master got him into the Chancellor's household. Rob is a man now: he's twenty-one. Katie is nine, and Davie comes between. Davie's overseas in college; he'll be near fifteen. That's all the family."

Elsie soon took leave, on her way to pass an hour with Janet at the lodge.

There was frequent intercourse between the gardener's cottage and the gate-house lodge. Not a day passed but some of the inmates met. The two refugees thus learned all that was to be known about the Sybalds. Janet had never ceased—as Wat knew well, and did not resent—to recall with intense affection the memory of her first husband, Adam. She told her new acquaintances much about his bonny looks, his kindly nature, and above all his sincere piety. She related

what she had heard of his former intercourse with the monks of New Abbey, of his undying admiration for them, and his pity for their sad lot,—although, unlike most others of their kind, they were permitted to remain till death in their old monastic home.

"How proud my man would have been," she said, "had he lived to know that two years ago the very Abbot of that monastery was biding for a time in Edinburgh Castle, and well treated there, although he was a prisoner! Folks tell us that he was even allowed to say his Mass in prison. But they banished him at last. 'Tis said he had kept the Faith alive in Galloway for years, and the Presbyterians could never lay hold of him to stop his preaching. Adam aye loved to talk o' the monks."

"I hope your Rob is following in his father's footsteps," remarked Isobel.

Janet shook her head, and her tears began to flow.

"Rob's the dearest and the best of lads," she said brokenly, "in all but one thing, and that's religion. He'll no go near a priest, beg of him as I may. That's my one sorrow."

Then she unburdened herself to sympathetic listeners. Since his father's murder, although previously he had been not only a faithful but a zealous and devout Catholic lad, Rob had entirely changed. Since asking service with the Lord Chancellor, he had grown still more indifferent. Now, he seemed to have no religion at all.

"For go as he may with his Lordship to the kirk preaching," she cried, "Rob's no Protestant. That I ken well! Never a word against Mass or priest ever falls from his lips. He'll listen patiently to my chiding,—aye, as quietly as a loon o' ten, and he twenty-one; yet never a word in excuse. I've feared at times that some Protestant lassie has got betwixt him and his Faith; but he tells me 'Nay.' And he's ever been a truthful lad. He's a fine, upright loon as y'd wish to see,"

she added, with a mother's pride. "The Chancellor thinks a lot o' Bob. He's made him his body-servant, to follow him everywhere. But I needna trouble you wi' my sorrows: ye've more heavy ones yersels."

"Even in this haven of rest there are sore sorrows to be borne," remarked Isobel, when the two were alone again.

"'Tis good to know of them," Alison Agnew answered. "The thought helps a body to bear her own with more patient submission."

Thus peacefully and calmly the autumn days sped, and no untoward event disturbed the exiles in their quiet retreat.

(To be continued.)

The Beggar.

(On All Souls' Day.)

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

YOU would have sold your all before
 You would have seen me at your door,
 Soft begging for a piece of bread,
 A place whereon to lay my head.

You all you would have willingly
 Relinquished to have succored me,
 If at your gate I should have lain,
 Afire with thirst and stabbed with pain.

You would have come and raised me up,
 And held unto my lips a cup,
 And soothed my brow and given me
 Unstinted hospitality.

And yet—and yet you go your way,
 And I a beggar am to-day!
 For sustenance I vainly wait
 Outside a stern and fast-barred gate.

I am afire with thirst and pain;
 For years without a door I've lain;
 And you—and you, who loved me so,
 Upon your casual journey go.

You think, perhaps, I have passed in,
 So very much of Time has been;
 Long since you have considered me
 As clothéd in felicity.

And I lie on the rack outside,
 Afar from pastures glorified.
 O friend, how long—*how long* before
 You succor beggars at your door?

A Modern St. Francis.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AMONG the recent "causes" (to use a technical expression) that are being examined by the Roman tribunals with a view to the future canonization of certain holy persons, there is one that creates much interest at Naples, where the hero of this "cause" died in 1885, and is still remembered by many elderly inhabitants. The warm-hearted Neapolitans looked upon him as a "modern St. Francis." Not indeed that Brother Ludovico da Casoria, the subject of this sketch, ever dreamed of assuming such a title,—that would have shocked and distressed his humility; but in his life and character there are certain traits that recall the Father whose livery he wore and in whose footsteps he strove to walk.

He was, like St. Francis, a mystic, whose thoughts and affections were set on God alone; but who, for God's sake, loved the young, the poor, the miserable, the guilty, the helpless. On them, he poured forth the compassion of a heart that seemed to grasp every form of human suffering. Like St. Francis, he loved nature, he was a devoted client of "our Lady Poverty," and he relied on Divine Providence with childlike trust. Moreover, his cheerful temperament made him singularly lovable; indeed, his personal magnetism won all hearts. On the day of his funeral, not only priests, religious, and devout laymen followed his coffin: the municipal councilors of Naples were there; also deputies and political leaders well known for their religious indifference, some among them for their hostility to religion.

Ludovico da Casoria was born at the little town of that name, a few miles from Naples, in 1814. His father, Vincent Palmentieri, a wine-seller by trade, and his mother, Candida Zenga, were excellent Catholics; and little Archangel, their third child, grew up in a happy, if humble,

home. He was a pretty, lively child, docile and devout, whose first great sorrow was the death of his mother in 1829. His father married again soon afterwards; but his second wife proved a kind step-mother to the lad, and encouraged his wish to become a friar; whereas his father insisted upon his taking up his own trade, to which, from his boyhood, Archangel had been strongly averse.

In the end the boy's desire to enter a monastery prevailed, and he was sent to begin his training at the Franciscan convent of Afragola, near Naples. Here he followed the ordinary course of studies appointed for the novices of the Order. His early education had necessarily left many gaps to be filled; but his willingness, brightness, and eagerness to learn, made him an apt pupil, while his great cheerfulness and simplicity rendered him a general favorite.

In 1847, Fra Ludovico, as Archangel Palmentieri was now called, seems to have gone through a moral crisis, whence he came out with a more earnest desire to live up to the ideal that St. Francis had set before his sons. To his daily companions, he appeared, from the outset of his religious life, exemplary in every way; but they now noticed that he prayed more fervently, served others with greater self-denial, and that he emptied his poor cell of everything that was not absolutely necessary.

No one was less accustomed to speak of himself than Fra Ludovico; and, whatever was the nature of the call to perfection that he so faithfully obeyed, the complete story of this turning-point in his spiritual life was never alluded to by him. One result of his increasing desire to sacrifice himself in the service of God was his eagerness to help others. The Franciscan monasteries of Naples seem to have been, at that time, curiously behind the age in their arrangements concerning the sick brethren. There was no infirmary in Fra Ludovico's convent, and the friars who required nursing had to remain in their

cells or go to a public hospital. The example of a Spanish friar whose Life he had read fired Fra Ludovico with a strong wish to provide for the assistance and comfort of the aged and ailing members of the community; and, with his superior's consent, he fitted up an infirmary and pharmacy, where they were properly attended to.

This modest work of charity was followed by a more important undertaking: the reorganization of the Third Order of St. Francis, that had considerably degenerated at Naples. This campaign proved entirely successful. Fra Ludovico recruited a number of men and women, as well as priests, all zealous and fervent souls, who formed a compact group of devout Tertiaries. In the space of two years their number swelled to four hundred. He seemed, at first, to be less successful in the country near Naples; and one evening he found himself stranded on the little island of Procida, having worked all day with no result, and missed the last boat back to Naples. It was characteristic of Fra Ludovico to accept failures with a smile; and, having nothing more to do, he contentedly retired to the church to pray. Here an old priest came up to him, asked his name and story, and begged him to make another attempt to speak of the Third Order to the islanders. Fra Ludovico readily consented, and the result was that a fervent and flourishing group of Tertiaries was founded on the spot.

When the good Brother became better known, his simplicity and kindness gained him many friends, and he found among the Tertiaries men able and willing to assist him in his charities. Thus he was enabled to enlarge his infirmary, to furnish his pharmacy more completely, and to arrange an oratory for the meetings of the Third Order. Soon the devoted care with which he nursed the ailing friars made others anxious for admittance to the infirmary; and many sick priests also solicited his charity. He then realized the need of founding another hospital, but he had no means to begin the work.

"Providence will provide," he quietly remarked. And, one day, pointing to a palm tree on the heights of Capodimonte, he said to his friend, Baron. Pellegrini: "God wishes me to found a hospital for poor priests on the spot where grows that tree." To his friend's objections he simply answered that one day his wish would certainly be carried out. Two years later the land was bought, the building was begun; and although over and over again Fra Ludovico was short of money, the workmen were always paid regularly.

His trust in Providence was that of a child, and it was abundantly rewarded. Thus once, in the course of a long journey on foot, the good friar, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, sank on the ground in a half-fainting condition. When he came to himself, he found that an unknown hand had placed a cheese and a piece of bread by his side. Having refreshed himself, he continued his journey, praising God. He used to relate this incident, not as a miracle, but as an encouragement to trust blindly in Providence.

Fra Ludovico's next work of charity had for its object Negro children. He began by taking charge of some of these little unfortunates whom a Neapolitan priest had rescued from slavery. He carefully studied their temperaments and capabilities, and finally came to the conclusion that, if properly developed, they might become satisfactory members of society. He succeeded in interesting King Ferdinand in the work; and in 1857 went to Egypt on a semi-official mission, whence he returned with a number of Negro children. They were located at "Palma" (as the hospital on the hill of Capodimonte was called), where a school for colored children was now annexed to the hospital for priests. The King continued to befriend him, and the new college seems to have given excellent results. On completing their education, the pupils returned to Africa, either as missionaries, if they had the vocation, or as laymen, being provided with a trade, according to their

capabilities. Fra Ludovico's leading idea was to train them so thoroughly to be solid and enlightened Christians that they should help to convert their countrymen by their teaching and example.

In 1859 King Ferdinand fell dangerously ill at Bari, and it was in vain that the Queen begged him to return to the royal palace of Caserta, where it was easier to give him proper care. He obstinately refused to move, until Fra Ludovico, entering his room, thus addressed him: "You have been a king hitherto: now you must obey St. Francis, who by my voice bids you return to Caserta."—"I will do as you wish," replied Ferdinand, and the anxious Queen had her heart's desire.

During his short reign, Francis II., Ferdinand's successor, gave Fra Ludovico many proofs of confidence. Thus he entrusted to his care two orphan asylums founded by the King's mother, Queen Marie Cristina, of Savoy. The revolution of 1860, that drove the young monarch from Naples, was a grief to his Franciscan friend, who for a moment wondered if loyalty to his royal benefactor did not command him to retire to a convent and leave his works, because they obliged him to have dealings with the new authorities. In his perplexity, he sought counsel from Pius IX. "Holy Father," he said, "must I confine myself to my cell or ought I to throw myself into the furnace and go on working?" The Pope replied without hesitation: "Throw yourself into the furnace and go on working. You must even make use of your enemies, if good is to be gained thereby."

At that time, Fra Ludovico was busy organizing a company of laymen, all Tertiaries of St. Francis, to whom he gave a grey habit, whence their name "Bigi." Their duty was to serve the sick in the hospitals. At Palma, the household presented a collection of varied and somewhat incongruous elements; but sick priests, Bigi, Negro pupils, and teachers,—all lived together in a harmony that speaks well for Brother Ludovico's personal in-

fluence. Peace and order reigned in the big hospital. The place was bare and poor, but scrupulously clean, and the rule of St. Francis was carefully followed in every detail. His spirit radiated from Fra Ludovico, who brought sunshine wherever he went. While he practised poverty and penance in a very perfect manner, he was always cheerful, hopeful and kindly, accepting success and failure from the hand of God with the same filial confidence.

The next objects of his charity were the neglected little boys who in large numbers filled the streets of Naples, and who grew up without any moral training or instruction. He founded schools and workshops for these small vagabonds; and, at the end of two years, over one thousand waifs and strays had been reclaimed, through his exertions, from idleness and temptation.

The practical and social value of these works appealed to public men, whose ideas on religion and politics were far apart from those of our Franciscan, and among them he found some true friends. On the other hand, rabid anticlericals feared his influence, and, merely because of the habit he wore, waged war against him. Their intrigues succeeded in depriving him of the thirty thousand francs that were awarded to him yearly by the municipality of Naples for the support of his charitable works. The sudden withdrawal of this large sum did not disturb Fra Ludovico's contented spirit. "Well," he said cheerfully, "God will give us what the city takes away; for, after all, we are doing His work." Again Providence responded generously to this childlike trust: from that time the works developed more rapidly than ever.

His devotion to the little vagabonds whom he rescued from the streets never made our Franciscan forget his first pupils, the Negro boys of Palma. He continued to watch over them closely; and, finding that they were, in general, gifted for music, he made great use of an art which, he believed, had a softening and elevating influence over these poor blacks. Like his

father St. Francis, he believed that music should glorify God and bring joy to men. Among his friends were many artists, whose services he enlisted for the enjoyment of his pensioners.

In 1865, Fra Ludovico made a second journey to Africa, and visited the Franciscan missions where some of his former pupils were employed. On his return, he was asked by the Tertiaries to found a college for the sons of wealthy families. He collected money for the purpose, but disclaimed any responsibility in the organization of the studies. We read that, in spite of his voluntary self-effacement, he was ever a welcome guest at the school, where his visits were like a "breath of spring," says his Italian biographer. His own inner life was one of close union with God, of perpetual self-sacrifice and humility. But there was nothing morose about him, and he lent himself willingly to recreate the young.

It must not be imagined, from this enumeration of Fra Ludovico's works at Naples, that his undertakings were always successful and his influence always valued. More than once his patience was severely tested; but his attitude in these circumstances proves to what heights of renunciation he had attained. Among his failures, from a human standpoint, was his attempt to found an academy where modern science should serve the interests of religion. The idea was excellent; and when he explained his views on the subject to his learned friends, they were struck by this uncultured friar's remarkable comprehension of the mental needs of his contemporaries. But although the institution was started, its existence was short-lived; and even the Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Riario Sforza, whose friendship for Fra Ludovico was great, did not regret its disappearance. Fra Ludovico took this failure as cheerfully as though it had been a success. "My children," he said, "God does not want this particular work. He will point out another; and when He does so, we will follow His lead."

Some years later, his patience was again sorely tried by a painful incident that threatened a home for Negro girls, directed by Franciscan nuns, but which owed its existence to him. In 1866 a violent outbreak of cholera took place at this home, and several children died. The medical men who inspected the premises could only praise their cleanliness and excellent sanitary arrangements. But one of Fra Ludovico's enemies declared that several burials had taken place within the precincts of the institution under the old régime. This was true, but the burials had been duly authorized at the time, and were then not illegal. Nevertheless, the anticlericals of Naples worked upon the authorities, and the prefect had Fra Ludovico arrested and taken to prison,—a measure that roused general indignation. The magistrate before whom the prisoner appeared reverently kissed his hands; and the Government, under the pressure of public opinion, lost no time in setting him free.

In addition to the various works here mentioned, the indefatigable friar founded two Congregations of women devoted to the cause of charity; he established a home for deaf-mutes, another for old and infirm sailors and for diseased children. But these and other activities, too numerous to mention in this brief sketch, did not prevent his spiritual life from being intensely recollected and fervent. He made several pilgrimages to Assisi, where he delighted in following the footsteps of his father, St. Francis, whose spirit was so closely reflected in his own life.

Pope Leo XIII. was Archbishop of Perugia when he made the acquaintance of our "modern St. Francis," whom he held in great esteem. It was owing to the Pope's encouragement that, at Assisi, at Florence, and in Rome, Fra Ludovico established branch houses of the institutions that he had successfully started at Naples. His personality, at once simple and sunny, goes far to explain his extraordinary popularity. He was, naturally enough, beloved by the poor, the infirm,

and the young, whose lives were made by him happier and better. But intellectual and wealthy citizens, politicians like Menabrea, writers of note, social workers, princes and princesses, spoke of him with unbounded admiration. Count Campello, who married a Bonaparte, considered him as "the holiest man" he had ever met. Stoppani, a well-known writer, hailed him as a Mediæval saint, who, living in modern days, was neither puzzled, angry nor disheartened at the changes brought about by time, and adapted himself cheerfully to new conditions of life, determined to "make the best of them" in the interests of God and the poor and unfortunate.

In whatever company he found himself, Fra Ludovico was at his ease,—cordial, cheerful, and absolutely simple. He never forgot a kindness, and used to say: "Ingratitude is my death." He loved not only to do good, but also to give pleasure; and, although personally detached from all things earthly, he delighted in the sweet and lovely aspects of nature, because they were symbolic of God's goodness.

So far back as 1876, Fra Ludovico's health began to fail. He had an internal disease that at times caused him intense pain; it was relieved only by occasional operations. In 1881 his sufferings increased; he bore them patiently, resuming at intervals his active habits. But in September, 1884, he became dangerously ill. Once again, however, he visited Casoria, his birthplace, where he was received with enthusiasm. But ere long his condition was found to be hopeless, and in peace and in prayer he waited for God's summons. His last earthly act was to write to King Humbert, begging him to give the Pope the independence that was his due. On March 29, 1885, he received the Last Sacraments, and the next day he gently fell asleep.

Crowds flocked to venerate the dead body of the "modern St. Francis"; and it was impossible to prevent the impulsive Neapolitans from cutting off bits of his

habit to keep as relics. He was buried at Posilippo, in a church that he had founded, where his grave is cared for by his faithful "Bigi." Many graces and, it is said, some miraculous cures are attributed to his intercession. The Roman Congregation, appointed for the purpose, is now examining the "cause"; but the mere fact of its being "introduced" is an indirect proof of the impression created by this kindly, cheerful, self-forgetful lover of the poor.

Progress Comes to the Hill.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

OLD Mrs. Ferguson sat just inside her front door, knitting intricate shell designs into a white cotton stocking; "ever and anon" casting a wary eye across the Six Acres, on which pleasant expanse of green her house fronted. Turbulence of spirit beset her, showing itself in the nervous jerks of her shining needles and the nodding and shaking of her well-set little head. If she was looking for some one, her patience, or impatience, at length had its reward; for shortly there were to be seen several womanly figures making their way toward the road that led down to Centerville.

"Aha!" the watcher exclaimed aloud, with great bitterness. "There ye go, the crowd o' ye, takin' yer poor min's hard-earned money to throw away to strangers! Well, it's myself never expected to live to see this day!"

She knitted away furiously, withdrawing her eyes from the obnoxious figures, who appeared to be chatting amiably as they made their way toward the brow of the hill. Soon they disappeared amid the June foliage; and as the last echo of their voices died on the air, Mrs. Ferguson dropped her knitting into her lap, and sat quite still, with a sudden pallor on her fine-featured old face. It was a tragic moment; but she faced it upright and unafraid, though a strange chill settled around her heart.

"Sure, they might have told me!" she muttered at last, with lips that shook a little, despite their brave tenseness. "I'm on'y for their good!"—the piteous cry of the beaten chastiser since the world began.

For some time a new spirit had been creeping into the Hill Settlement,—a spirit which called itself Progress, and took the shape of depositing the savings of the Hill folk in the new bank down in Centerville. The bank was owned and operated by Charley Peters' father,—Charley Peters, known to the Hill as the wildest and most unmanageable of small boys, now mysteriously grown up, and presiding at one of the little windows with a most impressive air of dignity. Still, he was not so dignified but that he unbent a little after he had marked down in the new symbol of progress, your bank book, that which you had yielded up to him with a mixture of pride and trepidation, and made a few joking remarks about old times. As, for instance: "Do you remember the day I broke old lady Ferguson's window and she chased me across the Six Acres with a broomstick? Ha! ha! Lively old lady, she was! Is she still living?"

She was still living, he was assured, something of the spontaneity gone out of the smile of the depositor; for was not Charley Peters, metaphorically speaking, still casting destructive balls through Mrs. Ferguson's windows,—yes, although he was totally unconscious of it, uprooting the very foundations of her existence itself? For, until this menacing monster, the New Bank, had started on its glittering career down in Centerville; Mrs. Ferguson had "minded" the savings of the Hill people with entire and conspicuous success. In fact, she not only took charge of their savings, but she stimulated their saving instincts, watched their expenditures, and kept a sharp eye out for extravagant leanings. Did a Hill woman conceive the idea that she needed a new shawl, her first step, even before she mentioned it to "himself," was to consult Mrs. Ferguson; and if, after due consideration and proper

disparagement of the old shawl as being "unfit to wear to a dog fight," the purchase was decided upon, the would-be buyer was wisely counselled to get only a good one—a *broché*, no less,—“the way you wouldn't be spendin' your money every year”; for, though a stickler as to economy, Mrs. Ferguson was not only just but farsighted. Wherefore all the money-lending in the little community was managed by her; the interest, on which she insisted, carefully computed by her, and passed, through her hands, to the rightful owner.

Of course, the funds in her possession, religiously handed in every pay-day, never grew to great amounts; for there were various things to deplete them besides the taxes. Some one was always buying another “bit o' land,” or building a kitchen or a smokehouse, or something of that nature; and the children had to be clothed, and the men had occasionally to buy new Sunday “shutes”; and the collars which, starched to an amazing stiffness by their conscientious spouses, rasped their unhappy necks when they went down the hill to Mass on a Sunday morning. But should a little over the usual amount accumulate in the top bureau drawer in Mrs. Ferguson's Middle Room—which came in due course of time, because of its importance in the community, to be spoken of in capital letters,—who so ready as she to see it well placed, “where it would be dhrawin' the intherest”? Farmers from all the country roundabout knew Mrs. Ferguson's Middle Room, into which they never ventured for a loan of forty or fifty dollars without proper and well-scanned security. They had a great respect for the sharp little lady, whom they regarded as the backbone of the Hill Settlement, and so, naturally, in time she came to regard herself: knowing so well how she had counselled and inspired and watched and reprimanded; her sole reward being her satisfaction in seeing her neighbors prospering and safely entrenched in their own homes.

It was, therefore, with a shock of angry

surprise that she first began to notice a defection among her usual “pay-day” callers, and to be told by the others that these defaulters had started accounts in the new savings bank in Centerville, an undertaking about which she had been hearing vague rumors from time to time. Whether the Hill was ripe for Progress, so-called, or whether the people had secretly grown a little restive under Mrs. Ferguson's autocratic rulings, it would be hard to say; but the fact remained that the Middle Room saw less and less of its usual visitors, until on this memorable day in June it knew itself to be finally and fatally deserted. For there across the Six Acres had marched the last faithful few, with, presumably, their husbands' wages “under their axthers,” and not even a propitiatory glance in the direction of the small grey house so long the centre of their financial interests.

Truth to tell, they were afraid to look; and hotter than the sun's rays itself were the scorching eyes of their one-time monitor, which they could feel scathingly regarding their hapless backs.

“I wisht I never said I'd go!” Nor' Neilan burst out at last. “She's always been the good friend to me, an' it's ashamed I am to be hurtin' her feelin's like this!”

Uneasy looks flashed across sundry countenances, but their steps never slackened.

“I promised Jodie”—Mrs. Bates began weakly, when Mrs. O'Brien broke in impatiently.

“An' why should Mrs. Ferguson be hurt?” she said sensibly enough. “I should think she would be glad to be rid of all this trouble, an' she gettin' to be an old woman. I think ye've been imposin' on her all these years.”

This in a tone of calm superiority that the Hill people found rather irksome in Mrs. O'Brien, who was, after all, only a newcomer and not always in exact sympathy with local sentiment. She had no especial cause to feel grateful to Mrs. Ferguson; being of that type which needs no admonishment to “lay by,” and indeed

was, as the neighbors said, very "near."

"Thru for you," Mrs. Healey agreed, with a sigh. "But that's what makes it so hard, do you see? For, whether imposin' or not, she liked to do it, an' she med us save. Manny's the dollar would have got away from the most of us if it hadn't been for Mrs. Ferguson,—they would so."

"Well, she got to be too much of a boss entirely," remarked pretty Mrs. Reams, firmly. "If you can't do what you like wid your own—"

And the conversation waxed lively on this score. Mrs. Reams had a secret grievance, relating to the purchase of "walkin' shoes," low cut, with neat ties, which she thought would look extremely well on her own trim little feet. But, since they cost as much as a high pair and had only half as much leather, it was Mrs. Ferguson's opinion, tersely given, that only an "ejit" would think of buying them. Mrs. Reams had capitulated, not desiring to be placed in the idiot class; but the defeat rankled.

"Ye can put in what ye want and whin ye want," was her concluding argument; "an' no one to badger ye if ye keep a bit for spindin' money."

"Faith, an' ye're right there!" was the unanimous agreement. Only Mrs. Neilan looked thoughtful, her soft heart yearning over the old woman whom they were all so ready to desert and deride. Suddenly she stopped.

"Do ye all go on, if ye like," she said decidedly; "but I'm goin' back to Mrs. Ferguson."

So Progress, a wee bit dissatisfied with itself and quite a bit indignant with Mrs. Neilan for her stubbornness, fared on down the hill, all unconscious that kindness, in addition to being its own exceeding great reward, sometimes receives a reward direct from Heaven. And that was what happened to Nor' Neilan of the kind heart.

A month later the Hill was fairly seething under the news.

"Did you hear about the Neilans' fortune?"

"An' Mrs. Ferguson's?"

"Yerra, who could ever believe it?"

"Isn't it the finest thing at all, at all? Now they'll be able to send Tom away to school, the way he might study to be priested."

"It's Nor' Neilan that's the happy woman to-day!"

It was a question who was the happier, Nor' Neilan or Mrs. Ferguson; for it was the old lady who had brought it all about. It began on the memorable day when Mrs. Neilan, heated but happy, sped back up the hill with her money to the erstwhile financial agent of the settlement. Only that week Mrs. Ferguson had received a letter from her nephew, Joe Carey, petitioning for the loan of a thousand dollars. Joe was a gold miner in that wonderful region vaguely referred to as Out West; and in the past had been most generous to his aunt, between whom and himself there was a very close bond. He had not the slightest doubt but that she could get him the money, in case she had not any of her own at hand; so he enclosed a signed and secured note which bore the somewhat staggering announcement that for the loan of one thousand dollars, he, Joseph Carey, would return double that amount at the end of the year. Not that it staggered his aunt in the least.

"For he's as honest as the priest," she said to Nor' Neilan when she took the latter into her confidence. "Now, I won't deceive you," the old lady added impressively. "I have the money myself beyant at Farmer Seymour's, dhrawing my good six per cent. But I was thinkin' that maybe you would like to send half of it, an' I could send the other five hundred."

Nor' Neilan was startled at the idea at first. With what she brought to-day, she had something like four hundred and eighty dollars in the top drawer. Next month she was counting on rounding out the five hundred in order to pay off one of the notes on their house. And there was the interest! How could she manage, she said fearfully enough to Mrs. Ferguson; for she didn't know would "himself" want

to let the note stand for another year.

"Lave it to me," the old woman returned, quizzically closing both eyes—it was her method of winking—and nodding her head sagely. "I'll talk to Big Jack Neilan. We've had dealin's before to-day. As for the interest an' the little ye're short, it's a poor stick of a friend I'd be if I wouldn't give you a lift with that. An', be the same token," she added energetically, "it's Mary Ferguson'll never forget the one that kem back."

"Why—why—" Nor' stammered in great embarrassment, "what do you mane, Mrs. Ferguson?"

"Never you mind what I mane" (cryptically). "But it's me that'll not forget!"

Neither did Joseph Carey forget his aunt for her speedy response to his request, which enabled him to secure a mine on which he had long had a wary eye. It had been a crucial moment in his career; and when he made his phenomenal "lucky strike" three weeks later, the very first fruits of it, to show his gratitude for the helping hand, went to Mrs. Mary Ferguson. It was a check for \$10,000. Only a trifle, as the Hill was later to learn, to a man who took \$50,000 out of the Mary F. Mine in the course of one epochal week.

Only for "shame's sake" there would have been a grand exodus the next payday to the grey house at the south edge of the Six Acres. But Mrs. Ferguson made it plain that she was done with other people's finances.

"I'm gettin' to be an old woman," she stated, not without a little touch of malice.—Who said there were no gossipers on the Hill?—"I couldn't be takin' care of yer money all the time. Ye did well" (condescendingly) "to take it down the Hill to Charley Peters."

After all, she could afford to forgive them; for her long reign had ended in an unexpected blaze of glory.

WHEN we pray we speak to God; when we read good books God speaks to us.

—Anon.

The Eleventh Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE month of November was called by the Anglo-Saxons *wint-monat*, the wind-month, because gales are prevalent at this time. Day, after day we hear—

The wild November whistling,

Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand, majestic secret,

That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Yet how calm and beautiful it often is in the early part of the month—the "Summer of All Saints," as it has been charmingly called,—when we keep the festival of "All Hallows,"—i. e., all those glorious friends of God, that great multitude which no man can number, who have "entered into the joy of the Lord"!

The eve of this feast, "Hallow-een," has always been regarded as the time, above all others, when supernatural influences prevail. It was supposed to be the night when spirits walked abroad; and, doubtless, in the Middle Ages, though a certain amount of superstition prevailed amongst the ignorant, the idea originated in the remembrance, on this night, of all those blessed ones—apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins—whose festival had already begun with the First Vespers, at which many of the faithful would have assisted, in the magnificent abbey churches and cathedrals whither they were wont to resort on the principal holydays. But after the Great Apostasy, when love for Our Lady and the saints no longer warmed the hearts of the people, more and more we see how every custom connected with this night became pagan in character, degenerating into the use of charms and spells, forbidden to all true children of God's Church.

November 2, All Souls', or the Commemoration of the Faithful Departed, reminds us that, when England was Catholic, the bellman perambulated the streets "all night with a bell," says Stow; "and at every lane's end and at the ward's end gave warning of fire and candle, and to

help the poor and pray for the dead." From this it will be seen that not even during the hours devoted to sleep were the people allowed to forget the dead, who might stand in need of their prayers.

The bellman was a sort of inspector to the watchman, and, let it be noted, a very much noisier official, who, visible by day also, advertised sales, cried losses, or summoned to weddings, by ringing his bell. One was appointed to each ward; and it was the melancholy duty of the bellman of St. Sepulchre's parish, near Newgate, to rouse, in prison, the unfortunate persons condemned to death, by crying aloud the night before their execution:

When Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy upon your souls!

The watchman of olden time used to carry a cresset on the top of a long pole, and went on his rounds giving light, whilst he cried aloud the hour, with a brief notice of the weather, such as, "Past ten, and a frosty night"; or, "Past three o'clock, and a stormy morning."

Roger Hoveden gives us a most vivid picture of the peril of the tortuous and dark streets of old cities, in the year 1175, when it was a common practice for gangs of "a hundred or more, in company," to go about plundering the houses of the wealthy, and even murdering those who attempted to withstand them. In the year 1253, King Henry III. established night watchmen, but the deplorable inefficiency of these functionaries, together with the darkness and danger of the streets, continued for centuries. It was not safe to be out after nightfall; and the suburbs being entirely cut off from the town made a return from London to Kensington or Hampstead, a risk to life as well as purse.

In connection with the feast of All Saints, it is interesting to read that, in 1416, the mayor decreed that all householders of the better class in London, "should hang a lantern lighted with a fresh and whole candle, nightly outside their houses for the accommodation of foot passengers, from All Hallow's Eve till Candlemas Day."

History tells us that "a parish tax for lighting led to the establishment of oil lamps in the streets." These were suspended from "lamp-irons, often very ornate in design and artistically wrought"; or, prior to these, from rough wooden posts about eight feet in height. And it may be remembered that, before the introduction of gas, "a thousand of these dim oil lamps supplied with light the whole of the city of London."

On November 11 we keep the feast of the soldier-saint, Martin of Tours, whose charity in dividing his cloak with a beggar has been so often celebrated in literature and art. He afterwards became Bishop of Tours; and in the ancient Clog Almanacs his day is marked by the representation of a goose, that bird being often killed for eating purposes, on the Continent, at this season instead of at Michaelmas. It is curious to note that, in Scotland and some parts of the north of England, a fat ox was called—and may still be called in certain districts—a *mart*, evidently from Martinmas.

St. Martin became (if we may use the term) a very popular saint in England, and many churches were dedicated to him. Dugdale, in his history of Warwickshire, refers to a very old custom, which probably obtained even before the Norman Conquest; this was none other than the payment called wroth-money, or ward-money, for protection, and possibly also in lieu of military service. This rent, "due unto the Lord of the Hundred of Knightlow," had to be paid "every Martinmas Day, in the morning, at Knightlow Cross, before the sun riseth." The person paying it had "to go thrice about the Cross, and say, 'The wroth-money'; and then lay it in the hole of the said Cross, before good witness; for if it be not duly performed, the forfeiture is thirty shillings and a white bull."

The charter of foundation of New College, Oxford, bears date November 26, 1379. And this reminds us of its celebrated founder, William of Wykeham, whose learning was equalled by his benevolence and charity; whilst his skill as an architect

(he assisted Edward III. in planning and building the noble Castle at Windsor) was united to an extraordinary aptitude for both civil and ecclesiastical business. He founded Winchester School, constructed roads and bridges, and regulated the traffic on highways. Later on, from secretary and confidential friend of the King, he rose to be Keeper of the Privy Seal. After his ordination to the priesthood, he was made Bishop of Winchester, and soon became Lord Chancellor of England. After a long life of fourscore years, filled with good works and acts of truly royal generosity, he died and was buried in his own cathedral of Winchester, where his tomb of white marble has never been desecrated. Untouched by the sacrilegious hands of the Eighth Henry's commissioners, or Puritan fanaticism, his revered effigie may be seen lying in his pontifical robes, as if no centuries of storm and stress had elapsed since it was placed there.

The Feasts of All Saints and All Souls.

IT is fitting that the feasts of the saints triumphant and the saints suffering should come together, and that the saints militant should pray to and for them. The former feast was instituted to honor all the saints known and unknown, and had its inception in the early days of the Christian Church, when the faithful who dwelt near the scene of a martyr's death solemnized the death day at the spot of the martyrdom, till in the fourth century the Christians of both East and West began to unite to keep green the memories of their martyrs. At Antioch the services were celebrated on the Sunday after Pentecost; and Pope Boniface IV., in 610, consecrated the Pantheon to the Blessed Virgin and all the saints, and ordered an anniversary. Gregory III., in the eighth century, consecrated a chapel in the Basilica of St. Peter's for a like purpose, and fixed the anniversary for the 1st of November; and the next

Pope Gregory extended the celebration of the 1st of November to the whole Christian world.

The commemoration of the faithful departed takes place on the day following the feast of All Saints, except when the 2d of November falls on a Sunday, in which case the commemoration is observed on the third day of the month. In the first centuries the names of the dead were entered on the diptychs; and in the sixth century it was the custom in all Benedictine monasteries to hold a commemoration for the dead members of the Order about Whitsuntide. In Germany this commemoration usually took place on the 1st of October.

It was St. Odilo, the fifth abbot of Cluny, who was the means of having the feast of the suffering dead established throughout the entire Church. Legend tells that in the year 998 there came to the abbot a pilgrim from the Holy Land, who had already won an undesired renown for his love of prayer and penance, as well as for his monastic spirit and learning. The pilgrim reported that he had spent some time on an island where he saw among the cliffs an opening into a fiery pit from which flames issued, and he asserted that he heard the groans and cries of the souls undergoing their time of purgation there. The pious abbot immediately ordered a special service for the dead, which was soon extended to the Christian world.

It is of interest to note that the Druids held an occasional festival for the dead, and that the Feast of Lanterns observed in Japan and the Feast of the Dead kept in some parts of China correspond with Catholic belief in commemorating the souls of all the departed.

THE persuasion that a great, producing, regulating and conducting Being conceals Himself, as it were, behind nature to make Himself comprehensible to us,—such a conviction forces itself upon everyone.

—Goethe.

The Fundamental Virtue.

IT has been well said that the one virtue which the devil most fears, because it is the only one which he can not imitate, is humility. It may well be added that this same virtue is classed by ordinary persons as the most difficult to practise, because it runs counter to the self-esteem which seems to be ingrained in human nature. The difficulty is somewhat exaggerated in the estimation of many, for the simple reason that they have an erroneous notion of the true constituents of the virtue. Humility is not a synonym of stupidity, of ignorance, of simulation, or of pusillanimity. A man may be truly humble while being quite conscious that he is possessed of gifts or talents superior to those of many of his friends and associates. The absence of humility, or pride, does not consist in his possession of the gifts, or in his consciousness of them, but rather in his over-estimating their importance, and in his attributing them to himself instead of referring them to God.

St. Bonaventure defines humility as voluntary self-abasement resulting from the knowledge of our own frailty; and fifteen minutes devoted to a thorough self-examination should convince the average Christian that, in a hundred and one respects, his frailty is unmistakable. The truly humble man is he who acknowledges his own nothingness and the nothingness of all earthly things, and who acts in accordance with this conviction. As for his own nothingness, he has only to consider the majesty of God as revealed in the marvels of creation—the earth and sea and sky—to acquire a wholesome idea of his true standing in the eyes of his Creator. Or again, the consideration that he is but a single man among the hundreds of millions who inhabit the world, serves to help him to a true sense of proportion. The experience of a stranger in London or New York or Chicago

who sees an unceasing tide of humanity sweeping by him for hours tends graphically to remind him of his own comparative insignificance.

The school wherein we learn humility, says St. John Chrysostom, is the grave; and assuredly the conviction that all earthly things pass away like a shadow should banish pride from our minds and hearts. Should the possession of wealth prevent a man from being humble? He may lose that wealth from day to day, and he *must* lose it at death. Physical beauty, grace of features and form, need be no obstacle to humility; it may be disfigured from day to day by accident or disease, and in a few years at the longest will yield to the ravages of old age and death. And why should even the most learned of men, the most erudite of scholars be proud of his knowledge? The more he learns the more he discovers the extent of his ignorance, and the truth of that saying of the "Imitation": "If it seems to thee that thou knowest many things and understandest them well enough, know at the same time that there are many more things of which thou art ignorant."

Is it difficult to preserve humility when one has acquired reputation or fame, and is crowned with earthly honors? Not if one considers how ephemeral is the applause of the crowd, how short-lived is the prestige of the highest worldly potentates, how all down the ages the multitudes have been fain to shout "Hosanna" one day, and "Crucify Him" the next.

The humble man, in truth, is one who simply forms a just estimate of things. If he is possessed of gifts which others deem great, he values those gifts according to God's scale, not man's; acknowledges that they come from God; utilizes them in His service; and if, through those gifts, he accomplishes anything which the world deems notable, his comment is not the vain-glorious, "I did this or that," but Mary's "He that is mighty hath done great things to me."

Notes and Remarks.

As our readers have doubtless noticed, we are inclined to welcome non-Catholic dissatisfaction with the more or less paganizing influence of our public schools. When that dissatisfaction becomes nationwide—as it eventually will—we may hope for a statesman-like solution of an educational problem which has thus far been treated, not as a matter for genuine statesmanship, but a question of political expediency. The latest non-Catholic to deplore the absence of religious instruction in the public school is the Rev. Mr. Mac-Alpine, a Presbyterian minister of Buffalo, N. Y. In an address recently delivered in that city, he called attention to the fact that “12,000,000 out of 25,000,000 of our citizens grew up within the last generation with absolutely no moral or religious instruction of any kind, 800,000 of these being in New York State.” And the conclusion to which this Presbyterian minister comes is this: “In any event, unless our children are adequately taught in our schools the great essential moral and spiritual truths, the future of our democracy is doomed. The Sunday school can only touch the need; the State only can and must meet it. It is absolutely not a matter of Church or creed—it is a matter of national growth or decay, strength or senility, success or failure. The country is rapidly becoming ready for the Bible in our public schools—if not already. And soon the clock of our destiny will strike the hour when necessity will demand immediate action.”

The Bible in the schools is not the correct solution of the problem; but the public opinion that demands religion in education is unquestionably a most hopeful sign of the times.

Providence, Rhode Island, witnessed the other day a Holy Name parade which admittedly eclipsed any other civic or religious demonstration held in that city

in recent years. With pardonable pride the *Visitor*, editorially discusses what Bishop Hickey styled “the magnificent demonstration,” and among other appropriate reflections, makes this one: “It may be said without presumption that no other power than the Church could bring, at least in days of peace, so many men together and unify their thoughts on one particular subject. No other power could bring so vast a host to march in serried columns through the streets of our city for so holy a cause. No political party could gather so many citizens under the same banner; no secret society could call forth this multitude whatever inducement might be offered.”

In these unquiet days of strikes, actual and threatened, of apparently irreconcilable disputes between Capital and Labor, of radical Socialism and Sovietism and Bolshevism, it is refreshing to remind one's self that the Old Church is still at her post, with millions of faithful children ready to follow her directions, pointing as they do to the stabilization of society and the good of mankind.

A masterpiece of allegory is “Nebuchadnezzar's Image,” a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, Jr., of Magnolia, Mass., preached when the spirit of Independence Day was still with us, and printed in full in a recent issue of the “Congressional Record.” It is a long time since anything so entertaining has appeared in that very staid, serious, oft-times wearisome periodical. Mr. Jones, of Washington, will have the cordial thanks of many readers for this presentation of Dr. Wadsworth's portrayal of the oldtime autocrat. With matchless diction he first describes Nebuchadnezzar, then goes on to tell what he did, to explain why he did it, and to show the results of his doing. The monstrous image of gold which he erected upon the plain of Dura, and commanded all his vassals to fall down and adore, is likened to the League of Nations, “that grotesque con-

glomeration of incongruities." But we mustn't tell any more about Dr. Wadsworth's comparisons, and we couldn't give our readers a better idea of his sermon as a whole than they will derive from the following short passage:

The world has been a vast plain of Dura, on which image after image has been set up, sometimes by autocrats drunk with pride, sometimes by ambitious demagogues, sometimes by unbalanced visionaries. The plain of Dura has heard a deal of foolish shouting through the centuries, as feeble-minded crowds have acclaimed now one fad and now another, as the divine device which was going to change nature, to change human nature, and to transform the world. One after another these much-applauded fads have failed, as intelligent men knew from the start that they would fail. Image after image, fad after fad, has gone to the scrap heap. What a motley assortment of exploded panaceas lie along the pathway of the years, from the Tower of Babel, which was to lift the race to heaven, to the image of Nebuchadnezzar, which was to unify mankind; from the Reign of Terror to the single tax; from Karl Marx to Kultur; from Socialism to Bolshevism. Each one of these grotesque images was heralded at the time as the latest revelation from heaven and as the greatest treasure of humanity. But they were all worse than useless. They were blights so long as they were tolerated, and always the race escaped from them with thanksgiving and forgot them as soon as possible.

If political sermons were all as thoughtful, practical, picturesque and skilfully planned as this one of Dr. Wadsworth's, we shouldn't have the slightest objection to them—provided they were preached from Protestant pulpits.

A new venture and a good one, it strikes us, is the Lecture Guild, recently established in New York city. Its object, as expressed in its prospectus, is "to facilitate the expression of Catholic ideals from the lecture platform, and to this end it will be an agency through which the best lecturers may be engaged and a bureau from which all available information in regard to lecturers and speakers for any occasion may be obtained." Its auspices are entirely Catholic and entirely reliable. Already, its list of talent offered fills an

eight-page circular, while other entries are still being added. Moreover, the Guild itself works gratuitously so far as the public is concerned, that is, it costs no more to engage lecturers through the Guild than to secure their services directly. We only hope that a high standard may be maintained by the bureau, so that patrons may feel reasonably sure they are not making a leap in the dark when they engage an unknown entertainer or lecturer. Our colleges, convents and various clubs, all have good reason to share our hope. Perhaps it might not be a bad idea to subject the advisory board of the Guild to a hearing of the lectures for which the board stands sponsor, before endorsing them to the general public.

It would be a strange thing if the World War were to result in the disestablishment of the Church of England. Although this has often been agitated before, it has never perhaps been so vehemently or so generally demanded as at the present time. The *Statist*, an important English paper, expresses the opinion of an increasing number of people, it is thought, in saying editorially:

There is no reason why the Church of England should be supported by the whole population. It is not believed in by some; therefore it has lost the right to exact support from those who do not attend its services. The Church of England isn't different in any material sense from any other great Church, and should depend for support upon those who benefit through its ministrations. The old doctrine of one Church having not only the care of the whole population, but also charged with the power to compel the whole population to partake of its ministrations, is dead—dead for all posterity; and the sooner we cease to patter about doctrines which once were believed in, and which are now utterly rejected, the better it will be for all parties.

This is as frank and emphatic as the most zealous promoters of the movement could desire; and it is further urged that by withdrawing government support of the Church of England and the Church of Scotland the country's immense war

debt could be reduced to manageable proportions without increased taxation. Remembering what Newman once said about the moral force of the Church of England, we can not but regard its threatened disestablishment as a calamity. John Bull should find some other way of clearing off his war indebtedness.

We share the indignation, but not the regret, expressed over Senator Williams' recent speech attacking American citizens of Irish birth; in fact, we are glad rather than sorry, for our first thought on reading Mr. Williams' tirade was: 'This will be sure to direct general attention to Mr. Michael J. O'Brien's book, "A Hidden Phase of American History," and prove the best advertisement for it.' Such has been the case. Mr. Daniel T. O'Connell, director of the Irish National Bureau, gave the offending Senator four days in which to apologize for his attack and then (no apology having been made), published a letter which the author of the book had addressed to Mr. Williams (sparing him the trouble of doing so himself). The letter must have come as a shock to the gentleman from Mississippi, and we honestly think he should have been allowed a little more time to recover from it. But Mr. O'Connell does not believe in procrastination: he holds that the quicker refutation follows on vituperation the better.

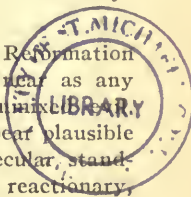
"The burden of your speech," writes Mr. O'Brien, "is upon what the Irish did or did not do in the Revolutionary War. You profess to believe they had *no* part in that struggle; that there were so very few Irish in this country at the time that their co-operation was utterly negligible. As one who has given many years of research to this subject, I am willing to admit that, heretofore, there has been much doubt and confusion as to the actual facts; and I admit also that some exaggerations have been indulged in by Irishmen whose enthusiasm was greater than their knowledge of the facts. But,

let me tell you, sir, that there is no longer room for doubt on this subject, and in order that you may satisfy yourself on that point, I am sending you a copy of a recent publication entitled 'A Hidden Phase of American History.' Almost without exception, the critics agree that this book is a fair and impartial study of the case, and you will not find one statement within its covers where the authority is not fully shown. It stands as a challenge to every opponent of the principle that America is much indebted to Ireland; and, furthermore, you will find absolute proof in this book that America owes more to Ireland for the part played by her sons in the struggle for our independence than she does to any other country on earth."

Mr. O'Brien proves beyond doubt that 38 per cent of the Revolutionary Army were of Irish birth or Irish descent; and triumphantly refutes the familiar Scotch-Irish and English-Irish myth. Again let us express our gratification that such an important work as "A Hidden Phase of American History" has received such a good advertisement. It is not for "the likes of us" to throw out hints to an Irishman so alert as Mr. Daniel T. O'Connell. He will not fail to take note of the "great dailies" that have given so much space to Senator Williams' strictures, and so little space to Mr. O'Brien's refutation of them. "Sign's on."

An eminent English scholar, writing anonymously, once expressed the conviction that the time was coming when Martin Luther would be generally regarded as a monster and the Reformation as a myth. That time would seem to have come already; for we find another non-Catholic publicist, of no less authority, making this declaration:

I am firmly convinced that the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century was as near as any mortal thing can come to an ~~unparalleled~~ ^{unparalleled} ~~event~~ ^{event}. Even the parts of it that might appear plausible and enlightened, from a purely secular standpoint, have turned out rotten and reactionary,



also from a purely secular standpoint. By substituting the Bible for the Sacrament it created a pedantic caste of those who could read, superstitiously identified with those who could think. By destroying the monks, it took social work from the poor philanthropists who chose to deny themselves, and gave it to any rich philanthropists who chose to assert themselves. By preaching individualism while preserving inequality, it produced modern capitalism. It destroyed the only league of nations that ever had a chance; it produced the worst wars of nations that ever existed; the wars in which not only the men but even the gods were enemies. It produced the most efficient form of Protestantism, which was Prussia. It is producing the worst part of paganism, which is slavery.

We quote from Mr. G. K. Chesterton, writing in the *New Witness*. Numerous other non-Catholic scholars, like the late Dr. Starbuck, of Andover, for instance, might be quoted to the same effect. No educated man, in fact, nowadays lauds the so-called Reformation.

Describing a recent visit to the Catacombs, which was followed by a private audience with the Holy Father, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes (in a communication to the *New York Times*, etc.):

There were great men in Rome, simple and brave men, who came to this city for inspiration and leadership, and went out from it to all parts of the world, so that their faith should live. Many of them died like the early martyrs; many of them had a burning passion in them which lighted a new fire of faith, and among them, through all the centuries, the Popes mostly were active in leadership, strong in their aspiration, men of authority and immensely powerful by virtue of their office.

That is history, whether we like it or dislike it. But there is still a living power in the world. The Church of Rome maintains its ancient faith; the Pope is to-day acknowledged by millions of men and women as the supreme head of their Church, though the Prisoner of the Vatican, as he is called. His spiritual power is recognized, not only by the people of his own Church, but by many who are Christians, though not Catholic.

Perhaps the most notable saying of Benedict XV. reported by Mr. Gibbs was in reference to the encyclicals of his illustrious predecessor Leo XIII. on labor.

"All their teaching," his Holiness solemnly declared, "may be summed up in two words, justice and charity. If men behaved justly and with real Christian charity toward each other, many of the troubles of the world would no doubt be removed; but without justice and charity there will be no social progress."

It was characteristically gracious of Dr. Eamon de Valera, "King of Ireland," as one youthful admirer calls him, to assure the students of the University of Notre Dame that he would remember as 'his happiest day in America' the one when he visited them. The address in which he made this statement evoked such applause as the eminent Irishman seldom hears, it was so spontaneous, continuous, and uproarious. He was listened to with breathless attention, every one present seemingly eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. But his personality made even a deeper impression—his gravity when speaking of serious things, his reverence when referring to things holy. Few failed to observe how recollectedly he said grace at table, and how thoroughly absorbed he seemed to be while kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament. A good as well as a great man, a leader who inspires the highest respect and the fullest confidence, is President Eamon de Valera.

There is, of course, no accounting for, as there is no disputing about tastes; but the substitution of "Casey" for "K. C." would seem to justify Dr. Johnson's definition of *pun*,—"a puny attempt at wit." The compliment paid by our Government to the Knights of Columbus by naming a recently completed ship "Casey" is no doubt as genuine as it has been well merited; yet we fail to see why it would not have been fully as well shown in naming the ship "K. C." without any suggestion of a play on words, the obviousness of which eliminates the surprise which is generally an ingredient of wit.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Queen of Heaven.

BY S. MARR.

O MOTHER, Queen of all the Saints,
How lovely must thou be
Enthroned beside the King, thy Son,
In heaven's royalty!

I almost see the Blessed wait
About thy starry shrine;
I almost hear the angel throng
That chant His praise and thine.

O Mother, let me be thy page
And serve thee with my love!
Then earth will seem a little court
Like thine in heaven above.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XVIII.—PRISONERS.

NEXT morning, even before the villagers were awake, Uncle Layac and Tim quietly brought their monoplane out of the hangar, or the shed that served as one, and put it in readiness for immediate ascent. From a peasant, who was observing their movements, they inquired the direction to be taken in order to reach Pampeluna without encountering any very high summits.

"Do you see that plateau away over there?" replied the peasant, pointing to a pretty elevated plane that stood out against the horizon. "Well, all you have to do is to go in that direction, and pass over the plateau. On the other side of it you will see the valley of Anga, which you can go down without any trouble."

"Many thanks, my good fellow!" said Tim, as he slipped a piece of silver into the peasant's hand. He then hurried

back to the plane, which he lost no time in setting in motion; for he desired to leave as quickly as possible this village that still held the rascally Fourrin.

There was a fairly strong wind from the South that morning. As a result the plane rose rapidly, and Tim had an opportunity of soon seeing the district known as the Spanish province of Navarre.

Our young pilot did not, however, have a great deal of time to admire the immense plain, puffed up here and there with hills and bluffs, that unrolled itself below him as if there was no limit to its extent; for the aeroplane speedily reached the plateau pointed out by the peasant. It was necessary to ascend still higher in order to fly over this plateau, and Tim set about making the requisite manœuvre.

Hardly had he begun to do so, however, when he heard a gunshot.

"Ah, the wretch!" cried the young mechanic, imagining that it was Fourrin who had fired upon him.

"What's that? What's the matter?" anxiously inquired his uncle. "Are you wounded?"

"Oh, if it was only I that was touched," said Tim, in a voice that was half-strangled with emotion, "it wouldn't matter so much."

"What do you mean?"

Tim had no leisure just then for a reply, for he had all he could do to look after his levers. In fact, simultaneously with the noise of the shot, he had noticed that a ball had struck and partially destroyed the rudder of the plane. Under this condition, which made steering an almost impossible function, there was only one thing to be done—let the plane make a landing. Tim set about the delicate operation with all the dexterity and prudence of which he was capable.

In the course of a minute or two the

aeroplane settled down to the ground; and no sooner had it touched the earth than our two travellers were surrounded by a band of men and women, springing up apparently from nowhere, and gesticulating with threatening fury. It was the band of smugglers.

Foremost among them, and most menacing in looks and gestures, was a young mother, holding by one hand a three-year-old baby, and shaking her other hand at the astonished Layac and Tim. She was Dolorita, wife of the smuggler whom the French customs officers had taken prisoner the previous evening; and the child she dragged behind her was that prisoner's son, little Miguel.

"Death to them!" she repeated time after time, clenching her fist and darting furious glances at the aviators. "Death to the spies!"

Old Antonio was obliged to interfere. Roughly seizing Dolorita and thrusting her aside, he exclaimed:

"Back with you! 'Tis I who am chief *heré*, and who will give all necessary commands."

Then, turning to Uncle Layac and Tim, who had not yet got over their surprise and fright, he continued:

"Well, my fine fellows, you are caught, eh? This will show you how Spanish smugglers understand the matter of revenging the treachery of strangers who think themselves smart."

Our two friends exchanged a glance of amazement. These people were smugglers! Layac, on hearing the announcement, almost dropped to the ground, his legs shaking in pure fright. The old Spaniard went on:

"Thanks to you, thanks to your cowardly denunciation, we were surprised last night in the mountains by the French customs force, and one of our number—who may be dead by this time—was wounded and taken prisoner. Accordingly we are going to keep you in our power; and if our comrade, instead of being released, is condemned, you shall die."

The big grocer, who did not at all fancy the idea of dying, found his voice, and, falling at the knees of the old smuggler, cried:

"Mercy, Monsieur the contrabandist,—mercy! We are innocent. I am an honest fellow; so is my nephew. We have done no evil to any one."

"Enough!" said Antonio, in a voice that forbade reply. "Enough!"

As he spoke he thrust poor Layac aside with such vigor that the latter lost his balance and fell. His pneumatic-tire suit preserved him from any injury, but rather helped his rolling away some yards.

Tim, furious at seeing his uncle treated with such want of respect, then put in his word:

"Mr. Smuggler, my uncle has told you the truth,—the exact truth. We are altogether innocent of the charge you bring against us. If you were denounced, it wasn't by us."

"It's useless to deny it, boy," rejoined the old Biscayan: "you were pointed out to us."

"Who pointed us out?"

"That's none of your affair. You're too young to argue with me."

"Well, I'm not too young to tell you that whoever said we denounced you is a contemptible liar; and *you* ought to be old enough to think twice before accusing innocent people of doing mean things."

"Shut up, you young cur, unless you want me to shave off your ears!"

Silence was of course Tim's only plan in the face of such threats, so he said nothing further. Anyway, what was the use of talking? Say what he would, Tim would never succeed in convincing the old smuggler at whose mercy he and his uncle now found themselves.

In the meantime both Uncle Layac and his nephew had arrived at the same conclusion: one glance between them showed that they understood the matter. It was Fourrin, the abominable Fourrin, who had got them into this bad scrape.

Tim was all the more willing to keep

silence from his understanding how useless it would be to explain to these bandits so mixed up and complicated a story as that of the Doremus legacy and the hatred it had brought upon them from their enemy Fourrin.

Ah, that Doremus will! To what a pass it had brought them! And the two millions? Where were they now? And how were they to be obtained? To think that, just for this, to be prisoners in the hands of a lot of beggarly smugglers, he and his uncle had left their home, their friends, their quiet life!

All the same, after the lapse of some little time, the prisoners began to take an interest in the place where they had been captured. It was a sort of high plateau, surrounded by a circle of rocks whose scalloped summits looked like the battlements of some ancient castle. At the base of each of these rocks there could be seen an opening leading into a deep grotto, the natural hiding-place for the goods smuggled from France. An encampment formed of huts not unlike Indian wigwams occupied part of the plateau.

"Humph!" muttered Tim between his teeth. "One might as well be in the country of the Red Skins." For the huts reminded him of scenes described in Cooper's novels.

Uncle Layac felt a cold chill run down his spine at Tim's remark; for, forgetting that he was just in Spain, not very far, after all, from his own land, he fancied he saw himself already broiling over a slow fire, under the famished eyes of gormandizing cannibals; for Red Skins and cannibals were all the same to the big grocer. While he was thus commiserating himself, Antonio again approached.

"It is here," he said, "that you are to remain our prisoners. Nobody save ourselves knows the path leading to this plateau, which is reputed to be inaccessible. That's equivalent to letting you know that you will in vain try to escape. In any case, you couldn't take ten steps

among these rocks without being precipitated into bottomless pits.

The captives regarded each other with a despairing glance. Incapable of further protest, they suffered themselves to be led into a sort of subterranean grotto, where, for a moment or two, they failed to notice that they were shut in. No stupor, however, is so intense that it doesn't finally wear away; so after a time the reality of their position dawned on them, and they began to lament their frightful situation. They were prisoners.

Even at this thought Tim did not lose courage. As for his uncle, possibly because he had no courage to lose, he simply sat down on a stone and sobbed, and for several minutes the far recesses of the grotto re-echoed to his dolorous lamentations.

"Ah, my poor Tim," he exclaimed at last, "it's all up with us!"

"How's that, Uncle?"

"Because the smuggler who has been made prisoner will be condemned, of course, because they can't do anything else than condemn him. And then—you heard that old savage say it—we shall be put to death."

At the same time another fear, and one equally atrocious, assailed the grocer,—the fear of feeling himself surrounded in this sombre grotto by all sorts of venomous animals—rats, serpents—who knew what awful things! The slightest pebble that detached itself, the least noise that penetrated from outside through a crevice of the rocks, made him shake like a leaf. Ah, what a long, long day it was, the first they spent in the gloomy cavern! And what a sigh of relief they breathed the next morning when they were led outside in order that they might get a breath of fresh air.

Tim's first thought as they left the grotto was of the aeroplane. With a thrill of joy, he saw that it was just where they had left it the day before, and that it had apparently not been molested or injured. As long as it was there, Tim told

himself, all hope of escape need not be abandoned.

From that day on, however, Layac and Tim underwent a suffering almost as bad as being cooped up in the grotto,—that of being led through the encampment and exhibited, as though they were wild beasts, to the men and women who could not find names vile enough to hurl at them.

Worst of all was Dolorita. As soon as she caught sight of the prisoners, she began her angry cries; and all day long she endeavored to excite against Layac and his little nephew the twenty or thirty smugglers who composed Antonio's band.

"What are we waiting for?" she asked. "Let's kill them at once and have done with the business!"

One day, indeed, she so worked up the anger of the band that Antonio had difficulty in preventing the instant execution of the aviators. It was only when he made them see that if this crime were committed, and became known, as it easily might be, French justice would only be rendered still more inexorable against Dolorita's husband, that they gave up their bloody design. That argument, moreover, convinced Dolorita, and henceforth Uncle Layac and Tim had nothing further to fear from her.

(To be continued.)

The Noblest Deed.

AN affectionate father, possessed of great wealth, had a mind, before he died, to divide among his three sons the fruit of his long years of industry. After having made three equal divisions, and assigned to each his portion, he added: "I have still a diamond of great value; and I design it for the one who shall best deserve it by some noble and generous action; and I allow you a quarter of a year to qualify yourselves to obtain this prize."

The three sons immediately dispersed, but came together again at the prescribed time. They presented themselves before their father, and the oldest made this

report: "Father, during my absence, a stranger found himself so circumstanced as to be obliged to entrust me with his whole fortune; he had no security from me in writing, and he would not have been able to produce any proof, nor the least token of the deposit; but I faithfully restored it to him. Is there not something laudable in this fidelity?"

"Thou hast done, son," answered the old gentleman, "what was only thy duty. If thou hadst been capable of acting otherwise, thy baseness should have weighed thee down with shame to the grave; for probity is a duty. Thy action is an action of justice, but not an action of generosity."

The second son, in his turn, pleaded his cause much in these words: "I happened to be, during my journey, on the bank of a river; a child had unguardedly fallen into it, and would have been drowned had I not plunged in, and saved his life."

"Very well," said the father, interrupting him. "There is nothing so very noble in this action: it is only a deed of humanity."

The last of the three brothers then spoke: "Father," said he, "I found my mortal enemy, who had wandered out of his road, asleep, without knowing it, on the brink of an abyss; the least motion made by him, at the time of waking, must have caused him to fall headlong into it; his life was in my hands: I took care to awake him with the proper precautions, and dragged him away from that fatal place."

"My dear son," exclaimed the good father, tenderly embracing him, "thine undoubtedly is the precious jewel; for thou hast the best claim to it. True generosity consists in doing good to our enemies."

In Spite of Circumstances.

It used to be told of a Scotch minister, famed for learning, that with all his knowledge he was born in the parish of *Dull*, educated at the school of *Dunse*, and settled in the parish of *Drone*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is announced that Canon William Barry will see through the press a posthumous work by Mr. W. S. Lilly. Its title is "An Invisible Kingdom."

—A list of forthcoming books includes "A Fourteenth Century Anthology: Being Selections from English Verse, Prose, and Drama, by Writers other than Chaucer."

—Mr. James C. Nolan has issued some of his verses in a beautifully illustrated booklet with "The Angelus—Millet's Canvas," as title. Portraits of the late Archbishop Ireland and of his successor, together with a fac-simile letter of the former and an excerpt from a letter of John Boyle O'Reilly to his daughter regarding Millet's "Angelus," contribute no little charm to this tasteful publication.

—Mary T. Waggaman has contributed another welcome addition to Catholic juvenile literature. "The Finding of Tony" (Benziger Brothers), is an up-to-date story, some twenty thousand words long, of the trials and adventures of a young Italian,—his brief glimpse of Catholic boys and girls, his enforced entrance into an institutional school for friendless boys, his hasty exit therefrom, his heroic search for the Good Shepherd to cure his friend Lenny, and his final discovery—of friends and happy days.

—The latest publication of the Irish Text Society is "The Conquests of Charlemagne," edited from the Book of Lismore and three other MSS., by Douglas Hyde. This text is one of a number of allied literary productions translated into Late Middle or Early Modern Irish in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and is taken direct from a Latin original, probably the work of different persons writing from about 1020 to 1150. Dr. Hyde dates the present Irish text in or about 1400. The Latin chronicle was first printed in 1566.

—A book that wholly delights us is "True Stories for First Communicants," by a Sister of Notre Dame, with illustrations by W. Pippett. These are ideal stories for children and perfectly told. Not only the lives of known saints, such as St. Gerard Majella, St. Tarcisius, the Blessed Gemma Galgani and others, furnish forth material for the entrancing narratives, but children of our own day, "Reggie" and "Kittie" and "Marie" and, above all, "Little Nellie of Holy God," are brought forward to show the appeal to young hearts of Our Lord in the Sacrament of His love. The story of "Joan" would alone make this book worth having.

The illustrations are beautifully in keeping with the spirit of the text and add something to it on their own account. The B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, are the agents for this little volume in the United States.

—"A Catholic Social Platform" (a small pamphlet of sixteen pages) is a collection of extracts from two works of the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J.—"The World Problem" and "Democratic Industry." As a summary of the Catholic position on some of the greatest questions of the moment, this little work is distinctly worth while. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—Late brochures received from Bloud & Gay, Paris, include "La Guerre et la Vie de L'Esprit," by Maurice Legendre; and "Le Bon Combat," by Abbé Eugène Griselle. The former is a series of essays by a Catholic philosopher; the latter, a selection made from semi-weekly articles written for the Catholic committee of the French Propaganda by the committee's general secretary. While the conclusion of the war has robbed both works of some of their timeliness, they are, nevertheless, interesting as well as suggestive.

—Miss Isabel C. Clarke has become so familiarly and favorably known to our readers that it seems quite sufficient now to announce a new book by her and to give its title. Something extra good and out of the ordinary, of high purpose and intense interest is sure to be looked for. These expectations will be fully realized in "Eunice," of which all that we shall say is this,—however inadequate it may seem to be: the story tells of how 'a tiny seed was sown, and although it had long lain in darkness and unfruitfulness, it finally matured and grew up into a living plant.' We shall not be in the least surprised should the popular verdict turn out to be that "Eunice," in some respects, is the best of all Miss Clarke's novels. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Some five or six months ago we had an appreciative word to say in these columns concerning "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady," by the Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of another volume of equal merit from the same source. "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals" (Benziger Brothers), is an attractively bound twelvemo of 408 pages, the last eight of which, we are especially glad to say, contain an excellent index. The sermons, twenty-nine in all, are divided into three parts, with the symbolic

general titles: "Mount Sion," "Rivers of Juda," and "Springs of Water." This third portion of the work will be found of special interest and utility, not only to the clergy but to the laity, treating as it does of the Church's sacramentals. Solid instruction, logical sequence of thought, and a lucid and graceful literary style—notable characteristics of Father Flynn's previous volumes—are equally in evidence in this latest one.

—Edith M. Dell's latest book, "The Lamp in the Desert" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is another story of India,—"India the savage, the implacable, the ruthless," as the heroine is moved to style that easternmost possession of Great Britain. The novel possesses all the qualities that have endeared the author to a large number of fiction-lovers; and it must be said in its favor that, while such religion as appears therein is rather vague than dogmatically precise, still there is more mention of God and of belief in Him than can be found in the average best-seller of the day. The title seems to have been suggested by verse fourteen of the seventy-eighth Psalm, and a rhyming proem to the book concludes with this quatrain:

That the lost may come into safety,
And the mourners may cease to doubt,
The Lamp of God will be shining still
When the lamps of men go out.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
 "True Stories for First Communicants." A Sister of Notre Dame. 90 cts.
 "The Finding of Tony." Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.
 "Eunice." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.75.
 "The Lamp of the Desert." Edith M. Dell. \$1.75.
 "The New Black Magic." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$2.
 "The Truth About China and Japan." B. L. Putnam Weale. \$2.
 "Lo and Behold Ye!" Seumas MacManus. \$1.60.
 "Poems." Theodore Maynard. \$1.35.

- "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
 "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
 "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
 "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
 "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
 "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
 "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
 "An American Girl on the Foreign Missions." Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M. A. L. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.
 "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baiert. \$2.
 "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
 "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.
 "Crucible Island." Condé B. Pallen. About \$1.50.
 "Christian Ethics: A Textbook of Right Living." J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Mr. Daniel Rennie, Mr. George Vensel, Mr. Anthony Madden, Mr. William Green, Miss Mary Murray, Mr. S. A. Sanders, Mr. Joseph Brazill, Mrs. Bridget Bierne, Mrs. Thomas Coyle, Miss Margaret Clark, Mr. John Feldhaus, Mrs. P. Garvy, Mr. James Shea, Miss Alice King, Mr. Charles Lowe, Miss Mary Lucas, Mr. Denis McCarthy, Mr. Charles Brady, Mrs. Margaret McNulty, Miss Anna Mitchell, Miss Julia Tebeau, Mr. Patrick Dundon, Mr. Joseph McNamara, Mr. John Nitz, Miss Mary Barnidge, Mr. John Gallagher, Mrs. Catherine Corcoran, Mr. E. E. Winter, Mr. George Fischbach, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Rooney, Mr. C. J. Conrad, and Mrs. Anna Weir.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: G. B., \$10; "in honor of St. Teresa," \$2; Rev. J. J. B., \$10; L. K. C., \$1. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. B. O'Brien, \$15; J. M., \$1; James Hynes, \$5. For the Foreign Missions: B. J. M., \$9.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. X. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 8, 1919.

NO. 19

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For Them in Bands.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WEeping and wailing from dawn to gray,
Wailing and weeping from gray to rose,
Are some that we once knew glad and gay,
And some that we wept in their cares and woes.
In prison dreary they pine and stay
Till paid is the debt each poor soul owes,—
Weeping and wailing from dawn to gray
Wailing and weeping from gray to rose.
Yet solaced much in their pain are they
When prayer to Heaven for their aid goes,
From those they loved in a bygone day,
And who plead for them in their anguished throes,—
Weeping and wailing from dawn to gray,
Wailing and weeping from gray to rose.

The New Feast of All the Saints of Ireland.

BY E. BECK.

THE new feast of all the saints of Ireland is celebrated on the 6th of November; and, in addition to the prayer given in the Mass for that day, there has been compiled, with episcopal sanction, for private use, a litany, in which a number of Irish saints are called on for their help and aid. Most of these saints are the official patrons of the different dioceses of the Island; some others have hardly been heard of outside the districts where they labored; while many well-known holy men and women are not, of course, in-

cluded. Of some of these diocesan patrons only meagre details exist, while round the names of others much traditional lore has gathered. It may be not uninteresting to tell something of these holy people of long ago.

Patrick, Brigid of Kildare, and Columba of Iona, are naturally first invoked; and then St. Malachy, the patron of Armagh, Down, and Connor. Malachy was born in troubled times. The untoward coming of the Danes to Ireland brought attendant woes. Ruin and devastation spread over the land; schools and monasteries were laid low by the pagan Northmen; and churches, erected with much cost and labor, were pillaged and burned. That a certain laxity of religious rites and functions should follow on this was inevitable; yet recent and reliable investigation shows that the Irish of the period had not fallen so far from the ordinary standard of Christians of that time as St. Bernard of Clairvaux was led to believe—perhaps for a purpose.

At any rate, when Malachy took up the heavy burden of the archbishopric of Armagh, the primatial See was by no means in a vigorous condition; for lay usurpers had seized the appurtenances of the bishopric, and Malachy was obliged to proceed to Rome in 1139, to take counsel with the Pope regarding the abuses that had, explicably enough, crept into his diocese. On the way to the Eternal City he had the joy of meeting the great reformer of the monastic life, St. Bernard; and so impressed was the Irish Bishop with the solitude of Clairvaux

that he subsequently desired to remain there always. This the Pontiff would not permit. But Malachy, on his return journey, left four of his followers in the lonely vale to become Cistercian monks. Four years later they returned to their own land with a number of brethren, and established, at Mellifont the first Cistercian monastery in Ireland.

But if the holy Bishop was not to live in Clairvaux, he was destined to die there. He set out for the monastery in the twilight of his life, hoping to meet there Pope Eugenius III.; but the Pontiff was gone when Malachy arrived. Still he had the unspeakable consolation of dying in the arms of St. Bernard, solaced by all the rites and comforts of the Church. His happy death took place on November 2d, 1148.

Laurence O'Toole, saint and patriot, was twenty years of age when St. Malachy died; and, like that great Bishop, he, too, fell on evil times. When quite a child he was given as a hostage to Dermot MacMurrough, him whose ill courses brought untold misery to Ireland. When released from his cruel bondage, he was placed in the school founded centuries before by St. Kevin at Glendalough, and after a long course of study was appointed abbot of the monastery. In the year 1162 he was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant See of Dublin, and was consecrated in Christ Church Cathedral. Dublin was then in great part a Danish settlement, and the Archbishop had work enough with a half-pagan flock; but soon he had worse troubles. The despicable MacMurrough and his more despicable and rapacious allies appeared before the walls of Dublin. The Archbishop was brother-in-law to the Leinster king and uncle to Eva, "the bartered bride of Strongbow"; yet he did not hesitate in his duty to his native land. At his call the walls of the city were manned and the invaders repulsed.

The triumph was unfortunately brief; in the following year, through the wiles of the English, the Irish capital fell to the

strangers. St. Laurence made the best terms he could for his people; and later on he showed, to the cause of the unhappy King Roderick O'Connor, a loyalty that has few parallels in any land. It was on behalf of that monarch that he went to England to seek an interview with the royal murderer of Thomas of Canterbury. There he was imprisoned for three weeks; and on his release he followed Henry to Normandy, where he died at the monastery of Eu, on the 14th of November, 1180. He had attended the great Council of Lateran the previous year. His canonization took place in 1225.

Legend and song have made the name of St. Kevin, the patron of beautiful Glendalough, known over the world; and they yearly bring to the lonely valley crowds of tourists. There, in the early days of the sixth century, Kevin built his little cell by the side of that lake which the versatile Thomas Moore tells no lark ever sings over. The young anchorite, was fain to escape from the world, but the fame of his sanctity drew crowds of disciples to share his life of prayer and meditation. Round the little cell of wattles and mud a city gradually rose, and as gradually decayed. The ruins of seven churches yet remain; and of these, the one called by the name of the saint is the most interesting on account of its antiquity. It is roofed with stone, and certainly belongs to the days of Kevin, and is probably coeval with the round tower near by. It is said that community life was adopted in Kevin's monastery before he died, on the 3d of June, 619.

St. Felim, or Felimy, patron of Kilmore, was born about the beginning of the sixth century. Tradition asserts that he was the great-grandson of Dubtach, the poet, who rose first among the crowd assembled at Tara to pay respect to St. Patrick when he went to the royal palace at the high king's command:

It was thus that Erin, then blind but strong,
To Christ through her bard paid homage due;
And this was a sign that in Erin song
Should from first to last to the Cross be true.

St. Macanisius, or Macnise, as well as Malachy, is patron of Connor, and was the first bishop of that See. He was a disciple of St. Dican, who had been instructed by Patrick himself. The bishop was noted for his life of prayer and penance.

Achonry has for patron the priest Nathy, or David. Little that is authentic is known of him, except that he was a disciple of Finian, Bishop of Clonard; and that the Bishop bestowed a church on him. He is mentioned by Colgan, who assigns his feast to the 9th of August.

On the 12th of the same month is celebrated the feast of St. Muredach, who was consecrated bishop by St. Patrick in 440. He is supposed by some authorities to have come to Ireland with Patrick, and is said to have received from the Apostle "a noble church on the banks of the river Moy." Dr. Lanigan places this saint at a later period. He is the patron of Killala.

St. Macartan, patron of the ancient diocese of Clogher, was also consecrated by St. Patrick, and placed in charge of that See. He was favored with the gifts of miracles and of prophecy, and died in 506. This is, practically, all that Butler tells of this saint; but many legends connected with him are told elsewhere. St. Cinnia, or Cetemana, daughter of Eochod, a dynast of Clogher, had been permitted to receive the veil from St. Patrick, and she is said to have been the first nun in Ireland. Her father remained a pagan; and on one occasion, when a beast belonging to the recently appointed Bishop strayed to his pastures, he ordered the poor animal to be tied to a stone. The pitiful lowing of the brute was heard far and near; and the "magus" of the chief foretold that where-soever the complaint of the animal was heard, that territory should in time belong to the Bishop. Eochod was enraged, and sent his son to order the Bishop from the place.

The boy went unwillingly, and fell into slumber on the way; and as he slept he thought he was protected by the mantle of Macartan. As he did not return, his

parents sought him, and found him asleep, and all round him was a sweet fragrance. The mother would not allow the boy to proceed farther, and a servant was dispatched to carry the message; but he could not proceed on his way. Then the dynast resolved to be his own messenger. He reached the abode of the Bishop, and drew his sword with murderous intent; but his uplifted arm became rigid as marble. He was relieved of his affliction at the prayer of the saint, and afterwards bestowed many gifts on the monastery of St. Macartan. The present cathedral of Monaghan, a very beautiful Mediæval Gothic structure, was dedicated to the saint by Cardinal Logue in 1892.

The patron of Cashel is St. Albert, who was a Christian and had visited Rome prior to the coming of the Irish Apostle. He assisted Patrick in his labors, and was appointed in course of time to the See of Cashel. King Ængus bestowed many lands on him, and among them "Arran of the Saints," as it came to be called. He lived to a great age. His feast is kept on the 12th of September.

St. Eunan was first bishop of Raphoe. Clement XII., in 1734, approved of a Mass for his feast, which is now kept on the 9th of September.

St. Kiaran, or Ciaran, abbot and founder of far-famed Clonmacnoise, was converted by hearing a passage of the Gospels read. He put himself under the care of St. Finian, who foretold that half the monasteries of Ireland should follow the austere rule he was to write,—a rule later known as the Law of Kiaran. Through the generosity of King Dermotius, he founded Clonmacnoise, on the banks of the lordly Shannon. To this school came many who were to be famed in various ways; and from it went forth to labor for souls numerous holy men.

"Cataldus, Servant of Christ, Bishop of Taranto," was the engraving on the golden cross on the breast of Cathal, or Carthage, of Lisimore, when his tomb was opened in

the eleventh century, in the presence of the Archbishop of Taranto. He was born of noble parents in the early part of the seventh century, and was educated at the famous school of Lismore. So diligent a student was he that he was retained as a teacher when his studies were completed. This was high honor for so young a man, at a time when even Alfred of England went to Lismore to perfect his knowledge of science and music. A desire to visit the Holy Land took Cathal from Ireland; but as he journeyed he was told by heavenly inspiration to go to Taranto, in Italy, and labor there. He obeyed, and governed the Church in Taranto for fifteen years ere he passed to his reward. Lismore and Taranto both claim him as patron.

Canice, who died in 560, is the patron of Kilkenny; and that town and diocese had their name from the saint, who is commonly known as Kenny. While quite young he visited Rome, and also assisted Columba to convert the Picts. Memorials of the saint, in the names of churches and districts, remain in Scotland to the present time. Finally he returned to his own land and founded several monasteries.

Jarlath, the patron of Tuam, was educated by Benignus, Archbishop of Armagh. Later on he founded a monastery near Tuam, where among his pupils were the great Brendan and Colman, the patrons respectively of the dioceses of Clonfert and Cloyne. Young Colman was diverted from his profession of literature by his fellow-student, St. Ita. A metrical Life of St. Senan is attributed to him.

Finbarr, the Fair-Haired founded the monastic school of Cork, which enjoyed a high reputation during the seventh and eighth centuries. The saint was educated by Corporius, who had studied under St. Gregory the Great. Some of the poems of this saint were edited by J. H. Todd in the middle years of the nineteenth century.

St. Aidan became first bishop of the See of Ferns in 598, and held a sort of supremacy over the other bishops of Leinster. His Irish name of Mogue is

yet a common one in the neighborhood of Ferns, and several places have the syllable for a termination. The bell and shrine of St. Aidan are yet preserved in the National Museum, Dublin.

Very little is to be told, even by the learned Canon O'Hanlon, concerning the patron of Ross and Kilfenora. That St. Fachanan was a bishop is certain; that he died at an advanced age, about the year 570, is also pretty certain; and that he had the gift of miracles, tradition asserts positively.

St. Munchin, patron of Limerick, established in the sixth century the school of Mungret, which became very famous. The saint retired in his old age to a hermitage near Limerick, and from this retreat and Mungret the affairs of a large district were administered.

There is a foolish statement made by Protestant writers that St. Brigid claimed to have authority over St. Conleth, who took up his abode in the house of monks hard by her convent, in order to consecrate churches, ordain ministers, and so on. The venerable Bishop owed no obedience to the great abbess, but got his jurisdiction in the ordinary method. He simply gave her advice and his services in various religious functions. He was a very holy man, and is regarded as the patron of Kildare.

St. Laserian, or Molaise, is famous for the part he took in settling the much disputed question of the time for observing Easter. He is patron of Leighlin and was of royal birth. In Rome he was a pupil of St. Gregory the Great, and there in 633 he was consecrated first bishop of Leighlin by Honorius I.

St. Flannan, patron of Killaloe, was the son of the King of Thomond, and received the monastic habit from Colman at Lismore. He was consecrated bishop in Rome in 640, and then went back to Ireland to take up the work of his diocese.

Ailbe is doubly the patron of Emly, for the saint's home became the centre of his diocese. He was of noble blood, and

his family, through intercourse with Gaul, had become Christians. Ailbe had labored long with his brothers for the conversion of his immediate neighbors; and tradition says that he and they were priests before Patrick came to confer on Ailbe a bishop's See. Soon, however, the saint desired to see the places which had been sanctified by Our Lord's life and death, and he set out with his brothers for Palestine. His brother Erhard remained in Ratisbon; and on Ailbe's return from his pilgrimage, Erhard had passed to his reward. Quickly and happily his own call came, and both brothers await the resurrection in a far-off Bavarian city. Many miracles, we are told, were wrought at the tombs of these holy exiles.

St. Mel, the son of St. Patrick's sister Darerca, was the first bishop and abbot of the diocese and monastery of Ardagh, which was united to Clonmacnoise in 1729.

A Druid of the district of Elphin gave St. Patrick some ground, on which he built an episcopal church and monastery, the charge of which he gave to St. Assicus, its patron.

Like Ailbe, St. Kyran, or Kieran, was a Christian previous to the year 432, and he was ordained priest and consecrated bishop in Rome. Legend says he received from St. Patrick a bell, with orders to found a church where the bell would sound of its own accord. This it did on the slope of Slieve Bloom, and at that place was built a monastery from which Ossory was evangelized.

The See of Galway and Kilmacduagh was founded by St. Colman, a holy hermit, who had been educated in Arran, and was a relative to the then King of Connaught. His monastery was founded about 610, and the saint died twenty years later. Another Colman was Bishop of Dromore in the sixth century, and is its patron. It should be said that some of the old dioceses of Ireland have been merged into others.

There are saints of wider celebrity invoked in the litany of which we have

spoken. St. Enda, abbot, was the son of an Ulster lord, and was trained in the Vale of Ross, in Wales. On his return to his native land, he took charge of the isle of Arran and guided many holy monks. His sister was St. Fanchea, a Meath abbess.

Saints Dympna, Ita, and Attracta were virgins. The first died a martyr at the hands of her unnatural father, in Holland, whither she had fled in order to remain a Christian maiden. The second was a Christian, and was clothed with the monastic habit by St. Patrick. She led a holy and secluded life till she died in her convent, in the middle of the sixth century. She was noted for her mortification and devotion to the Holy Eucharist, and her advice was sought by many saints. Attracta was an Ulster maid, who left her home, and was veiled by St. Patrick after a long probation. Her servant Mitain renounced the world with her, and tradition says that a snowy veil fell from heaven for Attracta's clothing. Her memory is honored on the 9th of February, and Pope Pius IX. raised the feast to the dignity of a double for the diocese of Achroyn.

Little need be told of the brave and impetuous Columbanus, who left Ireland with twelve companions to found Luxeuil, to incur the hatred of king and queen and courtiers in his defence of morality, and to die at Bobbio, where his relics still remain; nor of his beloved disciple, St. Gall, who was prevented by illness from following his master into Italy, and who later on set up his rudely-fashioned sign of man's Redemption in the Alpine gorge, where stands the present city of St. Gall. Kings and emperors, priests and pilgrims, have knelt through the ages at the shrines of these saints; and Columbanus stands forth for all time as the prototype of earnest missionary zeal.

All ye Saints of Ireland, pray for us!

—♦—
SPIRITUAL development is always rapid when the divine will is implicitly obeyed along the path of self-sacrifice and self-immolation.—*Isabel C. Clarke.*

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XIX.—TIDINGS FROM OVERSEA.



T was December, and the country lay bound by a vehement frost, such as had been seldom experienced. Roads were hard as iron; springs were frozen in many places, and water extremely scarce. The cold was intense.

In the little wayside inn where Patrick Hathaway had met the Jesuit, Father McQuhirrie, six years before, Grissel Paton was sitting close to the hearth, trying to work at her spinning-wheel; but every few minutes she had to cease in order to warm her chilled fingers by the fire which burned brightly from the heaped-up pine branches between the iron "dogs."

Her ear caught the sound of horses on the frozen road outside; and, with the customary curiosity of dwellers in country districts, where anything out of the ordinary is matter for investigation, Grissel prepared to peer out of her window at the passers-by. But as she approached the casement, the travellers drew rein at her door. A loud and continued knocking summoned her to open, and she donned her duffle cloak and hood, and hastened to obey.

There were two riders awaiting her.

"We would fain give the horses a rest, Dame," said one. "And we need a bite and sup for ourselves, an ye will!"

"The loon's even now in the stable!" she cried, pointing out the direction. "If ye'll ride round, he'll help ye all ye need. I'll get ye some dinner—the best I can do."

The travellers rode off, and Grissel busied herself with cooking. In a few minutes the strangers returned. Throwing off capacious cloaks and mufflers, they strove, with much stamping of feet and swinging of arms, to induce a little warmth

into limbs stiff with riding in the frosty chill. Then, casting aside thick gloves, they hastened to obey the invitation of their hostess to seat themselves under the chimney. Thence from the shelter and warmth of the ingleside they waited the result of Grissel's preparations, watching her the while. The savor which rose from the large iron pot which she was diligently stirring, promised a due reward for patient expectation.

In appearance the two men were greatly dissimilar. He who seemed to take the lead was sturdily built, with wrinkled face and thick greyish hair and beard. The other was slighter in figure, and much younger,—probably about thirty years of age. His face, naturally pale and lean, was pinched with cold; his hair and slight beard were brown. Neither was dressed with any pretension to fashion or elegance. The much-worn suit of the elder suggested the yeoman class; the garb of the other was even more shabby.

Beyond a casual remark on the severity of the weather, there was no conversation. When Grissel's soup was ready, she poured it at once into goodly-sized bowls, and placed it hot and steaming before them. It was evidently appetizing and comforting, and, together with plenty of home-baked scones, country cheese, and good home-brewed ale, afforded a satisfying repast.

Dinner over, the travellers again sought the warmth and shelter of the chimney corner, and then the younger man broke silence for the first time.

"Dost know of any ladies in this district called Monnypenny, Dame?"

"Aye, surely," was the answer, after an almost imperceptible pause. "And right pleasant leddies they are, Master! D'ye ken them, yersel'?"

For answer he merely opened the breast of his doublet, and showed, suspended round his neck by a chain, a good-sized silver crucifix.

Grissel gave a sudden start and the color deepened in her ruddy face, but she kept silent. The man smiled kindly into

her anxious eyes. To carry about such an object was a crime punishable by law, as she well knew.

"You're surprised to see that, Dame! But you've no cause to be afraid. I've no fear that you'll report me to the ministers. I've often heard of you from my friend Master Burnet."

"Master Burnet?" she whispered, still keeping anxious eyes upon his face.

Then, with a smile of great kindness, he said:

"I am a priest, myself."

Grissel's mistrust vanished in the glance of those honest grey eyes.

"Heaven be praised, Father!" she cried, lifting hands and eyes upward. "The Almighty has sent ye juist when y're maist needed. One o' the leddies ye spoke of is sair sick in her bed. They'll welcome ye like the angel o' the Laird sent to them i' their trouble!"

"Sore sick! That's ill news, indeed. I'd heard nothing of that. I was passing this way with my serving-man here, and was minded to visit the ladies, should I find out where they lived. Could you show me the way, Dame?"

"I'll put Jeemsie over wi' ye, Father," was her answer.

Rising, she called loudly for the lad by name. A big, countrified-looking youth, of about eighteen, responded to the summons. Grissel whispered directions. The lad clumsily lifted his bonnet in respectful salutation. He looked like an overgrown boy.

The priest had assumed his cloak and muffler in preparation for the walk.

"You can bide here, Simon," he said to his companion. "The dame will need your help to prepare for the morrow's Mass."

The man received his orders with prompt submission. He had become once more the "priest's loon" merely; the rôle of leader, assumed for greater security, was now no longer requisite. Taking some articles from his large wallet, the priest set off with Jeemsie.

The lad seemed in no disposition to talk.

He started on the road with a brisk step, his bonnet pulled well down over his ears, his woollen scarf wound round neck and mouth, and his red hands thrust down into his pockets for as much warmth as possible. He could not be called handsome. A shock of flaxen hair, bleached to the color of tow by sun and wind, hung in tangled locks from under his blue bonnet. His face was so highly-colored, by constant exposure to the air, that the fringe of youthful mustache over his mouth looked almost white. Nor did his expression of countenance suggest cleverness: it was rather a token of extreme simplicity of character, not to say stupidity. But Jeemsie needed knowing, as we shall learn anon.

The walk was brief. Crossing a meadow, its grass frozen to lumps of iron, they reached a wooded lane; and, passing down its curved stretch, came in sight of a large dwelling-house standing on higher ground beyond another meadow. Trees surrounded it on all sides, and when in leaf must have hidden it almost entirely from the road below. At nearer approach, it looked like an unusually commodious farmhouse; for outhouses near suggested byres and stabling. But the house itself had some pretension to elegance: it had "corbie-stepped" gables and one or two round turrets, known familiarly as "turnpikes" and containing winding stairs. In its day, the house had been inhabited by Master Muir himself, before Hopkailzie had come into his possession; being tenantless for the time, it had seemed a suitable residence for the Monnypennys. They had remained in it for four years, rather than attempt to pass over to the Continent,—a project which promised many difficulties. At their urgent request, Agnes Kynloch had joined them; she had but delayed until her pupil, Davie, was sufficiently advanced to be received into one of the colleges on the Continent, where Scottish lads were being trained for missionary labors in their native land.

Jeemsie guided his charge round one

corner of the house, which they had approached from the rear. The blank wall there was unbroken by any doorway; a few small, narrow windows appeared at intervals on its plain surface. The chief entrance was near to one of the turnpike turrets, where a wide porch in an angle gave shelter from adverse winds.

Halting at the portal, Jeemsie gave a succession of sharp raps, which were quickly answered by the appearance of an elderly waiting-woman. In a low voice the priest made himself known; his companion was sufficient testimony of trustworthiness, and they were at once admitted. Directing the lad towards the kitchen quarters, the woman led the priest to a small chamber near by. The apartment seemed to be entirely devoted to feminine handiwork. A lace pillow was on the table, an embroidery frame in one corner, a spinning-wheel in another. The furniture, like the house, was plain and unadorned. A wood fire burned pleasantly on the hearth; and, with the afternoon sun shining brightly through the window, the room was comfortably warm.

The visitor had barely removed his cloak and gloves when the door opened to admit a girl of some twenty years or more. From her dress alone she might have passed for a mere serving-damsel, for she was garbed with a simplicity almost austere. ("The habit of a nun," thought the priest, and he had but lately left a land where the nun's habit was still familiar.) Her gown of simple black material, free from ornament, fell in straight folds to her feet. At her wrists were plain lawn cuffs; and a white kerchief, under a narrow frill (in place of the almost ubiquitous ruff), covered her shoulders and bosom. On her head was a white coif, which did not entirely hide the tresses of pale gold loosely drawn back from her face.

The real rank and refinement of the maiden were discernible in her features. A delicately-tinted skin, eyes of deep blue under straight brows, and an abun-

dance of hair shining like spun gold in the sunlight, would have marked the girl as unusually beautiful in the eyes of any casual observer; but her striking charm lay in the expression of her countenance. A peaceful radiance seemed to shine from her; a certain gravity tempered her smile. Had she been some years older, she would have given the impression of having borne in years gone by some surpassing grief, whose brave acceptance had left its traces in the calm gentleness that now animated her whole being.

Agnes Kynloch had indeed suffered sorely, in spite of her youthfulness; and had suffered in silence. The love which Patrick Hathaway had awakened had never died, though its character had undergone a change. She had resigned him to an all-worthy Lover, in sacrificing her own human hopes. Her love for him now was something akin to that felt by one whom death had bereft of the dearest object in life; for she looked forward to no other union than that most complete union in a future devoid of disappointments, where "they no longer marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." Patrick and she could still be fellow-lovers of Love Eternal, and to that consummation did her heart unceasingly aspire. His deliberate choice of his Creator as the sole object of his heart's devotion, and his dedication of himself to the gaining of souls to God, although they had burdened the maiden with a cross which seemed too heavy to be borne, had ultimately brought unlooked-for consolation. Patrick would seek no other earthly bride, even as she would give her heart's affection to none other than him in this world. For his departure oversea meant that he had followed the call he felt to enter the priesthood. That she knew well.

Agnes saluted the priest with graceful reverence as she entered; he bowed low in return.

"You are doubly welcome, Father," she said in low, sweet tones. "We rejoice

at any time to see a priest, but now more than ever. One of my dear friends—I call them aunties, but we are no kin—is lying very sick. We are in great fear as to her recovery.”

She explained the circumstances. Mistress Joanna, always of a nervous, anxious temperament, had lately been more than usually burdened with cares and responsibilities. The difficult position in which they had been placed, with no male relative to look after their business affairs; had led them to leave their home in Edinburgh and settle in the country for a time, owing to the increased difficulties in which Catholics found themselves. The infirmity of the elder sister had thrown much of the active management of things upon the younger, and her health had suffered from the strain. The leech from Linlithgow had acknowledged that her state was critical. Yet the two sisters bore their trouble bravely.

Before visiting the sick woman, the priest was conducted to Eupheme's apartment on the ground-floor. That good lady's usually radiant face was clouded with apprehension. She was beginning to realize more and more what the loss of her only sister would mean to her. They were deeply attached; never had any serious disagreement dimmed the lustre of their mutual love and confidence. No wonder poor Eupheme's grief was great, strive as she might to control it. The consolation flowing from the visit of the priest, and the prospect of approaching the Sacraments, brightened her wonderfully.

Joanna's face, framed by her grey hair, looked pale and worn. She had suffered not only physically but mentally, too,—the latter especially. For the prospect of leaving behind her, all alone, the sister who was so dear to her, and whose condition made it still more keenly to be regretted, filled her with anxiety. True, her burden had been lightened by the generous promise of Agnes to take care of Eupheme, as long as she would need her help and companionship; yet the burden

could not be wholly lifted. Agnes, on her part, had now no closer ties, nor was she likely to form any. Her relatives had left her alone, since her uncle died. Honest Jock, indeed, was the only one who had shown much interest in her welfare, and he could not provide a worthy home for her now.

In the presence of Agnes and the faithful old Ursula, the sole remaining servant of the Canongate household, Joanna received the Sacred Unction which was to strengthen her for her conflict. Holy Communion would be brought on the morrow to her and to her sister also.

The priest found Jeemsie waiting to conduct him back to Widow Paton's little hostel. The lad had taken the opportunity, while the priest had been occupied in the house, of making known to the few Catholics round about that Mass would be offered on the morrow. It was growing dusk when the two reached the inn again.

During their absence, Simon and Grissel had been busily engaged in preparation for the morrow. The extreme cold made it impossible to use one of the outbuildings, as was the ordinary custom; the altar was therefore prepared in the living-room. The man had all necessary furniture; and Grissel supplied linen cloths to cover the large deal dresser, which served for an altar, at the back of the room.

Their labors over, the two workers sat by the fire for a chat. It was inevitable that they should exchange news that might be of interest. Thus it came out that Simon Lamont was actually brother to Phemie Stoddart, of Haddowstane, one of Grissel's closest friends. The conversation naturally turned upon the Stoddarts, and so to Sir Jasper Hathaway and his nephew. The latter, as Grissel remarked, had not been heard of for a long spell,—not that she thought it strange, under the circumstances of his uncle's absence, and the danger Master Patrick had incurred through being in the company of Master Burnet, the priest

It was a pleasure to Simon to find Grissel acquainted with his sister, and with more exalted persons with whom he had frequently come in contact "over yonder in France." The story of Patrick's journey thither from Holland, together with his uncle and the priest, was told in detail; for Simon had been for years a servant in the house of one of Sir Jasper's old friends, and both Hathaways had stayed there. He had still more startling news to impart as to Patrick, in whom Grissel took the greatest interest from early association with the lad in his childish days.

"Ye didna ken, perhaps, that Master Pat was away to one o' the colleges in Flanders to be priested?" he asked.

"Well, to think," exclaimed Grissel, with eyes and hands uplifted to Heaven, "the bairn I had to look after for four, five years, when he was little more than a wean at Haddowstane, should be a holy priest! Thank the Laird! And how lang—"

But Simon interrupted.

"I didna say he was actually being priested now, ye ken. In fact, after biding a while at the college, he came back to his uncle again. I dinna ken all about it; but 'twas said the young gentleman was nae considered suitable to be made a priest. That's all I ken."

"Well, well," said Grissel, not altogether gratified, "'tis for learned folk to settle such matters; they ken best. But if I'd been asked what I thought, I'd never ha' been one to turn away Master Patrick,—always as good as gold, ye ken, and wi' no lack o' courage and spirit."

"Well, the Laird kens best, Dame."

"That's true enough. And where'll Master Pat be biding now, think ye?"

"That I canna say. There was word, whiles since, of his travelling to other foreign parts; and my own nephew, Willie Stoddart, was all for starting wi' him. They're more like brothers, ye ken, than master and man; my sister nursed Master Pat as well as her own bairn. But Iv'e heard nothing of them for a good

spell. They've maybe started off by this."

The return of Simon's master put a stop to further conversation, and reminded Grissel of the approach of supper time. While she busied herself in preparing the meal the priest read his Breviary. When supper was ready, the hostess would have made the Father sit down in solemn state, but this distinction he repudiated. So all seated themselves together, and partook of a country repast of salt herring, potatoes and butter, with oatcake and cheese.

The meal over, the fireside was the general attraction. When Simon accompanied Jeemsie later to attend to the horses, opportunity offered for a more confidential talk with the priest than Grissel had found possible before. Many details concerning herself and her family were brought forward, Jeemsie especially forming a prominent topic. The priest had already formed a more favorable opinion of the lad than first acquaintance had seemed to suggest. His mother was able to strengthen this opinion.

For the past two years Jeemsie had plied as a carrier between his own neighborhood and Edinburgh. It was an occupation which brought him into touch with many diverse conditions of men. None, except the Catholics scattered sparsely about that district, knew that the lad was anything different from most of his class,—nominally Presbyterian, but really knowing little and caring less about any religion; for it was the never-ending lament of the preachers that country-folk took no interest in the Kirk and its teachings; and in rural districts it was useless to attempt coercion, if the people would not attend the services voluntarily. Under such circumstances, Jeemsie had the full confidence of Catholics; while Protestants looked upon him as a poor simple loon, trusty enough, but little better than half-witted. The lad had at first resented this attitude, and had complained bitterly to his mother of the coarse gibes aimed at him; for, however dense a rustic he might

appear, the boy was no fool. His mother had consoled him by the reminder that he would be all the more free to render services to Catholics, if the enemies of the Faith regarded him as a harmless, ignorant country loon. So Jeemsie had taken care to act up to his supposed lack of wit,—good, innocent lad that he was. It had enabled him to do valuable service more than once to both priests and layfolk placed in difficult circumstances.

When the two men returned from the stable, and joined the priest and Grissel at the fireside, the former gave some account of his own adventures. His family name was Paterson; he had been born in Edinburgh, but had never been there since he left, eight years before, to study for the priesthood in France, whence he had just returned. After looking up the Catholics of Fifeshire, and passing on through Stirling, Linlithgow, and their neighborhoods, he was now on his way to Edinburgh, and was taking the opportunity of ministering to the few Catholics in the country through which he was passing.

Grissel, in her turn, was able to tell much, from particulars culled by Jeemsie, of the disgraceful treatment shown to the priest, Master Mackie, at Edinburgh Cross, and of his subsequent banishment. With such conversation the time sped, and it was necessary to seek repose in view of the early hour at which Mass had to be offered on the morrow. So the priest said some short night prayers, gave a blessing to his companions, and then all retired.

Agnes Kynloch was among the first of the worshippers when, about two o'clock in the morning, the few Catholics began to assemble quietly in Widow Paton's house. The priest's little chamber in the rear served as a confessional, and Mass was begun as soon as all had been shriven. After Mass, Master Paterson, accompanied by Jeemsie, followed Agnes with her lantern across the frost-bound field, along the lane and up the rise to

Craigdoune. Eupheme, Joanna, and Ursula, each in turn, were comforted and refreshed by the Bread of Heaven; the sick woman receiving courage and strength to prepare her for her last journey.

Later in the day, when the priest and his companion had set off towards Hopkailzie, Liberton, and Edinburgh, Agnes had occasion to go across to Grissel's house on some domestic errand. The good dame had, of course, much to say anent the recent visitor.

"Eh, he's a bonnie man to look at, and a grand priest, surely!" she cried enthusiastically. "Yon altar loon of his was a gey, pleasant man to talk wi', too. Eh, Mistress? But he fairly brought my heart into my mouth, as they say, when he tellit me about one o' my wee bairns as I kent years ago,—Master Pat Hathaway, of Haddowstane. D'ye ken the family, Mistress?"

Agnes merely nodded. *Her* heart was in her mouth, too. Grissel's words refreshed her spirit as a clear spring the parched wayfarer.

"Well, this Simon Lamont is own brother to Pheemie Stoddart as nursed Master Pat from infancy; and he came across Master Pat wi' his uncle, Sir Jasper, in foreign parts. Master Pat, he tellit me to my joy, was for getting himself priested, and went to college over yonder for the purpose."

It gave joy to the listener, in a sense; it certainly awakened her keen interest.

"But my joy didna last. This Simon said as Master Pat was nae to be priested, after all. They deem him nae suitable, ye ken."

Agnes felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. She stooped over the low hearth to warm her chilled fingers at the blaze, and to hide her confusion for the moment. She must say something in return, but what? After what seemed to her an age of striving, she spoke:

"I remember Master Hathaway leaving the country, but I did not know about the college. I suppose he bides with his uncle now?"

"Nay, Simon said Master Pat was thinking o' making for some other foreign parts,—he didna ken the place. I'd ha' thought if any man was worthy to be priested 'twas Master Pat. But there's them that kens better. Anyway, he was a bonnie bairn, and he's a bonnie gentleman. He'll aye be dear to me."

Those last words found an echo in the heart of Agnes, as she betook herself back to Craigdoune. He would, indeed, be always dear to her, too. But other words of Grissel's had wrung her heart with pain, Patrick had given up the idea of the priesthood, but he had given her up also. She had imagined she understood the mystery of his unexplained departure, when long after they had learned of his residence abroad. She thought it had arisen from his unwillingness to inflict upon her the pain of a parting. But now fresh mysteries loomed before her. He had not been accepted for the priesthood; he had been advised to return to secular life. Yet he had spoken no word to her, who, as he could not but know, understood his heart, and had been ready to strengthen him in the sacrifice he had contemplated.

The calm resignation of the years that had passed broke up as ice breaks in the rush of a warm south wind. Once more she was a prey to dire forebodings. Bereft of the comfort on which she had leaned, she felt once more the crushing agony of her heavy cross.

(To be continued.)

CONFORMITY to the divine will is a most powerful means to overcome every temptation, to eradicate every imperfection, and to preserve peace of heart. It is a most efficacious remedy for all spiritual ills. It includes in itself in an eminent degree mortification, abnegation, indifference, imitation of Christ, union with God, and in general all the virtues, which are not virtues at all save as they are in conformity with the will of God, the origin and rule of all perfection.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

A Ballad of Saints.

BY ENID DINNIS.

ONE may not always feel in want
Of saints of whom the records tell
They found perfection at the font,

Or, once converted, never fell.

Whilst admiration these compel,

Our soul at their example faints:

Methinks they cast a stronger spell,
The saints who were not always saints.

The Doctor famed for gentleness,

Whom men "the Ox" were wont to call,
We had not loved as such unless

He'd been a lion first of all.

The thorn which pierced the flesh of Paul,
Whilst Heaven unheeded left his plaints,

Made him the dearest loved of all
The saints who were not always saints.

Ignatius in Manresa's cave,

St. Bernard, first of heavenly guides,

Incurred, in youth, the censure grave
Of larger selves at later tides.

Now each for love a rule provides

Of wisely balanced "mays" and "mayn'ts."

They made mistakes—and much besides,
The saints who were not always saints.

Did not Teresa's sainthood know

The goad which spurs the brave heart's pace?

Did he his "stepping-stones" forego,

The great Augustine called to grace?

A faulty portrait he would trace

Whose brush the Seer of Patmos paints,

Nor dares the Son of Thunder place

With saints who were not always saints.

Up many a cul-de-sac they trod

Whilst following yet the heavenly trend;

Quite holy people thought them odd,

"Good" folk found much to reprehend.

But She who reached her journey's end
Her heart untouched by aught that taints

Shall gladliest to Her Son commend

The saints who were not always saints.

SILENCE is the understanding of fools
and one of the virtues of the wise.—*Anon.*

Purgatory.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—THE PAIN OF LOSS.

WE forget the sufferings of the departed soul. He was wealthy and left great legacies to his heirs. How many of these legacies go in charity for the dead? Long ago St. Augustine remarked: "The funeral pomp, the large crowd accompanying the remains to the cemetery, architectural designs for building magnificent tombs, which are not of the slightest benefit to the dead, may indeed give some consolation to the living; but of this there can not be a doubt: it is the prayers of the Church, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, alms, pious supplications, that bring consolation to the dead, and obtain for them from the Lord the mercy to be more leniently treated than they have deserved."

Separated brethren prayed for the dead. The Nestorians used this prayer: "Let us remember our fathers and brothers and all the devout faithful who have departed from this world in the orthodox faith. Let us entreat the Lord to absolve them from their sins and trespasses, and to render them worthy of sharing in the eternal felicity of the just who have ever been conformable to the divine will." The following passage is taken from their Liturgy: "O Lord God of Armies, receive this oblation for all the Catholic Church; for all bishops, priests, and Catholic princes; for all who groan in poverty, oppression, misery, and tears; and for all the faithful departed. . . . We beseech Thee, pardon their sins and wipe out their offences, through Thy eternal goodness and mercy."

In the seventh century Catholic priests went by land all the way from Syria to China. In the latter country a column was unearthed, and on it was inscribed: "Seven times a day they make prayers, which are most serviceable to the living

and the dead." This is probably an allusion to the Divine Office.

Offering Mass for the dead, the Armenian Liturgy says: "Remember, O Lord, and be Thou mindful of this Thy servant, for whom we offer this Sacrifice." The deacon during Mass, turning towards the people, says: "We beg that at this Mass mention be made of all the deceased faithful—men and women, young and old—who have departed this life in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ." The people answer: "Remember, O Lord, and have pity on them." Then the priest says: "Give them, O Lord, light and rest, and a place in Thy heavenly kingdom, and make them worthy of Thy mercy. Remember, O Lord, and have pity especially on this Thy servant, according to Thy mercy. We entreat Thee also, O Lord, for all those who have recommended themselves to our prayers; and for reward give them all eternal good things, which shall never pass away."

Calvin candidly admitted that prayers for the dead can be traced back to the earliest ages of the Church. "It is more than thirteen hundred years," says he, "since it became a practice to pray for the dead." And Leibnitz, the great Protestant philosopher, acknowledges that "it is a most ancient feeling in the Church that prayers ought to be offered for the dead; and that those who have departed this life, although heirs of heaven because of their return to grace and the consequent remission of eternal pain, have nevertheless to suffer a paternal punishment, and to be purified from stain, especially if they have not purified themselves on earth."

Of the sufferings endured by the Holy Souls, the greatest is the pain of loss,—that is, loss of God. When mind and body suffer at the same time, the pain of the mind outweighs the pain of the body. A soldier in the height of conflict receives a grievous wound. But his mind is so engaged he does not feel the pain. It is only when the strain on the mind is withdrawn that he recognizes he must have experienced great pain.

The pain of loss is a pain of the mind. A child taken from a parent, a parent from a child, even the wild beast will grieve for the loss of its young. Homesickness is the pain of the exile; and those fallen from high estate, like Cardinal Wolsey, make the cry: "Had I but served my God as I have served my King, He would not have abandoned me in the hour of my distress."

Our Lord made a sad and most heart-rending complaint on the Cross. It was the pain of the soul and not of the body that elicited it. The executioners had nailed hands and feet cruelly. The multitude, without pity, saw Him lifted on high. The people on the public road jeered at Him. The Sanhedrim in triumph cried: "He saved others: let Him save Himself." The soldiers taunted Him: "If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself."

All this while the nails were piercing into the adorable flesh of the hands and feet; and the Precious Blood, from the four fountains of the Saviour, was falling drop by drop to the ground. He was suffering the extremest possible pain that a human body could endure and live. Yet during it all not a complaint escaped Him. On the contrary, He prayed: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,"—thus giving the sublimest illustration of His own doctrine: "Love your enemies."

But a greater pain was awaiting Him. In the middle of the day it began to grow dark. "And, lo! there was darkness over the whole earth from the sixth to the ninth hour." This was but a type of what was coming over His soul. He had broken silence during the first hour of the crucifixion, but for almost two hours He had remained silent. And then out of the intense darkness came the strange and mystical cry: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" To us it sounds like a complaint. But the saints tell us that would be an imperfection in Our Lord. Then the cry must have been drawn from Him by an abandonment of

the Father. That was mysterious and mystical, but is admitted by all to have been His greatest pain; and that abandonment overwhelmed His soul in so desolate a manner that He uttered the cry "with a loud voice."

This pain of loss proceeds from two sources. The first is lost opportunities. Nothing at the hour of death is so bitter as to look back on lost opportunities. "Oh, if I had the chance again!" is the cry. But Time gives the irrevocable answer: "Your opportunity is gone! Your chance is lost!" The men and women whirled to death in the Deluge had rushed to the housetops, had climbed the trees, had ascended to the mountain heights; but the Flood came unrelentingly. It rose and rose, and swept them from house-roof and treetop and mountain top. "But Noah found grace with God; for according as God had commanded so did he do."

When death, like the Flood, comes upon us relentlessly, step after step, and we look to the past, will there be pain because of lost opportunities? How did we pray, how attend the church, how receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion? And how did we kneel before the Blessed Sacrament,—*veneremur cernui* ("Let us worship bowed down to earth")? What was our reverence for Holy Mary? Did we look upon her as, after her Divine Son, the greatest work that God's hands had made? It is true God knows of what He has made us, and He does not expect from us the undistracted and unbroken attention of the angels. But have we fairly and reasonably done our best? Oh, let us not weep the unavailing tears shed over lost opportunities!

The treasure that is lost is the second source of the pain of loss. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" There is no treasure like God, and therefore no loss like the loss of Him. There is no disappointment like that of finding that, instead of God for our possession and our care, we have sin and its fruits for our inheritance; that, instead of a heavenly

birthright, we have in the end but a mess of pottage.

Sin is malicious and appalling. If God would give us to see the soul of an infant after being baptized, we should see the most beautiful thing on this earth. But if we saw that soul, after coming to the use of reason, with the first stain of grievous sin upon it, outside of the everlasting prison, we could see nothing more appalling. But of all appalling and malicious sins, final impenitence is the most dreadful. 'He hanged himself with a halter; . . . and, bursting in the middle, his bowels gushed out.' The tragic account of the death of Judas is but a type of his terrible fate.

The greatest mercy of God to us at the hour of death is to save us from impenitence and despair. "I cried to my God, and He heard from on high; and my voice came unto His ears." Our Lord warns us: "Let your loins be girded, and lamps burning in your hands; and you yourselves like to men who await their lord; . . . for at what hour you think not the Son of Man will come." St. Gregory says: "Two things are ordered to us: to gird our loins and to hold lamps in our hands; and one thing will not please the Redeemer without the other. We must have purity of heart and lively faith of soul; for chastity without good works will not avail us, nor good works without chastity."

Let us, then, pray for departing and departed souls. There is no charity like this. And those souls, knowing the dangers of the last hour, will pray for us, that we, too, may escape the malignant enemy.

IV.—PAIN OF FIRE.

The soul, dying in peace with Almighty God, after having been solicited over and over by the Evil One and his angels to renounce friendship with the Saviour, does with its latest breath and consciousness acknowledge fealty to Jesus Christ as its Sovereign, and rejects Lucifer and his angels. Thereupon is everlasting hatred enkindled. And the devil can hurt the Holy Souls even still. Some of the saints

have thought that the demons, as they are allowed to tempt souls on earth, are permitted to enter purgatory, and personally to torture the prisoners detained there. This view, however, has not had any general acceptance. But if the demon can not positively afflict the Holy Souls, he can do so negatively, and, it must be admitted, effectively. He can promulgate the doctrine that there is no purgatory, and hence no need of prayers for the dead. And he gets agents and advocates to call the doctrine "monkish superstition," with the result that souls are for a much longer time detained in prison and deprived of the glory of heaven.

Now, behold what the Church does. It summons into council all the bishops of the world, puts the Pope at their head, and through them solemnly declares: "If any one shall say that, after sin has been forgiven, and the grace of sanctification has been received, there may not still remain a debt of punishment, to be paid either in this life or in purgatory, before there is entrance into heaven, let him be anathema."¹

Three dreadful allies are arrayed against all holy souls: the world, the flesh, and the devil. We may be correct in our belief, and yet may fail in our practice, through the evil example of the world, its carelessness and false standards. The flesh makes its influence felt through our laziness, our avarice, and our overweening affection for our friends, thinking them too good to be detained any length of time in purgatory. And the devil works on all these weaknesses of ours. He hates the Holy Souls because they rejected him, and he hates us for praying for them. Against these enemies the Church once more raises her voice and declares that "the souls detained in purgatory are greatly assisted by the suffrages of the faithful, and particularly by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

Four things are told us by the Council of Trent: (1) that when—through the

¹ Council of Trent.

Sacrament of Penance, or by an act of perfect contrition—the soul has obtained the remission of the guilt of mortal sin and the eternal punishment due to it, there still frequently remains temporal punishment to be suffered for it; (2) that when that punishment is not satisfied in this life, it can and must be paid in the next; (3) that the prayers and good works of the living are useful to the dead, to comfort them and shorten their detention; (4) that the Sacrifice of the Mass has the power of effacing the punishment of sin, and of satisfying the divine justice for the living and the dead.

The fires of purgatory are terrible. If one had the voice of an angel one could hardly succeed in making us mortals understand them. It is generally believed that the fire of purgatory is the same as that of hell. It is no exaggeration to say that the fires of earth, when compared to it, are but as the playing of the evening firelight on the wall. A poor lay-brother was told by his Guardian Angel that he would be only three days in purgatory. He thought the three days had long passed, and he complained; but the Angel bade him listen, and he heard the community still reading the Prayers for the Dying.

We might understand the fire if we understood the malice of sin that causes it. But we do not and can not. "Who understandeth sin?" asks the Psalmist. We are surprised, and look upon it as a pious exaggeration, when Catholic theology tells us that if, by telling a single lie, one could take all the damned out of hell and put them in heaven, the malice of the lie is so great that it would not be lawful to tell it. "Who understandeth sin?"

Three men of the Children of Israel, Core, Dathan and Abiron, "envied Moses in the camp, and Aaron the elect of God." Moses commanded these three men to stand at the doors of their tents, with their families and possessions; and we read, "The earth opened and swallowed them up." When the Children of Israel had come to the confines of "the pleasant

land, flowing with milk and honey, they despised it, and murmured in their tents"; and we read, "God swore in His wrath that they should not enter into His rest." And for forty years they wandered in the desert, till the wilderness was white with their bones. But as often as this Chosen People repented, so often did God "regard their affliction and hear their cry." He made them "to be pitied even of all those who carried them away captive." And, like the Holy Souls, they cried: "Save us, O Lord our God, and gather us from among the nations; that we may give thanks to Thy holy name and may glory in Thy praise. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting!"¹

Whereas I was Blind.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

I.

MARY KENNEDY, the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the manager of the Dublin bank, where her ardent admirer, James Arnold, was clerk, heard with apparent indifference that her intended husband, young Harry Lawrence, of Holly Lodge, had been ordered to the Front. Promised in marriage by their parents while still in the nursery, the children had thought of being husband and wife almost as long as they could remember. Mary lisped of herself as "Harry's 'ittle wife" before she could toddle; and that fortunate young gentleman grew up as her accepted husband without even the trouble of proposing, and without having experienced any of those alternations of hope and despair common to the probation period of the average lover.

Lady Lawrence and old George Kennedy had made the match; she representing social position, and he the means to maintain it with dignity. The old man would have thought it mere waste of time to bring romance into the question, and

¹ Ps. cv, 47, 48.

Lady Lawrence contented herself with hoping the young people would love each other. She herself had married for love, and was a poor woman to-day in consequence; so that, although her still bright black eyes grew wistful under their snow-white brows as she thought of her brief wedded life, and although she would have been really very glad if the marriage she had set her heart on was not founded on money only, it was money, nevertheless, that came first in her calculations.

It never entered her worldly-wise head that her adored son could raise any objection to her plans; and she was quite unable to conceal her surprise and annoyance when he suddenly announced his intention of *not* marrying Mary Kennedy till he was in a position to do so without feeling, as if he were, "a mere fortune-hunter." But Harry ended by having his own way, as he usually contrived to do when it was a question of dealing with his doting mother. So he bade farewell to his "Mary kind and true," prophesying, with all the glowing confidence of his years, that he would be a wealthy man when she saw him again.

But, instead of the "bread and work for all" that he expected to find on arriving in America, he found, in every branch of industry and labor, a keen competition with which his home training had in no way fitted him to cope; nor did becoming a naturalized citizen of his adopted country make matters easier, or smooth away one difficulty. In short, as time passed, instead of dollars rolling in, the few he possessed grew fewer still; so that, when America joined the World War, and Harry was called to the colors, he felt that he was drafted only just in time to avoid the humiliation of a "begging letter" home.

His regiment was sent to Europe, and, after some clever submarine dodging, arrived in England. Then only he knew that his ultimate destination was Ireland; and, Irishman though he was, had the choice been his, he would gladly have

elected to go to the other end of the world instead. To return to his native land as poor as he left it was well-nigh intolerable to his proud soul; and, in spite of yet another thrilling escape from a submarine, poor Harry felt anything but a hero as he stepped ashore at the North Wall. Even the thought of seeing sweet Mary Kennedy again was but a doubtful consolation. What if she should despise him as a failure? "Better not to have gone away at all," he said in the bitterness of his heart, "than to come back no richer than I left."

Meanwhile her lover's prolonged absence did not leave Miss Mary Kennedy unchanged. She had grown older, and, she told herself, wiser as well. To be "Harry's 'ittle wife" in name only, in the present, with the vague prospect of a matter-of-course wedding in some far future, had not the same charm for her at the mature age of twenty that it had in childhood. To be won 'for better, for worse, and till death did them part,' without having been wooed even once! What a delightful, enviable time other girls had with their lovers,—casting them into the deepest depths of despair one day, and raising them to the seventh heaven of hope the next! Whereas nothing—no, not even her undisguised coquetry with James Arnold—disturbed the provoking serenity of placid Harry; but whether his imperturbable calm sprang from self-conceit or from contempt for his rival, she could not quite make up her mind.

In spite of poor Harry's secret misgivings, Mary thought none the worse of him for having failed to make a fortune in America; but she found it difficult to forgive him for being "so cocksure of himself," acting as if her marrying or not marrying rested with him alone. She frowned, tossed her pretty head, smiled scornfully, or even stamped her little foot, according to the mood she happened to be in, and vowed vengeance, as she thought of his matter-of-course way of treating her. "Master Harry must be

shown his place; must be taught that twentieth-century women are not the mere playthings of men,—no, not even of men who swagger about in an American uniform, just as if all Ireland belonged to them. 'They must be brought to realize that the world is moving with the war.'

But how to accomplish this was the difficulty. How to punish the erring Harry was no easy problem for her puzzled wits to solve. Himself careless in such matters, he had never been in the least impressed by the fact that James Arnold was certainly one of the best-dressed men in Dublin, and had thoroughly mastered the graceful art of twirling a gold-headed cane and cocking a gold-rimmed eyeglass as he sauntered through St. Stephen's Green park, his favorite promenade when off duty. Harry Lawrence must have guessed as well as she did why Arnold haunted the Park; for he had been her companion more than once as she sat at the window overlooking it, and must have seen the dandy clerk roaming about and casting covert glances in their direction. But he never seemed to care whether his rival were there or not. Well, he might live to find that the despised James could be dangerous, and was by no means a rival to be treated with contempt. "There are none so blind as those who will not see, as Master Harry may yet learn to his cost," she would say in her exasperation; although if asked to explain the meaning of this dark menace, it is doubtful whether she could have done so. Yet, as often happens in the case of heedless words, her vague threat came back to her afterwards with an undreamed-of significance.

II.

To know how to tell a woman he loved her, without seeming to suppose that there was any reason why she should be obliged to marry him, compensated, in the eyes of Mary Kennedy, for some deficiencies. James Arnold might be somewhat thickset,—as short and stout, in fact, as Harry Lawrence was tall and

slender; and he might have nondescript features and scanty red hair,—personal assets that were certainly at a disadvantage when contrasted with Harry's thick black curls, straight nose, and clear-cut chin; but not even her dog when off its chain followed Miss Kennedy with more untiring fidelity than did Arnold when released from office work. Were she shopping, he waylaid her, turning up just in the nick of time to hold a parcel or render some other equally unimportant service. Were she out for a country ramble, he would appear from behind a hedge with something of the abruptness and a great deal of the grace of a "Jack-in-the-box"; while, to crown all, and throw the sedate young soldier completely into the shade, the dandy clerk wrote poetry, "just like the lovers in books," as Mary put it. He told many charming things in verse that big, blundering Harry never so much as hinted at, even in prose.

Once, and once only, did young Lawrence come near to speaking as his *fiancée* considered a lover should, and that was when they had their farewell interview in St. Stephen's Green on the eve of his departure for the Front. Everything was in his favor at that moment, if he had only been equal to the occasion. To begin with, he was going away, and perhaps forever this time; for how many brave young fellows, who had left as he was leaving, had gone to their death! Then the surroundings, with sunset on the water, were all that even the most sentimental of girls could desire.

"Who knows," sighed Harry, "when you and I shall meet again? Perhaps all that is now so full of summer promise will lie dead beneath a wintry pall before we two shall again stand side by side."

There was no attempt at rhyme, unfortunately; but the idea was quite pretty, all the same. What if, after all, she had misjudged him! And, in the revulsion of feeling occasioned by the mere thought of so dreadful a possibility,

Mary Kennedy gave a shy upward glance that made Private Harry Lawrence's heart beat wildly beneath its khaki covering, and encouraged him to take her hand in his.

"What may not have happened before I hold my little wife's hand in mine again!" he said with unwonted tenderness, for he was not of the demonstrative kind.

His "little wife"! No doubt it was the very name she had given to herself when they were boy and girl. But she was a woman now. Oh, it was so like Harry Lawrence to presume at any time and in any circumstances! But there was something particularly objectionable in his presuming just now,—now that he was going far, far away, and leaving her with such an open admirer as James Arnold! And in the excess of her outraged dignity, this highly-strained young lady jerked her hand away; feeling as if she did not know whether it was herself she hated the more for allowing Harry to take it at all, or that hopeless blunderer for having taken it. There was an ominous pause.

"It is getting late," she said at length, in her most chilling manner. "My father may be anxious. I had better go home."

Although not quite so surprised at this sudden change from heat to cold as he would have been before he left Ireland, Harry could not help feeling somewhat hurt as he thought of his approaching departure. Still, as he had grown more or less used, since his return, to what he regarded as a capriciousness due to a feminine sensibility to the fact that they were now no longer children, he only said:

"Is, then, my little wife in such a hurry to leave me on my last evening in Ireland?"

Poor Harry!

"Oh, do let me alone! Are you afraid I'll forget we're engaged, that you never lose an opportunity of reminding me of it? Am I likely to forget what has been dinned into my ears all my life? I'm your promised wife, and there's an end of it!"

Miss Kennedy turned to leave the

park; and, after a moment's hesitation, young Lawrence followed and strode by her side in silence. When he spoke again it was in his usual quiet way:

"Yes, dear, you are my promised wife. Indeed, we might almost say, we've been husband and wife, in a way, as long as we can remember. And when I come back covered with glory—"

"I thought it was with gold you wanted to be covered," said Mary, innocently.

Harry reddened to the very roots of his raven curls, but finished his sentence as if he had not heard the interruption:

"Then, darling, you will be my little wife, indeed!"

"I've been promised."

"And when I come back—if I do come back,—if I am in a position to give you some at least of the luxuries you are used to, you will keep the promise?"

"Why, what self-respecting girl could resist so brilliant a prospect? When you come marching home, glittering all over with gold and glory, I shall naturally be bound in honor to keep a promise made for me almost before I could speak."

The young man came to a dead stop, and looked long and fixedly at Mary Kennedy. He may not have been quite sure as to her expression in the gathering dusk, but the tone of her voice left little doubt as to the meaning of her words; and in the uncomfortable silence that ensued Mary realized that she had spoken with more bitterness than she had intended. But pride would not let her say so, especially as she fancied Harry was waiting, "in his tactless way," for her to apologize. Well, let him wait! Then, as she remained sullenly silent, Private Lawrence drew himself up, and, with a formal military salute, turned on his heel and passed through the iron gates with the air of a soldier on parade.

For a few moments the girl stood where he left her, every softer feeling lost in a rush of resentment as she listened to his retreating footsteps. If Harry really loved her—loved her as James Arnold swore

he loved her,—he could never have been so easily offended, nor would he have gone off in that unceremonious fashion, and leave her to return home alone. The fact that it was closing hour at the park, and her home was so close at hand that, looking through the trees, she could even catch a glimpse of her father's bald head peeping over the paper he was reading near the still unshuttered window of a lamplit room, did not make poor Harry's offence any the lighter in her estimation.

Thinking the matter over after—and for many a day to come she thought of that last evening,—Mary Kennedy could never be quite certain whether, in the vehemence of her feelings, she had spoken aloud; but, as if in answer to her thoughts, a man emerged, at that very moment, from somewhere in the shadows, and craved permission to act as her escort. James Arnold, for it was he, could scarcely have arrived more opportunely for his own interests, or more unfortunately for the interests of Lawrence. Persuaded that her womanly dignity had been outraged by one man, the honied words of another acted as a veritable balm to her wounded feelings, and—for anger is communicative—Arnold was soon in full possession of all that had taken place. Indeed, afterwards, when Mary recalled some of his remarks she could not help a dim suspicion that Harry's rival had been eavesdropping among the bushes in St. Stephen's Green. At present, however, no such suspicion crossed her mind; and Arnold, who was shrewd enough in his own way, saw that his cleverly calculated comments on anything she said were, on the whole, acceptable. Once only a side-long glance at his companion, through his gold-rimmed eyeglass, as they came within the range of a street lamp, made him fear that he had somehow overshot the mark.

"How is it," he was saying, "that Lawrence, having forgotten himself to so outrageous an extent, did not go down on

his knees and ask your forgiveness, as I'd have done in his place?"

Fickle is the feminine heart, and subtle the feminine nature. Angry as Miss Kennedy still felt with Harry Lawrence, she was strangely pleased that she found it absolutely impossible to picture him on his knees before her.

"Had I been in Lawrence's place!" and Arnold heaved a puffy sigh, intending to enlarge upon the subject. But a second glance at the demure face and downcast eyes of the girl beside him made him alter his mind; somehow, he suddenly felt himself on doubtful ground. As he fancied she was smiling, however, he caught at that straw as an encouragement; and when they paused in front of the burnished brass plate inscribed with the words, "Mr. George Kennedy," James plucked up heart, and, conscious that his time was short, made a bold plunge:

"Miss Kennedy!"

She turned smilingly, one gloved hand upon the knocker.

"If Lawrence released you from this absurd engagement—if he freed you from a promise in which you had no part,—you would then be at liberty to marry another man?"

"Why, certainly—if Mr. Lawrence released me."

"Mr. Lawrence!" thought James, taking it as a still further encouragement that she did not use the absent lover's Christian name. "And then," drawing closer, and lowering his voice, "you would marry the only man you love?"

"If Har—if Mr. Lawrence really set me free, I should then either die an old maid—"

"An old maid! You! Never!"

"Or marry the only man I love." And she, too, lowered her voice.

"Heaven bless you for those words!" murmured the enamored clerk; and it would be difficult to say which face shone the brighter at that moment—Mary Kennedy's or James Arnold's.

The Countersign.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

IN 1880 we were fighting on the frontiers of Afghanistan, and confronted by all kinds of peril. The country is mountainous; the only roads are in the bottom of deep gorges or narrow defiles. An army could easily be exterminated if the enemy held the heights or the openings of the narrow passes. Moreover, the natives had been clever enough to disguise themselves as English soldiers; so that, at a distance, the uniform no longer served to distinguish friends from foes.

One day our regiment reached the opening of a pass several miles long. We knew that at the other end were the Connaught Rangers; we wished to unite with this corps in order to concentrate our forces. To do this was a difficult and very dangerous operation, as the Rangers were ignorant of our presence in the immediate vicinity; and we did not know their countersign and had no signal of recognition. To advance might expose ourselves to a lively firing, under the impression that we were enemies in disguise.

The colonel ordered a halt. Then he addressed the men as follows:

"We are in a perilous position; the enemy surrounds us with superior forces; our only safety lies in our uniting with the Connaught Rangers. We must, at any risk, inform them of our presence; for, knowing neither their password nor their sign of recognition, we run the risk of not being able to approach them near enough to be recognized. Is there among you a volunteer who is willing to risk his life to save the regiment?"

A young Irish soldier stepped forward from the ranks.

"At your service, Colonel. What am I to do?"

"Try to enter the lines of the Connaught Rangers and give this message

to their commander. I make no concealment of the danger to which you will be exposed."

"May God protect me, Colonel! I am ready!" replied the brave fellow.

We saw him enter the gorge where, in all probability, death awaited him. He had his beads in his hand, and he told us later that he kept repeating "Hail Marys" as he marched along.

On reaching a sharp turn in the road, he was suddenly stopped by the sound of a voice above him. He looked up and saw on the cliff an English sentinel, who aimed at him, calling:

"Halt! Who are you? A friend? Give the countersign!"

As the poor soldier did not know the countersign, he believed himself lost. He said, as a last prayer, "God receive my soul!" He spoke the words distinctly, making the Sign of the Cross as he did so.

The sentinel immediately lowered his gun, shouting: "Advance, friend!"

The colonel of the Connaught Rangers, who was a Catholic, had that very morning given his regiment for a countersign the Sign of the Cross and the words which accompany it.

X. Y. Z.

Sayings of Brother Eckehart.

PEOPLE should think less about what they ought to do and more about what they ought to be. Do not imagine that you can ground your salvation upon action: it must rest upon what you are; works do not hallow us, but we must hallow the works.

A tendency to sin is not sin, but a will to sin is actually sin.

You need not consider your feelings as of much importance [in receiving Holy Communion], but always consider the very great importance of what you are about to receive.

The less you perceive and the more firmly you believe, the more meritorious is your faith.

The First Beatitude.

THE primary meaning of the word "beatitude" is supreme blessedness, felicity of the highest kind, consummate bliss; but in the minds of Catholics the word most generally connotes one of the eight declarations in which Christ, in His Sermon on the Mount, ascribed felicity or bliss to those who possess particular virtues. The first of these declarations, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," is not always understood in its true meaning. They confound, in some subconscious fashion, being poor in spirit with poverty of spirit, or a lack of courage and manly self-respect. Such confounding of the two phrases is an egregious error. Amplified in its expression, the first Beatitude is this: Blessed are they who, however great their wealth, dignity, etc., acknowledge that before God they are poor; for in this life they enjoy celestial peace, and after death will partake of eternal felicity.

The poor in spirit are not the fools of the world, but the humble; and humility is the direct opposite of folly: it is the highest wisdom. The rich in spirit, on the contrary, are the proud,—those who think much of themselves because of what they are or have. Being poor in spirit is not necessarily connected with actual poverty, nor is being rich in spirit a necessary outcome of actual wealth. If he intimately recognizes that all he possesses of earthly goods is valueless in God's sight, even the multi-millionaire may be poor in spirit; and if the beggar prides himself upon some quality or talent that he possesses, he is *not* poor in spirit. At the same time it must be admitted that, as a rule, it is far more difficult for the rich than for the poor to be truly poor in spirit. This is only another way of expressing the truth which Christ told to His disciples: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

A Month for Compensations.

ONE of the commonest themes from which poets and novelists deduce the elements of genuine pathos is remorse for unkindness or injustice toward the recently departed. And in real life this sentiment of keen regret is still commoner than in the pages of poetry and fiction. No sooner has the poor old mother folded her weary hands in death than the negligent son and the frivolous daughter are pierced by the memory of the sadly unrequited love she has ever lavished upon them; of their indifference to her trials and sorrows; their unkind words, harsh upbraidings, and still harsher neglect. The faithful wife passes away; and upon the illumined memory of the husband there rushes a very flood of instances in which he wounded her spirit and bruised her heart by his coldness, his brusqueness of behavior, his ungracious response to her appeals for sympathy and confidence.

So it is with each of the varied social relations. We hear of the death of a parent, a relative, or a friend; and at once we reproach ourselves with our past harshness or neglect, or, at the very least, with the kindness which in justice we should have manifested but have carelessly withheld. Few indeed are they who on such occasions do not echo Tennyson's sigh:

Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Poignant as is this regret to every sensitive heart, it pierces the Catholic with far less bitter anguish than that with which it affects those outside the Church. In non-Catholic literature, as in non-Catholic daily life, the peculiar sting of the regret is its futility, its uselessness. The remorse born of the awakened love which death has proved to be merely slumbering, not extinct, is unavailing. The mourner would redress the wrongs inflicted upon his departed friend, would give abundantly of the affection withheld so long; but all in vain: it is

forever and forever too late. Even should his creed warrant him in hoping that the loved departed may know of his repentant sorrow, there is wanting the sweet consolation of actively and effectively aiding the dear ones who have passed away.

In the mourning of the Catholic there is no such despairing note. His regret is not, at least it need not be, unavailing. For him Death has indeed broken the tie of mundane companionship; but it has not severed that sweeter bond, the communion of saints. He can not *undo* the wrongs and the unkindnesses of which he has been guilty toward his departed loved ones; but he can *repair* them.

To those of us who have ever experienced the regret or remorse to which reference has been made, November should in reality be a month for compensations. The debt of love which we neglected to pay to relatives and friends while they lived with us on earth we may now discharge and with generous interest. For the tender sympathy, the loving smile, the kindly word, the helping hand, which we once refused, we may now substitute the fervent ejaculatory prayer, the attendance at Mass, the recitation of the Rosary, or the Way of the Cross. To atone for the undue rigor of our treatment of many of the faithful departed, we may now gain and apply to them unnumbered indulgences, partial and plenary. For those suffering souls who have the strongest claims on our affection or our justice we should, so far as it is in our power to do so, secure the offering up of the adorable and propitiatory Sacrifice of the Altar. If it is always "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins," it is especially during the present month that Catholic charity yields prompt and generous response to the pleading cry that Purgatory is ever sending up to earth: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"

Notes and Remarks.

To assist the souls of the faithful departed is a year-long duty, obligatory on our sense of love and gratitude in all seasons, but especially incumbent upon us during the month specifically called the Month of the Holy Souls. The most effective method of coming to their aid is, without doubt, to have the Adorable Sacrifice offered for their repose; and this is perhaps the most common form of assistance proffered to them. There is, however, another excellent means of coming to their aid,—a means quite within the competency even of those who are unable to secure the offering of as many Masses as they would like to have celebrated for their departed loved ones,—attending daily Mass for their intention.

St. Augustine assures us that "Prayer is the key by which we open the gates of heaven to the suffering souls"; and theologians teach that, as the Sacrifice of the Mass is more excellent than any other act of worship, so the prayers offered during Mass are more efficacious than any others. It is quite reasonable that it should be so; for whenever we hear Mass our own prayers are strengthened by those of Our Lord Himself; and His prayers, so St. John bids us believe, are never offered in vain; "for the Father heareth Him always." St. Francis of Sales holds that prayers offered in union with the Divine Victim have an inexpressible power; favors can be obtained during the time of Mass which could be secured at no other period of the day.

Here, then, is an easy means of assisting those of the faithful departed who have claims on our good offices. Let us, at least throughout this month which is peculiarly theirs, attend Mass every morning and unite our prayers to Our Lord's for their eternal rest.

It would appear that the profiteering evil is not confined to our own country. It is rather a cosmopolitan malady, an

epidemic prevalent not only in most European lands, but in Asia as well. Our Calcutta contemporary, the *Catholic Herald of India*, is moved by its ravages to hazard a word in favor of "blunt, old-fashioned autocracy." And its point is rather well taken. Says the editor: "The British Government is a perfect government in the modern sense. It respects the vested interests, it defends minorities, it knows finance and quotes elaborate figures; it possesses an intricate machinery of laws, acts and ordinances, which it actually enforces and observes,—and it can not induce a set of rascally profiteers to lower their prices! Then cross the frontier of a native State such as Morbhanj, where reigns an honest young Rajah. He can not quote figures; he does not know what are vested interests; but he knows what is a thief, and he has declared that whoever sells rice at a higher rate than eight seers in the rupee will be treated as a thief."

A wise man said, long ago, that the ideal government would be a benevolent autocracy; and friends of the Rajah probably agree with Pope:

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best.

The object of a new book on "Doctrinal Unity," by an author who writes under the name of "Narthex," is to inquire whether the common principles running all through the commentaries and the expositions of Christian dogma can not be defined and used as a method for making all Catholic truth intelligible. It leads up to a demonstration of the rationality of the Immaculate Conception with special honor due to the Blessed Virgin; and also to the need of a visible symbol of the Unity of the Church in the person of the Pope of Rome, an ecclesiastical monarchy being "a reasonable development of the sacramental principle which was sanctioned universally at the Incarnation,"—this although "the most important pronouncements of Rome since

the Reformation have been only repetitions of doctrines already held, and these chiefly in so far as they advertise the dignity of the Apostolic See. It is also true that her attitude has never seemed so shameworthy as during these four years of war and sorrow, when she has failed to pronounce upon the moral ideals which were dividing the Christian nations."

"Narthex" should know that repetitions of the doctrines to which he refers were demanded simply because they were constantly being impugned; and that it was necessary still to uphold the dignity of the Apostolic See on account of the ceaseless opposition to its authority. As to the alleged failure of the Church "to pronounce upon the moral ideals which were dividing the Christian nations," during the war, no pronouncement whatever was called for. The Church never ceased to uphold the ideals of Christianity,—doing this, as she has always done it, by preaching the Gospel of Christ. If her voice was not heard, it was because the world would not listen to it.

Among the many notable movements arrested by the outbreak of the Great War was one in which all our readers were presumably interested,—a great Marian Congress in India. The movement had its commencement in the expression of a general desire to honor our Blessed Lady in a special manner in 1914, the Diamond Jubilee year of the definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and the concensus of opinion was focused in a memorable preliminary meeting held at Trichinopoly, on the 22d of February, 1914, attended by delegates from different parts of India and Ceylon. Hardly had the work of organization been begun, however, when the outbreak of the war occasioned the indefinite postponement of the Congress. Now that peace has been declared, we are glad to learn from the *Catholic Watchman* that interest in the movement has been reawakened, and that there seems to be every reason to believe that

the projected Congress will be held next year. It would be superfluous to comment on the multiple and multifarious blessings which such public honor to the Blessed Virgin will assuredly win for her numerous clients in India.

The Anglican Bishop of Zanzibar also is becoming "very canonical entirely." He contends that since prelates of the Establishment can not rightly and canonically allow Free Churchmen to occupy its pulpits, vicars who permit outsiders to preach will have no authority of the bishop behind them, but merely his "unauthorized acquiescence." This, however, will not greatly worry the vicars. Their respect for episcopal authority is almost a minus quality, as it is; and, knowing this, the bishops are unlikely to do more than write gentle remonstrances,—“not for publication in the newspapers.” These worthies—for good reasons, it must be admitted—do not like the newspapers. But let some liberal Anglican parson venture to invite a Catholic priest to address his congregation, and the gentlemen of the Bench will cease to be what John Ruskin once called them, and immediately begin to clamor as loud as they can, in the press and everywhere else, for strict conformity with the canons of the Church of England, by law established.

A thoroughly sympathetic review, in the London *Athenæum*, of Prof. Eoin MacNeill's recently published volume, "Phases of Irish History," concludes with this striking paragraph:

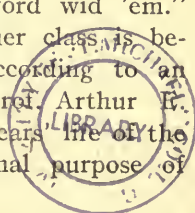
It is the great value of Prof. MacNeill's book that it shows us, in outline and rather suggestively than completely, how we are to set about the task of recovering the true tradition of Irish history. In twelve chapters, he takes us through Irish history from the earliest times down to the rally of the Irish power in the fourteenth century. He destroys illusion after illusion, and it is to be noted that he is no more merciful to the fancies of his own folk than to those of the English historians. For the false patriotism of those Irish enthusiasts in whose eyes the Irish can do no wrong is almost more

dangerous to the truth of Irish history than the *parti pris* of English historians. This brilliant essay gives us the assurance that in time the true story will be written of that gifted and passionate people, whose creation and maintenance of their national ideal is one of the most fascinating spectacles of history.

This reviewer would probably acknowledge, with a rapidly increasing number of his fellow-countrymen whose eyes are at last being opened, that the final and crowning chapter of that history will be written only when Ireland has achieved her independence. That chapter is bound to be written, but we hope not, as so much other Irish history, in blood.

Long before his sensational raid on Fiume, many persons outside of Italy had come to regard D'Annunzio as a fanatic, ever ready to sacrifice himself to his insane vanity and megalomania. Now the Italians themselves are denouncing the novelist as a real, though irresponsible, enemy of his country. The *Corriere della Sera* calls him and his raid "the limit"; and in commenting on his "half the world" oration, says: "Italy has no need to be mistress of half the world, but to be mistress of herself, and above all of her army"; while the *Secolo* refers to him as a "delirious egoist." The world may now know what to think of one whose books people "went wild over," mistaking vanity for genius, and egoism for originality.

The modesty of most persons outside of Ireland who are credited with the ability to speak Gaelic is shown by their entire willingness to remain silent while Gaelic is being spoken. In Ireland itself the number of those who can express themselves in Irish is said to be very small in comparison to the number who understand it and "have an odd word wid 'em." Strange to say, the former class is becoming less numerous, according to an interesting review, by Prof. Arthur F. Clery, of the twenty-six years' life of the Gaelic League, the original purpose of



which was to revive Irish as a spoken language. "The proportion of Irishmen," he says (writing in the current number of *Studies*), "who know Irish, some Irish, has increased beyond any expectation; but the number who speak it, who would, for instance, say something in Gaelic if you stuck a pin in them—a crucial test,—is probably decreasing,—even decreasing rather rapidly."

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, presiding at a function of the Liverpool Council of Education, gave a memorable address to a large gathering of citizens, a considerable proportion of whom were not of the Catholic faith. At more than one point the Cardinal "hit the nail on the head," but perhaps nowhere with more telling effect than in these passages:

The startling feature of to-day—and I put it to any one who has taken the pains to follow the developments of thought as they are put before us in the daily newspapers and in magazines,—the startling feature of to-day is the absence of clear and definite principle in political and social questions. Formerly there were three things that were universally admitted by every Englishman. He admitted, in the first place, the binding moral force of conscience; he accepted, secondly, in a general way the obligation imposed upon mankind by what are called the Ten Commandments; and he admitted, thirdly, that the traditional Christian interpretation given to the voice of conscience and to the Decalogue was a valid guide to the dictates of conscience and to the meaning of the Ten Commandments.

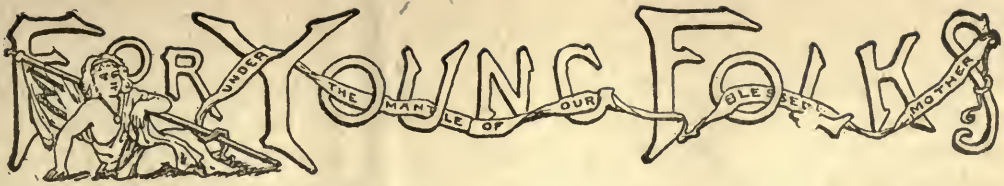
To a very large extent those three principles are no longer admitted among us. In the place of those three principles you have continually, as a means of remedying the evils of which we are all conscious, an appeal to sentiment, a lurid picturing of the sufferings of the individual; and, as a means of lessening those sufferings, a changing of the existing order which may lead to far greater evils to the whole social polity. Appeals are made to sentiment, with the result that, instead of the definite principles of which I have spoken, we have a shifting public opinion, changing almost from day to day, based very largely upon sentiment, and on the idea of righting some individual suffering at the cost of the public good.

I think if there is one lesson the war ought to

have taught us, it is that there is nothing more dangerous than to think of the individual at the cost of the public good. [Applause.] What lesson has everyone of the many millions of our gallant soldiers been learning but this, that continually the individual life has to be sacrificed for the sake of the public good? And unless you get that principle well into your minds, in righting the sufferings of the individual at the present time, you are apt to introduce remedies that may undoubtedly make life easier for a handful of men but will one day, and very soon, work irreparable harm for the whole of the community. [Applause.]

This is true Catholic social philosophy, of course, and is but the sort of utterance to be expected of a churchman so conversant with all sides of the modern social problem as is the Archbishop of Westminster. What struck us most forcibly was the cordial reception given to these views by the Cardinal's auditors. Throughout, his remarks were frequently interrupted with applause and cries of "Hear, hear!" Would it not seem to indicate that a universal welcome awaits the expression of Catholic social principles before the great forum of the general public?

Deep gratification has been experienced by the faithful of the Diocese of Sioux City to learn in what veneration their late bishop was held by the general public. As in the case of most other chief pastors, Bishop Garrigan was seldom mentioned in the newspapers. The public knew him to be a model citizen and a zealous bishop of the Church, and he had the respect of all classes. But it was only when death put an end to his beneficent activities, and his shining example was withdrawn, that his full worth was realized. The depth of the favorable impression he made upon non-Catholics is shown by an editorial tribute of the *Sioux City Journal*, from which we quote these words: "He exemplified, in the highest degree man can exemplify, the spirit of the Master from whom he seemed to draw inspiration. . . . He not only professed and believed the faith of the Catholic Church, but he lived that faith."



Our Offerings.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

I CARRIED Him my little boat,
All rigged and manned complete;
And brother brought his string of fish
And laid them at His feet.
But mother says: "More than the rest
The Christ-Child loved our love the best."

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XIX.—AN EARTHQUAKE.

THE walk through the encampment furnished about the only supportable period in the sorrowful life of the prisoners. The least little incident, accordingly, became for them a source of agreeable distraction.

One day it was the unexpected arrival of a new band of smugglers who suddenly sprang up from all the surrounding rocks, as if by enchantment, before the astonished vision of Layac and Tim. It really looked as if each rock had opened up to allow an inmate to escape. Another time it was a flight of eagles leisurely soaring above the encampment. Tim had never before seen, close at hand, these great birds of the mountain, and so was intensely interested in following their evolutions.

Tim found another source of distraction in little Miguel, or rather in the child's invariable companion, a sturdy young Scotch terrier called Jose (Hosay). At first sight of Tim, this dog approached the boy, sat down opposite him, and during some five or ten minutes examined him as closely as if he were a member of some dog-police band with orders "to

size up" this new arrival. The examination was apparently satisfactory; for at its conclusion Jose got up, wagged his tail vigorously, marched up to Tim, and gravely offered him his right paw. Like all properly constituted boys, Tim was a lover of dogs, and he was delighted to reciprocate Jose's proffer of friendship by giving the paw a hearty shake. Thereafter, the dog testified in a hundred ways that he didn't agree with his masters, the smugglers, in their estimate of the aviators. Miguel, it must be admitted, did not show the same liking for Tim. He was a shy, rather savage little fellow, and repulsed all Tim's efforts to get him to smile and play.

The greatest pleasure of uncle and nephew, however, when they came out of the grotto, day after day, was to see that their aeroplane was still down at the extremity of the camp, just where it landed; and that apparently it had not been touched.

"Oh," sighed Tim to himself, "just to think that our machine is there, only a few yards from us, and that, if it was repaired, all we'd have to do would be to jump aboard and so escape from these miserable smugglers!"

But, alas! that was only a dream,—a dream that would probably never be realized. How could he effect repairs that would certainly require several hours of hard work, in the face of all these men and women who kept him continually under inspection whenever he was outside the cave? All the same, once the idea occurred to him, Tim could not banish it from his mind.

"There's no use talking," he assured himself, "I simply *must* fix that broken rudder. But how am I going to do it?"

As good luck would have it, he was soon to discover the "how." One night,

as Uncle Layac and he were sleeping soundly—about a fortnight after their capture,—they were suddenly awakened by a prolonged roaring.

“Thunder!” they exclaimed, as they sprang up. The roaring, however, instead of dying down, as would have been the case in a thunderstorm, continued to get louder, and our two friends felt the ground under them sway from side to side. The tremendous noise lessened by degrees; and, after the shaking of the grotto’s floor stopped, it died away in the distance. The same thought came into the minds of both prisoners: there had been an earthquake. And they were right.

The big grocer at once recalled all he had ever heard or read about earthquakes, and gave way to abject fear.

“O good Lord!” he exclaimed; “we are lost! Other shocks will follow that first one, and the earth will open under us and engulf us, sure!”

For a few minutes both uncle and nephew were filled with the most lively apprehensions; but, as no second shock occurred, they gradually resumed their usual calm. The earth seemed to have become stable again; but in the meantime Tim thought he saw daylight away back in the recesses of the cave. At first he took it for an illusion, but, as he continued to look, he felt sure that there really was light in one place. In fact he could make out the walls of the cave, and the uneven, rocky floor in that particular direction.

“Hello!” said he to himself; “so there’s an opening down there that I never saw before. Yet it can’t be, for I explored the grotto pretty thoroughly the first day we were imprisoned. All the same, there’s light; and here goes to see where it comes from.”

Working his way cautiously to the illumined spot, what was his surprise to see that a rock had fallen out of its place and had made an opening through which he could see the mountains around and the sky full of bright stars!

Hoisting himself up to the level of the opening, Tim looked out and beheld all the smugglers, men and women, gathered together and discussing in animated tones, and with many gestures, the event that had just taken place.

“Jiminy Jenkins!” he ejaculated, “that was a first-class earthquake and a lucky one, too! If this opening is only big enough for us to crawl through it, won’t it be immense?”

He forthwith made the experiment; and discovered to his great regret that, while *he* could get out easily enough, there wasn’t room for Uncle Layac to squeeze through, even if he took off his big pneumatic suit. Quickly getting down, he hastened to rejoin his uncle.

“Well,” said the latter, “what about that light down there?”

“What about it, Uncle? There’s this about it: it means our liberty.”

“Our liberty?”

“Precisely. The earthquake that we dreaded so much a little while ago has dislodged a big rock at the end of the grotto. It has made an opening through which I can get out, but which is altogether too small to let your big body pass through. I’m going to start at once to climb out of this cave, slip through the camp till I come to the aeroplane, repair it as well as possible, and then return here. Tomorrow, when they take us out for our daily airing, we’ll profit by a chance minute’s inattention on the part of these villains, start the motor, jump aboard, and escape before their very eyes.”

“Then,” said Layac, fearfully, “you’re going to leave me alone again?”

“There’s nothing else to be done, Uncle, so far as I can see.”

“Oh, but that’s frightful! I shall die of terror.”

“Not at all, my dear Uncle! By the way, do you wish me to give you a bit of good advice?”

“Yes: what is it?”

“It is that you lie down again and try to sleep until I come back.”

"Sleep? 'Tis easy talking; doing it is another matter." Then, seeing that his nephew was no longer at his side, he called out: "Tim! I say, Tim!"

But Tim was already at the other end of the cave, making his way through the opening.

For a full minute after reaching the outside he stood in the dead silence of the night, his heart full of emotion and of thankfulness to Our Lady: for he didn't doubt that the daily Rosary which he and his uncle recited since their capture had a good deal to do with this fortunate opportunity that promised an escape from the smugglers. The myriad stars seemed to be twinkling encouragement; and, as the smugglers had all re-entered their huts, he found himself alone. Then doubts assailed him. Wasn't his plan a foolish one? Supposing he was discovered, what would become of him? And with what refined vengeance old Antonio would pay him and his uncle for his boyish attempt! Was it not, indeed, death for both of them in case he failed? Then again—oh, pshaw! Nothing venture, nothing have.

Creeping carefully along, trembling at every step lest he should start some stones rolling down the declivity, staying quite motionless sometimes for five or ten minutes when he thought he heard movements in the huts, Tim progressed but slowly,—so slowly indeed that he took about an hour to reach the aeroplane, the wings of which a gentle breeze was lightly swelling. Fortunately, he was now at a considerable distance from the huts, and out of sight of them, too; so he could work at his ease in repairing the machine.

A rapid overhauling of the plane showed him that it would take him two or three hours to fix the rudder,—to fix it, not as good as new, but enough to last for a considerable time. Two or three hours was pretty long; but the night wasn't half over as yet, and he felt sure he would finish his job before daylight.

Accordingly he set to work with energy;

and the sun was a long way from rising when he was able to say with not a little triumph: "There! I've finished!"

Without further delay he began his return trip to the grotto, taking the same precautions as before, in order to avoid discovery. He had advanced to a point about a hundred yards from the grotto, when there suddenly came another earthquake shock, a very violent one, lasting a full minute, which seemed as long as a year. It was as if a thousand big cannons had been fired all at once; and the terrific noise was echoed and re-echoed by the hundred mountain peaks in the vicinity until the uproar was quite maddening. Men and women and children rushed from the huts, in terror; the children clinging to their mothers' skirts, and the women grasping their husbands' arms.

Tim thought of his uncle, who was possibly engulfed in the underground cave; and, as soon as the shaking had moderated a little and the noise grew gradually less, he forgot all about prudence and caution, and ran for dear life to the opening through which he had made his exit. Judge of his dismay and horror when, arriving there, he found that the opening was again blocked up. The second shock had effected another arrangement of the rocks, and there was not the slightest visible crevice to mark where he had, a few hours previously, easily passed out from the interior of the grotto.

He stood for a while, utterly discouraged and at a loss what to do; then turned and glanced about him. There was a man standing just at his side. It was old Antonio!

(To be continued.)

IN 1831 there were only 784 Catholic churches in the whole United States, and it was considered a large number. Now there are far more than that in the State of New York alone. In many of our larger cities you might hear Mass in a different church or chapel every Sunday in the year.

How Wild Things Protect Themselves.

NOTHING is more remarkable than how the weaker and more helpless things of Nature can protect themselves in the continual struggle for life that goes on throughout the whole of creation. In many cases, the color of the living thing, be it bird or fish or other, is adapted in a wonderful way to its mode of living and place of hiding; and this helps very much to keep it safe.

Most of us know how hard it is to distinguish the grasshopper from the leaf or blade of grass where it is resting, till the insect reveals itself by moving. The partridge is difficult to pick out among the grass or stubble; and the winter coat of the hare and ptarmigan is, in Northern regions, white like the snow among which they are seen. The birds that flit and sing among the trees and hedge-rows have feathers on their backs that harmonize with the color of the leaves among which they move; and the feathers on their breasts borrow the white hue of the clouds above them.

The same is the case with the living things that move and have their being in the water. Fish, especially those that live in fresh water, are so like in color to the weeds and stones among which they lie and feed, that it is often very difficult to tell that they are there. The frogs that frequent the pools and muddy ditches are known to vary their color according to the hue of the sand and gravel and mud in which they live. Again, the tree-frog, which is green, is with the greatest difficulty picked out on the tree to which it clings.

One of the most interesting cases of protection is that found with the so-called Rose of the Mountain (*meliconia Brownea*), which seeks to defend not itself but its flowers. This most beautiful growth, that often reaches the height of sixty feet, is found in Central America; and, through the sensitiveness of its

fronds or leaves, finds means to protect the lovely blossoms. Every night the fronds lift themselves up off the exquisite purple flowers, to let them rejoice in the coolness and the dew. But after the day has dawned, and the sun begins to climb up the sky, the fronds droop and bend down over the four or five hundred blossoms, to guard them from the burning rays of the sun. For the brilliancy of day in the tropics brings death to the flowers of the Rose of the Mountain, with their tender texture and delicacy of color.

Another striking example of Nature's care for her subjects is found in the apparatus with which the cuttlefish defends itself. As soon as its quick eye glimpses an approaching enemy, it prepares not to seek safety in an impossible flight but to hide itself. It sinks downward, and throws out of itself a flood of inky fluid. This entirely surrounds and conceals it; and, as it takes a considerable time to clear away, the enemy is usually baffled. When, however, the cuttlefish is still in danger, it pours out another stream of this ink-like substance and keeps quiet until the danger is at an end.

Spanish Names.

Besides the names received in baptism, all Spanish children bear the combined family names of their father and mother. When the surnames are connected by "y," meaning "and," the father's name comes first, and is the only one that can be used by itself. The terms "senior" and "junior," so common with us, are unknown in Spain. When father and son have the same Christian name, each takes his own mother's name as well, which makes it easy to distinguish between them.

PEOPLE seldom know how to employ their time to the best advantage till they have too little left to employ.

—Bishop Spalding.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Besides his book on "John Redmond's Last Years," soon to be published, Mr. Stephen Gwynn has a new volume, entitled "Irish Books and Irish People," in preparation in the series of "Talbot Literary Studies."

—The first volume of a history of "The English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," by the Rev. J. H. Pollen, S. J., is announced by Messrs. Longmans. It carries the narrative from the beginning of the reign to the year 1580.

—In Burns & Oates' autumn list of new books we note "Science and Morals," by Sir Bertram Windle, M. D., F. R. S., etc.; "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War, with Special Reference to Ireland," by the Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.; and "In an Indian Abbey: Some Plain Talking on Theology," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.

—Studies of some fifteen historical and literary MSS., hitherto unpublished and ranging over the last three centuries, are contained in a forthcoming work entitled "The Cream of Curiosity," by Reginald L. Hine. The MSS., collected by the author himself, include a Life of Sir Thomas More, by Nicolas Harpsfield, written in Queen Mary's reign.

—Following his "Imitation and Analysis," the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., has issued a second work in high school English, entitled "Model English." (Allyn & Bacon.) It is a drill-book in writing from models, working from the sentence to complete compositions. A good feature of the work is a section in versification, and throughout there are helpful suggestions. We have the author's assurance that his method has been employed with success. For younger students and in small classes, the book could be effectively used. Price not stated.

—It seems monstrous that Catholic missionaries in heathen lands should have to combat a propaganda of anti-Christian literature, emanating from supposedly Christian sources, before they can instruct pagans in the truths of the Christian religion. Yet that is the state of affairs in the Christian missions of Bengal. To offset this, the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, of the Diocese of Dacca, are issuing a series of booklets in the vernacular. Some of those already issued are: "The Imitation of Christ," "The True Religion," "The Catholic Church and the Bible," "The Souls in Purgatory,"—together with certain simple Lives of the Saints. It is an excellent and a

necessary apostolate, yet one for which funds are sorely needed. For a few dollars a thousand copies of "The True Religion" could be placed in a thousand Hindu homes. It is to be hoped that this phase of missionary activity will appeal to many persons.

—"Our Treasure, the Blood of Jesus," a booklet of some hundred and twenty-five pages, is a careful compilation, from approved sources, of prayers and devotions to the most Precious Blood. It was prepared by the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, and contains a short sketch of the origin, aims, and observances of their Institute. Published at the Monastery of the Precious Blood, Toronto, Ont.

—From the Paulist Press comes "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation," by the Rev. Henry E. O'Keefe, C. S. P. A twelvemo of 234 pages, it contains fifty-four sermons, not all of them, by the way, "in miniature." "Hopes for the New Year," for instance, or "Christ's Resurrection and Our Immortal Bodies," or "The Woman That Was Healed," or "The Cry in the Synagogue" is long enough not merely for meditation, but for delivery in the pulpit,—as, for that matter, are several others of the discourses. The majority of the sermons, however, are only two or three pages in length, and accordingly justify the book's title. All of them are well worth while, being thoughtful, suggestive, and practical.

—The career of the Maid of Domremy, like that of the Poor Man of Assisi, appeals so strongly to the imagination and the admiration of mankind that her Life has been written not only by Catholics but by believers of various creeds and unbelievers in any creed. Appreciative as are many of these biographies, not a few of them grate on the Catholic sense because of their authors' imperfect knowledge of the Catholic point of view. For instance, one Life, published only a few months ago, set the Maid of Domremy on a pedestal considerably higher than that whereon stands enthroned our Blessed Lady herself! It is a pleasure, accordingly, to recommend a thoroughly satisfactory biography from the pen of the Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. "St. Joan of Arc: the Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans" (Benziger Brothers), a handsomely bound and illustrated twelvemo of some 350 pages, combines the scholarship which utilizes the latest historical documents necessary to a truthful statement, and the literary artistry which ensures a thoroughly interesting presenta-

tion of the subject-matter. In five preliminary chapters, Father Lynch discusses recent studies of Joan, her mission, Christendom in her time, Charles VII., and the condition of the French people during his reign. There follow two chapters devoted to "Joan's Early Years" and "The Unfolding of the Flower." The remaining thirty-nine chapters, quite brief for the most part, tell the story of the heroine's military career, her trial, execution, rehabilitation, beatification; and, finally, the Christian apotheosis—her canonization.

—It was a happy thought to prepare a book of meditations for boys; and in "Living Temples," Father Bede Jarrett, O. P., has followed that inspiration to excellent purpose. It is a handy, sturdy-looking little volume, and well printed, like all the offerings of Burns & Oates. Nor is its interior spirit belied in its outward appearance. Its spiritual tone is just the right one for boys. The meditations are short, they are presented in the first person, and they are on subjects which are the mighty and natural concern of growing youth. Generosity is made the ideal of character: Fr. Jarrett aims to establish an excellent basis for practical spiritual effort. Besides the virtues and the Sacraments, there are meditations on St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick; while such subjects as the Sea, Reading, Sulkiness, Hobbies, etc., are treated with fine effects. In a word, these meditations are constructive, with the boy himself as the chief workman. No price is given.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "St. Joan of Arc: The Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans." Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. \$2.75.
 "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation." Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P. \$1.35.
 "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. T. Flynn, C. C. \$2.75.
 "True Stories for First Communicants." A Sister of Notre Dame. 90 cts.
 "The Finding of Tony." Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.
 "Eunice." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.90.

- "The Lamp of the Desert." Edith M. Dell. \$1.75.
 "The New Black Magic." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$2.
 "Poems." Theodore Maynard. \$1.35.
 "The Truth About China and Japan." B. L. Putnam Weale. \$2.
 "Lo and Behold Ye!" Seumas MacManus. \$1.60.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
 "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
 "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
 "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
 "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
 "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
 "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
 "An American Girl on the Foreign Missions." Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M. A. L. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.
 "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baierl. \$2.
 "The Government of Religious Communities." Rev. Hector Papi, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$4.
 "Ireland's Fight for Freedom." George Creel. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Brosseau, of the archdiocese of Oregon City; Rev. Hugh McGettigan, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Eugene O'Sullivan, archdiocese of San Francisco.

Sister M. Eustache, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Agatha, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. M. A. Guthrie, Mr. G. J. Monville, Mr. James Murphy, Mrs. Ellen McCarthy, Mr. John Woods, Mr. H. M. Rounds, Mrs. Catherine Burke, Mrs. Mary Magner, Mr. James Nickles, Mr. John Phelan, and Mr. J. P. Leonard.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: N. A. H., in thanksgiving, \$5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: M. D., \$1; Mrs. B. Cronin, \$5; "in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart," \$5. For the sufferers in Armenia: M. D., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. X. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 15, 1919.

NO. 20

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The Winds of November.

BY BONAVENTURE SCHWINN, O. S. B.

ALL the glory of October
 Strews the wold.
 In the trees, gray-brown and sober,
 Gaunt and old,
 Hear the sad winds of November
 As they sing:

"You, at least, their friends, remember:
 Suffrage bring."

Angel-winds, they ask for pity
 On the dead,
 Till they reach God's Happy City,
 Comforted.
 Sing, oh, sing, winds of November,
 Requiem,—

"You, at least, their friends, remember:
 Pray for them."

"The Virgin's Name was Mary."¹

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



WHEN we think of our past
 sinfulfulness and our present
 unworthiness, of the strength
 of temptation and the weak-
 ness of our nature; when we
 consider for a moment how easy it is to
 fall into sin by reason of evil inclinations
 and bad habits,—sin that would banish us
 from God,—sin that might consign us to
 hell; when we think how it is written that
 nothing defiled shall enter heaven, and
 reckon up the defilements of our own souls,

the heavy debt we have to pay, the little
 virtue we can boast of, the multitude of
 faults and shortcomings we must own to;
 when, added to all this comes the thought
 that life is so short, so full of trouble,
 difficulty, and perplexity; with its great
 responsibilities upon us, and our very
 slight capacity to live up to them; with
 furious buffetings of our enemies, and so
 little stability in our own characters;
 with the merciless determination of those
 enemies, Satan and his hosts, to ruin us,
 and their subtle craft in taking advantage
 of every opening, and in making allies to
 themselves of our weaknesses and fail-
 ings,—then, when all these things threaten
 us, *then* it is that a holy Name comes to
 our minds and rises to our lips; then it is
 that confidently, in the face of it all, we
 say to ourselves for our comfort, "The
 Virgin's name was *Mary*." Then by
 instinct we remember the Blessed Virgin;
 by an ingrained instinct we turn to her.

Not more spontaneously, not more
 naturally, not more simply, not with
 more assurance of protection and safety
 does a little child, when frightened, run
 to its mother than we turn to the Mother
 of our Redeemer in distress and trouble,
 in doubtfulness or temptation, in all
 anxious times, and in spiritual and tem-
 poral warfare.

Whence is this instinct, acting so readily,
 so naturally, so spontaneously? It is the
 instinct that is proper to the children of
 God; for the children of God are Mary's
 children. It is the instinct that was
 implanted in us when we received the
 holy gift of the Faith,—when the waters

¹ St. Luke, i, 27.

of baptism cleansed our souls; when the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of the adoption of the children of God, came upon us and constituted us, by the gift of sanctifying grace, members of the great family of God, His Holy Catholic Church, wherein God the Father is our Father, and God the Son is our Brother, and Mary, the Mother of God, is our Mother.

Thank God for that blessed instinct of children, which sends us, in all our needs, to our Mother Mary, so dear, so true and faithful! And Blessed be the Holy Name of Mary,—Mary who by her word of humble obedience, of heroic faith, of pitying love for men, consented to the sovereign will of God that chose her to be our Mother. Though she knew the dreadful martyrdom it meant, still, with the humility that drew the Lord of Life from heaven, and the courage that bared her heart to the seven sharp spears of unutterable woe, she said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word."

From that moment Mary became "our refuge, our solace, and our hope"; our defence against our enemies, our strength in weakness, our advocate in guiltiness, our good counsel in perplexity; in a word, our true Mother,—the Mother who obtains for us pardon of our faults, strength above our own, graces we never could merit, indulgence of which we are not worthy; whispering our needs sweetly, persuasively, irresistibly in the ear of the King, her Son; telling Him that we are her children as well as He; reminding Him of the price He paid for the ransom of our immortal souls; offering her love to make up for our coldness, her perfect conformity to His will to make up for our self-seeking and rebelliousness, her virtues to supply for our imperfections; appealing above all to the love of the Sacred Heart itself,—the love that made the Son of God to die for us and for her; the love that embraces her and us alike; the redeeming love that made her what she is and placed her where she is; choosing

and creating her to be our Advocate with Him; making her advocacy, by His eternal decree, an integral part of the merciful plan of our salvation.

Thus it is,—thus are we blest in our mother,—the Mother of Jesus. Having her, none need despair; having her, none need be even discouraged. Listen to the cheering words of St. Bernard, great lover and dear scholar of Mary,—words which I know I have quoted before when writing in these pages dedicated to Mary's love and praise; yet words which merit remembrance and bear repetition.

"The name of the Virgin," he writes, "was Mary, which is interpreted 'Star of the Sea,' and is most fittingly given to the Virgin Mother; for she, indeed, is that bright Star that arose out of Jacob, whose rays light up the whole world." And then: "Oh, whoever you are that find yourself to be tossed amid the storms and tempests of the sea of this world rather than to walk upon dry land; turn not your eyes away from the shining of this bright Star of the Sea, if you would not be overwhelmed by the tempestuous waters. Should the winds of temptation arise, should you be cast upon the rocks of tribulation, look up to that Star,—call upon Mary. If you are tossed upon the billows of pride, of ambition, of detraction, of envy, look to the Star,—call upon Mary. If anger or envy or evil desires of the flesh bear upon the ship of your soul, look to Mary. If, in consternation at the immensity of your offences, struck with shame at the foulness of your conscience, terrified by the horrors of judgment to come, you begin to sink into the depths of sadness and the abyss of despair, think then of Mary. In danger, in trouble, in doubt, think of Mary, call upon Mary; never let that holy name depart from your mind nor be far from your lips."

Yes: there is no need, no sin, no weakness, no temptation, no disease of soul, no evil habit, no debt of guilt, for which the prayers of Mary will not bring the remedy. Let a sinner, with his last breath but one,

only name the name of Mary with utter confidence and loving hope and contrition, and before the last breath of all shall have passed his lips to mingle with the common air, that sinner, through the prayers of Mary, shall have found grace and mercy and pardon at the hands of God.

Think happily, confidently, of Mary; trust her, call upon her, follow her; for, says St. Bernard again, "following her, you will never go astray; invoking her, you shall never despair; thinking of her, you can not err; holding fast by her, you will not fall; under her protection, you need have no fear; with her support you shall not weary, and by her favor, you will come to the haven and experience in yourselves the truth of that saying, 'The Virgin's name was Mary,'—Star of the Sea."

But the saint adds: "That you may make sure of the help of her prayers, go not away from the example of her life." Our best praise of her is to imitate her virtues. As she bore God in her heart before she held Him to her breast, let us bear Him in our hearts by true love and warmest devotion. As she followed Him along the Way of the Cross, so must we follow Him by self-denial and patient suffering. As she was faithful and obedient to His will, so let us be faithful to the duties of our daily life. As she nourished Him, let us also nourish Him in our hearts, living His life, forming His virtues within us, reproducing Him in ourselves; so that we may be able to say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me."

WHOEVER serves God with a pure heart, and, setting aside all individual and human interests, seeks only His glory, has reason to hope for success in all he does, and especially under circumstances when, according to human judgment, there is no help; for the divine works are above human prudence, and depend upon a loftier principle.

—*St. Charles Borromeo.*

For the Sake of Justice.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XX.—IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE CHANCELLOR.



HE Lord Chancellor sat in the private study of his Edinburgh house, an open letter in his hand. It was a moderately large room, its walls panelled with dark oak, and adorned with several portraits; its polished oaken floor strewn with bright-hued carpets and wolf-skin rugs. A fire gleamed on the hearth under the deep chimney; curtains were drawn across the windows, and candles had been lighted in silver sconces on the wall, and in the massive branched candlestick on the writing table. For it was January, and the daylight was fading.

Alexander, Earl of Dunfermline, was in his fifty-third year. He was tall and slight of build, with fair complexion, eyes of greyish blue, and hair and short beard tinged with grey. His face was rather long and thin, the cheekbones prominent; his expression of countenance, quiet and subdued. On the writing table at his elbow, besides the ordinary equipments—silver inkhorn, pens, paper, and sand-sprinkler,—stood a small hand-bell. He gave a vigorous ring, and was almost immediately answered by the appearance of a page boy.

"Send Robin to me, Tam," the Chancellor said in a kindly tone.

In a few minutes another servant enters. This one is a fine, upstanding youth of twenty or more, garbed in rich livery,—Rob Sybald, now grown to man's estate. The ruddy comeliness of boyhood has changed into the handsome dark complexion of the grown man. Clear grey eyes betoken absolute trustworthiness and honesty of purpose. His dark hair is still curling all over his head, but a youthful mustache and pointed beard add manliness to his appearance.

"Close and lock the door, Robin," his master quietly commands.

The young man obeys, drawing over the closed portal a heavy curtain which hangs there. From the quiet naturalness of his movements it is evident that he is accustomed to receive information not intended for the household in general. For Rob, to his devoted mother's great pride, is the Earl's body-servant, in constant attendance on his master; but even she has no conception of the confidence that master places in her boy's discretion and fidelity.

"There's a priest just come to town, Robin," the Chancellor said in subdued tones. "He is called Paterson, and is lodging at present in the Canongate, at one Wilkie's, a broiderer. Dost ken the place?"

"Aye, my Lord, right well."

"Ye're to go secretly to the house and ask to see Master Paterson yourself. Bid him from me to be so good as to come back here with you, and be prepared to bide here for a few days, if he will. My Lady Countess has been desirous of making her Yule; and, though Yule's past, it will be a good chance for us all to get to our duties. Put a cloak on over your livery, and wear a common bonnet. Ye need not show everyone that ye come from the Chancellor's."

He took up a pen and scribbled a few lines on a sheet of paper, folded the missive, sealed it, and stamped the seal with his signet ring.

"Ye'll take this with ye, Robin. It'll be your title to credit."

Rob took it and placed it securely within his doublet pouch.

"There'll be some ado to get all ready for the Mass in the early morn; but you must see to it, and get all the help ye need from the Catholics in the house, after ye've warned them of the morrow's Mass. And, mind ye, Robin, 'tis a leech ye're bringing to the Countess. 'Tis a leech—for the soul, ye ken," he added, with a humorous twinkle in his grey eyes. "So ye see what's to do, lad?"

"Aye, my Lord."

"Ye dinna show overmuch joy at the tidings, Rob," the Earl continued, his grave face breaking into a gentle smile which softened its habitual austerity. Then, noticing the youth's embarrassment, he said with marked kindness: "Ye must needs keep staunch to your Faith, lad. Ye've no reason to plead difficulty in this household, and I'd be sore grieved to think ye'd lost any of your warm zeal for religion through your stay with me. Is that the case?"

"There's many a reason, my Lord, why I should be on my guard about religion just now—saving your presence!"

The keen eyes noted the youth's desire to keep his own counsel, and the Chancellor wisely refrained from pressing the matter further.

"Well, well," he said pleasantly, "I've no wish to pry into your private matters, Robin. 'Tis enough for me to know that you're trusty to me and mine, through and through—"

Rob broke in unceremoniously upon his master's speech,—his face rosy red, and eyes dark with feeling.

"Yer Lordship kens well I'd die for ye any day!" he cried.

"'Tis the truth, lad. I ken it well."

The Chancellor turned towards the table near which he was seated, and rested his head on his hand, as he leaned his elbow upon the table. He went on in a quiet, dreamy tone, almost as though talking to himself.

"I'd be loath to think, Robin, that ye'd been ill-led by my example; yet I'm feared lest it should be so. Ye've need to bear in mind that I'm in a very difficult position. If I'm to do any good to the Catholic cause, I've to be canny, and cast dust in the eyes of our enemies. Yet God knows I'm ready to give my life for the Faith, should He ask it."

His eyes blazed blue as he soliloquized. He might have been defending his course of action before captious critics rather than seeking to convince this lad—a mere

paid servant—of his unshaken love for his faith. It was a trouble to him to think that through his own apparent laxity, from political motives, he might have helped to dim the ardor of faith in the heart of the boy before him, so honest and fearless, and so true to him.

"I'd never wish your Lordship to think that I'd turned to the Kirk," Rob answered with energy. His face was working with emotion, as he realized his master's anxiety on his account. "'Tis but that I'm biding my time, and have to be canny, too. I've many a good reason for it."

"I'm glad to hear that, lad," replied the Chancellor, more cheerfully. "And now be off with your message!"

On his way to his own quarters, Rob became aware of some expostulation going on below stairs. Leaning over the broad balustrade, he caught sight of Rose Guthrie, her pretty face flushed with anger and excitement, as she wrenched her arm free from the grasp of a man who seemed to be pleading earnestly with her the while. In that well-ordered household, she could not venture to cry out; but she was vigorously and angrily protesting against her opponent's interference.

Rob recognized the man as a recent addition to the household,—one Geordie, whose business lay in the kitchen and buttery, where he was chiefly employed in menial work. He was not a favorite with the older servants, who resented the introduction of a stranger into their ranks; most of them had served the family for many years, and their younger assistants had been trained under them. Moreover, the newcomer was not an attractive companion.

Rob's first thought, as he witnessed the encounter on the stairs below, was that the man had fallen a victim to the charms of Rose, and was pleading his cause with much energy, his eyes fixed on the girl's face. When Rob's footsteps sounded above, Geordie at once released Rose's arm, and the girl sprang hastily upstairs, as the man ran back to his own quarters,

Rose's eyes were full of angry tears. On questioning her, Rob soon learned the state of things. The man was perpetually waylaying her,—not to make love, but with far different intentions. He continually maintained that she must be a Catholic; he remembered her parents, and was convinced that she was of the same religion as her mother. He was most anxious, he said, to obtain the help of a priest, and begged her to tell him how he could do this.

"He declares he's a baptized Catholic," said the girl; "although he's fallen away, and he seems mad to talk to a priest."

"Did you own you were a Catholic?" Rob asked anxiously.

"No, no, indeed! But he always says he's sure I am, no matter how I try to put him off. I refuse to speak to him about it, but he will not take my word, and he makes my life miserable."

Rob quieted the girl by assuring her that he would put a stop to the loon's persecution; and Rose dried her tears, as she betook herself to her duties.

Honest Gillivray, the butler, would have been far more vigorous in his denunciation of the man had he known who Geordie really was—no other than the wretched Tod, sometime serving-loon to Father McQuhirrie (or "Burnet"), the Jesuit, who had barely escaped the apprehension twice attempted by this very man six years ago.

It is not to be wondered at that Rob Sybald, the only member of the Chancellor's household who would be likely to have seen him before, should fail to recognize Tod, the pale-faced, tawny-haired "priest's loon," whom he had seen once or twice when a lad. With a heavier growth of beard and a face more deeply lined than of yore, the man had so greatly altered in appearance that more intimate acquaintances might fail to identify him now.

It may well be asked what such a man could be doing in a household practically Catholic. The fact was that Tod was in hiding, and this was the safest retreat he

could have found anywhere in the country. He had made use of the influence of Master Doctor Barclay, now in exile, to be taken into the service of his friend the Lord Chancellor. For Master Barclay was ignorant of Tod's treachery to the Jesuit Father, and had recommended the man on the strength of his former service to himself.

Once he had come under the influence of the spy Allardyce, Tod had been a perfect slave. He was so completely in the toils of the informer that life became a burden, especially after he had realized the depth of infamy into which he had fallen. There had seemed no chance of extricating himself, and his weakness of character led him to submit at last to the inevitable. He had no relatives or friends in the country; he had cut himself adrift from all possibility of gaining Catholic sympathy. Any sign of relenting on his part would have been seized by his tormentor as matter for denunciation to the Presbytery, and certain punishment as the helper of priests.

Chance enabled him to free himself. He was in the party led by Bailie Agnew in pursuit of the Jesuit, when the latter had been saved by Willie Stoddart and his wagon. He was one of the two who had fired a pistol at the flying figure, which proved to be Adam Sybald. But it was not Tod's shot that took effect; for he had deliberately fired in the air, rather than add the wounding—perhaps killing—of a priest to his already long list of delinquencies. Yet, although it was Allardyce's shot that had killed Adam, the spy had resolutely insisted that it was Tod's and none other,—wishing, no doubt, to entangle the wretched man more completely in his meshes. The accusation had been of service to Tod, as it happened; for Bailie Agnew, fearing the result of investigations, decided that the culprit must fly at once from Edinburgh. It was he who obtained for the man employment for a time with a Glasgow merchant of his acquaintance. But the merchant

(a virulent Protestant) had died, and his household was dissolved. Thus Geordie was thrown upon his own resources; and, by an unexpected stroke of good fortune, had obtained entry into the very household in the whole kingdom where no priest-hunter would dare to set foot.

The wretched man was conscience-stricken; quiet time for reflection had shown him the depth to which he had fallen; and he longed to gain peace of mind once more by reconciliation with God. That was the motive of his unceasing plea to Rose Guthrie to help him. He knew from experience, that Christian Guthrie's house had been the regular resort for priests, and he could not fail to identify Rose with the small daughter he had often seen there in past days. He feared to venture much abroad, lest he should be recognized by Allardyce or any of his crew. His only hope was in meeting a priest secretly. This household, which bore the name of being suspectedly Catholic, at least, had appealed to him as affording spiritual assistance in his sore need.

The errand upon which the Lord Chancellor had sent him prevented Rob from any immediate attention to Geordie and his unwelcome pursuit of Rose. Cloaked and bonneted like any ordinary citizen, he made his way at once to the shop of the Canongate broiderer. It was a queer little dwelling. Three steps led down from the level of the street; a small window, only half above ground, helped to give it an appearance of insignificance among the more pretentious houses near it. But within the living-room on the lower floor, which was also the workshop of Wilkie and his apprentices, an entirely different impression was gained. The room was large, and well lighted by two windows at the rear, where the ground sloped away from the house.

Rob found the proprietor and his wife seated at their supper. Working hours were over, so they were the only occupants of the place. The broiderer was a gaunt,

thin man, of middle age; his trade kept him much within doors, and the result was apparent in his stooping, attenuated frame. His wife was a woman of about his own age, small and wiry, and with a perpetually anxious expression of countenance.

Both Wilkie and his wife awaited in silence the announcement of Rob's business after the usual civil greetings had passed between them. He at once asked for speech with Master Paterson, the leech, who was biding there, as he had been told.

Wilkie regarded him with some suspicion, Rob thought. But he merely inquired:

"What's yer name? The goodwife can ask him if he'll see ye the night."

Rob produced his letter.

"Maybe ye'd best give him this," he said, handing it to the woman.

She rose at once and ascended the stairs at the back of the apartment.

"Sit ye doon by the fire," said the broiderer, hospitably.

Rob did so, prepared to ward off all inquiries as to where he lived, whom he served, and the like. But before another word could be spoken a loud knocking sounded upon the street door. Wilkie shouted an invitation to enter; and there appeared a big, burly man, leading a little maiden by the hand. With a cry of joy, the latter flew to greet Rob, and he recognized little Katie and his stepfather, Wat Logan.

"What! Are ye acquaint?" cried Wilkie, astonished.

"Well acquaint, indeed," answered Wat, with a cheery laugh. "'Tis my goodwife's eldest loon, this." And he shook Rob warmly by the hand.

"But nae your own lad, surely," was the broiderer's comment. "He doesna favor yerself, neighbor."

"Na, na! He favors his own father, the wife's first goodman."

Then followed inquiries about everyone at Hopkailzie, especially the mother and Elsie, and—Miss Agnes. Wat did not notice the color that rose to the lad's face as he mentioned the latter; for Rob

was still the staunch liege of his fair lady.

All were well, Wat reported. Miss Agnes had not been to Hopkailzie for a good while. One of the ladies was sore sick at Craighdoun, and she had not been at Hopkailzie on a Sabbath—as was generally the case—for many a week.

Wat was well known to Wilkie from his frequent visits with Miss Agnes's embroidery, for which the tradesman was ready to give a good price. The poor lady's restored energy had enabled her to do much for the upkeep of their little cottage, without encroaching upon their small capital.

"'Tis long since we set eyes on ye, lad," said Wat. "Yer mother is aye speaking about ye, that ye never show yerself at the gate-house. When could ye come, think ye?"

"I canna say for sure. Rose was wanting me to take her over some Sabbath, and maybe ye'll see us ride into the gate one o' these days."

"Ye'll both be gladly welcomed," was Wat's hospitable reply.

The return of Miss Wilkie broke into the conversation. Master Doctor would fain see the messenger in his chamber. Wat was already late in starting for home; so farewells were said, and Rob mounted the stairs to the room overhead. Master Paterson sat by the table, the Chancellor's letter open before him. He returned Rob's salute with a cheery nod and smile. The youth at once delivered his master's message.

"Ye've just come in time to catch me before leaving town," was the priest's remark. "Some of these busybodies of spies seem to have got wind of my presence here. Poor Robbie, down below, is getting alarmed. So I'll gladly take advantage of his lordship's offer, and come with ye at once. Ye can help me with the gear."

The priest's scanty belongings were soon packed, and both set off for the Chancellor's house. Simon Lamont, the priest's man, had gone to visit relatives in the country.

The presence of a priest in the house

was the cause of much unwonted stir among the Catholic servants, and they were in the majority. For there were preparations to be made for Mass, and also for making confession on that same evening,—the latter affecting all the Catholics. Protestant servants in that household, like many of their fellows of the same class, were not particularly keen upon religion, nor did they trouble themselves with the merits or demerits of "Papistry." So when it was evident that some of the household were required from time to time in the upper quarters, although they may have shrewdly suspected that religion had something to do with the unusual happenings, they forbore to express either any great surprise or curiosity.

With Geordie Tod it was different. He speedily guessed the cause of the mysterious disappearance of one after another of the servants; it meant that the "doctor" was a priest. He was acquainted with such subterfuges in his past experience. Now was his chance. He haunted the corridor in which the "doctor's" chamber was situated, while taking care to escape observation. When, after long waiting, no more secret visitors from the servants' quarters seemed likely to engage the occupant, he ventured to announce his presence by a timid knock, and was summoned from within to enter. He obeyed, and passed into the presence of a physician of souls, for whose ministrations he had so earnestly longed.

Over the threshold of that chamber we may not accompany him, nor may we seek to know all that passed in the interview between the shepherd and the sheep that had strayed. Enough for us to know that the man who emerged from it was transfigured by an intense joy such as he had never felt in all those past years before his grievous fall. And we can say for certain that there was "joy in heaven," too.

(To be continued.)

CONCERT may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—*Ruskin.*

The Sons of St. Francis as Students.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

TO any one who has studied the Franciscan movement, and the spirit of its Seraphic Founder, it is interesting to watch the different stages of its expansion and development. It has been truly said that "the mission upon which the first Franciscans set forth with splendid enthusiasm was a very wide one"; and that the "essence of that movement was the imitation of the public life of Christ, and in particular of His poverty."

Living in the humblest dwellings, feeding on the coarsest and scantiest fare, they devoted themselves to the service of the sick, the outcast, and the leper; and the selflessness, religious gaiety of heart, simplicity, courtesy, and mortification manifested by them when performing a social work which others would have shrunk with horror from attempting, had doubtless some part in bringing about the extraordinary success of the first English Friars. But though they labored so nobly and so indefatigably in a domain most unattractive, this alone would not have sufficed to create the enthusiasm and reverence with which they were received by all classes. It was the spirit of their founder energizing in and through them. Had they not kept wonderfully close to his instructions, striving always, by the purity of their lives, and the power of their example, to attain the exalted ideal he had set before them, they could never have been what they unquestionably were—a great renovating force, raising the world around them to a higher moral level.

It must be remembered, however, that the early thirteenth century was a period of singular mental and spiritual intensity; and more and more, as men began to question and doubt, it became necessary for the brethren to turn their attention to study. For without being "competently learned in the logical basis of orthodoxy"—

to quote the words of Roger Bacon,—they would have been unable to cope with the intellectual as well as the material difficulties of those amongst whom their lot was cast; and, as a result, the sphere of their influence would have become increasingly circumscribed. Thus it was that a certain amount of modification in what has been called the primitive institution of St. Francis was inevitable; and thus, too, it happened that his children developed into one of the "Student Orders,"—"in fact, the greatest of such Orders," as the author of "The English Franciscans under Henry III." takes care to assure us.

"In no direction," remarks the same author, "did the activities of the English Franciscans find a vent so congenial as in the pursuit of learning." And we know that the saintly John of Parma is said to have exclaimed, when referring to their piety and erudition: "I would that England could be set in the midst of the world, to be a model to all the Churches." Certain it is, that "the especial glory of the English Province was its well-deserved reputation as a home of study and a nursery of great scholars." And this at an early date in its career; for Eccleston describes how the Friars were so fervent in their zeal for learning that they would walk barefoot in the snow to their schools of theology; and we are justified in concluding, from what we read in the same passage, that he is alluding to incidents that occurred soon after, if not as early as, 1227. It was, about two years later that Agnellus of Pisa, the first English provincial, "caused a separate school to be built for the use of the Friars at Oxford,"—a school which rose with astonishing rapidity, both as regards numbers and fame.

Brother Agnellus, of the noble family of the Agnelli, was a religious of tried virtue, and also a man of ability, as the important matters with which he was frequently entrusted would alone suffice to prove; but the evidences of his good

judgment are strikingly manifest in his choice of Robert Grosseteste (afterwards the famous Bishop of Lincoln) to act as the first lector of the Friars. Another noted lector was Thomas Wallensis; indeed, it may with truth be said that the Oxford professors were men who bore the highest reputation for learning.

In a very short space of time other centres of Franciscan studies were formed in England; for we find lectors in London and at Canterbury; and later on at "Hereford, Leicester, Bristol, and Cambridge." Mention is also made of a lector in the Norwich friary; and, in 1250, a school was being built at Northampton. Amongst all these, Oxford held the first place; and it is interesting to see that while in 1233 "the total number of the Franciscans and Dominicans together," at Oxford, "had been only some eighty brethren, in 1292 the number of Franciscan students alone was so great that, in spite of a considerable royal grant, of which they had been in receipt since some date before 1289, it was almost impossible for them to find support, especially during the long vacation."

This is not surprising if we recall the fact that, despite an educational system so complete and so efficient as to seem "almost incredible at such a period," the rule of Holy Poverty was rigorously enforced; so that, side by side with the rare facilities for scholarship enjoyed by the Franciscan Order from the time practically of its establishment in England, the students had to face a great many obstacles in the path of knowledge. Adam Marsh speaks of these in his letters, and insists upon the urgent need of vellum for his industrious Oxford scholars, entreating the *custos* of Cambridge to send some as soon as may be.

Again, in the matter of transcribing and procuring books, so utter an absence of money must have been a continual source of difficulty to both lectors and students; not to mention the exigencies of the religious profession, which necessitated

the removal from one friary to another, and even—in the case of lectors—to another province. For a lector, if he had the required mental gifts, might be transferred from a home university to a foreign one. In fact, such instances were by no means unusual.

The duty of teaching and preaching, however, could not be properly performed without books; and the use of these—always, let it be noted, “in accordance with the command of the provincial,”—was definitely permitted by a Papal Bull in 1230; and by 1255, regular conventual libraries would seem to have formed a part of almost every friary. We note, too, that when changing the site of a friary, the brethren were allowed to transfer their books; but it was forbidden “to borrow money for the purpose of buying books.”

The Oxford Franciscans were fortunate in possessing really good and extensive libraries; and to these “Robert Grosseteste,” says an old chronicle, “gave all his books by will, out of the great affection he bore Adam Marsh, whom he always had with him.” It is worthy of note that Roger Bacon esteems the erudition of Adam Marsh so highly that he does not hesitate to count him one of the greatest scholars of the age, and even places him side by side with the learned Bishop, who loved him so well, and the lector, Thomas Wallensis, already referred to. All the works of the celebrated Friar, Roger Bacon, were also added to the Oxford Grey Friars’ libraries, together with many volumes written by other members of the Order. “In a word,” remarks an old historian, “these Franciscans used their utmost industry to procure all books of excellent learning.”

This reminds us that books of another kind also were not forgotten by the Friars in Mediæval times; for it is recorded of a certain “Brother Andrew (1494), a Franciscan professor of Divinity, finding the quire of the Friars Minor of London not well furnished with quire books, conceived

that the alms of his friends could not be better expended than in procuring such books for the honor of God, and the continuing of His divine service and praise; and therefore he hired an amanuensis, who writ for him one legendary in two parts, one psalter, one gradual; and another was printed, and many others repaired.”

Payments of sixty-three shillings for forty-eight skins of Flanders parchment, and of eight shillings and sixpence for twelve native skins, indicate the studious disposition of the brethren of the Friars Minor Observants of Stirling, in 1502, while they were in process of acquiring a conventual library. “The task of providing this valued adjunct,” says Mr. Moir-Bryce, in his “Scottish Grey Friars,” “was almost entirely entrusted by their patron [King James IV.] to the monks of Culross and Cambuskenneth, the leading caligraphists of their time in this country” (Scotland). And in the course of the year “these schools of writing received fifty pounds from the treasurer for books, which they had sent to the Franciscans of Stirling.” In the following year they received payments amounting to “twenty-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight pence for other books,” in addition to “four pounds, twelve shillings for four Mesbukis, thirty shillings for ane buk callit the ‘Sermones,’” and nine shillings for another treatise.

A few words concerning this “essentially royal friary, built at the expense of the privy purse,” may not be devoid of interest; seeing that, as Mr. Bryce tells us, “it is inseparably associated with the pious and genuine remorse of James IV. for the unconscious share he had taken in the rebellion that terminated in his father’s death, after the Battle of Sauchie Burn in 1488.” The Friars Minor Observants were that branch of the Order which strove more completely to realize the life of St. Francis, both within and without the friary; and, in the following sentence, the non-Catholic writer just mentioned

pays no mean tribute to their life and labors: "It may be claimed on behalf of the Scottish Observant that his loyalty to the spirit of the rule, to the tripartite vow of poverty, obedience, and chastity, and, in the last resort, to his Church, constitutes one of the brightest pages in the history of Roman Catholicism in this country."

It is no great wonder that the young King James IV. on his accession to the throne should have turned for help and spiritual consolation to such men as these; indeed, he styled himself the "Protector of Observance," and became their "staunchest supporter and benefactor among the Scottish sovereigns." In reply to his petition, the Bull of Erection was granted by Pope Alexander VI., who, after expressing his approval of the "exemplary lives led by the Observants, their unremitting and devout celebration of divine service, their preaching and discreet hearing of confessions," gave the customary permission to proceed with the building of the friary, and its belfry, cloister, refectory, dormitories, and necessary offices, with leave for garden, etc. It is probable that church and friary were completed in April, 1502; for we find that a weathercock, at a cost of five pounds, was then placed on the belfry. That the work had proceeded apace is proved by various entries, such as "three sheets of tin from John, the locksmith of Stirling; several parcels of ironwork, locks and chains, supplied by one of the brethren" (evidently a skilled craftsman in Edinburgh); "three crates of glass, worth nine pounds, for the windows of the church," also from Edinburgh, and sent during the summer of the year 1501.

Again, in the same year, 1501, were made numerous purchases, including "grey cloth for habits; white cloth for blankets; linen for the altar; together with thirty-four ells of the same material for albs for the brethren, and ten ells of blue and green camlet for the frontals." These, be it remembered, were all royal gifts and

benefactions; for Father Hay tells us that James IV. had prohibited the "masters of the work" from accepting any assistance, even to the extent of a nail, in construction of the buildings. We gather from the payment of "forty shillings as his wages to the wricht that made the altar," that the interior of the church must have been finished sometime in the spring of 1503. The site selected for it, and also the friary, was a prominent position on the brow of the hill leading up to the castle, and within the precincts of that royal dwelling.

We learn from the chronicler that James heard Mass and assisted at Vespers *daily* in the friary church when at Stirling; and it is evident that his marked predilection "for the society of the brethren" was none too pleasing to many of his courtiers, to whom it was well-nigh incredible that he should prefer the meagre fare and thin ale of the friary to the pleasures of merry Edinburgh. It may be recorded here that James sent forty-two gallons of this same "thin ale" to the Friars, on the occasion of his marriage with Princess Margaret. Indeed, he continued throughout his whole life to be the "principal protector of our Sacred Observance"; and during Holy Week the Stirling friary was always his chosen place of retreat.

To return, however, to the Franciscans as students. We see that they were not only the possessors of "good books," but the writers of them. Theology might be—as indeed it was—"the study *par excellence* of the Friars": their works on this subject are sufficient evidence of this fact. But we find them as authors in almost every domain of knowledge; for the Order "penetrated into the wild regions of Russia and Central Asia, and established itself in centres at Kief and at Pekin." The missionaries, who were at the same time explorers and scientists, wrote of what they saw and heard in these far-distant places of the earth. Roger Bacon, and others beside him, studied

Hebrew; and John Pechani, the Friar Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote a treatise on "Perspective." Indeed, it is said that "the English Province gave to the Order more really eminent men than all the others put together." But, in the ultimate analysis, it was the way in which the Franciscan friars adhered to the letter as well as the spirit of their holy rule which was the true cause of their power and influence.

Our Holy Mother the Church to Her Children.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

A message have for ye,
Suffering humanity.
From the Seven Hills of Rome,
I, your Mother, call you home,—
From across far-distant seas,
Call my children to my knees.

Planted on St. Peter's Rock,
I withstand the earthquake's shock;
I have seen great empires fall,
Yet have I outlived them all;
I am witness for the Truth,
Young with an eternal youth.

I am watcher through the night,
Bearer of a quenchless light.
In me ye behold the Bride
Of a Bridegroom crucified.
Many children have I borne,
Who, like Him, were crowned with thorn.

I have seen the martyrs stand
On the red arena sand;
Heard their prayers; and, standing nigh,
Caught their last low-whispered cry:
"Mother, this is borne for thee!
Bid thy Spouse remember me."

Mother of God's saints am I,
Who for me have dared to die;
As of saints still to be born.
Therefore on this festal morn,
I across the Seven Seas
Call my children to my knees.

Whereas I was Blind.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

III.

LETTERS from her absent boy came occasionally to Lady Lawrence at Holly Lodge, where she counted the weary weeks till his return from "somewhere in France." But the Lodge was in the heart of the County Wicklow, and whatever news found its way there did not reach the ears of Mary Kennedy. In fact, a certain coolness had sprung up of late between the girl and her prospective mother-in-law,—a coolness that Mary knew was entirely of her own making. To Harry she never wrote; and yet, such are the contradictions of the human heart, she blamed him for not writing to her; or, to be more accurate, she blamed him while in one mood, and, when in another, told herself that if, after what had passed between them, he had ever the impudence to write to her, she would despise him even more than she already did, if such a thing were possible. Nevertheless, when she read the letter handed to her one morning as she sat pensively in her own room, the expression on her fair young face was anything but contemptuous. The letter, written in a hand at once strange and familiar, ran as follows:

MY DEAR MARY:—You will probably scarcely recognize this writing as mine. I have not yet grown used to wielding the pen under existing conditions, but do not wish to dictate to a third person what is for you alone. The fact is, I shall never see to write again: I was wounded in the last big offensive, and deprived of my sight in consequence. But, although useless as a soldier, I am sound as a bell now in every other respect, and am on my way home,—covered with neither "gold nor glory," dear Mary, but at least grown wiser.

I thought it better to write before we meet again, so that there may be no mis-

understanding then; for, of course, all is now at an end between us. You are free to marry to please yourself, instead of marrying for the sake of keeping an engagement made for you by others. May the man of your choice be more worthy of you, Mary, than I could ever hope to be!

I have said that I am blind; but the truth is that, "whereas I was blind, now I see"—see how selfish, vain, and inconsiderate I have been, in holding an inexperienced girl to a promise in which she had no voice, and—in my foolish self-conceit—never even suspecting that it could possibly be distasteful to her to be my "little wife." This I now know you can never be. But let me think of you as one whose bright young face will shine as a star in my night till we meet in that land where darkness is unknown.

May God bless you, and His Holy Mother, whose name you bear, watch over you!

Very truly yours,

H. LAWRENCE.

When Miss Kennedy left the house some hours later, her eyes were very red. She held a letter in her hand; and, as she neared the Merrion Row post office, James Arnold met her in his usual "accidental" way.

"I am on my way to the bank," he said, as he walked beside her,—forgetting that he was really turning his back upon it. Then, as he replaced his glossy silk hat, he noticed Mary's telltale eyes.

"No bad news, I hope?" and his voice was full of commiseration.

"Harry Lawrence is coming home."

"And that makes her cry!" thought James, with a little smile. Then aloud: "Covered with glory, of course?"

"Yes, covered with glory, indeed," she answered slowly.

Arnold frowned and bit his lip.

"May I ask in what way the gallant hero has distinguished himself?" he inquired presently.

"He has been invalided home: he is blind."

"Blind! Poor devil,—poor devil!"

But, do what he would, and although he really did feel a certain sympathy for a strong man brought low, Arnold could not make his voice sound quite as compassionate as he wished.

"Awfully sorry," he went on, after an uncomfortable silence; "but this dreadful accident to poor Lawrence, of course, breaks off your engagement. He could hardly now hold you to what he used to call your promise."

"He has released me from it," Mary answered pensively, and more as if she were making a solemn statement to herself than speaking to another; while her downcast eyes were fixed upon the letter in her hand.

"Oh, he has? Well, that's decent, anyway,—hanged decent!" exclaimed the clerk, in a tone that implied great generosity to a fallen rival. "So, dear Miss Kennedy, you are free at last?"

"I am."

"Free to marry the man of your choice?"

"That is just what poor Harry himself told me in his letter."

"What a fine fellow he is, poor Lawrence! Do you know, Mary (I may call you Mary now), I don't mind telling you—and I know you will not think the worse of me for my frankness—that I'm afraid I misjudged him sometimes."

"Impossible!" murmured the girl, with the faintest shadow of a smile.

"It's like you to doubt it, dear! But I really think I didn't always do that poor blind devil justice. I hope you answered his letter," he added magnanimously.

"I could not do less."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you! I'd have done the very same in your place," he said, drawing himself up and expanding his chest.

"This is my reply to Harry." And Miss Kennedy paused as they came in front of the post office, and prepared to drop the letter into the box.

"Allow me!" said Arnold, all aglow with the sense of his great generosity.

"I will post your letter to him with my own hand."

Why did Mary Kennedy turn her head away, and smile through the traces of her tears, as the noble James performed this sublime action?

"Thank you, Mr. Arnold!" she murmured sweetly, as they resumed their walk.

"Mr. Arnold! You must find some less formal name for me now, dear! Call me James."

"Thank you, James," said the young lady,—“thank you for posting my letter to Harry.”

"Oh, that's all right! Only, as you are not related, and as you are released from your engagement, and even though the poor chap is blind, and no more to be reckoned with, I would just as soon you called him Mr. Lawrence. We can feel very sorry for him without 'Harrying' him, you know."

"Thank you, James, for posting my letter to Mr. Lawrence."

"What a delightful wife she will make!" thought the beaming James. "My word is law to her already."

Presently he added aloud: "We will do all we can to spare the poor fellow's feelings. Still there can be no harm in fixing the date of your wedding. When do you wish it to be?" he asked considerably.

"When Har—when Mr. Lawrence is here."

"Lawrence! Do you think—excuse me, dear!—but do you really think that, in the circumstances, it would be acting in good taste to invite him?"

"I have invited him."

"Well, Mary dear, I think it would have been better if you had consulted me first. Now that it's done, however, don't take it too much to heart. You are still very young, and have no mother to advise you, and I'm not really angry with you. Besides, I doubt if he will accept the invitation. I know *I* should not in his place."

"You think we ought to be married by proxy, then?"

"Are you mad?"

"Well, that is how we'll have to arrange matters if he fails to appear; and but for what you said just now, I'd suggest your acting as his proxy in the event of his not being present in person. But there really does not seem to be any reason why Mr. Lawrence should not come to his own wedding."

James Arnold stopped short, and looked with such blank dismay at his demure companion, who seemed quite unconscious of the stupefying effect her apparently careless words had on him, that the passers-by turned and glanced curiously at the pair.

"What do you mean?" gasped the wretched James, finding his voice at length. "You told me Lawrence released you from your promise."

"Which is probably why I hold him to his," was Miss Kennedy's calm rejoinder.

"Good heavens, would you marry a blind man?"

"It is *I* who have been blind,"—and Mary's voice sank somewhat; "but thank God and His Holy Mother, whose name I bear, my eyes are opened, and, 'whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

The bells that rang for the marriage of Captain Harry Lawrence and Miss Mary Kennedy mingled their joyous peal with those that welcomed the year that entered the ranks of Time through the luminous arch of a hoped-for Peace. But while the happy pair were on their honeymoon, and for many a self-torturing week to come, James Arnold groaned in spirit as he sat at his desk in the bank, and the burthen of his complaint was ever the same sad wail:

"Oh, to think that I actually posted her letter to the fellow with my own hand! Blind—is he? And she says *she* is blind. But I'm blessed if I don't believe it is I myself who have been the blindest of the three!"

Extraordinary Occurrences in the Island of Flores.¹

THERE lies off the coast of the Argentine Republic a desolate island called Flores, from the fact that General Flores, President of Uruguay, built there a quarantine establishment for the Uruguayan Government. This island is about a mile long by a quarter of a mile broad. In one extremity of it are a graveyard and a chapel, profaned in a way too horrible to relate; and at the other end is a solitary quarantine house. Four years ago the steamer "Equator" from Europe landed me there, with sixty other passengers. We were condemned to remain in quarantine for six days, during which time we witnessed the following extraordinary things.

In the evening of the day of our arrival, while strolling, after supper, on the terrace and gazing out on the sea, we suddenly beheld a monstrous-looking object enveloped in flames, moving about the island. To me, who am shortsighted, it looked like a huge ball of fire; but to others it presented the form of a monster that was half man and half beast, with flames of fire proceeding out of its mouth. There was in the rear of the beast an army of living things, like torches, who seemed to have taken possession of that part of the island where stands the desecrated chapel.

My fellow-passengers, panic-stricken, and thinking that the island was possessed by devils, besought me to go, with a cross, in public procession, to drive them away. Now, I am not of a timid nature; for, fearlessly and alone, I have travelled by land over the length and breadth of South America, where I have seen strange

sights, such as gases rising up out of decomposed matter, taking fire, and wafted hither and thither by the winds, etc., etc.,—which strange phenomena had only the effect of exciting in me a desire to study the laws of nature. But, I must confess, the sight of this horrible, mysterious beast did trouble me, so that I absolutely refused to have anything to do with it, not knowing what on earth it could be.

Many of the passengers, armed with weapons, went in a body to see what it was. But their leader had not got up within three hundred yards of it when he was struck down senseless to the ground by an invisible power issuing from the beast. Whereupon, picking him up, they all turned and, like frightened sheep, fled to the house; not daring even to return for their hats which the winds carried off. The man knocked down by the beast was put to bed, and came to himself only when exorcised by me, who was the only priest on the island.

Among the passengers there was a great, stout man, a perfect Goliath of strength, who was blaspheming God all the day long. He, boasting that he would attack the beast, took up a huge stick, and, in spite of our warnings, tried to approach it. But he had not come within three hundred yards of it when he was struck down to the ground by the wrath of its power. He was then picked up and carried, yelling and crying like a maniac, to the house. And when he came somewhat to himself he again made several desperate efforts, in his madness, to approach the beast; but each time he was repulsed and struck down to the ground.

As we watched the beast, we saw it moving by four ways over the island—from north to south and from east to west,—resting a while at the edge of the sea, as it were to cool itself. During all this time a loud voice of woes and of lamentations filled the island, terrifying everyone, so that even the governor came out of his room in a rage, and,

¹ This account, now for the first time printed, was written by the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, of holy memory, brother of Cardinal Vaughan, and found among the papers of Cardinal Manning. The manuscript is entitled "A Short, Incomplete Account of What Took Place in the Island of Flores in 1881."

troubled in his mind at the sight of the beast, fired at it from a distance with his gun. It vanished out of sight for a moment, to reappear nearer the quarters of the governor. These things went on for several nights.

At ten o'clock we were in bed, dismayed in mind. At midnight one of the passengers, who could not sleep, and whose door was opened, saw a man, like a watchman, coming up through the locked door of the courtyard, with a lantern lit at his breast, and making as it were for my room. Just then I awoke by hearing somebody pacing up and down the corridors, making a violent noise, like the noise of the get-up signal, used in the Franciscan convents.

I, for a time, kept quiet in bed, wondering at the noise, when soon I heard a furious banging and battering at my door, which was repeated so often, and with such violence, that, jumping out of bed and throwing my sheet around me, I opened my door and rushed out into the *patio*. But all was dark and still; not a living soul could I see, though I diligently searched the premises. I then entered the adjoining room, occupied by twelve passengers, two of whom—a Huguenot and an infidel (both afterwards converts)—accompanied me back to my room. We had not been there long when we heard the same unearthly noises, and the bangings and batterings at my door. We opened the door, but immediately closed it again, seeing in the courtyard a great flame of fire. My companions were seized with such indescribable fear that it was with difficulty I could quiet them, urging them to commend themselves to Our Lord.

The same noises and bangings at my door being repeated, I was moved to ask the spirit of the person before my door, in the name of God, what he wanted; whereupon, putting his mouth to the apertures, first of the door and then of the window, he answered in a most imploring voice of intense mental and physical agony and of lamentations, which I shall never forget if I were to live for a

thousand years: "*Missas! Missas! Purgatorio! Purgatorio!*" We then heard distinctly the sound of the ringing of a sanctuary bell. My Protestant companion said to me: "O Father Vaughan, it is Masses that he wants!" Next morning we observed that the outside of my door was covered with long streaks,—marks made evidently by burning fingers.

These things occurred several times, before other persons, and accompanied with circumstances that left no doubt in their minds as to their supernatural character.

The night before we quitted the island I was left alone in that wing of the house we inhabited; for everybody had gone to attend a concert in the hall at the rear of the establishment. Feeling a strange sensation coming over me, I asked the governor for two servants to accompany me. They had not been long in my room when, opening my door, we saw at the entrance gate of the courtyard a mountain of fire of great brightness; at which stupendous sight the servants were struck with such awe and fear that they began to jump and leap like possessed persons in and out of the windows and door of all the rooms along the *patio*. And I, with arms extended, began to pray, when gradually the bright flames of this mountain of fire subsided, and disappeared in the earth.

Many other things our eyes saw and our ears heard during these terrible nights,—the hissing of serpents, the putting out of lights, the cries of "*Inferno! Inferno!*" the vision of the hand of death, the flapping of wings, eyes shooting forth horrible sparks, the sight of which almost killed with fear those who saw them. Indeed, so extraordinary were these things that the governor of the island asked me to draw up a written statement of them, which I consented to do on condition that his request was made in writing, and that my companions (who were all foreigners) would sign the report.

We then left for Montevideo. On the

voyage thither, and also in that city, cases of obsession and possession occurred, as though some of the spirits of the island had followed us. On arriving at Montevideo, I made known to the bishop all that had happened; whereupon he ordered Masses to be offered for the souls in purgatory. The matter was soon talked about in the city, where there were not wanting persons who ridiculed the whole thing. Some had it that I had been a victim of a hoax; whereupon, that the truth might be known, I treated the matter as such, and brought an action, through the British Minister, against the civil authority of Uruguay for playing such jokes upon us in a Government establishment, where we were forced to remain against our will.

The President of the Republic thereupon called me up to report the whole matter to him, expressing at the same time his astonishment at my credulity in believing in spirits; for he himself is a professed materialist and does not believe in another world. Declarations were then drawn up, sworn to and signed by many witnesses of these things, and the whole case was placed, for investigation, in the hands of the judge of the Criminal Court of Uruguay. But the case was never followed up, so no judgment was ever passed upon the nature of these strange apparitions.

WHEN you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air,—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person—only one—happily through each day, that is 365 days in the year. And if you live 40 years only after you begin that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy,—at all events, for a time.

—*Sydney Smith.*

The Painter's Dream.

THREE little girls were walking with their mother in the gallery of the Luxembourg. She wore the garb of a widow; her husband, an officer in the Chasseurs, having been killed at Sedan. Two children had followed him; sorrow had left ineffaceable marks on the face of the woman, still young, who found in her children her only earthly consolation. Patience and sublime resignation sat enthroned on her brow; peace looked forth from her large grey eyes, still beautiful, though dimmed by many tears. Suddenly one of the little girls paused before a picture.

"Mamma," she said, "is this not lovely? 'Our Lady of the Flowers.' Surely it is *only* the Queen of Heaven who could ever have looked so beautiful as this."

They were all standing in front of the picture. For some moments the mother looked at it in silence; then she said:

"Yes, Valerie, it is very beautiful. Have you ever seen any one whom it resembles?"

"Never!" answered the two oldest with one voice.

"Not in the least?"

The little one looked up into her mother's face. She was a lovely child, conscious but not vain of her own beauty.

"Mamma," she said, "sometimes, when my hair is curled and I have on my pretty white dress, I think I look a little tiny bit like that. Don't you?"

"Ah, Miss Vanity!" exclaimed her elder sister, playfully. "Maybe you are of the same complexion; and the hair—well it *is* something like yours, really."

"Yes," said the mother, "it really is."

"But ten thousand times more lovely," added Marguerite, the second girl.

"A million times," replied the child. "But the eyes—the eyes are like—whose *are* they like, Valerie?"

"As though one could tell—in a picture!" was the response. "Never was there such

a beautiful face on earth. It is not a likeness, dear: only a fancy of the painter."

"My Valerie, there you are mistaken," said the mother. "I know the story of that picture. I have seen the child who sat for it; and it was said by all who knew her to be a very good likeness. Spiritualized, no doubt, it must have been by the high and holy thoughts of him who painted it; still, that is no fancy-sketch, I assure you."

"Mamma! You knew her! Oh, where is she now?" cried Valerie. "Will you tell us about it, mamma?"

"Come, sit beside me,—just in front of it, where we can have it directly before our eyes, so that we may look at it while I tell you the story," said the mother.

Nestling as close to her as they could, the three little girls eagerly awaited the narrative.

"One day," she began, "perhaps thirty years ago, just as we are to-day, a lady and her three children were walking in the gardens of the Tuileries. All at once the two boys, who were in front, paused beside an old gentleman, with a long white beard, who was painting some roses. The artist turned, smiled upon them, and acknowledged their expressions of admiration as though he appreciated and enjoyed their youthful sincerity. When the mother and the youngest child, a girl of seven, reached the others, the painter said:

"These are bright boys of yours, Madame. They bid fair to become accomplished critics."

"As the little one also advanced to examine the picture, he exclaimed:

"But this one!—ah, Madame, it is she! I have found her at last!"

"The lady stepped backward in some alarm.

"What do you mean, sir?" she inquired. "I do not understand you."

"Have no fears, Madame," he said, with a smile. "I assure you I am perfectly sane. I am Henri Herbert, the flower-painter."

"I am happy to know you, sir," replied the lady. "But I had thought you a much younger man."

"We painters age early," he said, with a sweet but fleeting smile. "And now let me explain. It is true that I have seldom painted anything but flowers, because I love them: yet the few faces I have done have been highly praised. Once, when a child, I had a very vivid dream. I thought the Blessed Virgin came to me—a child like myself, perhaps about the age of seven years. In her hand she held a bouquet of roses, which she offered to me. All my life the memory of that dream has followed me; all my life I have been trying to reproduce the vision. The roses have long been finished, Madame: yes, years and years; but the face—I have never seen it with my waking eyes till now. In order to prove to you that these are not idle words, I beg that you will accompany me to my studio. There I will show you the result of my labors—a suggestion of this bright, young face I see before me, and which, with your permission, I would like to transfer to the canvas as the Madonna of my dream."

"They cheerfully followed the artist to his atelier, and there indeed were convinced that all was as he had related. The sittings were given, the painter at last feeling satisfied with his work; but shortly after its completion he died. The picture was bought by a Russian prince and taken to St. Petersburg. How it came back to Paris I can not say. I have told you all I know."

"How strange that you should ever have seen that little girl, mamma!" said Valerie, who was ten years old. "Did you ever speak to her or play with her?"

The mother smiled.

"I do not believe I ever spoke to her, my dear; but I have often played with her brothers."

"Probably they were more of your own age, mamma," said Marguerite.

"Shall we come again to look at the

picture?" asked the little one, whom they called Coquette, from a pretty trick she had of shyly lifting her eyes. "It does look a—something like me, when I am very good; and I think if I could see it often I would always be good."

Her sisters laughed, and took her little hands in theirs.

"Yes," said the mother, "we will come again, if you wish it. But now mamma is tired: let us go home."

As they passed from the gallery, the widow could not help casting a backward glance at Our Lady of the Flowers. A tear trembled on her lashes, perhaps for her lost youth, perhaps for the beauty that had perished with it.

"Some day," she thought sadly,—
"some day I may tell them, but not now."

Named for Christ's Mother.

SUCH names of plants as Ladies' Tresses, Ladies' Smock, Ladies' Mantle, Ladies' Slipper were not originally thus written, in a way that would lead one to suppose that they were in allusion to ladies' apparel in general. Modern writers not infrequently use the plural, but there is no doubt that Ladies' Slipper was a translation of the Latin appellation used for several hundred of years—viz., *Calceolus Mariæ*. Even in Shakespeare's time we have the words written as "Lady's Slipper," or more often still "Our Lady's Slipper"; the meaning being of course Slippers of Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin. John Parkinson, an English botanist (1629), though not a Catholic, says: "In English we call it Our Lady's Slipper, after the Dutch." The reference was probably to Dodonæus, who called the plant *Calceolus Divæ Mariæ*,—"Our Lady Mary's Slipper." It is noteworthy that Linnæus, accredited as the father of systematic botany by some modern authors, changed the name of the plant to *Cypripedium*, or Venus' Sandal. The Indians of North America called it the Moccasin Flower.

The Three Friends.

—
A RUSSIAN FABLE.
—

A MAN had three friends: his money, his wife, and his good deeds. He lived long and happily, but at last the stern messenger knocked at his door. It was a gentle knock; however, the import of it was fully understood. The physician came and shook his head. The patient, knowing there was no cure for old age, though a great many had been recommended to him, had prepared for his last journey. At length, being at the point of death, he sent for his three friends to bid them farewell.

He said to the first: "Adieu, my friend! I am dying. We must now forever part company."

The friend replied: "Adieu! Our friendship has been of long standing, as you remember. When you are dead I will have a candle burned for the repose of your soul."

The second came promptly enough; and, after shedding many tears and making many lamentations, and protestations of affection, bade him a long farewell and faithfully promised to accompany him to the grave.

When the others had taken their departure the third friend arrived, showing no signs of grief.

"I am dying," said the man: "I have sent for you to say farewell. You have been a valued friend to me."

"Do not say farewell," answered the friend. "It is a sad word indeed. I shall not be separated from you. While you live I am with you, when you die I shall follow you."

The man died that same day. The money bought him a candle; his wife accompanied him to the grave, as she had promised, and then hurried home to receive the condolences of her friends; and his good deeds followed him in death as in life.

On Worry.

ONE of George Eliot's homely philosophers tells us that it's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient, the implication being that it is not so easy to convince ourselves that we should exercise that virtue. Much the same sort of argument applies to worrying. It is comparatively easy to discover and expatiate at length on a variety of reasons why our friends and neighbors should not indulge in so utterly useless a procedure; but, given the same occasion as causes the fretting of our friends and neighbors, the reasons are perhaps powerless to keep our own minds and hearts equable and serene. In the meantime, since it appears to be universally conceded that "worry kills more than work," it may be worth while briefly to discuss both the meaning of "worry" and its futility.

The literal signification of the word is, "the act of biting and mangling with the teeth; the act of killing by biting and shaking." This literal meaning is denoted when we talk of a dog's worrying sheep, or a terrier's worrying a rat. In the figurative, and nowadays the usual, sense, worry is harassing anxiety, solicitude, or turmoil; perplexity arising from over-anxiety or petty annoyances and cares. There are, of course, numberless occasions and circumstances that abundantly justify anxiety and solicitude and grief and abiding sorrow; but they are major troubles, and the sentiments they inspire are not out of proportion, whereas worry magnifies little cares or trials, and dwells upon them with altogether disproportioned concern and distress. It discloses in those affected by it a total lack of patience in little things, and at bottom an absence of confidence in the providence of God.

The futility of worrying is graphically shown in the homely proverb, "There's no use crying over spilt milk." Spilling a pitcher of milk is no doubt an untoward and vexatious thing, and may perhaps

justify a momentary discomposure; but for an adult man or woman to regard it as a veritable calamity, to be deplored with tears and sobs, is obviously absurd, especially as no grieving can remedy the matter. Yet, in many a case, men and women do cry over spilt milk: grumble and fret and repine and make life miserable to themselves (and occasionally to others as well) over matters of really little moment,—a trifling accident, a small loss, a slighting remark of a neighbor, the deprivation of some pleasure or advantage, the failure of some cherished project of no inherent importance, or the like minor cares incidental to daily life. One inevitable result of such useless worrying is that if a genuine calamity or unforeseen trouble of major importance overtakes them, they are destitute of the strength necessary to support it in a Christian-like manner, and are simply overwhelmed. If, on the contrary, they would but learn to bear the everyday trials and annoyances of life quietly and calmly, they would find, when the occasion arises, that they have the courage and fortitude to bear up under the severest crosses which God may send them. Another evil result of worrying, and one not less inevitable, is the injury it undoubtedly inflicts on one's health, and consequent inefficiency in accomplishing the duties of one's state in life.

Inordinate anxiety about temporal things has its counterpart in the spiritual life; in this latter sphere it is called, not worry, but scrupulosity. The scrupulous person sees sin where there is no sin, imagines danger where no danger exists, and is continually weighing and measuring doubts as to the safe or perilous condition of his soul. St. Francis of Sales declares that scruples have their source in a kind of pride; and St. Alphonsus, another Doctor of the Church, bids us condemn our scruples. The one cure for the scrupulous is a thorough distrust of their own judgment, and a ready obedience to the counsels of their spiritual director.

Notes and Remarks.

Most of our readers have seen specimens of the invertebrate or minimizing Catholic, the individual who is so anxious to curry favor with non-Catholic associates that he habitually deprecates what he terms "dragging religion into affairs that have nothing to do with it." That there are cases in which the religious question has no proper place is doubtless true; but it is also true that it *has* a proper place in many matters from which it is sought to be excluded by those who all too often "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning." In his excellent series of papers on Catholic lay activities, Father Muntsch, S. J., declares: "It stands to reason that many questions pertaining to social legislation, and to the carrying out in detail of plans of practical social amelioration, border on religion. We can not remain 'neutral' when religious questions are dragged into politics and into the discussions in our legislatures. We must always contend, for instance, for the right of the parent to educate the child; we will always look upon marriage as a Sacrament, and strenuously oppose divorce, with its horrid implication of 'free-love'; we will always reject 'economic materialism,' which is the basis of much social legislation and of many social reforms to-day."

Sane, terse and timely. People who read only "short pieces" can not have too many short pieces like this to read.

A sermon recently delivered by the Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam, makes timely reading in this country just at present. We have room for but a brief extract:

The cry has gone abroad that the laborer is robbed of the just value of his labor; and, under the protection of powerful unions, strikes are the natural result. As labor is essential to the well-being of society, it follows that an unjust strike is an attack on society. Hence, a strike is never lawful unless certain conditions are

present. Those conditions are: first, the advantages sought by the workers are ones to which they have a just claim; second, a peaceful solution of the difficulty must have been tried and found ineffective; third, the grievances complained of must outweigh the evil results that are likely to follow from the strike; and, fourth, there must be good grounds for hoping that the strike will be successful.

There are two remedies against strikes. One is to give the workman not alone a living wage but also an interest in the profits. A sense of ownership has always a steadying effect on human nature. . . . Failing this, another remedy is a Board of Arbitration. As no man is a judge of his own case, so no class is an impartial judge where its own interests are concerned. Men enjoying power have always a temptation to be tyrants. Capitalists in the past were often tyrants towards the workingmen. And now, when Labor feels its power, it will in turn have temptations to grasp too much.

It is well to remember, in this connection, that, antecedent to the rights of either Capital or Labor, society—the people at large—has the unquestionable right to protect itself from the abuses into which the industrial conflict may lead either or both parties.

In a paper on "Spiritualism" read at the annual conference of the English Catholic Truth Society at Nottingham, the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., who has studied the subject and is therefore entitled to a hearing on it—others are not, no matter how eminent they may be as theologians or scientists,—remarked: "There are robust-minded people, Catholics as well as rationalists, who believe that all spiritistic phenomena are fraudulent, or at best illusory. I know that quite recently a book has been published under high ecclesiastical sanction, in America, which strongly takes this line. The writer formulates his conclusions as follows: First, that "there is at present no positive warrant for accepting spirit-intervention in automatic communications; . . . the psychical phenomena of Spiritism have not been proven to be preternatural"; and, secondly, that the so-called psychical phenomena are no more than "trivial tricks of no

intrinsic benefit to anybody, performed in a dark room, preferably at night, and for a monetary consideration." Finally, as the sum of all, the writer declares: "We have arrived at the conclusion that Spiritism can not be shown to contain a preternatural element." Personally, I should be glad enough if I could reach the same consoling conviction; but, while I have no sympathy with what Mr. J. A. Hill has called the Catholic "wholesale devil theory," I believe that, in spite of much trickery, astounding manifestations which can not be other than preternatural occur. It seems to me that no human testimony can avail to establish any historical fact if we are to set aside the evidence for these happenings.'

Such is the testimony of all open-minded investigators of spiritistic phenomena. It is worse than folly for any one who has not witnessed and studied them to characterize as "trivial tricks" performances which even the most expert conjurers have declared it utterly impossible to duplicate. Of the "wholesale devil theory" it may be said that it is not held by ten in ten thousand who are accused of being exponents of it.

Catholic interests in British India are being looked after by a new weekly, the *Standard*, published in Madras. Judging from the first half-dozen issues, we are inclined to predict for our latest contemporary a successful as well as a useful career. As a specimen of the sanity that dictates its utterances, we quote an extract from an article on the relations of Protestants and Catholics in public life:

If analogies taken from the recent war have not been run to death, we may look to the action of the Allied armies for a parallel to the kind of action we have in view for Protestants and Catholics in India. Just as the various Allied armies were under their own generals, maintained their own discipline and organization, but fought together and for a common objective, so should Protestants and Catholics in Indian public life. In the words, we believe, of a great Swiss leader, speaking of parallel circumstances

in his own country, "*Let us march separately, but strike together.*" We Catholics and Protestants . . . shall not be so foolish as to refuse to unite for a few common ends because we are not able to unite for all ends.

Needless to say, the policy here indicated is commendable, not merely in India, but in all lands where Protestants and Catholics come together in civil life. There are numberless questions as to which both parties may, and should, work together in thorough harmony.

Natives of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg scattered all over the world, who have been rejoicing with the "folks at home" over the results of the Referendum in September, by which the continuance of the present dynasty under the Grand Duchess Charlotte was secured, are now hoping for a long period of good government, the revised Constitution granting equal suffrage and proportional representation in Parliament. Formerly all elections were decided by the absolute majority. It was by supporting the Socialists that the Liberals, who had long held the mastery, were at last defeated, and the Constitution was reformed.

"All this we owe to Our Blessed Lady, *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, the special patroness of our Luxemburg Fatherland," writes a correspondent of the *London Tablet*. "How evident has been her help to us during the terrible war and since! All good people throughout the whole country are thanking her from the bottom of their hearts."

A joint pastoral issued at their recent annual meeting by the archbishops and bishops of Germany contains this decidedly significant passage:

It has been said, and justly so, that this peace spells poverty for us. That is a sad and bitter truth, but it is not the greatest misfortune. To become rich means frequently, for the individual as well as for a people, a greater misfortune than to be poor. We had become rich, and we prided ourselves on our national prosperity, our highly developed industries, our extensive world commerce; but these things

did not make us happy. Abundance led our people to become overbearing: wealth seduced them to serve Mammon. The chasm between rich and poor had grown deep and sinister. The curse of craving for gold had smothered interest in the welfare of the soul, and had become a disease generating a great many other dangerous maladies.

Let others now carry the curse of Mammon! Bitter fate shows us the path to poverty. Let us tread it with courage and with confidence in God. "God is the strength of the poor," says the Prophet, "and the protector of the needy in their extremity." Let us make a virtue of necessity and profit by loss.

There is in this attitude something grand, even heroic. Germany, in the long run, may not be the greatest sufferer from the World War.

Reviewing at length Abbot Cuthbert Butler's new work on "Benedictine Monasticism," a subject of enduring importance, the *London Times Literary Supplement* observes: "There has never been, nor, we think, ever will be, a better way of combining the active and the contemplative life, apart from all questions which divide the Christian Church, than the wise and understanding rule of Benedict of Nursia." The reviewer concludes with Abbot Butler's summing up of the opinions expressed by the late Dr. Bigg, by Canon Hannay, and Bishop Hedley:

A recent Oxford Professor of Church History has said finely that "if society is to be permeated by religion, there must be reservoirs of religion, like those great storage places up among the hills which feed the pipes by which water is carried to every home in the city. We shall need a special class of students of God,—of men and women whose primary and absorbing interest it is to work out the spiritual life in all its purity and integrity"; to give themselves up to "the pursuit of religion in itself and by itself." This is the essential function of monasteries and monks, this their most real contribution to the well-being of the Church and of society,—that a monastery be a "reservoir of religion," and its monks men primarily absorbed in "the pursuit of religion." The good works and utilities will surely follow; but they are by-products. "The Benedictine Rule aimed at making good men and left the question of their usefulness to God; it is, perhaps, just because they denied them-

selves the satisfaction of aiming at usefulness that they were so greatly used." A great monk in our own day has put it in another way: "Perhaps the less a monk thinks about converting the world, and the more he thinks about converting himself, the more likely will it be that the world will be converted."

"Benedictine Monasticism" gives a history of the great Order of St. Benedict from its origin to the present time; and supplies a vivid picture of its famous rule, the "sweet reasonableness" of which is so much admired by all those who have made it a study.

A condition, or a state of mind, that is far more prevalent than is perhaps generally understood is thus exposed by "Looker-On," a contributor to the *Boston Pilot*:

People are surprised to-day at the influence and power of the Labor unions. They state that the total membership of the Labor unions is only a fraction of the populace. They ignore the fact that the populace as such is not the important factor, since it is in great part made up of men and women who are indifferent; whereas the Labor unions are made up of men who are terrifically in earnest, who know what they want, and are determined to use all proper means to obtain it.

It is precisely this *laissez-faire* policy on the part of the overwhelming majority of the people of this country, as opposed to the organized earnestness of a minority, that has saddled the republic with Prohibition; let us hope that a similar let-alone principle will not be manifested in the coming—surely coming—war of the zealots against tobacco.

The world at large seems to be awakening to the fact that race suicide is incompatible with the progress of Christian civilization; and awakening incidentally to the knowledge that on this subject, as on so many others, the Old Church is right both in theory and in practice. A Socialist organ is perhaps the last place in which one would look for a eulogy of Catholicism; yet in the *London Daily Herald* we find a medical writer discoursing thus:

It is not entirely without significance that the death rate among children is nearly every-

where less where the Madonna is worshipped [venerated] than where Protestantism has guided prejudice for any length of time. It may be only a coincidence, but I doubt it. . . . I am not suggesting for a moment that the only way, or even the best way, of promoting race development is to spread Roman Catholicism. But, unless we steal from the Catholics that piece of their religion which involves a recognition of the sanctity of the mother and the child, it is doubtful if we shall get very far.

The Church has always reprobated the evasion, among married persons, of the primary purpose of conjugal union; and, until the world at large joins in that reprobation, civilization will continue on a downward path.

Having attentively read the statement of the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran on the Irish question, made before the Senate committee appointed for its hearing, we can confidently recommend this production as a most satisfactory exposition of the grounds upon which the plea for the freedom of Ireland is based. "Probably the greatest difficulty in dealing with the Irish question," says Mr. Cockran, "is to understand just what it is." This he enables one to do, stating facts with what clearness, calmness and adroitness may be judged by two paragraphs:

It has been so misrepresented—and by the greatest masters of ingenuity in misrepresentation that the world has ever seen—that many men, ordinarily well informed, are in doubt as to just what it is that causes the Irish complaints. We are told that other countries have been conquered as Ireland has been, and yet they have long since ceased to complain of the conquest, or even to think about it. We are told that Irish grievances are fanciful, not real; that they are not caused by injuries which are actual, but by recollection of ancient injuries springing from laws which have long since been repealed. We are told that Ulster is prosperous and contented, while the rest of Ireland is discontented and poor because its people are improvident, shiftless, idle; and that this demand for Irish independence merely embodies—while it disguises—the desire of an improvident, shiftless majority to obtain—and abuse—the power of taxation over a thrifty and prosperous minority.

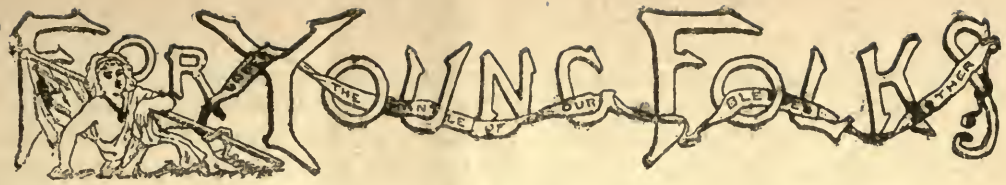
It is also said that there is a religious question involved: that Ireland's refusal to acknowledge

the authority of England is but the intolerance entertained by one religious sect against another—the disposition of Catholics to oppress and drive Protestants from the country. These, I think, are all the grounds on which are based opposition to recognition of the Irish Republic. They are set forth in a brief submitted to this committee by certain persons claiming to speak for Irish Unionists, which I have just been permitted to read. Now, if these statements are true, if Ireland has been reduced to its present condition by the faults or vices of her own people, sympathy for them would be useless. They are incapable of improvement. They must inevitably disappear from the earth, which they encumber and discredit. But if the evils which afflict the Irish people be the direct result of laws which have produced intolerable conditions, that still exist, although the laws themselves have been repealed; and if it be true that England has shown she is incapable of doing justice in Ireland, even when a majority of the English people are really anxious that it should be done, and the English Parliament solemnly resolved to do it, then there can be but one outcome. Either English rule in Ireland must be ended or the Irish people must be exterminated. That is the alternative. I think it is entirely capable of demonstration that the Irish people can not be exterminated; and extermination being impossible, emancipation is imperative.

The friends of Irish freedom at home and abroad can not do better than to secure for Mr. Cockran's statement the widest possible dissemination. Being a sober, accurate setting forth of facts, it will appeal to many who are not to be influenced by perfervid oratory or exaggerated rhetoric.

The dominant thought in a little book on "Prayer," lately published by the Rev. Conrad A. Skinner, a Wesleyan minister in England, is that prayer should spring not from the want of anything from God, but the want of God Himself. Brother Skinner should produce as many helpful little books like "Prayer" as he possibly can, and exhort the brethren whenever and wherever he gets a chance. The world never wanted God more than it does now, and was never perhaps so unconscious of this need.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Dreamland.

BY GEORGE H. FROST.

THERE'S a wonderful land of dreams, my boys,
High over the bluish skies,
And the angels come to take us there
Whenever we close our eyes.
And we hear strange sounds and we see strange
things,
And nothing is like it seems;
For we ride all night on a moonbeam white
In this wonderful land of dreams.
And when morning dawns, our angel friends
All hasten to take us back;
They gather us up while we're still asleep,
In a glittering golden sack;
And they hurry down to the earth, my boys,
Before the light has spread;
And when mother calls through the empty halls
We're back in our little bed.

Henderson's Errand-Boy.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

"SAY, Jim," said one newsboy to another, "see that feller sittin' with the old lady in that big automobile?"
"Yes," said Jim. "What's he done?"
"He's struck it rich. He used to be an errand-boy at Henderson's."
"Wot ye givin' us?"
"Facts—nothin' else."
There was more truth than fiction in the newsboy's little story of changed fortunes. I, who happen to know all about it, will give it to the reader.

A clean, bright-looking, handsome boy stood gazing in at the window of the largest drygoods house in Santa Mag-

dalena, one morning about two years ago. Presently the proprietor appeared at the door. The boy touched his cap. The gentleman smiled,—it was so unusual a thing in his experience.

"Good-morning!" he said. "Are you admiring our window?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "and wondering whether I might find any work inside."

"Well, you might. One of our errand-boys—our best boy—met with a serious accident this morning, about an hour ago: he fell downstairs and broke his leg. I don't know but what we might take you on while he is absent. It will probably be for six weeks or more. Have you ever worked in a store?"

"No, sir. I always went to school till now. My mother worked."

"And is she unable to do so any longer?" said the man.

"She is dead," replied the boy, sadly. "She died two months ago."

"And are you alone?"

"I am all alone. I spent my last dime this morning."

"Did she die here?"

"No, sir: in San Francisco. But I had a reason for coming here. First, I went to Los Angeles. I was there six weeks; then I came down here."

"Have you friends?"

"Not a friend in the world, sir, that I know of."

"Well, you look like a well-brought up and bright boy. Come inside. We'll see what you can do. What is your name?" Mr. Henderson inquired, as the boy followed him to the office.

"John Slocum," was the answer.

"Well, John, Mr. Harmon here will tell you what you have to do. A boy to take Ellsworth's place while he is at home," he explained to the clerk, and went his way.

John Slocum soon became a favorite in the store. He was always willing, always quick to perform his duties, and was altogether destitute of that offensive "smartness" which is so characteristic of the modern young American.

At the end of two months, when Ellsworth came back, John expected to be discharged. But instead of that he was kept on and his wages raised. Mr. Henderson had found him a boarding-place, where he lived comfortably for ten dollars a month. The house was kept by a widow, whose daughter did very fine hemstitching and marking for the establishment. John spent his evenings in the sitting-room with the two women, to whom he had endeared himself from the first.

One morning he was sent out with a parcel to an automobile in front of the store. Its occupant was an old lady with very white curls and a pale, gentle face which had once been remarkably handsome. As her eyes met those of the boy a slight flush rose to the faded cheeks. She leaned forward and asked:

"Little boy, what is your name?"

"John Slocum," he replied.

The old lady sighed and leaned back on the cushions.

"Thank you!—that is all," she said.

John returned to his duties, but a little later was summoned to the office.

"There has been a mistake," said the bookkeeper. "You were given the wrong package to deliver just now. As the dray does not go out again till afternoon, and there was special hurry for it, you will have to go up with the right one. Take this to Mrs. Vachel Elliston—No. 4064 West Grand Avenue,—and be sure that you see the lady herself, explain, and get the bundle you took to the automobile a while ago."

While Mr. Harmon was speaking John's face turned a deep crimson.

"Don't be bashful, John," said the bookkeeper. "No one will hurt you at Mrs. Elliston's. She's a fine old lady."

Mrs. Elliston had just discovered the

mistake, and was about to dispatch a servant to Henderson's when John arrived. He had never set foot in such a beautiful house in his life. Perhaps that was why he seemed so embarrassed when the old lady came forward.

"Ah, it is the same little boy!" she said, wistfully, and once more her cheeks flushed pink. "Sit down, my child," she went on, pointing to a hall-chair. "I believe you have run all the way."

"Yes, ma'am, I did," John answered. "Mr. Harmon said there was a special hurry."

He looked up in her face as he spoke, and something in his eyes made the old lady draw a quick, sharp breath.

"What did you say your name was?" she asked, sitting down beside him.

"John Slocum," he replied; but this time he faltered.

"Yes, yes, I remember," she said softly. "You remind me of some one—some one. Come here: I will show you."

She led him to the parlor. Above the mantel hung a picture of a boy which bore a marvellous resemblance to the one at her side.

"That is the portrait of my only son, taken when he was about your age. Do you not think it is like you?"

"Yes, it is," answered John, in a voice scarcely audible. "Where—where is he now—Madam?"

"He is—dead!" said the old lady, turning away. She opened the door for him, and smiled kindly as she went on: "My boy, I do not want to lose sight of you. Have you a mother? Do you live with her?"

"I have neither father nor mother."

"Well, I must see you again. Perhaps I may be able to help you a little—to a better position. Do you like your place?"

"Very much," said John, heartily. "Mr. Henderson is a fine man."

"I know that," she rejoined. "I will speak to him."

The next moment the door was closed, and he was hurrying down the steps.

II.

Mrs. Elliston had finished her dinner that evening and was about to go up to her sitting-room when the bell rang. The servant appeared immediately after and said:

"A boy to see you, ma'am. He says his name is John Slocum. He is from Henderson's."

"Strange that he should come again at this late hour, James! But I shall be glad to see the little fellow again."

She found him in the hall, seated on the same chair where he had sat in the morning. He rose at her approach.

"Come in here, child," she said. "It is pleasant by the fire."

He followed her.

"Another mistake?" she inquired, with the sweet, sad smile which made her old face so beautiful.

"No, Madam," he answered; and then his self-possession left him and he trembled violently, while his face grew white.

The old lady perceived the change.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Are you in any trouble?"

"I will try to tell you," he replied. "This morning you said that I looked like your boy—and I know I do. When I first saw your face in the automobile I thought you were very like—some one—a picture. I have it here."

He took a small package from his breast-pocket and opened it. It was the face of a middle-aged woman, very beautiful and sweet.

She took it from his hand.

"Where did you get it?" she gasped.

"It was my father's," he said. "It is the picture of his mother."

"Why, it is *my* picture!" she exclaimed. "What *is* your name?" she asked, seizing his hands.

"My name is Vachel Elliston," he said. "It was my father's name."

"But you told me it was John Slocum. What—what does it mean?" inquired the old lady.

"I will tell you all I can. I do not remember my father much. He died in

Nevada, at Thundering Bells, where I was born."

The old lady winced.

"What kind of place was Thundering Bells?" she asked.

"Not a nice place, but we lived there. When my father died, my mother married again, a mining engineer."

"What was your father?"

"He—he played cards. But he had stopped it before he died, the priest who was with him when he died told me."

"Ah!" The old lady winced again, and clasped her hands tightly; though she said nothing.

"My stepfather was good to me, but he had not liked my father and he wanted me to take his own name, John Slocum. That is how I came to be called so. When *he* died we came to California, and my mother taught school until a few months ago, and then she died. One evening she gave me this and said:

"Somewhere in Southern California you have a grandmother living. I think it best that you should make inquiries and look for her."

"I could not find you in Los Angeles, and so I came here."

The lady took him in her arms and tenderly embraced him.

"My boy," she said, "this poor old heart went out to you the moment I laid eyes upon you first. I have been longing to see you again the whole day. I was a loving mother but I had a wayward boy. For years I have not known whether he was living or dead. Ah, my poor prodigal son! How these arms have yearned for him! Thank God, thank our Blessed Lady, who have heard my prayers at last!"

And so that is how John Slocum—otherwise Vachel Elliston—happens to be riding about in an automobile with the wealthiest and kindest old lady in Santa Magdalena.

DARE to be true; nothing can ever need a lie.—*George Herbert.*

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XX.—A TRAGEDY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

WHEN Tim suddenly beheld old Antonio at his side, he remained perfectly motionless, as if nailed to the spot, incapable of making a movement or even uttering a cry. Indeed, the smuggler chief gave him no time.

"Ah, ha! you young rascal!" he exclaimed. "So you thought to take advantage of this catastrophe by escaping, did you? Well, just to teach you and your uncle to stay quietly in the prison in which we have confined you, let me tell you that you'll not see daylight again until the moment when you are brought out for good, either to receive your liberty on the payment of a ransom, or else to be hanged."

At a sign from their leader, two men appeared and proceeded to conduct Tim back to the underground prison, where Uncle Layac was found in a state of utter prostration. The poor grocer, completely overcome by the last earthquake shock, lay at full length on the floor of the cave; emitting every few seconds plaintive little moans, which in ordinary circumstances would have appeared comical, coming from so big a man, but which at present were really heart-rending to his affectionate nephew.

Kneeling by his side, Tim tried to comfort him as best he could; but for some time it was all in vain.

"'Tis I—Tim,—Uncle Layac. Come, don't be afraid. You're all right now. Tim is here beside you."

Not a sound, however, escaped from the drawn and contracted lips of the unfortunate grocer. By degrees he became calmer; but it was an hour before he fully recovered the use of his senses. Tim then explained to him what he had done, and told him, too, that his encounter with Antonio had "knocked

in the head" their fine plan of escaping.

It was a terrible blow for the grocer. The knowledge that he was never going to get out of the sombre cavern sent a cold shiver down his spine.

"Misery of miseries!" he sobbed. "To think of our dying here, both of us, in this awful cave, far from the light, far from the world! Oh, it is frightful, frightful!"

"Who knows?" softly murmured Tim.

"What do you mean with your 'Who knows?' Don't we both know that we have no longer any chance to escape?"

"Who knows?" again said Tim. "Who knows?"

Then, as his uncle impatiently inquired what he meant, he continued:

"Don't give up, Uncle. Something tells me that we shall both get out of this terrible adventure safe and sound."

And our young mechanic was quite sincere in saying this. It was not merely for the sake of encouraging his uncle that he professed such optimism. Something or somebody—possibly his Guardian Angel—whispered to him that everything would turn out all right. Moreover, was not our Blessed Mother often invoked under the title Queen of Captives, and wouldn't she help her clients of the Rosary in any and all extremities?

A good many hours slipped by without furnishing any distraction to the prisoners. Uncle and nephew were left to their melancholy reflections. There was no breach left unrecovered in the rocky wall of their cavern; no blest rays of sunlight came to relieve the sombre gloom. Antonio's threat would probably be executed to the letter. And they would not be allowed even the daily stroll through the camp.

Both of them, therefore, were silently revolving their pitiful condition, saying nothing for there was nothing cheerful to be said, when the noise of a bolt's being drawn suddenly struck upon their ears. A moment later, the cave was partially filled with daylight, and a voice was heard:

"Come, up with you! The chief demands your presence."

Uncle Layac and Tim, blinded for a few seconds by the light, left the cave and followed the men to where Antonio was standing awaiting them, at the other end of the plateau, just alongside of the aeroplane. The whole band surrounded him—men, women, and children,—and a sort of vicious joy appeared to animate the features of all.

Our two friends, seeing the looks of hatred bestowed upon them by the smugglers, understood that something serious was to happen, and they trembled from head to foot as one trembles at the approach of a great misfortune. They were not left long in ignorance of what was to be done. Old Antonio stepped forward, and, addressing himself to Tim, said with a sneer:

"I know now why you got out of the cavern last night, and what you were up to. It was to repair this machine so as to be able to take flight at a given moment, wasn't it?"

Tim tried to reply, but his lips stuck together with nervousness, and he could not say a word.

"So," continued Antonio, "I see that I have guessed right. You want to fly from here. Unfortunately, both of you failed to take account of me; and now you are going to see the mistake you've made."

So all the work of repairing which he had done during the night was known to these villains! What vengeance were they going to take? Tim asked himself this question; and a movement of the old smuggler gave, almost at once, the answer. Antonio caught up a burning twig from a fire of dry branches that was blazing near by, and with this sort of torch in his hand approached the big white wings of the aeroplane.

Uncle Layac and Tim, as if with one voice, emitted a cry of terror. The bandits were going to burn their machine before their very eyes! The prisoners had thought of everything except that.

Tim threw himself at the old chief's feet.

"Oh, I beg you," he cried, "don't do that! Oh, don't burn it,—don't!"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders, pushed Tim roughly aside, and raised the torch to apply it to the wings,—when he suddenly dropped it, and, with an exclamation of mingled pain and anger, fell to the ground and seized his right ankle with both hands. Tim's canine friend, Jose, had been a spectator of the repulse the boy had received, and at once proclaimed his allegiance to his chum by quietly sinking his teeth in the old man's leg.

The interruption was brief, however; for Antonio soon got up again, secured another lighted branch, and once more started to set fire to the plane. Tim and his uncle almost fainted. They were about to lose their last hope of escaping,—the last chance of getting to Lisbon in the time required to secure the Doremus legacy. Alas! that legacy was about to vanish before their eyes in a wreath of flames and sparks.

Again, however, was Antonio's purpose defeated, or at least checked for the time being. Just as he was about touching the light wings with his torch, shrieks of terror were heard coming from the other end of the plateau, where a few of the women had remained to look after different household matters. Among the strident voices, denoting the very climax of fear and horror, our friends recognized without difficulty the tones of their original enemy, Dolorita. Her piercing cries were filled at present, not with rage, but with anguish.

"My child!" she shrieked,—"*O* my child,—my child!"

On hearing the noise, everybody turned towards the quarter from which it came; and to their horror they saw an enormous eagle mounting in the air with a child held in its big talons. It was Dolorita's little Miguel.

"My child,—my baby!" the poor mother continued to shriek, her hands extended towards Heaven. But the eagle, heedless

of her appeal, still rose in the air, and, as if to taunt all these people who were yelling and gesticulating down below it, began describing leisurely circles while increasing its distance from the smugglers.

The whole scene had been so unexpected, so sudden, that not one of the band had had the presence of mind to rush to his hut, seize his rifle, and try a shot at the fierce bird of prey. Even had one of them thought of it, however, to fire at the eagle would have been a bit of folly. There would have been the risk of hitting the child instead of its captor, and, supposing that the eagle were either killed or wounded, it would drop the baby, and the latter would be killed by the fall upon the rocky ground.

In the course of a few minutes, the eagle rested on a peak several hundred feet high,—one that dominated the whole plateau; and a sigh of relief arose from the crowd. Then a dozen different exclamations broke from them:

"He has stopped."—"He has let go of the child."—"He's turning it over!"—"Oh, there he starts again!"—"He hasn't hurt the baby!"—"Hurry, hurry,—let's run!"

The whole band at once started for the path which led towards the peak; but Antonio stopped them.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. "Don't you all know perfectly well that there's no ascending that peak? No human foot has ever reached its summit."

It was quite true. So precipitous was the peak in question that, despite numerous attempts at climbing it, no man could say that he had ever reached its top. Even the chamois could not scale it. Only the eagles reigned there as masters. Anyway, of what use would it be to ascend it? The eagle had only rested there for a moment, and had then resumed its flight, with the child in its talons as before. As a cry of rage broke from the smugglers, it made its way to still higher altitudes. Describing, as at first, great circles, it soared aloft until it was almost out of sight.

Tim ran over to the aeroplane, pulled

out his uncle's field-glasses, turned them on the disappearing bird, and then indicated with a gesture the direction of the flight. For a moment the bird could be seen passing over a white cloud, and then it was lost to sight behind the crest of a mountain on the horizon.

Dolorita gave a final shriek that was scarcely human, and fell half dead to the ground, while several women compassionately pressed around her. As for the men, they continued to look in the direction which the eagle had taken, and were visibly distressed. Their self-esteem was injured by the thought that they were absolutely powerless in the face of such a calamity.

Of the whole band Antonio was the only one who did not give way to complete discouragement. While the others were discussing and lamenting, he was asking himself where the eagle that had carried off Miguel was likely to take refuge. He soon formed his opinion. Given the direction taken by the bird, it must have been making for the Black Mountain, a peak distant several miles from the plateau. Moreover, when he came to think of it, he recalled having seen many eagles flying about that particular peak. No doubt it was there, on that peak, that Miguel's captor had its acerie, or lofty nest.

And yet of what use was it to know this much? The top of the Black Mountain, like that on which the eagle had rested for a moment, was inaccessible. Even if it could be scaled, it would take hours to reach the mountain and climb to its summit. In the meanwhile—'twas horrible to think of—what would have become of poor little Miguel?

(To be continued.)

ARISTIDES, called the Just, was once asked by a certain poet to decide in his favor. "You would be a poor poet," said Aristides, "if you did not measure your lines properly. I should be a poor judge if I did not mete out justice with equal precision."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Rev. Godfrey Schlachter, C. PP. S., has issued a seventh edition of his excellent brochure, "The Forbidden Marriages." It comes to us from the Messenger Print, Collegeville, Indiana.

—As usual, the Bulletin of the Catholic Educational Association (November issue) is thoroughly worth while. A large octavo brochure of 590 pages, it contains a report of the proceedings and addresses of the sixteenth Annual Meeting of the Association held in St. Louis last June. We have often paid our tribute of praise to the genuine interest of these bulletins and their worth to all who have anything to do with Catholic educational matters; and need only add that the present number is inferior to none of its predecessors.

—The keynote of "The Holy Spirit's Work in the Holy Catholic Church," a new book by the Vicar of Holy Trinity Malvern (Anglican), is that "the Holy Spirit created the Holy Catholic Church," willing "to reveal Himself through a visible body"; and uniting men in One Body especially by means of Sacraments, ever witnessing to the old faith once for all delivered. Moreover, "as the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Order, so is He the source of Orders." The appearance of numerous books like this from the pens of non-Catholics, lay as well as clerical, is significant, to say the least.

—Readers of "The Sacred Beetle and Others," the eighth volume in the series of the Fabre collected essays, translated by Mr. de Mattos, will find quite as much to set them thinking as to entertain them. While raging at the theories of some modern scientists, Fabre took care to put forth none that he could not prove:

I have friends who sometimes say to me, "Now that you have collected such a mass of details, you ought to follow up analysis with synthesis, and promulgate a comprehensive theory of the origin of instincts."

There's a rash proposal for you! Because I have turned over a few grains of sand on the seashore, am I qualified to talk about the ocean depths? Life has its unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be struck off the world's records before we know all that is to be said about a gnat.

—Such young readers—or old ones with young hearts—as have made the acquaintance of James B. Hendryx's "Connie Morgan," whether that sturdy hero was in Alaska or with the mounted police of Canada, will tender a cordial welcome to "Connie Morgan in the Lumber Camps" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). In this further chronicle of his super-boy, Mr. Hendryx has contrived to throw an air of

realism over adventures and exploits and business "deals" which one would naturally attribute to mature and exceptionally gifted men rather than to a youth of seventeen; but that is not likely to diminish the pleasure taken in the narrative by readers of any age. The adventurous note is strongly in evidence—and the religious note is wanting.

—"A Menace to Americanization," published by Narodni List, New York, is an octavo volume with board covers, containing some 174 pages of testimony given before the United States Senate in the matter of "Brewing and Liquor Interests and German Propaganda." Its purpose is to discredit Mr. Louis N. Hammerling, president of the American Association of Foreign Language Newspapers—and the purpose seems to be attained.

—There recently has come to light in England a commonplace book kept by one of the daughters of Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), the celebrated physician and author of "Religio Medici,"—a book which, for the gentleness of its spirit and the charm of its prose style, is among the literary treasures of the English tongue. A poem and a short prose passage, hitherto unpublished, of Sir Thomas are the only new material that the scrapbook offers; but the prose fragment is both interesting in itself and characteristic of the author. We quote it from a recent issue of the *London Times Literary Supplement*:

Many have thought it no Lost time to exercise their wits in the Praises of diseases. Some have wittily Comended baldness, others extolled quartane agues, and some have left incomiums of the Gout and think they extenuat the anguish of it when they tell what famous men, what Emperours and Learned Persons have been severe examples of that disease; and that it is not a disease of foolles, but of men of Parts and sences; but none have attempted the incomium of Consumptions, which have so well diserved as to this and the other world, giueing a Mercifull Conclouion to the one, a solem preparation to the other: he that Prays against tormenting diseases or sudden death hath his Lettany heard in this disease, which is one of the Mercyfullest executioners of Death, whose blows are scars to be felt, which no man would be killed to be free of, wherin a man is Led, not torn, unto his transition, may number his dayes and even his Last hours, and speak unto his Saviour when he is within a moment of Him.

—An English literary journal, which need not be named in this case, has been "poking fun" at "The Home Book of Verse," which "America, the land of the big and the bountiful, of the Mississippi and the multi-millionaire, has produced." (Henry Holt, publisher, New York.) With statistical facetiousness, the reviewer proceeds: "It is not a bedside book,—not, at

any rate, for the invalid; its weight in avoirdupois being exactly sixty-eight ounces. This highly materialistic fact may hint at various uses for the volume subsidiary to that of reading it steadily through; which feat, allowing a meagre two minutes to every poem contained in it, would occupy, roughly, sixteen working days of eight hours each. About three thousand seven hundred poems, that is—by no fewer than about eleven hundred poets, some scores of whom have been rescued from death, and as many more from dying, by the ministrations of its editor, Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson, is its preternatural record. From these figures it may be inferred that such a volume would occupy at least twice the area of the household mat reserved in the Wild West for the Family Bible. India paper has subjugated this little difficulty, and 'The Home Book,' though it is 4100 pages long, occupies in inane space only about eighty-four cubic inches. Still more remarkable fact, though it was published as recently as 1912, it is now in its third edition, 'revised and enlarged.' How big it will be at its fiftieth, if human nature keep it alive, we hesitate to conjecture."

Laboriously humorous, we should call this. If "The Home Book" contains certain verses by Oliver Wendell Holmes conveying a warning against energetic efforts to be as funny as possible, the reviewer would have done well to commit them to memory.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "St. Joan of Arc: The Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans." Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. \$2.75.
 "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation." Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P. \$1.35.
 "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. T. Flynn, C. C. \$2.75.
 "True Stories for First Communicants." A Sister of Notre Dame. 90 cts.
 "The Finding of Tony." Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.
 "Eunice." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.90.
 "The Lamp of the Desert." Edith M. Dell. \$1.75.

- "The New Black Magic." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$2.
 "Poems." Theodore Maynard. \$1.35.
 "The Truth about China and Japan." B. L. Putnam Weale. \$2.
 "Lo and Behold Ye!" Seumas MacManus. \$1.60.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
 "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
 "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
 "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
 "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
 "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
 "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.
 "The Creed Explained." Rev. Joseph Baierl. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Dunne, D. D., bishop of Bathurst; Rev. Francis Taflik, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. John Pop, diocese of Rockford; Rev. Michael Doran, diocese of Helena; Rev. Andrew Roche, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Servatius Rasche, O. F. M.; and Rev. Christian Danz, S. V. D.

Mother M. Baptiste, of the Order of the Presentation; and Sister M. James, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Kaspar B. Kuhn, Dr. John Young Brown, Miss Julia A. Carey, Mrs. Rachel Thorndike, Mr. T. C. Nolan, Mr. John Myers, Mrs. M. Salliotte, Dr. John F. Gibbon, Mrs. Christina Carroll, Mr. G. Hoen, Mr. Adolph Brugger, Mrs. Catherine Tracy, Mr. Patrick Wrenn, Mr. P. H. Van der Byl, Mr. W. B. Swords, Mrs. Rose Murphy, Mrs. Teresa Barry, Mr. Louis Schindler, Mr. John Jenkins, Mrs. Ellen Maroney, Mrs. Rose Brady, Mr. James King, and Mr. George Loew.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: Rev. T. F., \$5; Rev. A. J. F., in thanksgiving, \$10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: "in honor of the Little Flower, \$1; Margaret W. McCartin, \$10; Child of Mary (P., Va.), \$2; Maggie C., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Night at Ephesus.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

THE slow-paced flocks come from their hillside
roaming,

Flute-led by shepherd lads across the leas;
As falling stars seen through a misty gloaming,
Fly silvery birds across the darkening seas;
For now the flower of evening unfolding,
Behind far hills a crimson splendor glows,
And shadowed palms, their proud dark heads
upholding,

Screen cloudy drifts of violet and rose.
A soft air sets the scented rushes swaying;
Dim orange groves down pour their perfumed
rain,
The slender moon, by sun-flushed roads delaying,
Her grace unveils, then slowly veils again.

Soon hold the stars all heaven in their keeping,
And hushed all fret of life, each restless sound;
The gentle night, through Mary's lattice creeping,
Slips past pale pools of light upon the ground;
And as a bird whose sombre plumage strengthens
When caught and caged between encircling
walls,

And whose wild song to wistful carol lengthens,
So Mary's night with murmuring sweetness
falls.

A stream flows by with slow and happy singing,
The wandering wind a silent willow stirs;
And solemn cedars, cypress trees sound-ringing,
Call each to each on aerial dulcimers.

Then bares the lovely moon—who silver largess,
Sun-borrowed, on all sleeping nature flings—
Her beauty to the early night, and darkness
Spreads o'er pale star-pierced wastes his sable
wings.

But moon-blanch'd gleam the walls of Mary's
dwelling;

A rose clings by the portal lattice-barred,
And sheds soft leaves, moon-silvered and sweet-
smelling,

Till deep the threshold step is petal-starred.

O singing night, low-voiced and silver shining,
Your fairest star that white walled casket holds!
O stainless flower beside the closed door twining,
The world's White Rose yon humble sheath
enfolds!

O palm and cypress, cedar tree dim vaulted,
Whose dusky height the fair moon shines upon,
Know you that tree above all trees exalted,
The heavenly cedar set in Lebanon!

O scented darkness, night and beauty mating,
Your homage pay in loveliness to her
Who blesseth those beside her doorposts waiting,
Fragrant as balm and sweeter than sweet myrrh!

The Revolution of the Sixteenth Century.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

I.

IT was a Protestant friend who once started me on a new line of thought by saying: "I wonder you Catholics ever use the word 'Reformation' for the Lutheran movement in the sixteenth century. If I were a Catholic, I should try to find for it another name that would not seem to concede so much to the other side." I found the name that seems to fit the case, in the title of a little book by a Protestant historian, Prof. Seebohm. He contributed to a series of historical manuals for colleges

and high schools a general sketch of the revolt against the Holy See that began in Germany and spread through North and Central Europe in the sixteenth century. It was written from a thoroughly Protestant standpoint, and he repeats numbers of the old and ignorant misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and practice. But it has one good point: he recognizes that the whole movement was political and social as well as religious, and he calls his book a history of "The Era of the Protestant Revolution."

The title is an apt description of the reality. It fits the facts without prejudging anything. A revolution is a change in public affairs; it may be a change accompanied by much disturbance, and the name holds true whether the change is to a better or to a worse condition. "Reformation," on the other hand, implies a change from worse to better conditions. So I have often, in dealing with the time and the controversies arising from it, followed Dr. Seebohm's lead and spoken or written of "the Protestant Revolution of the sixteenth century," instead of making use of the traditional term and talking of the "Reformation."

One offends no one by using the more accurate term; and it has the advantage of provoking inquiry, and calling attention to facts too often left out of account. Let us note some of the facts which show the political character of the so-called religious Reformation—its revolutionary aspect.

Luther is the typical "Reformer." His life covers a period of over sixty years (1483-1546). About half this period represents the time when he was in revolt (1517-1546). Let us note some dates in the contemporary history of Europe. In England the Wars of the Roses ended at Bosworth Field in 1485, when Luther was just two years old. Henry VII., the victor of Bosworth, was the King who laid the foundation of Tudor autocracy, the long civil war of twenty years' duration having broken the power of the English barons. The year of Luther's

birth (1483) closed the reign in France of Louis XI., the crafty ruler, who made the feudal vassals of the French Crown his servants, broke the power of Brittany, annexed Burgundy, Artois, and Provence, and prepared the way for the absolutism of the French sovereigns of the next two hundred years. Feudalism and the old organization of the Middle Ages were passing away. Absolutism was coming over all Europe. While Luther was preparing his revolt at Wittenberg in the second decade of the sixteenth century, Macchiavelli, on the other side of the Alps, was writing his treatise on "Princedom," which was to be the handbook for despots.

Fifty years before Luther nailed his theses to the door of the church at Wittenberg, the old Mediæval social and political order was still vigorous; and kings were only rulers, with very limited powers, at the head of States in which every man had rights as clearly defined as his duties. Land was held as a trust implying the fulfilment of definite obligations to the public. Europe had, in the Papacy, a court of appeal, to which peoples as well as individuals could have recourse. There was an organized Christendom.

Fifty years after the same date (the All Saints' Eve of 1517) every king and prince in Europe was an absolute ruler. The great landowners were the servants and courtiers of the king, but at the same time had got rid of their public obligations and become the owners of their land and the controllers of the whole industry of their tenants. There was no court of appeal that could pass effective judgment on kings; for the division of Christendom had ended the old jurisdiction of the Papacy in international affairs. It was indeed a wide-sweeping Revolution.

It used to be the fashion to talk of the Middle Ages as the "Dark Ages." The name was invented by the scholars of the Renaissance to describe the centuries during which the light of Greek classical learning was obscured in Western Europe.

The Protestant tradition adopted the misleading term, and gave it a wider sense. The Middle Ages were described as a time of ignorance, barbarism, superstition, and tyranny. It became part of this tradition to speak of the Reformation as a new dawn not only of religious truth, but also of civil freedom for Europe. Luther was spoken of as one of the "heralds of liberty" for the world.

But if modern historical research has proved anything, it has shown clearly that, compared to the absolutist period from Luther's revolt to the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Middle Ages were a time of ordered freedom. The story of modern democracy from the year of the American Declaration of Independence to the present day is largely the record of the winning back of lost liberties and privileges by the peoples of the world.

The modern doctrine that the right of a government to rule comes from the people was not invented by the Fathers of the American Constitution or of the French *philosophes*. It was the doctrine of the Catholic scholastics. Suarez summed it up in his argument that, as men have been created to live in a social order, government of some kind is part of the divine plan. Kings, therefore, ruled by divine right; but equally so did the chief of a republic, like the Doge of Venice or of Genoa. And the ruler's right came not directly from any divine appointment, but indirectly through the choice or consent of the people.

The solemn service of a Catholic coronation embodies this ideal in the formal appeal to those present, as the representatives of the people, to signify their acceptance of the prince who is about to be crowned. Some of the Mediæval constitutions put the matter even more plainly. The oath of allegiance taken by the nobles of Aragon, before despotism found its way into Spain, ran thus: "We who are your peers, and united are more than equal to you, swear allegiance to

you as our king, if you observe the laws; but if not, not." And the most powerful king had very limited powers. He had no standing army. He could call the feudal levy to arms; but the same muster of barons, yeomen, and burghers could gather to oppose any tyrannical action on his part. He had only a small revenue from the Crown lands; and if he needed more, he had to call together the heads of the estates of his kingdom and ask them to levy a special tax. There was nothing like the modern annual budget, and the fixed recurrence of taxation.

Most of the charges that now fall on the organized central government fell locally on the land. The modern form of absolute land tenure was yet unknown. A baron held his land on condition of performing various public services,—joining the feudal levy with his tenants for national defence, keeping the local peace, acting as a magistrate, keeping roads and bridges in repair. Monasteries held their lands under other obligations. Their tenants had to serve on the feudal levy, if necessary; and the monastery, besides spiritual services, had to do public work in the matter of education and the care of the poor. Cities and towns were like little republics, so wide were their privileges of local government. Every trade and craft was organized in a guild, which combined the objects of a religious confraternity, a trade union, and an insurance society. The characteristic of Mediæval life was this placing of each household and each man in an organized whole, where each knew his rights, his privileges, and his duties. The man who had no such organized place in the community was presumably a criminal and a vagabond.

The factor that helped to make the whole social machine work smoothly was the Church. All held a common faith, common ideals, the same standards of right and wrong. There could be no unlimited civil power either in a king or a government official while his every act was judged by a fixed standard; and on

a wide range of human activities there was a ready appeal to the protection of the recognized interpreters of the law of God. In the Middle Ages it was impossible for any king, however powerful he might be, to claim that he was master of not only the bodies and the possessions but also of the souls and consciences of his people.

But even before Luther's days a change was coming, and the old order was passing away. No great revolution in the world's affairs comes like the proverbial lightning flash from a clear sky. Many causes were preparing the way for a change. One factor was the invention of gunpowder and the introduction of fairly efficient firearms. The new weapons could not be improvised, like the pike and the bow and arrow. They were costly, and their use required training. The result was the professional soldier; and kings began to form standing armies that could scatter with their fire the feudal levy, and crush out a peasant or burgher revolt. With artillery ready to batter down stone walls, a baron could no longer hold his castle, or a city close its gates against a king.

At the same time there was a new tendency to exalt the civil power; and the legists of the Renaissance period, inspired by the semi-pagan ideas derived from revived classicism, had begun to teach a new theory of kingship. The ruler became the embodiment of the State, the source of all power, dignity, and law. No one asserted explicitly what has been called "the right divine to govern wrong"; but the view was gaining ground, among the class that had made themselves the satellites of kings, that the sovereign, ruling by God's direct grace, was responsible to no living man, but should govern according to his own enlightened will, assisted by the counsellors he called to his aid, or who had managed to make themselves necessary or agreeable to him. And, naturally enough, with these ideas, the lay lawyers regarded any protest or opposition from clerics as bordering on

disloyalty and treason. Unhappily, undoubted abuses in the Church, such as the practice of promoting the sons of nobles to bishoprics in which they were self-seeking politicians rather than pastors of souls, helped to bring the Church policy into disrepute. When men profess an ideal that they fail to practise, their power for good soon disappears.

It was in many ways an evil time. The semi-pagan ideas of the Renaissance had brought in a widespread relaxation of opinion on moral questions. With the growing absolutism of the kings and princes, there had come the same disregard by the nobles of the rights of their vassals. Themselves the mere servants of kings, they were making their tenantry little better than slaves by their exactions. Worst of all were the evils of indiscipline in the Church. The best men of the time (among them not a few whom we now remember as canonized saints) denounced these abuses, and called for the real reformation of Church discipline that was carried out some years later under the decrees of the great Council of Trent. Of course even the worst abuses could be no reason for breaking away from the Holy See. Luther himself, after his first revolt, and while he still hesitated whether to persevere in it or take a wiser course laid down the true line of conduct in a letter written in 1519, in which he said:

"Though nowadays everything is in a wretched state, it is no ground for separating from the Church. On the contrary, the worse things are going, the more should we hold close to her; for it is not by separating from the Church that we can make her better. We must not separate from God on account of any work of the devil, nor cease to have fellowship with the children of God who are still abiding in the pale of Rome, on account of the multitude of the ungodly. There is no sin, no amount of evil, which should be permitted to dissolve the bond of charity, or break the bond of unity."

II.

Unhappily for himself, for Germany, and for Europe, he was soon blinded once more by his passions and his ambition, and pursued to the end the path of rebellion on which he had entered. If he had been a better and saner man, he might have been a true reformer; but even before 1517 he was going adrift both in doctrine and morals. He began by attacking abuses in Church and State. A son of the people, he was keenly alive to the growing tyranny of the German princes. He openly assailed them, declaring that amongst them were "the biggest fools and the worst scoundrels on earth." No doubt part of his hostility to them was based on the fact that some of them had taken alarm at his attacks on all constituted authority, and less from religious zeal than from anxiety about the disturbance of the popular mind, had forbidden the sale of his pamphlets. In 1522 he published his book on "Secular Authority, and How Far we must Obey It." He said that the princes were stricken by God with madness; they were become crazy fools, who sought to tyrannize over the conscience of the people. Their subjects need not obey them. Since the world began, a wise king or prince had been a rare bird; and a pious prince, even rarer. If they did not change their ways, God would not much longer endure their existence.

Erasmus, looking on from Louvain, had predicted that Luther's teaching would soon produce a wild outbreak of popular violence. Next year the storm broke, and the Rising of the Peasants spread through South and Central Germany. They hoped for his support, and again he rushed into print with his pamphlet "On the Claims of the Peasants." They had asked him for his opinion, he said; but before giving it he had something to say to the princes. It was their tyranny that had brought all this misery and bloodshed into Germany. They must submit to God's Word; for it was not only the peasants but God Himself who would fight against them, on

account of their avarice and tyranny. The first step to peace must be the granting of every reasonable claim raised by the peasants. Then, turning to the rebels, he went on to say that their grievances did not justify armed revolt, incendiarism, pillage, and massacre. They should seek at once to enter into peaceful negotiation with their feudal lords.

If one leaves out of account Luther's habitual violence of language, his statement of the case was fair enough. But his pamphlet was hardly in print before news came to Wittenberg that the princes had mustered an army, and were breaking up the rebel bands and taking a cruel vengeance for the outrages these had committed. One would think that Luther, after helping to provoke the rising, and then championing the grievances of the rebels, would now either have remained silent or, better still, appealed to the victors for moderation, mercy, and the reform of grievances. Nothing of the kind! He had taken alarm, first at the fury of the revolt, then at the vengeance of the princes. He basely swung round to the winning side, and set his printers to work on a new pamphlet, "Against the Murderous Robber Hordes of the Peasants." It was a wild incitement to vengeance. The peasants, he said, had deserved death in this world, damnation in the next. It was not only princes and magistrates that should join in exterminating them! Every honest man had the right to be both judge and executioner of such scoundrels, just as any one had a right to kill a mad dog. It was no time for mercy. To hesitate to kill the rebels was to be a partner in their crimes. He told the princes they might now deserve heaven by bloodshed more easily than by prayer. "Therefore, my good lords," he wrote, "stab, strike, slaughter, wherever you can. If in so doing you meet with death, you can not die a more blessed death."

Some of his friends were startled at this outbreak of bloodthirsty rhetoric, and ventured to remonstrate with him. He

replied that they had better be silent. Such pity for the rebels showed they sympathized with them, and were dangerous folk, on whom it would be well for the princes to keep a sharp watch. To plead for the rebels was to deny God. "If," he concluded, "they say I am hard-hearted and merciless, I reply: 'Mercy be damned! God's Word says kings must be honored and rebels rooted out, and He is as merciful as we are.'" Luther boasted that he had hounded on the princes to their merciless vengeance, and had called for the massacres of the peasants. "Their blood is on my head," he said; "but it is God who is responsible, for He it was who inspired me to order their destruction."

Henceforth Luther and his fellow-reformers were on the side of kingly despotism. In letters and sermons he taught that, in the presence of their rulers, subjects had only to obey or take the consequences of disobedience. It was only "strong measures" that would secure peace and order. "A donkey-driver," he wrote, "has to be always beating the donkey, or it will not obey him. This is how the ruler should treat the people. Princes must drive, beat, throttle, hang, burn, behead and torture them, so as to make themselves dreaded, and keep the people in awe of them. God is not satisfied if they merely declare the law to the people: He requires them to compel its observance." In a sermon preached in 1527 he said that it might be a good thing if slavery were introduced, as it existed among the Jews under the Old Law. There was Scripture warrant for it. Abraham himself had slaves. It was the want of strong government that was causing discontent and trouble among the rabble and the working classes.

In our popular histories we do not hear of this aspect of Luther's teaching. What would be said if any Catholic bishop or religious teacher of the "Dark" Middle Ages had ever made himself the advocate of massacre and tyranny, like this so-called Protestant "herald of freedom"?

The defence of despotism became now a part of the new gospel. It was by invoking the power of the princes that the "Reformation" spread through Germany. It was the same power that introduced it into the Scandinavian countries and into England. Once Luther became their ally, he and his colleagues could offer tempting inducements to kings and princes and their troops of money-grabbing nobles. Revolt from the Holy See meant emancipation from the one power that could challenge the morality or legality of an arbitrary ruler's acts. It would make the local Church organization part of the civil machinery of the State. The plunder of bishoprics, monasteries, and convents would be a rich booty, that would help a prince to be independent of supplies from his subjects, and enable him to pay his mercenary troops and reward his servile courtiers. In 1526 Philip of Hesse declared for Luther and seized all the Church property in his States. A few years later, Luther, Bucer, and Melancthon gave him the infamous dispensation to marry two wives. Albert of Brandenburg, the ancestor of the House of Hohenzollern, and Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, seized the possessions of the Order, and announced his adhesion to Lutheranism. Other princes followed these examples, and not only confiscated the property of the Church, but proclaimed that all their subjects must embrace the new religion. Persecution enforced these orders.

One of the widespread popular delusions resulting from the Protestant tradition of history is that Luther and his colleagues preached freedom of religious opinion. The hard facts show that persecution was the typical feature of the "Reform." Luther told the princes it was their duty to enforce the observance of God's Word, and by "God's Word" he meant his own system. He was intolerant not only of the old Catholic Faith, but also of any variation from his own new gospel.

The average man supposes that the word "Protestant" means one who protests against the "errors of Rome." Whatever

it means now, it originally meant merely people who protested against any liberty of worship for those who remained faithful to the old religion. It came into use after the Diet of Speyer in 1529, when the German princes and the delegates of the Free Cities of the Empire were asked to vote for an edict of toleration, by which, until a General Council assembled, no further changes should be made in religion; and meanwhile, in those States and cities which had joined the "Reform," the Catholic minority should be allowed to have Mass said. Philip of Hesse, Albert of Brandenburg, Frederick of Saxony, and other Lutheran members of the Diet, joined in a "protest," declaring they could not accept the proposed decree; for to tolerate the Mass would be impious. These rulers of German States, and those who adhered to them, were thenceforth known as "the Protestants." Clearly it was a protest not in favor of religious liberty, but in support of intolerance and persecution.

From Germany the "Reform" spread into Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, when the kings began to follow the example of the German princes. In England, Henry VIII. revolted when the Holy See refused to grant him the divorce from Catherine of Aragon. He broke with Rome, plundered the monasteries, charitable foundations, and trade guilds, and began the persecution that, with brief respites, lasted for a century and a half. Under Henry and his successor, the popular risings in favor of the old Faith were drowned in blood, largely with the help of German mercenary troops. In France, when a Huguenot king ascended the throne, a league of the Catholic nobles and people was formed in defence of the Faith. It is a fact worth noting that at the first formation of this league its leaders declared that their object was not only the defence of the Faith, but also the restoration of the "ancient liberty and franchises" of the realm. It was a movement against the growing absolutism of the kings. Henry IV. at last secured peace by submission to the Holy See, but the

leaguers failed to win back the old freedom of France. The very Concordats into which the Popes entered with the French kings, to avoid a greater evil and secure the preservation of religion in France, gave the Crown such wide powers on control of education, promotion to benefices, and choice of bishops, that they introduced a kind of servitude for the Church in France, and strengthened the despotism of the Bourbon kings.

In the Protestant countries of Europe, the king was, in the century that followed the "Reformation," the absolute master of his subjects. He was supreme in Church and State. One of the famous divines of the Church in England in Stuart days declared that "unconditional obedience to kings and princes was the glory of Protestantism." How great the change was from "pre-Reformation" conditions might be traced in country after country. In England, the nobles and landholders who clung to the old religion were systematically plundered and impoverished. The new nobility that had won honors and titles by truckling to the Tudor despots, and had grown rich with the plunder of the Church, no longer had to provide for the defence of the realm and render other public services in return for their land holdings. These charges were gradually transferred to a general and annual taxation of the people. The Church no longer provided for education and poor relief. The monastic schools were gone, and with them the hospitality offered by the monks to the wayfarer. The workhouse and the casual ward took the place of the kindly welcome of the past. The farmer no longer held his land with fixity of tenure, in return for well-defined services rendered from time to time. The noble and the squire had become despots like the king. They collected their rents, and could raise them at will, or turn out a tenant to make way for a higher bidder. And the parson was usually a younger son of some family of the upper class, and sided with the squire against farmer and peasant.

In the towns the old trade guilds had been abolished. They were worth plundering, and the pretext was found in their "superstitious practices" of Mass on the patron's feast and Requiems for their dead. The worker lost his Saturday half-holiday in honor of Our Lady,—that, too, was a superstitious practice. It was not till the second half of the nineteenth century that the English workers got back their weekly half-day of rest. It was not till the first part of the same century that the law was repealed which made associations of workmen criminal conspiracies, and the trade union began to fulfil again the civil functions of the old Catholic trade guilds.

In Germany, the Protestant princes became so completely the absolute owners of their subjects that some of them made a regular business of selling their men like cattle, to serve as soldiers in wars in which they had no concern. Ireland and America still remember the Hessian regiments hired by King George III. to keep his subjects in due submission.

Much more might be said to show that the great revolt of the sixteenth century was not a mere religious upheaval, but a political revolution. One may truly say that the modern democratic movement has been in great part the slow winning back of freedom that was lost in the days when the religious unity of old Europe was destroyed, and when in so many countries kings and princes successfully claimed to be the masters alike of the souls and bodies of their subjects.

THERE is no better test by which to distinguish the chaff from the grain, in the Church of God, than the manner in which sufferings, contradiction, and contempt are borne. Whoever remains unmoved under these is grain, whoever rises against them is chaff; and the lighter and more worthless he is, the higher he rises,—that is, the more he is agitated, and the more proudly he replies.

—*St. Augustine.*

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XXI.—CLOUDS DISPERSED.

ROSE GUTHRIE, smiling and happy, and looking undeniably pretty in her simple servant's garb, stepped into the living-room of one of the humbler dwellings near the Lawnmarket, where her mother was busy with preparations for dinner. It was the day after the priest had gone to the Chancellor's house, and Rose had been able to hear Mass that morning and to approach the Sacraments again after a long and unavoidable interval. She had reason, therefore, on that score alone, to feel happy and content. But lesser motives helped towards that state of mind. The security she now felt as to the discontinuance of Geordie Tod's annoying persecutions, was one;—she was all unaware, of course, of the man's interview with the priest, but based her assurance upon Rob Sybald's promise. Another motive for satisfaction at that particular moment may have been the prospect of meeting some one who was becoming one of the most frequent objects of her daily thoughts; for it was close upon the dinner hour when she made her appearance in Jock Gilchrist's house, which her busy, capable mother managed for him.

Christian threw up her hands in delighted astonishment.

"Well, well!" she cried. "Who'd have thought of seeing you, my bairnie, at this hour o' the day? What's to do? Come away to the fire and warm yersel'. Ye must be perished in this bitter cold."

"Aye, to be sure!" replied a man's voice from the doorway, as Jock appeared. "Warm yersel' first, then sit down and take yer brose with us."

"Nay," responded the girl,—smiling and blushing with pleasure, nevertheless; "Mistress Harper would be angered, should I come in late for the Hall dinner in half

an hour's time. I can stay but a few minutes, Master Jock."

"Master Jock!" cried the youth, in affected scorn. "What's this new fashion of speaking? Is it to yer old playmate ye give such a title? Nay, lassie, I'm ever plain Jock to you, as ye're ever—Rose to me!"

His admiring eyes, and the almost imperceptible pause before her name, seemed to add some qualifying epithet—certainly not "plain"—to it.

Rose, blushing more and more, insisted upon the meal proceeding; and remained by the hearth, chatting upon such matters as might be of interest to the others.

"Guess whither I'm going Sabbath first, mother," she said. Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "I'm hoping to ride over to Hopkailzie. Oh, how glad I shall be to see them all,—Miss Muir, Elsie, Janet, the maids and all!"

"Who's to take ye, lassie?" asked her mother.

"Rob Sybald, of course. Who else could it be? He's got leave for the day, and can take one of the horses."

Her blush returned as she gave the explanation; for she caught the quick, upward glance of Jock's eyes as she spoke, and read his displeasure in his changed look.

"My Lady's ever good to me," Rose continued. "When I asked leave, she smiled and told me to take just as long as I wished,—to make a real long day of it."

"They seem all gey kind to ye, lassie," her mother remarked; "and thankful I am for it."

Jock went on rather moodily with his dinner. He had noticed the quick blush, and coupled it with the mention of Rob Sybald. But he had misinterpreted its cause. With her quick feminine intuition, Rose had realized that Jock might resent the apparent intimacy between her and their mutual playmate, through a misconception of the true nature of their

relations; yet she could not explain that Rob was no more to her than a helpful friend and fellow-servant. The sudden effect of her announcement gave her an unlooked-for shock; a chill crept over her, and she made haste to take her leave.

Jock's parting salutation was cold indeed. He was seized with a pang of fierce jealousy. Rob Sybald, living under the same roof with Rose, had every chance of winning the maiden. What could a poor tradesman of the town, such as he, hope to achieve? It was but at rare intervals that he was able to set eyes upon her, and never without a third person being present. Thus did Jock's blossoming hopes wither in the bud.

During the days that followed, Jock brooded over his keen disappointment. If he had but known sooner of this Hopkailzie project! How gladly would he have acted as Rose's squire! What happiness would such a journey have been, with the maid he loved seated on the pillion with him, and no third person to pry or listen! What a chance for pleading his suit! In one mad moment he even resolved to make one of their company. He could effectually prevent any love-making on the way. But his better nature prevailed; for there was nothing mean in Jock. He need not act like some half-witted fool. After all, there was always room for hope.

Yet his inmost heart was very sore. He had unconsciously made too sure of success. It had never entered his mind to conceive Rob as a rival. Yet he could not forget that Rob and Rose had been schoolmates as children, their respective mothers the closest of friends, and they themselves fellow-servants at Hopkailzie and again at the Chancellor's. Now that the idea had taken root, it seemed to grow persistently in probability. Thus did poor Jock nourish his grievance, confiding in none, and ever growing more moody and disconsolate.

Good, simple Christian was at a loss to comprehend what had come over the lad.

She was not a woman of quick perception, and—perhaps because Rose was her own child—had no kind of suspicion that there could be any near tie between the maiden and the master she herself served.

But Jock's dolorous imaginings were destined to be short-lived. On the very day before the proposed excursion, Rose, no longer the gay and hopeful damsel of a few days before, came to confide her disappointment to her mother. They were not to go to Hopkailzie, after all. Some duty had turned up to keep Rob engaged at home on that particular day; and, although Rose had obtained the necessary leave of absence, it was to no purpose.

Jock appeared in the midst of Christian's attempts at consolation. Rose's woe-begone aspect called for explanations; and they were speedily offered by Christian, who was inclined to scold her daughter—however mildly—for making a mountain out of a molehill. But, as Rose almost tearfully pointed out, Mistress Harper, her immediate superior, severely disapproved of maidens "gadding abroad in company with serving-loons"; the permission of my Lady Countess, therefore, might not be renewed, should the dour Mistress Harper use her influence against it.

Jock's heart leaped as an idea occurred to him. What was there to prevent *his* hiring a horse, and himself taking Rose up to Hopkailzie? He lost no time in proposing this course. He ought really to have gone long ago to visit his cousin Agnes; and he reproached himself warmly for this neglect, as he offered—as calmly as his fluttering heart permitted—to act as Rose's guardian on the journey.

The girl's joy was expressed in her radiant face, which bloomed into beauty at once at the prospect of so delightful an ending to her disappointment. For to have Jock, the gay and gallant Jock, as escort was a pleasure she had never dreamed of. It needed no persuasion to make her accept his offer, with many grateful expressions of satisfaction. Chris-

tian, too, who idolized her master, and would have trusted her lassie to his protection anywhere, was almost as delighted as Rose. So the question was settled and arrangements put in train.

Jock's uppermost feeling was one of triumph. Without any underhand scheming, he had gained the chance he longed for. By this time he had begun to suffer from a sensation of honest shame at the recollection of his half-formed resolve to thrust himself into the company of the youth and maiden, and thus spoil Rob's chance; but now matters were different. It was quite fair play to make the best of his opportunity, and find out what Rose's feelings were in his regard. If she preferred Rob, then he was ready to stand aside, and put no obstacle in the way of her happiness; if she cared at all for himself, it was but right that she should know his desires.

It would have surprised Jock greatly had he learned the real reason of Rob's wish to visit Hopkailzie. The lad was longing to look upon the face of the maiden for whom he felt a reverential affection akin to that bestowed by a devout client upon a beloved patron saint. Rose's keen desire to see her old friends had opened the way to satisfying his own longing. But the interview with Wat in the broiderer's shop had helped to cool his ardor. Agnes was usually at Hopkailzie on a Sunday, even though she might go there on other days in the week; for Craigdoune was only a short distance away. But when he learned that this lady was not likely even to be seen there, much less to be waited upon at dinner by himself, the ride lost its attractiveness. A trifling duty—which might easily have been postponed for a while, had he wished—was reason enough for the abandonment of the excursion.

Jock would have been still more gratified had he seen Rob's satisfaction when he heard of the substitution of so worthy a lad as squire to the maiden; for Rob was a kind-hearted boy, and had felt some compunction at Rose's disappointment. He

was not aware of the fact, but he was really doing Rose and Jock a good turn by his change of plan. Neither of those two young people had occasion to look back upon that Sunday excursion with any other feeling than that of grateful recollection.

The youth and maiden started at a very early hour to ride to Hopkailzie. To Jock, the journey recalled a Sunday six years before, when, as now, he rode through the frosty air of the dawning day, along the same country road, with a young maiden on the pillion of his saddle. But there was a notable difference in the maidens concerned. Then it had been Agnes Kynloch, for whom he had felt an ordinary cousinly affection, never very demonstrative in a lad of sixteen, entirely unsentimental; on this occasion it was the one maid in all the world that he desired to have as the companion of his life's journey, who was seated near him. With one hand she clasped the strong leather belt with which he was specially girded for her support, as she sat upon her broad saddle, her feet resting upon the great leather stirrup. No wonder that the youth's heart sang with the joy and hope which gladdened it, as they mounted the hilly road towards their destination. We need not pry into their conversation on the way. Enough to say that all misunderstandings were swept aside, and left them face to face with a future which glowed rosy and bright in their mutual love and trust.

Jock set down his precious freight at the gate-house, and paused for only a few minutes of greeting with Wat and his wife. He rode on to Craigdoune to visit his cousin, intending to return later for a longer spell with his old acquaintances.

Agnes greeted her cousin with manifest delight. She had always been fond of Jock, and lately had seen very little of him. On the few occasions they had met since Hugh Gilchrist's death, he had shown all possible interest in her welfare and future prospects; for he regarded himself, though a year or two her junior, as her natural guardian since his father had been taken from them.

The maiden had formed a still higher opinion of Jock from the upright way in which he had opposed with all his might Nell's disgraceful conduct in going through a ceremony of marriage with Bailie Agnew. She also had warmly protested, but had been repaid by scornful laughter at her foolish scruples. As Jock had done, she also had refused to countenance the union by entering the Bailie's house.

Still more had Jock risen in her estimation by his deep sympathy with his distracted father in his deathbed repentance, and its expression in the trouble he had gone through to secure the services of a priest. She would be ever grateful to him for fetching her to her uncle's bedside, where she was able to be of such real service to the dying man by her encouraging counsels and helpful prayers. It had drawn the two nearer together than they had ever been before, that both had done all that lay in their power to render happy the passing from earth of one they both dearly loved. The bond thus strengthened was never to be weakened again. They had grown to be more like brother and sister than mere cousins, and Nell's falling away seemed to have made their kinship more than ever prominent.

Agnes had another reason for rejoicing. To the delight and gratitude of the whole household, Joanna had rallied so effectually that there was room for hope that, even though she might not be her own energetic self in the future, she might still be spared to her friends for some years, should the improvement in health continue. From Agnes, as from Eupheme and their faithful servants, a heavy burden had been removed, and the whole spirit of the house was one of tranquil joy.

To both sisters, especially the more cheery Eupheme, Jock's radiant youthfulness and kindly character had always appealed, so that he had ever received a more ready welcome in their house than his sister had enjoyed; for Nell's sarcastic gibes met with no response from the good spinsters, whose hearts overflowed with

charity and sympathy towards all mankind. The visit, therefore, was a pleasure to them as well as to Jock himself. They were quite a merry party over their midday meal together, as they listened to the lad's humorous description of Edinburgh doings and the like.

It was later on, when they were free to stroll together across the square to the stable where Jock's steed was tethered, and along down the lane towards Hopkailzie, that the youth touched upon the subject nearest his heart. As they walked along, side by side—Jock leading his horse; Agnes, muffled in her warm cloak, paying the last customary duty which country-bred hospitality demanded: that of "convoying" the guest for a few yards along his route,—the youth confided to her the news of his happiness in the surety of Rose's affection for him, and of his resolve to make her his wife without long delay.

Agnes rejoiced at the tidings, not only because of Rose's real worth, but above all because she was so good a Catholic, whose influence upon Jock would be without doubt very great, and might eventually result in his reconciliation with the Church. As to the maiden's social standing, Agnes was in no whit disturbed. They had all grown up together from childhood; and, though the Guthrie family might have been looked down upon by Mistress Helen as "mere working folk," Jock could claim no higher degree under present circumstances. Christian would probably make her home with the young couple; and her sterling character, with the robust Catholicism which distinguished that good dame, was an additional incentive to hope for Jock's real welfare. The youth made no mention of the fact, but he had already of his own accord declared to his promised wife that he intended to become one with her in faith as well as in love.

Jock spent an hour or so with his old friends at Hopkailzie before starting home. Adam and his wife were delighted to see him and to hear all the news he had to give of Edinburgh; for although Wat's

visits to town were not infrequent, they were devoted to business only, and little of the doings of city folk reached so secluded a country place.

The youth and maiden had scarcely ridden clear of the gate-house, as they returned home, when Rose hastened to unburden herself of a secret which had been occupying her mind for an hour or two, and which she had not been able to confide to Jock while others were listening. It appears that she had accompanied her friend Elsie to the gardener's cottage with some little delicacy sent by Mistress Muir for one of its inmates who was weakly in health. Rose had been startled by the sight of the person who had responded to Elsie's knock at the door; she could scarcely refrain from crying out in her astonishment at the sight of Mistress Sinclair, Mistress Agnew's woman, whose face had become quite familiar to her from visits paid to her mother many a time, in connection with needlework done for the Bailie's lady at various periods. Mistress Sinclair had naturally forgotten Rose, who had sprung up to womanhood since then, and invited both girls to enter. The surprise aroused by the sight of the waiting-woman was little in comparison with that which awaited Rose in the room within. Seated by the fire, dressed in plain country fashion, she saw the very lady whom Isobel Sinclair had served for so long. Rose was quite certain of the identity of both. She had often accompanied her mother to the Bailie's house, and had been kindly treated by both women. The change in her own appearance prevented recognition; but the same could not be said of the elderly women themselves.

She and Elsie had stayed but a few minutes—just long enough to deliver the message and receive an answer,—then they had gone on to the gate-house. Elsie seemed to know nothing about the inmates of the cottage, except that they had come there a few months before, and one of them was rather sickly. She had given their names as Elizabeth Anderson and her niece, Jean

Crathie; but Rose was confident that they were no other than the Bailie's real wife and her maid. Prudently, she had refrained from mentioning her discovery either to Elsie or any other. Now she confided her secret to Jock.

The youth was as greatly astonished as his sweetheart had been. He impressed upon the maiden the urgent necessity of keeping the matter hidden from everyone, even from Rose's mother. No one could tell what might be the result if the retreat of the fugitives were to become known. For certain, the two women concerned would seek another and more secure hiding-place. The two lovers had matters of far more interest to them than this topic to converse about on their way home, and the subject was soon dropped.

Rob Sybald was to experience a surprise scarcely less startling on that particular evening. For an hour or two during the day he had taken the place of the Protestant man who usually acted as porter at the principal entrance of the Chancellor's town-house, in order to enable the other to enjoy his accustomed "Sabbath" leave. While lounging in the entrance hall, he espied the man Geordie passing along to the kitchen quarters. Here was an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject of his annoying interference with Rose Guthrie, which had for the time being escaped Rob's memory. He accordingly beckoned the man to come towards him, and in a few words impressed upon Geordie the necessity of discontinuing such conduct, unless he wished to be reported to his Lordship, and incur the inevitable consequence—dismissal from the house.

To Rob's astonishment, the man received his reprimand without any sign of annoyance; his answer was prompt and courteous.

"I am sorry I was so rough with the maiden," he said. "But I can promise you, Robin, that she need fear no further trouble from me. I have found out what I wanted, without her help."

The man's face, Rob thought, had

changed entirely. He now looked free from care, and even younger than formerly. There was an expression of content upon his countenance which it had never worn previously; and the somewhat cringing manner which had characterized Geordie of old had given place to a more manly bearing, tempered by a humble self-repression. His answer given, he moved off to his own side of the house.

Rob had cause for reflection. He knew from Rose what the help was which Geordie sought at her hands. He had gained what he had sought. Could it be that the man was really a Catholic? Had he seen and spoken to "Master Paterson" during the few days the priest had remained in that house? Certainly something had happened to Geordie to work such a change in the man's very face and bearing. But Rob was cautious. He would not risk any disclosure which might put the household in danger. He knew well the ways of spies,—no one better: he knew that many such wretches made a living by denouncing Catholics whose position made it worth while to inform upon them. Until he was more certain of Geordie's good faith, Rob determined to keep a watchful eye upon the man.

But Rob was soon to have his suspicions dispelled. The Chancellor gave orders that he should start next morning on a secret message of importance, and that at an unusually early hour, before the household would be stirring. To avoid arousing the sleeping house by descending from the night quarters of the serving-men, close under the roof, Rob was told to lie near the kitchen, where he could easily set out, unobserved by any except the scullion, Geordie. The only available place for the purpose being the little chamber occupied by Geordie himself, led to Rob's sharing it with him. In view of his shortened rest, he retired very early.

Rob was a sound enough sleeper, as a rule. He would lie down and fall asleep in a few minutes, and never wake till the call came for all to rise. He had con-

sequently told Geordie to be sure to rouse him as soon as he should wake, no matter how early. Geordie professed to be a light sleeper, and assured him that all would be well. So Rob retired to rest, easy in mind.

But, contrary to his wont, Rob woke without being roused. There was a faint light burning in the chamber, and by its means he saw his supposed bedfellow, half undressed, on his knees before a low bench in a corner, and heard him softly praying. Rob listened intently, and recognized the familiar words of the Act of Contrition many times repeated, then the "Hail Mary" said with manifest devotion.

Rob turned in bed and stretched himself, as though just awaking; and Geordie sprang up from his knees, hastily thrusting into the bosom of his shirt what Rob through half-closed eyelids saw to be a crucifix.

"'Tis night yet," Geordie said softly, as Rob opened his eyes and gave a yawn. "There's no need to rise yet, Robin, for an hour or two."

Rob appeared to comply; and the other, leaving his little lamp alight, got into bed.

But no more sleep did Rob get that night. He feigned to fall to slumber again; and, after a short interval, found his companion cautiously creeping out of bed once more, to resume his interrupted devotions.

The circumstance gave Rob much to reflect upon. The chiel, as he told himself, was without doubt a Catholic. No other would dare to have a crucifix concealed upon his person; no other would pray with such intensity, and in such words,—the most familiar prayers used by faithful Catholics. He foresaw difficulties in respect to Geordie. By confiding to this man his own real religious opinions, Rob would find it by no means easy to continue a line of action which he had taken up since coming to Edinburgh. Should Geordie know him to be a Catholic, Rob's hands would be tied; in any case, he would

need to be more than ever circumspect.

For Rob was carrying on what appeared to him an allowable and even praiseworthy course—that of pretended informer. Even at Hopkailzie the idea had occurred to him as feasible. Priest-catchers and the like often masqueraded as devout Catholics; and a Catholic might pretend to be on their side, and, with the information confided to him as an accomplice, prevent many an arrest by timely warning. If Master Muir (thus the lad reasoned) for the greater security of his wife and household in the practice of their faith, might lawfully attend Presbyterian worship and pose as a Protestant to all the world outside, while he managed to get Mass and Sacraments now and again, unknown to Kirkfolk, what was to hinder a serving-loon from doing the like?

Acting on this principle, Rob had, even before leaving Hopkailzie, avoided any apparent association with the other Catholics of the house in the practice of religion. His mother had lamented it, as we have seen, and had remonstrated with the lad ineffectually. When he moved to Edinburgh, his cherished idea was made more practicable. Master Muir had recommended him to his present master as a trusty Catholic loon; and the Earl regarded him as such, though he regretted Rob's apparent negligence of religious duties. Following the Chancellor everywhere, Rob grew quite accustomed to attending the preachings of the Kirk, and thus laid the foundation of a character thoroughly anti-papist in the estimation of those outside the small circle of Catholics.

There was much risk in such dissembling,—risk of weakening his own faith by abstention from the Sacraments, though he was constant at his prayers in private, and contrived to get to Mass sometimes when away from the city; risk of extreme penalties at the hands of the enemy, should his fraud be discovered. Caution—which seemed allowable—warned him to avoid confiding in a priest; and there can be no doubt that any priest who should become

aware of his course of action would not hesitate to deprecate it as unlawful. But to Rob, all on fire with youthful ardor, great results promised to follow from his efforts. The example of his master blinded the lad to the gravity of his conduct; but the Chancellor pleaded his public position in extenuation, and he did not deny himself the supernatural aid of the Sacraments, however reprehensible his apparent association in worship with non-Catholics.

Already, as Rob felicitated himself in recalling the circumstances, had he been successful in casting dust in the eyes of priest-catchers on more than one occasion. He had wormed himself into the society of Stephen Allardyce and his crew, and was regarded by those worthies as a most useful and energetic ally. Well might Rob deplore the discovery of Geordie Tod's Catholicism; far greater would have been his anxiety had he known who Tod really was, how greatly he stood in awe of Allardyce, and how zealously he shrank from encountering his former tyrannical taskmaster.

(To be continued.)

The Wrestler.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

AFTER the wrestling he was not the same:
 The midnight Stranger Jacob met withdrew,
 And left him changed in body, in the thew
 That shrank within his thigh—and he was lame.
 Fiercely they strove till that famed morning came
 When in the light the suppliant Jacob knew
 The Wrestler was the Holy, Just and True,
 Whose angels filled his desert dream with flame.
 Each sinning soul that would through Truth
 achieve
 The light-thrilled heights of life where men
 believe,
 Must meet the midnight Wrestler on the way;
 And, bowed by Him, must plead with Him to
 bless,
 As pleaded Jacob in the wilderness,
 New life beginning with the break of day.

Ellen Howley, Heroine.¹

I.

WHEN the rebellion of 1798 broke out there lived in the village of Killowen, about three miles up the river Slaney from Wexford town, a family named Howley. It consisted of the father, one daughter, Ellen, and two sons, Mark and Robert. They were in comfortable circumstances.

Circumstanced as they were, and no-wise objects of special hardship or persecution, none but purely patriotic motives could have led the Howleys to take the active part they did in the Insurrection. The father and both sons joined the insurgent body at the very beginning of the outbreak. The father, colonel of a troop in the popular forces, was slain in the hottest of the fight, at the battle of Vinegar Hill. The elder son, Mark, a lad of eighteen years, was killed fighting in the streets of Ross. The younger, Robert, a mere boy of fifteen, fought there by his brother's side, and was taken prisoner by the yeomen, and afterward conveyed to Dublin to stand trial for high-treason.

With this trial begins the tragedy and the romance of the life of Ellen Howley. She was a girl of remarkable beauty, seventeen years of age at the time of the outbreak of the Insurrection. A month earlier she was the bright young mistress of a comfortable and happy home; a month later she was a lonely orphan her father and one brother having met a bloody death; while over the youngest of them all, the darling of her heart and of the household, a fate impended far more dreadful and cruel than theirs.

She set out for Dublin, resolved to save her young brother if a sister's love and devotedness could do it. How she reached

¹ This story is perfectly true as regards all its main facts and incidents, the name of the family concerned, and the names of others mentioned in it. The tradition of the narrative is freshly preserved in the memory of the people of Wexford, and all its details are handed down pretty much as I here produce them.—R. H.

that city, through a country then filled with scurrying troops and ever-changing encampments—she the daughter and sister of notorious rebels,—none but herself ever knew. She had informed nobody of her design, in which, nevertheless, alone and unaided, she succeeded. She remained in Dublin from June, 1798, to February, 1799, constantly haunting the law courts. She watched every case and noted the ability of each pleader, with a view to selecting the one to whom she would entrust the defence of her brother's cause.

At length she picked out a young barrister named Roche, one who had as yet made little mark in his profession. In him her sister's heart, made wise and penetrating by affection and affliction, recognized the man fitted to be her brother's savior. Ellen was a girl of unusual intelligence, naturally thoughtful and discreet, preternaturally so now in her depth of anxiety and love. She herself instructed Roche not only as to the facts of her brother's case, but as to the method to be followed and the manner of address to be made in his behalf.

Thus inspired, Roche, on the day of the trial, made a powerful appeal to the feelings of the Irish jury. He dwelt on the woes this family had already sustained in the loss of the father and elder brother; on the extreme youth of Robert, whom no criminal propensity, but rather family affection and boyish enthusiasm, had led into the error resulting in his present position before that court. Lastly, he took the heart of the jury by storm when he told them the tale of the sister's devotedness; her heroic efforts, her love that knew no weakness, and would brook no check in the task of saving this stripling, the last of her name and race. And when he pointed her out to the court, sitting there in her loneliness, youth and beauty, more than ever attractive in the shadow of such early suffering and sorrow, the jury pronounced "Not guilty!" almost by acclaim and without moving from their seats. Young Howley was

restored to the loving arms of his sister, and together they returned—accompanied also by his deliverer, Roche—to the empty house at Killowen.

One might suppose that the actual troubles of the two that remained of the family were now over, even though sorrow for the lost ones should long survive. Other ties, too, productive of their future happiness might well grow out of the situation. All were young who composed this happy company; all were sharers in that joyous reaction from gathering despair and imminent doom that had so long crushed them to earth. This is just the condition where young hearts rush to meet each other. That of Roche was young, ardent, true, and generous. It had long been touched by the sorrows and captivated by the exquisite beauty of Ellen Howley. But the past had been no time for giving rein to feelings of this tender nature. She, on her part, was full of gratitude and admiration for this, to her, the greatest man in all the world,—the deliverer of her darling brother. The brother himself looked upon Roche as a sage and a hero beyond compare, and centred in him the affection he had lavished on the father and brother he had lost. There was nothing, then, to mar the happy ending that usually crowns a situation so propitious.

So thought Roche: and before the time expired for his return to his duties in Dublin he told his love to Ellen Howley. She replied assuring him of her affection; but, like the noble girl she was, she refused to link his fate with hers, at least until those troubled days were past and the part her family had taken in the popular outbreak was forgotten by the authorities. She spoke of the injury that might affect him in his professional career by alliance with a family of "notorious rebels." She added that her fears for her brother were by no means quieted. He was young and rash, and might again be drawn into the vortex of popular commotion. She therefore begged to postpone all thought

of marriage for at least a twelvemonth. By that time the best or the worst for their country and themselves would have come to pass, and they would know whether this union could be accomplished with promise of future peace and happiness. So with this arrangement Roche was compelled to be content; and, giving her his promise to wait for a year, and bestowing much wise counsel on young Robert, he returned to Dublin.

But events soon occurred that sadly verified the presentiments of Ellen Howley regarding the luckless Robert. Though the Insurrection was now suppressed, there were many minor outbreaks, in which party spirit ran riot and vented itself in scenes of ruthless violence. One of these outbreaks took place in Wexford town itself (three miles, as has been said, from Killowen), some time before the twelvemonth fixed by Ellen for the renewal of Roche's suit had expired. Again young Robert, as she had dreaded, was brought into trouble.

It was on the 12th of July, 1799, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, that a band of Orangemen, grown bolder and more aggressive since the defeat of the insurgents, marched through the town, carrying offensive banners, and playing the air, odious to the majority of the people, called "Croppies, lie down." The Orange societies of the day were tacitly encouraged by the authorities, as a useful instrument for harassing the insurgents,—a buffer, as it were, between them and the military. Not one member of these societies was arrested during the whole of the period we deal with; though they were always active in the frays constantly occurring, and in which many lives among both parties were lost.

The conflict in Wexford to which we refer was an unusually savage one. The processionists provoked and outraged public feeling by every means in their power. The people responded by a series of attacks upon them, and succeeded in

driving them out of the market-place, where a large Orange bonfire had been set ablaze. Both parties had withdrawn, and the fire had sunk low, when a member of the procession, one Michael Foster, returned to the place to rake together and rekindle the dying embers. He was shot dead by an unseen hand from behind a low wall that skirted the market-place, and he fell forward on his face into the fire. Before any of his party could return to carry him off, the whole head and part of the body were completely consumed.

This deed, rendered more hideous by the horrible circumstances attending it, roused the Orangemen to fury and the authorities to renewed action. A victim was demanded, and a victim was at once found in the person of young Howley. In this case there was suspicion of private revenge, because the fall of Foster was not followed up, as usual, by a rush of the populace to the spot.

Now, Foster had been a principal witness against Robert Howley at the latter's trial in Dublin. Besides, it was reported that he had boasted time and again of being the man who slew Howley's father in the battle of Vinegar Hill. This was quite enough at that time and in that locality to insure young Howley's immediate arrest and hasten his conviction. He was seized and lodged in Wexford jail to stand, for the second time, his trial for life.

Think of the feelings of the brave and loving sister at this sudden renewal of all her woes and ending of all her hopes of happiness in life! But it was the brother's hopeless case, not her own loneliness and affliction, that filled her soul with anguish.

Robert, on examination, confessed that he had been in Wexford on the night of the affray; that he had brought his gun with him for purposes of defence, not of attack, in such troublous times, when no suspected, much less approved, rebel was safe. He had never heard of Foster's boast that he had slain his (Howley's)

father on Vinegar Hill, neither could any witness be found who had heard of it. Moreover, he had not fired his gun at Foster, and had no knowledge whatever of the fatal act or of its perpetrator. All this was of no avail: the boy was again put on trial for his life,—in Wexford this time, not in Dublin.

Ellen Howley once more set all her energies to work to rescue her idolized brother, but without the least ray of hope to sustain her. She summoned her betrothed from Dublin. Roche came at once; but, seeing that he would have no chance whatever of defending the case in such a quarter on account of his well-known sympathy with the family and his conduct of the former trial, he counselled her committing it to other hands. He sent for a clever lawyer, a friend of his and a favorite with the authorities, to take up young Howley's defence. He himself proceeded rapidly to London, in the hope of interesting persons influential with the government in Howley's favor. But Robert was hanged on the second day after his trial, proclaiming his innocence to the last.

The cup of Ellen Howley's affliction was at last filled to the brim. Her sorrows touched all hearts, even those most hardened against her family and her name. Moved to deepest pity of her, the sheriff himself acceded to her request that the body of the young man should be consigned to her for decent burial in the resting-place of his family. This was an unusual favor, involving the greatest risk to all concerned.

The execution of young Howley, and of six others hanged with him the same evening, did not take place without a disturbance. A rush to the rescue was made by the populace, and the large body of yeomen surrounding the gallows had all they could do to prevent it. Howley's body was hurriedly removed from the gallows and consigned to his sister's keeping. By her and her friends it was transferred to Killowen. The darkness of

night threw its veil over the subsequent scene; and we can only imagine, in the light of the knowledge of events hereafter to be disclosed, the dread drama that developed itself that night before the eyes of Ellen Howley in that house of woe at Killowen.

Roche returned in haste from London, unsuccessful in his project; and far too late, had he succeeded, to be of any service to Robert Howley. He did not arrive till the day after the funeral. At once he made his way to the presence of his betrothed. It was night when he reached Killowen. All was silence and gloom about the place. Familiar with the house, he entered, and proceeded at once to a chamber on the ground-floor used as a library and a reception-room. Here he found Ellen Howley sitting alone, a book in her lap; the light from a dim lamp that hung from the ceiling fell upon her wan and wasted features. The shadow only of the lost freshness of youth and beauty remained,—its brightness was gone forever.

She made no movement to receive her lover; she uttered no word of welcome. Almost terror-stricken, Roche drew near and accosted her, his one thought to rouse her from this deathly lethargy. He set himself to the vain task of comforting her. "Show me," he cried, "some way of lightening your burthen. Let me do something to cheer your lonely life. I ask now for nothing else." Her reply, when at length she found voice to speak, was a firm and cold refusal of his proffered services. "There is a reason," she said, "which I can not now mention that compels me to appear ungrateful; but my resolve is made and forever. Leave me and promise never to see or seek me again." No further remonstrance was possible. After gazing once more on that waxen, impressive face, Roche retired without another word.

He returned, however, after the lapse of six months, to find her still in solitude and sorrow, and with her resolution

unshaken. This time he would not leave her without exacting a briefly uttered promise that she would have recourse to him whenever she stood in need of aid or counsel.

II.

Years passed—quite seventeen—since this last meeting between young Roche and Ellen Howley. The former had long been a prosperous man in his profession. Had he forgotten the rueful romance of his earlier life? We have learned to esteem him too much to think so. But, in any case, he fell into the natural routine of a busy professional career, and finally settled down to home-life as the husband of a wealthy Dublin merchant's daughter.

Ellen continued to live shut up in the dreary mansion at Killowen. She never left the house except to appear, silent and absorbed in devotion, in the humble parish chapel. There was no servant in the place except one woman, who came occasionally, and only in the daytime, to help her in her household duties. Even this woman was never permitted to wander freely about the house. The place was neglected and going to decay. The grounds about were covered with rank weeds. Desolation reigned within and without the doomed dwelling.

Then a rumor spread that the house was haunted. Strange noises were sometimes heard within by those who approached it; and the servant woman was frightened from the place, by an apparition that she swore was no other than the ghost of Robert Howley. So the poor young lady, beloved as she was and revered for her fortitude and her misfortunes, was shunned by all. Though still youthful, her hair had become white as snow, and her form was bowed and wasted.

At length, after this long interval of seventeen years, a letter came from her to Roche in Dublin, summoning him to Killowen. She was dying, she wrote, and wished to make a settlement of her estate before the end came. Roche set

out post-haste for Wexford. There he heard rumors of the house at Killowen being haunted, but he attached no importance to them. He remembered, however, having himself heard strange sounds in the house at the time of his last visit, six months after the hanging of Robert Howley.

It was night when Roche reached Killowen, carrying with him a dark lantern. There was no response but a hollow echo to his repeated knocking at the front door. He went to the rear of the house, and, finding the latch on the door, he entered there. Again he heard the weird noise that had once before startled him; it was as a long-drawn wail, followed by sounds like the sobbing of a child. Being a man of nerve, he walked, lantern in hand, along the passage that led to the hall, calling aloud, "Miss Howley!" Finding all the doors locked on the ground-floor, he mounted the staircase to the rooms above. A faint light showed through a door that stood ajar on the landing. As he drew near it, the door opened wide and a man stood before him. Roche felt a chill like death pass through his whole being. In the wild figure and distorted features that confronted him he suddenly recognized the form and face of Robert Howley.

"Howley," cried Roche, "speak in the name of God, if this be you!"

The figure made strange gestures, but uttered not a word.

"Speak," exclaimed Roche, drawing his pistol, "or I fire!"

The figure drew toward him and said in a whisper:

"You may come in. Keep the crowd away; they must not see her."

Roche followed him through the half-open door into a large chamber. There beside an ancient bed, stretched on the ground, lay the figure of a woman, dressed; her hair was white, her features pinched and worn, her body wasted. It was all that remained of Ellen Howley. She was dead!

There were no marks of violence upon her, so that Roche at once dismissed the suspicion that she might have suffered violence at the hands of her demented brother. It was evident to him that she had perished without medical aid, and with no one near her except the dear brother to whose care she had devoted all her years and sacrificed all hope of other love and happiness.

On a table hard by stood a lamp, and near it a letter written in Ellen's hand and addressed to Roche himself, to be read only after her death. It contained the terrible story of her life for the last seventeen years.

In the hurry of the execution and under fear of renewed attack by the mob, the body of young Howley had been almost instantly let down from the gallows and committed to the care of his sister and friends, as promised by the sheriff. Removed at once to Killowen, it soon gave signs of life. Aided by the old family nurse, who was then living, the sister slowly succeeded in restoring it to animation. Robert Howley revived, but the light of reason was lost to him forever. A mock funeral, deceiving all but Ellen and the nurse, took place in the dead of night. Ellen then resolved to keep forever the dread secret, and devote her whole life to the awful duty that devolved upon her. She would have disposed of her property and carried the idiot boy away to a distant land, but he shuddered at the light of day and would never meet the face of a stranger. So lived and died, with him and for him, this incomparable sister, this noble woman, surely the bravest soul that suffered in the troubles of '98.

Robert Howley survived his sister only a few months. He was buried beside her in the parish churchyard of the place—the last of his name and race in Wexford.

WHEN God has set His seal upon a soul and predestinated it to something great, He marks it with His own seal, and that seal is the Cross.

"Links with the Past."

IN an altogether excellent work under the above title, Mrs. Charles Bagot gives us a deeply interesting letter which comes like "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is stilled." It is a letter from Cardinal Manning, and the author's introductory words are precious:

"I can not write of recollections of the past without mentioning Cardinal Manning with gratitude. . . . In 1851 I heard him preach at St. Barnabas', Pimlico, and asked the Bishop to request him to see me. Unlike what has been most untruly said of Manning when he was wavering between the authority of the English and Roman Churches, he refused to do so, writing that his own mind was too perplexed and disturbed to give advice to any one else.

"After he left the Church of England we saw him many times, and also during my husband's last illness—only as a friend: he never attempted to convert us. He was kindness itself, and wrote that he would have liked to come the last night of my husband's life, but thought his doing so might be misunderstood; and that, instead of coming, he had prayed for him in the night and remembered him at Mass in the morning. I copy out the letter:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, FEB. 25, 1881.

MY DEAR MRS. BAGOT:—Long as you have been awaiting your loss, it comes with its fresh sorrow and weight at last. May God console you and your children! You have the consolation of remembering a long, upright and Christian life; and you know that our Divine Master loves him more than ever you did. The nights and days of suffering which you shared while you watched him are now over forever. Be sure that I shall not forget him or you or your children at the altar.

Believe me always yours very truly,
HENRY E., CARD. ARCHBISHOP.

"I have heard people say Cardinal Manning did unfair things in trying to make converts. I think what I have

written proves how unfair and untrue such a charge was. Of course, if asked, he gave his reasons for joining the Church of Rome; but he forced those reasons on no one, and in everything was a most honorable and upright English gentleman as well as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster."

We are beginning, now that distance lends its aid, to see the greatness of the man. His largeness of heart, that warmth which he forced under control by an outward show of coldness and restraint, his delicate sympathy and exquisite touch, are all shown in Mrs. Bagot's letter; and they help us, with another little light, to recognize the truly Christian bishop and father in Christ.

One thing never seems to have been noticed in Manning,—indeed, some have even gone out of their way to assert the contrary. It is this. When old age crept upon him, his brain did not harden as it does with most aged men. It was as supple as ever, and as receptive of new thoughts as when in his prime. He made complete changes in his mental attitude towards many subjects which had been the very breath of life to him in his younger days. He continued to advance in wisdom and grace till his last hour; and he was as much a man of his day at the last as at any time of his life.

These be tempting thoughts to pursue, but this is not the fitting time. The letter Mrs. Bagot prints, however—and for which I, at least, owe her hearty thanks,—reminds one that Cardinal Manning, the great Archbishop of Westminster, still awaits a sympathetic and understanding biographer.

E. L. T.

DEATH is the most solemn moment of our existence: it is then that the devil has the last battle with us. It is as if he were playing a game at chess with us and was watching the moment of death to give us checkmate. He who gets the better of him then has won the battle of life.—*Savonarola.*

Little Things.

THERE is a tendency among a good many persons to give undue emphasis to the dictum that the actions of the saints are for the most part to be admired rather than imitated by ordinary Christians. In so far as those actions are heroic instances of consummate virtue, the outcome of perfect conformity to the evangelical counsels, the dictum is not without some color of truth; but, as regards those deeds of the saints that are merely observances of the Ten Commandments, we are all bound not only to admire but to imitate them. The impression that sanctity consists solely, or even principally, in doing great, unusual, extraordinary things is not more general than it is erroneous. As a matter of fact, the study of the writings of such saints as have left a written record of their thoughts will disclose an astonishing amount of what everyone must recognize as plain common-sense.

To cite only one instance: St. Teresa, discussing fraternal charity, tells us that the surest way to discover whether we have the love of God in our hearts is to see whether we love our neighbor; for the two things are never separated. Pointing out the importance of attentively noting our ordinary treatment of our neighbor in our thoughts, words, and actions, she continues: "And so we ought to examine ourselves carefully as to the little things that are constantly happening, without making much account of certain high-flown ideas about the great things we mean to say and do for our neighbor."

This doctrine about the importance of little things is applicable not only to our relations with our neighbors but to all the multifarious activities of life. "Do little things now," says the Persian proverb, "so shall big things come to thee, by and by, asking to be done." And the ineffable Wisdom has told us: "He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little."

Telling Secrets.

“LOOK at the whole story of the pillage of the Reformation. They robbed the Catholic Church, they robbed the monasteries, they robbed the altars, they robbed the almshouses, they robbed the poor, and they robbed the dead.” The author of this delightful sentence is Mr. David Lloyd George, by whom it was delivered, May 16, 1912, on the floor of the House of Commons. The robbers to whom he so glowingly paid compliment were the house of Cecil, more especially Lord Robert Cecil, who is now Lloyd George’s colleague and political bedfellow. It is well-nigh axiomatic that one must be native to a country to understand its politics; yet we can, perhaps, understand English comment on English politics. We think we understand the following from the editorial columns of the *Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion* of Oct. 18:

In theory, the British Empire is a constitutional monarchy, controlled by a freely-elected Parliament. In practice, it is a constitutional monarchy controlled by a dictator, governing through a Cabinet answerable for its acts to the House of Commons. At present it is a constitutional monarchy, dominated by a dictator who does just what he likes. Mr. Lloyd George is supreme and his word is almost law. He has a House of Commons servile to his slightest wish. He can always rely upon the votes of nearly a hundred placemen, whose office and salary depend upon his fortunes. There are about four hundred Tories, whose hopes lie in him alone; they have no man among themselves capable of replacing him. Tame Liberals and profiteers make up the rest of Mr. Lloyd George’s following. He is supreme master of us all.

And what a master! Nobody trusts him. Nobody believes in him. Few believe him. He wriggles out of one trouble after another at the sacrifice of consistency. His policy centres in proving that when he said one thing he meant another. He saves his face by tricks of verbal légerdemain. And the result is evident. He and his Ministers are disliked and despised. Parliament is in complete disrepute. No one has any hope of justice from a system of government culminating in a dictatorship of Mr. Lloyd George. The vested interests back him up for the moment, because they see in him the

keystone of their arch. The laboring classes repudiate him, because they find him in every crisis the pliant tool of their opponents. Mr. Lloyd George was once a democrat. He is no longer. He might have led the people out of slavery into the promised land. He preferred the fleshpots of Egypt.

Now this is, of course, telling secrets. Any one who may be rendered uncomfortable by it should turn to the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and have his serenity restored in the perusal of “Mr. Lloyd George: An Appreciation,” by Henry Sidebotham, who says that the Premier of England is “a most fascinating study”; though he does not refer to the study made of Lloyd George by the late Cecil Chesterton in connection with the Marconi scandal.

“No one has any hope of justice from a system of government culminating in a dictatorship of Mr. Lloyd George,” says the English editor above. If there is no hope of justice for England under its present system of government, what hope is there for justice for Ireland? Americans who look with a cold eye on Sinn Fein need to be reminded that, besides representing the will of the majority in Ireland—and that is its sufficient justification,—Sinn Fein is supported as well by some of the best political thought in England. It was no Irish “rebel” but an English publicist who said that England’s treatment of Ireland was a crucifixion carried out through hatred of the crucifix. And it was Dr. Johnson who said (bursting forth with a generous indignation) when Leland’s “History of Ireland” was mentioned: “The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics.” Still do the minority prevail over the majority; not the religious minority as such, though it happens that the belligerent political minority of Northeast Ulster is Protestant; but this political minority is of minor importance politically.

Notes and Remarks.

Characteristic of our age is a recently published book by Mr. Charles Gardner, entitled "The Redemption of Religion." He contends that the life and teaching of Christ demand restatement in the light of modern intellectual development. He does not believe that the great doctrines of Christianity are doomed to pass away, and he is certain that their spiritual values are indestructible; but he holds that the new knowledge should transform the old faith, and thereby remove the difficulties in the way of its acceptance. In other words, Christianity should be restated, in order that faith may replace doubt, and that all arguments in favor of traditional beliefs may be rendered wholly satisfactory. Mr. Gardner admits practically *in toto* the Marcan miracles of Our Lord, and yet maintains that He was under an illusion as to the speedy coming of His Kingdom. While professing to accept the Christology of the Nicene Creed, and showing no bitterness in his references to the Old Church, Mr. Gardner would apparently accept gifts from Theosophy and even from Spiritualism.

It is the evident sincerity of books like Mr. Gardner's that makes them such sad reading. The authors forget the Apostle's declaration that the Epistles of St. Paul, one principal stumbling-block, contain "some things hard to be understood" by any one; "which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction." If Mr. Gardner were a student of Newman, he would have been minded of what that great teacher (while still an Anglican) had to say about the difficulties of Scripture arising from defective moral conditions. To quote:

When a passage of Scripture, descriptive of God's dealings with man, is obscure or perplexing, it is as well to ask ourselves whether this may not be owing to some insensibility, in ourselves or in our age, to certain peculiarities of the divine law or government therein involved.

Thus, to those who do not understand the nature and history of religious truth, Our Lord's assertion about sending a sword on earth is an obscurity. To those who consider sin a light evil, the doctrine of eternal punishment is a difficulty. In like manner the history of the Flood, of the call of Abraham, of the plagues of Egypt, of the wandering in the desert, of the judgment on Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and a multitude of other occurrences, may be insuperable difficulties, except to certain states and tempers of mind, to which, on the contrary, they will seem quite natural and obvious. I consider that the history of Balaam is a striking illustration of this remark. Those whose hearts, like Josiah's, are "tender," scrupulous, sensitive in religious matters, will see with clearness and certainty what the real state of the case was as regards him; on the other hand, our difficulties about it, if we have them, are a presumption that the age we live in has not the key to a certain class of divine providences, is deficient in a certain class of religious principles, ideas, and sensibilities.

The religious difficulties and perplexities experienced by so many non-Catholics would be removed or lessened if they were to study the works of Newman, even only those which antedate his submission to the Church, of which he wrote, surely as one having authority: "Either the Catholic Religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

A German war book which has impressed even British reviewers with its truthfulness is the narrative of Capt. Heubner, an officer who was formerly a professor of history in a quiet little town in the Harz. There is much to be learned from him. He points out the difficulty of the German problem in Belgium: in the midst of a large hostile civil population "our battalion had the heavy task of warding off a possible attack from 40,000 starving industrial workers, who were plainly visible in black masses prowling round the idle factories, and, we were told, had been armed by the Belgian Government." This was, of course, incitement to kill them. He admits that, although many Belgians were justly shot,

some wholly innocent were punished for the sins of others. He states that he himself once saved the caretaker of a chateau from being killed, after Belgian soldiers had fired from it; and that another time he prevented the execution of a priest and a butcher of whose innocence he had become convinced.

A sober-minded man must the Professor be; for he managed to keep a diary, even when he had no diet. One entry reads, "For two days nothing to eat; uncomfortable." A less convincing narrator would have italicized the adjective or employed a more energetic one. Literal-minded, too, is Herr Professor. He tells only facts, leaving his readers to form their own opinion about the behavior of the civilians in Belgium.

After remarking (at the conclusion of a recent lecture on the basis of Christian reunion) that the tendency to-day seemed to be to read too much and to think too little, Father Hugh Pope, O. P., gave his hearers something well worthy of their thought in saying: 'Which is the plainer fact, the Papacy or the unity of the Church? Unquestionably the unity. Of those two things, which is cause and which is effect? Let men remember that unity is a fact; it is not something which Christ hoped might come about: it is something which He actually brought to pass by instituting a monarchical Church with a mission to go and teach all men.'

One of the members of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, writing from China of the varied activities that make up a missionary's life in that vast vineyard, declares:

In China a man finds needs that demand every faculty of body and mind. If he has five talents, he can use every one of them; and even he of the one talent will find better use for his napkin. If he prides himself on his knack of acquiring languages, the field is open on all sides, and he has choice of ramifying dialects to test his ability; or if he would put in practice the theories learned in higher mathematics, he

has plans of chapels and schools, and laying out of grounds, with problems of drainage, to busy himself with; his territory is practically uncharted, and distances unmeasured. His "First Aid" ideas of medical treatment are strained to the limit within a week of setting foot among the heathen. And, then, the study of the human soul behind the brown or yellow skin is an interesting life work that would delight any student of physiological psychology. And to call out the best that is in him is the fervor of his converts, a joy in God that shames lukewarmness and stimulates, when heat and mosquitoes are doing their worst to distract.

Every God-given faculty of mind can be used and strengthened in the service of the Church Militant at the outposts of the world. Not only the best that is in a man, but everything worth while, can be brought into play for the conquest of souls. Perhaps the best university for the development of an ideal rounded gentleman is the field of foreign missions.

The "best that is in him" must have been called forth when this young apostle of our day was welcomed by his new Christian flock. The affectionate address presented to him was beautifully Christian in spirit, summing up in one of its poetic lines much of the true missionary's temper—"He knows how little the world is worth,"—and concluding with the quaintly sweet benison:

May he be as peaceful as the bamboo!
 May his exalted life flourish as the banyan tree!
 May he direct us in all our actions!
 May God bless him!

We see that the American "drive"—in effect if not in name—has made its appearance in Argentina. Like the bishops of our own country, the hierarchy of that South American republic have initiated a movement in favor of the working classes and of order and good-will throughout the country. Our interesting contemporary, the *Southern Cross*, of Buenos Aires, grows enthusiastic over the success of the national collection, which could not have been achieved, it declares, by any non-Catholic institution or society, official or non-official, in the country. "One of the most noteworthy features of the movement is the splendid enthusiasm which it has

aroused. The donors do not wait to be asked twice: they give twice by giving quickly. Money, land, houses, jewelry, annuities, have been generously given to the fund, and professional services have been offered gratuitously. Never has such spontaneous altruism in practice been witnessed in Buenos Aires. One donor gave the enormous sum of \$1,000,000, another an annuity of \$50,000, another an annuity of \$35,000. An officer of the navy who was asked for the relatively small sum of \$500 said, 'No. I will make a sacrifice for such a good cause and give you twenty times the amount.' A little girl of ten years withdrew her money, \$80, from the savings bank and handed it to the fund. Another instance deserving special mention was the contribution of \$939 by the workmen of the firm of Piccardo y Cia."

For the first time the feast of St. Wenceslaus, patron of the Czechs, has been celebrated by a free and independent people. It was a magnificent demonstration of Catholic faith. "In spite of the many vicissitudes and moral and political troubles through which the nation has passed," writes the *London Tablet*, "it has in the mass remained faithful to early ideals. On September 28, during two hours, a mighty procession of 80,000 clergy and religious, laymen and women, marched through Prague, the capital of the newly resuscitated State, to render honor to a national saint. . . . It was a wonderful sight, representing all ranks and classes. . . . To those who may doubt the innate Catholicity of Czecho-Slovakia as a whole, there is food for thought in the demonstration in honor of the glorious king-saint who ruled over a powerful Bohemia, in which national prosperity and a strong religious spirit were inseparable."

A history of English Literature, widely used in American high schools and colleges, treating of the "Revival of Learning," makes the ingenious statement: "Schools

and universities were established in place of the old monasteries." It would hardly be possible to crowd more misinformation and misinterpretation of historical fact into such brief compass. That the monasteries *were* the seats of learning of Europe up till the so-called Reformation is conceded by all reputable Protestant historians, as also that their suppression was a decided and deplorable setback to the work of education. Assuredly nobody will accuse the *London Times* of particular partiality toward the Church, yet the *Times* recently wrote editorially:

The Mediæval Church gave the world an educational conference in almost perpetual session. One of the chief affairs of the Pope sitting in council was the control and organization of European education. And very effective was the work. The organization and control of the universities of Europe was an achievement that is a deathless laurel in the Papal crown. In educational matters, there was universal confidence in the judgment and justice of the Papacy from the days of Eugenius II. in the ninth century to the days of the Counter-Reformation in the sixteenth.

But it was not only in university matters that the educational activity of the Papacy was so remarkable. Whether we regard Canon 34 of the Canons promulgated at the Concilium Romanum in 826, or the decrees of the Third Lateran Council in 1179, of the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215, and of other Councils, such as that of Vienna in 1311, we always find that the Mediæval Church is seeking to advance learning of all grades, and to co-ordinate educational effort of all kinds. And the efforts of the Central Conference were amply supplemented by what were, in effect, diocesan conferences.

Some day the full truth about the "Reformation" will be common knowledge; and it will be an ill day for William J. Long, Ph. D. (Heidelberg.)

From a circular issued by the Rév. John E. Burke, of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People, we learn that since the organization of the Board, eleven years ago, more than sixty new missions have been established and upwards of six thousand children added to the school roll. But Fr. Burke, who is trying to raise a fund of \$40,000 for the

prosecution of the good work in which he is engaged, is careful to add: "There are a million Colored children who attend no school. Over five millions of the eleven millions of Negroes in the United States were never baptized. . . . It makes one's heart bleed to read the appeals of the missionaries in the Black Belt, and to realize how helpless we are to send to them more than a mere pittance. . . . It is our duty and privilege to help a priest, at any time, from any place, pleading for the salvation of any soul. We must assist Foreign Missions, because we are Catholics. A Catholic, as the name imports, is universal in his interest and love for souls; but for God's sake, whilst we are sending thousands of dollars to foreign parts, let us not neglect the spiritually starving millions at our very doors. . . ."

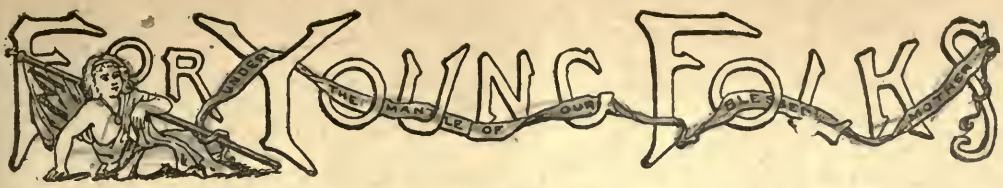
A strong appeal indeed, and one to which there should be a general and generous response. Fr. Burke hopes that during the Christmas season, when so much is given in charity, there will be numerous offerings for the support and extension of Negro missions in the South.

European visitors to our country have of late months been rather numerous, and many of them have learned to their dismay that a book knowledge of the English language does not necessarily imply acquaintance with the United States vernacular. As one of them, a scholarly cleric, recently put it: "My faith! But they are incomprehensible, many of your phrases! For example, I mention a remarkable occurrence I have just read about; and the person to whom I am speaking exclaims, 'What information do you possess relative to that matter?' Only yesterday, in the lobby of my hotel, I listened to a discussion between two gentlemen who were talking of the strike. One of them warmly asserted that the capitalists were to blame for all the industrial troubles that afflict the country; and the other interrupted him with: 'Where do you procure that material? Remove it with a knife.'" Being

asked whether he was quite sure of the phrasing of the remarks he quoted, the cleric admitted that he remembered their apparent meaning rather than their wording; and was somewhat relieved to learn that "What do you know about that?"—"Where do you get that stuff?" and "Cut it out," are simply examples, not of the King's English or the President's, but of American slang.

The recent consecration of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre (Paris) is said to have been one of the most splendid religious ceremonies ever witnessed in France; and it is easy to understand why such should have been the case. The Basilica is something more than a church: it is the fulfilment of the vow of the French people. The project for its erection was conceived in 1870, the year when France lay prostrate under the blow of the Franco-Prussian War. The church has become known as the Church of the National Vow,—the vow to deliver France from all that could be connoted by 1870. An additional reason for the pride of the nation in this magnificent edifice is that the cost of its erection has been raised by the small subscriptions of the poorer classes. The cost has been enormous, for the foundations of the great edifice go deep down to the solid rock. Though still incomplete, the Basilica is looked upon by the whole of France—anti-clerical no less than Catholic France—as a monument which stirs the patriotism of the nation to its depths.

In his proclamation designating Thursday, the 27th inst., for observance as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, President Wilson says: "Our democracy remains unshaken in a world torn with political and social unrest. Our traditional ideals are still our guides in the path of progress and civilization." Although this declaration does not inspire fullest confidence, let us be grateful for it, and resolve to "make assurance double sure."



To My Guardian Angel.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

THOU hast seen the face of Jesus,
Thou hast looked in Joseph's eyes,
And beheld God's own fair Mother
In a gown blue as the skies.

Thou art friend of the great Gabriel,—
Friend of all the heavenly throng
That o'er plains of old Judea
Hailed the Christ in holy song;

Thou hast knelt in adoration
At Our Lord's and Mother's feet,
And hast in celestial choirs
Sung Their honor high and sweet.

Spirit beautiful and shining,
Strong and tender, brave as fair,
Glowing with supernal radiance,
Guarding, guiding, watching e'er,

Beg, I ask, of our Redeemer,
Holiness of soul for me,
So that some day, lovely Angel,
I may fly to heaven with thee.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXI.—TIM TO THE RESCUE.

DESPITE all his force of will, old Antonio was reluctantly obliged to admit to his band that it was not only impossible to rescue the son of Dolorita, but utterly foolish to make any attempt to do so.

He had scarcely finished speaking, however, when Tim stepped forward and said to him, in a tone thoroughly resolute and confident:

"If you are incapable of saving that child, I'm not; I can rescue him. I feel certain of it."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"And how can you do it?"

"By going up in our aeroplane to that peak which, you say, no human foot has ever trod."

"You can do that?"

"I am sure I can! Only, there's not a minute to lose if I am to get there in time."

"Then go," cried the old smuggler,—
"go at once!"

As Tim immediately started for the plane, however, Antonio called him back. A new idea had occurred to him.

"You will swear to me at least that you won't improve your opportunity to escape?"

Tim thereupon pointed to Layac, and said quite simply:

"Am I not leaving you my uncle as hostage?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he hastened to his machine, which, fortunately, was lying in a place flat enough to permit of its rolling for some yards before ascending. A sudden fear seized our young mechanic. What if they had emptied the reservoir? If they had, then it was impossible to save little Miguel. One glance sufficed to show that his fear was groundless: the reservoir was still three-quarters full.

Without a moment's loss of time, Tim set the motor going; and the aeroplane, as if it knew that on its smooth functioning depended the life of a child, rolled easily, along the ground for a brief space, and then gracefully rose into the air. Just before it left the ground, however, an unexpected incident occurred. Jose had been an interested and very anxious spectator of this new game which his friend Tim was apparently about to play; and he did not purpose being left out of it. With joyous barks, he ran alongside

of the plane while it was acquiring the speed to ascend; and, just as the upward movement began, he launched himself forward and landed at Tim's side in the pilot's seat, his tail wagging rapidly and his tongue hanging out of his mouth in joyous excitement.

Tim was too eager to reach the distant peak to lose any time by putting José out of the plane; and perhaps was not very sorry to have his company anyway, so José was allowed to keep his place, as he seemed determined upon doing.

Down on the plateau there ensued some silent and tragical moments. In the almost solemn stillness, nothing could be heard but the noise of the motor; and this diminished according as the aeroplane rose higher and higher. At first the machine seemed imitating the eagle; for it made a number of circles as it rose. Then, as though it had taken a sudden and definite resolution, it disappeared very rapidly in the direction lately taken by the fierce bird of prey.

An unspeakable anguish took possession of the whole band on the plateau, Uncle Layac included. Nobody could bring himself to utter a word. One voice alone could be heard, and even it sounded distant and hoarse, as if it were a voice from the grave. It was that of Dolorita, who, having recovered her senses, again began demanding her child, her little Miguel.

"My baby,—my baby!" she wailed. "I want my baby! Get me my baby, or let me die."

There was something so pathetic in her cry that the most stoical of the bandits could not restrain their tears. They tried to make the unfortunate woman understand that Tim had gone to the rescue of the child, and that she accordingly might entertain the hope of seeing him again. But, alas! she was too far gone in her sorrow to comprehend the words of hope and consolation they were pouring into her ears on all sides; for she still kept up her monotonous and

agonizing plaint, "My baby—my baby!"

And, oh, the long waiting for Tim's reappearance! It seemed altogether interminable. Would he succeed in saving the child? Everybody devoutly hoped so, and expected it, too, for the first few minutes; but, as time went on, the hope gradually faded, until at last no one dared look at another for fear of reading in his features not hope but despair. But the women and children continued to pray.

Then all at once a cry rose from everybody's lips:

"There he is!"

True enough, the aeroplane had made its appearance above one of the peaks. Unfortunately, however, the sight of the plane was not enough to calm the anguish of the crowd; for the machine was surrounded by a whole flock of menacing eagles, that appeared determined to tear it to pieces; and soon their strident cries could be heard filling the whole firmament with discordant noises. At one moment, indeed, the furious birds approached so close to the plane that it looked to the excited beholders as if they intended to tear the wings to pieces with their beaks.

Three or four of the smugglers seized their rifles, and, with a precision and skill that would have qualified them for positions in Buffalo Bill's cowboy show, fired at the threatening birds, bringing down a number of them and frightening the others.

And now one question was on every lip: was the sturdy little aviator bringing back the child? It was Uncle Layac who gave the reassuring answer. He had seized the field-glasses that Tim had left behind him, and turned them on the aeroplane. A moment later he lowered them from his eyes and shouted:

"The baby is there, playing with the dog."

The scene which followed is indescribable. Smugglers and their wives, as if suddenly gone mad, began jumping about and dancing; while Dolorita, unable

to support this extreme emotion, simply lay down and rolled about in a violent nervous attack.

In the meanwhile the aeroplane was dropping lower and lower, and finally reached the plateau. It would be useless to tell about its landing *this* time. Even before it touched the ground, all the band rushed forward to greet Tim and pour out their thanks. As for Dolorita, who had again recovered from her attack, she almost devoured with kisses the fortunate baby whom she had lost and who had been so wondrously returned to her arms.

There were eagerly repeated questions on all sides:

"How was it?"—"Where did you find the child?"—"How did you manage to save the baby?"—"Hurry up: tell us all about it!"

So Tim had to recount with full details his whole adventure. He had flown to the Black Mountain, and there discovered the eyry of the eagle that had snatched up Miguel. The child was lying on the very summit of the mountain, and it was no easy matter to rescue it. Tim, and Jose as well, had to give battle not only to the particular eagle which had stolen the baby, but to a dozen or a score of others coming from all sides to fight for the prey. As soon as they perceived the gigantic new bird that had come to contest their dominion of the air, their anger knew no bounds, and for some moments Tim had asked himself if he would be able to save his own life, to say nothing of little Miguel's.

The noise of the motor fortunately frightened the birds for a brief space, and Tim seized the occasion to reach over and grab Miguel from the eyry. The child's clothes were happily of stout texture and had preserved its body from the eagle's sharp talons. Once on the aeroplane, Miguel's safety was looked after by Jose, who barked furiously at those of the eagles that came near.

When Tim had finally finished his tale, amid the repeated bravos of all hands,

Dolorita fearlessly addressed the old chieftain.

"Antonio," said she, "I ask the liberty of the savior of my child."

"And I give it to him," simply replied the old man.

Then, suddenly approaching Tim, he said in a voice still trembling with deepest emotion:

"My boy, you have not only just rendered us a service which we shall never forget, but you have accomplished one of those heroic acts which compensate for many faults. Despite all the evil you have caused us—you and this old man" (he motioned towards Layac, who frowned at being thus characterized),—"we are going to forget the evil and remember only the good. You and your uncle are free."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, Señor Antonio! But, since you are willing to-day to listen to me, let me put things straight. We are not the vile traitors you think us, and it wasn't *we* who denounced you to the French officers."

"Why speak of that unfortunate matter now?" asked the old man, evidently disapproving of the turn the conversation was taking.

And then, with a simplicity and earnestness which left the old Spaniard no room to doubt his sincerity, Tim explained the circumstances under which he and his uncle had undertaken their long aeroplane trip, and those also that gave rise to the envy and hatred with which Fourrin had pursued them. He painted so striking a verbal photograph of that rascally grocer that Antonio, recognizing at once the individual who a few days previously had denounced uncle and nephew, no longer entertained a doubt that he had been completely deceived. Accordingly, it was he who, in the end, overwhelmed with the most humble apologies our two friends whom he had kept prisoners and treated so harshly for almost two weeks.

While this was going on, the band and its chief were overjoyed to see Dolorita's

husband, who had been made prisoner by the Customs officials, arrive among them, safe and sound. He had contrived to escape by climbing a high mountain where the officers were unable to follow him, and had descended by paths known to the smugglers only.

A feast was forthwith organized to celebrate the double event—the child's wonderful recovery and the father's unexpected return,—but Tim and his uncle were in such a hurry to resume their journey that they begged to be excused from waiting for it.

As a matter of fact, Tim especially was desirous not only of getting to Lisbon on time, but of meeting again with Fourrin. If that miserable wretch did not find himself eventually paid for all the trouble he had caused the aviators, it would assuredly not be the fault of the younger of the two.

When it came to the moment for saying good-bye to the smugglers, there was much shaking of hands; and many good wishes and fervent blessings followed the travellers as they took their seats in the aeroplane, and prepared for flight. Just then little Miguel rose to the occasion. Toddling up to the machine with his arms around Jose's neck, he said to Tim:

"Oo bery dood boy; me div oo my doggie."

Tim whistled to Jose, and that bright animal once more jumped into the aeroplane, much to the boy's delight, even though Uncle Layac did mutter something about there being no room. As for Jose himself, he took one look over the side of the plane, barked a short farewell to his smuggling friends, and then settled down alongside of his new master. If Tim should need any help in getting even with Fourrin, Jose may be counted upon to give it.

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

A Voice that Served a Purpose.

HERE is a story in the old histories that tells how, in disguise, Alfred the Great once visited a camp of the Danes. Garbed as a wandering minstrel, he approached the Danish lines and began to sing some of those old songs for which the gleemen were so famous. The Danish sentinels were glad enough to hear the beautiful voice of the singer and the exquisite tones of his harp break in upon the monotony of the camp. Alfred went from tent to tent, until finally a chief was so pleased with his skill that he insisted on leading him into the presence of Guthrum the King,—Guthrum, at whose name all England trembled.

Alfred used his eyes as well as his voice; so when he left the camp, loaded with presents, he went straight to his own camp, and called a meeting of his chieftains, before whom he drew on the ground a plan of the Danish camp. Courage returned, and a new attack defeated the Danes. Guthrum was soon afterward converted to Christianity, Alfred being his sponsor in baptism.

An Insect-Destroying Plant.

A VERY interesting plant found in North and South temperate zones is the sundew. Its older name was *rossolis*, later changed to *drosera*, because the leaves exude a very sticky, shining drop of fluid from every one of its many tentacles. These serve the purpose of catching small gnats and mosquitoes, which the plant, like a veritable vampire, sucks dry for its food. It grows in swamps where no soil is found, and, like many other carnivorous plants, is obliged to maintain its existence in this peculiar way. It may be of interest to realize that mosquitoes, so abundant in swamps, and so disagreeable to man and beast, are also, in turn, not free from annoyances of their own.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The new prefaces for the feasts and votive Masses of St. Joseph and for Masses of the dead, *cum cantu* and *sine cantu*, may now be had of the F. Pustet Co. They are admirably printed from beautiful new type, and prepared for insertion in the missals at present in use. The new ones will not be ready until April.

—Messrs. Burns & Oates announce a new edition, revised and introduced by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., of the late Father Thomas Harper's famous essay on the Immaculate Conception. It was first published in 1866, as a rejoinder to Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," and is regarded as one of the ablest expositions of the doctrine in our language.

—The new "Pocket Prayer-Book," published by Benziger Brothers, contains, besides a good selection of prayers, the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and holydays. It is a handy booklet, well printed on good paper, and flexibly bound. The same is to be said of "Manna of the Soul," the thin edition of which is an ideal prayer-book. This also is issued by Benziger Brothers.

—The first number of the new quarterly review devoted to Biblical studies, edited by the professors of the Pontifical Biblical Institute, Rome, will make its appearance in January under the title *Biblica*. Scientific investigations of Biblical matters, whether in the shape of extended articles, shorter studies, or notes, will form the main part of its contents. Other appropriate features will render this review of great interest to Biblical scholars all over the world.

—"The Reformation," by the Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, is made up of discourses delivered during the Lent of 1918. They treat of the Reformation's causes in general, and of its course in Germany, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland, and France. The spread of the revolution in smaller countries also is briefly discussed, and its outcome as shown in the better known of the many sects of to-day. The book can be heartily commended to the general reader. Our one regret in connection with it is that its utility is greatly diminished by its lack of an index. A well-printed volume of 241 pages, twelvemo, which comes from the Extension Press.

—"Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War," by the Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. (Burns & Oates), is a twelvemo of 220 pages, with a fairly good table of contents, and without any index, good or otherwise. The title-page explains that the chapters of the work have "special reference to Ireland"; and the ex-

planation is not uncalled for, since in both parts of the book, in questions of peace and in questions of war, Ireland is constantly "to the fore." Dr. McDonald's prestige as a theologian (he is Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth) insures a large number of readers for his work,—not all of whom, however, will agree with some of his conclusions.

—"A Primer of Old Testament History," by the Rev. F. E. Gigot, D. D., just published by the Paulist Press, is a simply and concisely written narrative of Sacred History events from the Creation of the world to the Coming of Our Lord. The first of a series of "Biblical Primers" for Catholic readers, it is interesting in itself and in its promise of future numbers. The work is a sixteenmo of 103 pages, with several maps and some well-chosen illustrations.

—Autumn announcements by English publishers include: "Meditations on the Psalms," by the Rev. R. A. Knox (a brilliant author, who became a convert to the Church two or three years ago); "Sermons," by the late Canon Sheehan; a reprint of the first Latin edition of "De Imitatione Christi," edited by Dr. Adrian Fortescue; "Irish Impressions," a new volume of essays, a collection of satirical lyrics, and a sketch of the late Cecil Chesterton,—all four by G. K. Chesterton.

—By its very title "The Book of Wonder Voyages," edited by Joseph Jacobs and illustrated by John D. Batten, will commend itself to all who have made the acquaintance of the charming fairy tales, half a dozen volumes of which have been collected and edited by the scholarly president of the English Folklore Society. The present volume is made up of "The Argonauts," "The Voyage of Maelduin," "Hassan of Basorah," and "The Journeyings of Thorkill and of Eric, the Far-Traveller." The sixteen pages of notes are worth while; and Mr. Batten's pictures are as striking, and occasionally as grotesque, as the most imaginative young person could desire. "The Book of Wonder Voyages" is a twelvemo of 230 pages, and is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—A beautiful book, within and without, is "Mountains of Help," by Marie St. S. Ellerker, O. S. D., with a preface by Charles Plater, S. J. (Burns & Oates.) It is a slight volume—only seventy-one pages—of spiritual reflections for children or for the use of parents and teachers in the instruction of their young charges. Under the happy image of "mountains," various virtues

or states of the supernatural life are described. The analogies are worked out with a cunning of fancy which is never forced or overdone. Throughout there is a richness of illustrations drawn from Holy Scripture and the Lives of the Saints. But what differentiates this book from a hundred others of like purpose is a certain freshness of manner and a winning sweetness of spirit. It is a treasure for the children's hour.

—Under the title of "Shining Fields and Dark Towers," the John Lane Co. have published a first collection of poems by John Bunker. Readers to whom he is known chiefly as the literary associate of the late Joyce Kilmer will be surprised to find him so independent and authentic a creative artist in his own right. Mr. Bunker makes excellent use of the poet's freedom to find his subjects where he will, and he often treats them with striking originality. This leads him at times to free verse, which he has succeeded in making acceptable and charming to the last degree. Of the poems written in the more familiar forms, those which strike an exceptionally high level are: "The Splendid Stranger," "On Bidding Farewell to a Poet Gone to the Wars," "The Look," "Communion," "The Plight," and "Sursum Corda"; but throughout the volume there is a beautiful sincerity of sentiment and a fine craft of song. Mr. Bunker is a Catholic poet who should be gratefully taken up by the Catholic public.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Reformation." Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. \$1.25.
 "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War." Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. 9s.
 "A Primer of Old Testament History." 70 cents.
 "The Book of Wonder Voyages." \$1.50.
 "Mountains of Help." Marie St. S. Ellerker, O. S. D. 3s.
 "St. Joan of Arc: The Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans." Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. \$2.75.
 "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation." Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P. \$1.35.

- "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. T. Flynn, C. C. \$2.75.
 "True Stories for First Communicants." A Sister of Notre Dame. 90 cts.
 "The Finding of Tony." Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.
 "Eunice." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.90.
 "The Lamp of the Desert." Edith M. Dell. \$1.75.
 "The New Black Magic." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$2.
 "Poems." Theodore Maynard. \$1.35.
 "The Truth about China and Japan." B. L. Putnam Weale. \$2.
 "Lo and Behold Ye!" Seumas MacManus. \$1.60.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
 "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
 "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
 "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
 "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.
 "Observations in the Orient." Very Rev. James A. Walsh. \$2.
 "A Hidden Phase of American History." Michael J. O'Brien. \$5.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Rev. Donald Mackintosh, auxiliary archbishop of Glasgow; Rev. Joseph Volk, diocese of Louisville; and Rt. Rev. J. J. Chittick, archdiocese of Boston.

Mother Amadeus, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Aloys and Sister M. Patrick, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart.

Mr. Edward Martin, Mr. Francis Smith, Miss Mary Kinsella, Mr. John Black, Mrs. Mary Corbett, Mr. James Harrison, Mr. Gilbert Bastien, Mr. Joseph Pouget, Mr. Edward Sweeney, Miss Laura Brown, Mr. William O'Connell, Mr. C. E. Martel, Mr. John Larkey, Miss H. D. Kingston, Mr. Oliver Pineau, Mr. Thomas Bowman, Miss Edna Farrell, Mrs. John Little, Mr. Alexander McDonald, and Mr. Robert Milne.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: In behalf of the Poor Souls, \$5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M. K., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$10; Mrs. A. L., \$2. For the Chinese missions, \$41.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919; Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

In Mary's Praise.

BY T. A. M.

PROFOUNDEST silence filled the courts of heaven,

Nor angels even whispered; when the tone
Of one sweet voice—his of the chosen seven

Who stand before the white, majestic throne—
Was borne from earth, up through the listening
skies,

Until it reached the choirs of Paradise—

Ave, gratia plena!

And then—as zephyrs kiss the silent air

The strings attuning on Eolian lyres,—
'Mid gently rustling wings of angels fair,

The glad response of those celestial choirs
In music soft and sweet and full of love
Was wafted to the earth from heaven above—

Ave, gratia plena!

Thus was the echo to that greeting sung

When first great Gabriel to Mary bent;
Thus through the ages have our chime-bells rung

Their echoes of the words to Mary sent;
Thus morning, noon and night through endless
days

Shall speak the Angelus in Mary's praise—

Ave, gratia plena!

SALVATION is declared, on the highest authority, to be a business of difficulty and even drudgery, if we would obtain the splendid prize offered; though a large class "of respectably-good" persons appear to have settled that it is an easy and light matter, to which occasional spare moments may be devoted.

—Percy Fitzgerald.

Relatives of an Old Song.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.



SEVERAL cities—the couplet known to schoolboys mentions seven—claimed Homer when he no longer needed to beg his bread. Greatness does not generally behave like those coming events which, according to the adage, cast their shadows before; Fame's shadows are wont to follow after; and communities, which neglected to honor talent in its prospect, beget generations of interest in that same talent in retrospect. The ante-shadows which might have been observed are as zero in the count with the post-umbrations that are studied. Shakespeare's case verifies this historical habit as well as Homer's; and it will be that way to the end of the world. Genius moves on without an escort of prophets, finding itself without honor in its own country, but glorified in seven times seven cities in the after years. Its epitaph, so to speak, was written by Emerson:

Pale Genius roves alone,

No scout can track his way;

Nope credits him till he has shown

His diamonds to the day.

Something out of this general observation is apposite in the history of an old spring song. "Sumer is i-cumen in," the first English spring song, as many literary historians like to deem it. Omitting a discussion about the literary quality of the lyric, we turn to the comment of historians upon it; and their notes will serve, if not to adorn a tale, at least to point a moral.

Several sources are adduced as the original models and the inspiration of this coveted old song. The moral is pointed by the evident effort, we may say prejudice, of the historians to locate the originating voice. It is small matter for surprise to find that, in a day when German sources were the predilection of English researchers, this little set of verses was traced back to a Teutonic model. Others, placing the lyric among thirteenth-century compositions on the evidence of manuscript and philology, assign it to the singers of the Norman influence; others still, because the song is fitted to musical notation in the Harleian MS. (9781), maintain that the words and very syllables were laid down to the rhythm of the notes. And, as is to be expected in this day of historical reconstructions, when even English critics are willing to admit that some good did and does come out of Ireland, it is less a surprise to have this spring song attributed to the early Irish schools in Northumbria.

Before we cite some of these champions for the respective sources, it will be advantageous for those who have not the lines at hand to present them here, giving also the Latin poem which is interlined with the English in the Harleian copy:¹

Sumer is i-cumen in,—
 Lhude sing, cuccu;
 Groweth sede and bloweth mede,
 And springeth the wude nu;
 Sing, cuccu.
 Awe bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calve cu,
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth;
 Murie sing, cuccu,—
 Cuccu, cuccu.
 Wel singes thu, cuccu;
 Ne swik thu never nu.

¹ The translation.—Summer is coming; loud sing, cuckoo! Groweth seed, and bloweth mead, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleatheth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth [i. e., harbors among the fern]. Merry sing, cuckoo! Well singest thou, cuckoo; nor cease to sing now.

Behold, Christian, what condescension! The Husbandman from heaven, for the fault of the vine, not sparing His Son, offered Him to the destruction of death; and He restores the half-perished prisoners from punishment to life, and crowns them with Him in the throne of heaven.

Perspice, chisticola,
 quæ dignacio;
 celitus agricola
 pro vitis vicio,
 Filio
 non parcens, exposuit
 mortis exicio:
 Qui captivos semivivos
 a supplicio
 vite donat,
 et secum coronat
 in celi solio.

Admiration for its Teutonic traditions, we have said, was a marked characteristic of English histories of literature during the past century and almost up to the dawn of the Great War. Written large in Anglo-Saxon pride was the statement, as this by Stopford Brooke: "Literature in England was purely Teutonic." Warton's heavy tomes, "On English Poetry," which every undergraduate and post-graduate used to refer to in the last century, eliminates almost to a word the work of the Irish schools in Northumbria,—schools which were the *almæ matres* of those notable men of letters, Bede and Alfred the Great; schools out of which issued "Beowulf" in its finished form; and "Caedmon," "the first true English poem." But the new viewpoint of our impartial day prefers the stamp of Anglo-Celtic to that head-liner of former histories, Anglo-Saxon. And Warton's footnote¹ upon "Sumer is i-cumen in" is an echo of a far-off prejudice which is not likely to be repeated: "Mr. Edgar Taylor in his 'Lays of the Minnesingers,' speaking of this song, remarks that it so resembles, in many of its features, the kindred songs of the German minnesingers that we could almost fancy one of those minstrels singing in almost the same words and measure."

If Warton wanted the embellishment of a note about a probable Irish source, he could have found one in reference to the "Dawn of Summer," a simple set of verses a thousand years older in Ireland. Mention of this "First Lay of Fionn MacCumal" invites us to present it,

¹ Warton, "On English Poetry," vol. i. p. 30.

together with this note of the translator,¹ Dr. Sigerson: "To the student of literature, and not less to students of history and of biology, it must be interesting to compare two poems on the same topic, composed in these islands at a distance in time of possibly a thousand years":

Soft Summer's first day!
How radiant the sky!
Merles lilt their full lay,—
Would Laiga were nigh!
Clear call the cuckoos,
Glad welcomes still greet
Sweet Summer's bright hues!

By branchy wood's brim
Swift steeds seek the stream,
Its gleam swallows skim;
Floweth fine heather's hair,
Bloweth frail bog-down fair,
Flee-eth frown of evil sign,
Planets beam bright benign;
Soft sigh the sleepy seas,
Flowers flourish o'er the leas.

And in historians later than Warton and the Teutonic vision we find the same disposition to ignore the influence of the Irish schools in the cultivation of early English poetry. It is a well-established fact that rhyme is a Celtic invention, and that it was introduced to the Anglo-Saxons by their Irish schoolmasters.² Yet it pleases a class of commentators, when a note is wanted for "Sumer is i-cumen in," to bring not only rhyme but lyrical poetry as well into England as effects of the Norman Conquest. The elaborate "History of English Literature," by Garnett and Gosse (vol. i, p. 122), in a paragraph upon this early song, "as genuine a lyrical inspiration as will easily be found," presents a fair sample of the advocates in that quarter: "Not the least of the benefits conferred upon England by the Conquest was the opening this created for lyrical poetry. By bestowing rhyme on England, the Norman minstrels awoke her lyric muse from her long slumber, although her revival was very gradual. We know not how many

songs may have arisen and died on the lips of the people before (about the middle of the thirteenth century) the anonymous author of the celebrated 'Cuckoo Song' strikes the lyre with an easy vigor which seems to imply that he can not have wanted for models." Certainly the Conquest augmented both the matter and form of English letters; but there were models for the "Cuckoo Song," both in the Gaelic and the Latin, long before Taillefer and the Trouvères came out of France.

Another viewpoint in discussing the date and origin of this song is afforded by the study of the musical notation, which accompanies the Harleian copy. In an extensive and interesting essay, W. S. Rockstro³ investigates primarily the authorship of the music, and the attribution of it to a monk of Reading Abbey, John of Fornsete. His observations and conjectures make no effort to place the source of the lyric: they occupy themselves with an endeavor to show how, in so early a day, there came to be so excellent an example of a *rota*, or round, in music. "The melody of the *rota*—if we are right in believing it to be a genuine folk-song—exhibits this quality [i. e., falling into canon of its own accord] in a very remarkable degree. What more probable, then, than that a light-hearted young postulant should troll it forth, on some bright May morning, during the hour of recreation? Then a second novice should chime in a little later? That the effect of the canon should be noticed, admired, and experimented upon, until the brethren found that four of them could sing the tune, one after the other, in very pleasant harmony? There must have been at Reading a learned descanter, capable of modifying a note or two of the melody, here and there, for the purposes of making its phrases fit the more smoothly together. So learned a musician would have found no difficulty whatever in adding

¹ "Bards of the Gael and Gall," pp. 34, 129.

² See the testimony of Zeuss, Constantine Nigra, and others, in Douglas Hyde's "A Literary History of Ireland," p. 481.

³ "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vols. iii and iv, p. 765, et seq.

the *pes* as a support to the whole—and the thing was done.”

An ingenious explanation, surely; and the author of it is wise to add: “The foregoing suggestion is, of course, purely hypothetical.” For even on the question of the musical accompaniment, the Irish origin of the melody was clearly established by Dr. Young, Protestant bishop of Clonfert at the close of the eighteenth century; his proof also containing a refutation of the English claim to the air, as advocated by Dr. Burney in his “History of Music.”¹

Dr. Flood traces the melody in no terms of hypothetical suggestion. “‘Sumer is i-cumen in,’ the earliest known version of a double canon with a ground bass in England, is merely a harmonized arrangement of a phrase taken from an old Irish tune, ‘The Summer is Coming,’ sung time out of mind in ancient Erin to usher in the summer season. This Irish air, wedded by Moore to his lyric, ‘Rîch and Rare,’ was copied by John Fornsete, a Benedictine monk at Reading, about the year 1230; and, as Lady Morgan writes, though animated in its measure, still, like all the Irish melodies, breathes the very soul of melancholy.” W. P. Ker² likewise refers the song to a musical source and a Latin hymn. “‘Sumer is i-cumen in’ sounds like a popular song; an anonymous poem from the heart of the people, in simple, natural, spontaneous verse. But the words that belong to it are Latin words, a Latin hymn; the ‘Cuckoo Song,’ which appears so natural and free, is the result of deliberate study; syllable for syllable, it corresponds to the Latin and to the notes of the music.”

We stated at the outset that the opinions of the literary historians upon the origins of this early spring song would point a moral—namely, the evident effort to assign a source, as wide of the mark as six of the cities which claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. And in the light

of more unbiased researches, now that Teutonic horizons are being shifted from the English gaze, this little song, together with many another early English treasure, will most probably be listed under the inspirations of the great Gaelic schools in Northumbria,—schools which not only exhibited the rich assonances and rhymes of the Gaelic to the stilted Anglo-Saxon, but taught the England of those centuries a readiness in Latin hymnology; and taught also, as the Irish missionaries did in other countries, the cultivation of a native literature among the people.

For the Sake of Justice.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XXII.—UNFAITHFULNESS REPAID.

BAILIE AGNEW had borne with extraordinary patience—outwardly, at least—the evident delight taken by Helen in being a centre of attraction to a throng of foolish youths and idle gentlemen, who at every opportunity flocked to the spacious house in the Lawnmarket. During the winter months there was scarcely an evening that did not see one or two such gallants in Mistress Agnew’s withdrawing-room. Frequently there would be more, and Helen loved to encourage her visitors in throwing the dice, or gaming at cards—but only when the Bailie was unlikely to disturb the party. For by him, as well as by other rigid Scottish Presbyterians of the age, cards and dice were abominated; the ministers styled them the “devil’s prayer-book and beads,” because they had lingered from Catholic times, when cards had become popular through Queen Mary’s love of the game; and no effort was spared by the Kirk to stamp out the use of any such amusements.

There can be little doubt that Bailie Agnew in his inmost heart was far from satisfied with his domestic surroundings. When he ascended to the upper story of his mansion, after a day spent in sedulous

¹ “History of Irish Music,” by Grattan Flood, p. 66.

² “English Literature: Medieval,” p. 75.

attention to business in his warehouses and offices below stairs, it was not to taste the ease and comfort which he longed for, and which he had probably pictured to himself in the most brilliant colors when he secured the beautiful and vivacious Helen Gilchrist as his life's partner.

Little enough of his pictured domestic bliss did he realize on those winter evenings. Helen, in her sumptuous raiment and jewelled ornaments, would be found amid a laughing group of youthful admirers, eagerly listening to her witty comments upon passing affairs, and enjoying to the full her sprightly and ever-ready jests. In such a gay and light-hearted company, the elderly husband—awkward and ill at ease—was left in the background. Supper, on such occasions, became almost invariably a meal of state; and the discomfited master of the house watched his choicest wines disappear rapidly, with feelings of annoyance all the more galling because they must forsooth be concealed under the mask of genial hospitality.

When winter had passed, things were in no wise improved. There would always be some pastime or other in which Mistress Agnew's gallants were interested; sometimes she would form one of a riding party into the meadows or to Leith sands; at others, some archery meeting, or such like gathering would provide the means of occupation and amusement to the idlers. Helen troubled little about household matters; a competent manager of such things was at hand in the person of Margery, her confidential maid, who ruled the servants under her with a firm hand and iron will.

The English officer, Captain Strong, was a less frequent partaker in assemblies of the kind, either in or out of the house, than Nicol Ross, Helen's old suitor, and the band of youths of the class of the budding lairds, who formed her bodyguard at the spectacle of the public humiliation of the priest Mackie. But Strong's apparent withdrawal in favor of younger admirers, was no sign of a slackening of

interest on his part. He took even greater pleasure than ever in Helen's society; for in his eyes she was one of the most vivacious and beautiful women he had ever met. He regarded her as infinitely above her present surroundings, which he looked down upon as thoroughly commonplace. The real reason for his absence from such festive scenes was his preference for the enjoyment of Helen's company when there was no other to share it with him.

Behind the Bailie's house was an ample garden, shaded by fine trees, and laid out with grassy lawns and gravelled footpaths. A sheltered walk between clipped yew hedges formed a pleasant and secluded resort, and many an hour did the brave Captain spend there, when the weather made it agreeable, pacing up and down and enjoying his hostess' sprightly conversation. It is doubtful whether Bailie Agnew was aware of the frequency of such interviews, but the tongues of the servants wagged merrily thereupon; it was a common subject for jest that their mistress seldom cared to pace the garden walks without some gallant to bear her company, and that the Bailie was rarely privileged to escort her. But the gossip of the servants' quarters did not rise above stairs. The Bailie did not discriminate between the Captain's attentions and those of others. He was equally averse to all Helen's admirers, and the deference which he could scarcely avoid showing them galled him exceedingly. Though she scarcely realized the fact, Captain Strong was fast becoming an indispensable element in Helen's daily life.

Strong was diplomatic in his treatment of her. In his secret heart he ridiculed the idea of any binding contract in the association of Helen and the Bailie. The man had another wife living, and no attempt had been made to prove the first marriage void; this second union was merely an arrangement of the Presbytery, which would never bear recognition in England. The Captain, therefore, set himself to

bring Helen to his way of thinking, but he did it cautiously and by degrees. He was much given to flattering her beauty and charm, and then to lamenting the want of a worthy theatre for the display of such gifts. She was so absolutely thrown away in a dull, "half-civilized town" such as Edinburgh! Were she only in London, what possibilities there would be of shining in the society of the great! He would even hint at popularity at court, where beauty and wit were always appreciated. At any rate, there could be no doubt of her conquering the world of pleasure and fashion, had she but the entry therein. Helen's ears drank in greedily his undisguised flattery; by degrees the Captain ventured to insinuate regret that Helen should have been so regardless of her own worth as to contract a union with a mere provincial magistrate,—a worthy enough man, forsooth, were it question of an ordinary burgher's daughter; but in the case of a woman of unusual beauty and charm, a grievous mistake.

With such foundations laid, it was easy to build up specious arguments—delicately expressed at first, then bolder by degrees—against the obligation of treating such a marriage as binding either in law or conscience. In England it would never be accepted as genuine, whatever Presbyterian divines might choose to say. Arrived thus far, it was inevitable that the man should proceed to urge his own suit. Why hesitate to respond to his pleadings, consent to break through the trammels which bound her, and become his lawful wife? She did not realize his boundless admiration, his deep affection, or she could never for a moment remain where she was. Why should she fear the gossip of a few scandalmongers of Edinburgh; the revilings of a party of sour preachers? Would she but entrust her happiness to him, all would be well; she might be an honored wife, enjoying the rank and position which were hers by right of her charms, out of reach of envious tongues.

Often had Captain Strong besieged

Helen with such like persuasions. She was practically won over to his views, though she refused to own it; for she shrank from the consequences of the step he continually urged. Much as she longed to be a pinnacle of worship and admiration, such as her admirer assured her would certainly be her lot, she dreaded the loss of her reputation in the city where she had reigned supreme for beauty and wit. For, strange to say, Presbyterians who had deemed it lawful for her to go through the ceremony of marriage with a man whose persecuted wife was still living, would certainly accuse her of a lapse against morality should she repudiate a union legalized by a mere clique, to enter into lawful wedlock. It was all very well for the Captain to talk of scandalmongers and sour preachers: Edinburgh was her birthplace, her own native town; and she could not bear to shut herself off from all she held dear, even were it at the certainty of satisfying her ambitious desires. Love had very little to do with the matter. She certainly had none for the unfortunate Bailie, and it is doubtful whether her heart was moved in any way by the Captain's ardently expressed devotion, or whether, indeed, she was capable of lasting affection for any one except herself.

Matters were in this state on a certain bright Sunday in June, when Bailie Agnew, in brand-new finery, his man Allardyce carrying the large-sized Bible which the Bailie loved to have in front of him at worship, proceeded to St. Giles' Church, to take his place among the other magistrates and councillors of the burgh. Helen, when invited to accompany him, had yawned and declined emphatically. She never allowed the claims of her newly adopted faith to interfere with the inclination of the moment; indeed, the Kirk seldom saw her present at service, unless some special event—such as the opening of Parliament, the attendance of the Lord Chancellor in state, or the like—promised to provide an attractive spectacle, and

justify the exhibition of a more than ordinarily elaborate toilette.

Added to her distaste for Presbyterian worship, Helen had a particular reason for wishing to be at home that morning. She had given Captain Strong to understand that, should he find time hang heavily on his hands, he might feel inclined to show kindness to her (wearied beyond expression by the Sabbath inaction inculcated by the Bailie in his household), and cheer her loneliness by a visit during kirk-time. Captain Strong needed no pressing. He had as violent a dislike as an English courtier could have of the dreary discourses and unattractive ceremonial of Scottish Presbyterian worship; to spend an hour or two in the company of the woman who so strongly allured him was bliss itself.

Helen guessed that the serving-maids were inclined to discuss her actions among themselves, and was undesirous of any such gossip reaching the ears of the Bailie. Stephen, the porter, was absent in attendance on his master; Margery, her godly tiring-woman, and all the maids except the cook, were at kirk also; Helen, therefore, resolved to be on the watch at the entrance door, in order to admit her guest and bid him enter. At the hour arranged she was in waiting below, and was able to lead her visitor upstairs to the withdrawing-room unknown to any one.

On that particular morning Helen was looking her best. She was but twenty-three, and in the prime of her beauty. Her rich, dark coloring was emphasized by her handsome robe of crimson silk and velvet, her ruff of delicate lace, and her abundant and beautiful jewelry. Captain Strong's admiration shone in his bright eyes, so persistently bent upon her face, brilliant in its loveliness. He put little restraint upon his manner that day; for he was on the eve of departure for the South, and the desire to bend Helen to his will was stronger than usual, and more openly expressed. His tenderly affectionate bearing was more than ever

accentuated; it was impossible to misunderstand the sincerity of his feelings towards her, never so clearly manifested as now. In her selfish vanity, Helen was flattered and charmed by his attentions, and the time sped too quickly for both of them. So quickly, indeed, did it pass that the sound of the return of the Bailie and his household fell upon their ears with a suddenness that was something of a shock.

But Captain Strong's ready wit rose to the occasion. He greeted the somewhat grim-visaged Bailie with the utmost cordiality, and expressed profuse regrets at having found him absent.

"Indeed," he said, bowing ceremoniously to Helen, "had it not been that Mistress Agnew herself had deigned to admit me, after repeated knocking, I should have been fain to leave my errand undischarged."

He then proceeded to invite the gratified Bailie to dine with himself and the other officers at the Castle on the morrow. He was about to take leave of Edinburgh, and wished in this way to express his gratitude for the Bailie's frequent and generous hospitality in his regard. It was not the reason for which he had come to the house that morning; but it would do (he assured himself) as well as any other, and he could easily settle matters with his fellow-officers with regard to the impromptu invitation.

"I preferred to wait upon you in person, Master Bailie," he added, "rather than send the invitation by another. It seemed more becoming to your exalted civic position."

The Bailie expressed his thanks in extravagant language. Had his visitor been other than an Englishman of rank, he would have had much to say about the unwarrantable breach of Sabbath decorum; but no more obsequious time-server was to be found in Edinburgh than Robert Agnew; and, whatever he may have felt on the subject, he restrained his tongue.

After a few more compliments to his host and hostess, the Captain took his leave, escorted to the door by the ap-

parently satisfied Bailie. But Bailie Agnew was by no means deficient in shrewd common-sense. Although he had shown no sign of it, his suspicious mind was roused. Why should Captain Strong choose such a day and such an hour—when no one was likely to be within, except perchance Mistress Helen—to convey an invitation to dinner? Why, moreover, should Helen have chosen to array herself in the bravery of silk and jewels in the privacy of her own withdrawing-room, on a Sabbath morning, when all the world, with few exceptions, might have been expected to be present at worship?

It flashed across his mind that although youthful gallants were often to be seen fluttering around Helen, the Englishman was seldom among them. For those gilded coxcombs the Bailie had but pitying contempt. Nell seemed to need some such company upon whom to sharpen her wit. But the English Captain was of different calibre. His attentions—especially if they were carried on in so secret a fashion as this appeared to demonstrate—were far more dangerous. The Bailie determined to thresh the matter out.

Their midday meal took place, as was the custom even in the most aristocratic families, in the large dining-hall near the kitchen,—master, mistress and servants sitting down together at their respective tables. It was not a method which conduced to conversation, especially of a private nature. The Bailie, therefore, postponed his remarks until he and Helen had retired to the upper floor. In the withdrawing-room above, he opened fire.

"D'ye think it seemly, Mistress, to be entertaining gallants while all godly folk are at their devotions on the Sabbath?" he asked, somewhat shamefacedly. He was less of a braggart with this wife, who had a tongue which she was capable of using effectually, as he had learned to his cost.

Helen was seated by the open window, watching the restrained movement in the street below, characteristically Sabatarian. She looked the picture of

boredom; to her these solemn Sabbaths were wearying in the extreme.

"I see nothing unseemly, Bailie," she answered curtly.

"Then I do, Mistress!" he snarled. "'Tis surely enough to have a crowd of young fools dancing around you at all hours, without being shut up here during kirk-time with any rapscallion ye may choose to let in at the door yerself, as a kitchen quean might do."

"There has been no rapscallion here," she answered haughtily, and she lifted her head contemptuously, as she fixed her dark, angry eyes upon him with an expression which startled him. "Captain Strong is a worthy gentleman, and I'll listen to no such abuse of any friend of mine!"

Her supercilious manner, rather than her angry words, irritated the easily excited man to a fury which he did not strive to control. In a torrent of indignant words he poured forth with shrill voice—his head shaking the while with the vehemence of his passion—the reproaches which had been so long pent up in his jealous heart. In his excitement he broke down the barriers of prudence. His mean and selfish mind dwelt principally upon the indignities shown to himself and his position. Not only did he remind the proud woman of his lavish gifts to her—the tributes of the devotion and admiration which had filled his heart,—but in his meanness he stooped to a phase of recrimination which his cool sense would have pronounced dangerous as well as foolish. He was unwise enough to recall the fact of her father's pecuniary losses, of his own magnanimity in overlooking Helen's lack of fortune, of his seeking her out in the humble retirement to which she had fled from the gossip of the city, and of his having placed her on her present lofty pedestal as lady of the senior Bailie of the burgh. And for all this, what had he won? Contempt and insult, the fruit of her ingratitude and want of appreciation.

When at length he ventured to lift his

gaze, which, despite his scolding tongue, was expressive of interior uneasiness, he saw her blazing eyes fixed upon him, with such haughty contempt flashing from their depths that he shivered and was silent.

In magnificent rage, Helen rose from her seat, white and trembling. Dragging the golden chain of her feathered mirror from her girdle, she flung it crashing to the floor at his feet; she plucked the rings from her fingers, the bracelets from her wrists, and cast them away from her in like manner; she tore at the chain of beautiful pearls which hung from her neck, till the silken string snapped, and the gems rolled about the room. Then, with a gesture of proud scorn, but without a single word, she swept like a whirlwind through the door, leaving the miserable Bailie huddled in his chair, open-eyed and open-mouthed in the face of a passion of anger so intense that it was beyond his puny mind to imagine the like.

Under the cover of darkness that same night, a groom waited outside the West Port (the gate of the city through which passed the highway to the south), holding two horses, each equipped with a pillion saddle. A man cloaked and prepared for riding appeared, accompanied by two female figures, each shrouded in riding cloaks and hoods. The man lifted up one of the women to the saddle of his own steed; his servant did the like with regard to the other; then the men, mounting, rode off swiftly into the darkness towards the English border.

Helen, in her fierce anger, had made known to Captain Strong her resolve to leave for ever, in his company, the so-called husband she had grown to hate; renouncing at the same time the admiration, envy and flattery of Edinburgh folk, which had suddenly become distasteful to her. With Margery for chaperon she was now on her way towards England, and the enjoyment of that dazzling future which opened before her mental vision.

(To be continued.)

Prayer for Guidance.

BY MEREDITH STARR.

OUR path is veiled in mist and cloud,
Our soul is sunken in deep gloom,
While evil things about us crowd,—
Vultures and vampires of the tomb.

O loving Lord of life and death,
Be with us, lest we faint and fall;
And quicken with Thy blessed breath
When ills prevent, when fears appall.

O Thou who art above all praise!
Sole solace of the heart that bleeds!
Guide Thou our footsteps through the maze
Of doubtful paths and doubtful creeds.

St. Hugh of Lincoln.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

THE life of St. Hugh of Lincoln, after whom Monsignor R. H. Benson was named, and whose patron he was, shows how well this brilliant son of Holy Church lived up to the example and traditions of his predecessor of eight centuries ago. There is a great similarity, too, in their characters, and in the development of the higher spiritual life in both of them.

St. Hugh of Lincoln was born about the year 1135, in the Castle of Avalon, near Pontcharra, in Burgundy. His father was Lord of Avalon, one of the noblest of the Burgundian aristocracy; but little seems to be recorded about his mother, or what influence she exercised on his after career. When she died, evidently while her gifted son was still a mere boy, her bereft husband retired to the Augustinian Monastery of Villard-Benoit, near Grenoble, taking the boy Hugh with him; and here he became a religious, and was ordained deacon at the age of nineteen. Five years later he was sent as prior to the dependent house of St. Maximum, near his ancestral home, where his brother William ruled in place of their father. He had not yet attained

priest's orders, but he labored assiduously at preaching and teaching,—in fact, at all the work he was permitted to undertake as deacon.

All the time he was anxious for the contemplative rather than the active life; and, in the hope of achieving his desire, he visited the solitude of Grande Chartreuse in company with his old superior of Villard-Benoit—Dom Basil, the then head of Chartreuse,—to whom he confided his desire of submitting to the Carthusian rule. Dom Basil gave him little encouragement, but that was in order to put his vocation to the test; and his own prior, fearing to lose him, refused to give him permission to tarry at Grande Chartreuse. In addition, he exacted a promise against following out his purpose. Hugh submitted in good faith and purity of intention, placing his trust in Almighty God to accomplish his deliverance if it were His will. Later he returned to Grande Chartreuse, this time as a novice. Soon after his profession, the prior placed him in charge of a very old and infirm priest, from whom he received the necessary instruction in preparation for the priesthood; but he is said to have been about thirty years of age before his ordination.

Ten years after joining the Carthusians, he was elected to the important and difficult office of procurator, which he held for seventeen years, and then gave up only to become prior of Witham Abbey, in England,—the first Carthusian foundation in that country. This abbey was founded by Henry II. in compensation for his failure to perform the penance imposed upon him for the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury (Thomas à Becket),—to wit, to go on a crusade against the infidel. The first two priors had succumbed to the hardships encountered at Witham, the walls of which had no roof to shelter the monks from the severity of winter; and Hugh's taking up the burden there was by special request of the English King, who had heard of his fame from one of the French nobles.

On entering into his new duties in England, our saint's first care was the building of a Charterhouse, submitting the plans to the King for approbation; and also exacting compensation from him for any tenants evicted to make room for the new building, which took a long time to erect, owing to the royal parsimony. When it was eventually completed, it was an exact copy of Grande Chartreuse; and, as Witham bordered on Selwood Forest, one of Henry's favorite hunting-places, he took great pleasure in the new abbey and was fond of visiting there. Despite his patronage, St. Hugh had no fears in reprimanding him for his faults, especially for violating the rights of the Church by keeping bishoprics vacant in order to appropriate the revenues thereof, and interfering in ecclesiastical elections.

In May, 1180, Henry summoned a council of bishops and barons to meet at Eynsham to discuss various matters of state, principally the filling of vacant Sees. At the time Lincoln had been without a bishop for sixteen years, and the Canons were ordered to elect one forthwith. Their choice fell on our saint, the King's nominee, on which account he refused the honor. At a second election he was chosen by a unanimous vote, but he still refused to take the office until the Prior of Grande Chartreuse gave his consent. He was consecrated in St. Catherine's Chapel, Westminster, on September 21, 1181, by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and enthroned in Lincoln cathedral on the 29th of the same month. But, unmindful of favor or patronage, he at once set about the work of reform, attacked the forest laws, refused to install the King's courtier as a prebendary of Lincoln, and excommunicated the King's chief forester,—for all of which Henry summoned him to Woodstock; but his ready wit saved the situation and turned the tide in his favor.

During his reign, Lincoln was a model diocese, because he rarely left it, and

attended in person to all the important business thereof,—taking much thought in the choice of men for the care of souls, becoming personally acquainted with all his priests, and holding regular canonical visitations. One of his rules was that all his Canons should reside at Lincoln; or, if unable to do so, should appoint vicars to take their places at Divine Office. He was also conspicuous for charity to the poor, and it is recorded that he was wont to attend with his own hands persons afflicted with leprosy, a disease then common in England. But once a year he returned to Witham for a spell of prayer and quiet meditation.

In July, 1188, he went on an embassy to France, and was there when King Henry died; but was back the following year, and taking part in the coronation of Richard I., during whose reign he had much to do in protecting the Jews and opposing unjust royal demands; for Richard was a much more difficult character to deal with than Henry. His refusal to furnish money or soldiers for wars undertaken outside of England, and thus setting an example to others to follow suit, led to the confiscation of the saint's property; but no one could be found willing to lay hands on it. To end the unpleasant situation, St. Hugh went in person to Normandy, where Richard then was, and not only won his pardon, but had the temerity to rebuke the King for his faults, particularly marital infidelity and encroachment on the Church's rights. "Truly," said Richard to his courtiers, "if all prelates of the Church were like him, not a king in Christendom would dare to raise his head in the presence of a bishop."

Hostilities were resumed by Richard's advancing a claim for money from the chapter of Lincoln, and St. Hugh again journeyed to Normandy to remonstrate,—only, as before, to arrive for the death and obsequies of his monarch. He returned for John's coronation service in May, 1199; but was soon back again in

France, aiding his new sovereign in affairs of state. He found time, however, while on the other side of the Channel, to pay a visit to Grande Chartreuse, and was received everywhere with tokens of respect and love. Returning to England, he was attacked by fever, and died a few months later at Old Temple, the London residence of the bishops of Lincoln. A Primate performed his obsequies in Lincoln cathedral, and King John assisted in carrying his coffin to the grave in the northeast transept. He was canonized in 1220 by Honorius III., and sixty years later his remains were translated to a conspicuous place in the south transept. A magnificent golden shrine contained his relics, and Lincoln became the most famous place of pilgrimage in England. But at the time of the so-called Reformation, these relics were cast to the four winds, and the shrine and its wealth confiscated by Henry. The saint's feast is observed on November 17. In the Carthusian Order, he is reckoned worthy of first place, St. Bruno only excepted; and the great modern Charterhouse at Parkminster, in Sussex, is dedicated to him.

Like all foreign prelates, St. Hugh of Lincoln was a mighty builder. He rebuilt his own cathedral when it was destroyed by an earthquake in 1185; and, before his death, had begun the hall of the bishop's palace. His emblem was a white swan, in reference to the story of the swan of Stowe, which contracted an extraordinary affection for him, even guarding him while he slept. In statues of the saint, a white swan always figures.

OUR Lord proclaimed not a new law, but that which had been the law from the beginning. He came not to destroy the past, but to fulfil it. The germs of the future are always in the past; and all true progress and reform consist in developing, not in destroying them. The real reformer never reproduces the past: he develops and matures the germs it contained.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Betty's Tramp.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

HOST and guest were at table in the dining-room of that picturesque and storied ancient mansion, Thornyold Hall. The guest was a privileged cousin, and ever since his arrival in the afternoon had been impatient to ask questions.

"Do tell me about that fire!" he said. "Was it really the work of an incendiary?"

"Now that wife Betty and the servants are gone, I will tell you," replied the host.

* * *

You know Betty. She always reminds me of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who had to be restrained by her husband from giving away all his substance to the poor. I have never ventured to look too closely into her doings, lest loaves should be turned into roses in her hands; for if a miracle were to happen, I could never dare to remonstrate with her again.

Well, one morning Betty was taking her walk. It was late autumn weather and the air was growing chill. The sun was shining on my wife,—how could he help it, no matter in how sulky a humor? But Betty's eyes fell on a huge mass of dishevelled cloud prowling round the horizon, and she said to herself that we were going to have an awful night of rain and tempest.

Just then an old man met her on the road,—quite the sort of decent, patched, submissive-looking tramp whom Betty always describes as a "poor gentleman." They have seen better days and have a noble scorn of the workhouse. Betty weaves her halo of romance round them all. On this occasion she stopped to hearken to the old man's complaint and to interest herself in his family history. It was a pleasing variant of the usual tale. He was a "poor orphan," reared on a respectable farm in a neighboring shire. His dead brother's widow had schemed to deprive him of the share

due to his labor on the farm. He led a wandering life, having a crippled hand from rheumatism. He carried a wallet on his back and a staff in his hand. No, he would not go into the workhouse yet. That would come time enough, when he could no longer walk about. The air of heaven was sweet; he picked up a bit to eat as he went along, besides a few coppers. He paid fourpence a night for his lodging, when he had it to give; and sometimes he met with a cottage where the people would take him in. Sometimes he slept under a hedge. Now and again some charitable person allowed him to rest in a barn.

No doubt Betty gave him money, though she does not tell. However, she looked at that uncanny cloud writhing and spreading up the firmament like some wild-haired monster with many heads and limbs; and she reflected that there was no cottage near enough to be a probable shelter for the wanderer that night, and she promptly gave him an invitation to make himself comfortable in one of our outhouses. We had a party of guests here at the time, and that day I had accompanied them to the hunt. While dressing for dinner Betty related to me her adventure of the morning.

"All right," I said. "I wonder you did not put one of the best bedrooms at his disposal."

We had among us at table a distinguished political economist, and the conversation turned on his favorite subject. Some of his theories were decidedly different from Betty's. He is not a hard-hearted man; but at times, in his energetic handling of the subject of the survival of the unfittest, he does himself injustice. I looked at my wife, who sat opposite to me at the other end of the table, radiant, all in white, with an opal necklace like a bit of a rainbow. Nature has tinted her so exquisitely, you know, that her daintiness can not bear any but the most delicate colors. I saw her pause on a half-uttered witticism to a neighbor

as her ear caught one of my political economist's most cynical observations. Betty's grey eyes can flash under her sunny hair, and they flashed at this moment; her resentment is like summer lightning, and sometimes I am wicked enough to take pleasure in provoking it. To tease her now, I began to tell the story of her morning's encounter with an interesting poor old gentleman, and her ready invitation to him to call on us at nightfall.

"My dear, how *could* you be so imprudent?" exclaimed one of our lady guests—a person of experience.

"Why imprudent?" asked Betty.

"Because it is probably a trick of burglars. That is the kind of thing they do."

"Quite true," said somebody else. "I knew a case of it."

"But there is nothing to steal in a barn," replied Betty.

"Oh, they get into the house somehow, reconnoitre the place, wheedle the servants—they're so cunning!"

A general murmur showed a consensus of opinion in favor of allowing tramps to continue their tramps, uninvited into barns. My political economist friend did not speak, only sat with his eyebrows a little elevated, intent on extracting the kernel nicely from a walnut. Betty was studying the pattern on her dessert plate. When there was a moment's pause she looked up suddenly and said with spirit:

"I did rather a poor act of charity, as I invited him only into a barn. Does no one here believe in Providence?"

There was a subdued protest.

"Well, my dear lady," began an old gentleman—

"Betty always takes things so much to heart!" remarked one of her feminine friends.

I thought she was described truly as a "dear lady," as I caught sight of just a flick of a tear on her eyelash while she darted a gently reproachful glance at me. I was also glad to agree with

the last speaker, seeing that Betty had taken me to heart for life.

Fortunately, it was time for the ladies to retire to the drawing-room; and my wife rose from the table, putting an end to the conversation. The evening passed pleasantly, without any further allusion to Betty's tramp.

It was quite late and our guests were all in their chambers when I looked into Betty's dressing-room and saw her just leaving it by another door. I followed her to the nursery and heard her dismissing the nurse on a secret errand down to the servants' quarters.

"Bring me word," she said, "if that poor old man arrived, and if he has been made comfortable in the barn."

I found her bending over our infant's cot in an attitude of adoration. She was crooning softly that bewitching lullaby of Scott's:

Oh, hush thee, my baby! Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother's a lady so lovely and bright;
And all these fair lands from the woods to the sea,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee!

I discovered myself by stealing an arm round her and joining in her act of worship on bended knee. We are rather foolish parents, you know, both of us; and that little boy upstairs will be a spoiled monkey some of these days, I am afraid. In a short time Betty hustled me out of the nursery, saying she would follow me quickly. I was considerate enough to allow her to receive the whispered message of the returning nurse,—which, however, I overheard:

"The old man came and got his supper. They have made him up a comfortable bed in the barn."

Within an hour afterward, I believe I may say, everyone under this roof was fast asleep. About three o'clock in the morning I was aroused by a loud noise from somewhere below. I listened, and it was repeated: a clamorous knocking, blows resounding on wood—probably the panels of the hall door. My first thought was of burglars as I sprang to my feet,

some echo of the conversation of the dinner table flying across my brain. But would burglars announce themselves in such a fashion?

In a second I was outside my door and was met by a torrent of smoke and a smell of burning wood. The house was on fire, and the noise was being made to alarm the household. The smoke poured in thick clouds from the distant end of a long corridor, penetrating into rooms where it would soon have put an end to the sleepers within by asphyxiation.

I rang all the electric bells within my reach, threw open a window and fired a gun. Immediately the doors began to open, and terrified men and women, hastily, half-clothed, ran out of them. The word, "Fire! fire!" flew from mouth to mouth. Betty came to me through the smoke, clutching our child, not saying a word, and followed by the terrified nurse.

It was a dreadful scene. A few of us had our wits about us and discovered a way down to the big hall, where there was no fire, and where the noise of the blows on the outside of the door was deafening. The door was thrown open, and there outside was an old man, literally dancing with excitement on the steps, swinging a threshing-flail with which he had been making rough dents on the woodwork of the entrance to this dwelling. We were weak enough to pardon him, however, in consideration of his having been the savior of our lives.

The fire was controlled, as you know. (I have, fortunately, very good arrangements to meet such an emergency.) It was found that the mischief had not spread far, having originated in a closet under a back staircase where firewood was kept. But that smoke in the corridor had been the forerunner of death. Another half hour and this old house, which is lined with wood panellings and threaded by oak staircases, would have burned up like an ignited match-box. Since then I have thought it well to have an iron stair, with door opening from every landing, fixed to

an end of the house, running from bottom to top. The shrubbery screens pretty well.

We were rather a scared-looking party next morning meeting at breakfast. One or two of our lady friends appeared to have been almost frightened out of their senses, and departed as early as possible; one declaring that she was sure that old man was at the bottom of it all somehow, and that he would make another attack on the house next night. Betty said little but looked triumphant. When the indignant ladies had gone, and a few of us, the political economist included, met again at luncheon, my wife said slyly:

"I want to put a question to you gentlemen, who look so wise. If I had allowed my old man to go tramping on, as you would have done, where do you think you would have been this morning?"

"I acknowledge he made himself useful," said my theorizing friend.

"We were speaking yesterday evening of Providence," said Betty.

My friend smiled.

"Accident, coincidence, account for much. But, I repeat, we owe a debt of gratitude to the old man and to you."

"Not to me, not even to him!" said Betty, with tears.

I changed the conversation. Our friend left us that evening. When he was gone Betty turned to me and said:

"Never, if you love me, invite that horrid man here again."

"But what about your ungrateful ladies?" I asked her.

"They are only silly. But, O Heaven, you wise men!"

"What do you want?" I inquired. "Do you expect a political economist to believe in miracles?"

"I expect nothing; I only know what happened," she said. "If I had been too prudent to do a common act of charity, the old man would have gone on his way, and there would have been no one to see from the barn that smoke and flame ascending from the house where we were all sleeping so soundly."

"You think that Providence, seeing the fire coming, sent that old man in your way to give you an opportunity; also put that threatening cloud in the sky to stimulate your pity by suggesting a storm, which, by the way, did not come off?"

"You are very irreverent," said Betty. "If I had known what you are I would never have married you!"

"Nay," I said, "I am no scoffer."

And so we made up the quarrel.

As for the old man, we have settled him in a cottage on the estate, and look after him assiduously. I tell Betty people will think he is a miserly granduncle of hers, expected to leave a million to our descendants. Betty smiles indulgently.

The Passing of a Noble Spirit.

MOTHER AMADEUS, OF THE ORDER OF ST. URSULA.

WORD has come from the novitiate of the Alaskan Missions at Seattle of the saintly death of the Rev. Mother Provincial Mary Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus, foundress of the Indian missions of Montana, and the even more wonderful missions among the Eskimos of Alaska. We trust that the Life of this noble woman may be written by one well competent to perform the task, lest the example of her achievements, and the marvellous story of her last days, should sink into oblivion amid the uproar of the world's upheaval. In this brief sketch we can give only an imperfect outline of what she did and what she suffered. And if we use expressions which show our admiration of a record which seems to attain unto sanctity, we do so with complete submission to the verdict of the Church's authority.

Sarah Teresa Dunne was born of Irish parents at Akron, Ohio, on the 2d of July, 1846. She was a sister of Judge Dunne, chief justice of Arizona, the champion of Catholic schools, founder of the Catholic colony of San Antonio,

Florida, and brilliant orator on many prominent occasions. She made her First Communion when she was eight years old—an early age in those days,—and soon after she went as a pupil to the Ursuline Convent of Cleveland. It may be said that she remained an Ursuline all her life, for from the graduating hall she passed to the novitiate of the Ursulines of Toledo. At the death of the foundress of that convent, Sister Amadeus, still young, was unanimously elected, and afterwards re-elected, superior. In 1884 she was appointed superior of all the Indian missions which she herself was sent to found in the then distant region of Montana. We have not time to speak of the twelve missions which she established among the different tribes of that State,—a work more than sufficient for an ordinary lifetime. The title of Superior General of the Missions was conferred upon her by the Propaganda, but these were only the beginning of her long and glorious labors.

In 1900 Mother Amadeus was called to Rome by Pope Leo XIII., and assisted as a prominent member of the first general chapter of her Order in that city. Very soon after, she was made first Provincial of the Northern Province of the Ursulines in the United States, with supervision of all houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But her heart was ever in the Far North, and as soon as her term of office had expired she obtained permission and authority to open the missions of Alaska.

At about this time something happened which made the remainder of her life more tragically heroic. In a railway accident in Montana, in the year 1902, she suffered a fracture of the hip, from which she never really recovered. But she went bravely forward, walking with a cane, silently enduring an agony which increased until she could walk no more. Did this cause her to abandon the Alaskan missions? Did she forget the Eskimo children of her dreams? We shall see.

In 1905, as soon as she was free and

able, she established the first mission in the interior of Northern Alaska. After that, her work for those dreadful missions (God forgive my calling them so!) was incessant. She founded four more, including the notable one at St. Michael and the novitiate at Seattle, which last was made possible by the generosity of the late Mrs. Thomas Ryan, of New York (God rest her soul!)—for the wise foundress needed a house where her novices could be trained for their stern labors, and whither they might retire (every ten years or so!) to recruit their strength.

In spite of her crippled condition and her advancing years, the brave superior made six journeys to far Alaska, and four official visits to Rome. I may add that she became well known and beloved in the Eternal City, as was shown by the blessings, and messages which she received in her last long hours of suffering from Cardinals and the Holy Father himself. Once, on her arrival at the portals of St. John Lateran, one of those Cardinals met her and exclaimed: "Mother Amadeus, you have a heart of gold!"

On the 22d of July, 1918, the good Mother sailed for the Far North, accompanied by her intrepid and ever faithful companion, whose name—may it also be written in the Book of the Living! Mother Amadeus was then in the seventy-third year of her age. Let us follow her reverently on this which was to prove her last long earthly journey; for we are entering into a region which is veiled by the shadow of God's mysterious dealings with His beloved ones.

A fierce storm arose at sea, and Mother Amadeus was tossed from her berth, suffering fresh injury to her poor damaged hip. On arrival she was taken to the little hospital at St. Michael's mission; but soon emerged, undaunted, to make her visit to the mission at Nararosa-Mak, as the Eskimos call it,—“The End of the World.” And then she went with Bishop Crimont, S. J., on his Confirmation tour up the great Yukon River. After visiting

her mission of Holy Cross, she returned to St. Michael. But on the 28th of October she fell again, and then began her strangely protracted agony. She was anointed on the 6th of December. Three days afterward—days measured only by the clock, for the Arctic night had well set in—the little convent of St. Michael was burned,—burned in an hour, we do not say to the ground, but deep into the snow and ice, in which it was half imbedded.

The chaplain saved the Blessed Sacrament, and the Sisters carried their precious patient out into the cold starlight. In utter poverty and almost nakedness, they stood and saw their convent destroyed, with the thermometer at forty below zero—it was that and more for weeks at a stretch,—and the fierce wind blowing. Why did she not die then and there? Why did they not *all* die in that awful night? The gallant commander of the little Fort St. Michael (God bless him and his!) came to the rescue, and they were carried safely in, and no one died.

But, oh, that dreadful winter! The scourge came—the influenza,—and the poor Eskimos died off like frozen flies. The very dogs were quarantined; even the wireless stopped speaking, and the food supply was cut off. Mother Amadeus could take nothing but milk, and no milk was to be had. Even some of the strong Sisters were fainting from starvation. Why then did *she* not die? Our Lord was keeping her, in His strange, adorable Providence, for greater merit, and a grander example for us who are such cowards. Acute neuralgia set in, torturing her crippled limb, and causing sharper pain to the very last. But no complaint escaped her lips, and her noble countenance was bright with the calm of interior peace and “triumphant patience,” or lighted up as though by some reflected radiance.

And so the slow winter wore away. And at last, when summer had come to us here, the ice there began to break up, and then the long-desired first boat came in, and the famine was over. But it

was not until the 30th of June that the boat could sail to carry the dying Mother and her devoted companion back to the sweet retreat of the novitiate at Seattle. But the end was not yet. Gethsemane perhaps was ending at last, but Calvary was yet to come.

They placed her bed close to the chapel door, where she could see the altar, and assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion every day. And then she passed into a state of profound silence, broken only by some whisper of thanks, or gentle expression of her supreme joy at receiving Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Each morning her faithful companion, after serving the chaplain's breakfast, would return and help her with her thanksgiving, praying and singing for her. She loved best the Plain Chant of the Office, and the *Adoro Te* and the *Panis Angelicus*.

On the 30th day of July seven of her Ursuline daughters bade good-bye to their dying Mother. They were going to the new mission which she had laid down her life to found, in the Seward Peninsula, nearly one hundred miles north of Nome,—a mission refuge for the little ones made orphans by the influenza. The departing Sisters were admitted one by one, lest the emotion should prove too great for their seemingly exhausted Mother. But when they were gone, she whispered to her companion: "Brave soldiers! Would that you and I were going with them!"

Night and day the Sisters watched her; for each day, it was thought, would be the last. But three months and more were yet to pass before the end should come. And then, on the 10th day of this November, her soul went forth in peace to meet the Bridegroom. On this last missionary journey she had been thrice anointed. It had been one of long suffering,—of suffering not only calmly borne, but grandly despised.

The writer of this sketch had the privilege of knowing Mother Amadeus. He remembers best the tranquillity of her beautiful eyes; for, as was said of

her by one of her companions, "she had the clear eye of child and saint in one." He can not close this imperfect narrative without stating that these heroic Ursulines of the Alaska mission possess no revenues whatever. They are kept from starving, they and their Eskimo charges, solely by voluntary contributions. May the fire of God's love touch our cold hearts!

F., C. P.

Thoughts for the Advent Season.¹

NOW that the most sacred and solemn day is approaching when our Saviour was pleased of His mercy to be born among men, consider diligently, beloved brethren, in what manner it befits us to be prepared on the advent of so great a Power; that so, joyous and glad of heart, we may be accounted worthy to receive Our Lord with honor and praise; and in His sight to rejoice with thankfulness, amidst the blessed companies of the saints, rather than by Him to be cast off in punishment of our vileness, and to deserve, with the sinners, everlasting confusion. Wherefore I entreat and admonish that, with the help of God, we labor all we can, that so on that day we may be able with a conscience void of offence, a clean heart, and a chaste body, to draw near the altar of the Lord and deserve to receive His body and blood, not to condemnation but to our soul's health.

For in the body of Jesus Christ standeth our life, even as He Himself has said: "Unless you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you."² Let him, then, change his life who desires to receive Life. For unless he changes his life he will receive Life to condemnation, and be rather corrupted by It than healed, rather killed than made alive. So said the Apostle: "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself."³

¹ Selections from two homilies by St. Caesarius (470-542). Translated by F. O.

² St. John, vi, 54.

³ I Cor., xi, 29.

And although it befits us at all times to be adorned and resplendent with good works, most chiefly on the day of Our Lord's Nativity ought your works (as Himself also says in the Gospel) to "shine before men."¹ Consider, I entreat you, brethren, when any man in power or of noble birth desires to celebrate his own birthday, or that of a son, how diligently for many days before he looks to what is wrong with his dwelling, and orders to be cleansed whatever he sees soiled in his house; bids what is trifling and unbecoming be cast away, and what is useful and necessary set forth. The house, too, if it be dingy, is whitewashed, the floors are swept, and strewed and adorned with various flowers; and whatever serves to gladness of mind and comfort of body is provided with all care.

And why all this, beloved brethren, but to celebrate with joy the birthday of some perishable mortal? If, then, you make such preparations on your own birthday, or that of a son, O how many, and of what kinds, should be your preparations for the birthday of your Lord! If you prepare this for a mortal, what ought you to prepare for the Eternal! Whatever, then, you would be unwilling to find, so far as you can help it, in your dwelling-house, strive that God find not in your heart.

Oh, how happy is that soul which seeks, with God's help, so to order its life that it may deserve to receive Christ as a guest and indweller! And, on the contrary, how miserable that conscience, and to be mourned over with a flood of tears, which by evil works has so distorted itself that, so far from Christ resting in it, the devil begins to rule there! Such a soul as this, unless the remedy of penance soon come to its aid, is forsaken of the light and possessed of darkness; it is emptied of sweetness and filled with bitterness; a prey to Death, and by Life rejected.

These things, then, beloved brethren, consider day by day; and let those who

are good strive, with the grace of God, to go on in good works; since it is not he who has begun, but he who has gone on even to the end, that will be saved. But let those who are conscious of being slow in almsgiving and quick to anger and prone to excess, hasten, with the help of the Lord, to deliver themselves from evil; that so they may have grace to fulfil what is good; that when the Day of Judgment shall come they may not be found among the unholy, but deserve to attain, with the just and merciful, to everlasting rewards.

On the Lord's birthday, my beloved brethren, Jesus Christ was joined, as it were, in spiritual espousals, to His bride, the Church. Then "Truth flourished out of the earth, and Righteousness looked down from heaven." Then "the bridegroom came forth out of his chamber,"—that is the Word of God out of the womb of the Virgin. He came forth with His spouse, the Church,—that is, He took on Himself human flesh. Now, then, that we are invited to those so holy nuptials, and are to be received at the banquet of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, consider in what garments we ought to be clothed. And therefore let us cleanse as far as we can, with the help of God, both our hearts and bodies; so that the heavenly King who invites us may find nothing unclean in us, nothing loathsome, nothing dark, nothing unworthy of His eyes.

These, then, are matters, beloved brethren, which we should consider not cursorily but with great fear. For we have been invited to a marriage at which ourselves, if we act well, shall be brides. Let us reflect, then, to what a marriage, let us ponder well to what a Spouse, or to what a banquet, we have been invited,—to a table where not the food of man is found, but the Bread of Angels is set before us. And therefore let us see that in the soul within, where we ought to be adorned with the pearls of good works, we appear not wrapped up in the tattered rags of vice.

¹ St. Matt., v, 16.

The Faith of Bretons.

"YOU Bretons have more faith than we people of Touraine," I said to the good-natured priest who sat by me in the train. We were fellow-pilgrims on our way to Lourdes.

"I should think we Bretons had more faith!" he answered, perhaps just a little disdainfully. "And when we want a thing we know how to ask for it. *Tenez!* When I was a boy—"

But here the other pilgrims in the compartment pricked up their ears and politely begged leave to listen.

"*Eh bien!* When I was a child of five or six," said the priest, "I happened on one occasion to be walking with my father through the streets of a village in our country. It was a hot summer's day. Not a cloud was visible, not a sign of rain could be seen in the sky. And this dryness was greatly bemoaned by the peasants, whose crops were perishing from the drought; for the grass that year was withered and burned, the streams dried up in their beds. If rain did not fall, and speedily too, it meant ruin for all the village. Yet, as I said before, not a cloud was visible.

"Now, the village church stood at the head of the street through which we were passing, and we entered by a side door, in order to pray before the Blessed Sacrament. Suddenly the great door was opened with a bang, we heard a shuffling of feet, and into the church poured a crowd of peasant women, completely filling the edifice. Rich and poor, old and young,—on they went up to the Communion rails; and so tightly wedged were they against one another that my father, somewhat alarmed for my safety, stood me up on the bench before him.

"And it was then that I noticed a curious thing which impressed itself on my memory, to remain there forever. The sky outside was as clear as ever, the sun was

shining fiercely, yet every woman that entered the church *carried an umbrella!*

"Of what happened after this I have little recollection—how long the crowd prayed, or what words were used. This, however, I remember well—that they prayed for rain, and that when they were leaving the church large drops were already beginning to fall.

"And," added the priest, with a faint smile, "my father and I, who had no umbrella, were drenched before we reached home. I remember that, too, very well indeed."

The World's Homage to Christ.

"YOU say that there is no longer any question of a personal God," declared a Catholic to one of the atheists of our time; "and yet to all our documents we place figures which proclaim this God—so many years since the coming of God on the earth? And note that there can be no equivocation here. *Anno Domini.* You can not say: 'Of what God are they speaking?' And when you take your vacation at Easter, what do you do but celebrate, in spite of yourself, the Resurrection, the triumph of the Man-God? You atheists tried a century and more ago to proclaim a new era and a new chronology, to do away with the one that confounded you. How long did that reform last? The centuries of God returned, in spite of all the efforts of those whom you call your 'great ancestors.'"

Whether one wishes it or not, whether one knows it or not, the world dates its new life, reckons the years from the moment when Jesus Christ appeared upon the earth. All that precedes are only the years of waiting for the Saviour—"before Christ"; all that has taken place since His coming is dated from the number of years which have passed since that stupendous event. Atheists do this with all the rest of mankind, thereby rendering homage to truth.

Our Union with God.

IN the decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, relative to the practice of frequent and daily Communion, it is said that the practice "fosters union with Christ." Such union is obviously the great desideratum in every human life. Salvation itself is merely union with God,—a union that can not be dissevered; and daily Communion, the renewal day after day of sacramental union with Christ, is accordingly, in a very intelligible sense, saving one's soul alive. Yet it is the experience of many who have adopted the salutary practice of communicating frequently that they still seem far from sanctification, that they are still guilty of innumerable venial sins, even if they shun mortal ones. What is the reason? St. Francis de Sales tells us: "See why we never arrive at sanctification after the many Communions we make. It is because we do not suffer the Lord to reign in us as He would desire. He enters our breast and finds our hearts full of desires, affections, and trifling vanities."

It is a commonplace of spiritual writers and of ascetic theology that "our God is a jealous God." He will not be content with a divided affection, a half-hearted love; and hence, until we can testify that there is nothing on earth that has power to interfere with our supreme affection for God, we can hardly hope to be united to Him. St. John Chrysostom puts the matter in a very clear light in the following passage:

"The soul which remains attached to anything, even to the least thing, will never, however many its virtues may be, arrive at the liberty of the divine union. It matters little whether a bird be fastened by a stout or a slender cord: as long as he does not break it, it will prevent him from flying freely. Oh, what a pity it is to see some souls, like rich ships, loaded with a precious freight of good works, spiritual exercises, virtues and favors, yet which, for want of courage to make an end of some miserable little fancy or affection, can never arrive at the port of divine union, though it needs

only one good, earnest effort to break asunder that thread of attachment! For, to a soul free from attachment to any creature, the Lord can not fail to communicate Himself fully, as the sun can not help entering and lighting up an open room when the sky is clear."

It is worth while remarking that St. John, in the foregoing statement, uses "creature" in its most absolute sense,—that in which it is contra-distinguished from the Creator; and that accordingly, in speaking of a soul free from attachment to any creature, he means free from not only undue affection for human beings, but from self-seeking, ambition, worldly possessions, fame, popularity, personal ease and comfort, dress, food and drink, social pleasures, and anything else that is not God, or among "the things that please Him." If a thorough examination of our conscience discloses the fact that we are guilty of inordinate affection for any of these "creatures," then we know why our union with God is impeded, and what we must do in order that the hindrance to complete union may be removed. This is what is recommended by Blessed Henry Suso, who says: "When one seeks to unite himself with God, he should endeavor to discover by self-examination whether there is anything which forms a barrier between his soul and God, and whether in anything he seeks himself or turns back to himself."

If it be urged that these maxims of the saints are scarcely appropriate as counsels to ordinary Christians engaged in the hurly-burly of the world, it may be pointed out that the practice of frequent and daily Communion presupposes on the part of those who adopt it a genuine desire to advance as far as possible on the road to sanctity; and that, in consequence, they may be considered not unwilling to avail themselves of the experience of those who have travelled that road. After all, if we are to save our souls, we must achieve some degree of sanctity or holiness,—must, in other words, both aspire to and attain, even in this life, union with God.

Notes and Remarks.

While admitting (in a recent address to the presidents and delegates of the diocesan groups of the Italian Women's Union) that, as a result of the changed conditions of the times, new activities are now opening out before women, Pope Benedict declares that "no change in the opinions of men, no novelty of circumstances and events, will ever remove woman, conscious of her mission, from her natural centre, which is the family. At the domestic hearth she is queen; but even when at a distance from the domestic hearth she must direct towards it not only her natural affection, but also the cares of a prudent ruler, in the same manner as a sovereign who is outside of the territory of his own State does not neglect the welfare of that State, but always keeps it foremost in his thoughts and solicitude. Hence it may be justly said that the changed conditions of the times have enlarged the field of woman's activity. An apostolate of woman in the world has succeeded that more intimate and restricted action which she formerly exercised within the domestic walls; but this apostolate must be carried out in such a manner as to make it evident that woman, both outside and within the home, shall not forget that it is her duty, even to-day, to consecrate her principal cares to the family."

The importance and timeliness of the Holy Father's words will be plain to everyone. They should be taken to heart by women, pondered also by those who would have women restricted to their former rights and functions.

Political economy used to be called the "disinal science," and it had much to tell of a more or less mythical being, "the economic man." Nowadays economics is based on human nature as it really is, and the economic man has given way to the real individual of flesh and blood.

There is still a danger, however, that intense students of economics may, in their elaboration of social or industrial theories, forget or ignore the human element which inevitably appears whenever theory is translated into practice. In a recent declaration on the living wage, Cardinal Bourne calls the attention of both Capital and Labor to some first principles which neither of them can afford to disregard. "In dealing with these fundamental questions," he says, "it must never be forgotten that it is not merely a question of abstractions such as supply and demand, exchange and barter; but that living beings are involved, and definite, unchanging principles, antecedent to and transcending all economic theories. Justice demands a fair wage, but at the same time calls for a conscientious fulfilment of the duty that receives a fair remuneration. Employers are not justified in trading on the helplessness of those whom they employ, in order to obtain their labor at too low a rate of recompense. An unfair attitude on either side is morally indefensible, and can find no justification in appeals to so-called economic laws."

The statement that famine now threatens millions of people in the Near East is substantiated by Mr. Charles V. Vickrey, secretary of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, who has been personally—and self-sacrificingly—investigating the condition of the Armenians still surviving Turkish cruelty. We append a cable dispatch received from him last week at the headquarters of Near East Relief in New York, hoping that all charitable appeals to the general public, not urgently pressing, may be suspended until the desperate condition which Mr. Vickrey describes is relieved:

Have just returned from interior of Caucasus, where million Christian refugees and other Armenians have reached state of destitution that beggars description. Most of able-bodied men have already perished fighting for Allied

cause. Remnant, chiefly women and children, surrounded by hostile Turks, Kurds and Tartars, face almost certain extermination, unless help on large scale comes from America. These people, universally recognized in 'normal times as the most thrifty, industrious, and prosperous people of Western Asia, have now been for four years exiled or fugitive from their ancestral homes. Their last vestige of negotiable property has been sacrificed for food and protection. Repatriation this year utterly impossible. Turks still hold their homes. Attempted return means death. Thousands of women and children have but a single garment to cover their nakedness and to protect them from the bitterly cold winter on the high plateaus around Mount Ararat. Empty flour-sacks bearing names of American firms are improvised as clothing for children. Rags are used as shoes. All flour and food staples now come through Armenian relief; but total supply in prospect will last only few weeks at most. Hundreds of tons of cast-off clothing from America could be used immediately. Thirty thousand tons of foodstuffs in addition to present supply must be provided, or this winter will bring the greatest harvest of death from famine that has yet been known by this martyr nation.

Persons who have been lamenting the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims, and expending indignation against the "Huns" for such an atrocity, must have been surprised to hear of Mass being celebrated in that beautiful edifice on All Saints' Day. The very newspapers which reported its "martyrdom," filling many columns with accounts of ruined altars, pillars, windows, etc., now blandly state that, "after all, the building did not suffer so much as was at first supposed"; and quote Cardinal Lucon as saying: "My cathedral destroyed! Why, no! The damage is much more easily repairable than is generally believed. A few ancient parts, it is true, can not be replaced; but the beauty of the cathedral lay, first, in its stained glass; secondly, in its sculptures; and, thirdly, in its statuary. Of the stained glass, nine-tenths has been saved, and the remaining tenth can be restored. As regards the sculptures, we shall use the numerous moldings we have of them. Many have had to be

restored anyway in the course of centuries, such as, for instance, the large piece representing the Assumption. As for the statuary, we have so many moldings that it will be easy to reproduce the damaged parts. The pillars, with their ornamented capitals, have suffered little; only the two side doorways have been badly damaged by fire."

Thus is exploded the tale of the "martyred cathedral," as many another invention of the war will sooner or later be driven from notice and acceptance.

An interesting fact—one of many—set forth by Mr. Michael J. O'Brien in his captivating work, "A Hidden Phase of American History," is that an Irish-woman, Margaret Corbin (*née* Cockran), had the distinction of being the first of her sex to receive a pension from the United States Government for services in the War of the Revolution. She immortalized herself at Fort Washington, New York, by taking her fallen husband's place at a cannon, and holding it until severely wounded. For an account of this heroine's career Mr. O'Brien refers to the records of the American Irish Historical Society, vol. xiv, and the publications of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. All future writers of American history will have to take account of Mr. O'Brien's work. Besides being a mine of information, it triumphantly refutes a great many falsehoods which heretofore have masqueraded as established facts.

If the Anglican Bishop of Manchester is not far more obtuse than we have any reason for supposing him to be, he will be thoroughly annoyed over the Rev. Spencer Jones' reply to his much-discussed pamphlet, "Proposed Changes in the Holy Communion Service." Passing beyond the questions raised by Dr. Knox, Mr. Jones shows that the Reformation in England had its origin in Henry VIII.'s determination to divorce Catherine and

to force the leaders of the English Church to yield to his evil plans. He describes the Oxford Movement as "the Counter-Reformation in the Church of England" (the title of his reply to the Bishop), and declares that it must not rest until it has brought Anglicans back into communion with the Apostolic See, from which Henry dared to separate them.

The Rev. Spencer Jones, who is rector of Batsford with Moreton-in-the-Marsh, believes in going to the root of things; and readers of other productions of his pen do not need to be told that he acts upon this belief.

In a pleasantly discursive essay on sugar-coated pills—pills educational, industrial, governmental, etc.,—*Looker-On*, in the *Pilot*, has this to say of the literal pills,—or, rather, of the dispenser thereof:

The pill man is not so popular as he used to be. Doctors nowadays have a disconcerting way of prescribing fresh air, cold water, exercise, and remedies familiar and devoid of mystery and romance. They are chary of dosing people with a bewildering array of drugs: they insist on diet and other tiresome things. No one can "enjoy bad health" any more. Indeed physicians go so far as to say that we are really our own doctors, and that the main function of a doctor is to prevent a patient from doing away with himself in seeking a short cut to health. The glory of the profession is departed; medicine has become reasonable.

All of which is none the less true for being garbed in humorous guise: The day of multiplied drugs and innumerable patent medicines is passing; and sensible persons are learning that proper attention to work, play, diet, and exercise is a safer and far less expensive preventive of diseases of all kinds than most of the prescriptions of physicians.

Dr. J. J. Walsh, a prolific writer of books and magazine articles, discusses in *America* the attitude of the Church towards dissection. Incidentally he relates, of St. Francis de Sales, a fact not generally known. It seems that, while a law student in Padua (1588-1592), the holy Bishop,

falling seriously ill, made his will. Among the provisions that were inserted in it was one that his body should be given over for the purpose of dissection to those who were teaching anatomy in Padua, at that time the seat of the best medical school in the world. He stated very naïvely the reason for this provision of his will—that his body, which had been of so little use while living, might be at least of some use after his death. The inference from this fact is too obvious to necessitate comment. The final paragraph of Dr. Walsh's paper is worth thinking about by Catholics generally:

The practical conclusion that I should wish to enforce is that the attitude of opposition to autopsies or dissection which is sometimes manifested by Catholics is not in accord with the spirit of the Church, but just exactly the opposite. The natural abhorrence in the matter needs to be controlled and directed, so that even the dead human body may serve for the community good so far as may be possible. Certainly the sentiment that if the dead body can serve to decrease the amount of human suffering in the world there could be no greater Christian charity than thus to employ it, is a much more Catholic state of mind than opposition to autopsies. It is confirmed by tradition and by the example of Papal physicians and ecclesiastical authorities, as well as by the Popes and some, at least of the saints.

Father Hull, of the *Bombay Examiner*, has been reading Grant Allen's "The Missing Link," and he takes occasion of the book's false foundations to make some observations which the general Catholic reader may find instructive as well as interesting. "As regards the bodily origin of man," he writes, "it is true that Rome has discouraged the evolution theory, and has done so on the principle that the literal interpretation is in possession. But you will fail to find any definition committing the Church to the instantaneous creation of man's body out of the slime of the earth, so as to bind Catholics to believe it as a doctrine of the faith." Just here it is worth while remarking that the Church is not committed to a doctrine simply because some of her theologians, or even some of

her Congregations, declare it to be true: she stands or falls by such doctrines only as she has authoritatively pronounced to be true. As the *Examiner* puts it, "In the Galileo case, the theologians, and even the Roman Congregations, committed themselves to the statement that certain of Galileo's propositions were heretical, and others suspected of heresy, because they were contrary to Scripture. In this they showed themselves over-confident in a traditional interpretation which subsequent evidence proved to be false. Consequently, every Catholic now believes in Galileo's interpretation, and takes no notice of the decrees published against him."

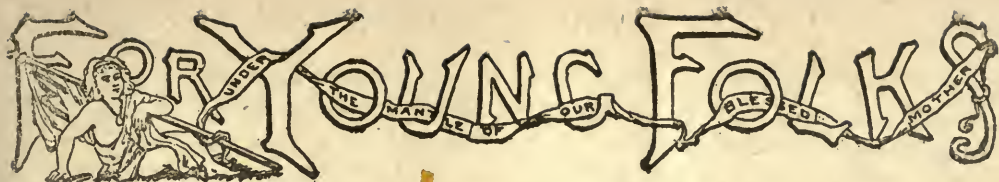
Father Hull emphasizes the point that it is the authority of the Church interpreting its whole deposit (both Bible and Tradition) that is the divinely instituted medium of our religious knowledge; and accordingly he declares: "On the supposition that science *did* really discover a missing link, and that this missing link *did* really prove that Adam's body *must* have been evolved through the lower animal order, Catholics would have no difficulty in abandoning the older view and adopting the new one, and correcting their interpretation of the Scripture passage accordingly."

Judicious persons who have read of late months conflicting stories as to the effects of the World War on the religious beliefs and practices of the various peoples actively engaged in the mighty struggle, have probably told themselves that, in most of these stories, there has no doubt been overmuch generalizing from too few particulars. An eye-witness of certain events in a village of France or Italy or England may be perfectly truthful in recording his testimony concerning such events; but at the same time may give an altogether erroneous impression by intimating that what he has seen in one place is typical of what occurs in all places throughout that particular country. This much being premised, we take pleasure

in reproducing from the Providence *Visitor* a statement of the Rev. Father Bove. He says: "After spending the last three months in Italy, I am of the opinion that the Italians, with that great heritage of our Faith which no one can take away from them, are now better Catholics. The sufferings and hardships caused by the last world-wide war have revived in them their rooted seed of faith, and have brought even lukewarm Catholics, and indifferents in religious matters, to practical Christian life."

The astounding statement is made in a book by a Saxon officer, lately published in Berlin, that the Belgian villagers had been provided with arms "in peace time by the French War Ministry, of course with the consent of the Belgian Government." It should be easy to substantiate or to disprove all assertions of such sort; and this ought to be done before the public has ceased to feel any interest in them, or to care a fig whether they are true or false. Discussion as to the real cause of the war has already become so academic that most persons have entirely forgotten the declaration made by President Wilson in a speech delivered in St. Louis on September 5, 1919: "The seed of war in the modern world is industrial and commercial rivalry." Who so simple as to believe that the sole object of the World War was to make the world safe for democracy?

There is not likely to be any general regret over the apparently well-founded report that Mr. Bernard Shaw is losing his vogue. A writer in the *New York Herald* explains his waning prestige in this way: "When thinking persons realized that Shaw was saying things not because he believed them to be true, but because they sounded well or were likely to shock people, the position that he had won for himself began to crumble beneath him. It is one thing to go against public opinion and quite another to insult it."



FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

Angels' Footprints.

BY HENRY LAKELAND.

EACH night when I am tucked in bed
I look out at the sky,
And wonder what the stars can be
That twinkle up so high.
For I've been told that long ago
Our guarding angels fair
Walked on the blue floor of the sky,
And left their footprints there.
So all the stars that shine above
When day begins to fade
Are but the footprints in the sky
That angel feet have made;
And as I watch them night by night,
When I am all alone,
They seem to me like golden stairs
That lead to God's white throne.

What Turned the Scale.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE Meriton Brothers' wholesale and retail millinery store was the largest in Philipson. That is not saying a great deal, perhaps; for the town numbered only twelve thousand souls. But it was inhabited for the most part by people of wealth, and the store of "Meriton Brothers" would have done credit to a larger place. The proprietors were known for their honesty and their unceasing endeavors to oblige customers, as well as for their uniform kindness to those who worked for them. To be a clerk at Meritons' was to ensure lifelong employment, if one gave satisfaction and wished to remain with them. Therefore, all vacancies were eagerly "snapped up," as old Silas Blinn, the

porter, was wont to say. He had been thirty years with the Meritons and really considered himself a member of the firm. It was the custom—time-honored and to be commended—whenever a vacancy occurred to promote a cash-boy who had been for two years employed in the store.

One evening Mr. Charles Meriton and his brother were seated in the office conversing. The inner doors of the store were closed; the clerks had departed, and only Silas, pattering about with his broom, remained to lock up for the night when his employers should have taken their leave. At length he began to think that they were overstaying their time. Putting his gray head through the sliding window commanding a view of the long store, he said, with the familiarity of an old servitor:

"It's pretty dark, Mr. Charles."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meriton. "We shall be going presently. Silas, we've just been discussing a little problem."

"Yes, sir. Something about business, I take it. Hope nothing is wrong?"

"No, no," interposed Mr. William Meriton. "We can hardly decide between two. Silas has more opportunity than any one, perhaps, of judging which is the more deserving," he added, turning to his brother. "We usually see them both on their best behavior."

Silas chuckled. He was both quick and shrewd.

"Probably you were talking about Phil and Ben," said the old man. "I understand Miss Baker is leaving the 1st of September."

"Yes, that is what we were talking about," said Mr. Charles; "and we can't decide which of the lads to put in her place. Phil is the slower and the quieter boy, but he is very reliable."

"Ben is reliable too," replied Silas,

slowly. "He's smarter than Phil, in a way, and in another he isn't. They're both pretty good boys."

"Ben makes a fine appearance," said Mr. William. "There is something very spruce-looking about him."

"Yes," answered Silas, stroking his stubby chin,—“well, yes, Phil is a little awkward-looking, but he's really the neatest of the two. But Ben's the quickest,—Ben's the quickest.”

"Well, we'll think about it," said Mr. Charles, rising to his feet. "There's time enough to decide yet."

"That's so, sir," rejoined Silas. "It's kind of hard to choose between them two boys. They both came on the same day, and they're a right deserving pair." So saying he hustled about his duties.

A fortnight passed, and it was the beginning of the last week in August. Miss Baker was to go on the following Saturday night; and while each of the boys hoped that he might have the promotion, not a word had been said to either. There was also considerable speculation among the clerks as to which of the two would be chosen. Both stood well in the opinion of their fellow-employees, yet it must be acknowledged that several of them had a slight leaning in favor of Ben. Phil Ryan was an Irish boy and an outspoken Catholic—the only one at Meritons'. This fact caused a slight—only a slight—prejudice. The Irish and Catholics were not much in favor in the town of Philipson.

On this particular day the Meritons were as far from a decision as they had been two weeks before. It was early, business not yet in full swing, and the two cash-boys were seated on a bench underneath the sliding window.

"I wonder which of us will get promoted, Phil?" whispered Ben,—for there was little else in the hearts of both these anxious days.

"I don't know," sighed Phil. "Most likely you; you're much quicker than I am. And you go to *their* church,"—

indicating his employers by a backward inclination of the head.

Ben's spirits rose. He thought it likely that Phil's prediction would prove true. He had been in Mr. Charles Meriton's Sunday-school class. His two younger brothers were there still.

"If I'm promoted, I'm going to try to get Dave in my place," he said, in a very hopeful tone. His brother Dave was next to him in age.

Phil made no reply. His plans had been quite different. If the good fortune should fall to Ben, he had resolved to ask if his own young brother Terence might not be allowed to take the vacant position; but if, as he scarcely hoped, he should be chosen to fill Miss Baker's place, he had determined not to say a word about Terence, but to suggest to Ben that he speak for his brother Dave. He was wondering if Ben's attitude were not a little selfish, his eyes cast downward, when a quick, short laugh, followed by an exclamation, aroused him from his reverie.

"Whew!" said Ben. "If that isn't a comical-looking old party just coming in the door! Wonder if she's escaped from an asylum somewhere?"

Phil looked and started up. With a few long, quick strides he was standing beside the old woman who had been the occasion of Ben's mirth. Her neat black gown was almost ludicrously short; across her shoulders she wore a gray plaid shawl, thin and worn with many washings; on her head was a ruffled cap, and over that a black bombazine bonnet of a long-departed fashion. In one hand she carried a stick, from the other arm depended a bright silk patchwork bag.

The poor old woman was looking confusedly around when Phil reached her, in the midst of an ill-suppressed titter from the clerks in her vicinity.

"Oh, is it yourself, Phillie?" she cried, with glad surprise, as she looked into the crimson face of the boy.

"Yes, grannie," he answered. "How came you here?"

"I was goin' down to Ellen's to spend the day, and I got tired waitin' for Mary, who was comin' along with me. So I made my way out of the yard and along till I come to this; and then I got very confused altogether, and I thought I'd venture in and ask did any one know where Ellen Morrison lived hereabouts. Sure I never dreamed it was here you were workin', Phillie darlin'. 'Tis a fine place, isn't it?"

"If you'll just wait a moment, grannie," said Phil, "I'll ask Mr. Meriton if I may run down with you to Aunt Ellen's."

"I'd like to sit down a bit, Phillie. I'm feelin' tired, dearie," she said.

"There's a bench yonder. Come and rest," said Phil.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and, with several pauses here and there when any bright or pleasing-looking object on the counters attracted her eye, made her way to the bench where the boys had been sitting.

Ben stood, open-mouthed, within speaking distance; and as the old woman sank, greatly fatigued, upon the seat, he grinned at Phil with an unmistakable clicking noise in his throat as of suppressed laughter. But Phil's eyes flashed him into immediate silence, and he retreated to an obscure corner as he detected the glance of the elder Mr. Meriton fixed upon him in marked disapproval. All that had occurred had been seen by the brothers; both stood at the sliding window as "grannie" took her seat upon the bench.

"It's my great-grandmother, sir," said Phil, respectfully. "She's not long over from Ireland, and can't find her way about the town. I thought perhaps you would let me off for fifteen minutes, when she's rested, to show her where she wants to go. She's almost ninety, sir."

"Certainly, certainly," answered Mr. Meriton, coming round to the front. "And I must shake hands with the good old lady. One seldom sees a person of her age that is so active."

Whatever Mr. Charles did, so did Mr.

William also; and presently both the proprietors, well into the seventies themselves, were standing beside the wrinkled old woman, who to her dying day never forgot the honor done her.

There was no smile of ridicule on any face as, still leaning on Phil, she passed down the aisle between the counters, bobbing her head with a kindly smile on either side. Nor was there any surprise in the establishment when on Saturday night the boy was bidden on Monday morning to step into the place made vacant by Miss Baker's departure. If he never suspected the reason of the preference, others did; and the number included his former companion Ben, who took the lesson to heart and profited by it; as he did, moreover, by the knowledge, when it came to him through Mr. Meriton, that Phil had asked and obtained his old position for Ben's brother Dave.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXII.—AMONG SPANISH BULLS.

FOR a long time Uncle Layac and Tim flew in silence, as if to enjoy at their leisure the delights of their reconquered liberty. Tim, however, had to concern himself with the course of his aeroplane.

"Uncle," he remarked, "I hope you still have your map and the compass."

"You may be sure I have," replied Layac. "I took good care to hold on to them all through our captivity. Here they are."

In the space of a few minutes, Tim, who had become quite an expert in the use of map and compass, had set the proper course for the machine. Then another and not less important question arose: how much time did they have left for the trip to Lisbon.

"We have seven days still in which to make it," said the grocer.

"No, Uncle: we have only six," replied Tim.

He then took out of his pocket a small strip of wood which he had picked up in the smugglers' camp, the first day of their capture, and on which day after day he had made a little notch, after the fashion of some small provincial grocers who thus keep the score of their customers. Tim's calculation was correct. There were just six days left in which to traverse the five hundred miles that lay between them and Lisbon. Time enough and to spare, provided they did not fall again into the hands of smugglers or of Fourrin.

"Pshaw!" cried Uncle Layac, lightheartedly. "The wretch must have been so convinced, when he got us into the clutches of the smugglers, that we should be held prisoners for months by Antonio, that he went back to Albi, where he is no doubt, just at present, quietly sleeping."

"Do you think so?" inquired Tim; and, without another word, he pointed to a little red automobile which, away down in a valley, was following the windings of the highway. Layac seized his field-glasses in order to examine, if possible, the occupants of the motor-car; but just then the aeroplane glided over a mountain peak to follow the course of another valley, and the automobile suddenly disappeared from his sight.

"Confound you for a stupid, Tim!" he exclaimed in anger. "Why didn't you make a turn so as to allow me a chance to see who those travellers are?"

"Not much!" laconically replied Tim. "The good Lord only knows what other unforeseen occurrences may happen to interrupt our journey; so, from now on, I shall stop only for very serious reasons."

Several hours later, our travellers made a landing at Pampeluna, where their arrival naturally excited the curiosity of all the inhabitants, and where, while his uncle leisurely visited the show-places of the city, Tim employed his time in repairing the aeroplane more thoroughly than was possible on the plateau of the smugglers.

The following morning, as soon as it was light, they started again, taking the direction of Burgos. The first hours of the trip were somewhat monotonous, but charming nevertheless. Uncle and nephew, their lungs filled with the purest of air, experienced real joy in floating through the sunlit atmosphere; and even Jose, smuggling up to his young master, emitted occasional brief barks of good-natured approval of the world in general and aeroplanes in particular.

Their course took them across the River Ebro, whose white-capped wavelets they admired for a few moments; and then, passing over its picturesque, if somewhat savage-looking, valley, they found themselves again in a hilly and wooded region, which, although much less sublime in appearance, recalled the Pyrenean heights which they had passed over a few days before. Splendid forests, with century-old trees, were ranged like regiments of soldiers along the sides of these mountains; and the sun, darting its rays on the fine spruce-needles, seemed to clothe them with a sort of silvery fur.

"O Uncle," suddenly cried Tim, as he pointed to a beautiful meadow all surrounded with shady groves, "suppose we land down there and take our dinner!"

"A good idea," replied Layac. "It is getting near noonday, and I begin to feel in the region of my stomach sundry little grips which convince me that I am decidedly hungry."

A few minutes later, Tim and his uncle were sitting quietly on the greensward, pleasantly engaged in eating the ham and bread and cheese with which they had taken care to provide themselves at Pampeluna; while Jose, having speedily devoured his portion of the meal, was indulging in a series of joyous romps, eagerly chasing butterflies, birds, and every other living creature to be found in the meadow. Returning from the last of these races, he squatted himself at Tim's side, and, with ears cocked up, seemed to be giving all his attention to the conver-

sation going on between man and boy.

It will not appear strange that the subject of the conversation was their enemy, Fourrin. Uncle Layac's hatred of his rival had certainly not been diminished by his recent fortnight's captivity among the smugglers; and, although Tim did not share his uncle's feeling, he had come to the conclusion that even the purest Christian charity did not call for his allowing himself or his uncle to suffer at the hands of an enemy, and was accordingly determined to protect himself by every means in his power from any future annoyances of Fourrin. Jose appeared to have caught the proper spirit in which to regard this enemy; for as often as the big grocer pronounced the name Fourrin the dog growled his disapproval and snapped his teeth so comically that Tim had to burst out laughing.

"That's the boy, Jose!" he cried. "We'll fix that rascal Fourrin before we've done with him."

The longer they spoke of Fourrin, however, the greater became the rage of Layac, and finally he went off into a fit of coughing that threatened an apoplectic stroke. That calamity fortunately did not ensue, but in a very paroxysm of coughing he spasmodically called for water.

"I'll get you some right away," said Tim.

Taking an empty bottle from the plane, he started off to find a spring or a rivulet. There did not, however, appear to be either in the neighborhood; so at last he entered a wood on the border of which they had installed themselves for their meal. He had been in the wood scarcely a minute when he heard a heartrending cry, evidently from his uncle, and then the furious barking of Jose.

"Good Lord," ejaculated Tim, "what has happened now?"

Hurrying out of the wood, he came upon a frightful scene. Before an enormous bull, that was clearly in a fury of rage, poor Uncle Layac was running for dear life, uttering loud shrieks of terror that were

scarcely human, while Jose was leaping around the angry animal and yelping at the top of his by no means melodious voice.

Unfortunately for our big grocer, the bull was a swifter runner than he, especially as Layac's pneumatic suit was not exactly designed for rapidity of movement. Consequently, before the grocer had run thirty yards, the bull caught up to him, and, lowering his head, struck Uncle Layac in the back and lifted him on his horns as a trophy of victory. At the same moment there was heard a loud explosion.

"Oh, poor Uncle!" cried Tim, clasping his hands. "Poor Uncle Layac! It's all up with him now!"

It was not the big grocer who had burst, however: it was only his rubber suit.

The bull, quite proud of his conquest, was racing about, with Layac on his horns. But the rubber very soon gave way; and our corpulent friend was tossed ten feet or so, fortunately falling on a little hillock covered with herbs and moss, that prevented the breaking of any bones. The bull, finding himself free from the weight he had been carrying, and scorning to pay any attention to so insignificant an adversary as Jose, began pawing the ground and bellowing furiously. After half a minute thus employed, he chanced again to see Layac who was picking himself up with difficulty, and forthwith started towards him.

Tim, however, being pretty sure that his uncle would not come off so safely from another encounter with the bull, himself hastened to face the angry animal. The big brute, seeing this second foe, stopped for a moment as if to decide which of the two he should assault, and once more took to pawing the ground.

In the meantime, Jose had apparently reached a conclusion of his own. Putting two and two together in whatever serves dogs for a mind, he settled it that this furious monster must be Fourrin, and accordingly must be attacked without

further waste of time. As a result, the bull suddenly found a small hurricane bounding towards him, and the next sensation he experienced was a most painful one. Jose had fastened his sharp teeth in the bull's nostrils, and the bellowing of the brute took on a new note. Savagely swinging his head up and down and from side to side, he endeavored to shake off his furious little assailant; but Jose still clung fast to his nose with a tenacity that argued a strain of bulldog blood in his small body, and refused to let go. At last, however, the efforts of the maddened bull resulted in the breaking away of some of the cartilage of his nose, and Jose was flung a distance of fifteen feet or more.

Uncle Layac and Tim had profited by the delay afforded them by the plucky attack of the dog, and had climbed, Uncle Layac to the top of a big rock, and Tim to the big bough of a tree near the aeroplane. And it was full time for them to seek a refuge. Hardly had Jose recovered his feet when ten, twenty, thirty big bulls, each looking more ferocious than the other, came galloping from the woods all round the meadow. The fact was that our aviators, without at all suspecting it, had selected for their dining place a *ganaderia*, or pasture for prize bulls intended for fighting in the arena.

Then ensued some weary hours for our friends. The bulls, heedless of the fact that their presence was costing valuable time to the big grocer and his nephew, whom they regarded occasionally with an indifferent glance, spent the whole afternoon browsing on the meadow, with once in a while an impromptu race about the spacious pasture.

From time to time one of the animals would approach the aeroplane, sniffing at it suspiciously; but Jose had planted himself before the machine, and successfully took his attention off the precious plane by barking savagely at the intruder, and snapping viciously at his legs. How fervently Tim, and Layac, too, blessed

the motive that had led good-hearted little Miguel to give his savior his doggie! And how cordially Tim encouraged Jose to keep up his good work of protecting the plane!

It was not until sunset, when the shadows of twilight began to fall, that the bulls at last entered the woods and left the meadow free from their dangerous presence. Even then the aviators waited a half hour before daring to descend from their positions; and when they did decide to do so, they got down in a hurry, crawled rather than walked to the plane, and hastily set the motor going. Another minute, and they were rapidly gliding away from this inhospitable *ganaderia*, Jose valiantly barking defiance.

It was near midnight when, under one of those clear moonlight heavens which are so beautiful in Spain, they arrived in the old Castilian city of Burgos.

(To be continued.)

A Queer Thing about Coats.

CURIIOUS persons have often wondered what could be the significance of the V-shaped nick in the lapel, by the shoulder, of a coat. The nick does not help the "set" of the coat, or improve its appearance; yet there that nick is in every frock-coat worn the world over. The custom is said to have originated in this way. When Napoleon I. gave way to his ambition, he tried to implicate General Moreau in a conspiracy. Moreau had been his superior and was very popular; but under the circumstances, as Napoleon was on top, it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with the General. Accordingly, his admirers quietly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were. If you look at the outlines of a frock-coat now, you will see that they form an inverted M. It is, therefore, rather queer that so many men all over the world should actually be commemorating Moreau without knowing it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new novel by John Ayscough, named "The Foundress," is in preparation by the John Lane Co.

—"Some Ethical Aspects of the Social Question: Suggestions for Priests," is the title of a new book by the Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D., shortly to appear.

—The series of articles contributed to THE AVE MARIA by the Rev. Raymond Lawrence, describing the events which led to his conversion to the Church, and happily entitled "The Journey Home," will soon be republished in pamphlet form.

—"Rome and the Study of Scripture," a collection of Papal enactments on the study of Holy Scripture, together with the decisions of the Biblical Commissions, is a brochure of some seventy-two pages, published by the Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Indiana. It is an excellent, practical handbook.

—"The Little Chap," by Robert Gordon Anderson, is a story, or rather a sketch, for grown-ups, though in its attractive jacket it solicits the youthful reader. It is a slight piece of work, but it will speak much comfort to hearts who need the assurance of life after death. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—Numbers VI. and VIII. in the series of Reconstruction Pamphlets issued by the Committee of Special War Activities of the National Catholic War Council, are respectively "The Fundamentals of Citizenship" and "Girls' Welfare." The first is a primer which presents basic ideas and principles in relation to "American Democracy," "The Peoples' Rights," "Military Service," "Taxation," etc. The second pamphlet is designed to set forth the Council's Community House programme, to explain the scope of the work, and to show how the fullest measure of success can be achieved. These pamphlets are sent out gratuitously. They deserve the widest reading.

—In his preface to "The Book of Wonder Voyages," already noticed in these columns, Joseph Jacobs tells a delicious story of boyish love for wondrous adventures. It seems that Mr. Jacobs had for some months been telling his children, every Friday night, of some one of a hundred voyages which he was supposed to have taken. He gave them to understand, however, that he could never tell them the hundredth voyage; for if he told *that*, he would burst. "Sure enough," he writes, "I got to

the ninety-ninth voyage, and on the following Friday there was, of course, no narrative forthcoming. But the following week a deputation from the young ones begged for the hundredth voyage, whatever the consequences."

—It is announced that Sir Oliver Lodge is coming to this country to deliver a series of lectures on such subjects as "The Reality of the Unseen," "The Structure of an Atom," etc. Needless to say, Sir Oliver the scientist will command more attention than Sir Oliver the spiritualist.

—In some impressions of the late Kuno Meyer, the celebrated Celtic scholar, contributed to the *Independent*, Ella Young relates:

He had been looking at a priest's store of old Irish weapons, stone implements, gold rings, and other treasures, and the sudden glitter in his eyes as they rested on a splendid bronze sword caught the priest's attention. "You like it?" he said.—"I would like to hold it in my hands," answered Kuno Meyer. The priest opened the glass case and took out the sword. His eyes caressed it for a scarcely perceptible moment, and then he handed it to the other man, whose eyes caressed it, too—it was a gift for the Ard Righ of Eireann the day it was made. "It is yours," said the priest. Kuno Meyer let it drop out of his hands. He had no words for a little while, and then he stammered and hesitated as he spoke, but the priest understood.

—"The American Priest," by the Rev. George T. Schmidt, of the Diocese of Scranton, is a small octavo of 147 pages, published in good form by Benziger Brothers. It is an excellent hook. Its twenty short chapters necessarily cover matter more or less familiar to the clerical reader, but this matter is presented in a fresh and interesting way. The chapters present new aspects also of old truths, as in "Leprosy," which deals with an angle of pastoral care which no zealous priest nowadays can afford to ignore. This volume is not a product of the library, nor does it smell of the oil. It is a pastor's reaction to common experience, and it is written in a simple style of language which rings throughout with sincerity.

—Among other more or less interesting by-products of the war is the "Army Girl"—in real life and in fiction as well. Aline Havard is the author of a series of stories having one of this class as heroine,—Lucy Gordon, daughter of an American colonel, and sister of Bob Gordon, American aviator. The second of the series, just to hand, is "Captain Lucy in France." (The Penn Publishing Co.) The story is of generous length, 377 pages, and will probably be found interesting to others than those for whom the publishers state it is specifically designed—"girls from ten to fifteen."

There is abundance of adventure and thrills in the texture of the narrative, and historic truth does not suffer more than is the case with the average historical novel.

—Literary fame is more often evanescent than permanent, even in the writer's own generation. As for immortal fame, it is more than probable that not one writer in a million has the slightest chance of securing it. The "best-sellers" of to-day are of course heralded as immortal books; but, alas! the volume which costs \$1.50 or \$1.75 at present will pretty surely be found, by this time next year, on the bookshop's twenty-five cent counter.

—From the title-page of "The Veil of Mist" we learn that Mrs. M. McNamar is the "authoress" also of "Just Muse" and various other poetical productions. The present brochure seems, we gather from the "synopsis" (as the authoress terms her foreword), an answer to aspersions cast on the climate of Oregon by some abandoned character in California. From the opening line—"Ye Oregon, wonderland of hill!"—to the concluding couplet,

And fresh and bright and fair—to wist,
What made it so? The Veil of Mist,

the poem is original. There are surprises on every page for the accustomed reader of verse. We have never seen any poetry of this kind which we like better than this.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The American Priest." Rev. George T. Schmidt. \$1.25.
 "Captain Lucy in France." Aline Havard. \$1.50.
 "The Reformation." Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. \$1.25.
 "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War." Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. 9s.
 "A Primer of Old Testament History." 70 cents.
 "Mountains of Help." Marie St. S. Ellerker, O. S. D. 3s.
 "St. Joan of Arc: The Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans." Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. \$2.75.

- "The Book of Wonder Voyages." \$1.50.
 "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation." Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P. \$1.35.
 "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. T. Flynn, C. C. \$2.75.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. P. J. Alfield, of the diocese of Marquette; Rev. Peter Emer, diocese of La Crosse; and Rev. M. J. Farrelly, archdiocese of Dubuque.

Sister M. Gertrude, of the Sisters of Mercy; Mother M. Liguori, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Margaret, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Cunegunda, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Magdalene, Congregation of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Meinrada, O. S. B.

Mr. John Jackson, Mr. L. W. Menger, Miss Mary Mahon, Mrs. Catherine Hamall, Mr. Timothy Kelly, Miss Monica Thomas, Mr. Harry Winkler, Mr. M. M. Bauer, Miss Mary Cullen, Mr. James Daugherty, Mr. John Westlick, Miss Nellie Lavelle, Mr. R. G. Bowlster, Miss J. L. Danis, Miss Mary Hegarty, Mrs. Timothy Horgan, Mr. B. J. Funke, Mr. William Huck, Mrs. K. C. McGrath, Mrs. Bridget O'Toole, Mr. Thomas Loran, Mr. J. B. Nieters, Miss Clara Murray, Mr. Michael Hanley, Mr. A. L. Piper, Mr. Philip Stauder, Mr. Michael Kelly, Mr. Edgar Whelan, Miss L. G. Deeman, Mr. John Sprague, Mr. Edgar Whelan, Mr. F. X. Murray, Miss Margaret Monroe, and Mr. Jacob Deuster.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: Mrs. L. G., \$5; G. M. Johnson, \$2. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: E. J. Higgins, \$3; Mrs. L. G., \$5; T. F. B., \$50; E. M. M., \$1; "in memory of my father," \$5. For the Armenian sufferers: E. M. M., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Mary Immaculate.

BY M. R.

PURE are the soft and wintry snows
That lie on hill and lea,
And pure the breeze that freshly blows
Across the deep blue sea;
And pure the fragrant lilies are
Amid their cool green leaves,
And pure the light of moon and star
That shines on frosty eves.
But purer far the angel train
That ever sweetly sing
In glorious and glad refrain
The praise of God, their King.
Oh, free from any stain of wrong
Are all the saints that hear
With joy untold the angels' song
Rise ever soft and clear;
And far more radiant than the gems
Won from some deep-delved mine
Are all the saintly diadems
In Paradise that shine.
But brighter diadem wears she
Who sits in royal state
By Him who died on Calvary,
Mary Immaculate!
For her the radiant angel choir
Pours forth a ceaseless song,
On her the saints with souls afire
Gaze rapturously and long.
No rose or lily, howe'er fair,
No dewdrop on the sward,
For purity may once compare
With her who bore Our Lord.
How pure she is no pen can tell,
No tongue her praise relate;
Beloved in heaven, feared in hell,
Mary Immaculate!

The History of Our National Feast.



IT must often have puzzled converts from the Anglican Church to find that one of the so-called black-letter feasts in the calendar of the Book of Common Prayer is that of the Immaculate Conception, on December 8; seeing that one of the greatest stumbling-blocks of Anglicans on their way to The Church is this very doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. One explanation of this curious anomaly is that many Anglicans, if they think about the matter at all, imagine that the Immaculate Conception referred to is that of Our Lord. The real explanation is that in pre-Reformation times this beautiful feast was so popular in England that the "Reformers" dared not omit it from the calendar; although, needless to say, the observance of it fell into desuetude.

There are few feasts so generally and so firmly established in the Church as the feast of the Immaculate Conception, says the learned Dom Guéranger. To quote further: "The Greek Church, which, more easily than the Latin, could learn what were the pious traditions of the East, kept this feast even in the sixth century, as is evident from the ceremonial, or, as it was called, the *Type*, of St. Sabas. In the West, we find it established in the Gothic Church of Spain as far back as the eighth century. A celebrated calendar which was engraved on marble, in the ninth century, for the use of the Church of Naples, attests that it had already been introduced there. Paul,

the Deacon, secretary to the Emperor Charlemagne, and afterwards monk at Monte Cassino, composed a celebrated hymn on the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. In 1066, the feast was first established in England, in consequence of the pious Abbot Helsyn's being miraculously preserved from shipwreck; and shortly after that, it was made general through the whole island by the zeal of the great St. Anselm, monk of the Order of St. Benedict and Archbishop of Canterbury."

The visit of Abbot Helsyn to Denmark is an historic fact. The story is that on his return journey he had a very stormy passage, and the ship was in danger of sinking, when an angel appeared to the Abbot and told him that if he would establish a feast in honor of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady, the ship should be saved, and all on board arrive safely at their destination. The Abbot made the required promise, and the storm ceased, and all came safely to England. Helsyn, in fulfilment of his promise, established the feast in his own abbey, and did his best to promote it in other parts of the country.

From England the feast passed into Normandy, and took root in France. We find it sanctioned in Germany, in a Council held in 1049, at which St. Leo IX. was present; in Navarre, 1090, at the Abbey of Irach; in Belgium, at Liege, in 1142. The Irish institution of the feast seems to have been as early as the ninth century; there, however, it was celebrated not on the 8th of December, but on a date varying from the 1st to the 3d of May. It is found in Irish calendars dating from the ninth century; but whether it was celebrated in the Churches so early is not so certain. Father Thurston believes this Irish origin of the feast was due to an Egyptian tradition,—probably a Coptic. Thus did the Churches of the West testify their faith in this mystery by accepting its feast, which is the expression of faith.

"Lastly, it was adopted by Rome herself, and her doing so rendered the united testimony of her children—the other Churches—more imposing than ever. It was Pope Sixtus IV. who, in the year 1476, published the decree of the feast of Our Lady's Conception for the City of St. Peter. In the next century (1568) St. Pius V. published the universal edition of the Roman Breviary, and in its calendar was inserted this feast as one of those Christian solemnities which the faithful are every year bound to observe. It was not from Rome that the devotion of the Catholic world to this mystery received its first impulse; she sanctioned it by her liturgical authority, just as she confirmed it by her doctrinal authority in these our own days.

"The three great nations of Europe—France, Germany, and Spain—vied with one another in their devotion to this mystery of Mary's Immaculate Conception. France, by her King Louis XIV., obtained from Clement IX. that this feast should be kept with an octave throughout the kingdom; which favor was afterwards extended to the universal Church by Innocent XII. For centuries previous to this, the theological faculty of Paris had always exacted from its professors the oath that they would defend this privilege of the Blessed Virgin,—a pious practice which continued as long as the University itself. As regards Germany, the Emperor Ferdinand III., in 1647, ordered a splendid monument to be erected in the great square of Vienna. It is covered with emblems and figures symbolical of Mary's victory over sin, and on the top is the statue of the Immaculate Queen.

"But the zeal of Spain for the privilege of the Holy Mother of God surpassed that of all other nations. In the year 1398, John I., King of Arragon, issued a chart, in which he solemnly places his person and kingdom under the protection of Mary Immaculate. Later on, Kings Philip III. and Philip IV. sent ambassadors to Rome, soliciting, in their names, the solemn

definition, which Heaven, in its mercy, reserved for our days. Charles III., in the eighteenth century, obtained permission from Clement XIII. that the Immaculate Conception should be the patronal feast of Spain. The people of Spain, so justly called the 'Catholic Kingdom,' put over the door, or on the front of their houses, a tablet with the words of Mary's privilege written on it; and when they meet, they greet each other with an expression in honor of the same dear mystery. It was a Spanish nun, Mary of Jesus, Abbess of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception of Agreda, who wrote 'The Mystic City of God,' which inspired Murillo with his 'Immaculate Conception,' the masterpiece of the Spanish School."

We have quoted the learned Benedictine author at length, because he is a more reliable authority than most Catholic historians who have written on the subject. The great monastery over which he presided possessed one of the best collections of books in all Europe; and he had the services of a large community at his disposal. Some of the most valuable productions bearing his name, in fact, were collaborations. Among his subjects were monks not less learned or industrious than himself. It was an evil day for scholarship as well as religion when institutions like the Abbey of Solesmes were suppressed and their inmates exiled.

IN attending to ordinary business and daily needs, we should not allow ourselves to be transported by eagerness and anxiety; but take reasonable and moderate care, and then leave everything completely and entirely to the disposal and guidance of Divine Providence, giving it scope to arrange matters for its own ends, and to manifest to us God's will. For we may consider it certain that when God wills that an affair should succeed, delay does not spoil it; and the greater part He takes in it, the less will be left for us to do.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XXIII.—A STRANGE MEETING.

THE two Hopkailzie exiles lived so secluded a life in the gardener's cottage that, with the exception of the relatives of the bairns of the neighborhood, whom Isobel taught in her humble school, their residence there was practically unknown beyond the precincts of the house and grounds. Alison Agnew had more than recovered her normal health in the fresh country air; she had almost renewed her youth, with its long-lost energy, and had acquired some portion of her former comeliness. Contented and happy, her patient endurance of an unusually troubled life had won for her a freedom from care and anxiety to which she had previously been a stranger. She took unfeigned pleasure in the needlework which was her chief accomplishment, and which was still more valued now for the share it enabled her to take in the support of the two women. Its sale brought in a not inconsiderable addition to their modest income.

Mrs. Muir had formed an intimate friendship with both Isobel and Mistress Agnew. She continued to treat them as aunt and niece; for, whatever may have been her private ideas on the subject, she was too well-bred to attempt to force their confidence. They never spoke of the past; and she in her turn, avoided any reference to it, fearing to disturb memories which were best left sleeping. She could not help realizing that their present surroundings were in strong contrast to those habitual to them; this was evident from a hundred little happenings. But with tactful kindness she kept her suspicions absolutely to herself.

The refugees had been often pressed to take their dinner in the hall of the mansion, or at least to spend an hour or two now

and again in Mistress Muir's apartments; but, with pleasant words of gratitude, they had always declined the little lady's kindly invitations. For they both feared a possible recognition by one or other of the rare visitors from Edinburgh; and such a risk had to be avoided at all costs. Mistress Muir was quick to appreciate the presence of some underlying motive in this decision of continued seclusion, and forbore to insist further. But she had been successful in relieving to some extent the monotony of perpetual confinement in their tiny dwelling during the pleasant summer time.

One bright June day she fluttered into the cottage, gay and bright as ever in her graceful summer raiment of tawny-hued taffety, adorned with lace and floating ribbons, her two or three pet dogs gambolling round her. She seemed to bring with her some of the light and freshness of the flower-bedecked world without, as she stepped over the threshold of that dingy little living-room. The small scholars had just departed. Isobel was putting the room in order, and replenishing, with a view to the preparation of supper, the peat fire on the low hearth. The mild glow from the window, near which Mistress Agnew was engaged with her embroidery frame, seemed to accentuate the natural gloom of the place, though it revealed scrupulous cleanliness in the poor surroundings. The dainty attire of the visitor, her pretty jewels and laces, contrasted strongly with the simple peasant garb—brown calico gowns, entirely unadorned, rough linen kerchiefs and coifs—worn by Isobel and her companion.

"My dear Mistress Jean," cried their visitor, laughingly, "I only wish I could become as steadfast a worker as yourself! All this day, though I've tried hard, I've made scarce a needle's length of knitting. The summer weather is too much for me: it's so sweet and beautiful, and I can not keep within doors. I've come to scold you for not taking the air, but sitting shut up in this dark hole. Now, I'll hear no excuse,

Mistress Elizabeth," she said turning to Isobel. "You must both come out and sit for an hour with me in the woodbine bower. You may bring your needlework, if you wish, and Elsie shall fetch my lace pillow so that you may see how far I have progressed with my lace-making."

It was impossible to refuse; and all three bent their way towards the garden, which had been the scene of the last interview between Agnes Kynloch and Patrick Hathaway, before the sudden disappearance of the latter some seven years previously. In a retired corner Wat's ingenuity had fashioned a rustic bower, upon which roses and honeysuckle had been trained, and were now in full blossom and fragrance. From its position on a raised bank, it enjoyed a wide view of the low-lying country beneath, with Edinburgh and the sea beyond. Mistress Muir loved to spend much of her time in the pleasant shade, conversing with her industrious little maid, Elsie, as the latter sat stitching, or, when so inclined (for she was not by nature diligent), fashioning a few stitches of knitting herself, or twisting for a while the bobbins of her lace pillow in accordance with Agnes Kynloch's careful instructions.

The scented shade of the evening air was grateful to the residents of the cottage, and this they thankfully remarked to their kind friend.

"You're welcome to come here at any hour and on any day," was her delighted reply. "Whether I'm here or not, no matter. There's room enough and to spare for all of us."

It was thus that the custom started of spending a good deal of time in the bower, whenever the two women could find it possible to make use of that charming retreat. The fact was to bring about startling results.

June 19, the birthday of James VI., had been brought into greater prominence of late by the revival of what the Burgh Records styled "a very ancient and lovable custom." This was the presentation to certain "auld puir men," in number coin-

ciding with the years of the king's age, of a blue gown, on which was a pewter badge proclaiming the wearer to be one of the "king's bedesmen," and a purse containing as many shillings Scots as the years the king had lived. As the custom had only recently been revived, it was still somewhat of a novelty, and drew many country-folk as well as town dwellers to witness the distribution outside the Tolbooth. On that particular 19th of June, 1608, there would be forty-two of such beneficiaries, each to receive his cloak and purse of alms. The ceremony was rendered more attractive by the fact of these "old poor men" being personally known to many of the spectators; for their distinctive badge was their recognized credential for soliciting alms from all the country round during the rest of the year.

The only interest which this celebration had for Mrs. Agnew and Isobel was that it secured a day's relief for the latter from the drudgery of her "Dame's School"; for all her pupils had eagerly accompanied some of their respective elders to witness the sight in town. Hence it happened that the woodbine bower found the two women spending many hours of their free day in its pleasant shade.

They were seated there during the cool of the evening, engaged with their respective tasks of needlework, and beginning to lament the approaching necessity of returning to the confined atmosphere of their humble dwelling, when the sound of voices broke on their ears. They recognized at once the tones of their kindly hostess; but the voice of the man who was conversing with her was strange—to Mistress Agnew at least. Had she glanced at her companion, she would have been astonished to see a sudden and remarkable change of aspect. For Isobel started at the voice, and flushed a deep red, then suddenly paled; her eyes seemed to dilate, as though with terror or amazement,—perhaps something of both. Footsteps approached their shelter; and Mistress Muir appeared, followed by Master Fenton,

the parish minister, whom neither Isobel nor her mistress had as yet encountered. Mistress Muir had often spoken of him, and of his exceeding amiability; how that, unlike so many of his class, he respected the rights of conscience, and forbore to pry into the religious beliefs of many of his parishioners whom he could scarcely fail to recognize as Catholics. His reported laxity in this regard had often given umbrage to his fellows in the Presbyterian ranks.

"I was hoping to find you still here!" cried Mistress Muir. "These are two valued friends of mine, Master Doctor,—Mistress Elizabeth Anderson and her niece, Mistress Jean Crathie. I've long wished to make you known to Doctor Fenton, Mistress Elizabeth," she went on. "And as you will never come to the house to greet him, I have led him here to greet you."

The two women rose and made their obeisance, and the minister politely doffed his broad hat. Isobel's face was still deadly pale, though Mistress Muir failed to notice it; her eyes, too, bore the same startled expression. Beyond a murmured acknowledgment of Doctor Fenton's salutation, neither of the two women joined in the conversation that followed, in which the minister described the picturesque proceedings at the Tolbooth which he had lately witnessed. The interview lasted but a few minutes. Mistress Muir led her visitor back to the house to partake of supper, and the others made their way at once to their own cottage.

Seated with his host and hostess, after the meeting with Isobel and her mistress, Doctor Fenton had tidings to relate of a different nature from the description of the ceremony at the Tolbooth. Bailie Agnew, always a prominent figure in civic functions, had not appeared. On a casual inquiry as to the meaning of his absence, Doctor Fenton had been told a sorry story. Master Muir would doubtless remember the circumstances of Bailie Agnew's second marriage a year or two before. After

separating from his wife on religious grounds, he had married the youthful daughter of the late Bailie Gilchrist. She had always had a reputation for pride and ambition, and after her union with the Bailie had continued to encourage the visits of a number of young men who were attracted by her beauty and accomplishments. The end of it all had been her sudden flight, a few days ago, with an English captain; they were said to have travelled straight to the Border, where they had been married according to English law.

Master Muir was shocked at the story, but was of opinion that the lady had never been the Bailie's lawful wife, and therefore was free to contract the English marriage, however disreputable the circumstances might appear. He was desirous of knowing what Master Doctor thought of the case.

Doctor Fenton was quite straightforward in expressing his view. The marriage of the Bailie after the repudiation of his Catholic wife had been a nine days' wonder at the time. Divines for the most part had regarded the action as permissible by Scripture; others were less decided. He—now that he was interrogated by Master Muir—professed strongly his disapprobation. It was against the common opinion of Christianity, he declared, and would, if allowed to become a recognized procedure, reduce Christians to the level of the infidel Turk. Bailie Agnew's experience ought to be enough to convince men that it was not befitting to tamper with the long-standing beliefs of Christendom on the sanctity of the marriage tie.

"I have often wondered," exclaimed Mistress Muir, "what became of the poor wife who was driven away from her home. Does any one know where she is or how she lives?"

"I myself have often asked the same question," was Doctor Fenton's reply; "and from many persons in Edinburgh I have got but one answer: no one really knows. Some think she is beyond seas; others in England or the south of Scotland.

All is but conjecture. It was said at the time that the Bailie had offered to provide handsomely for her maintenance, but that she refused to accept a penny at his hands."

"I honor her for it!" cried the brisk little lady, with much spirit. "Were I in like circumstances, I should do the same."

Master Muir had sat stolidly puffing at his pipe of tobacco. He removed it from his lips for a moment to interpose laconically:

"Ye'll ne'er have the chance, Dame, with yer first husband."

Doctor Fenton smiled approval.

Little did one of the three suspect that the injured wife of whom they had spoken was actually domiciled not many yards from the chamber in which they were seated.

Alison Agnew had never been a particularly observant woman, and Isobel's unusually taciturn manner did not strike her forcibly. If she noticed it at all, she probably accounted for it by the sleepiness consequent upon a whole day in the open air; for she herself was feeling it acutely. The two, therefore, sat down with as little delay as possible to their evening meal, and soon after retired to their respective chambers.

But sleep was far from Isobel. An amazing thing had befallen her. The long-closed gates of memory had suddenly flown wide open again, and poignant sorrows, which she had begun to look upon as healed of their power to sting, had issued in renewed strength. By the little rose-wreathed casement of her attic window she sat for hours, her unseeing eyes bent upon the darkening landscape without, her mind living over again those years of hopeless anguish. A voice—just a voice—had recalled the dead past with its undying pains.

Isobel had been born of devout Catholic parents, and reared in fervent love of her faith. While yet a tiny child she had been entrusted to the tender care of the good Cistercian nuns at Haddington, her native town. As she advanced in years her one desire was to stay in the cloister

for good. During early maidenhood the religious life, with its renunciations and its joys, continued to be her only thought; she became a novice, and in due time made her vows.

Other children had been born to her parents, but all had died in infancy except a boy, four years her junior. Little Willie also longed for the things of God alone; his one wish was to be a priest. No difficulty was put in his way. Before Isobel was old enough to become a novice, Willie was already well advanced in his studies. A brilliant student, he gained distinction at St. Andrews and later in Paris; he won his doctorate and was raised to the priesthood at the earliest age possible. Everyone who knew him prophesied for the clever young man a successful career; the speedy acquisition of a prominent benefice seemed but the beginning of the fulfilment of the prediction.

Then, almost without warning, broke the sudden storm which wrecked the Scottish Church. Isobel and her religious Sisters saw the cruel demolition of all they held sacred, and the seizure of their only home; they themselves, cast out upon the scanty mercies of a hostile world, must fain choose either heresy with some share of temporal favor, or God's truth and possible starvation. Isobel had lost her parents by death; no earthly relative remained except her priest-brother; and in that general overthrow of everything Catholic, he, too, would soon be as homeless and penniless as she.

For, amazing as it seemed, the Scottish Parliament had declared Protestantism to be henceforth the sole legitimate religion throughout the realm. By iniquitous laws, that body had abolished forever the jurisdiction of the Pope, repealed all statutes in favor of the Church, and enacted the direst punishments for saying or hearing Mass, administering or receiving the Sacraments, harboring a priest, or taking any part in Catholic rites.

Isobel's lot was hard enough, in truth; but a heavier cross was to be borne by her,—

one far more crushing than mere temporal losses. Her darling brother, so greatly praised and esteemed for his learning and abilities, hitherto regarded by all who knew him as a staunch Catholic and fervent priest, succumbed in the hour of trial: he threw in his lot with the Reformers. It was not for lack of knowledge,—of that Isobel was certain; nor was it, as she was almost equally certain, for lack of faith. She knew that it was from sheer cowardice on the part of one of timid and weak nature to face the consequences of loyalty. He dare not brave the storm. He, alas! was not alone in prompt surrender to the powers in possession: too many of like calibre were no less subservient,—ready to barter their faith for the loaves and fishes of the State-made religion.

Again and again did the anxious sister crave an opportunity of speaking with her beloved one, that she might help him to conquer the enemies that beset him, and escape the treachery and shame that he was contemplating: it was to no purpose. The cowardly renegade feared to put himself in her power; he would neither write nor assist her to come to him. His mind, he declared, was fixed in his resolve. So they remained asunder.

All that had happened more than forty years ago. Isobel, after a life of labor and anxiety, was old and frail. Her brother, as she would often remind herself, should he still be living, must be nearing, like her, the inevitable end. In her prayers, her brother lived still,—those fervent prayers, poured forth often with many tears, when the recollection of his unfaithfulness pressed more heavily than usual upon her bruised heart. In all else he was to her as one dead.

And suddenly there had come an unlooked-for resurrection. After forty years and more of a deathlike silence, the well-remembered tones of his voice had sounded in her ears. It was the voice of a living man, and that man no other than Fenton, whom before that day (as she thought) she had never seen. By no vestige of face or figure could she have identified the brother

she had so long lost,—the brother still so dear, despite his backsliding. But his voice, with its familiar ring, could not be mistaken. Doubt was thrust aside. Beyond the possibility of mistake, the man she had met that day was her brother Willie.

What could she do? All her efforts had failed in the past; was there more hope of success now, when faith had grown still more cold, and the selfishness of age had blunted the keen appreciation of spiritual riches which had long been cast aside as worthless? Yet love and pity, as much as duty, pleaded with her to spare no effort in the saving of her brother's soul.

Night passed; and, after the brief spell of summer darkness, dawn appeared once more, and still Isobel sat at her window, striving to grope her way through the darkness that beset her path, and praying with all her heart for light from above to guide her upon what seemed a hopeless quest.

(To be continued.)

For an Ordination.

BY GEOFFREY BLISS, S. J.

UP and out has the road climbed forth
 On to the measureless down:
 A toneless gray in the straining north,
 Under a gray sky's frown.

The young sun's play in the wood with the wind,
 The young brook's swirl in the glen,—
 By what new miles shall be left behind
 Before you see them again?

Ask not. One at the road's crest stands.
 Oh, ask you who is this?
 He makes the shepherd's sign with His hands,
 He gives you the sacring kiss.

The young sun's play is in His eyes,
 The young brook's grace in His feet;
 The young wind breathes in His low replies;
 His garb is hyacinth-sweet.

Your road shall climb to the pass apart
 Where the ancient black crag drips;
 But young shall be your signed heart,
 And young your kissed lips.

"The Marble City."

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

Fire without smoke,
 Water without mud,
 And streets paved with marble,—

SUCH, according to an old saying, are the chief characteristics of Kilkenny on the Nore, famous in song and story as the Marble City. Up to 1730, the marble quarries of Kilkenny were common property. Any one who wanted a block took it as a free gift from Nature's bounteous store. In the old coaching days, every street in Kilkenny was paved with the native marble; and the noise made by the vehicles as they rumbled through them is said to have resembled the roll of thunder. After a shower of rain the streets gleamed like polished ebony. The quarries are now private property, and the marble mills are worked by great water power. The process of roughing, sawing, polishing, as well as the work of the sculptor, gives constant employment to large numbers. Kilkenny marble work has a ready market at home, and—before the war, at all events—had an increasing trade with other countries.

Kilkenny was at one time divided into two parts, "Irishtown," as it is called, having had a distinct corporation down to 1844. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," has been often said. But how much more often has not the parable of the "Kilkenny cats" been held up as a deterrent to would-be belligerents, whether in private or public life! It has been sometimes stated that the origin of the story of the "Kilkenny cats" is to be traced to disputes between the members of the two corporations. The true history of the world-celebrated feline battle is, briefly, as follows.

A regiment of English soldiers stationed at Kilkenny invented for their amusement a cruel sport, which consisted of tying two cats by the tails and throwing them across a line. While in this position, the

unfortunate cats tore savagely at each other in their efforts to get free. The commanding officer, hearing of the soldiers' cruel pastime, issued a decree against it; but it went on all the same. One evening the officer on patrol heard the noise of the feline fray and hurried forward to put a stop to it. Hearing his footsteps, one of the soldiers drew his sword and severed the cats, as they dangled from the line, by cutting off the poor beasts' tails, which were hanging there still when the officer came striding in. "What—what!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Do you mean to say, men, that they have actually eaten each other up to the tails?"

So that the expression "fighting like the Kilkenny cats," far from meaning that the people of the Marble City are inclined to be quarrelsome, is a relic of the days when the English soldiers brought, amongst other evils, the ignoble "sport" of cat-fighting to Kilkenny. As a native of that noble city, I am pleased to have an opportunity for proclaiming the truth, especially since, as one of the historians of Kilkenny complains, the false version of the tragedy of the "Kilkenny cats" has penetrated even "to the Rocky Mountains and the plains of Australia."

The Martyrology of Salisbury places the feast of St. Rioch, nephew of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, on the 6th of February; on which day it also commemorates his reputed brothers—Mel, Melchus, and Munis. Irish martyrologists, on the contrary, give the 1st of August as the date of the festival of St. Rioch, whose name is closely associated with Kilkenny. As in the case of St. Patrick himself, the place of his birth is a subject of dispute to this day;¹ but it seems certain that he arrived in Ireland, with twelve transmarine companions. St. Rioch is said to have had charge of the books and writings belonging to the band, and to have been librarian to St. Patrick.

¹ See "St. Patrick in Scotland," *THE AVE MARIA*, 1919. (Vol. ix, No. 11.)

He was of great personal beauty,—“the most comely of all men living in those parts,” we are told.

While preaching the Gospel in Ireland, St. Patrick had some difficulty in effecting the conversion of a rich and powerful native chief named Eugenius. And, although he eventually succeeded, the convert was far from satisfied, and seemed to expect that the waters of baptism should have freed him from corporal as well as spiritual ills; for he was ugly of face and ill-shapen of figure. Touched by his misery, St. Patrick asked the deformed chief which of all the men he saw around him he would most like to resemble, if it were the will of God to cure him of his infirmity. Without a moment's hesitation, Eugenius pointed to St. Rioch, then a young deacon, and said he would give anything on earth to be as handsome and straight as he was. St. Patrick then told the two young men, St. Rioch and Eugenius, to lie down on the same bed and under the same coverlet; and, while they were asleep, he prayed over them with raised hands. When they awoke, so closely did Eugenius the chieftain resemble Rioch the deacon that it was only by the latter's clerical tonsure that it was possible to tell one from the other.

St. Rioch was son of St. Dareca, sister of St. Patrick, and is held in such affectionate remembrance by the people of his adopted country that, in Irish *mo* ("my") is the endearing prefix added to his name. In Ireland he is *mo-Rioch*, or "my Rioch." Rock is the Anglicized form of the name. St. Patrick raised him to the episcopacy; but, at his urgent request, allowed him to retire to Inisboffin, one of the islands of Lough Ree, in Longford. Here he founded an abbey, over which he ruled as abbot, and where some say he died. But tradition adds that his remains were taken to Kilkenny for interment. At some period or other, St. Rioch appears to have built himself a cell in the Marble City—or, rather, near it,—“in a secluded vale,” where,

after living for a time in solitude, he was joined by numerous disciples. This cell of St. Rioch is supposed to have occupied the centre of a piece of ground that went by the name of the Walking Green,—to-day, Walking Street. Close by was St. Rioch's holy well, traces of which were brought to light some years ago, when the Lough, or Lake, was being cleaned. Three of the earliest churches erected in Kilkenny claimed respectively St. Patrick, St. Mel (also written Maul), and St. Rioch as founders and patrons.

An ancient, full-length portrait, painted by a foreign artist, was long venerated in Kilkenny as the portrait of St. Roch, but is said to have been really that of St. Roach of Montpellier, with whom the painter apparently confounded him. In it the saint—whether St. Rioch or St. Roach—was depicted seated on a rock in the midst of a forest, and clothed in a loose scarlet robe, while a dog fawned on him, licking the sores and bruises on his feet. A later portrait—painted in Portugal, but also destined for Kilkenny—gave St. Rioch a distinctly Irish cast of countenance, and showed him clothed in a scarlet tunic, worn over the dark habit of a religious, with one foot resting on a rock, and with a pilgrim's staff in his hand.

Kilkenny Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Ormonde, stands on the site of the palace of the Kings of Ossory, who kept state there two thousand years ago. At that time Kilkenny with all the surrounding district, was called *Osraighe*, Anglicized Ossory; even as the Bishop of Kilkenny has the title of Bishop of Ossory to this day. King O'Dunphy, who reigned from 927 to 974, was the last king of Ossory. Like all the monarchs of his line, he had a great devotion to the national Apostle, and a church of St. Patrick adjoined the royal palace. He had his eldest son christened MacGillaphadraig (literally the servant of Patrick); thus founding the celebrated clan of Fitzpatrick.

The See of Ossory is the oldest in Ireland, having been founded in 435 by

St. Ciaran, or Kieran, at Saiger in King's County. Thence it was transferred to Augavoe, Queen's County; and, finally, in 1152, to Kilkenny. St. Canice, or Kenny, succeeded St. Kieran as Bishop of Ossory, and gave his own name to the city, thenceforth known as Kilkenny, or the church of Kenny.

It is curious to find traces of the Flemings in Kilkenny, till one remembers that settlers from Flanders, or Holland and Belgium, established themselves in England under that name, and that their descendants still bore it in 1169, when they came to Ireland to contest the Kingdom of Leinster for the traitor, Diarmid MacMurrough. The place of their abode in Kilkenny was the district stretching from where Switzer's Asylum now stands to the Black Quarry. In old records it is often alluded to as *In villa Flamingorum Kilkennie*. The Irish called it *Shrandh-na-buddagh*, or the street of the *buddages*, or churls,—which says little for the popularity of their foreign visitors. It was in Kilkenny also that Henry II. rested his troops when he marched against King Roderick O'Connor in 1172.

One of the greatest benefactors Kilkenny ever had was Felix O'Delany, who was Bishop of Ossory from 1178 to 1202. It was he who founded Irishtown, and endowed the first priory or hospital of St. John; and it was he also who built the beautiful Cathedral of St. Canice, the glory of Kilkenny, but, alas! long since wrested from Catholics by Protestants,—who, indeed, hold nearly all the finest of the sacred buildings once owned by Irish Catholics. The result is that, as the Catholic population in Ireland far outnumbers the Protestant, these stolen churches remain practically empty from week end to week end, Sunday included; while Catholics can hardly find standing-room at Mass or Benediction in the churches that are left to them.

Bishop O'Delany also founded, in 1180, with the aid of MacGillaphadraig, the

Abbey of Jerpoint, the ruins of which are among the most striking in Ireland; and it is here that he was eventually laid to rest. At the moment of the bishop's death the cathedral was completed except the nave, aisles and porch, which were added about sixty years later by Bishop Geoffrey St. Leger, styled, for this reason, "the second founder" of St. Canice's.

It is not possible to write of the Marble City without at least a passing mention of the celebrated "Statute of Kilkenny." About the year 1341 it was realized that the Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland were becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves"; and, in order to remedy this, the English king convened a parliament in Kilkenny, in 1367, when he succeeded in passing the "Statute," which enacted "that all intermarriages of the Anglo-Normans with the Irish, also buying and selling with them, etc., etc., shall be accounted treason."

Kilkenny's title of the "City of the Confederation" dates from the Puritan persecution, which spared neither English nor Irish Catholics. The result was that numbers of the Anglo-Norman Catholics in Ireland joined hands with the native Irish at a meeting convened on the Hill of Crofty, in Meath; and, embracing, arranged for a final meeting to be held on the historic Hill of Tara, on the 24th of December, 1641. A synod met in Kilkenny, at the house of David Rothe, then Bishop of Ossory, when it was resolved that representatives from all counties and important towns, not under Puritan authority, should be elected to meet in Kilkenny on the 24th of October, 1642. Thus was the Confederation of Kilkenny convened. Pope Innocent X. sent his nuncio, John Baptist Rinuccini, to Ireland in order that he might be able to counsel and aid the Confederates. The nuncio who entered Kilkenny on the 11th of November, 1645, has left a vivid description of his reception there.

"The night before my arrival I stopped at a villa about three miles from the

town," he says. "The next day, having set out in my litter, all along the way for the three miles of journey I was met by the whole body of the nobility, and by the youth of Kilkenny and the adjoining counties, who presented themselves, marshalled in separate troops; and the leader of each troop, dismounting, approached on foot to present their compliments to me. The first to present themselves were a band of students on horseback, all armed with pistols, who, after caracoling for a time around me, conveyed their welcome through one of their number deputed for the purpose; he was crowned with a laurel wreath, and richly robed, and he addressed some good verses to me. At the gate the Corporation of the city were drawn up. The whole way to the Cathedral—which is, perhaps, as long as the Via Lungara in Rome (about three-quarters of a mile)—was lined with soldiers on foot, bearing their muskets. In the centre of the city, at a very high cross, where the citizens are wont to assemble, we all stopped; and a youth, surrounded by a vast concourse, pronounced an oration, after which we again moved on till we reached the cathedral."

The "very high cross" mentioned by the Papal nuncio was the celebrated "Market Cross of Kilkenny," erected in 1335. It rose from a square basement, to which stone steps led up on either side. Four lofty columns supported a vaulted arch, above which was an obelisk surmounted by a polished marble cross, on which the figure of the Crucified was sculptured. Statues of the four celestial guardians of the city, St. Patrick, St. Canice, St. Brigid, and St. Kieran, also entered into the design. The cross was consecrated amidst the greatest enthusiasm. A local bard has left it on record that—

On the morrow of St. Lucia,
And the day of mighty Jove,
When the blast of dark December
Stripped the last leaves from the grove;

¹ The villa alluded to was Ballybur Castle, then the property of the Comerfords.

In the year of grace we read it,
Thirteen hundred, thirty-five,
All the streets of faire Kilkennie
Seem for festive grace alive.

There the Black Friars assemle;
There the Grey Franciscans come;
There the mail-clad barons muster
At the tucket's sound and drum;
And, round the bishop, white-robed children
Incense-bearing censers toss,
As the long procession wendeth
To the new-built Market Cross.

Since that morrow of St. Lucia,
Twice two centuries and one
Have passed o'er the crowded city,—
Pilgrim, soldier, Cross, are gone;
Yet the record hath not faded:
Fancy still the scene can trace,
Where the Cross was consecrated
In Kilkennie's market-place.

The clergy of Kilkenny often preached from the steps of the Market Cross, and it was also frequently the theatre of the dramas known as mystery plays. The last of these, the "Resurrection," was enacted there in 1632. The Cromwellian soldiery did much damage to the Cross in 1650. What remained of it was taken down in 1771, with the object, it is said, of re-erecting it on the Parade. What became of it after that no one knows, for it was never seen again.

During the Papal nuncio's stay in Kilkenny, the Supreme Council was held at the castle, which was then in the hands of the Confederates; and it was here that the distinguished visitor made a formal call upon Lord Mountgarret. "General Preston and Viscount Muskerry, brother-in-law to Ormonde," the nuncio writes, "having waited upon me in the name of the Council, I set off, accompanied by the whole body of nobility, the military lining the way. At the head of the hall was seated Lord Mountgarret, president of the Council; and a seat of red damask was placed for me on his right hand."

It soon transpired, however, that the Viceroy, Lord Ormonde, had privately arranged a peace on behalf of the King; against this the Papal nuncio protested, being resolved, in conjunction with Owen

Roe O'Neill—the victor of Benburb,—to carry on the fight. Peace was publicly proclaimed by the General Assembly on the 1st of August, and Ormonde made a triumphal entry into Kilkenny. But the laurels of peace that had festooned all the entrances to the city were torn down after a few days. The aged Bishop, David Rothe, having received a communication of protest from the nuncio with regard to the peace, published an interdict against the peace party, "thereby, in his old age, raising his hand for the final overthrow of religious intolerance." The nuncio declared the peace to be a betrayal of the nation's confidence, and a violation of the Confederate oath; with the result that a newly-elected General Assembly met in Kilkenny on the 10th of January, 1647, and resolved to carry on the war. After a series of victories and defeats, a second peace with Ormonde was ratified, the reason advanced being the exhausted resources of the nation.

The celebrated Dean Swift was a student at St. John's College, Kilkenny; as were also Congreve, the Continuator of Ware, Provost Baldwin, and Dr. Berkely. The brother authors, John and Michael Banim, were natives of Kilkenny, as was also the Mr. Egan in connection with whose bequest for Masses the restrictions, which held all such bequests to be invalid, have just been removed.

THE philosophers of old had a light, and they communicated it to their disciples who were learned; but they could not communicate it to mankind, for the bulk of mankind can not be learned. Christ brought a light that all men can see. The crucifix is a book that the unlearned can read, and the spectacle of the Crucifixion has done more for the consolation of the human race than the wisdom of all the philosophers. Christian wisdom consists in nothing else than a knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of Him crucified.

—Rev. J. Duggan.

The Finger of Scorn.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

IT was a very still summer afternoon. To Mrs. Finan, seated on the shady side porch, shelling peas for supper, came fragrant scents from the old-fashioned rose-bush by the kitchen window, mingled with that of the newly cut hay in the meadow adjoining. Familiar little sounds also penetrated to her,—the voices of children at play, faint barkings of restless dogs, bird calls from the trees, and noises, smothered by the distance, of the day's activities down in Centerville. A horse and wagon clattered across the bridge over Big Run, down in the valley more than two miles away; and the whistle of the afternoon train followed, piercing the silence with its alien, raucous voice.

It was all very peaceful on the little porch; and Mrs. Finan, tired after her day's work—for it had been ironing and baking day,—sat relaxed and happy, her mind busy on plans for the supper, while her active fingers mechanically stripped the pods from the green spheres, which she threw into a shining saucepan at her side. Her husband worked for Farmer Seymour, as he was called, and did not come home for dinner; and he went so early in the morning that the children were seldom up; so that supper in the Finan home was not only the chief meal of the day, but a very gay time, with father and his teasing, light-hearted ways. Jim Finan was not an ordinary farm hand by any means: he was really assistant manager of the big Seymour Farm, and made a good living for his family, his devotion to whom was an axiom on the Hill. His wife smiled now as she thought of the surprise she had for him and the children,—a golden pound-cake, the kind they all liked, iced to a most amazing whiteness, and looking very grand on the tall glass cake-dish.

The opening and closing of the front gate interrupted her pleased meditations,

and she glanced quickly through the door at the clock. It was just half-past three, and in those days school was never out before half-past four.

"I thought it couldn't be the children," she reflected; then, as she heard a low step coming around the house, "I suppose it's one of the neighbors."

"Is that you, Mrs. Fogarty?" she called on a venture.

But it was not Mrs. Fogarty who came up to the porch steps a minute later: it was a strange woman, old and rather small, who begged pardon in a soft, throaty voice, and asked could she sit down and rest a bit. She was tired after walking up the hill in the heat.

"Come in," urged Mrs. Finan cordially, rising and placing a chair for the stranger. "It is a long walk up the hill when you're not used to it. Now, I don't mind it at all,"—smilingly.

"Ah, but you're young, ma'am!" her guest said.

As she spoke the second time, something stirred in Mrs. Finan's heart,—a memory. She looked at the strange woman more closely.

"An' the young," went on the soft voice, "don't be mindin' the hills or the hard ways,—no, ma'am."

"I suppose that's true. Are you a stranger here, or do you know some one on the Hill?" There was an odd anxiety under the question.

"I'm a kind of a stranger,—yes, ma'am; an' I was lookin' for Jim Finan's house—"

"Jim Finan's house?" Even to herself Mrs. Finan's voice sounded strange and excited. "I am Mrs. Finan."

The strange old woman turned at the words and half rose in her chair. Then she sank back again.

"Are you Mrs. Finan?" she asked, apparently quite calm,—*"Maggie Coll that was?"*

"Yes. Why?"

The two women were staring at each other, and Mrs. Finan suddenly began to tremble.

"Maggie," the soft, throaty voice said,—
"Maggie, . . . don't you know me?"

"Mother!" Mrs. Finan cried out,—
"mother! It's never you—after all these
years! O my God!"

"Who else?" was the reply, the low
voice curiously devoid of excitement. "I
jis' thought I'd come back—to see you,
Maggie. I won't stay long. I'll be goin'
away agen afther I rest a bit."

"Mother,—O mother, don't!"—in an
anguished tone. And Mrs. Finan, bursting
into a passion of tears, threw herself on
her knees by her mother's chair and drew
the slight figure into her arms. "O mother,
O mother!" she cried over and over.

"There, Maggie! Don't cry, dear!" the
old woman said soothingly at last. She
herself had shed a few tears, but she dried
them quickly. "I didn't come to make you
cry." She gave a sharp sigh. "Eh, the
Lord forgive me!"

"Don't think I'm not glad to see you,
mother," Mrs. Finan said in a shaking
voice, trying to regain her self-control;
"but—"

"Sure, why should you be?"—humbly.
"I didn't expect it. I was hungerin' to
see you these many years; maybe you
wouldn't believe it. So I took the notion
to come and see you,—jis' to see you once,
an' thin to go away agen, Maggie."

Her wistful eyes were devouring her
daughter's face, and she was twisting a
corner of her black shawl in her thin fingers.
It was a sad old face, out of which looked
the faded, wistful eyes,—a face which
spoke in some inscrutable way of a race
with life which had ended in defeat; and,
looking at her, the daughter felt her heart
pierced with an agonizing pain.

"Mother, how you have changed!" she
burst out. "And you're so pale! Aren't
you well?"

"Yes, dear, I'm well enough. But I'm
an old woman now,—an old woman. It's
thirty years almost—" She checked her-
self and went on quickly: "You have a
good husband, I'm told."

"Yes, Jim is good. And the children,—

I have four. The three oldest are at
school; but the baby, little Jim, is having
his nap. I wish—" The color rose in her
cheeks. "Wouldn't you like to see him,
mother?"

The old woman shook her head.

"I must be goin'," she said; but she
sat quite still, looking out into the sunlit
garden with a blank, unseeing gaze. Her
grandson—hers! And she might have been
sitting here on this pleasant porch, holding
him in her arms, chatting happily with her
daughter. She could see him, with Maggie's
blue eyes, laughing up at her and dancing
in her arms.

"My grief,—my grief!" she groaned in-
audibly. "I must be goin'," she repeated.
Then she turned and smiled at her daugh-
ter,—a smile that was more pitiful than
tears. "But I'll be contented now from
this on, Maggie, knowin' you to be well
an' happy—"

"But, mother," Maggie interrupted in
a troubled tone, "you mustn't go yet. You
haven't told me anything about yourself.
Can't you stay with me for a while?"

"An' disgrace you the second time, is it?
No, Maggie." But the tears rose in the
old woman's eyes, and she looked at her
daughter very tenderly. "You're a good
child to ax me, but I'll never do that. I
doubt" (with a searching glance) "if Jim
Finan knows—about me?"

"No," very slowly the daughter made
answer. "You know he came a stranger to
the Hill, and Miss Bannon wouldn't let
me tell him. But Jim is good and kind.
I know if I told him,—stay, mother, and
let us tell him! I hate to have you go away
so soon." She slipped a timid arm around
her mother's shoulder, but the latter drew
away rather abruptly.

"No, I won't stay," she said decidedly.
"I brought trouble on you once, but I'll
never do it agen; an' that's what it would
mane if I stayed here. But maybe you
could come down the hill to see me before
I go? I'm stayin' with a Prodestan woman
that I knew once in Salt Lake City. It
isn't many people that she knows here,

an' they'll never hear of me bein' up here on the Hill."

So it was arranged, and Maggie took her mother to the brow of the hill and watched her as she went slowly down the winding road, turning away with tears as the small, bent figure disappeared from view. The Finan house was the first house after you came up the hill; therefore no one had seen her strange visitor. But, as luck would have it, Mrs. Fogarty was coming across the Six Acres, driving before her two recalcitrant geese, not overly pleased at being driven, and complaining about it vociferously at intervals.

"Who was that, Maggie?" Mrs. Fogarty called, between "shoos," in characteristic Hill style.

"Oh!" Maggie said. "Is that you, Mrs. Fogarty? It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"'Tis so.—Shoo there, bad scran to ye!—Who'd I see you takin' to the Hill?" She was close enough by this time to notice Maggie's flushed cheeks and misty eyes, and she gazed at her with strong curiosity.

"That—was a friend of mine from Centerville," was all the answer she got, however, as Mrs. Finan turned into her own gate rather quickly.

Mrs. Fogarty looked after her in surprise, the geese forgotten for the moment.

"Yerra, what's the matter with Maggie Finan, I wonder?" she said aloud.

And that was a question which the Hill women began to ask each other quite frequently before many weeks had passed; for, somehow, she did not seem to be the same, and she was always, as they put it, "traipesin' off down the hill, widout rhyme or raison." "Down the hill" meant Centerville, where, excepting for Sunday Mass, no Hill woman ever went more than once in two or three weeks; and what she could want there was more than the neighbors could imagine. Not but what they tried valorously to find out, by means of a roundabout series of innocent questions that nearly set Maggie wild, but which served only to increase her odd reserve with her old

friends, and to make her keep more to herself than ever. It was not strange, therefore, that soon heads began to shake at the mention of her name, and dark hints to be thrown out. "Like mother, like daughter!" was said sharply one day; and the older women, who heard the significant words, turned away sorrowfully. For well they recalled the Hill tragedy, sordid and mean and pitiful as it was.

One sleety Sunday morning, thirty years before, the Hill had awakened to find that something terrible and unprecedented had happened; John Coll's wife had eloped with Tim Dacey, a handsome renegade Irishman, reputed to have a wife and children in other parts, who had been doing odd jobs in the neighborhood of the Hill for some months. Some one had seen them boarding the early morning train, and knew the furtive flitting to be the culmination of long weeks of misery and scandal, the like of which the kindly, God-fearing Hill people had never dreamed.

It was a black time for the Hill, which felt its honor smirched and its spotless reputation injured beyond repair; and, all the more because she was one of their own, the people heaped bitter denunciation on Lizzie Coll, so lost to all sense of right and decency. Small blame to her, they admitted, if she wanted to leave John Coll; for he was the poor provider, spending in "the drink" most of what he made, and being abusive into the bargain. But to throw herself away on "that blaggard" Dacey, and, moreover, to leave her own darling little girl, were things that passed their comprehension. Even animals, they said, had more nature than that; and they hardened their hearts against the sinful woman, agreeing solemnly among themselves that her name should never be mentioned, nor a word breathed of the scandal, that it might die out from the "mimory o' man."

Every house on the Hill was open to the deserted child, and even to poor, shiftless John Coll; but Miss Sarah,

the eldest of the three Miss Bannions, who kept the Hill School, wished so earnestly to take Maggie that she was given her way. And before the winter was over, the deserted husband went off in a severe attack of lung fever, and the little girl was to all intents and purposes an orphan.

So for thirty years the old scandal was apparently dead and buried. Not by faintest word or look had Maggie ever been made to feel that she rested under the stigma of her mother's sin; but never in all these years had she forgotten her mother or the night she went away, when, so cold and trembling that she struck terror to the heart of the child, she had come to her little trundle-bed, and gathering the little girl into her arms, had lain weeping and sobbing for a long time. It had occurred to the child afterward, aged by the sad experience that had come to her, that if she had realized what was in her mother's mind she could have prevented the fatal step; for mother and daughter were very close, drawn together by the trouble always brooding over the Coll home. But, childlike, she fell off to sleep; and when she awoke, it was to a deserted and desolated hearth. In her sensitive little soul, the thought was graven deeply that she had failed her mother in the hour of her greatest need, and this conviction augmented the tenderness with which she dwelt on the thought of the erring woman, who had never given her a cross word or look; though it was true she had finally deserted and disgraced her. Passionately she prayed for her, and secretly and always she yearned over her in memory,—her pretty, pretty mother!

And now, mysteriously enough, the erring mother had returned, with no word of the past,—so old, so changed, so sad, with no vestige of the beauty that had taken the fickle fancy of Tim Dacey and led her on to misery and a broken life. Maggie, visiting her in secret, and watching the poor pale face,

and the wasted figure once so lithe and upright, felt as though her own heart were breaking. How she longed to take her home, to nurse and care for her, to bring back the light to her eyes and something of the old smile to the careworn, wistful face! But she was afraid, poor Maggie,—and with, as she thought, good reason.

Jim Finan had an erring brother; and on one occasion, when he had come to the house, he had been ordered away and off the premises with an angry vehemence that the wife never forgot. Nor could she forget his white set face as, with one speaking gesture, he forbade even a reference to the incident. Could she expect him to be kinder or more lenient to his wife's erring mother, of whose existence he was absolutely unaware. No, she could never tell him; and oftener and oftener she stole down the hill, and more and more the Hill tongues wagged, at first curiously, then caustically, and finally indignantly. Were they to sit still and see the Hill disgraced again? It appeared, after mature discussion, that they were not.

Father Field was reading his Office under the grape arbor, walking slowly back and forth, for it was a hot afternoon, when he heard hasty steps coming along the street from the direction of the Hill road. He looked out, thinking it might be a sick call; and was surprised to see Jim Finan come striding along, with a set face and blazing eyes. Only that day a vague hint of the rumor that was out about Mrs. Finan had come to the priest, and he scented trouble at once, seeing Jim at this hour in Centerville. Fleeing through the house, he grabbed his hat and caught up to Jim before he got very far down the street.

"Well, Jim Finan," he called pleasantly, "where are you bound for in such a hurry?"

The man turned on him such a face of stark misery that the priest's heart shook

within him. Jim opened his lips as though to reply, but no sound came from them.

"Listen to me, Jim," Father Field said in a peremptory tone. "You've got some kind of a wrong idea in your head. Tell me what it is. If it's about Maggie—"

A spasm passed over the man's set face.

"Here," he said roughly, speaking for the first time, "this is where I'm going." And, opening his clenched hand, he gave Father Field a piece of paper on which was a pencilled address. "You can," he added hoarsely, "come along if you want to."

"Belle Center Street," the priest read. "128. Why, I seem to know that number!" A great relief surged over him. "Why, Jim," he said aloud, "I know this place. I was there last week to see a sick woman,—a visitor in town, I believe. Don't let's do anything foolish. The only honorable way is to give Maggie a chance to explain."

"She's there now," was the answer from between set lips. "She'll have a chance when we get there." And Jim kept steadily on, the priest at his side.

It was very warm in the little side room on Belle Center Street; and Maggie had drawn her mother's rocking-chair over to the window, and looped back the muslin curtains the better to let in the air. She was sitting on a low chair at her mother's feet, fanning her and chatting gently, when she heard quick, excited voices in the front room; and in a second the bedroom door was opened with a jerk, and there stood her husband. She sat as one paralyzed, staring up at him with a face as devoid of color as his own and equally horrified.

"Jim!" she cried, struggling to her feet,—*"Jim!"* Her heart died within her at the sight of his face. "Oh, don't look at me like that"—clasp-*ing* her hands. "Don't blame me."

"What are you doing here?" Jim asked, going straight to the heart of the matter. "Who is this woman?" He looked from one to the other, his anger lessening a bit in bewilderment.

The woman in the chair spoke up.

"I'm jis' a poor woman, sir," she said, in a trembling voice,—*"only a poor woman that she comes to see out o' the kindness of her heart."*

Maggie hushed her with a gesture. It was plain that the time for concealment was past. The worst had come and she must face it.

"It's my mother, Jim," she told him, looking at him, pallid but dignified.

Jim Finan, who had expected he knew not what, felt as though he were about to faint in the agonizing relief that surged over him, and he laid hold of the door to steady himself.

"Your mother?" he stammered,—*"your own mother?"* For they who had not scrupled to awaken his suspicions about his wife had not failed to exhume the old scandal.

"My own mother!" Maggie replied, bursting into a passion of tears. "Oh, I won't give her up,—I won't give her up, no matter what you say! I want to take care of my own mother."

In one step Jim was at her side and had gathered her into his arms.

"Why, Maggie," he murmured tenderly, tears on his own cheeks, "why didn't you tell me, girl? Did you think I would be so mean? There, don't cry! Father Field is outside, and we'll get a hack right away and take mother home with us."

"O Jim!" the wife exclaimed in a hushed tone. "O Jim!"

So Mrs. Coll returned to the scene of her girlhood days, and, nursed back to health, spent a peaceful and respected old age with her daughter and grandchildren. Jim she frankly idolized, and he was as devoted a son as woman could wish. But, though the neighbors overwhelmed her with kindness as though to make up to Maggie for their unjust suspicions, out of the house, except to go to Mass on Sunday, Mrs. Coll never stepped. And no word of the past ever crossed her lips, except on one memorable occasion. But that is another story.

The Twelfth Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

DECEMBER was called by our Christian forefathers the "Holy Month," because in it we keep the anniversary of our Divine Lord's birth; in pagan times it was known as the "Winter Month."

On the 6th, we find in the calendar the name of St. Nicholas, that great and good archbishop whose benevolence and generosity (he had inherited a large fortune, which he spent in unceasing acts of charity) led to his being regarded as the special protector of children. He was also the patron saint of sailors,—a fact which is proved by the many old pre-Reformation churches dedicated to him in English seaside towns; whilst throughout the country there are nearly four hundred placed under his protection. St. Nicholas, with his liberality and love for children, whose shoes and stockings he was believed to fill with gifts on the eve of his festival, is the Catholic original of the Protestant "Old Father Christmas,"—that jovial personage who has superseded St. Nicholas, though he can never fill the saint's place.

It may be mentioned in passing that the famous Council of Trent was formally opened on the 13th of December, 1545. Its sittings extended, with various prorogations, over a considerable period, and were not finally concluded till the pontificate of Pope Pius IV.

St. Thomas gray, St. Thomas gray,

The longest night and the shortest day,

refers to the feast of St. Thomas the • Apostle, which falls in the winter solstice. A century or two ago, among poor persons in England there was a curious custom of "going a-gooding" on St. Thomas' Day; this "gooding" consisted in making the round of the parish, and begging a supply of "good things" for the season of Christmas, from their more wealthy neighbors as well as from the great houses in the vicinity. Hence this day was called in

some places "Doling Day"; and in others, "Mumping Day" (i. e., begging day); whilst in Warwickshire it went by the name of "Corning," because the "mumpers" carried a bag in which were placed contributions of corn from generously disposed farmers. In parts of Staffordshire, a sum of money was given by the richer parishioners to the vicar; this sum, called St. Thomas' Dole, was distributed by him to the poor on St. Thomas' Day. In return for alms bestowed during these gooding peregrinations, "it was customary," we are told, "for the recipients to present a sprig of holly or mistletoe to their benefactors."

We know that, about the time of the winter solstice, the nations of Christendom have, from an early period in the Church's history, celebrated the great feast of Christmas with every mark of rejoicing. But Christmas customs—such as the burning of the Yule Log, and the generality of Christmas sports and pastimes—are too familiar to need description here; neither is it necessary to linger over the mere material side of the feast, such as the traditional boar's head, the geese, capons, pheasants, and pies of carps' tongues; the peacocks "stuffed with spices and sweet herbs, basted with yolk of egg, and served with plenty of gravy." When roasted, the bird was allowed partially to cool, then served up in its feathers, its beak gilt, and so sent to table. Sometimes, indeed, the whole body was covered with gold leaf; or again it would be served in a pie, the crest appearing above the crust at one end; the tail, in all "its painted plumage gay," at the other.

It is interesting to find, from a curious old song preserved in the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, that "if that day that Chryste was borne falle uppon a Sunday, the winter shall be a good one," though "great windes aloft shalle be." The summer, however, will be "fayre and drye," and "through all lands shall be peace." But if "Chrystmas on the Sater-

day falle, that winter is to be dreaded by all. It will be so full of great tempeste that it will slay both man and beast." In Devonshire, a superstition used to prevail—and possibly may still prevail—that if the sun shines brightly at noon on Christmas Day, a plentiful crop of apples may be expected the following year.

Down to the middle of the last century, there was a custom which has now practically died out—that, namely, of parties of musicians who went round playing during the night hours for two or three weeks before Christmas. They used, as a rule, wind instruments, and went by the name of "waits." They called afterwards at different houses to collect donations. But this name of waits was, in much earlier times, given to minstrels attached to the king's court, whose duty it was to guard the streets at night, and proclaim the hour.

If we turn to old documents, we see that in the year 1400 a regular company of waits was established at Exeter; and there is a most quaint account relating to the duties and emoluments of such persons. In the reign of Edward IV., we read of "a wayte that nightly, from Michaelmas to Shreve Thursdays, pipeth the watche within this court four times; in summer nights, three times; . . . he eateth in the halle with mynstrels." Then follow details concerning his allowance of ale, bread, clothing, coals, and candles; concluding with the interesting statement: "Also this yeoman-wayte, at the makinge of Knyghtes of the Bath, for his attendance upon them by night-tyme, in watchinge in the chappelle, hath he to his fee all the watchinge clothing that the knyght shall wear upon him."

In connection with St. Stephen's, December 26, there was a strange superstition that, after being made to gallop, horses should then be bled; "for this being done upon this day, they say, doth do them good, and keepes them from all maladies and sicknesse through the yeare." Even as late as the latter half of the seventeenth

century, John Aubrey has this record: "On St. Stephen's Day the farrier came constantly and blooded all our horses."

On St. John's Day, December 27, it was customary for the people, in olden times, to obtain "hallowed" wine,—that is, wine which had been blessed by a priest. This was drunk, and also used in making a special kind of little loaf, called a "manchet"; and whosoever ate these loaves or drank this wine was believed to be immune from all danger by poison; owing, it is supposed, to the fact that, according to one account, St. John was once challenged by a heathen priest to drink a cup of poison. The Beloved Disciple, having first made the Sign of the Cross over the vessel, drank its contents to the last drop, without sustaining the least injury.

December 28, the feast of the Holy Innocents, Childermas Day, or simply Childermas, has always been regarded as one of the most unlucky days in the whole year. To marry on Childermas Day was, we are told, "especially inauspicious"; whilst no one who could avoid it would begin any work or enter upon any undertaking on this anniversary. In proof of this superstition, history records that the coronation of Edward IV., which had been originally fixed to take place on a Sunday, was deferred till the following Monday, owing to the previous day being in that year the festival of Childermas.

For long, scouring or scrubbing was never allowed to be done in Cornwall on Holy Innocents' Day; but this would appear to be rather a survival of the old Catholic rule that no servile work should be done on holydays, than a superstition as regards luck; though undoubtedly such a superstition did prevail in other countries besides England; for it is said of Louis XI., of France, that "he would never perform any business or enter into any discussion of his affairs on this day." Enough, however, has been said on December customs.

A Royal Deed.

IT was in July, 1865, at Carlsbad. A large throng of elegantly-dressed promenaders assembled in the court around the music pavilion; and among them was a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman who was the "cynosure of all eyes." Annoyed evidently by this open curiosity, he finally walked away and entered one of the avenues, where a pale-faced little girl approached him, holding out her hand. "Who sent you out to beg, my child?" asked the gentleman.

"My sick mother," was the reply.

"What does your father do?"

"He is dead, sir, and we are so hungry!" said the child, bursting into tears.

The gentleman had taken out his purse, but he put it back into his pocket and said:

"Show me where your mother lives."

The child led the way through the streets into an alley, and stopped before an old house.

"She lives here, sir."

They entered the house and climbed up the rickety stairs to an attic. There in a corner, on a straw pallet, lay a young woman wasted to a shadow by hunger and disease.

As the two entered, the poor woman half rose from her bed and said:

"O sir, my little girl should not have brought you here, for I have no money to pay you for your services!"

"Have you no one at all to help you?" asked the supposed doctor.

"No one, sir: the other people in the house are very poor themselves."

Upon hearing this, the visitor gave the child money to buy food and wine. He then took his leave, and soon afterward one of the principal physicians in the city entered the humble abode. On seeing this second visitor, the woman was greatly perplexed.

"Sir," she said hesitatingly, "my little girl has made a mistake in calling you in; a doctor has already been here and prescribed wine for me."

"But that gentleman was not a physician, and it was he who sent me to you," was the rejoinder.

The gentleman who had accompanied the little girl to her poverty-stricken home was the Czarevitz of Russia, who afterward came to the throne, and whose untimely death at the hands of an assassin caused sincere mourning among those who knew him best.

Christ in Our Neighbor.

A CONSIDERATION that should never be lost sight of by practical Christians is that whatever, whether of good or evil, we do to our neighbor, we virtually do to our Divine Lord Himself. He Himself has told us so: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." The same truth is exemplified in the words of Our Lord to the great Apostle of the Gentiles before the latter's conversion. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Now, we all know that it was only the first Christians whom Saul was persecuting, and the words used by Christ show that He identified Himself with His disciples. So, too, in the case of St. Martin. The night after the saint had given to a half-naked beggar one half of his cloak, Christ appeared to him in a dream, wearing the half-cloak and said: "You clothed Me with this cloak."

Thus it is to-day, not less than in the time of St. Paul or that of St. Martin: we are treating Christ well or ill just according as we do our neighbor good or evil. Hence the absurdity of our trying to convince ourselves that we love God while we entertain for our neighbor sentiments of jealousy, revenge, rancor, hatred, or spite; and the still greater absurdity of flattering ourselves that we are in the way of salvation, in the state of grace, while we talk and act uncharitably towards others, be they friends or enemies, acquaintances or strangers. As we do unto them—there is no question about it—we do unto Christ.

With the Pessimists.

SAD indeed is the lot of those who are obliged to associate with pessimists—men or women who choose always to look on the dark side of things and who seem to prefer to believe that the world is wholly evil. Pessimism is the vice to which all serious moralists are most exposed, and once they become its victims their usefulness is at an end. Of all human beings, the moralist and the reformer have greatest need to avail themselves of periods of rest and careless relaxation. Now is the time for those who believe that moral turpitude was seldom so widely spread, never so unblushing; that ignorance and bigotry are not decreasing in the world, but rife and rampant,—now is the time for such persons to take a vacation.

To attribute to society the faults of a set, or, again, to a whole class the selfishness of a few individuals of that class; to judge a nation by its criminals, a body of religious men by the backsliders among them; to lash the whole community for the sins of a small though assertive set; to demand that every man shall at all times do his whole duty; to make no allowance for ignorance or weakness,—all this is the part of folly. The pessimist is the one most likely to make groundless charges against the age, and he fancies they are pressed home when they are reiterated.

The truth is that the forces of good were never so active, so zealous, so enterprising as now. At no time in the history of the world were the classes more willing to join hands with the masses. Associations for the promotion of everything beneficial and the suppression of all things harmful and degrading flourish and are constantly being formed. The progress of the Church was never more encouraging than now. Witness the harvests of souls in pagan lands; the steady stream of conversions to the Faith in civilized nations; the extension of diplomatic relations of the

Vatican with the world and at the request of the world; such wonderful demonstrations of faith and piety as our Eucharistic Congresses, or the recent celebration at Montmartre; the increasing interest in Foreign Missions and home charities of all sorts; the sacrifices made in the cause of Christian education; and a hundred other things that might be mentioned. If in some countries there is open oppression of the Church, in our own hostility and suspicion have given place to ever-increasing respect and confidence. The agencies for the preservation and propagation of the Faith in the most progressive nation of the world are powerful and wholly free; and every year the number of them increases.

There is a great amount of good in the world and any number of good people. If at times evil seems to triumph, the One who permits it can draw good out of it. Truth may be crushed to earth, but the victory is always on her side in the end. If it were possible to know the outcome of the social revolutions now going on in the world, we should realize the groundlessness of many fears and forebodings. Of one thing we may be absolutely certain: the power of Christianity to withstand all assaults. Oppression of the Church means the purification of its members and the emancipation of itself. It need never be feared that any present loss will not be more than counterbalanced by future gains.

A habit of looking on the bright side of things, and of seeing the good in others rather than the evil, is one of the best habits that can be cultivated. It not only renders us more helpful to our fellows, but obviates the danger of despairing of ourselves. If it be true that optimism depends upon digestion, and that good digestion depends upon the amount of fresh air, rest and relaxation one allows oneself, then pessimists of all persons should take occasional vacations. A period of intermission is desirable especially for the pessimist of the pulpit and the pessimist of the press.

Notes and Remarks.

While Lent, the preparation for the great festival of Easter, is pre-eminently the penitential season of the ecclesiastical year, Advent, the corresponding preparation for Christmas, is not without its penitential features; and it should be marked by a closer application to our religious duties as well as by such concrete works of penance as it may be within our competency to practise. Of the necessity of penance in general no passably instructed Christian requires to be convinced. "Unless you do penance," says our Saviour Himself, "you shall all likewise perish"; and the Church, Christ's infallible representative, tells us further that the life of a Christian ought to be a continual penance. Now, minimize as we may this declaration of the Church in its bearing on our conduct during the remainder of the year, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that, in Advent and Lent at least, we are obliged to do penitential works. All such works may conveniently be reduced to three: prayer, fasting, and almsdeeds. Prayer includes all devotional acts that belong to the virtue of religion; fasting comprises all works of spiritual or corporal mortification and self-denial; and almsdeeds take in all works of charity or mercy that we exercise towards our neighbor. Some few, if not a great many, of these various works we are very certainly capable of performing; and the more of them we do, the more fruitful will be our Advent, and the more truly gladsome our Christmas.

Believing that the voice of a great many men who are called Socialists may often be the voice of anger when the spirit behind the voice is a spirit of conciliation, we confess to feeling sympathy for all Socialists who are not openly anarchistic. There are Socialistic views, so called, to which no Christian can be in opposition. We recognize grave danger

as well as grave injustice in treating all Socialists as Bolshevists,—the danger of their becoming what they are treated as being. The future undoubtedly belongs to some form of Socialism. "With people who believe that whatever is will exist forever, and that we have reached the acme of civilization and the end of all things in economic progress,—with such people," declares a leader of the Socialist Party in this country, "it is useless to argue. But surely no educated man believes that the present conditions are the end of all things. That we have not reached the end of our national development is clear. Every new invention and every new political question proves that to us. . . . The Bolshevists want to break entirely with the past. The Socialists do not believe that a complete break is either possible or at all desirable. But the outcome, of course, will largely depend upon the attitude of the 'powers that be' whether the Socialists or the extremists will prevail."

There is food for thought in sayings like this: "You can not build a Chinese wall against ideas." The time may be coming when Socialists who are not of the revolutionary sort will be treated as ordinary citizens. Action against Anarchists, on the contrary, can not be too drastic or too prompt.

There is no mincing of words in the joint pastoral which the bishops of Bavaria have issued on the subject of the schools. In the face of anti-Catholic legislation, actual or projected, they write:

If the legislation touching the schools embarks upon a yet more ambitious program, and the State tries to enforce further restrictions in curtailing the right of religious education, and the war on religion extends to farther spheres, then the time will come when we, the bishops, must speak very plainly to the Catholic parents of Bavaria, and say: "No law of the State has any binding force upon the conscience when it comes in direct opposition to the commands of God, and sets itself up to condemn and nullify the divine laws of the Church. There is no form of government, no law, no ordinance or regulation

which can impose on the consciences of parents the duty of sending their children to the State schools, when these schools rob them of God—for that is what it comes to—and seek to tear down the moral and religious edifice which fathers and mothers have built up in the spiritual life of their children. The right of the parent overrides any right that the school can claim.

Fortunately, we in America are saved by our system of parochial schools from the dangers of sending our children to the public schools. But should the time come, as indeed it well may, when legislation might seek to force us into a course of action contrary to conscience, it will be well to remember the prompt, vigorous, and uncompromising stand of the Bavarian bishops in a like exigency.

Among the many genuine sacrifices made by married Protestant clergymen who become converts to the Church is their giving up what is most frequently their only available means of earning their livelihood,—of supporting themselves and their families. We have all very probably known of individual cases in which the lot of the converted minister was a decidedly painful one, despite the efforts of friends to ameliorate his condition. In connection with this important subject, the *Denver Catholic Register* is favorably impressed with a plan suggested, in the *Missionary*, by a converted Episcopalian minister, Mr. Floyd Keeler. Premising that the plan would chiefly affect the West, the *Register* says:

He [Mr. Keeler] wants married Protestant ministers who are converted to the Church, and who are fitted for nothing besides pastoral work, to be put in charge of Catholic rural congregations where the priest can visit only infrequently. He calls attention to the fact that this use of well-instructed laymen, or men with minor orders, would not be something new in the Church, but was used to some extent in Apostolic days and at times in the Middle Ages. These lay ministers, he points out, would be able to gather the people together regularly for the Rosary or other prayers when the priest could not come; could teach the people, look after finances, make pastoral visits, and, in some places, even open parish schools. Their

wives would be able to make themselves useful in various works of the Church. The men could get part of their support from farms bought by the mission parishes. The chief field for work lies in the rural districts, but the converts might be useful in city parishes where priests are scarce,—taking care of the sodalities, looking after pastoral visits, etc.

The *Catholic Register* thinks that the bishops are the ones to pass upon the question without any suggestion from a mere editor—and so do we.

It is a dangerous thing these days to say a good word about England, or even to correct a bad word falsely applied to her. Yet there is such a thing as giving the devil his due even when it is question of England. The *Catholic Watchman*, of Madras, is of course British in sympathy; but, emanating from that section of the British Empire, it may be trusted to know whereof it speaks when it deals with Indian affairs. In a recent issue we find the following editorial:

We regret to see that an excellent Catholic contemporary continues to take very exaggerated views of the situation in India. Our well-conducted contemporary is usually well informed, but whenever it discusses the British Government in India its information is astray. In its mail issue it refers to Rabindranath Tagore's renunciation some time ago of his knighthood, and says: "Small wonder that Rabindranath Tagore refuses to hold a title given by a nation that is crushing his own people with repressive laws and militaristic measures." That India has had, and has, its grievances we readily admit; but our contemporary's conception of India's grievances is surely very much astray when it says that Belgium's woes in the grip of an alien Power were "less terrible than are India's at present." And our contemporary's knowledge of facts is also very much astray when it says that England "turns upon 300,000,000 Indians with machine-guns and rifles, and bids them accept her rule or perish." Our contemporary is referring to the forceful repression of the recent disturbances in the Punjab, which has certainly been much criticised; but the riots were purely local, and it is questionable whether very many of India's 300,000,000 were on the side of the rioters. Moreover, England does not bid India "accept her rule"; for India has been ruled by England for very many years and has

prospered greatly. For a number of years, Indians have been getting an increasing share in the Government of the country, and the Montagu Reforms will give them a much larger share still. But England could surely not be expected to accede to riotous demands from a corner of the land...

"There are a good many American Catholics in India," concludes the British editor, "and some of them might perhaps think it well to inform our contemporary as to actual conditions in India, and save an excellent journal from statements that are not in accordance with facts, and which might do a good deal of harm."

Those who are not aware of the monstrous injustice done to China in recent years by Christian nations, so called, may learn of it from a document by Maj. Louis L. Seaman, M. D., LL. D., F. R. G. S., read in the Senate a while ago by Mr. Brandegee, of Connecticut; his object being to show how infamous participation of our Government in the transfer of Shantung to Japan would be. There are numerous passages of the document which we should like to quote, but we must confine ourselves to a few of the more telling ones, as follows:

For more than three-quarters of a century, beginning with the unrighteous opium war, and even later, China has been subjected to a series of "squeezes" and despoilment of her territory to an extent unequalled in history. The iniquitous indemnities wrung from her as the result of the Boxer campaign would have been reversed, and the countries now receiving them would be paying for the outrages committed, had right instead of might prevailed. The powerful Governments and financial institutions doing business in the Orient have become obsessed with the idea that it is legitimate business to "squeeze" the country, regardless of right or justice; and in transferring the so-called German rights in Shantung to Japan, the Big Three are to-day continuing that policy....

The Chinese have never sought territorial aggrandizement, but have loved the paths of peace, where the law of moral suasion, and not of might, ruled. They possess qualities of industry, economy, temperance, and tranquillity unsurpassed by any nation on earth. With these qualities they are in the great race of the survival of the fittest to stay. They are to be

feared by foreign nations more for their virtues than for their vices, and in their present struggle for the maintenance of their territory they deserve our earnest sympathy and support....

The Japanese claim their country is overcrowded, and they require more room for their increasing population. Is this a legitimate reason why the 450,000,000 Chinese should be crowded out of the land in which they have lived for 6000 years?

Endorsement by the United States Government of the decision of the Peace Conference in the Shantung controversy, besides causing the Chinese to regard America and Americans with suspicion and contempt, and sowing the seeds of future wars, would be the greatest injury ever yet inflicted on the cause of Christianity in China. To point out this threatened injury may have been an ulterior object on the part of Senator Brandegee in calling public attention to the document of Major Seaman. In any case, the Senator rendered a distinctly important service.

Whether political or not, Mr. William G. McAdoo's statement regarding the coal situation commanded general attention; and this was all the more serious on account of the resentment shown by the mine owners and operators, one of whose spokesmen characterized the former Secretary of the Treasury as a "fool," and his statement as a "stump speech assertion." This resentment naturally aroused suspicion. The public do not regard Mr. McAdoo as a fool, nor did they blame him for "injecting" himself into the wage controversy; they were curious, however, to learn why he had spoken on the subject. He promptly explained that he spoke because he had something to say. It was this: "The question is whether or not the coal operators are making excessive profits. Their income tax returns, filed under oath, will give an understanding of the truth and the facts. If they are making excessive profits, as they were clearly making them in 1917, then any increase of wages that

may be made to the miners should not be passed on to the public in the form of increased prices for bituminous coal. A showdown will enable the American people to form a just opinion on the coal situation." According to Mr. McAdoo the operators' returns in 1917 showed profits of from 15 to 2000 per cent on capital stock before reduction for excess profit taxes. This, he maintains, is an understatement rather than an overstatement of what the returns disclosed.

It is not easy to understand why this statement, if just, should have been so much resented; but it is easy to understand why such a declaration as the following, attributed to one of the mine operators, should be considered objectionable, both in thought and expression: "There is always the alternative of not producing coal. The operators own the coal mines. Even the present wonderful Administration has not got to the point where it can confiscate property. They do that sort of thing over in Russia." Which prompts the observation that our Government has got to the point where it will be obliged to do certain things, regardless of their being done or left undone anywhere else.

In his first Encyclical our present Holy Father stated that he was saying "old things but in a new way." On a great many subjects, moral subjects especially, that is about all one can hope to accomplish. Originality as to the substance of one's thought is impracticable, but novelty of presentation is within one's reach. Here, for instance, is practically a new way (for most readers) of looking at the Church's prohibition of bad books, pictures, etc. We find it in the *Catholic Herald of India*:

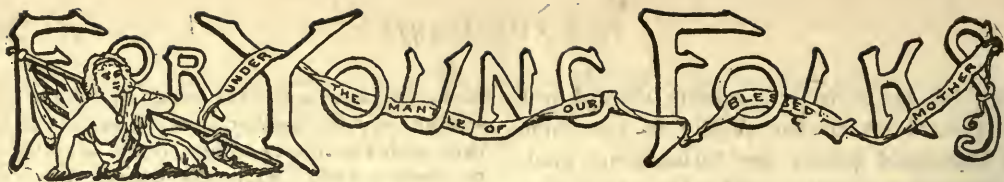
It is like this: bad books, immoral literature, obscene pictures, and the rest, are, for all men, what knives and forks and poisonous things are for children: highly dangerous. When a mother sees any of them in the hands of her child or near it, how anxiously she snatches them away,

no matter how much the child may cry! Will any one say the mother is wrong in interfering thus with the liberty of her child? Who would be such a fool? Well, the Church is acting towards her children like a true mother; and, what some may call or fancy interference on her part with the liberty of men, is nothing else but her sacred duty, as a good mother, to prevent all those committed to her care from harming or injuring themselves spiritually and morally by the use of such poisonous stuff. No one in his senses will deny that.

Apropos of the foregoing, it is rather noteworthy that, since the general use of press censorship from the beginning of the recent war, we have not heard much reprobation of the Church's Index of Forbidden Books. The reason is patent. Impartial logic can not condemn in the Church what it praises in the State; and the Church, be it remembered, is waging continuous war against "the world, the flesh, and the devil," the constant enemies of mankind.

One of the greatest barbarities of the World War, in the popular estimation, was the use of poison gas, and the hearts of many people are still filled with rage and resentment against the enemy on account of all the suffering thereby caused and all the deaths that resulted therefrom. But, according to Surgeon-Gen. Ireland, U. S. A., poison gas is "one of the most humane weapons of war." This contention is based on analysis of American casualties in France. It is reported that while 74,779 of the 274,217 battle casualties resulted from enemy gas, the number of deaths was "very small." Gas caused 27.3 per cent of all casualties, it is found, "accomplishing the prime object of all weapons of war, which is to put men out of action." But there are only 1.87 per cent of deaths in gas cases as compared with 23.4 per cent from shell or bullet wounds.

The effect of this information, coming from so authoritative a source, should be to abate the hatred of the enemy still lurking in so many hearts.



To Our Heavenly Mother.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

○ PURE and gentle Maiden,
Immaculate and free;
Sin passed thy door, nor entered in—
Ever unknown to be.

O holy, happy Mother,
Inviolate and free;
Filled full of light, for sin's dark night
Never o'ershadowed thee.

The Dove amidst the lilies,
The fragrance of the rose,
Within thy soul's fair Eden,
Findeth a sweet repose.

O loving, holy Mother,
Draw us, we pray; that we
At length may nestle in thine arms,
Finding our God with thee.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXIII.—ANOTHER ADVENTURE.

FOR the greater part of the night on which our aviators arrived at Burgos, Tim was obliged to care for his uncle, who was feverish and restless; and, when he did get asleep, became the prey of horrible nightmares. All the fighting bulls of Spain seemed to be tossing him on their horns as though he were a limp football. All the same, the next morning there was no talk of postponing their departure. On the contrary, they left Burgos at daylight, thus avoiding the crowds of the curious who would have delayed their flight.

The day proved to be an exceptionally good one for flying, and Tim accordingly sent his machine along as swiftly as

possible. Thus, at the rate of sixty miles an hour (which was pretty rapid travelling for a plane in 1910), they passed over Valladolid, crossed the Douro in sight of Zamora, and finally, towards evening, reached the plain of Salamanca.

There another adventure, and one that threatened serious consequences to our friends, awaited them. Just as Tim, who saw that he must descend in order to supply his tank with additional gasoline, began to make arrangements for landing in a little village whose red roofs he descried on the banks of a foaming river, he noticed with considerable surprise that the whole population of the village seemed to be drawn up as if to receive them.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "It looks as if these people have been told of our coming and are awaiting us."

At the same time another thought occurred to him. Could it be that Fourrin had something to do with this gathering of the villagers? He had no time, however, to discuss the matter with his uncle; for a regular hail of bullets directed at the aeroplane began flying all around him.

"Oh, ho! This is a nice welcome to give to a stranger!" he cried; and at once prepared to rise above the carrying capacity of a shotgun.

Unfortunately, the maneuver became impossible; for one of the blades of the rudder just then fell from its place, leaving the plane unsteerable. Despite all Tim's efforts, the machine "turned its nose" to the ground, and all he could do was to check as far as possible the rapidity of the descent. Even so, the falling was so swift that it was a miracle that both passengers, to say nothing of Jose, were not seriously injured by the landing. The shock did indeed half stun them.

There are, however, circumstances in which men find in themselves stores of

energy, the existence of which they have hitherto ignored; and this assuredly was one such circumstance. Tim and Uncle Layac, sensing in a confused manner the danger that threatened them, made an extraordinary effort to regain at once their presence of mind; and when the peasants, brandishing scythes, pitchforks, and shovels, advanced upon them with intent to do them bodily harm, they were standing up, ready, if not to defend themselves effectively, at least to make a show of courage and intrepidity.

There was raised immediately a great outcry against them. Men, women, and children joined in shouting: "Death to the sorcerers! Away with them!" The cry seemed about to be followed at once by an onslaught, on the part of the men with the scythes and other weapons, and things looked very dark for our friends, when suddenly a white-bearded old man appeared on the scene. His very air inspired respect, and when he exclaimed in an imperative tone, "Let no one touch these persons!" the outcry subsided and there was silence.

It was the village alcade, and it was easy to see that his authority was genuine. Uplifted arms were dropped at his words, and the peasants looked somewhat crest-fallen and ashamed. The old alcade swept the crowd with an indignant glance.

"So this, you cowardly people," he exclaimed,— "is the way you outrage the laws of hospitality; this is the fashion in which you greet strangers who honor you with their presence! What is the meaning of such villainy? Why have you acted thus?"

Nobody answered a single word.

"Do you hear me?" continued the alcade. "Who is responsible for this outrage?"

Then a young Spaniard, who appeared to have more audacity than the others, advanced towards the old man and said:

"If we were going to put this man and this boy to death, it is because they are sorcerers."

"Sorcerers, you say?"

"Exactly; and a proof is that instead of coming here by the road, they came from the sky."

"From the sky?"

"Yes, thanks to that infernal machine which you see alongside of them."

"And another proof that they are sorcerers," added a big fellow who was rubbing the calf of his leg, "is that they have a young devil in the shape of a dog in league with them."

This fellow had been foremost in the rush towards our friends, and Jose had thought it well to distract his attention by giving him something to think about. With a vicious little snarl he had bitten the big peasant's leg, and then jumped smartly out of reach.

The alcade smiled as he looked at the aeroplane. He knew quite well, as the villagers did not, what a monoplane was; and he set to work to inform the crowd that the machine which had created all the disturbance was one of the triumphs of modern science.

The young Spaniard who had spoken to the alcade was not disposed, however, to acknowledge his stupidity so easily.

"But why," he asked, "did the man who went through the village a little while ago in a red automobile warn us that an enormous bird was coming through the air, and that it held under its wings two sorcerers?"

"Because that man is a miserable scoundrel," said Tim, striking into the conversation,— "a lying wretch, who is to do us all the injury he can."

And he briefly explained, in his turn, what were Fourrin's feelings towards himself and his uncle.

The presentiment which he had experienced, a few minutes before, concerning the wily Fourrin had turned out to be justified. The uprising of this village against the aviators was another of their rival's tricks. Their villainous enemy had discovered this method of hindering them from reaching Lisbon in time. He was doubtless going to endeavor to turn

against them all the villages to be found on their route; so that, should the aeroplane happen to land in any of them, it would at once be greeted with gun-fire or an attack with other weapons. Fortunately for our friends, Fourrin had not taken account of the alcade, who, just at the providential moment, had appeared and saved uncle and nephew from a violent death.

This worthy old gentleman apologized at some length to the strangers for the outrage proffered them; and, desiring to make them forget as soon as possible the disagreeable impression they had formed of his village, invited them to accompany him to his residence to enjoy some repose and partake of some refreshments. They naturally accepted his invitation with thanks, and were soon enjoying such hospitality as one seldom receives outside of Spain—except in the land of Tim's father, great-hearted and open-handed Ireland.

The alcade's hospitality did not, however, make Tim forget that his aeroplane needed a thorough overhauling, since the violent shock of their recent landing might well have deranged some of the delicate mechanism on which depended their ability to fly. A single glance sufficed to show him that it would take the best part of a day to repair and put in place the blade of the rudder, which had fortunately been found by a peasant about two hundred yards from their landing place.

Accordingly, while Uncle Layac strutted about the village, where everybody regarded him with admiration, Tim set to work diligently, with the chief blacksmith of the place for assistant; and he kept at his job so persistently that, by the next afternoon, he was able to announce with not a little satisfaction that everything was again all right, and the plane ready for action.

As there were only two full days left for the termination of their journey, if they were to reach Lisbon by the specified date, it was decided that they should

depart the next morning at daylight,—that is, at four o'clock. The whole village got up to see them off; and when, in view of all these people, the white-winged machine rose from the ground and sailed tranquilly through the air, some of the spectators shook their heads and whispered among themselves that, despite all that the alcade had said, there was a good deal of sorcery about the business, all the same.

Uncle Layac and Tim were considerably excited that day,—more so than at any other time since the beginning of their journey. Quite naturally so, too. As there were only two days left in which to finish the trip, the least thing, the slightest delay, might very easily cause them to fail in their attempt—and lose the two millions.

If only Fourrin were at a distance! But, of course, he was not. More likely than not, he was quite near, invisible but present, spying on them at their every turn. Yes, he was undoubtedly ahead of them in that confounded little red automobile, preceding them in each of the towns or villages over which they should have to make their way, or—a much more serious consideration—at which they might be forced to stop.

How could they avoid him? How escape his malicious spying? That was the question which Tim was revolving in his wise young head as the day advanced. Suddenly he clapped to his forehead his left hand, unengaged in steering, and joyfully shouted: "I've got it,—I've got it!"

Jose, who had been enjoying a quiet little siesta, with his head resting on Tim's knees, sprang up with an excited bark that startled Uncle Layac even more than Tim's exclamation.

"Got it! Got what?" demanded the big grocer. "Shut up, you little nuisance!" he continued, as Jose, seeing Tim's face so radiant, celebrated the occasion with a succession of cordial "bowwows."

"Got the plan to keep clear of Fourrin," exclaimed Tim. "Instead of following the direct route to Lisbon, as of course

Fourrin thinks we will do, we'll slightly change our course. Instead of entering Portugal by Valencia as we had intended, we shall go somewhat farther south—the delay won't be more than an hour or two,—and get into Portugal by Elvas."

"By Jove, my boy, you've got a great head on you! That's precisely what we'll do. I'm not at all anxious to have any more villagers, Spanish or Portuguese, celebrate our arrival among them by discharging their firearms at us."

"All aboard for Elvas, then!" said Tim as, consulting the compass, he steered in a southerly direction. "And now, you contemptible Fourrin, you're going to find yourself sold!"

(To be continued.)

Emperor and Scullion.

THE Emperor Joseph II. had been visiting, as he often used to do, the environs of Vienna. A misunderstanding had separated him from the two officers whom he had chosen to accompany him, and he was somewhat at a loss to find means of rejoining them. He was about seven miles from his palace; and, as he did not care to travel all that distance on foot, he inquired at the village inn whether he could not procure a conveyance of some sort, or at least a horse, to take him back to Vienna.

The innkeeper did not know that the inquirer was anything higher than an ordinary gentleman, and accordingly told him that the only conveyance to be had was the village diligence, or public stage-coach. That vehicle was not a very comfortable one, and was of course quite beneath the dignity of a sovereign; but Joseph II. was a man of simple tastes, so he did not hesitate to take his place in the diligence. And his place chanced to be alongside a little scullion, or kitchen-boy of the inn, who was going to pay a visit to his grandmother in Vienna.

"Nobody knows me here," said the

Emperor to himself, "and 'twill be dark when we get to the city, so my equipage won't count."

Then, being tired with his day's travelling, he grew drowsy and dozed off, his arm resting on the scullion's shoulder.

He was suddenly aroused by the voice of the stage-driver, who had discovered that the number of fares he had received did not correspond with the number of his passengers.

"There's some one here who hasn't paid me!" he cried, unable to tell in the gathering obscurity just which of the travellers had or had not handed him his passage money.

The Emperor turned toward the boy and remarked:

"It seems this good man hasn't been fully paid."

"Well, I'm all right," said the scullion. "But *you*, sir,—it seems to me you were pretty sound asleep when the fares were taken up."

The Emperor started and rubbed his eyes.

"Why, of course! That's true. I didn't even think of the necessity of paying. My friend," he called out to the driver, "how much do I owe you?"

"A shilling, sir. I have to be careful, if I don't want to be cheated by a lot of tricksters."

Joseph II. was not offended by the implied rebuke; indeed, he was rather amused by the incident. All at once, however, his expression changed as he remembered that his pockets were empty. He had given his last coin to a beggar who had asked him for an alms early in the afternoon.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "I have no money. I've forgotten my purse."

"Oh, yes! We know about that," said the driver, now furious at what he believed an attempt to cheat him. "Well, then, just wait till we get to the next village. I'll turn you over to the magistrate. I'll have my money, even if I have to take the matter to the Emperor himself."

"You'll be perfectly right, my man,"

answered Joseph, who had no desire to disclose his identity save as a last resource.

The other passengers took the driver's part against their penniless companion; but the little scullion sympathized with his neighbor, and he said to the driver:

"Oh, come now, Father Hans! It's hardly worth while making so much fuss about a shilling. And it isn't quite fair to threaten this citizen, who may be telling the truth, after all. A purse *can* be forgotten, you know."

"Well, then, you young imp, *you* pay for him!" responded Hans, with a growl.

The lad hesitated between the wish to be obliging and the fear of not being repaid. His kindness prevailed; after taking a quick look at the "citizen," who was watching him with a smile, he passed a white shilling to the driver, saying to himself: "I'll risk it, anyway. He doesn't look like a dishonest man."

Jokes about his credulity and foolishness were for a time showered on the scullion by the other passengers. Finally, growing tired of their sport, and drowsy as well, they gradually lapsed into silence.

"So you have no fear of being deceived?" asked Joseph II. of his "friend in need."

"No, sir," replied the boy after a moment's hesitation. Then, growing confidential, he went on: "You see, sir, it wouldn't do to play me a trick like that, for I'm only a cook's apprentice. I hardly get any wages at all."

"You'll be well paid later on, if you like the business."

"I don't like it at all. I'd like to study, but at something else than roasts and sauces. Only it costs, and my grandmother is very poor."

"You are a fine little chap," said the Emperor, considerably affected, but not yet making himself known to the boy. "You have a good heart, and I'm sure Heaven will reward you. As for me,—well, I assure you I'll pay you back with interest the shilling you paid for me."

Quite tranquil and confident, the scullion sank to sleep in his turn, after giving

his name and address to his neighbor.

The very next morning there appeared at his grandmother's lodging one of the Emperor's couriers, who handed him, in the first place, a well-filled purse of gold, and then a sealed envelope whose contents proved to be Joseph II.'s orders that the kindly scullion should give up his kitchen trade and receive a thorough education in one of the best colleges of the empire.

The happy boy could not sufficiently congratulate himself on having proved serviceable to a stranger; and all his acquaintances were also pleased at his good fortune,—all, that is, save one, Hans, the driver, who was not only astounded but utterly discomfited when he learned that his penniless passenger was the Emperor of Austria.

The First Mass in the New World.

THE island of Haiti was the place at which, in 1493, the first Mass was celebrated in all America. The priest who officiated was Father Juan Perez, friend and counsellor of Columbus. As "guardian" or superior of the Franciscan convent of La Rabida, Spain, Father Perez had encouraged the discoverer, and by repeatedly interceding for him at Court made possible the first voyage. On the second one the faithful Franciscan accompanied his now famous and powerful friend. They landed on the island of Hispaniola, or Haiti.

At Point Conception, as we learn from Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, in the introductory pages of his history of the "Missions and Missionaries of California," Father Perez built of boughs and thatched with straw the first chapel in the New World; and "there, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, he offered up the first Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in the name of Jesus Christ blessed the land in whose discovery he had taken so honorable a part."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of poems by Isabel C. Clarke, entitled "The Pathway of Dreams," has been published by Sands & Co., London. It is highly praised by English literary critics for unusual interest, intensely devout spirit, and high standard of technique.

—"Sans Famille," by Hector Malot, which is considered one of the masterpieces of French juvenile literature, has been translated into English by Florence Crewe-Jones, under the happy title of "Nobody's Boy." Published by the Swarthmore Press.

—We welcome a new edition (the sixth) of "Come and See: Faith Found in London," by the author of "Aunt Sarah and the War." This little book is one of exceptional worth and distinct charm. The illustrations, chiefly portraits, greatly enhance its interest. Burns & Oates, publishers.

—"The Story Book of Birds and Beasts," by J. Henri Fabre, the great French naturalist, is intended especially for younger readers. Eight volumes of the wonderful series of books by "the insects' Homer" for grown-ups have already been published. No scientific writings possess such extraordinary interest.

—Persons who like the sonnet form of poetry will welcome "The Collected Poems of Lord Alfred Douglas," who is an acknowledged master of the sonnet. His ballads, too, are of high excellence. In felicity of form and imagery, his "Sonnet to Sleep" and "Sonnet on the Sonnet" are referred to as "flawless in their grace and music."

—A literary item of somewhat unusual interest, at least for Americans, is furnished by the Houghton Mifflin Co. A recent statement sent to them by a German publisher declares that "Over the Teacups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a book which German readers showed no desire to buy before the war, has had, since 1914, a very considerable sale among them, notably so in 1918.

—Extension Press (Chicago) has issued "Catholic Bible Stories from the Old and New Testaments," by Josephine Van Dyke Brownson, a small-sized octavo of 232 pages, with numerous full-page illustrations in half-tone. The book is intended for children and excellently meets the requirements of the child mind. This creation is described in the chapter entitled "Where the World Comes From"; David is "The Harp Player"; and the chapter called

"The King who Wanted to Own the World" relates the story of Judith. For young children we do not know of a better introduction to Bible history than this, it is so simple, interesting, and reverent.

—"McEwan's Easy Shorthand," by Oliver McEwan (Chicago: McEwan Shorthand Corporation), has for sub-title "The Wonder Manual"; and if half the appreciative words said about it by competent critics are even approximately true, the sub-title is well deserved. The mere fact that the McEwan system is so simple that children in preparatory schools learn it so thoroughly as to become proficient in the "winged art" is of itself a sufficient recommendation to warrant all interested in shorthand to give the system a fair trial. The manual is a brochure of eighty pages.

—Readers familiar with the controversial writings of the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J., need not be told what a trenchant pen he wields. They will, however, be glad to be informed of its latest activity in "The Spanish Armada," a brochure of some hundred and thirty pages in the "History of England Series." The object of this series is to set forth the Catholic point of view, especially on mooted points of English history. Of this particular point, the Spanish Armada, the author says: "We could not find anywhere a more typical example of the Protestant historical tradition as being in all substantial points a falsification of the true history." To prove this contention is the task Father Hull takes upon himself; and prove it he does to a fair-minded reader. This volume is a valuable addition not only to our controversial literature but to historical truth. Published by the Examiner Press, Bombay.

—"Health through Will Power," by James J. Walsh, M. D. (Little, Brown, & Co.), is a twelvemo volume of 288 pages, every one of which is packed with medical wisdom translated into vernacular common-sense. Dr. Walsh states a fact, of common knowledge at present—that the war has disclosed to men the power of their own wills, has shown them that their wills are capable of enabling them to do things which they would previously have held to be utterly impossible; and he declares that upon a man's will, more than upon any other single factor, depend his health and his recovery from disease. In the course of nineteen chapters he develops his thesis in detail, and does this in so illuminative a fashion that he who runs may not only read

but understand. Individual readers not a few will discover that their own theories as to the preservation of health are corroborated by this authoritative physician; and they in particular will be inclined to recommend the work to all their friends and acquaintances. There would seem to be excellent ground for believing that the development of strength of will, as contradistinguished from mere velleity, or wishing in a half-hearted way, would do very much towards securing that blessing of which Ecclesiasticus says: "There is no riches above the riches of the health of the body."

—After all the nice things he has said about us—our charming hospitality, wondrous energy, superb architecture, superior clubs, hotels, and railways, even our cooking,—it is easy to forgive Mr. Maurice Baring for this parody on the American poetess. Besides, it is "deucedly clever, don't you know":

Look upward, for the sky is not all cloud;
 Look forward, think not of the dismal shroud.
 No lane but has a turning, and no road
 That leads not somewhere to a warm abode.
 Take courage. If the day seems rather long,
 The cooling dew will fall at evensong.
 Believe, and Doubt is sure to sink away.
 Doubt is a cur, and Fear is but a fool;
 Rely upon yourself, and let your stay
 Be the observance of the heavenly rule.
 Never say die; and do not be afraid:
 At eventide the wages will be paid.

Has any one ever seen lines that looked more like poetry and were less poetical than these?

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Health through Will Power." James J. Walsh, M. D. \$1.50.
 "Catholic Bible Stories from the Old and New Testaments." Josephine Van D. Brownson. \$1.25.
 "The American Priest." Rev. George T. Schmidt. \$1.25.
 "Captain Lucy in France." Aline Havard. \$1.50.
 "The Reformation." Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. \$1.25.
 "The Book of Wonder Voyages." \$1.50.

- "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War." Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. 9s.
 "A Primer of Old Testament History." 70 cents.
 "Mountains of Help." Marie St. S. Ellerker, O. S. D. 3s.
 "St. Joan of Arc: The Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans." Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. \$2.75.
 "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation." Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P. \$1.35.
 "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. T. Flynn, C. C. \$2.75.
 "True Stories for First Communicants." A Sister of Notre Dame. 90 cts.
 "The Finding of Tony." Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.
 "Eunice." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.90.
 "The New Black Magic." J. Godfrey Raupert \$2.
 "The Truth about China and Japan." B. L. Putnam Weale. \$2.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Walsh, of the diocese of Albany; Rev. Magnus Schaebler, diocese of Pittsburgh; Rev. Thomas McNamara, diocese of Natchez; and Rev. Joseph Neri, S. J.

Sister Anna Maria, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Eutropia and Sister M. Alexis (Hall), Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John Selter, Mr. Segundo Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallagher, Mrs. Ann Coe, Mr. Joseph Meany, Miss Julia Nolan, Mr. Charles Ballweg, Miss Laura Williams, Mr. William McKenna, Miss Jane McKenna, Mr. William Blake, Miss Mary Smith, Mrs. John Shannon, Mr. Michael Gara, Frances Baerzynski, Miss Anna Perk, Mr. M. F. Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Bridget Coonen, Miss Mary Casey, Mr. J. H. Bardot, Mr. C. E. Gerst, Miss Bridget Hurley, Mrs. Catherine Murray, Mr. John Vernon, Mr. Matthew Rodgers, Miss Catherine Flannery, Mr. James Capillo, and Mr. John Lutgen.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions: friend (Detroit), \$10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: M. T., "in memory of my beloved dead," \$25; H. R., "in thanksgiving," \$5; Mrs. W. E. P., \$1.30.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Salvation's Tree.

BY KEVIN LOGUE.

FROM hid eternities there bloomed a tree
Whose sole unfallen flower thou art, Mary.

In time its bloom of roses red should be,
The white rose thou of its eternity.

Root of all healing for the world to be,
In unbeginning time fore-saving thee.

Thou wert unsmirched by sin of Adam's fall,
Yet bore sin's debt which is the due of all.

So thou art fruit of Christ His saving cross,
Who in thy soul didst never know His loss.

Lo, mystery in mystery, the fruit
Thou art of that prevailing tree, and root.

National Civilizations.

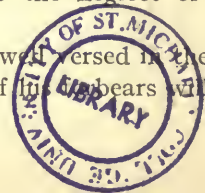
BY BEN HURST.

ATTEMPTS were made during the late war to discredit certain forms of European civilization that had been previously held up as examples to mankind. Military expediency was considered sufficient excuse for a sudden change in estimation of values. Carlyle, the seer, the genius once extolled beyond reason, was now shelved as antiquated and erroneous, because of his predilection for German thought and German ways. We were told, and some fanatics still labor to uphold the idea, that Teuton civilization was the antipodes of all other European civilization,

abhorrent to right-minded men, and henceforth tabooed forever. German music, science, and philosophy were defamed, belittled, or ignored, because of German militarism. The eclipse of a great and shining centre of culture still prevails, and there are but a few voices to invite a return to common-sense and moderation. One potent call has been that of Bishop Casartelli, of Salford, who points to the folly of excluding from schools the rich mine of intellectual and scientific wealth contained in German books.

If we take true civilization to mean familiarity with great and noble thought, we can not afford, in their own interest, to bar our youth from contact with the master-minds of every age and clime who represent the progress and achievements of humanity. Surely Christian civilization supplies identical norms to all peoples; and it is vain to pretend that, so far as moral principle is concerned, one is at variance with another. But there are different modes of expressing the same notions; and the manifestation of fundamental, unchangeable truths differs as do climate, temperament, and custom. A nation that swerves violently from its inherited course to adopt strange manners of life and thought, is bound to sink and come to grief. As God evolves from each human soul its own salvation, so does the ascent of an entire people proceed from within. It can not be effected by aping outside models to the neglect of inbred characteristics.

Thus, whoso is well versed in the literature and poetry of the



grasp the beauties of foreign writers and poets. Certainly the Gael who studies the Four Masters profits more than if he plunged into Coptic and Assyrian lore, or even the more modern Greek and Latin classics. Intuition will guide him, and the innermost fibres of his nature will respond to the charm of ancestral mentality. He will make this his own; and, developing while appropriating, give of his best and sincerest to the furtherance of national ideals. The safest method, therefore, of advancing and raising the cultural level of a people is the encouragement of knowledge and assimilation of the intellectual products of their own race and kin. Affinity facilitates comprehension, and conduces to symmetrical growth of national literature and art.

Writers have recently been found to deplore the risk of Southern Slavs' being shut out from the benefits of Italian culture, should they persist in opposing Italy's territorial claims. At the same time they are warned that they are exposed to the penetration of Germanism. The Slovenes, as a matter of fact, have learned much from their German overlords in organization, punctuality, and general exactitude,—qualities not inherent to themselves; and they likewise acknowledge their debt to Italy in the domain of art; but they reply to their advisers that the schools of the entire world are now within their reach, and that, nevertheless, they would achieve their full capacity by development on congenial, racial lines. In other words, the Russian, Czech (Bohemian), and Polish masters can inspire them as would no stranger element; and they hold that the Slav soul must avoid undue outside influence if it is to convey its message to the world.

They may as yet be deficient in manner and form, in subtlety of definition; but simplicity and strength have a virtue of their own, and spontaneity is more thrilling than labored virtuosity due to imitation. A people surging forth with the power of youth can only lose by pernicious straining

after alien effects; and all is unprofitable that diverts it from exploring what lies hidden in the depths of its national consciousness. We must avoid parallels or contrasts when discussing the different characteristics of rival peoples; but as we are all bound to mutual service, since Christ's Gospel is to all, and mankind is solidary, it is the duty of each to bring a distinct and sincere contribution, not borrowed replicas, to the Christian civilization of the world.

In the case of the Slavs, perfect development would be the only justification for the tremendous sacrifices made, the long striving, the superhuman efforts to attain freedom. A smattering of art, the dilettantism due to servile copying, is quickly reached. But a natural, energetic, clear habit of thought comes nearer to the sublime than carefully-polished, artificial productions adjusted to suit foreign taste. In striving upward, Yugoslavia realizes that strength comes from her native soil, and inspiration from her kinsmen who have forged centuries ahead.

Take, for example, music. It is an open question, if we eliminate German composers (admittedly first), which of the other nations of to-day is pre-eminent. Russian genius would seem to offer everything that fascinates and delights and transports in the domain of sound. Ability in orchestration, imagination in formulating new and pleasing melody, passionate frenzy and poignant romance,—who can hear Russian music without recognizing that here is the voice of a great and indomitable race? The future symphonies and operas of the musically-gifted Slavs of the South will scarcely derive from Latin sources while such vast and rich fields of study are at their disposal. The indefinable magic attraction of race affinity will ever draw them to their mighty mother of the North; they will learn from Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky, and a host of others, as well as from the Pole Chopin, and the Czechs Smetana and Dvorzak, rather than from Verdi, Puccini or Mascagni.

In literature likewise they need not seek for masters or models outside their own race. The works of Tolstoi alone are a treasure-house with gems of spiritual analysis, noble conceptions of art and morality which all his religious aberrations can not obliterate. In Slovenia the Germans were unable to mould the mentality of the people; and material welfare and plastic perfection in art so dear to Italy of to-day will have no more success. The Slav nature feeds on the unseen world. Germany is too positive, Italy too realistic, to exercise sway over a newly-emancipated people straining to its cultural goal. The spirit of Russia, at present obscured, will emerge from cloud, and become again the beacon at which her brethren shall light their torches.

What can Italy offer to the Southern Slavs? Their most highly cultivated citizens are the Slovenes, as permeated with Catholic Faith as are the Irish. The Slovenes will not barter their religious trust in God for a share in the apparent superiority of Italian modern civilization. Public worship of the Deity has been eliminated by the Italian State. It has been made a fundamental feature of the State legislation in the young kingdom of Yugoslavia. The Slovene clergy are the cultural guides as well as the political leaders of their people. We may trust them to save their flocks from too close contact with irreligious neighbors, and to build up their structure of true civilization on a firm racial basis.

WE are answerable not only for what we know, but for what we might know. Whosoever the light comes within the reach of our sight, or the voice within the reach of our ear, we are bound to follow it, to inquire and to learn; for we are answerable not only for what we can do by absolute power now, but for what we might do if we used all the means we have; and, therefore, whosoever the Church of God comes into the midst of us, it lays all men under responsibility.—*Cardinal Manning.*

For the Sake of Justice.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XXIV.—RECONCILIATION.



SOBEL'S dreary vigil brought her no nearer to the solution of the problem that harassed her. Somehow or other, she must manage to secure a private interview with her erring brother, but how she knew not. She shrank from visiting him at the manse, either openly or secretly; there were many reasons against inviting him to call at the cottage, the gossip that would surely follow among the servants and others being the chief. She must take care to arouse no curiosity, lest her brother might suffer annoyance, and her efforts to save him be frustrated by his fear of publicity.

All that day her tasks were carried out mechanically, and with an outward mien so silent and sad that her companion was roused to anxiety as to her probable ill health. In the end she took the simplest and most satisfactory of the many measures that had appealed to her: she begged Mistress Muir to be kind enough to send her word when Master Fenton should be visiting her again, as she desired to have a short conversation with him about an old acquaintance.

After that her mind was given to reflection upon the most efficacious way of dealing with her brother. She knew well that he was by nature timid and shrinking; she determined, therefore, to lose no time in making herself known to him. She would approach him in a spirit of sisterly affection, sparing all upbraidings if he should evince the slightest sign of penitence.

In a day or two the longed-for message came from Mistress Muir. Master Doctor had stepped in to consult Master Muir upon some business matters, and would dine with them; an hour was fixed when it would be convenient for Isobel to come across to the house, and she might have the opportunity she desired of conversing with the minister.

At the hour appointed, Isobel made her way to the manor house, not without much trepidation of mind. She awaited the coming of the minister in a little chamber opening from the entrance hall; its window looked into the garden, now gay with blossom. The spiritual welfare of her brother—still dear to her, despite his faults—had almost wholly occupied her mind and dominated her prayers ever since that momentous meeting at the bower. The approaching interview was, she knew well, fraught with immense possibilities. Its outcome would be, so far as she could judge, either a resurrection to higher and holier strivings, or a deeper fall into an abyss of shame and degradation. The bright picture spread before her gaze—the sunlit greensward, with its flaming color on rosebush and flower-plot—was to become associated for the remainder of her years with that meeting.

Again and again, during the few minutes she awaited the minister's appearance, her mind turned over the possible issues. Would her brother refuse to listen to her? Would he listen, then coldly decline any discussion with respect to religion? Would he receive her with apparent friendliness, and seem to assent to her appeal, but only as a prelude to freeing himself from further molestation by quitting the district for another more secure? It was characteristic of her brave spirit that she never for a moment feared exposure through him to the ecclesiastical authorities, and consequent penalties for nonconformity.

At length her musings were brought to an end by the appearance of the minister. He looked somewhat puzzled as his eyes sought her face. The two women whom he had met in the garden a few days previously had not appealed to him as likely to wish to keep up any acquaintance with him. He was shrewd enough to suspect that they—like Mistress Muir, and probably her husband also—were of an entirely different faith from that professed by the exceedingly scanty flock he was supposed to serve, and could therefore

have no need of any spiritual ministrations at his hands. No gleam of recognition, however, appeared in his eyes as he gravely returned her salutation.

"I see that you do not remember me," said Isobel, in a voice husky with emotion,—for her heart was beating painfully, and her throat seemed choked. "That is not to be wondered at. Yet I remember you well. You are Doctor Sinclair."

"You mistake me for another, Mistress," he answered; but he spoke in faltering tones and his face flushed slightly. "I am called Fenton."

"But that is not your name," she said. "You are my brother, Willie Sinclair; and I am Isobel."

He gazed at her with dilated eyes; his face flushed a deeper red, then paled again to whiteness. He sank into a chair, speechless, but still regarding her.

"You Isobel!" he whispered. Then, as he wiped away the drops that had started upon his brow, he murmured in piteous accent: "O merciful God!"

For a few moments both remained silent. The man sat bowed, his face hidden in his hands. Isobel's eyes filled with tears as she waited for him to recover from the shock,—more overwhelming than she had anticipated, because so entirely unforeseen. As she waited, the intervening years seemed obliterated. She was once more in her childhood's home, with all its familiar surroundings, and with her the brother so unspeakably dear. But memory shifted again. The years that had fled reappeared, and what a record did they renew of shame and reproach!

At last the man broke silence.

"'Twas all too sudden a shock, Bel," he faltered, "to see you thus unexpectedly,—almost more than I could bear. You were the last person I dreamed of finding here awaiting me. After all that has passed, it is not a perfect joy for either of us thus to meet. Yet I am thankful that we have been spared for it, if only to look upon each other's face this once."

Isobel's tears were flowing freely now.

"The only thing that could bring me perfect joy, Willie, as you well know, would be your return to the faith in which we were both baptized. You have forsworn it, though you were God's chosen and anointed priest; you have joined the ranks of His enemies. Yet I longed to see you, if only to tell you that for you my prayers have risen daily all these forty years, and will never cease until the grace of repentance comes to you. For God is ever merciful!"

He sat silent, his face again hidden.

"Your youth might plead forgiveness," she went on; "but, now that you and I are old, and have little hope of many more years, you must surely see where the path of duty leads, if you desire to end your days in God's holy grace. Cast your mind back to those early, happy days, when you and I had but one chief desire—to give ourselves wholly to God and His service. Think of the joy of that great day of your priesting,—of the thankful gladness that filled all our hearts, of our pride in you. Father and mother—God be praised!—were called to heaven before your fall. Ah, you can not dwell on that past and remain content with this present!"

"Do you suppose I am content?" he cried, almost fiercely, fixing haggard eyes upon her. "Do you think that life, of late years, has held any happiness at all for me? Indeed, it has been at times something like hell itself must be. But I have always roused myself, and driven off all such recollections. I have chosen my lot, and must needs abide by it. There can be no loosening of the trammels that bind me."

"There is always a way of escape from the consequences of our own wrongdoing," Isobel answered, "if we will but seek for it and take it. Cast yourself upon the mercy of God," she continued, still more earnestly, "and He will not fail to help and deliver you."

"Too late,—too late!" he moaned.

"No, no," she replied, "'tis never too late to seek forgiveness. Only set your face resolutely towards the path of duty,

and God will meet you and strengthen your weakness."

"Alas!" he cried bitterly, "you know not how closely I am hemmed in by circumstances. However keenly I might long to repair the past, 'tis now impossible."

Isobel's heart throbbed with renewed hope. He did desire freedom from his trammels, then! God be praised!

Quietly and impressively she continued to plead with him. He listened calmly, and soon began to confide his difficulties more particularly. Isobel learned that his conscience had never been altogether at rest. Timid by nature, he had never attempted to hold his own in controversy; yet, on the other hand, he had striven with all care to teach nothing contrary to sound doctrine, even though he had to confine himself to the most elementary truths. To all appearance, he had seemed just an easy-going Presbyterian; though all the while he loathed the deception. How often had he yearned for the means to leave Scotland, and start afresh in another country amid Catholic surrounding! But that had proved hopeless—nay, impossible.

Isobel realized more fully, as he opened his mind honestly and simply, how wretched the past years had left him. She began to apprehend, as she had never done before, the evident desire—always uppermost in his thoughts—to repair his fall. Conscience had urged him continually; but no means were forthcoming, as it seemed to him, to enable him to free himself. He had himself forged the fetters that bound him so straitly; open acknowledgment of his faith would bring the direst penalties from Protestants, while Catholics would be helpless to shield him. He was too weak to face the consequences of his lapse, and in his passive acceptance of the position he had gradually killed hope.

The devoted sister could do no more then, except to urge him to lift up to Heaven his heart and hands in prayer.

"I shall never cease to pray for you," she declared, "until your return is secured. I rejoice that I have seen you and spoken

to you all that was in my mind. Come again to see me here two days hence. That will give to both of us time and opportunity for reflection and prayer. Your secret will be quite safe with me. Mistress Muir is my good friend, and is not disposed to inquire into matters which are not confided to her; so you need have no fear about coming here again. But, above all, pray well, and keep up your courage. I do not despair of help from above."

So they parted. To Isobel, as she watched him make his way slowly towards the avenue, it seemed that the man had aged perceptibly during their interview.

Less than an hour later, Mistress Muir fluttered into the cottage, brimming over with excitement. A letter had just come from Craighdoune, and it contained important news. She had often spoken about her dear friends, the two sisters Monnypenny, who had been hiding for some months at Craighdoune. The ladies had just received a most pressing invitation from their cousin, Master Matthew (who had been compelled to fly to a Catholic country to avoid persecution), to join him overseas without delay. Master Matthew had secured a small property in France, with a convenient house, large enough for them all, but too large for himself alone. It would be far more prudent for his cousins, he urged, to leave Scotland while they were free to do so without peril, than remain as they were, in constant apprehension of possible trouble. With the marvelous recovery of Mistress Joanna, the project was now quite feasible. After consideration and consultation with trusted advisers, the sisters had decided to take the proposed step.

Mistress Muir, while lamenting the loss of such valued friends, was quite in favor of their acceptance of the offer made by Master Matthew. Two elderly women, left without kith or kin to help them in their needs, were wise to decide as they had done. There was a bright side to the cloud, after all. Her little Agnes would now be free to return to Hopkailzie, and be

to her as a beloved daughter. The prospect softened the blow of impending separation from the friends of longer standing.

But the letter from Craighdoune conveyed another message, and one which affected Isobel and her companion. Master Paterson, the priest, was on his rounds again in that direction; he would reach Hopkailzie next day, and would be prepared to say Mass on the following morning. Isobel rejoiced to hear the tidings. Here seemed to be a God-sent opportunity for helping her unfortunate brother. She would confide in the priest; and he, she knew well, would render all the assistance possible. She begged Mistress Muir to ask Master Paterson to fix an early hour after his arrival at which she might consult him upon certain grave matters.

It was with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God that Isobel, in response to a summons from Mistress Muir, made her way to the manor house on the following day. The interview with the priest added immensely to her joyfulness. She related minutely all the particulars concerning her brother, giving her own impressions as to his real feelings. Master Paterson listened with all attention, expressing his deep sympathy with them both. He professed himself ready to help in reconciling the apostate, should the latter express his desire; and, after all that Isobel had told him, there seemed to be little doubt as to her brother's satisfactory dispositions.

Thus much Isobel had taken for granted; but the priest had something more to add which she had never dared to anticipate. Master Paterson professed to be in a position to help in temporal matters also, and in such a way as to bring about Doctor Sinclair's desire to pass overseas.

The ladies Monnypenny, he said, had been consulting him as to the advisability of joining their cousin abroad, and he had warmly approved of the project. The greatest difficulty in the way was the want of a suitable and trustworthy man who would be able to take charge of the ladies on their long and rather difficult journey—

considering their circumstances,—and conduct them to their cousin's residence. They had none but women servants about them at present, and knew of no one who would be free to go on such an expedition. Matters had seemed so difficult that Master Paterson had come to the conclusion that he would be compelled, for the benefit of the good ladies, to forego the services—though with much difficulty—of his own man, Simon Lamont, who was experienced in travelling, and would be entirely suitable.

But, after hearing Isobel's account of all that had passed between herself and her brother, Master Paterson was inclined to think that it might be desirable to propose to Doctor Sinclair that he, rather than Simon, should accompany the ladies on their journey. He was a cultured man, of sedate manners, and advanced in years; that he was perfectly trustworthy he had every reason to suppose, from the high opinion in which he had been held for many years by both Master Muir and his lady. As to charges, the Monnypenny ladies would, of course, be responsible. Needless to say, Isobel was entirely of the priest's opinion. She knew, far more thoroughly than the Muirs, her brother's good qualities, and had no hesitation in proclaiming his suitability for the required services.

Before they parted for the nonce, Isobel suggested a course of proceedings which seemed to her satisfactory regarding her brother. Nothing could be done until she had again met him, according to arrangement, and had ascertained his present state of mind. She returned to the cottage, beaming with gladness. Mistress Agnew surmised that so sudden a change of demeanor was the result of priestly consolation given to a soul in spiritual need; but she wisely abstained from any external remark on the subject. Mass and Holy Communion next morning had added to Isobel's gladness of spirit and confident assurance of the granting of her prayers to God on behalf of her brother.

Her visitor appeared at the time

appointed, and their interview took place in the same little chamber overlooking the garden. He was calmer than before, but his appearance spoke of anxious thought and a troubled spirit. He looked all his years; yet there was no sign of the decrepitude she had feared, from the recollection of their leave-taking two days before. He greeted her with gentle cheerfulness. Isobel waited with solicitude to hear the result of her prayers and pleadings.

"I long to do what is right, Bel," he began. "I know 'twill be hard and painful to nature; but I am resolved to carry out whatever you may advise. I leave myself in God's hands. He will help you to guide me aright."

"O thank God!" she exclaimed, as her tears streamed down. "You have chosen well, as you will not fail to see."

"I am old and feeble, Bel," he continued; "far older in bodily powers than you. I am penniless, apart from the pitiful stipend of my cure, which now I can no longer touch. Whither to go or how to sustain life I know not. In that you must help and advise."

"Dear Willie," she cried, "I need not tell you—for you know it as well as I—that there is but one way for the erring child to take. You have left the husks of swine and cast off the rags of false doctrine; seek now the Father's forgiveness. Rouse your faith. He will receive you with open arms, feed you and clothe you. Act promptly. I can lead you to a priest even now, if you will, and you can be restored to true life."

"A priest!" he said, his eyes dilating with eagerness. "A priest! Where?"

"In the cottage hard by, where I dwell," she answered.

His pale face became transfigured. Tears welled up in his eyes. He knelt and sought humbly to kiss the hem of her gown; but she raised him up.

"Lead me to the priest!" he murmured. "To me, Bel, you have become the very angel of God!"

A Saint's Birth-Village.

IN a corner of a county which should belong, geographically, to Cambridgeshire, but which was given in the last century to Suffolk, is situated a collection of houses, of generally small size and of mixed styles, with here and there an alleyway to courts and farther cottages; the main road through this settlement of humanity, dignified by the name of Oxford Street, being, in its own modest way, the shopping centre, with the post office. In a few parts round about, there is no building line; and cottages stand back from the roadway, with open fencing and miniature orchards in front.

At perhaps a hundred yards down Oxford Street is a footpath, which winds along a short length of stream and round a bend, up rising ground to an interesting and picturesque cruciform church, with noble trees clustering round it. On the west side of the approach, and curving round to the southwest into flat open country, are the vicarage and a couple of large houses in handsome grounds, with a bit of the stream, from somewhere, again appearing in front of them.

To the south side of the church is a short range of buildings partly used as trainers' houses and stables; for the village, on that side, is three miles distant from Newmarket. Immediately behind the church and surrounding churchyard (curiously enough, raised to some five feet above the road levels around), is a very wide and straight thoroughfare, on the eastern side of which, after passing some half a dozen small houses jostled together, one can not fail to note the striking effect of large, far-receding fields backed and lined by masses of forest trees. A couple of hundred yards from the church, a branch road, or rather avenue, with raised path at the side, bears to the left, and in a few moments one is face to face with the open space at the post office end of Oxford Street. Those

two leafy roads, and the snug corner occupied by the four sides of the small churchyard, are the great surprise of the place, and peaceful beyond dreams.

As to the church itself, the tower is simple and fairly tall, with a traceried belfry window of two lights; and below it, a plain three-light one. The porches are of goodly, though not unusual, size; but all the corridors of the nave and aisles and transepts are of unexpected excellence and variety. The east window is a modern three-lancet one, but the detail work of it is rather poor. Simple lancets are on the north side of the choir. The south side is more elaborate. Inside are many oak pews; and, in the chancel, a superb section of choir-stalls of the fourteenth century. The nave roof used to be considerably higher as shown by the weathering stones on the east face of the tower. The pulpit, of early Jacobean style, is good; and the stained glass is better than what one generally finds even in larger churches; though it would be more effective, perhaps, if a little more shading had been adopted in the designs.

Seen from about half a mile away on the road that runs to the northwest, the village seems to be almost hidden in a small hollow, with the great trees as a background, and the church tower thrusting itself from among their branches; and it is quite a pleasing little oasis in the midst of an otherwise very bare and uninteresting country.

But there is something not generally known to our readers as to why this village has such an attraction; it is really a *great* village,—one with greatness thrust upon it. Let us see what is briefly recorded of it in an official text-book on the geography of Cambridgeshire.

“. . . The Roman influence was good; and when it was withdrawn, the Briton, in the beginning of the fifth century, felt its loss. Pirates sailed up the rivers Ouse and Cam into the heart of the country. Christianity was driven out, and all the old towns were destroyed.

No Cambridge town survived. In the sixth century, the East Anglian kingdom was formed, whose king was a Christian; but Penda, King of Mercia, was a heathen, and routed Anus, the Christian king, at the Dykes. Anus, who died fighting for his faith and country, was the father of a famous family. Their home was at Exning, a spot which commanded the Dykes and was in touch with the fenland. One of his sons became Bishop of London, and another King of East Anglia; and five of his daughters became abbesses,—one being Etheldreda, who first married Tonbercht, prince of the fenland Girvij; and afterwards Ecgfried, King of Northumbria. The two Christian kingdoms of East Anglia and Northumbria were thus united through her. Later, as we know, she fled from the North, and forsook the world to become foundress of Ely. She was succeeded here as abbess by her sister Sexburga, widow of the King of Kent. The eight chief acts of St. Etheldreda were carved by Alan de Walshingham in the beautiful corbels under the great octagon."

Of course there is now no clue as to the spot once occupied by the saint's home; and the present church was not built in her time, though doubtless it is on the site of the one in which she worshipped.

Possibly the names and dates of the pre-Reformation priests there may have been chronicled somewhere, or may be among the parish registers and archives. A visit to so historic a village almost makes one live again in those olden days, and meet the ghosts of its former inhabitants.

PILGRIM.

OUR Heavenly Father knows what we stand in need of before we bend the knee or lift the heart. But He wishes us to pray—He has made us so that it is our duty to pray,—because it is more essential that our being should be kept in touch with Him and His kingdom than that we should obtain what we seem to want.—*Bishop Hedley.*

After Rest.

BY FRANCES HANCOCK.

FIND this is life we thought would be so fair:
A little dreaming, pain, and then decay?
We thought to do so much at break of day,
But, as we mark our trail, nightfall broods there.
"Not now,—not now!" we cry, as children fret
When put to bed before their play is done,
Bewildered by the setting of the sun;
"We are not ready for our resting yet!"
There may be music in the rest we dread,
To wake the brain and fill the soul with fire,
When, after we have shut our eyes a while
In darkling, silent rooms where lie the dead,
We leap like children gladdened with desire,
And start our journey workward with a smile.

Nothing Else Matters.

BY GRACE KEON.

I.

JOHN LAWRENCE snapped the spring. Up flew the cover, and out darted a gleaming blue flame that made Margery exclaim in rapture:

"O John! *Where* did you get it,—where? Isn't it lovely? Oh, what a perfect stone!"

He smiled at her, then lifted out the pendant and slipped the threadlike gold cord about her throat.

"Not perfect—yet. Now it is!" And he glanced at her fondly. "My little Margery!"

She touched the diamond with slender, caressing fingers.

"When Hurst showed it to me this morning—I've been looking for something odd for your birthday,—I knew the stone belonged to you."

"It must be worth a great deal of money."

"Money!" he laughed. "What is it for? Beautiful things always cost money."

"Oh, there are things money can't buy!" she protested.

His face grew grave.

"I know that. I wish—"

She put her hand on his arm.

"You're not going to spoil my birthday by wishing for anything but just me," she chided. "Now let's hurry. This is to be an evening of merriment and song,—an evening stored away among other tender memories. Eh, John?"

She kissed him, laughed a little, and then, the diamond sparkling on her white neck, danced airily out of the room, to reappear in an instant, her maid behind her.

"Come, John: we'll be late, and I hate that. And I do want to see this famous new star!—Don't wait up for me, Rose."

The maid looked after her young mistress with an affectionate smile. All the servants adored her. She was served for love first, since she had the rare thoughtfulness for others that inspires love.

Well, it was an evening! Both acknowledged it, coming in, laughing and joking, at two o'clock,—Margery as bright as if she were just beginning the night instead of ending it. She touched the glowing stone to her lips as she removed it.

"Jo was plain jealous this evening," she said, in a musing tone. "Wasn't she? She makes poor Fred walk a straight line."

"Too straight," said John Lawrence, grimly. "He's not able to stand the pace. I don't know when the smash is coming, but it can't be held off much longer."

"Really, John?"

"Really; and it's Jo Ferguson's fault."

"Oh, I know! She's terribly extravagant. But Fred loves her so much! What will he do when the end comes?"

"I don't know," replied Lawrence, shrugging his shoulders. "And I don't care. I detest that woman, Margery. She hates you."

Margery was silent.

"I don't hate her, John."

"Well, you're an angel. I'll hate her hard enough for the two of us."

"Too hard to do me a favor?"

John Lawrence looked at her in surprise.

"I wish you'd help Fred Ferguson.

If she isn't happy, he'll be so miserable, and you can do so much."

The man threw back his head, laughing.

"Well, my dear girl, I am to help a man retrieve his breaking fortune because his jealous wife will make him unhappy! Oh, yes!"—he laughed again. "If it would change Jo Ferguson any, I might; but it won't."

"Pshaw!" dimpled Margery. "Can't you see it's never any trouble to make some one really happy? Don't I make you really happy?"

"In this world or the next I shall never be any happier."

"Pagan!" she whispered, her head on his shoulder, her arm about his neck. "But you'll do something for Fred Ferguson?"

"You insist? You mean it?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I will, just because you ask me to. But don't ask me not to tell him why."

"It doesn't matter," she said merrily. "He wouldn't dare tell her anyhow: he'd be afraid."

"How such a soft and gentle little midget can analyze character the way you do is beyond me," said John Lawrence. "But, at any rate, you shall never have to ask me the second time to do anything, even that which seems utterly impossible. You see, it may look impossible, but the minute you want it I'd turn the world upside down to get it for you."

"I've proven that," she murmured.

"You are an ideal lover, John. Few men know how to care like you,—not even Fred. Jo, I think, envies me you—sometimes."

"Don't talk personalities," he objected.

"But tell me, if you can, what queer streak in you can make you think of things like these."

"Earlier this evening," she said, "you remarked, 'what is money for?' It's only to make people happy, when one can. You can make Fred and Jo happy, and it won't cost you anything, not even money. Just a little thoughtfulness, and perhaps a little pressure on a certain

fellow who deserves to be 'sat on,' anyhow. That's what power is for, John."

"Yes, my dear, if you say so," he answered, so meekly that both laughed. "It's after three, Margery, and I have an appointment at nine-thirty in the morning. You know too much about me and my business, my dear! I shall have to begin keeping secrets from you."

"As if you could!" she retorted.

The next morning Jo Ferguson called Margery to the telephone. It was almost as if, with all the woman's jealousy and envy, she could not bear to allow a day to pass without hearing from her. And Margery, kindness itself, ignored always the little undercurrent of bitterness.

"Take tea with me this afternoon, Jo," she pleaded.

"Why, yes, if nothing else turns up," Mrs. Ferguson replied languidly, but quite well aware that nothing could turn up to keep her away. What angered her was that she was sure that Margery knew it, too.

So, a few moments after three, she made her appearance in Margery's living-room. The new star, the singing, the supper, the dancing, came in for the usual comments. But there was something more important on Jo Ferguson's mind.

"Fred telephoned me about an hour ago that he made a big deal to-day," she remarked, moving her spoon slowly in her cup. "I'm glad. I imagine he's been a bit worried lately."

"Yes?" asked Margery, innocently. "I didn't think so last evening."

"Well, no one expects you to observe anything," said Jo Ferguson, with some sharpness. "And if my husband had given me that pendant—I'll bet it's worth five thousand dollars, if it's worth a penny—I wouldn't have been able to observe anything, either. You're lucky, Margery. Look out that some other Lady Fair doesn't try to steal your good man."

Margery laughed.

"The love that can wander isn't much of a love, my dear!"

"Ah, well! Men are fickle!"

Margery raised her blue eyes. They were like stars.

"John Lawrence is not fickle, so don't talk about things that don't exist. I told Cross to bring the car at three-thirty, and he's punctual to the minute. Will you ride with me? Oh, I'd love to have you."

Jo Ferguson did not move, but looked intensely at her a moment.

"Margery!" she said abruptly. "Why?"

"Why?"

"Yes, why? About Fred!"

Margery colored.

"How do you know?"

"He told me, over the 'phone. He was so full of it he couldn't keep it. I was raging mad for the minute. John did it, because you asked him to. Why did you?"

Margery smiled in her girlish way.

"Fred was so worried and so unhappy. The way you looked at my pendant made him unhappy. He knew he couldn't get one like it for you; and he adores you, just as John does me. You know, I feel people's likes and dislikes. I can't bear to have any one envy me." For a moment the color left her face, her lips quivered. "I am not to be envied, Jo. If you knew—" She hesitated. "Women are very silly. If you like the pendant, you can have it. I'll give it to you, and John will get me another one."

Jo Ferguson sprang to her feet.

"Margery, I'm a pig! I'm a selfish, good-for-nothing, vain woman. I have been jealous of you, and you've certainly taught me a lesson I won't forget. Forgive me, Margery!"

"There's nothing to forgive," protested Margery.

"Pendant, indeed! You are certainly the limit. If John helps Fred, I'll have my own pendant in no time."

Jo Ferguson's eyes were wet with tears. As she told her husband later that evening, she did not know what to say before this revelation of utter unselfishness. She had visited Margery in a rage with Fred,

herself, and the world,—with Margery most of all. "And I think she's taught me something I'll never have to unlearn, Fred," said the spoiled woman, impulsively.

After that she became Margery's close friend. Yet, keen-eyed observer as she was, she soon learned to sense something odd about the pretty idol of John Lawrence's heart. Under the sweetness of her manner, under the gay laughter that bubbled from her lips, ever, as they became more and more intimate, was that sense of unrest, dissatisfaction. A word spoken now and then, a peculiar expression.

"Perhaps—she's so different!—perhaps it is because she has no children," Jo speculated one day. "That would be like her, Fred,—to want a child. Imagine."

She said as much to Margery herself.

"A child!" echoed Margery, blankly. "I? Oh, never, never!" She shuddered. "What, in the world would I do with a child? Please don't say anything like that to me again, Jo."

Which left Jo more puzzled than ever. They had been driving slowly along Fifth Avenue. They had just been through the Park, and the sight of the youngsters in their fluttering white dresses had brought the thought to Mrs. Ferguson's mind once more. Now, as they passed the great cathedral, with its towering spires, Jo indicated it by a nod.

"Let's go in here a moment," she said. "Do you ever?"

Margery hesitated.

"No," she said, "I don't. But if you would like to—"

"I love it,—it's so restful, so quiet."

Margery gave her a strange look. Then she followed her into the beautiful building. The street had been hot, even though it was only the middle of Lent. The rush of cool air struck them almost in welcome. It bore the odor of incense, too, as if the lingering fragrance attending on the Holy Sacrifice had been loath to leave the palace dedicated to the King of kings. To their surprise, there were a number of people present, and a priest

had just ascended the pulpit. Even as they entered he began to speak; and both women, seeking the nearest pew, seated themselves hurriedly.

They had not known that this priest was giving a series of Lenten sermons to which many had been attracted; but his first words held them, and after that they could not escape him.

His discourse was on that simplest, that most beautiful of themes—a mother's love. Motherhood he touched on, from the hour of Eve to the hour of Mary. And, then, the motherhood of the Church,—the love of the Church, the tenderest mother in the world.

Jo Ferguson was too interested to look at Margery during the sermon. Neither spoke for some time, though a tremulous smile touched Margery's lips. They were nearing the sumptuous hotel in which she lived when Jo said:

"Well, there was something in his talk, after all. It sounded so *real*."

"Yes," nodded Margery. "My dear mother—was like that."

"And mine—a sweet old lady. She is still,—a devout Christian. Some day, perhaps, I'll get religion. The Church wouldn't have me now: I'm too frivolous," she laughed. "Funny, if there is a God, Margery, how well this good old world can get on without Him!"

And she said this quite unconscious of her blasphemy.

Margery looked at her wistfully.

"Perhaps He has forgotten us altogether, Jo. Why should He bother?" She caught her breath: it sounded almost like a sob. Jo Ferguson was panic-stricken.

"O my dear," she exclaimed, "I wish I hadn't suggested that we—go in there!"

"Why, Jo?"

"I don't know, really. Margery, is there anything on your mind?"

"Of all the—"

"I suppose I am crazy! You know I love you just as much as I once envied you. So you do worry me. And now it seems to me that whatever is bothering

you has become ever so much worse."

"Bothering me?" Margery echoed. "Why, Jo, I haven't a care in the world." She drew a deep breath. "I can truthfully say that to you, Jo. That priest, and the way he spoke about love and mercy and forgiveness and so many of the sweet things in life that matter,—well he simply took whatever care I had in my heart right out of it."

"But you looked—"

"Yes, I was thinking. So perhaps I did look strange. I so seldom think, Jo." And both laughed as at a good joke.

II.

John Lawrence commented on Margery's attitude later.

"Honestly, you child! I've never seen you so gay," he said. "It ought to make me happy, but it doesn't. I had a Scotch mother, Margery."

"Oh, don't be absurd, John! Between you and Jo, you are enough to give me the blues. One worries when I stop laughing, and the other worries when I begin."

"Well, my mother used to say there was trouble brewing for any one who acted as you are doing," he protested. "Stop it! Come over here and sit down. You're like a butterfly, skipping about in the moonlight, always on the wing."

"Let's go for a walk—a long walk,—somewhere near the water."

"I won't!" said Lawrence. "You're crazy enough now. If you ever saw moonlight on the water, nothing could hold you. You'd float away on it, and away from me."

She stood beside him, suddenly grave.

"John," she said, "you mustn't say that. I shall never leave you. No matter what happens, I shall always be with you. Death or distance can not divide us. You know that, don't you, dear?"

"Yes," he said,—“yes, thank God, I know that!”

She perched herself on the arm of his chair, tracing out the pattern of the rug with her slippered toe.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

"You," she said. Then the tears started to her eyes and she crushed her cheek against his. "You said 'Thank God! Thank God!'"

"I do thank Him, Margery. And I'm sure He rather likes it. He must be glad to get some one's thanks once in a while. Mine are very heartfelt."

"Well," she whispered, "I never—dare to."

"Stop!" he said. "No more! You know what I think about all this."

"I do know." She was smiling again. "But the trouble is, you are so ignorant."

And at that he laughed, of course, as she had meant him to. The serious moment passed, the lighter mood returned. The next morning she accompanied him to his office door, as usual. Her eyes were roguish as she bade him farewell, and he shook his finger at her warningly.

"Look here! I want you to remember my Scotch mother," he said.

"Did you have a Scotch grandmother, too, John?" she questioned. "I'm going up to a store I know, just now; and perhaps if your Scotch mother could see what I'm about to do—"

Both laughed then, and the car rolled away.

Cross, very much worried, called up John Lawrence's office at two o'clock that afternoon.

"Pardon me, sir, for troubling you. But Madam went into June's about a half hour after she left you. I waited until twelve-thirty; then, as she did not come out, I drove home. I've been waiting since, but I was afraid to wait any longer. Madam never did a thing like this before."

John Lawrence's voice, suddenly grown hoarse, sounded gratingly on his ears.

"Did you call up Mrs. Ferguson?"

"No, sir."

"Call Mrs. Ferguson. Please tell her to call me."

But Jo Ferguson knew nothing.

John Lawrence was home in half an

hour. Everything was as Margery had left it in the morning. Jo Ferguson was there, pale and frightened.

"It must be aphasia," she said. "She has probably drifted away, forgetting—"

"No, no, no!" answered John Lawrence. "Margery was not that kind."

He called in the finest detective agency, and put them to work. All mention of the disappearance was kept from the newspapers, and the search went on steadily for an entire year. But Margery had been swallowed up, seemingly. At the end of twelve months John Lawrence gave up the hunt, and he brought Margery's pendant to Jo Ferguson, asking her to accept it. That year had played havoc with the man. Only that Fred Ferguson stood by him nobly, his affairs would have gone to smash, too, as well as himself. Margery had made him two true friends.

"In God's name, John, what has happened to Margery?" asked Jo Ferguson one day, weeping. "Can you, with all your wealth, do nothing?"

"No," he said wearily. "Not all my wealth can avail at last against Margery's will."

She stared at him, aghast.

"Margery's will? You think Margery did it—deliberately?"

And he smiled.

"To do it at all, she herself had to do it—deliberately."

A little black fly had managed to find his way into the cool parlor, and now buzzed luxuriously in the shaft of sunlight that lay across the sill. The young woman watched him with eyes that were stony with horror, and moistened her lips every once in a while with her tongue. Poor little fluttering atom of life! Seeking the sun,—seeking the sun always. The shadows were so cold! Presently the nun who had admitted her appeared again in the doorway:

"Mother Rose is very, very busy," she said, with a kind smile. "Might I have a

message for her? Or, if you have nothing urgent, could you come at another time?"

The young woman raised her eyes to the nun's face.

"I shall not come again," she said in a slow, even voice. "If I go out of here, I shall never come back. Tell Mother Rose that, please."

The nun bowed her head, and disappeared. When Mother Rose heard the message she pushed aside her accounts, gave a brief word of instruction to her Sister helper, and went down to the parlor. There, seated in the chair by the window, almost immovable, was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen,—a girl with golden hair, great, innocent blue eyes, and a face without flaw or wrinkle,—a spotless face, thought Mother Rose, her heart rising a little; for the message had worried her. She came into the room in her immaculately white garb, her beads clinking.

"You are Mother Rose?" asked the visitor, rising.

"Yes," said Mother.

"I want you to take me in; and afterwards, when you have found me worthy, allow me to join your Magdalens," she said.

Mother was astonished.

"My dear!" she exclaimed. "You!" She looked at her, attired in the costliest raiment, diamonds glittering on her hands. Everything about her denoted the ease of extreme luxury.

"Even me, Mother."

"But your people?"

"I have none."

"O my child! You have met with some trouble, some sudden disappointment. You will recover. You will think better of it in a few days. I know I shall be able to help you, if you will only confide in me."

"I shall confide in you, Mother! I must."

"That is good, dear! Perhaps I shall see a way out for you, and you can leave here happier—"

"Mother, if I leave here to-day, I leave here forever. It is now or not at all.

I prayed for strength to bring me this far. I am giving my soul into your hands, giving my weakness to your strength."

"Dear child, perhaps your husband—" she glanced at her hand,—at the wedding ring above the big diamond. The girl looked down at her hand, and a smile touched her lips. She drew them both off slowly, and held them on her palm.

"Ten years ago," she said, "when I met John Lawrence first, I was a girl of eighteen. I sang at a concert given for the benefit of some orphan children. We loved each other instantly. In two months he and I were married by a justice of the peace. I was a Catholic—yes, an unfledged one,—madly in the grip of a strong passion. And that affection exists to-day, even as it did then."

"But," said Mother Rose, gently, "you were married. Your marriage was without the blessing of the Church, but it can be rectified. Why not go to some priest, dear, and get matters straightened out? Then you can be happy, and have God's benediction on your marriage."

A wan smile touched the girl's mouth.

"I was punished. I was living with him two years when I discovered that John Lawrence already had a wife."

"My dear,—my dear!"

"She is in an insane asylum at C——. She may live to be threescore and ten, for she is only a few years older than I. John Lawrence and I were not married. We never could be married, for even if, as he urged me to allow him to do, his money secured a divorce, I could never be his wife in the eyes of the Church; for he had a wife living."

"O my dear,—my poor, dear child!" said Mother Rose, pitifully.

The girl looked at her with bright eyes, eyes that scarcely saw her.

"He has been happy for eight years; and I—" She paused, pressing her lips together. "Surrounded by every luxury, idolized, I would have exchanged places with the meanest beggar in the street. And when people looked at me in envy,

I shuddered. Underneath, I always knew that it could not last. A Catholic girl, brought up by a Catholic mother! The crazy, shameful thing that I had become! It came to me yesterday,—a sermon at the cathedral. God inspired that priest to speak to me."

Mother Rose clasped the cold hands more tightly. This must be talked out, and she must listen to all this sad and sorry little tale.

"I've come away. If you send me back to him, I shall never have the courage to save my soul again; and I shall brood and brood and brood, and some day—" (again she shivered with the cold),—"some day I shall grow desperate. For how can I bear a living death?"

Mother Rose took the slender, sobbing girl in her arms.

"You shall come to us, my dear,—you shall come to us," she said.

And so she took her place among the other penitents, this beautiful girl with the innocent face; and Mother Rose never had reason to regret her decision. For she bent herself to the lowliest tasks. The hands that had worn the costliest jewels were red and calloused with manual labor. Presently she had her wish, and was admitted to the Magdalens. She was dearly loved. Sister Antonio she was called,—one that was lost and found again.

"My dear," said Mother Rose, on the day before her profession, "what is the dearest wish of your heart?"

The Sister lifted her great blue eyes,—those eyes that had attracted Mother Rose on the day she came to them.

"Mother," she said gently, "there is not a wish in my heart. I have emptied it. I would not shame my God by a thought that did not belong to Him."

"But we are human, Sister."

Sister Antonio smiled tenderly.

"The day I came in here to you, I came trembling with horror, sick at my own daring, every nerve of my body resisting the strength of my will. My Guardian Angel must have rung your

door bell,—I can not remember doing it. I told you my story; and my heart was throbbing within me, begging me to have pity,—have pity.”

She was silent a moment, her hands folded, her lips trembling.

“And then—you took me in your arms. I don’t know what happened, but that minute the struggle ceased. It has never begun again. A miracle happened, I think; for God knew I couldn’t stand any more. Every step of that long way—from the moment I went in the swinging doors of that store—you know—I had been so calm about it all. I had made up my mind so easily, as soon as I heard that priest. But the struggle was waiting for me. Along the aisles, out into the next street, my walk to the convent (I dared not ride)—Mother, there was a fire burning in my heart. You think I am to be commended? Oh, no! For I had had nothing to torment me,—not a thought,—only a little regret, perhaps, for the suffering—the great, inevitable suffering—I caused.”

She drew a deep breath.

“But my Lover was behind the sacramental veils. I took Him into the empty place in my heart, and He did not disdain to come. Shall I not love Him, then, above all other things?”

Mother Rose was silent. “These Magdalens of ours are saints,” she was wont to remark, and she wanted now to repeat the statement. But she pressed Sister Antonio’s hands within her own.

“Happy Sister Antonio!” she said.

“Yes,” replied Sister Antonio,—“yes. For where one does without God deliberately, wilfully, as I have done, and then is allowed to crawl back to His feet, to be lifted to His arms,—nothing else matters.”

“Nothing else matters,” said Mother Rose, and there was a light of joy and exaltation on her face.

THE ill-doing of a good thing is in itself a great evil.—*Faber.*

St. Adamnan and Women’s Suffrage.

APROPOS of the Holy Father’s recent utterance on the question of the enfranchisement of women—“*Nous voudrions voir des femmes electrices partout*,—the information that, twelve centuries ago, a learned Irish cleric was an ardent and persistent advocate of women’s suffrage might come as a shock to many people who persist in regarding the Church as an enemy to progress and the betterment of the laity in general.

St. Adamnan was not only a great saint but a great statesman; and, moreover, he was the son of a suffragist. One can imagine the respect in which he was held in those early times in Ireland when, on reading ancient history, one comes upon the information that he convened and presided over some of the synods, or great meetings, held for political reasons at Rath-na-Seanadh, or the “Fort of the Conventions,” at Tara. His conversion to the cause of women’s economic and social betterment happened thus.

One day St. Adamnan was out walking with his mother. Growing weary—for long-distance walks were the order of the day in those early times,—his mother lagged behind, and her dutiful son offered to carry her. Much to his astonishment, she refused on the grounds that she regarded him as an undutiful son, and, as such, she would take no favors from him.

“Wherein have I failed?” queried he, in astonishment at her words.

“You have failed,” she answered, “because you have made no effort to liberate the women of Ireland from encounter, from camping, from fighting, from hosting, from wounds, from the bondage of the cauldron.”

An example of his negligence came before him within the day, as they passed by a battlefield where the bodies of women lay amongst the slain, and cried to him from the silence of death. His mother embraced the opportunity to urge upon him the

cause of women's freedom. At that time, and perhaps long before then, a custom prevailed which was named "Fasting on your enemy,"—a custom prevalent to-day and known as "the hunger strike." Any person who had a legitimate grievance and could not obtain a hearing, fasted until he got an opportunity of stating his case.

The saint followed his mother's urging; and, adding work to prayer and fasting, prepared himself to confront again the "powers that then ruled," although the rigors of his penance had almost deprived him of his speech and hearing.

"Put that deaf and dumb one to the sword for daring to say that women should not be in bondage to the day of doom," angrily said King Loingseach Bregban, the monarch to whom St. Adamnan first made his appeal.

Seven other kings took their stand against the saint; but Almighty God was on the side of His faithful servant, and he overcame them all, and promulgated his famous charter called "Adamnan's Law," which has been to the women of Ireland what Magna Charta was to the men of England.

St. Adamnan's securities for the fulfilment of this charter were the elements made by God, the Twelve Apostles, and *all* the Irish saints. He also inserted in the daily service of the Church a warning against the violation of his law, and a threat that such as were foolhardy enough to neglect this enactment would draw upon themselves the maledictions of the aforementioned.

"Adamnan's Law" is well known to students of early and middle Irish; and to it the women of Ireland owe the exalted status, both socially and economically, which they have held even in the worst of times; and, better still, the respect with which they are and have always been treated by their countrymen,—nay, it may be regarded as the basis of the high moral standard prevailing in Ireland, and amongst Irishwomen in whatsoever portion of the wide world they set their feet.

The Best Health-Preserver.

OLD-FASHIONED persons who, during the past decade or two, have clung in theory and practice to the seemingly obsolescent doctrine that fresh air and abundant exercise are the surest preservers of health and the most effective preventive of diseases of all kinds, are nowadays being vindicated by the most authoritative of the world's physicians. With more and more insistence, during the past five years especially, public boards of health, medical research committees, medical journals, and individual doctors of the highest prestige, have been impressing upon the public mind the necessity of air and exercise in the daily routine of everybody, and more particularly of those who lead predominantly sedentary lives. Habitual yielding to the lure of the street-car or the automobile is condemned as an unwise giving in to the demands of indolence; and the best of all exercises, the old-fashioned one of walking briskly with head up and arms swinging, is proclaimed to be, if not a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, at least a sovereign specific for the majority of complaints that afflict the men and women of our day.

Of far more weight, as an argument for walking, than the individual statement of this or that writer with whom walking may be a hobby, is the consensus of medical opinion on the subject; and, accordingly, no apology need be made for quoting the declarations of various representative bodies of physicians and surgeons. In 1915 the United States Public Health Service issued to the people of this country a warning, part of which was: "The muscles, arteries, and other organs of those who, as a result of sedentary occupation or indulgence, take too little exercise, degenerate. Heart disease, kidney disease, and other ills follow. Take exercise,—take daily exercise. Have a hobby that gets you out of doors. Walk to your business, to your dressmaker's; walk for

the sake of walking. Join a walking club and keep your weekly score of miles. Keep chickens, make a garden, wheel the baby, or play golf or any other game; but take two hours' outdoor exercise every day. . . . You may not burn the family carriage, as Benjamin Franklin suggested; but at least, as he advised, walk, walk, walk."

In a worth-while book just published, "Health through Will Power," Dr. James J. Walsh says: "Very probably the most important function of the will in its relation to health is that which concerns its power to control the habits of mankind as regards air and exercise. It is surprising to what an extent people neglect both of these essentials of healthy living in the midst of our modern sophisticated life. . . . Very many of the dreads and anxiety neuroses, and other more or less morbid mental states, disappear under the influence of a brisk walk for three or four miles or more every day. I have tried this prescription on all sorts of people, including particularly myself; and I know for certain that, when troubles are accumulating, the thing to do is to get outdoors more, especially for walking; then the incubus begins to lift. Clergymen, university professors, members of religious Orders, school-teachers, as well as bankers, clerks, and business people of various kinds, have been subjected to the influence of this prescription with decided benefit. Some of them assert that they never felt so well as since they have formed the habit of walking every day. It must, however, be *every* day; and it must be at least three miles."

A well-known British medical authority, Dr. Leonard Hill, is not satisfied that even three miles a day is sufficient for sedentary workers: he declares that such workers should ration their outdoor exercise, and states that the ration should never be less than walking six miles daily, or the equivalent in a garden or on the land. The late Sir Herman Weber, who, even at the age of ninety-five, practised what

he preached, was a consistent advocate of six or more miles of walking a day, and he attributed his exceptional longevity largely to his regular pedestrianizing.

An American author, Dr. Pearce Kintzing, asserts in his interesting work, "Long Life and How to Attain It," that "there exists no better gauge of our youthfulness, our physical balance—of the distance that separates us from senility—than our ability to walk and to run"; and he, too, prescribes six miles of walking a day to the average man at sedentary work; and that amount to be exclusive of the two or three miles which one walks in the conduct of his business and home life.

In a recent issue of the *New York Medical Journal* appears an editorial article on "Walking and Working," which contains much the same doctrine as has been set forth in the foregoing paragraphs. "Exercise," it says, "is almost as important in the conservation of health as is diet. Sedentary workers, or those who lead an indoor life from compulsion or choice, should take a certain amount of outdoor exercise daily, with the same regularity and care as they display in taking their food." Commenting on the fact that sedentary workers, especially here in America, need more exercise, this same periodical declares: "Americans are not great walkers, and their distaste for walking has been more noticeable since the advent of the automobile."

It would be easy, were it at all necessary, to multiply testimony to the superior excellence of walking as a health-preserver; but the quotations already given should suffice to convince the unprofessional reader that, if he has not already formed the habit of taking a daily walk of six or more miles, he can not do better for his general bodily and mental condition than to set about acquiring that habit. And, be it said in conclusion, the plea of the lazy—that they haven't time for a walk—is, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, objectively an untruth, and subjectively a—mistake.

Immodesty in Dress.

ONE subject on which we do not remember ever to have written a line is feminine apparel,—always thinking that women might dress as they wished until they wished to dress some other way. It was a plain case of utter obtuseness. The Holy Father himself spoke at considerable length in expressing his hearty approval of a resolution recently adopted by the Catholic Women's Union of Italy to show themselves modest in the matter of dress. His Holiness' words are both weighty and timely. He said, in part:

"We rejoice at the resolution which has been formulated to insure that Catholic women, in addition to the duty of being modest, should also realize that of showing themselves such in their manner of dress. Such a resolution expresses the necessity of the good example that the Catholic woman ought to give; and, oh, how grave, how urgent is, the duty of repudiating those exaggerations of fashion which, themselves the fruit of the corruption of their inventors, contribute in a deplorable degree to the general corruption of manners! We feel it Our duty to insist in a particular manner on this point, because, on the one hand, We know that certain styles of dress which nowadays have become usual among women are harmful to the well-being of society, as being provocative of evil; on the other hand, We are filled with amazement at seeing that those who communicate the poison seem not to realize its malignant action, and those who set the house on fire seem to ignore the destructive force of the flame. It is only the supposition of such ignorance which can explain the deplorable extension in our days of a fashion so contrary to that modesty which ought to be the choicest ornament of the Christian woman. Without such ignorance, it appears to Us that women could not possibly have gone to the excess of wearing indecent garments, even when approaching the sanctuary,

and when presenting themselves before the natural and accredited masters of Christian morality.

"With what satisfaction, therefore, have We learned that the adherents of the Catholic Women's Union have inscribed in their programme the resolution of showing themselves modest even in the form of their dress! By so doing they will fulfil the strict duty of not giving scandal, and of not becoming a stumbling-block to others in the path of virtue; moreover, they will show that they understand how, now that their mission in the world has been enlarged, they must give good example, not only within the walls of their homes, but also in the streets and public places. The necessary consequence is so important that Catholic women ought to feel themselves compelled to recognize it, and not regard it merely as a social duty. Wherefore We would wish that the numerous members of the Catholic Women's Union to-day united in our presence, should combine themselves into a league for combating indecent fashions in dress, not only in themselves, but also in all those persons or families whom their influence can affect."

Open-air preachers in the Middle Ages were accustomed to conclude their discourses with a story of some sort, intended to illustrate the truth or to emphasize the importance of what they had said. "Now for a tale!" one of them would always exclaim. Let us top off our quotation with an anecdote of Father Lacombe, the apostle of Western Canada. At a dinner once tendered to him in a large city, which need not be named, the venerable Oblate was rather embarrassed by the costumes of some of the ladies sitting at his table. Questioned as to the cause of his being evidently ill at ease, he frankly replied that he had spent a long time among the Indians, and that the squaws were always modest. His interlocutor dropped the subject—and the ladies who had a blush left expended it.

Notes and Remarks.

Nothing could well be more natural than the disappointment of the European Allies at the rejection, temporary at least, of the Peace Treaty by the Congress of the United States; but, on the other hand, nothing could well be more ridiculous than the assertion that, in this rejection, the United States has repudiated her solemn engagements, has gone back on her word. That the rank and file of European peoples should be ignorant of the American Constitution, and of the limitations fixed thereby to the powers of the Executive, is intelligible enough; but that diplomatists, publicists, and "able editors" in England and France should talk and write as if they believed that President Wilson at Paris was an autocratic ruler, empowered to speak the final word as to all matters relating to the function of this country in the Peace Treaty and the proposed League of Nations,—this is surely little less than absurd. All such writers and speakers should have known that the consent of Congress is necessary to the effectiveness of any negotiations of that character; and if they assumed that Congress would willingly acquiesce in the President's vigorously and repeatedly expressed desires, that, we respectfully submit, was their misfortune, not our fault.

A conversion to the Faith which is destined, no doubt, to attract more and more attention as time goes on, is that of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kinsman, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the State of Delaware. A more distinguished convert, perhaps, our country has not seen since a conversion in the South and another in the North which stirred all America many years ago. And yet one must think less in this hour of Dr. Kinsman's many learned volumes, of the various learned societies which he adorned by his membership, and the numerous degrees by which universities both here and abroad have honored him,

than of the moral courage and magnificent sincerity exhibited by the man himself in the step which he has taken. A clear and succinct statement of his reason for resigning his bishopric was presented to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which met recently in Detroit. Among other very notable things, Dr. Kinsman wrote:

In spite of great unwillingness, I have come to feel that the interpretation of the Anglican position which connects it chiefly with the Protestant Reformation is the one most consistent with its history viewed as a whole, and that its dominant tendencies are increasingly identified with those currents of thought and development which are making away from the definiteness of the ancient faith toward Unitarian vagueness.

Attacks on creeds in general and on specific doctrines are common; they are tolerated, sometimes encouraged, by those in authority; they are made by those officially appointed to teach creeds and defend them. To tolerate everything is to teach nothing.

It remains only to add that the churchman who wrote these honest words is now, at the age of fifty-one, a student for the Catholic priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

One article especially in this quarter of the *Edinburgh Review* should have a wide appeal to educators. It is by Major Orlo Williams, and deals with the public school system. While all his sympathies are on the side of the public schools, he is not blind to their many shortcomings. It is the curriculum and the teacher, he holds, which invite special criticism; and he puts his finger on the real difficulty—the quality of the teacher. "That we and others of our age left school ignorant of really modern history, ignorant of the organization of the modern State, for all our lectures on the Constitution; knowing nothing of local government, of trade unions, and the pressing political problems of the day; with no memory of even half an hour in the classroom when any effort was made to make us appreciate art or poetry later than Roman, may be

deplored, and it should be remedied in the persons of our sons. But it would be the easiest thing in the world to devote school hours to these subjects, and for nobody to derive the slightest value." There are too many inefficient masters; and inefficient masters "waste every minute that they are in class."

The war has shown that the sterling qualities fostered by disciplined schools are by no means a monopoly of these institutions; while there are grounds for thinking that their neglect of other qualities may seriously impair the value of their product to the State.

The remark, ascribed to a priest, that Leo XIII.'s encyclical on the condition of the working classes needs to be supplemented by an encyclical from Benedict XV. on the *duties* of those classes prompts the reminder that the great Leo did not overlook that aspect of the question. On the contrary, he solemnly warned the worker that unless his union, founded and conducted on the principles of Christianity, carefully avoided everything tending to split civil society into the hostile factions of Capital and Labor, it would operate to his undoing. In the opinion of the editor of *America*, the fulfilment of the Pontiff's warning seems to be at hand. "If the labor leaders have not gone utterly mad, they will write down respect for the law and reverence for all legitimate authority as the first requisites in every organization for the toiler."

Surely academic language is to be expected at all times from gentlemen who occupy seats in the Privy Council of England, especially those who hold high educational appointments, like the Rt. Hon. Dr. Starkie, head of the Irish primary system. This eminent gentleman, however, seems to be under the impression that people will not understand what he means unless he expresses himself without restraint or urbanity. He took occasion recently to tell the public what he thought

of President Wilson and the League of Nations. In both cases the opinion was wholly unfavorable; and, in order to be quite sure of making this perfectly plain, the Right Honorable speaker permitted himself to employ speech of which the man in the street is supposed to have the monopoly. After calling our President names, and declaring that he had destroyed the peace of Europe by "his ridiculous League of Nations," Dr. Starkie permitted himself to say: "We all bowed down to him, and nobody could say anything without talking of the Grand Republic of the West, which I personally wish had never been discovered."

Unkindness like this from our dear cousins overseas, who said all manner of nice things about us when our men and our money were needed to help them crush militarism, make the world safe for democracy, protect small nations, etc.! "They do not love us now as they were wont to do."

While the conditions in Russia are such as to sadden all friends of that great country, they can not be said to be either unintelligible or even astounding to serious students of history. The tremendous upheaval in France at the time of the Revolution, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, was in reality less radical than the collapse of Russian autocracy during the war; and only the ultra-optimistic looked for a speedy return of Russia to effective and stable government. In the meantime opinions differ as to the expediency of leaving the former subjects of the Czar to work out their own salvation. Cardinal Mercier declares that, while he would not wish to be charged with interfering in the political policy of the Allies, he feels it his duty to say that he has read with pain of the decision to leave Russia. He further states, in a recent interview given in London: "In my humble judgment, we shall not and can not have peace in the world until we have peace in Russia. The unrest and disturb-

ances in Belgium, Italy, France, and other countries are traceable to the upheaval in Russia. All the world over there is unrest and murmurings. So long as this great Empire of Russia is in the throes of revolution the repercussion must continue to be felt by the whole world. It is a danger and menace to peace and to the efforts at reconstruction."

When the Rt. Rev. Philip McDevitt, D. D., announced the title of his recent lecture in Buffalo as "Has Woman a Soul?" there was much conjecture as to how that strong advocate of education for women would treat his subject. But just as Charles Lamb wrote of the pleasures of poverty and labelled his delightful essay "Old China," Bishop McDevitt evidently felt he could speak on how to meet attacks upon the Church under caption of one of the oldest and most inane of charges brought against Catholic teaching. Needless to say, the learned and gentle prelate made a number of excellent points in his address. One of these related to the type of mind that education is calculated to produce in woman. After showing by quotation from contemporary newspapers and magazines what slanderous things were said in their day against Washington and Lincoln, the Bishop proceeded to this eminently pertinent application:

Now, these charges were made, not by insignificant, unknown, and unimportant newspaper men whose influence was practically nil, but by editors who were looked upon in their day as reputable, trustworthy, and responsible authorities, whose word was accepted without question by great masses of the people. If the great men of our own nation, whose character as patriots and statesmen has been blackened in this most venomous manner by American writers who in their day were reputed to be trustworthy, we need not wonder that the Church and her Popes should be traduced by those who, for political or other reasons, find it profitable and advantageous to wage war against Rome and her so-called iniquities.

One word in conclusion,—a word of advice. A well-known Jesuit of England, Father Rickaby, speaking to young women, said that, in his opinion, the chief use to a Catholic girl of university

training was that it taught her to sift evidence. "A woman with a trained mind will not believe every book and newspaper she reads, nor will she be shattered by scandalous reports even should they touch those she reveres. This wise incredulity, which will be the result of her training, will mean a firmer faith. She will know something of the way facts are found; of the long searches among documents, often contradictory; of the weary years of labor in laboratories; of the unreliability of hearsay and surmise, and the halo of her faith, once really established, will not be easily shaken. Again, in these days of the world, the belief of the fool is not respected; but the faith of a woman of trained mind and of sound education is respected everywhere, and it is she alone who can hope to win others to her way of thinking."

"It may not be out of place to remark here that few churchmen of our day have done more, within their sphere, for giving Catholic young women the advantages of a sound education than has the venerated Bishop of Harrisburg.

Discussing "After War Conditions in England," Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, in a recent number of *America*, shows that little of the rosy dreams of war-time prophets, poets and preachers has as yet come to pass. He declares that outside of The Church there is "greater chaos than ever" in the domain of dogmatic religion; and he particularizes as follows:

A few weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Selbie, the principal of a college at Oxford, lectured on the "Reconstruction of Religion." He told his audience that the Christian creeds were full of pagan elements, and that the dogma of the Incarnation as proclaimed at Chalcedon was "a theory which modern psychology had made impossible." The Anglican Bishop of London, who calls himself a Catholic prelate and imagines he is a Catholic priest, presided, and seems to have made no protest. One of his brother bishops holds that the story of Bethlehem in St. Luke's Gospel is "a mere piece of poetry"; and another prominent minister of the Establishment, writing on the ritual of the Church, remarks that the story of Noah and the Ark is now believed only by children, and that the *Kyrie eleison* implies pagan ideals. The Dean of Lincoln suggests that it would be a good thing to scrap all the Old Testament up to the time of David; and another cleric well known as a Church historian, after disavowing his belief in the Resurrection and

Ascension, adds that it might be well "if the Creeds were put away in archives of the Church and among its title-deeds, and inspected only now and then by historians."

It is impossible there should be this welter of unbelief without an accompanying moral breakdown. The complete evidence of this may be harder to discover; yet there is enough on the surface to fill even the most optimistic of social philosophers with the gravest alarm.

Although many urgent appeals to their charity are already before the Catholics of this country, we venture to make yet another in behalf of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Legrand, of Dacca, India, whose diocese has been visited by a terrible cyclone, which, besides causing enormous loss of life and leaving thousands of people homeless (in the vast district of Gournadi, thousands of others on the verge of starvation), effected the destruction, total or partial, of numerous churches, chapels, schools, etc. "The ruin," writes the Bishop, "is something to rend one's heart. Villages that lay in the course of the cyclone were swept away like so many feathers. Within the memory of man, it is said, no such disaster has ever occurred in India."

We hope that many Advent alms will go to this afflicted bishop and his sorely-tried missionaries. Offerings should be sent, in France, to M. l'Abbé Jamet, 92 Rue Perronet, Neuilly-sur-Seine; in the United States, to the Rev. Father French, Mission House, Notre Dame, Indiana; and in Canada, to the Rev. Father Meahan, President of St. Laurent College, St. Laurent, near Montreal.

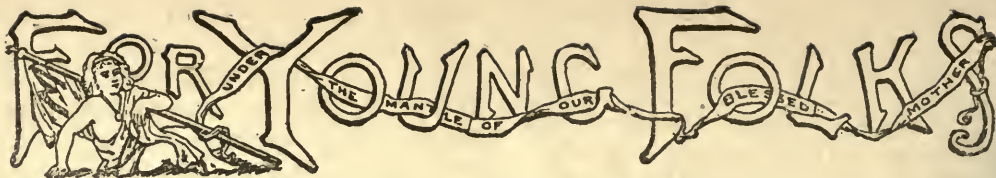
There are exceptionally strong reasons nowadays for wishing that all labor leaders in this country, and in other countries as well, would view life and its duties in the spirit which animated the late John Mitchell. Speaking on one occasion of the genesis of his conversion to the Church, he said: "When I had to deal with the problems of life as president

of the United Mine Workers, I found that there were two sets of problems. For one set I could, by application, find a more or less satisfactory solution; there was another set, however, for which I could discover no key; these were the problems of the soul. And, as I despaired of finding my way by my own efforts, I looked to others for a definite and final answer. But no man and no organization apart from the Catholic Church answered my questions with the surety that I needed; and, therefore, I concluded that, in the matter of certainty, the Catholic Church had no competitor and no rival; and there was nothing else for me to do but accept the only sure answer to questions which otherwise could not have been answered at all."

One of the most lamentable characteristics of no small number of both laborers and capitalists in this country is their practical ignoring of problems of the soul. Materialism, more or less disguised, appears to be the only creed which influences their action; and materialism can never accomplish anything really worth while for either the individual or society at large.

During his recent visit to this country, the reigning sovereign of Belgium was rather happily introduced to one audience as "the most manly of kings and the most kingly of men." Many of our readers will be gratified and edified to learn that King Albert is also one of the most religious of men. To the London *Universe* we are indebted for the following incident; received, we are assured, from an entirely authoritative source:

In the early days of the war, while the King was with his army in the east of Belgium, it was noticed that always by his bedside there was kept a much-used copy of "The Imitation." Moreover, the card which marked the place was each morning one chapter farther on. Such little things, and what they indicate, will be no surprise to those who know King Albert. It is well, for the sake of example, that they should be widely known.



A Little Something for a Little Boy.

BY S. M. M.

A LITTLE boy is once a little baby;
This little baby is a little boy;
A little note I send to give him, maybe,
A little joy.

A little ink upon a little paper,
A little rime to make a little song,
A little sense, lest these should make this caper
A little long.

A little Christmas wish I send, and in it
A little hug, a world of love, and this:
A little P. S. X that should begin it,—
A little kiss.

A little smile just bursting into laughter;
A little tear one can't find anywhere;
A little world of happiness, and after
A little prayer.

Ah! little boy, I see in all its glory
Your little tree ablaze with Christmas light;
A little dream I on the tender story
Of Christmas night.

A little Babe laid in a little manger,
A Mother and a man adoring near;
A little thing I ask this little Stranger:
"Little One, hear!

"A little boy I know; O do Thou love him;
His father and his mother keep, I pray;
Thy little hand in blessing rest above him
On Christmas Day!"

IN Asia Minor snow is used for refrigerating purposes instead of ice. The snow is gathered from the mountains and packed in pits, where it is kept from melting by a thick cover of straw and leaves. Pack-horses deliver it to consumers, and it sells from ten to twenty-five cents for a hundred pounds.

The Story of Felice Peretti.

I.

IN the early part of the month of February, 1531, an aged friar of the Order of St. Francis was on his way through the Marches of Ancona, Italy, bound for Ascoli. Travel-worn, he left the main road to seek some rest in the shelter of a grove that he saw at some distance. Leaving the grove a little later, and travelling a sufficient distance to reach the highway, he discovered that he had taken a wrong direction, as the main road was nowhere to be seen. After several vain attempts in various directions, he finally saw a small boy at some distance, herding a drove of swine. He signalled, and immediately the boy ran toward him.

"Can you tell me, my child, the direction of the road to Ascoli?" asked the friar.

"The road to Ascoli? Yes, Father. But it is not here: it is away off on the other side. If you like, I will show you."

The friar signifying assent, the little one bounded off, running and jumping, turning his head from time to time to see if the friar was following him. The latter was charmed with the cheerful spirit of his little guide, and the evident pleasure it gave him to do a kindness. Having finally come up with the boy, the friar questioned him.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Felice Peretti, Father."

"How old are you?"

"I shall soon be ten years old."

"What is the occupation of your parents?"

"My father is a shepherd at Las Grutas."

"And you take care of swine?"

"Yes, Father. I formerly had care of

¹ For THE AVE MARIA, from the Spanish, by B. S.

the sheep; but, as some of them got away from me, I was put in charge of the hogs."

"Perhaps your attention was distracted by play, while the sheep were running off?"

"It wasn't play, Father, but thinking of things."

"And of what things do you think?"

"Oh, of many things: of the beautiful fields, the splendid sky,—of a lot of things I should know more about, if I wasn't so ignorant."

"Then it pains you to be without knowledge?"

"I would give my fingers for an opportunity to study and to learn much."

"But if in order to study and learn much it would be necessary to become a friar, to undergo many privations, and to renounce the possessions and pleasures of the world?"

"I would gladly do all that."

"Indeed! Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, Father."

Continuing the walk in silence for a while, at last the friar said:

"Now I can find the road. From here I can see the belfry of the convent. You may return now, my boy. I am very grateful. I shall not forget you."

Felice made no reply but stood, immovable as a statue.

"Did you not hear what I said?" asked the friar, kindly.

"Yes, Father. But—if you will—" answered Felice, joining his hands in an attitude of supplication.

"If I will—what? What is it you desire?"

"That you take me with you to Ascoli."

"I can not now, my child. I must first obtain the consent of my superiors."

"They might not refuse if I was there when you asked them."

"Before you go, it will be necessary to have the consent of your parents."

"You can write to them, Father. I earn so little that my absence will be a relief to them."

"But the hogs—"

"Oh, they know the road, and they will go back alone! I can assure you of that."

The friar continued to reason, but the little fellow insisted so much on accompanying him, and gave such plausible reasons, that the good priest was at a loss what to say without giving pain. Seeing this, the boy ran ahead, saying:

"You don't know the road well, Father. I will take you to the convent."

"Perhaps it is the will of God," murmured the friar. And he followed without further words.

II.

The friar whom Felice met was a famous preacher from Rome, on his way to Ascoli to preach the Lenten sermons.

The two weary travellers arrived at the convent toward the close of day. Great was the surprise of the friars to see Father Selleri—that was the preacher's name—accompanied by an unknown and ragged boy. The good Father immediately gave an account of their meeting and conversation. Then the other Fathers in turn spoke to the little fellow, who responded to their questions with such candor and good sense that all shared the sentiments of the preacher, and were persuaded that Felice was a boy of uncommon intelligence.

On the following morning the Father Superior of the convent sent word to Felice's parents, who meantime were troubled at his sudden disappearance, and they gave their consent to his remaining with the religious. The preacher who had become inspired with an affectionate interest in his young protégé, devoted himself specially to his instruction, and found him a very apt pupil. He possessed a remarkable memory, and at night repeated the sermons that he had heard in the morning, without omitting even a gesture of the preacher.

After Easter, Father Selleri returned to Rome, leaving his protégé highly recommended to the superiors of the convent; but the recommendation was

hardly necessary, as all the community had become greatly interested in him.

Nevertheless, the career of poor little Felice was soon threatened with failure. A new Guardian, who shortly afterward came to the convent of Ascoli, considered Felice a useless charge, and gave him eight days to notify his parents and prepare for his return home. Happily, however, the Provincial of the Order visited Ascoli before the termination of the eight days of grace; and the friars interceded with him so unanimously for the retention of the youngster that he finally gave his consent, and appointed a professor to direct the boy's studies.

The hopes that had been inspired by the precocity of Felice were not slow of realization. At the end of two years in the convent, he was familiar with the various Latin authors, and commented upon them in that language without the least difficulty.

III.

In 1534, young Peretti received the habit of a novice in the Franciscan Order, and during the year of novitiate he redoubled his application to study. He worked early and late, and showed the greatest zeal in the fulfilment of his duties. Felice, however, had one serious defect, which the good Fathers of Ascoli had failed to eradicate: he was exceedingly sensitive, and too proud to bear an insult patiently. Tractable, gentle, and polite as he was habitually, he would become angry if any one forgot himself so far as to wound this strong natural feeling. This trait often caused him serious regret throughout his stay at the convent of Ancona.

Several of the young novices belonging to aristocratic families, but lacking the politeness usually common to people of good birth, mortified him sometimes by reminding him of his humble origin and occupation. Whenever they met him, they taunted him by imitating the grunting of hogs. This irritated Felice exceedingly, and on one occasion he declared that he would punish the first one that again

insulted him. Most of the young novices took care not to repeat their ill-natured and jealous clatter; but one of them, imagining that Felice would not dare to raise his hand against the nephew of the Provincial, one evening renewed the insult. Felice, enraged, grasped a bunch of keys and struck the provoker over the head, saying: "You make such a poor imitation of the hogs that you should go and learn to speak their language!" The Father Provincial was much grieved over the quarrel, and Felice of course bitterly regretted the outburst of his choleric temper. As a result, he was sent to the convent at Osmo to continue his studies.

At Osmo, Felice studied with his usual ardor and success; and, what is more to his credit, completely conquered his hasty temper. In 1545—five years after the escapade at Ancona—he received his baccalaureate degree, and was elevated to the priesthood. Three years later, after a brilliant course of studies, he attained the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and with it the title of Montalto—as was then the custom,—in memory of his native place. He asked and received permission to return to Ascoli, as he was anxious to be a teacher in the same convent in which for charity's sake he had been taught to read. On arriving there, he gave his relatives such assistance as his poverty permitted.

Although Fra Montalto disliked to hear coarse and unkind allusions to his humble origin and occupation, he himself repeatedly mentioned and gloried in the fact that he had formerly been a swineherd. It is further narrated that, when, years later, he filled a much higher office, hearing several prelates complacently speak of their paternal mansions, and the nobility of their birth and ancestry, he jocularly remarked: "My father's house had not a roof; its walls were dismantled, and the sun had access to every part of it. I can boast that it was one of the most splendid houses that ever existed."

In 1551, Fra Montalto, although then

little more than thirty, was appointed to preach the Lenten course at the Church of the Holy Apostles, in Rome. Here the reputation of his learning and rare eloquence drew a great concourse, and the number of his auditors increased day after day, among them being many distinguished prelates. His fame thenceforward became universally known, and the attention of all was fixed upon him. In 1566 he was elected Superior-General of his Order, and in 1568 was consecrated a bishop. Pope St. Pius V. raised him to the cardinalate in 1570; and in 1586 he himself was elected Pope, taking the name of Sixtus V.

Some time after his election, his sister Camilla came to Rome to visit him. Two of the cardinals, hoping to please the new Pope, went to meet his sister, procured her a magnificent dress, and accompanied her to the Vatican. When Pope Sixtus saw her arrayed so grandly he pretended not to recognize her, declaring they must have made a mistake. "I have only one sister," he said, "and she is a poor peasant of Las Grutas de Montalto. This lady whom you present to me appears to be a Roman princess. If she were dressed as a peasant, I might recognize in her my sister." So saying, he withdrew, leaving his sister and the two cardinals confounded. On the following day, Camilla returned to the Vatican in her simple country dress, without any other escort than her three sons. The Pope recognized her at once, and embraced her tenderly, saying: "Now indeed I see that you are my own dear sister; I have no difficulty whatever in recognizing you."

The reign of Sixtus V. fulfilled all that was hoped from his piety, intelligence and energy. He governed firmly, repressed abuses, and scattered and suppressed the brigands that had infested the States of the Church. He encouraged agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and patronized letters and the arts. The city of Rome is indebted to him for many notable embellishments.

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXIV.—TIM CHECKMATES FOURRIN.

GLANCING at his compass, Tim turned towards the south, and the monoplane was soon speedily passing over the sierra, or saw-like mountain-ridge, of Gata. They crossed the Tagus, the longest river in Spain, about noon-day, and arrived at Elvas at six o'clock the same evening.

Sixteen hours of steady work is apt to prove fatiguing even to a robust man, and for a greater reason to a boy of thirteen; and, as Tim had been steering the plane for all that length of time, he was naturally very tired. So desirous was he of finishing the trip, however, that he would have continued flying still farther were it not that Uncle Layac protested.

"Look here, my boy! If you imagine that I intend to remain cooped up here for another five or six or ten hours, with no chance of stretching my legs or enjoying an hour or two of sleep, you're mistaken. Lisbon or no Lisbon, fortune or no fortune, we shall spend the night in Elvas."

Jose appeared to be of the same opinion, as he glanced from the objecting grocer to the streets above which they were passing, and barked impatiently at Tim. The latter did not hesitate about following his uncle's advice, and accordingly soon made a landing in the pretty little town.

The sympathetic greeting accorded to them by its citizens convinced them that Fourrin had not been ahead of them; and they consequently had good reason to believe that Tim's change of route had succeeded in throwing their enemy off their track.

Even the absence of Fourrin, however, did not save them from all annoyance. No sooner had the landing been effected than Tim saw several men in uniform running towards the plane. They proved to be Portuguese customs officers, and

they insisted that the travellers should pay duty on the machine in which they had arrived. Seeing, however, that it was the first time in their lives that they had ever beheld an aeroplane, and that the laws of Portugal—as, for that matter, the laws of other countries—made no provision for this kind of vehicle, they were rather at a loss to determine the amount at which the machine should be taxed.

"It's a balloon," said one of them: "and there's no duty on balloons."

"Not at all," replied another. "It's an aerial automobile, and accordingly should be taxed just the same as other autos."

"Anyway," said a third, "we can't decide the question before we have received instructions from the Customs Administration."

At these words, Tim's heart sank—almost into his shoes, as he afterwards confided to his uncle. He was not ignorant of the delays, the slowness, the take-it-easy action of administrations all over the world; and he pictured the plane confiscated for days and days until these officers should finally receive their instructions from headquarters. Now, was it not heart-rending to find themselves, especially when so near their journey's end, brought to a halt by such nonsense!

At Tim's suggestion, both he and his uncle decided to consult the authorities of the town about the matter; so, leaving their plane in the care of one of the customs officials, they started for the office of the mayor. They had hardly gone a hundred yards, however, when Tim suddenly stopped and uttered a cry of surprise. At the turn of a street he perceived an automobile,—a *red* automobile; and, although it was at a standstill and empty, there was no mistaking it for any other than the car he had so often seen in the course of their flight. Yes, it was beyond a doubt the red automobile of Fourrin!

The significance of its presence here in Elvas flashed on Tim like a stroke of lightning. He understood at once that Fourrin had, after all, spoiled his plan.

The wily enemy, failing to see the aeroplane pass by Valencia or the vicinity of that city, had rapidly come to rejoin the aviators at Elvas. But, since he was not in his car, where was Fourrin at present? Good Lord! He was no doubt alongside of the monoplane,—was, perhaps, trying to injure the mechanism so that further flight would be impossible. And he, Tim, had left his machine, instead of staying with it as he should have done!

Without wasting time in following out his line of thought, Tim grabbed his uncle's arm and started back to the spot where they had landed. Pulling Uncle Layac along was rather slow work; so, bidding him hurry up, Tim ran at full speed to the aeroplane.

And he was none too soon. There was a man in the machine, just bending down to fix levers and valves so that the mechanism would prove utterly useless until thoroughly overhauled and repaired; and the man was Fourrin.

"Ah, you ruffian, you scoundrel, you rascal!" cried the enraged boy as he caught sight of Fourrin. "I've got you at last!"

As he spoke there flashed on him the thought of how he could best punish his enemy and get rid of him at the same time. Bounding towards the plane, he set the motor going, jumped in, called to Jose, and, before either Fourrin in the machine or Uncle Layac on the ground thoroughly realized what was taking place, the monoplane was soaring upwards amid the shouts of the crowd who had gathered to see the new kind of balloon.

"Help! help!" cried Fourrin in genuine terror as he felt himself being carried upwards; but his cry was lost in the noise of the motor. In any case, how could the Elvas folks help him unless they had wings? Moreover, he found that he had to stop yelling and sit still; for Tim had told Jose, "Watch him, boy!" And that sagacious animal, pretty sure that at last he was face to face with the detestable Fourrin, proceeded to look him over leisurely, sniff at him once or twice, and then, dis-

playing his sharp white teeth, emitted a "Gr-r-r-h" that made Fourrin shiver at the prospect of being severely bitten.

In the course of a minute or two Tim settled on the direction he should take and the height at which he should fly; and then turned to his unwilling passenger.

"Well, sir," he said in an ironical tone, "it seems that the biter has got bit this time. The pitcher that goes to the well too often, so the proverb says, gets broken at last; and, so far as your attempts to delay our arrival at Lisbon are concerned, you may consider yourself broken,—pretty well smashed up, in fact."

These words appeared to restore Fourrin to himself, or at least to reawaken the anger with which he habitually regarded Layac, Tim, and everything connected with them. With a scowl of rage distorting his features, he exclaimed:

"Here, you contemptible little sneak, set me down at once. If you don't, I'll—"

"Yes, you'll—what?"

Layac's rival found no answer ready, but he shook his fist at Tim—and immediately afterwards let out a shriek of pain. Jose evidently considered the shaking fist a challenge to combat; for with a single bound he seized it in his teeth and bit "for all he was worth," as Tim put it afterwards. This done, he quietly resumed his seat, and looked at Fourrin as if to invite further demonstrations of enmity.

Fourrin, however, was busily engaged in nursing his wounded hand, around which he bound his handkerchief; and when he had finished the binding up, he confined himself to "looking daggers" first at Tim and then at Jose. Tim stood it very tranquilly, but Jose gave signs of further activity; so Fourrin turned his eyes from the dog altogether.

He had threatened Tim to do—what *could* he do? He was unable to pilot the machine, even supposing that he could manage to get rid of Tim and Jose; and it must be said that he had no particular desire to attempt such a task. That confounded terrier with the exceptionally

sharp teeth was a nasty foe to tackle; and, furthermore, Tim had casually drawn from an inside pocket a good-sized revolver which he placed on the seat beside him. As a matter of fact, the revolver was not loaded; but Fourrin did not know that, and he accordingly gave it credit for containing six deadly pills, one or two of which he would likely swallow if he attempted any violence. True, he might, if he wished, endeavor to upset the plane; but as that would entail his own death as well as Tim's, the idea did not at all appeal to him.

After some minutes of silence, the proprietor of the "Modern Grocery" at last inquired:

"Say, where are you taking me to, anyway?"

"Oh, don't be alarmed!" quietly answered Tim. "I'm taking you, not to a mountain cave such as that in which you managed to get my uncle and me confined, nor to a sombre dungeon in some prison to which you would be a particularly appropriate ornament. No; I'm simply conducting you to a place from which it will take you at least two days to reach Elvas. In the meanwhile Uncle and I will have time to reach Lisbon by to-morrow night, without any fear, this time, of your interfering with our progress."

That Tim meant what he said became obvious two hours later when, on the level summit of the highest of the Ossa mountain range, he landed, and curtly told Fourrin:

"Here's your station. Out you go!"

Fourrin naturally protested, but Tim simply ordered Jose, "Go for him, boy!" Jose *went*—and so did Fourrin. He hastily stepped from the aeroplane and started running as if for dear life. Tim whistled to the dog, set his motor going, and, with a sarcastic "*Au revoir, Monsieur Fourrin!*" turned his machine back towards Elvas.

He felt pretty sure that, at last, he had got even with the enemy who had played so many mean tricks on himself and Uncle Layac. To say nothing of the

fact that Fourrin would be obliged to spend the whole night in the open on the by no means sultry mountain-top, it would assuredly take him all the next day to descend from his elevated prison. In any case, it was reasonably certain that the flight of our aviators on the next day, the last of their trip, would not be delayed by Fourrin or any of his machinations.

The return to Elvas was made without incident, and about ten o'clock Tim rejoined his uncle in the best hotel the town afforded. To say that Uncle Layac was at first violently angry at Tim's sudden escapade is to put the case mildly. He stormed about his room, calling his nephew all sorts of disparaging names, and working himself up to such a rage that he finally had to stop in order to get his breath. Then, when Tim informed him of the purpose of his sudden flight and of the punishment which he had inflicted on their dastardly enemy, the big grocer went to the other extreme. He clasped Tim in his arms, kissed him repeatedly, and lavished upon him the most endearing epithets.

"Left him seated on a rock two miles up in the air, eh? *Sapristi*, Tim, you have a great head on you! I couldn't have done better myself."

Tim privately agreed with Uncle Layac; in fact, he rather doubted whether his respected but not especially clever uncle could have done quite so well. He kept the thought to himself, however; and simply said that it was time they got to bed, as they would have to leave Elvas early on the following morning. To bed they forthwith proceeded, and slept soundly until broad daylight. Tim awoke first, and was soon dressed. Then he went into his uncle's room, and, after several minutes of vigorous shaking, managed to awaken Layac.

"Hurry up, Uncle! We must start inside of half an hour."

"Start?" growled the bulky grocer. "Start? Why, I haven't had more than an hour's sleep!"

"Eight hours, you mean, Uncle. It's six o'clock. Do make haste and dress, while I go up to the customs office and see about that duty they want us to pay."

At the office Tim learned that the officials had reported the arrival of the plane to the Administration, but had as yet received no reply to their communication, and consequently could not say what sum the aviators would have to pay.

"And when," asked Tim, "will you get this reply?"

"Possibly in eight days," tranquilly replied an official. "Probably in ten or fifteen."

"So I thought," said Tim. "But I haven't time to wait. We must get away to-day."

"Can't be done," answered the official, with an emphasis that admitted of no reply.

"All right," said Tim; and then, as he went out and slammed the door behind him, he added to himself: "I know what there's left to be done."

So saying, he took to his heels in the direction of the hotel.

(To be continued.)

Rapid Writers.

IN one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works. It took him only six months to write "The Hind and the Panther," and twelve mornings to compose his famous "Parallel between Poetry and Painting." Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Sir Walter Scott wrote literally as fast as his pen could move; and when he dictated, his amanuensis could hardly keep pace with him. Ben Jonson wrote "The Alchemist" in six weeks, and Fénelon produced "Telemachus" in three months. Lope de Vega, the great Spanish dramatist, however, outdid all other authors in fecundity. In the course of his life he wrote more than 2000 original dramas, and it is calculated that he was the author of at least 21,300,000 lines.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new volume of lectures and essays, by the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., discussing, among other topics, the fundamental principles of ethics and the need and nobility of patriotism, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

—"The Will to Believe," by B. Gavan Duffy, S. J.; and "Religion," by the Rev. R. Traill, are new pamphlets of the English Catholic Truth Society. For the Catholic Guild of Israel, the same Society has published "The Conversion of Isidore Goschler" and "The Conversion of Jules Level."

—"Our Lady of Lujan" is an illustrated brochure issued as a souvenir of the Irish Argentine Pilgrimage of March 17, 1918, to the South American shrine of that name. Less famous than other holy places, Our Lady of Lujan has, nevertheless, an interesting and wonderful history from its origin down to the present time. This brochure is the work of Passionist Fathers in Buenos Aires.

—Admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will be interested in two announcements by the Scribners. One refers to the early publication of a biography of Mrs. Stevenson, by her sister, Mrs. Sanchez; the other states that the publishers are preparing to bring out "A Book of R. L. S.," by George E. Brown. The latter work will be a sort of Stevensonian encyclopedia; written, however, with an eye to readability as well as accuracy.

—A little book for priests, translated from the French of Pierre Bouvier, S. J., with a preface by the Most Rev. Archbishop McIntyre, comes to us from P. J. Kenedy & Sons. It is entitled "The Priest's Vade-Mecum," and is intended for the use of those engaged in the sacred ministry, to whom it will be "as a friend by his side,—warning, suggesting, reminding, guiding, encouraging." One dollar, however, is far too high a price for such a small, flimsily bound booklet.

—"The Church and Socialism," by John A. Ryan, D. D., LL. D. (Washington: The University Press), is a reprint of eleven papers contributed during the past ten years to various newspapers and periodicals. The papers vary in length from six to fifty-two pages. The shortest is "Social Service as a Profession"; and the longest, as also the best and most timely, is "Moral Aspects of the Labor Union." Other titles of special interest are: Moral Aspects of Speculation, Birth Control, and

Woman Suffrage. This work is the first of a series to be called the Social Justice Books. It is to be hoped that all of them will be supplied with an adequate index.

—Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., has brought out a Nativity Play, entitled "The Shepherds," which Burns & Oates have issued in attractive paper covers. It has a flavor of the early English religious drama in that the Shepherds are presented as English rustics. How they received the Angels' message and after rebuffs found the Child, make up the substance of this simple and easily presentable play. Parish dramatic societies everywhere should be interested in work of this kind. Price, 2s. 6d.

—Two interesting brochures from the press of Bloud & Gay (Paris) have, to do with the proceedings of the French Academy on April 10 of the current year. One is the "Discours de Réception de Monseigneur Baudrillart," and the other, the "Réponse de M. Marcel Prévost," president of the Academy. Mgr. Baudrillart's address is a splendid eulogy of the illustrious Comte Albert de Mun, whom he succeeds as a member of the Academy; and the response of M. Prévost is naturally in the nature of a panegyric of the new member.

—"Good Cheer" is the title of a new "inspirational" offering of Humphrey Desmond. It is issued in the same novelty style as his previous brochures, "The Glad Hand," "The Larger Values," etc. Some of the matters which it treats with that breadth of vision and ripeness of experience for which the author is known are: "The Right Attitude," "Detachment," "Tonics of Character," "Long Life to You," etc. Mr. Desmond has a genius for quotation, and a sureness of touch in his own work that should make him, as time goes on, a lender as well as a borrower, of happy thoughts, well put. McClurg & Co. Price, 60 cts.

—We had occasion some time ago warmly to commend to our readers a sociological work by the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D.,—"The World Problem"; and we cordially welcome the appearance of a companion volume by the same author—"Democratic Industry" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons). A twelvemo of 362 pages, it purports to be a practical study in social history; and, as a matter of fact, the author traces the growth of labor or trade unions from the time of the Egyptians and the later Greeks and Romans, through the Middle Ages with their guilds, down to the present day. This historical

sketch is merely the setting of the author's splendid chapters on the social movements of our own time. The concluding pages, devoted to "Modern Industrial Democracy" and "A Catholic Social Platform," merit reading and study by all Catholics who profess to speak or write about Socialism, Capital, Labor, etc. Like so many other books brought out by our Catholic publishers, this one is sadly incomplete: there is no index.

—While the world at large has grown rather tired of the war and of all kinds of literature dealing therewith, it is inevitable that authors will write, and publishers bring out, yet other volumes treating directly or indirectly of the mightiest of conflicts ever waged on earth. One such volume, frankly direct in its purpose, is "The Strategy of the Great War," by William L. McPherson (G. P. Putnam's Sons). A large octavo of some four hundred pages, it is a study of the war's campaigns and battles in their relations to Allied and German military policy. The author is one of the editorial writers of the New York *Tribune* and its military critic. The first six of the book's twenty chapters, and parts of four other chapters, are reprints from the *Tribune's* columns. The book, on the face of it, appeals to military specialists rather than to the general reader; although even this latter will probably find much to interest him in Mr. McPherson's review of movements, the names of which at least were made familiar in the daily papers of 1914-1918.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Church and Socialism." John A. Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Democratic Industry." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.60.
 "The Strategy of the Great War." William L. McPherson. \$2.50.
 "Health through Will Power." James J. Walsh, M. D. \$1.50.
 "Catholic Bible Stories from the Old and New Testaments." Josephine Van D. Brownson. \$1.25.

- "The American Priest." Rev. George T. Schmidt. \$1.25.
 "Captain Lucy in France." Aline Havard. \$1.50.
 "The Reformation." Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. \$1.25.
 "The Book of Wonder Voyages." \$1.50.
 "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War." Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. 9s.
 "A Primer of Old Testament History." 70 cents.
 "Mountains of Help." Marie St. S. Ellerker, O. S. D. 3s.
 "St. Joan of Arc: The Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans." Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. \$2.75.
 "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation." Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P. \$1.35.
 "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. T. Flynn, C. C. \$2.75.
 "True Stories for First Communicants." A Sister of Notre Dame. 90 cts.
 "The Finding of Tony." Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.
 "Eunice." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.90.
 "The Lamp of the Desert." Edith M. Dell. \$1.75.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Victor Schnell, of the diocese of Indianapolis; and Rev. James Crumley, diocese of Grand Rapids.

Sister M. Barbara, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Walburger, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, Mr. Jacob Frey, Mrs. Thomas Spencer, Mr. Thomas Finnegan, Mrs. Rose Finnegan, Mr. John E. Ingoldsby, Mr. Henry Callahan, Dr. P. S. McDonald, Mr. W. A. Ward, Mr. Joseph Tucker, Mr. Francis Hanley, Mr. Bernard Carlin, Mr. Stephen Howard, Mr. F. D. Kimbrell, Miss Margaret Lynch, Mr. Patrick Roddy, Mr. James Irgang, Mr. David Massa, Mr. Robert E. Shea, Mr. John Dinneen, Mr. Bernard Pieper, and Miss M. O. Arnoux.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Ursuline Nuns in Alaska: friend (Cincinnati), \$1; Dr. L. P. W., \$10; friend (Arizona), \$2. For Bishop Tacconi: friend (Providence), \$5; Miss J. F., \$1. For the Armenian sufferers: J. R., \$10; T. B., \$100.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Rosa Mystica.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Now and at the hour of our death.

MYSTIC Rose, in God's fair garden growing,

O Mystic Rose, in God's high courtyard blowing,
Make sweet, make sweet, the path that I am going,

O Mystic Rose!—

The darkling, deathward way that I am going,

O Mystic Rose!

O Rose, more white than snow-wreath in December!

O Rose, more red than sunset's glowing ember!

My sins forget, my penitence remember,

O Mystic Rose!

Though all should fail, I pray thee to remember,

O Mystic Rose!

O Mystic Rose, the moments fly with fleetness,
To judgment I, with all my incompleteness!

But thou—make intercession with thy sweetness,

O Mystic Rose!

Be near to soothe and save me with thy sweetness,

O Mystic Rose!

The Mass Stipend.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D. D.



WHAT do you charge for a Mass?" "How much is a Mass?" These, or the like questions, sometimes greet the ears of a priest, or, rather, grate upon them. The fact that they are asked, however, even though it be but seldom, makes a paper on this subject timely. Provisionally, the questions may be answered by saying that there is no charge for a Mass; the

Mass is so much that money can not buy it.

What, then, is the Mass stipend? And what is it given for? The Mass stipend to-day is a money offering made to a priest to get him to say Mass for some special intention. I have said "to-day" advisedly; in early days the offering was in bread and wine and the like. But the idea underlying it has always been the same. It finds expression in the words of St. Paul, that "they who serve the altar, partake with the altar"; and in the words of Our Lord, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

But what is the precise character of this offering? Is it an alms, or is it, as the word "stipend" implies, a fee, or payment made for service rendered? The New Code of Canon Law seems to leave the question an open one. It says "alms or stipend." An alms is something given for God's sake to a person in need. The distinctive feature of an alms is that it is given gratis. The one who gives wants no return. He does not give on condition of the recipient's giving or doing: he gives freely and absolutely. No doubt the offering for a Mass may at times take the character of an alms, both on the part of the giver, who means to give simply for God's sake; and of the recipient, who may really be in need here and now of that which is thus bestowed. But this is the exception, not the rule.

As a rule, the offering for a Mass is a stipend, or fee for service rendered, or to be rendered. In the former case, it is due in strict justice; in the latter, it begets an obligation in justice on the

part of the priest to say the Mass for the intention of the giver.

The title that a priest has to a stipend is that he must live. Our Lord never meant His priests to live on alms. There are religious Orders in the Church whose members take vows to live on the bounty of those who give simply for God's sake. These, however, do but follow to the uttermost a counsel of perfection, and are exceptions to the rule. The rule is that which Christ Himself laid down when He first sent forth His disciples. In preaching the Gospel, "the laborer is worthy of his hire"; so is he in saying Mass.

If the priest could not take a stipend for his service, he would be the only one on God's earth precluded from earning his living. But upon him, too, the primeval injunction was laid, that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. This just means that man must work for his living. "If a man," says the Apostle bluntly, "will not work, let him not eat." Therefore, if he works, at his trade or profession, be it what it may, he has a right to eat, to live, to a living wage. Is the priest to be in worse case than men of other professions? His chief business is to offer sacrifice.

St. Paul is quite emphatic in his assertion of the right of the priest to a living wage for his service, and particularly his service at the altar. He rings the charges upon it. "Have not we power to eat and drink?" he says, in the ninth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. And again: "Who serveth as a soldier at any time, at his own charges?"—which means, as applied to the matter in hand, that, even when a priest has money of his own from some other source, he may take a stipend for his service.

The Apostle cites the Law of Moses, which forbids the muzzling of the treading ox, and asks if God has a care of oxen and not of men. Once our High Priest trod the winepress alone. Now others tread it with Him, and He would have those who so serve the altar partake with

the altar. Such is the teaching of His Apostle, who goes on to say: "So also the Lord ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel." He tells us, indeed, that he himself "used none of these things," but leaves us in no doubt as to his right to use them,—a right founded upon service, and the title to a living wage that faithful service gives. "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we reap your carnal things?"¹

But here we are met with a difficulty. The offering of Mass is a spiritual service. It would seem, therefore, that a priest can not take money for it, which would be simony,—the selling of a spiritual thing for a price. When Simon Magus offered St. Peter money for the power of giving the Holy Ghost, he was told, "May thy money perish with thee, because thou hast esteemed the gift of God to be purchased with money."² We may have here the reason why it has been held that the offering for a Mass is an alms. But really the giving or taking a stipend for a Mass is free from the slightest taint of simony. For simony is in the thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money, and there is no such thought in the mind of the one who gives or in that of the one who takes a Mass stipend. I say "in the mind," though the words may, as do those cited at the beginning of this paper, appear to convey it. A man comes to a priest and says, "Will you offer up a Mass for my intention?" The priest says, "I will," and accepts the proffered stipend. It is not for the Mass that the money is given or taken, nor for the fruits of the Mass, but for the saying of the Mass,—the priest's service in the celebration of the Mass.

The transaction is on all fours with that of the doctor who takes a fee for giving a prescription, or of the lawyer who is paid for counsel expressed in writing or by word of mouth. While the knowledge or skill in law or medicine is a

¹ I. Cor., ix, 11.

² Acts, viii, 20.

spiritual entity, and not therefore in the category of things that are sold for a price, use is made of it, as St. Thomas points out,¹ by bodily service. On the other hand, neither doctor nor lawyer is bound—at any rate, not always bound—to give his services free of charge, and so he may take a price for them. In like manner, while the action of the Mass is spiritual, the ministry of the priest in the offering of it is bodily, and so in the class of services for which a price may be taken. We have here the conditions needful for lawful buying and selling: a thing that is salable—to wit, the service of the priest,—and the right to dispose freely of it, which exists as often as the priest's Mass is not engaged. This is confirmed by the already quoted saying of the Master to those whom He was sending forth to preach the Gospel. The Gospel itself is neither bought nor sold, but one may lawfully take a price for the preaching of it. This is precisely what "hire" means,—“the price, or compensation, for labor and services.”²

There is, however, this great difference between the case of the priest and that of the doctor or lawyer: the former has hired himself out once for all to work for the Master, who is to be his “reward exceeding great,” while the latter has no such engagement. Therefore he may set himself to “make money,” as the saying is, and take a fee twenty times a day, if he can get it; whereas the priest, as a rule, can say Mass but once a day, and take but one stipend. This is why St. Thomas calls it *stipendium sustentationis*; for the priest takes the stipend as a means of support, and not as a means of enriching himself. Hence, too, the amount of the stipend is fixed by the Church at a certain figure.

The great Jesuit theologian, Suarez, deals at considerable length with this question. He holds that there is a real contract, of the bilateral kind—that is,

binding on both sides,—between the one who offers the stipend and the priest who accepts it; an innominate contract,—*do ut facias*, “I give on the condition of your doing.” He states the view set forth above, and says it tallies well with the Scripture. But it does not altogether satisfy him. To his mind, the ministry of the priest is so bound up with the action of the Mass as to be simply one with it. This being purely spiritual, that also must be spiritual, and so can not be bought or sold. He concludes, therefore, that the stipend can not be the price of the priest's service, but a something given solely for his support. The person for whom the priest offers the Mass takes upon himself, he says, the obligation of supporting him.¹

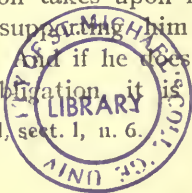
The saying of the Master, now so often quoted or referred to, furnishes the readiest and most effective answer to the contention of Suarez. It is concrete; it is authoritative; it is peremptory. If a price may be taken for the preaching of the Gospel, even though that price be but just enough to support the preacher, why may not a price be taken for the saying of Mass, especially when the price is less than enough to support the celebrant? Is not the service of the one who preaches the Gospel just as intimately bound up with the Gospel as is the service of the one who says Mass bound up with the Mass? And yet the Master Himself speaks of that which is given for the service of the preacher as “hire,” and says plainly that he earns it. And really there is a human element in these services, quite distinct from the divine, for which a price may be given and taken.

Suarez's own solution of the difficulty, as stated above, is far from satisfactory. In the first place, the assumption that the one who gets a priest to say Mass for his intention takes upon himself the obligation of supporting him may well be challenged. And if he does take upon himself this obligation, it is certain he

¹ 2a 2æq. 71, a.4.

² The Standard Dictionary.

¹ Disput. lxxxI, sect. 1, n. 6.



does not fulfil it; for the stipend he gives is quite inadequate. Moreover, the obligation he takes on himself, and the corresponding one, the priest assumes, arise, according to Suarez himself, out of a real bilateral contract, binding in justice on both parties. And so, after all, there is the payment of a price for a service which is, nevertheless, held to be unsalable. We have to fall back on the distinction of St. Thomas, made in a parallel case; the thing itself is spiritual, but use is made of it by bodily service, for which a price may be taken.

It remains to deal with the second point: what is the stipend given for? The answer to this has been anticipated. The stipend is not given for the Mass, nor for the fruits of the Mass. This would be simony. It is given solely for the service of the priest in saying the Mass, and as a contribution toward his support. Hence, when the priest has offered the Mass for the intention of the donor, he is quit of all obligation. The intention may be the obtaining of a spiritual favor or of a temporal one; it may even fail of being realized, for God may not see fit to grant the favor; it may be known to the priest, or it may not. But once the priest has said the Mass, he has fulfilled his part of the contract. And the person who gave the stipend may well be assured that he has made use of the most efficacious means known to men of obtaining favors from God, and that, if he does not get the particular favor sought, it is because God has something better in store for him—if he deserves it. For he has done that which puts God Himself under an obligation to him. He has procured for God the unspeakable glory, and for man the unspeakable benefits, which come from the offering up again of the One Eternal Sacrifice. "When the priest celebrates," says the author of "The Imitation," "he honors God, rejoices the angels, edifies the Church, helps the living, obtains rest for the dead, and makes himself partaker of all good things."

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XXV.—HER TRUE KNIGHT.



HE reconciliation to the Church of Doctor Sinclair, and his willingness to take charge of the Monynpenny sisters on their journey, removed all obstacles in the way of their joining their cousin on the Continent, and preparations were made for starting at an early date. Master Paterson, in arranging about their escort, thought it wiser to omit all mention of the Doctor's change of religion; he left the good ladies to rejoice in the safe companionship of a Presbyterian minister, as averting suspicion from themselves.

Much as they would have valued the company of Agnes as a welcome inmate of their new home, they were unable to persuade her to join them in their journey. She had more than one reason for declining. The first concerned Patrick Hathaway. Under present circumstances, she shrank from meeting him, as she would have been certain to do sooner or later; for Sir Jasper and Master Monynpenny were in constant communication. Patrick's long silence, continued after he had given up the thought of aspiring to the priesthood, seemed to indicate an indifference towards her which would render any intercourse between them very painful. The second reason which influenced her was the hope of some time or other being able to help forward the return to the Church of her cousin Helen. Though their characters and interests were widely different, and had become more so since the so-called marriage with Bailie Agnew, the claims of kinship seemed to demand all possible effort on behalf of the deeply erring Helen. Should she leave the country, Agnes reminded herself, such help would be impossible. To the maiden of twenty-three, Bailie Agnew seemed an old man, not long

for this world; and with his death Helen would be free, and better disposed to be led back to the path of duty.

The wonderful recovery of Joanna Monnypenny had made the proposed journey not only possible but desirable in the case of the elderly sisters. Eupheme had long ceased to exaggerate the difficulties in the way of her transport; she realized that for both of them a peace-girt refuge in Catholic France, where Mass and all the privileges of religion might be securely enjoyed, was a benefit not to be lightly disregarded.

Preparations, therefore, went on apace, occupying the little household to the exclusion, for the time being, of everything else. In the share which she was bound to take in the many arrangements consequent on so drastic a change, Agnes found distraction from the regret which filled her heart at the prospect of separation from her old friends. There were a hundred matters to be discussed and settled, and she found herself in constant request every day, and many times a day.

Though the ladies kept as quiet as possible the news of their approaching departure, such events can never remain entirely secret among countryfolk, for whom any unwonted happening in their own neighborhood possesses a particular charm. Yet it was hoped that the tidings might not reach Edinburgh acquaintances until the voyage had been accomplished. The hope was not absolutely realized, as will be seen; but the Monnypenny ladies were not the sufferers.

Little Mistress Muir rode down from Hopkailzie with her husband to bid a sorrowful farewell to her valued friends, and remained with them for the day or two preceding their departure. Very early one bright July morning, the little band of exiles set out for Queensferry, where they were to ship for the Continent. Master Muir had advised the choice of a less frequented port than Leith, as not so likely to arouse suspicion. Mistress Eupheme, her sister, and Ursula, their

faithful handmaid, were conveyed in one of the large Hopkailzie wagons, driven by Wat Logan; and with him was another sturdy assistant from among the farm-servants. Master Muir carried Agnes on his pillion-saddle, Doctor Sinclair rode by their side, and behind came another wagon containing baggage. Thus escorted, the sisters reached the port and embarked without overmuch difficulty, but at the cost of a copious shedding of tears on the part of the womenfolk.

It had been arranged, with little discussion on the point, that Agnes should take up her abode with Mistress Muir after the departure of the sisters. But she was to remain for a few days at Craighdoune with the rest of the servants, to see to the removal of certain effects which the Monnypennys had left behind as mementos for herself and Mistress Muir. She had also undertaken to superintend the distribution of much clothing and household gear—impossible of transport abroad—to the poor of the neighborhood, before the servants should depart their several ways, and Craighdoune be left untenanted once more.

Since her brief visit to Edinburgh at the time of her uncle's death, Agnes had entirely lost sight of Master Nicol Ross "of the roving eye," who in the old days had striven so persistently for her goodwill. She had never given that ardent youth the slightest encouragement; for they had scarcely an idea in common. Moreover, had he been ever so much appreciated by her, his continual flitting from Helen to herself, when the former chose to be unkind, and returning to Helen when that attractive maiden chose to beckon him, did not render his suit agreeable to Agnes. Yet no sooner had he been aware of Agnes' presence in her uncle's house than the former alternative attentions were renewed. Helen had too many admiring cavaliers to please Master Nicol; so he was at once prepared to transfer his worship to Agnes, who possessed all the virtues he could desire.

in his future wife. But, just as in the old days, his persistence produced no effect upon Agnes, except an increased dislike for Nicol and all his ways. When she returned to Craigdoune after her uncle had passed away, she took care to caution Jock to breathe no word to any one in the city as to her present hiding-place. For the bold Nicol knew the Monnypennys, although he might be in ignorance of their actual dwelling-place for the time being; it would, therefore, have needed little inducement to lead him to visit those ladies had he possessed an inkling of Agnes Kynloch's presence at Craigdoune.

As it happened, the tidings of the proposed sailing to France, which eventually filtered from the countryside into town, was the first intimation obtained by the Edinburgh acquaintances of the Monnypennys as to the whereabouts of those ladies. The mysterious flitting from their Canongate house, which had astonished their small circle of friends seven years before, had been forgotten; that they should have been living a few miles only from the town, unknown to gossip-mongers, was even more astonishing. Mistress Ross, of Tullynain, Nicol's mother, dispatched her son, as soon as the news reached her, to ask to be allowed to pay a farewell visit. But that young gentleman was just a day too late.

Nicol had some faint notion of the locality of Craigdoune, but knew not the exact position of the house, which, since Master Muir had moved out of it some years before, had descended to the level of an ordinary farmhouse on the hilly slopes beyond Hopkailzie. Inquiry, however, brought the requisite knowledge, if it delayed his journey; in the late afternoon of the day following the sailing to France, he found himself riding up the wooded lane by which Craigdoune was approached.

It was tantalizing to learn, after all his efforts, that the ladies he sought had already started on their voyage. No one remained in the house—the maid informed him—except Mistress Kynloch, and she

would be leaving in a day or two. Nicol's hopes rose. Here was news indeed! He had long lost sight of Agnes; yet he knew how intimate she had been with the Monnypennys when in Edinburgh, and there could be no doubt of her identity with the Mistress Kynloch mentioned by the handmaid. When he had ascertained that the young lady in question was not then within doors, he could do nothing except turn his horse homeward. But he did not intend to hurry on his way: he resolved to contrive an interview with Agnes that evening, if possible. He had noticed on his way to the farm the little inn kept by Grizzel Paton, and determined to rest his horse there, and call again at Craigdoune, in the hope of seeing Agnes.

Agnes had already seen him, though he was unaware of it. She had been sitting at Grizzel's window when he first passed. She could not mistake that burly, handsome rider with his air of insolent pride, his ruddy face and curling locks, even if Grizzel had not cried out in astonishment at the apparition, in so obscure a neighborhood, of the Younger of Tullynain, and praised his bonny bearing. Agnes shrank out of sight behind the curtain of the small window as he passed; Nicol was the last person she desired to meet, especially now that her friends had gone.

Helen's conduct had given a fresh shock to the simple-minded, modest maiden; yet the tidings of a marriage with Captain Strong, which Margery Mutch had been deputed to convey to Jock Gilchrist, had been somewhat of a relief to Agnes as well as to Jock. It had put an end to the scandalous union with Bailie Agnew, although Helen's real husband was no Catholic. The sight of Nicol Ross so near to Craigdoune renewed the vague fears which Agnes unwillingly entertained in that youth's regard. In Helen's absence, there was danger of his renewal of his attentions towards herself. The thought sickened her. She delayed for a while before venturing to set out for Craigdoune, lest that persistent wooer should catch a

glimpse of her as she crossed the intervening meadows. She little thought that Nicol was actually on his way to the farm.

Thus it fell out that as Agnes was crossing the field a little later, Nicol was just in the act of riding back, down the wooded lane beyond. He caught sight of her approaching the stone steps of the wall which divided the meadow from the lane,—a slim, bright form in gown of primrose hue; her pale gold tresses, only partially shrouded by a light scarf, gleaming in the sunlight. She was all unaware of his vicinity; wrapped in her own thoughts, she hurried over the grass, her head a little bent. Nicol, under cover of the trees and bushes, sat awaiting her; he hoped to be able to accost her as soon as she had alighted in the lane.

The maiden's thoughts were indeed far from Nicol. She had waited long enough for him to ride far away, as she felicitated herself. Her heart was with the dear exiles on the sea, voyaging towards a land of freedom,—the land which held Patrick Hathaway (she could not resist the yearning she felt as the thought awoke within her). That land might have been her own had she willed. She half regretted now, the decision she had made; yet a moment's reflection told her that she had chosen the wiser course. That Heaven was working in her behalf was to be brought home to her that evening in a manner wholly unlooked for.

As Agnes sprang lightly from the steps which formed a kind of stile into the grassy lane beyond, she found herself confronted by Nicol. He made a fine appearance on horseback, and knew it. His handsome dark-green riding dress, with boots and gloves of tawny leather, and high-crowned feathered hat, set off his dark, well-featured face admirably. With a cry of simulated astonishment at the sight of her, he leaped down from his saddle, and, hat in hand, advanced to greet her.

"This is indeed a rare pleasure, Mistress Kynloch," he exclaimed, "and one I little hoped to enjoy. My mother bade me

convey her greetings to the ladies Monny-penny; but to my sorrow I find them already on their journey. I am more than repaid, however, by this unexpected meeting with you."

Agnes, surprised and confused by this unexpected apparition, could only murmur regret that he should have missed seeing his friends. She began to ponder on the best means of ridding herself of the unwelcome intruder, who, as she knew from experience, was not to be dismissed easily.

The young man was not of the bashful type. Drawing the horse's bridle over his arm, he turned in the direction of the farm.

"You will not deny me the pleasure of seeing you safely home, Mistress Kynloch," he said politely.

Agnes firmly but gently declined his proffered companionship. He pleaded the length of time that had elapsed since they had met, and became more persistent in his request. But the more he pleaded, the more resolutely she begged him to allow her to take leave of him and pass on alone. The girl's heart was sore from yesterday's parting and the sad thoughts it had awakened in her mind. She set aside the conventional politeness proper to the occasion, and with a touch of asperity once more expressed her desire to go on her way.

"So I will bid you good-evening, Master Ross," she said, with a formal obeisance.

But the bold Nicol was not to be daunted. This was too favorable an opportunity to be lost. He plunged once again, as he had so often done in the past, into a warm declaration of love. She was the one maiden for him, he declared; she and no other would he ever wish to make his wife.

Agnes was angered. Her eyes flashed; the delicate coloring of her face deepened to rosy-red, as she cried in indignation:

"How many more times, Master Ross, would you have me tell you that you are the last man in the world I would ever marry? Will you never take an answer?"

"Never a refusal!" he exclaimed. "I will ask and ask again, and never rest until

the answer is 'Yes,' even should I have to wait for years."

Then a thought seemed to strike him.

"Do not think, Mistress Agnes," he said earnestly, his dark eyes fixed upon her, "that I ever really cared for your cousin, Mistress Helen. 'Twas you I hoped to win. I turned to her in anger and disappointment only. Had you but favored me, I could have spurned every other maiden in the world."

Agnes knew that he was lying, and her anger grew. He knew it well enough, too, and perhaps it rendered him a little ashamed. But her beauty shone the more as her wrath increased.

"Will you not give me some hope, Mistress Agnes?" he pleaded. "I will wait your pleasure if you but deign to speak one word of encouragement."

"I shall never give you that word," she retorted, "however oft you persist in your unwelcome attentions. Is this the customary behavior of men of gentle birth,—to harass and annoy defenceless maidens till they plight their troth willing or unwilling? Once more, Master Ross, allow me to pass on my way."

Perhaps the man was stung by her reference to gentle birth, made without any thought of personal application; for the Ross family was but of yeoman origin, though riches and success had pushed them upwards. Perhaps he was moved by a sudden instinct to gain his end by terrifying the girl. Whatever was the motive, he suddenly seized her arm.

"Have a care," he cried, "how you taunt a desperate lover! It would be easy enough for me to swing you on to my saddle and ride off. You must needs speak, then."

He saw her face blanch, though she strove to conceal her fear, as she once again declared that nothing could break her resolve. Her words moved him to greater daring.

"I'll bandy words no longer," he said bluntly. "You shall come with me now, willy nilly. That will settle matters."

He seized her in his strong grasp and was lifting her to the saddle, when an unexpected check occurred. A sharp blow from a thick stick upon his wrist caused Nicol to loose his hold. He turned with a loud oath to confront his assailant.

Jeemsie Paton worshipped Mistress Agnes as though she had been a bright angel or some sainted virgin of the court of heaven; her welfare and safety was his chiefest care, and to guard her from every peril his proudest privilege. He had followed her at a distance—as he often did—across the meadow, to lend his protection when needed. Creeping behind the wall, he had kept watch upon Nicol. When the latter seemed prepared to offer violence, Jeemsie had sprung over into the lane and flourished his trusty staff in defence of his beloved lady.

Nicol made short work of the poor lad. He brought down the metal knob of his riding whip with such force upon Jeemsie's head that the boy was felled to the earth, stunned and bleeding. Agnes screamed in horror. Nicol once more seized her by the wrists and renewed his threats. But she raised so loud a cry for help that he was fain to loosen his hold; and the girl, still crying out, ran swiftly from him towards the highroad into which the lane led. To her joy she heard the sound of horses' hoofs; and two horsemen, in response to her cries, spurred their steeds towards her. As the foremost rider reached her, he sprang down from his saddle and ran to her on foot.

Surely a miracle had happened! The face of the man who was hurrying to her assistance was that of Patrick Hathaway. It was older, certainly; its complexion was bronzed by suns and hardened by exposure; but the same steadfast grey eyes met hers; the same glad, tender smile broke out at the sight of her. Agnes waited for no explanation of his presence there, nor did she attempt at the moment to explain her dire need of help. With unbounded confidence and trust, she clung to his arm as she cried amid her tears:

"O Patrick! Thank God you are here!"

He threw his bridle to the man who followed; and, taking her hand, placed it upon his arm, as they turned back towards the spot where Nicol stood, with gloomy face, biting the end of his black mustache. As they walked, Agnes in a few words outlined the situation. She purposely omitted any reference to Nicol's cowardly threat to carry her off; she felt instinctively that Patrick would show no mercy to the man, did she accuse him. Such lawless proceedings were all too frequent in those days; but were regarded by upright men—such as she knew Patrick Hathaway to be—as base in the extreme.

Patrick had known Ross well enough in the old days, when both had been frequent visitors at Hugh Gilchrist's house in the Lawnmarket; he chose now to pose as a stranger, unless Nicol should recognize him.

"This lady, sir," he said courteously, "complains that you insist on preventing her from passing on her way. She has appealed to me for help. I will ask you, therefore, to be good enough to draw your horse aside and allow me to see her safely home."

Nicol's dark face flushed angrily.

"Who may you be?" he asked roughly. "What right have you to interfere thus? Can not I converse with a lady whom I greatly revere and honor, without being treated by a passing stranger as a churl and a bully? You know well enough, Mistress Kynloch, that every hair of your head is precious to me. Why this unwonted terror? Why appeal to chance wayfarers for protection?"

He was shrewd enough to guess that the maiden would not be likely to make known to a stranger the real gravity of his offence; her instinctive modesty would restrain her. He was correct in his surmise, but ignorant of the real motive of her silence.

Patrick knew the young man well, and had not been ignorant of his persistent persecution of Agnes. He had good reason for gratitude and joy on his own account, and felt little sympathy for Ross'

disappointment. The latter repeated his request with more energy than before. Patrick attempted no explanation.

"Kindly stand aside, sir, and allow us to proceed," was all he deigned to say.

"And suppose I do not choose to do your will? What then?" said the other, insolently.

"In that case, sir," replied Patrick calmly, "I shall be compelled to force you."

Agnes hastened to prevent a quarrel.

"I feel sure," she said, with as steady a voice as she could command, "that Master Ross will need no further persuasion, when I ask him once more to permit me to pass."

"Gladly will I do so," was the answer, "if you will give favorable consideration to my proposal."

"I have already told you many times, Master Ross," she replied with energy, "that what you ask is quite impossible."

"I have no intention of accepting a denial," Nicol answered sullenly.

"You insult the lady, sir!" cried Patrick with some irritation. "Can you not behave as a gentleman should?"

"'Tis the first time I ever heard a proposal of marriage—which I have had the honor of making to this lady—styled an insult," was the reply.

"It may become an insult if persisted in against the lady's wishes," rejoined Patrick.

"Who are you?" shouted Nicol, rudely. "And what right have you to thrust yourself into a matter which does not concern you in the least? Had I my sword with me, I would settle the dispute without delay. Give me your name, and explain why you interfere thus churlishly."

"I am Patrick Hathaway, of Haddowstone, Master Nicol Ross," was the calm answer. "I have every reason for interfering, as you will allow when I tell you that Mistress Kynloch is about to become my wife."

Nicol glared at them in astonished anger, stricken dumb. Patrick stole a glance at Agnes: her eyes were downcast, but she made no effort to withdraw her hand from

his arm. He had made a bold venture, but he now felt confident of success.

"Mistress Kynloch might have deigned to explain matters," said the now discomfited Nicol. "It would have saved all this bandying of words. I should be glad to have her confirmation of what you state. Is it true, Mistress Kynloch, as Master Hathaway has asserted, that you are his promised wife?"

Agnes uttered no word, but she bowed her head in acquiescence. Her face blushed rosy-red.

"'Tis a pity," said Nicol, with the suspicion of a sneer in his voice, "that the matter was kept so profound a secret."

"We do not make our private affairs the talk of the countryside, Master Ross," was Patrick's reply.

There was nothing for the disappointed and furiously angry Nicol to do but to mount and ride away. That he did with dispatch, without deigning to utter any word of farewell.

Agnes looked anxiously round.

"What has become of poor Jeemsie Paton?" she cried. "The good loon ran up to take my part, and that cruel man struck him down, and must have half killed him."

"Do not trouble about the lad," Patrick reassured her. "My man Willie has taken charge of him. Let us consider our own selves for the moment. Are you angry with me, dear one, for speaking so boldly of you to that impudent bully? There were a thousand things that needed explaining, but I ventured to thrust them all aside and claim rights which you have never actually granted to me. Tell me, was I overbold?"

"O Patrick!" she cried, raising tearful eyes to his—but eyes that spoke unmistakably her trust and faith in him. "We ought to know each other's heart. How weary have been these long years of waiting!"

And with that he took her tenderly into the shelter of his protecting arms.

(To be continued.)

Ecstasy.

BY EDWIN ESSEX, O. P.

GFOLD my hands a while,
And seal my eyes from sight,
My ears from hearing: all
My senses waive their right.

For in the silence wakes
Thy Voice; and dawns Thy Face
Upon the dark; my hand
Holds Thine a fleeting space.

A Hero of La Vendée.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

AT last the ill-fated Louis XVII. was obliged to dismiss his faithful Royal Guards; but, in the kindest manner, he exacted a promise from each of them to stay in France and go to his rescue when needed. Among the young officers who gladly vowed compliance with the injunction of the King was Henri de la Rochejaquelein, a youth of eighteen and heir to a marquisate in the picturesque section of France now called La Vendée. He was a gallant and handsome young nobleman, modest as a girl, though brave as a lion, and the hope and pride of his father's heart. He stayed in Paris until the royal family were thrown into prison; then, the life of everyone who had committed the crime of being well-born being in danger, he withdrew to his home in La Vendée, only to find it utterly deserted. The family had been forced to emigrate, and the beautiful old Castle of Durfalliere was empty.

He climbed to a high tower and looked about him. The scene was indescribably fair, but it brought no joy to that desolate boy. Another name for La Vendée is the Bocage, or the Woodland. The hedgerows are so thick and so numerous that a vast expanse of green, dotted here and there with a bit of golden corn, met the lad's

eye. He had seen this beauty many times; but now, with his King and Queen marked for revolutionary slaughter, his dear ones in exile, his country threatened with ruin, and his own life in danger, he viewed it with emotions that we can imagine but not describe.

In many respects the gentlefolk of La Vendée were an exception to most of the nobility of France. There was a perfect harmony of opinion between them and the peasants. They worked together, consulted one another, and acted as if their aims were one, as indeed they were. The proprietors of the lands and titles never thought themselves lowered in dignity when they visited their tenants; and on great occasions the castle halls were opened to the peasants, who for this reason grew to consider the interests of the nobility as their own. They were pious and industrious, and to be depended upon in an emergency, as we shall see.

For a long while La Vendée seemed to be overlooked by the Revolutionists in their wild thirst for blood; but when they came to realize that here was a section ever loyal to its monarch and its religion, which had no concessions to make, and whose inhabitants were known to be as brave as they were faithful, the rage of the "Blues," as the infamous Revolutionists were called, knew no bounds; and especial cruelties concerning conscriptions were visited upon the Woodland country, whose brave youths were coveted for the thinning ranks of the mad mob.

Then came the arrest of the King and Queen; and when the Vendéans found that their young men were to be snatched from them to serve those who had accomplished that awful deed, they rose in their might and loudly declared that they would gladly die sooner than submit to this last indignity. Hearing that officers were approaching to enforce what we would term the "draft," they promptly called upon a gentleman in the neighborhood to lead them and drove back the intruders. This, of course, did not make the ruffians

any more friendly, and the Royalists soon discovered that there was a life-and-death-struggle before them.

Then Henri's tenants turned with one accord to their young master and asked him to lead them. He was at the castle of his cousin, the Marquis de Lescure, a quiet and studious young nobleman, whose home was a refuge for nuns who had been turned out of their convents, of priests who had been hunted from their parishes, and of many other persons whose positions made them defenceless. Among these Henri was prominent,—partly because he had been of the Royal Guards, partly on account of his father, the Marquis in exile, and his own well-known courage and loyalty.

One day a small boy who came on an errand to the Castle of Clisson saw Henri, and thus spoke to him:

"Monsieur Henri, they are to draw for the conscription next Sunday, and the peasants are not going to submit. They all say that you are the one to lead them. Come back with me, then!"

"I will," said Henri, as solemnly as if he had taken a vow.

The ladies in the house would have persuaded him not to go; but the Marquis stood by him.

"Go, my cousin!" he said to him. "I only wish that I might be at your side."

That night Henri set out, and we may believe that he had a hard tramp; but he reached the appointed place at last, only to find that the King's defenders had been defeated and dispersed. Sad and disappointed, he went to his deserted castle, where the men of the vicinity, taking fresh heart at news of his arrival, found him the next morning. If we can believe the descriptions given us, these faithful fellows were a strange sight. They had no arms worthy the name, but they had determination, and they swarmed around their young lord and begged him to be their leader.

Then Henri uttered those oft-quoted words which are so familiar to us, but

which will bear repeating as long as men love bravery and loyalty unto death.

"I will try," said he, "to show myself worthy of my father. If I go forward, follow me; if I draw back, kill me; if I fall, avenge me!"

This was received with loud shouts; and the peasants, with Henri at their head, rushed forward, driving the Blues out of the next village and capturing some cannon on the way.

A gallant gentleman of the neighborhood, M. de Bouchamp, was in command of the main army of La Vendée, and with him Henri and his tenants soon effected a conjunction.

Meanwhile the Marquis de Lescure, his family and a number of his guests, had come to grief: the Revolutionists having dragged them from Clisson and locked them up in the miserable jail of a neighboring town. At last there came the shout, "The Royalists are approaching!" And, sure enough, in the distance was seen, amid the dust raised by so many feet in motion, a strange-looking army. The fierce Revolutionists, surprised and outnumbered, withdrew in an opposite direction; and the Marquis and his cousin, Bernard de Marigny, rode out to meet their deliverers.

"Long live the King!" shouted Henri to Madame de Lescure, as in a few minutes he knelt and kissed her hand, after the courtly fashion of his day.

The Marquis de Lescure went among his people by the name of the "Saint of Poitou," and its appropriateness was now proved. He worked with the priests to prevent rioting and bloodshed; and, although there were twenty thousand victorious soldiers in the vicinity, the property of the people was not molested and not a person was injured. The prisoners they had taken were released on parole, and everywhere there was mercy, forbearance, and piety. Whenever an expedition started out, its members confessed their sins, and set forth with the blessing of the Church.

It is inspiring to read how the Marquis de Lescure, when his cousin, M. de Marigny, was in despair, pointed to a troop of peasants who were kneeling as they said the evening Angelus.

"There is a pledge that God will let us conquer at last!" said the Marquis.

The capture of the strongly fortified town of Saumur was the crowning victory of the whole campaign; and the inspiring cause of this was our Henri, who threw his hat into the enemy's ranks and exclaimed: "Who will go and fetch it for me?" After the natural exultation was over, however, he seemed to have sad forebodings, as if the future were casting deep shadows over him while in the very midst of victory.

It was necessary now to elect a general-in-chief; and the choice fell, not upon a trained officer or one of the nobility, but upon Cathelineau, a humble peasant. He had followed the profession of a peddler, but he had been the first one in La Vendée to say that he would die sooner than fight against God and the King.

Terrible times were in store for the Royalists. Their attack on Nantes was repulsed, and the Blues were reinforced, with orders to devastate the country. The family of the Marquis de Lescure were with the army, there being no safety elsewhere. One day they learned that the Castle of Clisson had been burned, the marauders having ignited it with some fireworks intended for a *fête* in honor of the christening of the little heiress, but were not used because all hearts were so heavy.

At Nantes the leader, Cathelineau, was killed, and died rejoicing that he had been found worthy to perish in so noble a cause. M. d'Élbée was made general-in-chief in his place.

The horrible cruelties of the Republicans caused the Royalists to proclaim that they would act in a similar manner; but they never carried out their threats, owing to the pertinacity with which M. de Lescure counselled mercy.

There is little more that one has the heart to tell. The war of La Vendée became a constant struggle, in which the right seemed to be vanquished. Henri had his right hand injured, and never used it again; the general was missing, M. de Bouchamp was killed, and the saintly M. de Lescure received a bullet in his head. In a retreat across the Loire it seemed a necessity of war to kill the prisoners who impeded action; but these two wounded chieftains—one with his latest breath—said: "Spare them!" And the peasants obeyed.

The brave Vendean army was now without a leader. "There is but one who can fill the place," said the wounded M. de Lescure.

"And he?" the counsellors asked.

"Henri de la Rochejaquelein. You love him, you trust him. Choose him."

And they did.

The situation was now different from that of half a year before, when Henri, at the head of his sturdy and hopeful tenantry, marched off with such a light heart. The peasants were all dejected and many of them hungry. Their clothes were a mass of rags, and their families homeless. Yet such was the example of their leader, even in that sad time, that they gathered fresh courage from him. His bravery was equalled only by his gentleness. A foot-soldier of the Blues attacked him one night in a narrow lane. Henri seized the fellow with his left hand—his right being useless,—and held him until help came. Those who went to his assistance would have made short work of the assassin; but the young general set him free at once, saying, "Go back and tell your friends that the general of the 'Brigands' had but his left hand, yet you could not kill him."

The Royalists had gained the name of "Brigands" from the sorry appearance they had acquired in their wild and unsheltered life. Their coats and trousers were gray, their hats broad, and they

wore white sashes about their waists, knotted to indicate their rank. About each neck was a red handkerchief. At first this was worn only by Henri; but his loyal followers, hearing the enemy shout, "Aim at the red handkerchief!" immediately supplied themselves with similar ones in order that they might share the danger of their idolized leader.

Almost the last cruel blow which came to Henri was the death of his cousin, the Marquis de Lescure, which was hastened by the news of the murder of the Queen, whom he had known personally. He received the last Sacraments, and in a few minutes his saintly life had ended, so far as this world was concerned.

Disaster followed disaster. After a chain of cruel circumstances too long to chronicle, the general of the Vendean army was a fugitive, and made his way to his home, the village of St. Aubin. The next spring found him once more at the head of an intrepid little band, living in a hut made of the boughs of trees, dressed like a poor peasant; his wounded hand, which never healed, carried in a sling of red, which matched the kerchief about his neck. And then one day a Revolutionist fired at him from behind a hedge, and his loving, noble, gentle heart beat no longer.

The praises of heroes are ever upon the lips of all who admire constancy and fearlessness. But Henri was more than a hero: he was in some sense a martyr; and on the record of those who have been happy to die in the service of God there are few fairer names than that of Henri de la Rochejaquelein, the general of La Vendée.

To become a hero in the eyes of the world, it is almost necessary to break the laws of God and man. Thus the deeds of the world are matched by the opinions and principles of the world: it adopts bad doctrine to defend bad practice; it loves darkness because its deeds are evil.

—Newman.

The Student Girl.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

SHE was just a student girl. In the eyes of the world at least, that was all she was,—not tall, not short, not beautiful, not plain,—nothing remarkable about her except the quality of her brains, already tested by her professors and pronounced excellent; and the quality of her heart, not yet tested or pronounced upon by anybody except her mother, who, of course, did not count.

She studied,—studied hard, as she was working for high honors; but she had a secret desire to be as the girls who don't study,—the girls who have time to be frivolous, to make friends, to cherish the amenities of life. She had also a secret love of jam-making, house-cleaning, and other femininities. And as for babies! They were to her the immediate occasion of sin,—the sins of idleness and contempt of study. One of her professors had a baby—an adorable baby,—and she had the misfortune to become acquainted with it; and from that hour when, at night, she put away her Greek or Latin or Celtic or Sanskrit—for she had started to climb that modern Tower of Babel called philology,—then in the darkness she felt the tugging of little hands about her heart.

Why did she study? Why do most girls study? To provide fuel and contents for the otherwise empty domestic pot. She was necessarily poor; all student girls are poor,—that is their only permanent circumstance. And this particular student girl had a mother,—a mother towards whom no amount of study could harden her heart; a wonderful little mother, who, like all wonderful mothers, was poor and delicate. The girl's love for her mother was her whole romance, she had not time for any other; and she had once decided that she and romance had been born at opposite poles of the world.

But, in spite of this decision, she sometimes allowed herself on Sundays,—her days of rest,—to waver on that borderland that touches very nearly the mystic realms of romance. Of course this weakness was due to the religious atmosphere of Sunday. Religion is apt to stir up the heart and the imagination and the love of art, and all those mysterious currents seemingly so fatal to solid, practical learning. She had built for herself a spiritual house of joy, and she spent her Sundays in this house. This was the reason why she was always to be seen in the cathedral during High Mass, sitting or kneeling in the glow of stained-glass windows or in the shadow of some Gothic arch. It was so good to rest there after the labors of the week; to kneel there and pray, and perhaps to dream a little, as she listened to the triumph of the Gregorian Chant or watched the spirals of incense as they hovered over the altar.

After that wonderful hour she gave herself up to her Sunday thoughts; and her Sunday thoughts were very different from her ordinary student thoughts of every day. These thoughts opened out such vast vistas! To yield to them was like getting out into the open country from the stuffy little streets of the university town. Study hemmed her in, she felt, like those narrow streets; but her Sunday thoughts showed her long and shimmering roads. Of what use was learning? It just nailed one down to a narrow plot, to find whatever was to be found in that plot and nothing more. Studying, studying, removing obstacles, and perhaps making a small gap in the wall at last, but only to find another wall rising before one's eyes. No, she did not love study: she loved only Sundays and the open country and her mother, and—oh, miserable weakness!—babies.

Now, there was another student, not a girl, who was also often to be seen among the Gothic arches of the old cathedral. As students, they had never met; but as fellow-church-goers, frequently. And,

were the truth to be told, each had woven a little romance about the other. Once he had offered her holy water, and once a lighted taper. She had a speculative interest in him, wondering how he managed to say his prayers so well. She had also a certain artistic interest—but no: he was not handsome. Why, his nose was almost long enough for a St. Charles Borromeo. But, then, his eyes! She had seen them when she took the holy water. They were deep, and mild enough for a St. Francis—but what was she thinking of,—she, a student girl? She pulled herself up rather severely. Such borderlands of romance were not allowed, even on Sundays.

“You are not going to High Mass to-day, my dear?”

“Oh, yes, mother! I have plenty of time.”

“But you are so tired, and you have been to Mass already.”

“It will rest me, mother. I must have my Sunday rest. I must get right away from all thought of study.”

But she *was* tired. She had attended six lectures the day before, and had worked till after midnight, fighting a duel with Greek verbs. The fact that she had come off victor did not mitigate the fatigue. After that she had mended her stockings and put a new band on her hat; for even student girls can not be oblivious of such things. It was two o'clock before she went to bed.

“But it will be hot in the church, dear.”

“Not hotter than it is in my head, little mother.” Half unconsciously she began singing “*Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,*” though what she and Faust's Gretchen had in common it would be hard to tell.

Then the student girl went to the cathedral. The music was very beautiful that day; it seemed to her more wonderful than ever, lifting her at once into a far-off spirit-world. “*Deprecationem nostram.*” The words came like a sob,—a sob from the heart of Pain; but the answer of Hope was ready, pealing through many voices from the heart of Love.

But what was the matter with her? The blue and yellow saints were leaving the windows and coming to dance in the middle of the church. The priests and acolytes were bobbing up and down. What could be happening? Then something fell in her immediate neighborhood, and after that everything was a blank.

When she opened her eyes again, she was sitting on the steps of one of the side entrances to the church. Some one was bending over her and holding her hand. She opened her eyes and looked at the face. Oh, horror! It was the face with the St. Charles Borromeo nose. What had she done?

“What has happened?” she muttered feebly. Then she tried to get up, but a strong, firm hand held her down.

“You fainted,—that is all.”

“Nonsense! I never faint.” (Fancy a student girl fainting!) Then again she tried to get up.

“I'm sorry, but you did.”

Her eyes met the big, mild eyes, and she was quiet for a moment. What was she to do? Her legs felt like wool; and, oh, that horrid sinking in her chest! But she must get up somehow. What if she were to be seen! It was most humiliating.

He read her thought.

“You mustn't mind so much. I am almost a doctor. You will be better in a moment. I shall get you a glass of water.”

He returned, and she took the water. After that she felt much better, and stood up; but he insisted on seeing her home.

On the way they talked at random,—of the church, of the music, of the university, of this and that professor, of many things serious and trivial. And she found that he knew how to laugh; that he was a very human sort of person. At the door she said good-bye and apologized. She was really ashamed of herself. She had never done anything so stupid before. He only smiled. Inwardly he was thinking how very kind Providence had been.

The girl had never disguised anything

from her mother, but she felt she could not tell her of this last escapade. It was too ridiculous, too humiliating. Even her mother would smile at it. And, after all, it was finished and done with. Certainly she would never faint again. On reflection, she decided to have just this one little secret from her mother.

That afternoon was more than usually Sunday-like. Lying in a long chair by the open window, watching the shadows lengthen on the smooth green hills, feeling deliciously languid after the weakness of the morning, she cherished the one secret she had ever had. It was that hour of more than Sabbath stillness, before the evening bells had begun to ring, when the children, tired of play in the streets, had gone home to rest.

The student girl was alone,—her mother had gone to look after tea. The book she had been reading—one of her delightful, unlearned Sunday books (on that particular Sunday, a volume of poetry)—lay face downwards on her lap; and, with her hands clasped behind her head, she was pleasurably thinking. If she had not been a student girl, the process might have been called dreaming; but, then, student girls are too wise to dream. Her mother had said, "You look really pretty to-day, dear!" What had she meant? Was it idle to think of such trivialities? She was awakened from her reverie by a sharp ring at the door. How tiresome! She would have to get up and open the door, for the little maid-of-all-work was out. She got up lazily and went to the door. A man servant stood outside the door, holding a huge bunch of the most wonderful white roses.

"It's a mistake," said the student girl impatiently, annoyed at having to open the door to other people's messengers. "We have ordered no flowers. It must be for the house next door."

She smiled ironically at the thought of such roses having any connection with their humble little flat. But the man showed the card with her name and

address, and on the other side she read: "Prince Stanislaus Radziwill.—To excuse my clumsy interference this morning."

She turned crimson, but she took the flowers. After all, it was rather delicious to get roses like those for the first time. But her mother! Why hadn't she told her mother? Now she would have to make a clean breast of the whole affair.

This she did during tea, the roses lying on the table beside her.

"A nice sort of a prince indeed, with a really threadbare suit. Of course he is a Pole. The Poles are always so silly and romantic."

"But it was kind of him to send the roses. You needn't be so cross," observed her mother.

"I'm not cross, but it is ridiculous. Fancy sending flowers like those to a student girl! And I'm sure he's awfully hard up, and would have done much better to spend the money on his own dinner. He looks half starved."

When her mother had turned away, she buried her lips and cheeks in the soft, velvety white roses. How delightful were the amenities of life, after all!

Of course that was the beginning of the end of the student girl. The Prince (he was really a prince in his own country, but a very mild and unostentatious one) soon followed in the wake of the flowers, and love soon followed in the wake of the Prince. The student girl forgot to study, forgot that she was a student girl, and allowed herself—oh, shame and ignominy!—to be whisked away out of the world of learning, into the world of romance. But the world of romance proved very delightful. It lay along the wide and shining roads, in broad and sunny ways, where there were no walls to be pulled down, no gaps to be made.

Six months later the student girl and the owner of the St. Charles Borromeo nose were kneeling once more within the glow of the old cathedral windows. This time they were kneeling side by side, and

the great organ was pealing a wedding march in their honor. The student girl had abjured learning. The Prince and the glass coach were there, waiting to carry her off along the shimmering roads.

Half the university was packed inside the church. For one day, learning had to relax its tension in order to do honor to her who had promised to be one of its rising stars. What if that promise were never to be fulfilled? What even if she had fallen from her high estate? They, the learned professors, would not dare to throw one stone, remembering the frailty of woman. Perhaps under the crust of their learning, there still lurked a sneaking admiration for that same frailty. Certainly it was the first time that that learned body had smiled upon the student girl, or that whispers of flattery had followed her steps as she walked among them.

Afterwards, when the church was empty, one lonely figure still knelt there, staring vacantly at the white flowers, the red carpet, the empty benches. It was, of course, the little mother, who felt at that moment as if she had been cast upon a desert island in the midst of a shoreless sea. Suddenly there was a flutter up the centre of the nave, and the little mother felt herself enveloped in clouds of misty white, and two soft arms were folded round her.

"You must come with us, little mother. He says so,—my Prince. It would not be quite perfect unless you were with us."

So there was no one left to keep up the tradition of the student girl,—not even her own mother; and she ceased to be even a memory among the learned.

Orbit.

BY C. L. O'D.

NOTHING is so much future as the past;
I may not see to-morrow,
But, unto joy or sorrow,
My yesterdays shall meet me at the last.

A Peace-Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Victories.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

ITS name, Hammersmith, is not a romantic one, if we take it merely by the sound of its three syllables; but, viewed from a Catholic standpoint, the place is the most romantic spot in England's capital, forasmuch as within its area still stands a convent which escaped the so-called Reformers' hammer, and in which the Faith was not only practised but taught during all the long and dreary years while the Penal Laws were in operation. In 1669 a Catholic school for girls was founded there; and in 1797 the Benedictine nuns, driven out of France; found a refuge under its roof.

At present it is occupied by the nuns of the Sacred Heart, who superintend and teach schools of three different grades. Within a stone's-throw is the convent of the Good Shepherd. Across the road is the famous Nazareth House, where a large community of the Little Sisters of the Poor dispense charity and care for the aged poor, without regard to religion or nationality. A little farther along, there is a park in miniature, named Brook Green, which is a regular Catholic colony, with its church (one of the oldest and most beautiful in London); a Catholic training college for young men teachers; St. Mary's Catholic Orphan Asylum for girls; St. Joseph's School for pauper children, founded and managed by the Daughters of the Cross; and the Catholic almshouses, a picturesque row of one-storied buildings behind a quadrangle of green grass,—all practically looked down on by St. Paul's School, an imposing pile of fiery red brick, in an ornamental style, built in 1884, when the school founded by Dean Colet in 1509, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, was removed to Hammersmith for economic reasons.

Needless to say, the intentions of the gentle founder—"he who ever loved the

purity of little boys and girls, being wont to compare them with angels"—regarding the school have long since been set aside, with the Faith which he hoped would be practised there for all time until his Master's second coming, as may be seen by the following extract from the St. Paul's School statutes: "There shall also be in this schole a priest, that daily as he can be disposed shall sing Mass in the chapel of the schole, and pray for the children to prosper in good lyff and in good literature, to the honour of God and our Lord Christ Jesu. At this Mass, when the bell of the schole shall knyll to sacring therein, all the children in the schole, kneeling in their settes, shall with lift up hands pray in the time of sacring."

Only one wish of the founder seems to have been perpetuated—to wit, the limitation of the number of the pupils to one hundred and fifty-three, in accordance with the traditional number in the miraculous draught of fishes. Certainly much water has run under Hammersmith Bridge since the boys of St. Paul's, 'kneeling in their settes, with lift up hands prayed in the time of sacring.' And one can not but hazard a doubt that any of the twentieth-century students there read Colet's "Monitions to a Godly Man," or take seriously his "Precepts of Living for the Boys of St. Paul's."

And yet only a while ago a goodly concourse of people, of both sexes and all ages, formed into a line of march almost at the very gates of St. Paul's School, carrying banners proudly, reciting the Rosary in stentorian tones, and sweetening the soft autumn air with the praises of Mary in song. To what purpose you will ask? Why, to walk down an odd mile along the Hammersmith and Kensington Roads to the church of Our Lady of Victories, to make a public thanksgiving for the blessings of peace to her of whom St. Bernard wrote that 'no one ever sought her mediation in vain.'

The occasion referred to was the Sunday occurring between the two feasts—the

Nativity of our Blessed Lady and Our Lady of Ransom. As was fitting, the procession was organized a year ago, by the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom (than whom no more enthusiastic body of Catholics exist in England), as a sequel to visits made since the outbreak of war, to Westminster Cathedral and to the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires in the French church, to beg the Mother of all mankind to intercede with Almighty God for the blessings of peace on this poor tortured world. At the time of last year's pilgrimage the combatants in the Great War seemed as if they might go on fighting forever, so little hope was there of even a temporary cessation of hostilities. Yet within a short while the unexpected happened,—the nations breathed freely once more. I can hear the sceptic saying that events would have occurred in the same way had no one troubled to ask our Blessed Lady to intercede with Almighty God for us; but we of the household of the Faith know better; and even the least informed amongst us know enough to say a prompt "Thank you!" when we petition for divine favors and have not been denied.

But it was much more than a "Thank you!" It was the deep homage of many hearts to her whose response has never been wanting to the cry of suffering humanity. And as the concourse of people who filled the big church of Our Lady of Victories (a beautiful edifice, large enough to do duty as a cathedral from the time of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in England to the erection of the present cathedral in Westminster) trooped up to the Lady Chapel and lighted a taper in her honor, the action, the sincerity, and the evident devotion displayed, could not but beget the hope that her name would yet be honored in the land even as it was in Catholic days.

As a further proof, one's mind could not help reverting to the time, not so many years back, when any Catholic demonstration, especially one of confidence

in God's Holy Mother, could be carried out only with great difficulty; for bigotry was wont to be very rampant, and crass ignorance more rampant still. But now—thank God!—much of both has been burned away in the fierce crucible of suffering during those four anxious years, when no one could hazard a guess what the next day would bring forth; and people are beginning to look up to that Church of which Colet wrote: "High above the vale of this world's misery it stands forth in Christ, on a hill that can not be hid, seeing above it the sky and glittering stars, seeing beneath it the earth with the dwellers thereon in gloom and darkness. There meantime, between earth and heaven, on the heights of Christ's lofty mountain, stands the Church, breathing the pure and vital air of the Spirit of God, and seeing men daily journeying towards it in the strength of the same Christ and in the purification of the divine fire. . . ."

But to-day, though London holds on more or less to its scepticism, it is no longer either intolerant or disrespectful. Nay, it looks on wistfully and listens intently when a body of the children of the Church publicly recite the Rosary or chant the Litany in praise of her whom Our Lord gave to us from the Cross to be indeed our Mother for all time; as if it, too, would like to join in that pæan of praise and prayer, if only it could get rid of the shackles of convention and the spectacles of inherited prejudice,—if only it dared to be perfectly fearless and honest,—to be true to its own conscience, true to Almighty God.

In Honor of Our Blessed Lady, Maria Santissima.

IN 1691 there was instituted in Seville one of the many quaint brotherhoods of the Middle Ages, which are so illustrative of the piety of Spain in those days. This was the Ronda del Pecado Mortal (Round of the Deadly Sin), a society to rescue fallen women and aid transgressors back to the paths of rectitude. Its full name was "The Sacred and Royal Brotherhood of Maria Santissima of Hope and Holy Zeal for the Salvation of Souls"; and it still exists, though in a slightly different form. From Seville it extended to Valencia, Madrid, Leon, and other cities, and accomplished a great amount of good, growing to be a wealthy and powerful institution, patronized by royalty, and selected as the disbursing officer of many valuable legacies.

The way it received its name was striking. Every night there would sally forth a number of black-robed figures, bearing lanterns, and entering the lowest quarters of the city. They chanted as they went, and strange and gloomy was the scene. The thoroughfares were lonely and dark; no light guided the procession, save a flickering lantern hung before a shrine in a dim recess. The streets were narrow and foul; the houses were raised on contracted sites, had little light or air, and were crowded to suffocation.

Chanting aloud a warning and a gracious promise to those they believed in danger, these pious souls went about night after night; and many a brand snatched from the burning owed its salvation to their persevering efforts.

IN our day not less than in the eighteenth century, there are hundreds of men to any one of whom this remark of gruff old Doctor Johnson would be quite applicable: "I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel,—that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject."

The Ronda de Pan y Huevo (Round of the Bread and Egg) was to the material need what the Ronda del Pecado Mortal was to the spiritual. It was designed to succor the inner man in bodily fashion; for two lay-brothers, with a priest, followed the members, bearing lanterns, litters, and baskets of bread and hard-boiled eggs. They went through the streets at midnight,

seeking hungry and homeless human beings. Those found starving in alleyways and on doorsteps were given a loaf of bread and two eggs; and, if too weak to move, were taken to a place of refuge.

This Ronda was founded in 1615 by Pedro Laso de la Vega and Jean Geronimo Serra, who devoted themselves entirely to the succor of the ill and needy. Later on, the Ronda grew and flourished, as did its sister society, and developed into a wealthy Order, owning refuges in various places. Long before the end of the last century it had distributed over sixteen million pesetas in honor of that "Blessed Lady, Maria Santissima."

A Practical Lesson.

A GOOD old Catholic custom, which nowadays appears to be "more honored in the breach than the observance," was that of saying grace before and after meals. It is still followed, of course, in genuinely Catholic families, as in religious communities; but all too often it is abridged to a perfunctory Sign of the Cross, if it is not entirely forgotten or suppressed. Very many twentieth-century Catholics would be benefited by some such lesson as King Alfonso, of Aragon, once gave his courtiers.

Observing that they did not ask a blessing before their meals or return thanks after them, he invited a beggar to the royal table, forbidding him most strictly either to make a bow on entering the dining hall or to express his gratitude on departing. The beggar obeyed orders, and went away without word or sign of thanks. The courtiers were highly incensed at this lack of good breeding; but the King checked their complaints, saying: "Is not this exactly how you yourselves act towards your Heavenly King? You neither ask a blessing nor return thanks, and accordingly He has much more reason to be indignant with you than you have to abuse that poor mendicant."

A Timely Exhortation.

A LETTER of the Head of the Church formerly prefixed to Catholic Bibles contains this positive recommendation: "The faithful should be incited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures." The omission of this letter in many recent editions of the Bible is to be regretted. Apart from the needed exhortation, the Pope's words are the most satisfactory answer that could be made to the accusation, still so often repeated, that the Catholic Church discourages the reading of the Bible by the laity. No charge could be more false; but it is true that with present-day Catholics, as with a great many Protestants, the Bible is a sadly neglected book.

A return to the Bible as the richest treasury of spiritual reading and devotion is something greatly to be desired; and we are glad to find in a pastoral letter of the lamented Bishop Hedley an earnest exhortation to the faithful to make use of Holy Scripture for the profit of their souls. The reason why every Catholic household should possess a copy of the Bible is thus stated: "Holy Scripture, as St. Gregory said, is God's letter to His creatures. It is in the Scriptures that God's revelation is enshrined for all ages. It is the Scriptures that contain the Christian Faith. All theological science takes its beginning from Holy Scripture. All moral teaching and all the discipline of a virtuous life are found therein. All the story of God and of His wondrous love, of creation, of redemption, and of sanctification, is read in the pages of the two Testaments."

After explaining the duty of becoming familiar with the Holy Scriptures—a duty so clearly recognized and faithfully fulfilled in the early Church,—the Bishop is careful to point out that not every portion of the Bible is suited for the reading of all persons at all times. On this point, he says further:

There are also many parts of the Sacred Volume which are rather chronicles than doctrine or exhortation. These, like the whole Scripture in its smallest details, are inspired by God and intended for a holy and useful purpose, which we may or may not be able to recognize and fathom. But it is not essential that the faithful should read them. It is only superstition to maintain, as some non-Catholics seem to do, that there is some special virtue in the mere acquaintance with the details of the Bible. What the ordinary Christian has to aim at is to grasp the spirit and grace of the Bible. For this purpose, parts may be selected and parts may be let alone.

Three inestimably great advantages that a Christian derives from the Holy Scriptures that he can find nowhere else, are thus clearly set forth:

The first is, that we have therein the original record, or revelation, of the great truths by which human life must stand or fall. There you find God, as God has written about Himself. There you find the prophecies and the shadowing forth of the Incarnation, as the Holy Spirit put it into the mind of His servants to relate them. There you find Jesus Christ in that narrative which, from all eternity, He decreed should be His presentment to the world. You have what the Divine Spirit gives; you have no less and you have no more. You have the lights that He wished should be put in, and the shadows are left as He willed they should remain. No eloquence of the Fathers, no wisdom of the Doctors, no argument of the Schools, can give you precisely this. . . .

Again, it is not only the personal figure of our Heavenly Father with which we are face to face in the Bible, but it is the personal sound of His voice that arrests the ear. There are few things so closely bound up with a man's personality as his tones and accent. The words and the phrases of Scripture are the tones and the accent of God; they are peculiar to Him. No other speaker or writer has ever imitated the Bible. . . . Amid all its wonderful variety—its history, its poetry, its prophecy, its exhortation,—the phrase of Holy Scripture always keeps that indescribable majesty and simplicity which seem to befit the divine utterance. There is depth of suggestion which one feels better than sees; a precision of stroke that is like a fresh surprise every time; a penetration that reaches the marrow of one's being. . . .

Then there is the grace that is given to him who devoutly reads the Word of God. It was said by our Blessed Lord to those who knew Him in the flesh, "Blessed are they who see the

things that you see and hear the things that you hear!" Their blessing and their happiness came from the gracious influence which naturally radiated from the Source of all gifts and all grace, with whom they were face to face. He who reads the Scriptures stands almost as near as one can in this life to the grace of Christ. It is true that the Sacraments, and chiefly the Holy Eucharist, confer grace more directly. But in the Sacred Scripture there is God speaking; and when God speaks, He speaks not as man speaks: His word never returns to Him without fulfilling its mission,—if the hearer devoutly and worthily hears. And, therefore, the reading of the Scripture is like the presence of Christ speaking, and carries with it such graces as His bodily presence was meant to bestow upon those who recognized it.

As to the portions of the Old Testament that can be read with greatest spiritual advantage, we would instance the Prophecies, which are replete with moving and striking pictures of God's solicitude, love and judgment, and well adapted to impress the heart with the majesty of our Creator; the books of Wisdom, containing abundant matter for the guidance of life and the practice of the service of God; and the historical books so full of interest and inspiration, and abounding in examples of heroic virtue. The Book of Psalms is especially suitable for prayer,—indeed, it is the best of prayer-books. From this wondrous source many of the greatest saints have drawn those ejaculations, ever on their lips, by means of which they vanquished the fiercest temptations and attained intimate union with God. The perfection of the saints is something to which we are at least bound to aspire; and to this end the use of the Bible is one of the chief means.

Religious men outside of the Church are now trying to revive the practice of Bible-reading, convinced that during the war precepts which are sternly insisted upon in Holy Writ were lost sight of by nations and individuals. "Let us focus public attention upon the Scriptures," said Bishop Burch (Protestant Episcopal Church) in announcing, last week, a campaign to promote Bible-reading.

Notes and Remarks.

The settlement of the coal strike is an event which relieves the people of this country from considerable anxiety, even though it has not come soon enough to obviate a great deal of inconvenience, and, in many cases, actual suffering. The outstanding lesson taught by recent American strikes—of steel workers, railroad workers, policemen, and coal miners—is that preventive measures, and not merely remedial ones, are imperatively needed, if the great American public is not to be periodically subjected to very genuine hardships at the hands of capitalists and laborers, or both. On the face of it, the Government has an unquestionable right so to legislate that certain essential industries and certain necessary services shall not be discontinued at the mere beck and nod of any combination of employers or employees, irrespective of the injury and damage done to the public at large. It must be recognized that there are, and in the interests of public order must be, definite limitations to the rights of Labor as well as to those of Capital; and a cool, impartial study and fixing of those limitations during a period of tranquillity would be far preferable to emergency and tentative measures in days of conflict.

Americans generally, all the one hundred and ten millions of them, are quite willing that Labor should obtain its full rights, and Capital likewise receive its just due; but it is simply preposterous that the overwhelming majority of a people should suffer simply because conflicting aggregations of what is, after all, a small minority can not agree as to what constitutes a fair day's wage or a reasonable day's length. Wise legislation at present will prevent much evil in the future.

Occasional earthquake shocks in this country ought not to occasion any great alarm; though it is easy to understand

why, if frequent and continuous, they should cause panic among the inhabitants of the tropics and semi-tropics. The author of "Some Catholic Pioneers in New Zealand" (contributed to the *Month of Auckland*) states that the long-continued shocks of an earthquake there in 1855 lasted for six weeks. 'The Petre family, who occupied a house situated near a stream and surrounded by hills of fair height, made their escape at midnight. The house was rocking and rolling like a ship in a heavy swell. While the earth continued heaving, the house appeared to bend to the ground; the bridge over the Hutt River rose into the air and crashed into its depths.'

Mr. Henry Petre, the head of the family in question, was one of the first New Zealand colonists. He is referred to as "the ideal of a perfect Catholic and a true English nobleman of the old stock. Had he lived in the time of the persecutions and escaped martyrdom, he would have kept the faith in the whole of England." We are told that, though he had a number of sons, he always served Mass himself when it was offered in his private chapel. "It is my right," he would say; "for when Our Lord deigns to come to my house, surely I, the master of the house, ought to serve Him."

We had thought that the day of the illiterate sectarian preacher was practically over,—that present-day ministers of the various denominations are men of at least passably scholarly attainments; but if the majority or generality of them can justly be so classed, there are evidently exceptions in their ranks. With so many encyclopedias and encyclopedic dictionaries available nowadays—non-Catholic books in which may be found stated the true Catholic doctrine about the Blessed Virgin, indulgences, purgatory, etc.—it is difficult to understand why non-Catholic clergymen should go out of their way to repeat calumnies that have been refuted time and time again, and are so obsolete

that self-respecting Protestant laymen no longer use them as arguments against the Church. Only the other day, for instance, a clergyman, to whose name is attached the "D. D." that is supposed to connote at least some slight theological knowledge, was reported as having "pointed out that at the time when Churches began to accept creeds, they began to adore Mary instead of venerating her." Unless the reverend gentleman is crassly ignorant, he has borne false witness against his neighbor. And crass ignorance—of Catholic doctrine—is not so rare as most persons may imagine. The self-confessed "world's greatest newspaper," for instance, informed its readers on the 9th inst. that "Chicago Catholics celebrated yesterday the feast of the Immaculate Conception—the day the Christ-Child was conceived."

As the man in the street is wont to say, "This is a new one on us." We have seen the Immaculate Conception confounded with the Virgin Birth often enough; but, given the pretty universal knowledge that Christmas falls on the 25th of December, the conception of "the Christ-Child" on December 8 is so ludicrous a blunder that it is inexcusable even in "the world's greatest newspaper."

A man in public life with the courage to utter uncompromisingly unpalatable truths is Vice-President Marshall. In a speech at a dinner given to him last week by the Society of Arts and Sciences in New York, he said (among other things no less pointed, though less quotable here): "Our foreign policy must be cleaned up within the next few weeks, or we shall be a hissing and a byword in the mouths of the world. . . . No sympathies are entirely with the miner in this coal strike; but I do not believe that he has gotten the money nor the consideration he should have gotten. Personally, I would not go down into one of those Indiana mines for one day for the salary of the Vice-President of the United States for a year.

But the law has said to them, 'Go back to work.' Rightly, labor is not a commodity, but it is possible for a human being to make a commodity of himself. He who surrenders himself to the whims of another and lets that other tell him whether he shall or shall not work, is making a commodity of himself. I believe in labor unions as the necessary evolution of our modern life; but I am for no union that sets itself up against the American Union or considers itself greater. . . . I have lost faith in legislative enactments. This is the time when men are to be made right by preaching the Gospel of the Nazarene and not by legislative enactment. What crime is there in America to-day but the crime of being found out?"

This is straight talk, and there can not be too much of it, to offset the vapping which the public have to bear from men who hold no principles and cherish no ideals, whose personal interests are the only ones they ever consider, and to whom injustice is a matter of utter indifference until they themselves become the victims of it.

It was something of a relief to turn from the comments of our daily press on the deadlock between mine operators and miners in this country to a report of a recent Congress of Canadian Catholic trade unions held at Three Rivers, Quebec. The members of the Congress strongly recommend the substitution of free conciliation and arbitration for the present-day strikes, which, they declare, have unhappily become too frequent. The board of arbitrators which they propose would have representatives of both Capital and Labor as its members, and its decision would be final. One resolution of these Canadian workers is worth while emphasizing, as being different from the theory and practice of their fellow-laborers in the United States. It runs:

The convention voices the opinion that all measures tending to prescribe a determined number of hours for the legal working-day in all industries is arbitrary, unwise, and inop-

portune. It believes and maintains that the length of the working-day should be such as to assure the worker a reasonable allowance of time to repair his physical strength, to fulfil his duties as husband, head of the family, citizen, and member of the Church; and, finally, to satisfy the demands made upon him by commerce, industry, and financial considerations.

There would seem to be a good deal to say in favor of the contention that men engaged in certain industries should have shorter hours than the workers in other less fatiguing occupations; and there is good plain common-sense in this dictum of the report: "Shorter hours and higher pay may not be demanded without regard for the welfare of our neighbor."

In the course of an interview given on the eve of his return from London to Rome, Cardinal Gasquet disclosed some authoritative information on several subjects of general Catholic interest. Deprecating an attempt made by one or two members of the House of Commons to terminate the British Mission at the Vatican, his Eminence said that the present relations between Great Britain and the Holy See are cordial, and that there was no need of creating an opening for future misunderstandings. "The old method," the Cardinal declared, "of a sort of back-door diplomacy is entirely repugnant, ineffective, and unseemly." In speaking of possible future appointments, he remarked that, "although naturally we should prefer a Catholic, there is no reason why the office should not be held by a Protestant, as indeed has been so in the case of the former Prussian Ministry."

It having been suggested to his Eminence that in some quarters it is thought that direct relations with the Holy See might be a cause of offence to the Italian Government, Cardinal Gasquet said: "There is not the slightest ground for this supposition. With regard to the present relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal, and any possible rapprochement, no one can say authoritatively what change the

war may have produced, and it is certainly unwise to judge the situation by what appears on the surface. At any rate, both the Vatican and the Quirinal find themselves at times very useful to each other. There are no official relations, but a certain well-known nobleman usually acts as the recognized channel of communication."

Mr. Edward T. Newton, a secretary of the Knights of Columbus, just returned from Europe, reports: "Paris is spending the war profits, and at present is enjoying a prosperity which is strikingly revealed even to the most casual observer. Francs are being spent like water. The profits which were derived during the years of the war, when the capital was jammed with officers and soldiers, are being let loose. The newsdealers of the façades and arches, the gendarmes, the concierges, the saloon men, the shopkeepers have all suddenly become spendthrifts." An Associated Press dispatch from the French capital, dated Dec. 6, states that the sale of jewelry there has doubled; that theatres, moving-picture shows, and music halls will take in 165,000,000 francs during the year, if the average of the first ten months is maintained. At the race tracks in Paris and thereabouts, 510,000,000 francs were spent between May and November.

We are hoping that these reports are greatly exaggerated. They are not calculated to increase the amount of collections in this country for the fatherless children of France, who number, as we are informed by a member of the French High Commission, more than 3,000,000. He writes: "I am in America for but a brief time, asked by the French Government to come here to see my brother priests, and tell them of the difficulties which face the Catholics and the children of Catholics in France."

The feeling in France over the European situation created by the action of President Wilson is shown by the open letter which

M. Eugène Brioux, a member of the French Academy, has addressed to "a friend in America." He writes (in part), as reported by a staff correspondent of the New York *Sun* in Paris:

Your President came to France fortified by a prestige which he owed to the courage of your soldiers and to the generosity of your nation. You know with what enthusiasm he was received, not because he was Mr. Wilson, but because he represented America. I can not insist too much that to us he was America itself.

At the peace table he asked us to make heavy concessions. We tried to make him understand that he was wrong, but he insisted. Could we refuse anything to America? We could not. America and France were partners in the same game. You said to us: "Renounce this and we will give you that." We finished by saying, "Yes." . . . If we acceded to your desires, it was because you made it a condition of your acceptance. To-day you say: "It wasn't America who spoke then: it was Mr. Wilson; and his word, in order to have value, must be ratified by the Senate. You Frenchmen took his word too seriously. It is your fault."

Are you Americans, now that we have been dupes of these promises,—are you going, by the refusal of your Senate, to perpetuate the state of trouble in the world and punish us because of our confidence in you? Recognize this, that our error in having thought that Mr. Wilson spoke for America was excusable. It was the first time that one of your Presidents ever came to Europe. You permitted him to come, and we had the right to assume that he had your word in his valise, and that he was fully authorized to say to us: "I speak for America, and I alone."

M. Brioux's "friend in America," if he is not a mythical person, should hasten, in the best French at his command, to express profound regret over the *contre-temps*; assuring M. Brioux that the error into which he and his distinguished compatriots fell is altogether excusable; not omitting to declare that all Americans do *la belle France* the most sincere homage, and fervently hope that the amity existing between the two countries may not suffer the least impairment.

The primary cause of the general labor unrest, according to the leaders of the Trades Union of Great Britain (an organi-

zation with 5,000,000 members), is excessive profits. There are other causes, but this is no doubt the principal one; and the sooner it is removed, the safer it will be for Governments and society. There is a lesson for profiteers, and their victims as well, in the oldtime fable of the fox and the eagle.

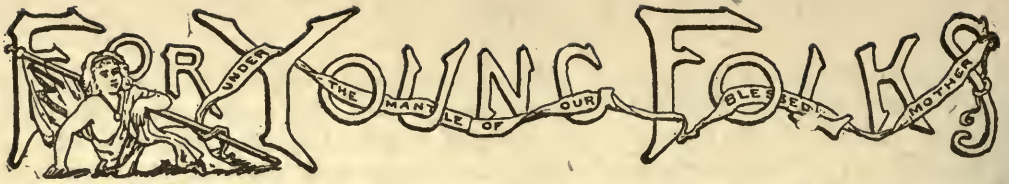
A cruel eagle once stole the cubs of a fox, and carried them to her nest for her young ones. The poor fox, running after her, began to beg and pray that she would not inflict such a misfortune upon a wretch who deserved her pity. But the eagle, thinking herself secure from danger, was above listening to her cries. The fox, however, snatching a burning torch from a heath, surrounded the tree with flames, and made her enemy tremble for the lives of her young ones. At last, therefore, the cruel, haughty bird, to save her own brood, not only restored her cubs to the fox, but was glad to add prayers and entreaties to prevent the destruction of her own offspring.

The anonymous old author from whom we quote this (to us) unfamiliar fable adds the moral: "The rich and powerful, though ever so highly exalted, should beware how they provoke the poor and the weak by injuries; because the way to revenge lies open, and they are sometimes but too ready to take it."

Nobody will question the wisdom of the rules for health and longevity recently issued by Health Commissioner Copeland, of New York. Here they are:

We should advocate cheerfulness and the happy manner. The grouchy man will not live as long as the happy one. Poise and an even temper, the elimination of worry by the substitution of cheerful thoughts, are established aids to health and longevity.

If there were more Bible-readers in Gotham, some of them would remind its official sanitarian of Solomon's briefer saying to the same effect: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."



A Child's Questions.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"WHERE have all the flowers gone?"

"They are sleeping, every one."

"Sleeping! Where, I'd like to know?"

"Underneath the winter snow."

"Who of them is taking care?"

"God. He watches everywhere,—

God. He sets the very hour

When to wake each slumbering flower."

"Will they blossom as before?"

"Yes, when winter's frosts are o'er.

When the children's footsteps pass

Dancing o'er the new green grass

Soft and fragrant 'neath their feet,

All the baby flow'rets sweet

Will uplift their heads and sing,

'We are coming! It is Spring!'"

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXV.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

TIM speedily reached the hotel, and fortunately found his uncle and Jose just coming out of its main door.

"Quick, quick, Uncle Layac! We must get away at once!"

Suiting the action to the word, he grabbed the grocer's arm and hurried him along to the hangard, where the aeroplane had been left. There was reason to hurry; for one of the Customs officials, evidently thinking that Tim's sudden departure from the office meant his intention to escape, started in pursuit of him; and, though Tim's speed had distanced him at first, he now appeared only a hundred yards or so behind. To get the plane ready for flight and set the motor going would take up time enough to allow the officer to arrive before

they could start, and things looked bad for our aviators until Jose solved the problem. Seeing Tim looking backward every few seconds, Jose turned and saw the Customs man running towards them, shouting and waving his arms. One look was enough. If this was not Fournin, he was probably his brother; and Jose stood still waiting for his approach, while Tim and his Uncle pursued their flight.

The officer came on swiftly, but the first thing he knew Jose had seized him by the calf of his leg, and the sudden attack made him lose his balance and brought him to the ground. He shrieked with pain and grabbed his leg with both hands. After rubbing it for a moment or two, he attempted to get up, whereupon Jose growled so savagely and showed his teeth so viciously that the official concluded to sit where he was. Jose stood guard over him until Tim whistled for him; then, with a farewell bark, the dog flew to the plane. Another moment and they were off, leaving the discomfited Portuguese to his own resources.

And so the last day of their journey began. How was it to end? Would they get to Lisbon on time, or would some other unforeseen accident still further block their way? Neither uncle nor nephew was very talkative: each seemed to fear mentioning his apprehensions or his hopes. The weather, too, was not so favorable as to animate their spirits. It had been very fine on the previous evening, but now big dark clouds were floating about; and the summit of the Ossa Ridge, which they would have to pass in order to reach Lisbon, was hidden by a dense fog.

"Oh, goodness!" exclaimed Tim, "the weather is getting bad!"

Just then the plane entered a big grey cloud, and Tim hastened to send his machine to a greater height. On attaining

it, he found himself in a position that mountain tourists occasionally enjoy—being above a mountain storm. Sunshine and a bright blue sky surrounded the plane, while below it thunderclouds rushed against one another, and forked lightnings darted hither and thither. The spectacle was a sublime one, but the aviators could not enjoy it much, because they had lost their way. For an hour or more Tim had to steer at random, being unable to discern any of the peaks by which to guide the machine's course; and Uncle Layac began to lose heart entirely. He was groaning and lamenting sorely when the clouds suddenly broke apart and the summits again came into view.

The plane was at once headed in the right direction, and Tim increased the speed in order to regain the time lost. Then came another interruption, and one that promised to be fatal to the hopes of the travellers. Flying over a valley, they saw beneath them a distressing sight—a whole village inundated by a mountain torrent, with a score of women and children gathered on a little elevation,—the highest point of the village, now an island that would soon be submerged by the still rising waters. At sight of the aeroplane, the poor people raised their arms in supplication; and Tim had not the heart to refuse his help.

"We must save them, Uncle!" he cried, and immediately headed the plane downwards.

"Yes, my boy; if we can, we must save them, even if we never get to Lisbon," replied Uncle Layac. "Money is a good thing, but money's nothing compared to human lives."

And save them they did, although it took considerable time,—several hours, in fact. One by one, or, in the case of the children, two by two, Tim carried the distressed villagers in his plane to a hill half a mile away, and had barely rescued the last one when the little island-like high spot on which they had gathered was overrun by the waters.

We need not dwell on the overpowering thanks poured out by the rescued people. And, to tell the truth, Tim was very anxious to have done with the expression of their gratitude. He knew he had lost considerable time, and wanted to get away as soon as possible. When he finally succeeded in leaving them, he asked his uncle what time it was, and was terrified to learn that it was four o'clock in the afternoon.

Three hundred miles still to go before midnight. The game was not entirely up, but the chances were growing desperate. The least little accident, the briefest delay, would be enough to prevent their arrival on time,—would see them wrecked, as it were, in sight of port.

And, alas! just as these thoughts were passing through Tim's mind, he noticed something wrong in the noise of the motor. It was not working smoothly. Every once in a while it seemed to have a fit of coughing; and at last it stopped entirely. The plane began to fall, and a few moments later it fluttered like an enormous butterfly to the ground, fortunately a grass-covered meadow.

The little pilot jumped from his seat to examine the motor, and one glance was sufficient to cause his countenance to wear such a look of anguish that his uncle, foreseeing the answer he would get, could hardly ask:—"Well, Tim, what is it? What's the matter?"

"The matter, Uncle Layac," said Tim in a voice that trembled, "is that it will take me two or three hours to fix the motor, and that, in consequence, there is no hope whatever of our getting to Lisbon on time."

Then, for the first time since they had left Albi, the boy's courage seemed to fail him, and he burst out crying so bitterly that his uncle, forgetting for the moment his own chagrin, attempted to console him. True, they had failed; but, after all, their failure was due to the good action they had performed in rescuing the villagers, and that would always be a pleasure to remember.

Sitting disconsolately by the side of the plane, around which Jose was trotting as if to discover what the trouble was, our two friends lamented their misfortune for some time, until Uncle Layac, having pulled out his watch for want of something better to do, suddenly uttered a cry of joy as he sprang up.

"What is it, Uncle?"

"Why, my watch stopped at four o'clock, and I'm pretty sure that I did not wind it up last night."

"Supposing you didn't, what about it?"

"There's this about it. The watch, instead of marking four o'clock in the afternoon, may be marking four o'clock in the morning."

"Four o'clock in the morning!" repeated Tim, mechanically.

"Of course; don't you understand?"

"I confess I don't."

And Tim, seeing his uncle raise his hands to heaven, began to ask himself if disappointment had made the big grocer quite crazy.

"Look here, Tim!" continued his uncle.

"If my watch stopped at four in the morning, it kept on marking four; and accordingly there's no more reason for its being four o'clock in the afternoon just now than for its being three or two or one o'clock."

"Right you are, Uncle! How stupid of me not to think of that! But are you quite sure that you didn't wind your watch last night?"

"Let me see," replied Uncle Layac. "Where was my watch this morning when I got up? In my pocket or under my pillow? I'm quite certain it wasn't under the pillow, so it was in my pocket; and that means that I didn't wind it, because if I had taken it out to wind it, I would surely have put it under my head, as I always do when sleeping in strange bedrooms. No; it's a sure thing: the watch wasn't wound, and so it stopped at four this morning."

Tim immediately began jumping about with joy; and Jose, catching his spirit,

started a fusillade of short, joyous barks, and rushed around and around the aeroplane as if distracted.

There was still, however, a doubt in Tim's mind. After all, while the non-winding of the watch permitted him to hope that it was not yet four in the afternoon, it did not tell him what the time really was. Then, as he raised his eyes involuntarily to the sky, he saw that the sun was almost just above his head.

"Why, what a goose I am!" he cried.

"So overcome with grief have I been that I didn't even think of asking the sun about the time of day. Look, Uncle Layac! The sun has hardly gone more than half its course."

"Which means that it is now—?"

The answer came from the belfry of a church about a quarter of a mile away. One bell rang out, first, the four quarters; and then the hour bell sounded one, two.

"Hurrah!" cried Tim. "It's only two o'clock. We've got time enough yet, after all." Hurrying to the motor, he added, as he took off his coat to begin the necessary repairs. "Now, then, with Our Lady's help, we are going to succeed; and I wouldn't wonder if we managed to reach Lisbon a little ahead of time."

His last remark was nearer to the truth than he imagined; for it developed that the injury to the motor was not at all so serious as he had at first thought; and, instead of the two or three hours which he had said it would take him to fix it, twenty minutes sufficed to put the mechanism in first-rate condition. They did not, however, start immediately on the completion of the repairs. One of the company was missing. Jose, who had been an interested spectator of Tim's work for a few minutes, had found it not attractive enough to warrant his looking on any longer, and had consequently betaken himself elsewhere. When Tim was all ready to renew their flying, the dog could be seen nowhere. Tim whistled for him time and time again, but no "bow-wow" came in response.

"Where in the world can he have gone?"

"It doesn't matter where," replied Uncle Layac. "The point is that we can't afford to lose time by waiting for him or hunting him up. Come, get aboard and let us start."

"Not for anything," rejoined Tim. "Do you suppose that I'm going back on Jose the first time that he seems to be in need of a friend? Indeed not! He has helped us out on several occasions,—with the bulls, with Fourrin, and with that Customs officer. I don't propose to start until I make at least an effort to find him. I wonder whether he could have gone off chasing some wild animal in that grove over there?"

The grove in question was about a quarter of a mile to the left of the plane, and it looked like a favorable place for hedgehogs, porcupines, or the like denizens of the woods. Heedless of his uncle's protests against approaching it, Tim set off running towards it, whistling as he went. Much to his relief, he suddenly heard a "bow-wow," and then saw Jose coming from the grove, carrying in his mouth a porcupine almost as large as himself. The dog had the animal by the throat, and had evidently worried it to death. For a wonder, only one or two of porcupine quills were sticking in Jose's nostrils; and Tim quickly drew them out. Jose then proceeded to shove his nose into the meadow-grass, and apparently got relief from the process; for he gave a triumphant bark at his dead enemy, which Tim had thrown aside, and gaily followed his young master to the aeroplane.

Another minute, and the machine once more took the air, not to come down again, so Tim hoped and prayed, until the long and varied journey was completed. It was only mid-afternoon; the sun was shining brightly, and the motor was going as smoothly as ever. The time flew rapidly, but so did the plane; and just before sunset our friends beheld in the distance the church steeples of Lisbon.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Mother's Treasures.

IN the fourteenth century a bitter feud existed between the citizens of Strasburg and the Knight Walter of Schwanau. He had several times caused the merchants of Strasburg heavy losses, through having waylaid and despoiled their agents of the valuable goods they were carrying.

In those times the citizens were obliged to defend themselves, and maintain a sufficient number of soldiers to keep lawless knights in awe. But as the knights could often levy a considerable army of followers, the citizens of one town were obliged to confederate themselves with other towns.

Walter was one of those knights who, trusting in their numerous forces, could without fear begin a war with a town like Strasburg; and when he heard that his enemies had made an alliance with several Swiss towns against him, he laughed at the idea. He knew the manner in which the towns and their representatives were in the habit of negotiating. After having spent years in deliberating, they only arrived at the question if they should, after all, negotiate.

But, above all, Walter's castle was strong, being situated on an inaccessible rock, well provided with provisions, and manned with fellows as bold as himself. He never dreamed of blockade; and if an assault were attempted, there was no doubt that the enemy would be repelled with great loss.

This time, however, the citizens had quickly and prudently determined to begin war; and confided the command of the army to an old and experienced colonel, who, instead of assailing the castle, surrounded it, with the express intention of eventually starving out the whole garrison.

Walter, seeing himself thus outwitted, began to fear for the consequences, and felt inclined to begin a negotiation, which

in the beginning he had scornfully refused. His soldiers, too, when the provisions were nearly consumed, began to murmur, and advised him to send a messenger to negotiate with the colonel. But as the enemy's messengers, who summoned Walter to surrender, had been repulsed with scorn, so was his own messenger now treated with contempt, even before he had spoken to the colonel.

Walter heard the news with grief and rage. A deep melancholy settled upon his brow; for he foresaw the ruin of himself and his wife and his young son, whom he loved truly and tenderly. Since the beginning of the war the noble lady had lived in constant anxiety and trouble, which was now increased by the gloomy sadness which her husband could not conceal. She pressed him so long with words of love and kindness that at length he owned the critical position he was in. A sudden thought then crossed her mind.

"If every hope is lost," said she, "there is yet one thing remaining,—that is for me to treat with the enemy. Do not fear that I shall expose myself," she added quickly, perceiving the refusing gesture of her husband. "They will not dare to injure or insult a woman; the colonel surely will be prudent and reflect wisely upon my words. I am positive that he will."

Walter tried to speak, but she stopped his words with kisses, and begged so long that he at length unwillingly consented. The lady lost no time in putting her plan into execution. She feared her husband might withdraw his consent. She therefore took her little son upon her arm and walked to the camp, having previously prayed to the Blessed Virgin for help and protection.

The colonel received the lady, who was clad in mourning, coldly but politely. He could not remain long insensible to her words, which, flowing from her lips like the warm breath of spring, melted the ice around his heart. He was displeased with himself at being moved, and feigned

an anger he did not feel; he granted the lady, however, a retreat with all her treasures.

"Well, then," she replied, "take possession of the castle in peace; for my husband is saved: he and my child are my treasures; all else are trifles which I willingly abandon. Laden with these, I shall depart, trusting in your word, and will fervently pray to Heaven that you may be rewarded. I know my husband has grievously offended the citizens, and that they desire his capture. On my husband only can their revenge fall, he being the chief. And now that you have granted him free retreat, you will not revenge yourselves on his followers. Take the castle, then; for I go forth with my treasures. But be merciful to the soldiers, I beg of you."

Surprise and compassion were to be alternately seen in the face of the old warrior. At length pity prevailed, and when the lady ceased to speak, he said:

"You have triumphed, noble lady, and your husband is saved through you! But take your other treasures with you also. Far be it from me not duly to honor fidelity and affection so noble and generous. The castle, however, must be destroyed, but I will do all in my power for the soldiers."

And so it happened. The knight went forth with his wife, child, and treasures; his soldiers, for the most part, entered the army of the confederate towns, but the castle was utterly destroyed. The ruins of it may still be seen.

The Thimble.

The name of the thimble is said to have been derived from "thumbell," having been first worn on the thumb, as the sailor's thimble still is. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1605, by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, and made a fortune out of it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A book that should have a welcome from Irish Catholics the world over is "The Soul of Ireland," by the Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J.; with an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Published by Harding & More, London.

—A new and complete edition of Shakespeare, under the joint editorship of Sir A. Quiller-Couch and Mr. J. Dover Wilson, is to be published by the Cambridge University Press. The work will appear play by play, and the volumes, besides being well printed, will be portable and durable,—of handy size and well bound.

—"America or Anarchy," a twelvemo pamphlet of 17 pages, is a reprint of Attorney-General Palmer's report to the United States Senate, disclosing the magnitude of the organized activities of those who would destroy our Government, and showing the urgent need of certain special legislation to deal effectively with this most serious situation. A pamphlet of unequivocal interest and eminent importance. Issued by the Hon. Martin L. Davy, Member of Congress, 14th District, Ohio.

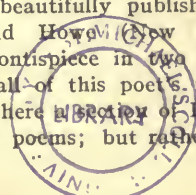
—Nobody who reads "The Journey Home," by the Rev. Raymond Lawrence, can have any doubt that here was a conversion thorough and solid. We know of no account in which emotionalism plays less of a part. Earnestness in the search for truth closes upon conviction when truth is found; and such have been the interior dispositions of the searcher throughout that God's gift of faith stands ready waiting for him when reason is satisfied. Father Lawrence is a convert from Anglicanism, which position, if it brings not a few to the Church, does not let them pass in without exacting a toll of distressful experience of mind and heart. Nothing of this matters, however; nor is it stressed in this brave and gentle account of one such pilgrim's quitting the City of Confusion. Father Lawrence's story is printed in a readable brochure of 107 pages, and is issued by THE AVE MARIA Press. Price, 25 cents.

—The publication, by the Stokes Co., New York, of a complete edition of Theodore Maynard's poems has naturally created some interest in the personality and history of the poet. The literary journals give this account of his life, short as yet but not uneventful: "He was born in India and lived there until he was ten years old, was educated in England, came to the United States to study for the [non-Catholic] ministry, lost his first pastorate because he was suspected of heresy, then worked in a

factory, as a bill poster and as a book canvasser, and afterward worked his way back to England on a cattle boat. He is proud of having lived several weeks on twenty-five cents a day. He joined the Catholic Church and entered the Dominican novitiate, but returned to secular life and took up literary work. It is his conviction that his loneliness, privations and failures while in this country woke in him the spirit of poetry."

—Catholic book-lovers who purchase translations of works by members of the Church in foreign languages, and modernized versions of pre-Reformation books, must expect frequent disappointments. We have just met with a modern prose translation of De Guileville's famous old poem, "The Pylgrimage of Man," in which every point of Catholic doctrine has been painstakingly expunged. A more flagrant instance of bowdlerizing has never come under our notice.

—A book of counsel and direction for boys, "Out to Win," by Joseph P. Conroy, S. J., just issued by Benziger Brothers, is the best book of its kind we have ever seen. It is for American boys, not English boys; and it could never be translated into French. In further praise, though faint, it might be said that "Out to Win" is brighter than any Catholic fiction intended for the same class of readers whom Fr. Conroy actually reaches. Concretely, he is concerned with the boy who is just turning into a man. He knows that period thoroughly; there is not a notion, a feeling, an impulse, a motive of the adolescent mind that he does not lay bare. He goes to the root of the boy problem in any number of its aspects, and he does this with a keenness and cleverness of speech never before, so far as we know, brought by anybody to such a task. Pastors and parents will be greatly helped in their dealing with boys in their "teens" by the perusal of this excellent little volume.

—A new book of verse by Mr. T. A. Daly may not be a literary "event," but it is a "jolly fine thing" to happen just at Christmas time, when the giving of books is so honorable an exchange of greetings between friends. In some way, "McAroni Ballads" is the nicest of all Mr. Daly's books. It is beautifully published by Harcourt, Brace, and Howard (New York), with an attractive frontispiece in two colors. It contains work in all of this poet's moods, not in set courses, as here  of Italian, there a group of Irish poems; but rather it is

like a table set with all of Mr. Daly's varieties of cheer. Their only order is a high order of merit. As is natural and desirable, however, the Italian numbers predominate. One remarks this gratefully, even though one agrees thoroughly with Mr. Christopher Morely that to this author belongs a "finer credit as a poet of English undefiled." The verses which form the "Argument" to this delightful volume should create a desire which only the possession of the book can satisfy. They run as follows:

My title has a foreign look;
The sort of Latin label
One might expect upon a hook
Devoted to the table.
Yet "Macaroni" 's come to be
A word of many meanings
(One Noah Webster, LL. D.,
Explains its Yankee leanings).
And some of these, I think, will fit
The facts and personages
My puny pipings cause to flit
Among these printed pages.

If, still, you deem my plain intent
Too delicately subtle,
I've yet another argument
To offer in rebuttal:
Since these my verses scarce may claim
Much share of fame or hoodle,
But merely aim to laud the name
Of Mr. Yankee Doodle,
May I—whose Pegasus, mayhap,
Like his, is but a pony—
Not stick a feather in my cap
And call it MCARONI?

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Out to Win." Joseph P. Conroy, S. J. \$1.25.
 "McAroni Ballads." \$1.50.
 "The Church and Socialism." John A. Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Democratic Industry." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.60.
 "The Strategy of the Great War." William L. McPherson. \$2.50.
 "Health through Will Power." James J. Walsh, M. D. \$1.50.
 "Catholic Bible Stories from the Old and New Testaments." Josephine Van D. Brownson. \$1.25.

- "The American Priest." Rev. George T. Schmidt. \$1.25.
 "Captain Lucy in France." Aline Havard. \$1.50.
 "The Reformation." Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. \$1.25.
 "The Book of Wonder Voyages." \$1.50.
 "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War." Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. 9s.
 "A Primer of Old Testament History." 70 cents.
 "Mountains of Help." Marie St. S. Ellerker, O. S. D. 3s.
 "St. Joan of Arc: The Life-Story of the Maid of Orleans." Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. \$2.75.
 "Sermons in Miniature for Meditation." Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P. \$1.35.
 "Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sacramentals." Rev. T. Flynn, C. C. \$2.75.
 "True Stories for First Communicants." A Sister of Notre Dame. 90 cts.
 "The Finding of Tony." Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.
 "Eunice." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.90.
 "The Lamp of the Desert." Edith M. Dell. \$1.75.
 "Bolshevism: Its Cure." David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. \$1.50.
 "The Land They Loved." G. D. Cummins. \$1.75.
 "Catechist's Manual—First Elementary Course." Rev. Dr. Roderic MacEachen. \$1.75.
 "The Deep Heart." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.65.
 "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow." Corporal M. J. Hogan. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Seager, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. John Mizer, diocese of Toledo; Rev. John Werninger, diocese of Wheeling; and Very Rev. Nicholas Blum, S. V. D.

Sister M. Veronica, of the Sisters of Loretto; Mother M. Bethlehem, Sister M. Victoria (O'Keefe), and Sister M. Generosa, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. A. F. Rose, Mr. John Dalton, Mr. William McKenna, Mrs. Catherine Colton, Mr. Charles Guerdan, Mr. J. H. Bartle, Mrs. Catherine Hagerty, Mr. Charles Messmer, Mrs. N. J. Burt, Miss Josie Magner, Mr. William Walsh, Mr. James Finan, Mr. Bertram Maillard, Miss Genevieve O'Brien, Mr. Jacob Wohlever, Mrs. Mary Tritch, Mr. Patrick Nelly, Mr. Thomas Rocco, Mr. Bernard Keenan, Mrs. Margaret Hodson, and Mr. John Binsfield.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Ballade of the King of Peace.

BY JOHN H. LOWDEN POTTS.

"Rex Pacificus magnificentus est."
(*First Vespers, Christmas Day.*)

GORGEOUS tents are flashing, bright
Upon the morning-tinted plain:
Still for the star of yesternight
Their gaze the mystic wanderers strain:
'Tis gone. But peace! 'Twill rise again
And lead them on, and be their guide,
To where, in some palatial fane,
The King of Peace is glorified.

Tremulous with a breaking light,
The heavens quiver,—and, amain,
There bursts, upon the wondering sight
Of sleeping hinds, a brilliant train
Of white-robed seraphs; their refrain:
"Glory to God, and peace betide
The sin-racked world; for sin is slain;
The King of Peace is glorified."

Where mellow shadows fall, a slight,
Meek Maiden weeps for joy, for pain;
For on her breast the God of Might,
The thorn-crowned Saviour-King, would fain
Be cradled and begin His reign,—
In mortal clay His greatness hide;
And thus, as He did foreordain,
The King of Peace is glorified.

ENVOY.

The moons of ages fill and wane;
The Babe was born, the Man has died;
But still rings on His glad refrain:
"The King of Peace is glorified."

How calmly may we commit ourselves
to the hands of Him who bears up the
world!—*Richter.*

The Christ Child in English Verse.

BY ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.



ANY great poets have "followed the gleam" of poetic inspiration until, like another Star in the East, it led them to the lonely stable in Bethlehem and shone upon the Christ Child. Nor are poems on the Infant Jesus confined to any literary age or type of author: they range from the pre-Chaucerian days to the present; from the account of the Flight into Egypt in the "Cursor Mundi," written in 1300 by an unknown author, to Agnes Repplier's unique poem, "Le Repos en Egypte: The Sphinx." In the older poem the Holy Family travelled with servants, encountering dragons and grim beasts, who bowed to the Holy Child; but—

When Mary saw the beasts all lout,
Greatly, at first, she was in doubt,
Till Jesus blithely drew anear
And bade her not at all to fear.

Miss Repplier's poem gives an exquisite picture of one night when Mary, Joseph, and the Child rested in the desert.

Chaucer, the "morning star of song," as Tennyson styles him, has written no poetry on the Christ Child; although Christ and His "Moder deere" are often invoked in the course of his works.

William Dunbar, however, who has been called the Chaucer of Scotland, has written on Christ's Nativity. Dunbar received the degree of Master of Arts from St. Andrews in 1479. Though he entered the Franciscan Order, he spent some time at

the Court of James IV., presumably in the service of the King, and did not celebrate his first Mass until 1504, when he was forty years of age.

Three of Shakspeare's contemporaries—namely, Giles Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Father Robert Southwell—have written Christmas poems that are still familiar. Of these "Who Can Forget?" by Fletcher, and "The Nativity," by Jonson, are good; but neither could ever equal "The Burning Babe," by that gentle victim of Elizabethan persecution.

The author of "Gloria in Excelsis," George Wither, sided with Parliament during the Civil War in England, selling his estates and raising a troop of horse. In spite of his lack of success in the field, he was made a major. His literary work during his last years was unworthy of his earlier poems.

Perhaps the most widely known instance of a Christmas poem is Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," which opens with the lines:

This is the month and this the blessed morn
Whereon the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.

Some two centuries later Elizabeth Barrett Browning used a couplet from this poem—

But see, the Virgin bless'd
Hath laid her Babe to rest—

as the theme of her "Hymn on the Nativity," in which the Virgin Mother, having cradled her Child, addresses Him, beginning:

Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One,
My flesh, my Lord!

This poem, although marred, from a Catholic point of view, by certain stanzas that are at variance with the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, is excellent as a literary production, and is marked by deep reverence and tender love for the Christ Child.

Richard Crashaw, a young convert to the Faith, who lived and died in Milton's lifetime, wrote "In the Holy Nativity of

Our Lord God," in which the Shepherds relate the events of the first Christmas, and profess their love for the—

Dread Lamb! Whose love must keep
The Shepherds, more than they the sheep.

Henry Vaughan has a well-known poem on the Nativity; and Isaac Watts, much of whose fame rests on the nursery classic,

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
is the author of a "Cradle Song."

Campbell, whose *métier* seems to be ballads and war songs, succeeded indifferently well with his "The Birth at Bethlehem."

There are few Catholics who are not familiar with Father Faber's

At last Thou art come, little Saviour;
but Cardinal Newman's beautiful picture of "Christmas without Christ" is not so well known.

Christmas with Christ is admirably illustrated in "A Desire," by Adelaide Procter. She describes the first Christmas night, and shows us how we can make the sentiments of love and fervor which it inspires bear good fruit; for—

Are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child Divine?

Robert Stephen Hawker, another of the many English writers who became converts during the last century, is the author of "A Cornish Carol: 'The Child Jesus'"; while the Protestant Christina Rossetti has written three carols, of which the best opens with the lines:

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty winds made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone.

There are three lovely carols written by modern Englishmen: "A Christmas Carol," from the pen of the late Father Benson, the convert; "Noël," by Hilaire Belloc, a Catholic born; and a delightful "Christmas Carol," beginning,

The Christ Child lay on Mary's lap,
by Gilbert K. Chesterton, the Protestant, whose works express great comprehension of Catholic thought.

To Alice Meynell, another English

Catholic author, we owe the refreshing "Unto Us a Son is Given"; to Francis Thompson, the wise, the abstruse, we are indebted for a delicately tender and child-like poem entitled "Little Jesus"; and to Katharine Tynan, the widely known novelist and poetess, for "Christmas Eve," "Bethlehem" (incomparable in its simplicity), and "Christmas Communion"; while Seumas O'Sheel, the author of the haunting, magical "He whom a Dream Hath Possessed," has given us some poetry—shall we say typically Irish?—of the school of Pearse and Joseph Mary Plunket, entitled "Mary's Baby," from which the following lines are taken:

Angels leading Shepherds, Shepherds leading sheep:

The silence of worship broke the Mother's sleep.
All the meek and lowly of the world were there.
Smiling, she showed them that her Child was fair.
"Baby,—my Baby!" kissing Him she said,—
Suddenly a flaming star through the heavens sped.

On this side of the Atlantic there is a goodly number of Christmas poems, including translations from other tongues. There is an especially fine Christmas carol by Lowell, ringing with the glad refrain, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

Father Ryan, the Southern poet-priest, wrote "The Pilgrim," a Christmas legend for children. The following lines are an example of its delicate loveliness:

"Pilgrim," spake the angel sweetly,

"I must bid thee my adieu.

Love, oh, love the Infant Jesus!"

And he vanished from his view.

Father Tabb, another Southern poet-priest and convert, is the author of three short poems on the Nativity,—poems that to know is to love. "Christmas," one of his most artistic quatrains, is also most profound; while "The Lamb Child" is marked by gentle simplicity. Perhaps the best of the three is "The Angel's Christmas Quest":

"Where have ye laid my Lord?

Behold, I find Him not!

Hath He, in heaven adored,

His home forgot?

Give me, O sons of men,

My truant God again!"

A voice from sphere to sphere—

A faltering murmur—ran:

"Behold He is not here!

Perchance with man,

The lowlier made than we,

He hides His majesty."

Then hushed in wondering awe

The spirit held his breath,

And bowed; for lo, he saw,

O'ershadowing Death,

A Mother's hands above,

Swathing the limbs of Love.

Dr. Philip Schaaf has translated "To-day in Bethlehem" from the Greek of St. John of Damascus; and Samuel T. Coleridge translated the "Virgin's Cradle Hymn" from verses on a picture of our Blessed Lady seen in one of the little villages in Germany.

Both Dr. O'Hagan, the Canadian man of letters, and Condé B. Pallen, the American poet, have written tender verses on "The Babe of Bethlehem."

There are Christmas carols by Eleanor C. Donnelly and Mary Boyle O'Reilly; and a quaint "Tryste Noël," by Louise Imogen Guiney, one of the most brilliant of our Catholic literary women.

The use of contrast is quite effective in the Prelude to "Christus Victor," by Henry Nehemiah Dodge, in which we are told—

This dimpled form so soft and fair

The burdens of a world shall bear.

Those tender feet, so small and weak,

For us, where'er we stray, shall seek.

These little arms outstretched shall be

For all mankind on Calvary.

America's gold-star poet, Joyce Kilmer, also appreciated the inspiration of the Child in the "lowly stable," and from his pen came "Gates and Doors."

A rather exceptional poem is the "Christmas Song," by Teresa Brayton; while there lives no mother who would not be charmed by Nancy Campbell's "Like One I Know." Of all beautiful Christmas poems, however, Longfellow's translation from the Spanish of Luis de Gongora y Argote is the most exquisite:

To-day from the Aurora's bosom

A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom;

Aud, oh, how glorious rests the hay

On which the fallen blossom lay!

When Silence gently had unfurled
 Her mantle over all below,
 And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,
 Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
 Amid the gloom descending slow
 Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
 A pink has fallen—a crimson blossom.

The only Flower the Virgin bore
 (Aurora fair) within her breast,
 She gave to earth, yet still possesseth
 Her virgin bosom as before.

The hay that colored drop caressed,
 Received upon its faithful bosom
 That single Flower—a crimson blossom.

The manger unto which 'twas given,
 Even amid wintry snows and cold,
 Within its fostering arms to fold
 The blushing flower that fell from heaven,
 Was as a canopy of gold,
 A downy couch—where on its bosom
 That flower hath fallen—that crimson blossom.

The Holiday Thaw.

BY ANDRÉ THEURIET.¹

AT the time of my story, my parents lived in Juvigny, in the wing of the ancestral mansion that had been bequeathed by my grandfather to his two nephews—namely, Vivant Tupin, my uncle, and Arsène Tupin, my father. The division of the property, whereby my uncle got the larger share, was the cause of a lifelong estrangement between the cousins. As the years had come and gone, the bitterness had developed into a positive hatred.

The quarters in which we lived were evidently only an annex of the pretentious main building. As an evidence of this, there was a massive door in a dividing wall at the end of our court, which had probably served at one time as a means of communication between the two abodes. This forbidding-looking door opened on Uncle Vivant's side, and he had kept it bolted ever since he came into possession of his inheritance. Our modest wing actually seemed crushed by the massive building; but, as if in retaliation, it

projected out in a square, so that the rooms of its only story looked out directly on my uncle's lawn and façade.

With his wife and child, my father felt cramped in his small, inconvenient quarters. And when he glanced over at the large façade, with its six windows, and at the spacious grounds, with their shrubs and fruit trees, his heart fairly overflowed with bitterness. This was intensified by the fact that for years the house was unoccupied. Uncle Vivant was an army officer; and, his wife being dead, and his only daughter (adopted by him when she was a mere child) at school in a convent, he wandered about from garrison to garrison, visiting his home only at intervals.

Finally, he retired from active service, and installed himself permanently in his house. Then matters became worse. The brothers rivalled each other in the ingenuity of their attempts to make themselves mutually disagreeable. Angered by the direct view of our windows on his domain, Vivant accused my parents of passing their time spying on his household. He even built ingenious trellises to shut off our view. In revenge, my father, who was secretary of the *mairie*, was on the constant lookout for the slightest infringement of the municipal laws on the part of my uncle, serving notice on him, for instance, for the least neglect in the way of grass-cutting or sprinkling. Then, when troops were quartered in the village, as often happened, my father saw that Uncle Vivant had a large share of the men assigned to him, on the pretext that his house was large, and that he should set an example as a former officer.

At this time I was twenty-two years old, and was studying medicine in Nancy; so I did not have to witness this spiteful family warfare. One unusually cold winter I came home in early December for my holiday vacation. Snow had begun to fall the last of November, and the storms continued until our village was almost buried. Then the cold became so intense that people clung close to their comfortable

¹ Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

firesides. The view from our windows of the ermine-covered world was strangely beautiful, and I often lingered to enjoy it.

One morning, as I was indulging in my favorite pastime, I happened to glance across at my neighbor's windows. Soon I saw one of them open and at it a young girl appeared. She was charming to look at, with her fluffy brown hair, her sparkling black eyes, and rose-leaf complexion. I was standing at one side, so I could survey her at my leisure without being seen. She leaned out and scattered crumbs to the birds that were hopping about on the snow-covered shrubs. The distribution over, she hastily closed the window. I detailed the scene to my mother, who said:

"That was Vivant's daughter, Colette. Her father has taken her from the convent and she lives at home now. Don't mention the affair before your father, for it will only make him angry. In future, you had better not look over there."

In spite of this recommendation, the next morning I took up my post of observation. At the same hour the performance was repeated. This went on for several days; then one day, yielding to a sudden impulse, I threw the window wide open and stood out in full view. The girl saw that she was being observed, and she closed her window at once. She never reappeared, though I watched for her daily.

The cold continued. The snow became worn down in the streets, and it was so slippery that walking was positively hazardous. The severe weather did not prevent the people of the village from enjoying themselves. It was the period of the small fêtes preceding Christmas—*Sainte Barbe*, *Sainte Cécile*, and *Saint Nicolas*,—all pretexts for banquets and dancing parties. Needless to say, I missed none of the gay entertainments; and I was ever on the watch for my pretty neighbor, but she did not appear.

Finally, just before Christmas, the village gave a large benefit ball. To this I went alone. When I reached the hall,

about ten o'clock, dancing had already begun. Seeking for some one, I watched the couples floating by in a waltz. The dance over, I walked leisurely around the room, glancing at the rows of girls in their gay, beribboned gowns. Suddenly my heart leaped; for there in a corner sat Colette, in company with an older woman, evidently a chaperone. I found her prettier than I had thought her when I saw her feeding the birds. Her curly hair framed her face, giving it a piquant expression. She wore a gown of white *crêpe*, simply made, and her sole ornament was a bouquet of violets at her belt. Her apple-blossom coloring, suggested the dewy freshness of a spring morning.

The orchestra now struck up a quadrille. I had a strong desire to ask my cousin (as I called her) to dance, but a scruple prevented me. As our families were enemies, she would certainly refuse. So I hesitated. But when I saw that, being a stranger, she was not going to be asked to dance, summoning my courage, I went up to her and invited her to dance the quadrille with me. She hesitated a moment; then, with a slight grimace, she consented.

I was so perfectly happy that I failed to notice the curious glances that followed us. Occupied with the figures of the dance, neither of us spoke for a time; but when we had a pause, I broke the ice and said:

"Is this your first party in Juvigny?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I have but lately come from the convent. My godmother insisted on my coming to-night, but I don't know any one here."

"Unless I am mistaken," I rejoined, "we are neighbors. Didn't I see you feeding the birds one morning?"

"Yes; but you mustn't mention it. Our families are not friends, you know."

"I know; but I don't think the young folk need take up the quarrels of their elders. For my part, I hold such a course to be unjust, and that is why I asked you to dance with me."

"I quite agree with you; and that is

why I accepted your invitation, at the risk of being scolded."

The figures of the dance now claimed our attention, so we had no more conversation. At the close, Colette promised me a waltz later in the evening. While we were dancing this, her bouquet of violets became detached and fell to the floor. I picked them up. She blushed and stammered:

"Please give me my violets! They are withered and no longer pretty. Of what use would they be to you?"

"They will remind me of a very pleasant evening, and I shall treasure them in remembrance of it."

Then, without heeding her further protestations, I put the flowers in my pocket, and we resumed our waltz. It was our last dance. At the stroke of midnight, Colette left the hall in company with her companion, disappearing like Cinderella in the fairy tale.

In small towns, where very little of interest occurs, an unimportant affair may take on the proportions of an epic; and the following day my attention to my neighbor at the ball was gossiped about in all quarters. Of course this did not fail to reach the ears of my parents. My mother shrugged her shoulders in approval. Not so my father: he was very bitter and expressed himself freely.

"It seems that you have been posing as a knight errant, championing ladies in distress," he said sarcastically. "I hear that you followed Vivant's daughter around all the evening at the ball. Let me tell you that you had your labor for your pains. Vivant Tupin has nothing but hatred in his heart. I know, too, that I can never forgive him for all his meanness. If you do not share your father's way of thinking, it will be the worse for you, my young Don Quixote!"

The behavior of my uncle, when he heard the story, was confided to our maid by his housekeeper. He seized his daughter savagely by the arm and led her to the massive door between our homes; then he said angrily:

"You have let yourself associate on friendly terms with the son of our neighbor. That may be all right for once, but in the future be more cautious, and keep your eyes open. Do you see this door? Twenty-five years ago I bolted it against those people. Since that time I have never spoken a word to that detestable brother of mine, and I don't even know his son by sight. Regulate your behavior by that: close your heart as tightly as I have closed that door. Otherwise, I shall deny you as my daughter."

This recital redoubled my father's bitterness and filled my heart with despair. A few days later, to allay my restlessness, I went for a walk on the snow-covered hill adjoining Juvigny. It was still very cold, and I felt a melancholy pleasure in hearing the snow creak under my feet. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was just sinking behind the crest of the hill. Its rays illuminated the windows of the village. I looked about, trying to locate the home of Colette, and I vaguely wondered if she was not looking out and enjoying the wintry scene. I sighed at the memory of our brief hour of happiness,—gone now forever, it seemed.

Twilight came on, quickly followed by darkness. I was cautiously following the path down the hill, as it was very slippery, when I saw ahead of me a man who was walking along at a lively pace, as if sure of his footing. I commented mentally on this, and no sooner had I finished my conclusions than I saw him slip and drop in a heap. I quickened my pace and soon reached the spot where he lay.

"Are you hurt?" I inquired.

"I hope not," was the reply.

"Let me help you up," I added.

I assisted him to rise; but as soon as his feet touched the ground, he groaned with pain.

"I think you have sprained your ankle, if you have not broken it," I said sympathetically. "I hope you do not live far away."

The stranger was gruff, not seeming to

relish my interference. This I did not heed, as he was really suffering.

"If you will direct me, I think I can help you get home," I continued.

I supported him as much as possible, and we started off. He was in great pain, as I could tell by his labored breathing and smothered ejaculations. Curiously enough, the way he indicated lay in my own direction. My surprise at this changed to positive stupefaction when he halted before the door of Vivant Tupin.

"Here we are!" he said curtly; "and it's none too soon. Thank you for your kindness, young man; and now good-night!"

There was no longer any doubt of the fact that the stranger was my uncle. A chill ran down my spine as he inserted his key in the lock, but I determined to see the matter through.

"I really can't leave you in this condition," I ventured. "I am something of a surgeon. Let me examine your ankle. I can tell you how serious the injury is."

"Very well," he acquiesced.

We entered a dark hall. He paused and called:

"Virginia! Colette! A light! And be quick about it!"

My heart now beat furiously at the thought of meeting Colette face to face, and I wondered what the outcome would be. No one responded to my uncle's call, however, and he exclaimed:

"What luck! The women have gone to church and won't be back till six o'clock. Come into my room. We'll have to find our own light."

I helped him into a large room, in which an open fire was burning. He found some matches, and lighted two candles which stood on the mantel. I could then contemplate at my leisure this formidable uncle of whom I had heard such uncomplimentary reports. His brick-colored face was lighted by small piercing eyes, and his grizzled curly hair and long mustache gave him a fierce expression. But I was not in the least daunted by his military

appearance. He laid aside his cape and sank down on a shabby sofa.

"At your command!" he exclaimed. "Now ply your trade, young man."

I got off his shoe and sock as best I could, as the ankle was badly swollen. After making an examination, I said:

"It's a bad sprain."

"Confound it! I'll be shut up for weeks!" he growled.

"Not necessarily. We treat sprains now by massage, and bring about a speedy cure. Let me do that. The operation is short but painful. I shall need bandages."

He showed me where to find them, and I set about my manipulations. This lasted but a few moments, and my patient bore it without flinching.

"Now," I said, "you must keep quiet for twenty-four hours; then you will be able to walk a little. After that, the cure will be rapid."

"It feels better already. I am much indebted to you, young man. Do you live in Juvigny?"

Before I could reply we heard voices in the hall. In a moment Colette entered the room, and stood aghast at the sight of her father.

"What has happened?" she asked excitedly.

"Nothing much. Don't be alarmed, dear! I slipped and sprained my ankle. It's half cured now, thanks to the skill of this young man. You may thank him."

I had turned my back and retreated into the shadows. I now came forward.

"Ah, it's you, Martial!"

My uncle started at these words.

"So you know this man?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, father: he's the one I danced with at the ball."

"What!" fairly shouted my uncle. "So you are Arsène Tupin's son!"

"Yes, Uncle," I answered modestly.

"Don't call me 'uncle.' Your assistance at the foot of the hill was all right, for we were unknown to each other; but I consider your entering this house a breach of confidence on your part."

"I thought of but one thing," I replied bravely. "That was that I was called upon to fulfil a duty to humanity; it overcame every other consideration."

"Possibly you were right. I thank you for your good offices. But you are the son of Arsène Tupin. That changes everything. You may go now."

Colette looked at me entreatingly and was about to speak. Her father noticed this, and said curtly:

"Colette, ring for Virginia!"

The girl obeyed haltingly, and soon the housekeeper appeared.

"Show this young man out!" he shouted as if commanding a regiment.

Soon I stood outside in the black, glacial night, mortified and bewildered.

On the day before Christmas the weather suddenly changed. The wind veered from the north to the southwest, and the snow began to melt rapidly. A downpour of rain completed the disaster. The roofs of the houses in our village had only a slight incline, contrary to all logic; and the snow had frozen between the spaces of the tiling. So, instead of running off, the water settled back and dripped down through every possible outlet.

The situation became really tragic for housewives, who were all making preparations for the *réveillon* after the Midnight Mass. Loud were the lamentations heard on every side, as all ran about the house with basins and pails, trying to catch the dripping water.

During this real distress, Vivant Tupin sat comfortably before his open fire, congratulating himself that he had had the good luck to replace his tile roof with one of slate. His utter lack of sympathy angered his housekeeper.

"Really," she said, "you ought to have more pity for others. If you were to see the plight of your neighbors, for instance, it would melt your heart. Their rooms are simply deluged; and if the rain continues, they will have to sleep at the inn. It will be a dreary Christmas for them."

"Poor people!" sighed Colette. "How I pity them!"

"Shut up, both of you!" exclaimed Vivant. "Attend to your own affairs. Go into the kitchen and look after the preparations for the *réveillon*."

This said, the irate man twisted his long mustache and sank back in his chair. His pipe was out, and he emptied the ashes in the grate. Drops of water occasionally fell down the chimney, sputtering as they touched the live coals.

The storm steadily increased; and the old soldier found himself listening to the raging river, the howling wind, and the incessant beating of the rain against the panes. It all filled his heart with a great melancholy. Then suddenly the sweet sounds of the Christmas chimes rang out on the stormy air. Involuntarily he listened; and, although not given to sentiment, the music of the bells awoke memories which had long slept.

He thought of his boyhood days, when he and his then beloved brother sat before this same hearth, listening to the music of the bells, and waiting eagerly for the surprises of the midnight feast. How happy they had been! How strongly that young Martial resembled the Arsène of boyhood days! How clever the young man really was! And so modest withal! But for his timely aid, he himself might have been a cripple for the rest of his life. And insensibly, as the snow melted away on the hills outside, a miraculous thawing was taking place in his stern old heart.

Virginia had not exaggerated in her description of our plight. We were literally deluged, and we were all running about with various utensils, trying to stem the tide. Then the unexpected happened. As we were out in the small court emptying our pails, we heard a grating sound behind the massive door of separation. Soon it slowly swung back on its hinges, and on the threshold stood Uncle Vivant. We dropped everything and stared, speechless with amazement.

"Well," he said finally, "am I such a curiosity?"

My father was the first to recover himself, and he said bitterly:

"So you have to gloat over our misery! It is comical—isn't it?—and quite worthy of your consideration."

"Don't be stubborn and bitter, Arsène," said the old man, gravely. "I am not quite the monster you think me. Your son rendered me a great service last week, and I have come to offer you help now in your time of need. Pocket your pride and shake hands."

For a moment my father hesitated, then rushed forward and grasped the outstretched hand.

"Now leave all this for the present, and come to my rooms and dry yourselves. Then, too, I want you all to share the *réveillon* with Colette and me. Here's a young man" (pointing to me) "who won't be sorry to renew his acquaintance with his cousin, I'll wager."

And that memorable Christmas Eve we all gathered around Uncle Vivant's board for the *réveillon*. It was a joyous feast. I sat beside Colette, and I was far more intoxicated with her bright glances and sprightly remarks than I was with the mild wine with which we toasted our family reconciliation. And I might add that Colette did not forget to ask me if I still had her violets.

IN attending to ordinary business and daily needs, we should not allow ourselves to be transported by eagerness and anxiety; but take reasonable and moderate care, and then leave everything completely and entirely to the disposal and guidance of Divine Providence, giving it scope to arrange matters for its own ends, and to manifest to us God's will. For we may consider it certain that when God wills that an affair should succeed, delay does not spoil it; and the greater part He takes in it, the less will be left for us to do.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Our Saviour's Nativity in Mexico.

BY EUGENE L. KENT.



THOSE who were familiar, some thirty years ago, with the Rio Grande country, either north or south of the international line, vividly remind the present inhabitants that Christmas was always celebrated in a grand blaze of light. Every mountain range presented a splendid tableau; for fagots had been gathered for weeks to be set aflame as soon as darkness closed on December 24, and fantastic figures danced and sang before the light. As the holy hour drew near, a long procession would wind to the nearest church,—all singing that sweet Christmas hymn, "Adeste Fideles," with soul-stirring fervor. All through the day busy hands were setting up candles in bags of sand along the eaves of the houses before which the pilgrims would pass; and around the church roof the lights twinkled in rows two and three deep. At five minutes to twelve, Roman candles would lend color to the scene, and small firearms would be exploded in the church square,—paltry substitutes of the crude New World for the ceremonial pageants and thunder of cannon which in Old Spain proclaimed the birth of the Divine King. So, in the soft, radiant glory of waxen candles and amidst salvos and glad songs the Christ Child came each year to the Mexican countries.

For Mexico, like every country where the simple faith survives, has its Christmas legend. Go where one may in the devastated regions of the older part where civil strife has raged for more than ten years, or in the more composed districts which have been part of the United States since the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the stranger hears the same story, even now, when so many of the better things of life have been forgotten. Long ago,

when the Padres were so few, and the poor people had to worship God only in their hearts and at their own hearth sides, the compassionate Mother, with the Divine Babe in her arms, came one Christmas Eve to the Rio Grande country; and she passed up and down, and entered every house, and blessed all her poor children. But they, not knowing her merciful errand, had provided no lamps to guide her steps along the dark, rough road. She might have stumbled with the Babe, had not myriads of angels flown down and built the bonfires which made the path clear on mountain and on mesa, and set candles on the roof-tops to lead her safely into each home. Tradition has it that the Holy Mother came only once, but who could say when she might return? Thus Christmas became the feast of lights.

But the Mexicans have travelled a long, sad road since those days. In the war-torn country of the South, fagots are urgently needed to heat and light the hovels of the poor; and candles are for the very rich, and then only in limited numbers. New Mexico has become a prosperous coal-producing region, and the Government holds the forests under inexorable laws. The wood-seller, with his patient burro, finds few patrons now, but he hordes the fagots and old stumps as carefully as he does his meagre crops of beans. But the paramount reason other than economic is that the Padres were soon compelled to frown on the bonfires in the mountains, and the boisterous adjuncts which the once pious processions would collect before reaching the church. Added to this were the conflagrations caused by spluttered-out candles toppling into the straw-heaped wagons while the owners worshipped in the church. Then there was the aftermath of sand bags, which figured frequently in court proceedings, as having been tilted over by the wind days after, and their contents filling the eyes and showering down upon the backs of unsuspecting passers-by.

But light still fills a large rôle in the Mexican preparation for the Nativity. The bonfires and sand-weighted candles on the eaves have legitimate successors in the red shaded lamps which twinkle so numerous in the houses as soon as Advent begins. In all the older parts of the Mexican land, the dwellings are still of adobe, with window recesses sometimes four feet deep and six long. Here is erected the family altar, in full sight of all who wish to behold it. A pretty sight it is in the quiet hours of night to pass one of these houses, where the lamps shine out on the dark roads so encouragingly and with such an inspiring message. The number of lamps is not alone a measure of devotion, but also significant of the income and of the number of those who make up the family.

Invariably in the place of honor is a statue or picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe; for she is the *patrona* of the race, and Christmas is the day of her great reward. If near by the radiant Madonna stands a picture of the Forerunner of the Redeemer, in scant garments so familiar, be sure the head of the household is named Juan Bautista; and it is a safe wager the mother is called by some derivation of Our Lady's grand litany of titles, or Incarnation, Asunta, Immaculata, Carmela; while the children's names may be easily discovered if there be pictures, before which lights burn, of San José, San Stefano, San Buenaventura, San Francisco, or Santa Clara, Santa Rosa, Santa Barbara.

But out on the lonely mountain ranges the sweeter visions may be had of the preparation for the coming of the Divine Babe. Conditions there are seemingly unchanged since the shepherd-king sang that most glorious of all pastoral poems: "The Lord ruleth me, and I shall want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasture. . . . He hath led me on the paths of justice. . . . I will fear no evils." The flocks of sheep which fill the barren mountain-tops are safely sheltered in some fastness, with the dogs lying on guard

beneath a "set-to" of branches and canvas. The shepherds have rude shelter, but enough to protect them from the keen, rarefied air of the heights; and they have good beds and covers of soft wool. No matter how humble the abode, in the dark recesses, when the hearth fire has died down, will gleam the lamp before the holy image; and the shepherds say their prayers there morning and evening; and this despite the popular stories that the sheep rangers are an impious lot, bad in every sense. But those who come closer in the spiritual sense, tell a different story. The lights before their favorite saint burn constantly through the year, and are always doubled in number during Advent and before the great feasts. Even the dogs know this so well that if by chance the lamp has been neglected and goes out during the night, the faithful guardians will become restless, and will finally creep in and tug gently at the shepherd to see if all is well.

In the early, simple years, the Padres introduced the miracle plays into the Mexican countries and in some small villas or towns. The days of Advent are still taken up in rehearsing for the performance, given twice during December: on the 11th of the month, the eve of the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe; and on the day before Christmas. There are villages off the beaten track of American emigration where the entire community and the outlying rural population habitually spend the eve of the greatest of Christian feasts at the play, and from there pass to the church to await the Solemn High Mass at midnight. And those who prefer the childlike devotion of the Latin to the more progressive and so-called thrifty habits, find this knowledge exceedingly comforting.

Of the several miracle plays, the drama which tells the story of Our Lady of Guadalupe is naturally the one which makes the strongest appeal. It may be crudely set, but its announcement will bring the entire countryside at the hour; and every inci-

dent, though so familiar to all, is received with the most fervent applause. The poor Indian struggling up the mountain with his load, the mysterious light which gradually shows the fair vision of the Queen of Heaven, the message which is confided to the archbishop, and the long and monotonous efforts of the Redman to convince the somewhat skeptical sacristan, never pall on the Mexican audience; though the stranger may wish that the prelate were not so imperious and difficult of approach, and long for something to happen. Through two hours the simple play runs on, with hymns and tableaux at regular intervals, till the light finally dawns on the Metropolitan; and, zealous in the end as he was indifferent during the previous hours, he is seen, in the last act, seizing a spade and beginning the foundation of the church which Our Lady had commanded. Another play often performed is "Natividad"; and another is an old morality drama founded on the Fall of Man, and very daintily set forth in sylvan scenes representing the Garden of Eden.

Prayerful preparation for Christmas may be sharply divided into two parts: the fortnight preceding Our Lady of Guadalupe, and the fortnight following, which precedes the divine birth-night. No Mexican worthy the name neglects December 12, which to this race is what the feast of the Immaculate Conception is to the Catholics of the United States—the great national festival. In the creature sense, Guadalupe Day is more generally celebrated than Christmas, which remains, as in the earliest days of the Christian era, the spiritual *fiesta* and the season when all hearts should open in charity and good-will. Novenas are held in all the urban churches, and a special service is offered in the mission chapel twice during the appointed days of prayers.

Every Mexican family has its quota of women named Guadalupe; and for them, as well as for the heavenly advocate, a feast is prepared. All the Guadalupes in

the family attend Mass and receive Holy Communion; and on their return from church, a fine banquet is spread, at which every savory meat and rich confection is set forth, as at the ceremonial dinner of other peoples. All through the day the several Guadalupe, clad in their finest raiment, will sit idly and receive the congratulations of their friends. The Padre and all the neighbors will call, and there is much the same programme as in the old ways of keeping New Year's among Americans. But a fine altar to Our Lady of Guadalupe will be erected in the living room, and lamps by the score will burn all day. In the evening the entire family will kneel to say the last prayers of the novena, and only those named Guadalupe will be permitted to extinguish the lights.

On the next day will begin the prayers for Christmas proper, and thereafter all the activity takes the form of charity. The women of the household are occupied gathering clothing and food into boxes, which the men nail up tightly, and begin to take about the country, to be distributed carefully, with instructions not to open until Christmas morning. For the very poor, these boxes contain dried fruit, vegetables, smoked meats, and flour and meal to last for weeks. In many a poor shelter on the desert, where Mexican refugees are huddled in pathetic numbers, life is sustained by these offerings at Christmas, always sent without ostentation, and always minus the name of the donor. The prosperous ranchers or merchants in the city make plans for a great family dinner; but the gifts for the little folks, bestowed all the world over, are generally reserved for Twelfth Night, when late suppers, dancing, and other more worldly features predominate.

The Mexicans have a fine, leisurely way of performing all the tasks of life, and this trait shows forth in religious ceremonies also. The Midnight Mass, even in the tiniest hamlet, is solemnized with all the wealth of ritual and adornment possible to conceive. Pious laymen in

surplice will aid the pastor, so far as it is permitted; and choirs of men and boys will train for weeks and weeks in order to conduct their part of the service worthily. The pastor will preach a full hour, telling again that sweetest story, and recalling the days of their fathers, when the churches were built amidst all the perils the Evil One could raise up against them. Everyone will receive Holy Communion and will make a lengthy visit to the "Stable of Bethlehem"; and the pastor will generally be found at the steps when the congregation finally departs, to stop each one and to say something heartening. The time taken up by the Midnight Mass in the Mexican countries is usually from half-past eleven, when one must arrive to get a seat, until about three in the morning; and these people would grumble not at the length of the service as their American neighbors surely do, but if it were cut down to a briefer time.

The most touching of customs, surely a survival of patriarchal days, is that when the family reaches home at last, every member will kneel before the father if he has been spared, or the mother if she be the head of the household, and ask a blessing. It will be solemnly given to each in order of seniority, and afterward to the servants and retainers who have been called in. Then some of the rich chocolate will be served, and the happy, weary people will rest until in the late afternoon.

The banquet has been prepared in the same leisurely way which marks all important events. For three days the lamb has been simmering over the merest pretence of a fire; and hour after hour some spices or vegetables have been added, until the result, on Christmas Day, is a savory stew, which must have been of the kind that caused Esau to renounce his birthright. Fowl does not figure in the Mexican feast, save perhaps in an ancient broth, to which the older members cling, and which, say the old chronicles, was served in Spanish families, nobles and

peasants alike, two centuries before Cristobal Colon started on his memorable voyage. Even the feast will recall the religious significance of the day. The tortillas (an equivalent for bread), crackers, and cake, will be star-shaped, and tiny stars will float about in the broth. Quaint waxen figures of the Shepherds and of the Holy Group are the property of almost every Mexican family; and they will occupy the centre of the table, where usually flowers or pyramids of fruit are placed. The star will shine forth from the spiced cake placed on the centre table in the living room, and lighted with tapers as darkness descends. In the window recess all the saints, patrons of the family, even Our Lady of Guadalupe, have been removed to make place for the scene about the manger, which is transferred as soon as dinner is over. The Wise Men are added, paper angels are carefully hung in the air, and lights shine out everywhere. The pious Mexican family clusters around this altar when the feast is over, and makes this last prayer: "Lord, in Thy Name, we have fed Thy hungry, and we have comforted Thy sorrowful, and we have gathered in all that were homeless. Bless us and our people on this Thy Birthday. And may we spend it together in heaven when our days are counted as past!"

THIS feast of the Nativity of Our Lord is one of the greatest feasts of all the year; for to tell all the miracles that Our Lord hath showed, it should contain a whole book. But at this time I shall leave and pass over save one thing that I have heard once preached of a worshipful doctor: that what person being in clean life desire on this day a boon of God, as far as it is rightful and good for him, Our Lord at the reverence of this blessed high feast of His Nativity will grant it to him. Then let us always make us in clean life at this feast, that we may so please Him; that after this short life we may come unto His bliss. Amen.—*The Golden Legend.*"

For the Sake of Justice.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

XXVI.—A SPY SPIED UPON.



HEN Bailie Agnew rose from a sick bed, two or three months after Helen's flight, his intimate acquaintances all agreed that he was a changed man. The shock he had received deeply wounded his pride; he no longer, as formerly, held up his head as the leader of his fellows in questions of municipal importance. Even those who felt little love for the man were constrained to pity him; they may have suggested—some of them, at least—that he had taken to his bed as a means of escaping the gibes of his fellow-townsmen rather than on account of real illness; yet they were all softened by the sight of the proud, self-assertive braggart crushed to earth by a load of shame.

He regained, to a certain extent, his former strength, and once more took up the reins in the business of which he had been so overweeningly proud. But folks remarked that he was less keen than of yore, and left far too much power in the hands of his man, Allardyce, who had begun to lord it over the workmen and prentices as though he were the owner of the establishment. "A bully, that Allardyce!" the prentices reported, and one likely to have few scruples in feathering his own nest. But they spoke with bated breath, and to trusty associates only; that same Allardyce had long ears.

Margery Mutch, although she dutifully carried Captain Strong's message to Jock Gilchrist, lost no time in quitting Edinburgh. The captain had been liberal in rewarding her for the services she had rendered in the elopement; she was now independent of any employer, and hastened to settle down in some quiet country nook, where the escapade, of which she was in

her inmost heart ashamed, was unknown or forgotten. She naturally avoided Bailie Agnew and members of his household.

To take charge of domestic affairs, Bailie Agnew had been fortunate enough to secure a far more competent person than Margery could ever have become. This was one Judith Boyd, a black-haired, black-browed woman of middle age, who ruled the household wisely and skilfully. She had been recommended by a Presbyterian acquaintance of the Bailie's as a "truly godly woman"; but her godliness was far less in evidence than that professed by the Bible-quoting, yet unscrupulous, Margery. Though no one regarded Judith with affection, all obeyed and, in a way, esteemed her.

Christian Guthrie had taken up her residence as housekeeper in Jock Gilchrist's tiny establishment, and looked after him with all the affection of a mother. Jock had developed into a thoroughly capable man of business, and bade fair to rise in the world.

On a certain morning, as Christian was issuing from the entrance of the close in which Jock's humble dwelling was situated, she found herself confronted by a small group of unemployed citizens, attracted by some unusual happening in their midst. On inquiring the cause of the excitement, she learned that an old gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and no one recognized him. Christian succeeded in pushing her way through the little crowd; and, to her astonishment, found Bailie Agnew lying there apparently lifeless. A charitable as well as kindly-natured woman, Christian had the sick man carried into Jock's house by some of the bystanders, and sent at once for a leech. His verdict was that the sufferer probably owed his life to Christian's prompt action. He ordered careful nursing, and gave good hopes of ultimate recovery.

It was a freak of Fate, as some would term it (though others would discern the working of Providence), that it should be Jock Gilchrist, of all persons, who had

been forced to give shelter to the one man in Edinburgh for whom he had openly expressed the utmost contempt, and by whom such shame had been brought upon an upright family. Jock himself, after the first shock of surprise, passed no remarks upon the situation, beyond frequent inquiries as to the condition of the patient. Like the honest, manly lad he was, he forbore to strike a fallen enemy.

Judith, the Bailie's housekeeper, had lost no time in offering her services as nurse; but Christian preferred to carry out things in her own fashion, and declined the proffered help. As she shrewdly remarked, Judith's presence would be of more value in the Lawnmarket household, in the absence of the master of the house, than it could be in the sick room at Jock Gilchrist's.

Weeks passed before the Bailie had recovered anything like his normal health. Strength of body was restored more satisfactorily than vigor of mind. For a while he spoke very little, and then only to make known his wants. Christian, nursing him assiduously, noticed a gradual change. He would scan her face narrowly, when she was near him; his eyes would rove round the little chamber where he lay, as though striving to gain sight of something familiar; but would close again, an air of weariness on his face. It was as though he was always seeking something which constantly eluded him. At last he made his want known.

"Where is the mistress?" he asked one day.

Christian felt puzzled about answering. But she said simply:

"The mistress is not here. This is not your own house."

This gave him food for reflection. But in a few moments he spoke again.

"'Tis strange the mistress does not come," he said petulantly. "There's none like Alison when a body's sick. Isobel, too, is always the skilful nurse at the bedside. Bid them both come,—the two o' them."

Then the tired brain lost the thread of thought, and he fell asleep.

Jock was as puzzled as Christian as to the course they were to take. He consulted the leech. The patient must be soothed and kept quiet. His mind was beginning to show activity,—a hopeful sign.

"Who are you, Dame?" the Bailie asked later.

"I'm the housekeeper here," Christian answered.

"When's the mistress coming?"

"There's no mistress here," she said.

"It's a gentleman who's my master."

"What's his name?" he demanded.

Christian feared to rouse resentment by the mention of a name he might be expected to loathe and despise. She affected not to hear, and occupied herself by setting right the furniture. But the Bailie was evidently determined to have an answer.

"Do ye hear me, woman? What's your master's name?" he said with some of his old impatience. He seemed to think her wanting in the courtesy due from a mere servant. She felt impelled to speak.

"Master Gilchrist," she replied, half fearful of the consequences.

"Gilchrist? Gilchrist?" he interrogated.

"He's an old friend of mine. Hugh Gilchrist, my fellow-Bailie!"

"Nay," returned Christian, "my master is another man altogether. He's not a Bailie."

That seemed to satisfy the patient for the time being. But as his mind grew stronger, his queries multiplied. Some of them, when they related to Mistress Alison and Isobel, were difficult to answer. It was evident that his memory had reverted to past years, and that his mind was a blank regarding recent events.

His persistence in asking for her master led Christian at last to venture to introduce Jock into the sick room. The Bailie did not recognize him, and was apparently confused between this Gilchrist and his old friend; so he was informed of the

relationship between the two. After this he continually joined to his daily inquiries about "the Mistress" and "Isobel" questions about "Bailie Gilchrist," who, he seemed to think, was too ill to visit him.

Poor Jock, a straightforward youth, was obviously embarrassed by the necessity of inventing replies to such questions, and did his best to evade all visits to the Bailie, unless specially asked for. But his efforts were useless. By degrees the patient ceased to speak of his wife, Hugh Gilchrist, and Isobel, but persisted in keeping Jock with him as much as possible. He had evidently conceived a strong attraction for the youth. So long as he was not called upon to invent "lying fables," as he styled them, Jock was not averse to spending much of his spare time in chatting with the sick man, who had begun to exhibit a reviving interest in the affairs of the burgh.

"'Tis full time I was getting back to the shelter of my own roof," the Bailie remarked one day.

It was easy to persuade him that he must not yet leave his bed. When, a little later, he was able to rise and sit for some hours in a cushioned chair by the hearth, his desire became too persistent to be denied. They had to contrive his removal to the Lawnmarket.

The Bailie's attraction for Jock, for whom he daily cried, led at last to his offer to that youth of the post of overseer of the Lawnmarket warehouse, and lodgings in the house. It was an offer not to be despised, and Jock began to regard his marriage with Rose as an event less distant than it had hitherto appeared. Christian and Rose shared his joy; and Jock, leaving his future mother-in-law in charge of his own little dwelling, took up his abode at the Bailie's.

The conversations of the young couple over the promising state of affairs were pleasurable to both. But Rose had something to confide to her beloved Jock which gave reason for anxiety. She was convinced that all was not well with Rob Sybald.

Jock had heard long ago about Geordie Tod's persistent appeals to her, and of Rob's timely aid. Later on she had told him of Tod's sudden reconciliation with the Church of his baptism, and of his steady advance afterwards in the good opinion of the whole household; no better servant could be wished for—loyal, discreet, and hard-working—than Geordie had proved himself. Rob alone still held aloof from the man, to a certain extent; and what Geordie had told her, as a friend of Rob's, had given Rose much cause for alarm.

Allardyce, the man who had wormed himself into the good graces of Bailie Agnew, and was now the most trusted of his servants, had been a zealous hunter after priests; and was still carrying on his disgraceful business with the help of certain paid agents in the city,—men of the lowest type. Geordie had confessed to her (the better to arrest her sympathies on behalf of Rob) that he himself had once fallen into Allardyce's power, and had weakly consented to become one of his agents, in order to escape denunciation and imprisonment as a Catholic. For some years past, after he had managed to escape from his tyrannical employer, he had successfully avoided the man, who was ignorant, he felt sure, of his present occupation and residence.

Tod had alarmed Rose by confiding to her his suspicions that Rob Sybald had fallen into the toils from which he had thankfully broken loose. Only a day or two before Rose recounted these matters to Jock, Geordie had surprised Rob in a whispered conversation with another man at the door of the Chancellor's house, in the dusk of the evening. Tod was starting out on his daily walk, which he was accustomed to defer until the streets were quiet, and he less likely to be recognized. The two men moved hastily aside as Geordie came out; but, to his horror, he heard the well-known voice of Allardyce allude to some "close in Canongate," bidding Rob to be there at the hour named.

What could that mean except that Rob was in secret association with a vile informer? What was to be done? It would be the death of the lad's mother did she discover that her Rob, so fondly and so proudly cherished, had stooped to such a crime as the betrayal of God's priests. Geordie had confided in Ros, for the very reason that she and her mother were linked in closest friendship with Rob's family; as he could not personally move in the matter, especially since Rob was not on easy terms with him, he trusted to Rose to procure help for the boy which would win him back to the straight path.

Jock was no less horrified than Rose. Though as yet he had taken no steps to become reconciled with the Church, he had promised to become a proper Catholic before their marriage; in any case, his straightforward, upright character led him to loathe such treachery as companionship with Allardyce suggested. He was, perhaps, more fully informed than Rose could be of the man's despicable record; for Watt Logan, as well as Christian Guthrie, had made him thoroughly acquainted with past happenings in which the man had figured.

Long and earnestly did Jock ponder over Rose's story, after he had accompanied her to the Chancellor's house, and returned to his own dwelling to think out some plan of rescuing Rob. He was later than usual in going back to the Bailie's that evening. The warehouse had long been closed, and he was forced to seek admittance at the house door. Allardyce, in his capacity of porter, opened to him. The evil-expression of the man's face struck Jock more forcibly than ever. He had always felt a strong repugnance for one whose record was so disgraceful, and it was increased by the further knowledge he had just gained. He was altogether unprepared, nevertheless, for further evidence against his character of quite another kind and from a quarter wholly unexpected.

When he had mounted the winding stair to the upper floor, and was making his way towards the chamber usually occupied by the Bailie, Jock was met by Judith Boyd, the dour-looking housekeeper, who in a low voice begged him to enter another room, as she wished to speak with him privately.

"I am sorry to say, Master Gilchrist," she began, "that I have good reason to suspect one of the servants of grave dishonesty."

Jock asked for particulars.

"'Tis the man Allardyce," she explained. "From what some of the others have learned, it is evident that he is laying by goodly sums of money, which he could not have earned by the work he does. I tell you, Master Gilchrist, in order that you may keep an eye on the man. I can not yet charge him with manifest stealing, but I have grave suspicions, which I mean to act upon. It will be well for you to be on your guard against him."

Jock thanked her, and promised to take good heed of her warning. He did not at the moment set much store by Judith's apprehensions; she was a shrewd, inquisitive woman, he told himself, always on the lookout to catch some of those under her in any breach of duty. Her office was one which tended to strengthen a naturally suspicious nature, and such impressions must not be taken too seriously. Still it would be well to keep the man under observation.

Then suddenly there occurred another thought which filled him with fear. What of Rose's account of the compact which Tod had discovered between Rob Sybald and this suspected thief? Could Rob be a partner in any dishonest practices carried on by Allardyce? Rob, whom he had known from boyhood—that open, trustworthy lad, the son of the truest and most upright of Christian parents,—could he associate with thieves? 'Twas not to be thought of. Yet, if Rob, a staunch Catholic lad, sprung from a trusty Catholic stock,

could consort with an informer against the priests of his Church—those ministers of God, whom all Catholics held in reverence—to what base deeds might he not stoop?

Doubts rushed through him and held him for a space, but only a brief one; he was able to thrust them all aside at last; his confidence in Rob, on that score at least, still unshaken. Whatever explanation might be forthcoming as to Rob's dealings with Allardyce, it was unthinkable that they were fellow-thieves.

Jock made his way slowly to the Bailie's room. Judith had been so greatly occupied with the duty of laying open her suspicions of the porter that she had failed to acquaint him with a slight relapse in the patient's condition; such changes were wont to recur occasionally, and gave no anxiety to the leech.

The Bailie had already retired to bed, and Jock walked into the inner chamber to speak to him, and bid him "good-night." In such setbacks, the poor man was often downcast and irritable, and Jock quickly recognized by his frowning face that all was not as well as usual. As a rule, he was the only person who was able to rouse the patient from such depression.

"Well, Bailie," he said in his clear-toned voice, ringing with cheery good humor, "so you've taken to your bed early to-night! 'Tis wise, though, if you feel the need. Is there anything I can do for ye now?"

Bailie Agnew scowled upon him fiercely.

"Why will ye not bring the mistress home?" he cried angrily. "I'll be fooled no longer. Why does she bide away thus? Bid her come and bear me company, as she does ever when a body's sore sick. And the woman Isobel, too,—a rare nurse, the jade! Bid them come back home,—both o' them!"

His querulous tone died down to a mere whine, and in a trice he was sound asleep.

"I wonder," Jock mused, as he stood looking upon the sleeping Bailie,—*"I wonder whether 'twould be possible?"*

What was in his mind he did not further reveal.

In her chamber Judith Boyd sat silent and alone. Her black eyes, under their swarthy brows, bent upon the darkening street below, shone with the light of expectant triumph.

"The time is close at hand!" she murmured. "The Lord will punish the traitor as he deserves, after all these years."

(To be continued.)

A Christmas Tree in Heaven.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

THERE is a Christmas Tree in heaven
 Every year,
 Lit in the sweet Christmas even
 Atmosphere;
 A Mother and a Father trim
 The branching rod,—
 The Mother and the Father of Him
 Who is Christ God.
 And when dawn breaks, heaven's dawn,
 It is gay
 Where the hoar saints wake upon
 The young day.
 David leaps and Moses laughs,
 And the joy
 Idle leaves the heaven distaffs'
 Gold employ:
 Anna and Rebecca take
 Martha's hand,
 Round the central radiance make
 A merry band;
 Prophets and queens and kings
 Have children's joy;
 Melchisedech like a boy sings,
 Who was never a boy.
 Only in grave audience,
 With solemn eyes,
 Sit the young little saints
 Of Paradise;
 Watching their elders play,
 They approve and nod,
 Among whom sits to-day
 The Son of God.

The Child of the Sheep.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

SOME one had discovered that Nora Daly's Michael was the image of the curly-haired St. John the Baptist of an old Italian painter,—the roguish child who plays with the feet of the Holy Child fast asleep; while the benign Mother, laying a finger on her lip, smiles at her little Son's playfellow.

Nora had lost her husband in the Great War, and she had only Michael. She worked very hard for Michael and herself, that they might be "decent"; and all the love she had for her dead soldier was poured into her love for his living child, till it became an over-brimming passion of mother-love.

It was a trouble to her that she had to go out to work, since it took her away from Michael. They lived in a little seaside village round about which had sprung up a fashionable watering place, sufficiently near the city to have its houses inhabited summer as well as winter. Nora "helped" in the various houses; and she was always in demand, being a gentle, careful, competent young woman, with a briskness in her movements which gave no hint of her sorrowful heart. Some one had said that she looked like a lady: she *was* a lady, in essentials; and doubtless she had acquired a good many of her dainty ways, as well as her efficiency, in the service of old Madam Dillon, in whose establishment she had filled various posts before coming to be lady's maid to Miss Agnes. But old Madam was dead, and Miss Agnes was Mrs. Herbert, living with her soldier-husband in a hill station in India. So Nora had to fend for herself and Michael when the bitter time came. If Madam had been alive, if Mrs. Herbert had been at home, she would not have been thrown on the world.

She had put by her husband's pension,

every penny of it as it came, for a provision for Michael in case she should be taken from him. That was a contingency which had power to scare her. Her lamb lost in the world, without her protecting mother-love was something not to be thought of. She looked delicate, more than she really was. She had a transparently fair complexion, rose-carmine cheeks, blue eyes that seemed to have a light in them under large white lids; she had a certain ethereal slenderness; but, as she said herself, there was nothing the matter with her, for all her poor looks. She worked very hard in and out of season, and there was no doubt she was often tired,—too tired to sleep or eat. She did not dare to slacken. There was always the thought of Michael thrown on the world, Michael lacking food and milk, Michael without a roof over him, to spur her on when she would have rested.

Michael was by nature a particularly happy child. Granny Doyle, who looked after him when his mother was out working, had said that Michael Daly got more pleasure out of playing with a few sea-shells, or chasing a butterfly, or watching the rabbits pop in and out their holes, or listening to the songs of birds, or talking to the hens or a dog or a donkey or the cattle and sheep, than any child she ever heard tell of got out of grand toys.

"Sure he's innocent," she had said, "and the beasts know it. There's Casey's cow that will kick the bucket of milk from under her and run at you with her head down; yet she let Michael stroke her sides, and put his little fat arms around her neck, when she was grazing; and the calf by her, no less. And that ould divil of a turkey cock that belongs to Barney Cassidy and is a terror to all the childher,—what did Michael do but stand admiring his big red wattles! And the beast was rale proud, and walked up and down, till ye'd be kilt with laughing, showing himself off and gobbling away, but never offering to touch Michael, God love him!"

Mrs. Cooney, to whom she spoke, conceded that there was something blessed about Michael. "'Tis the sinlessness of the creature," she said. "When I do see him going about singing to himself, and amusing himself with all manner of quare bits of thrifles, I do think the sun shines on the little goly locks of him, as if it loved him."

There was no day, however hard, which was not compensated for to Nora by her home-coming at night, when she and Michael were shut in from the world, in the cottage which she had managed to keep bright and pleasant for her boy. She had a number of gay pictures on her whitewashed walls,—the Sacred Heart, the Holy Family, St. Joseph, St. Patrick, with various Irish patriots in impossibly gay-colored coats and trousers. She used to tell her little Michael stories about the saints and patriots till he fell asleep. One very cold, snowy Christmas she added a new picture to the company. It was a little Infant Jesus, holding the great round ball of the world in his tiny hand. Michael spread out his little fat hands to the Infant Jesus in the picture and chattered to Him. He had a way of waking with the birds in the morning, after which his chatter, like a little running stream would begin, talking to himself or the birds, or anything else, if it was only a ray of sunlight on the wall. His mother, hearing him, would rise up and put on the kettle for the cup of tea before going out to work, after which she would wash and dress Michael and give him his breakfast before handing him over to old Granny.

But the time Michael met with his great adventure was Christmas-time; and there were no birds singing, nor was there a shaft of sunlight on the wall. Nevertheless, he chattered through the dark morning hours, performing his repertoire of the sounds made by the animals,—the grunting pig, the cawing rooks, the cattle, the fowl, the cat and the dog, for his own delight. He was certainly a very delightful

little mimic. Though it was before Christmas, the lambs had begun to come in the snowy fields, and, looking out of her window at night, Nora could see the lantern of the shepherd going to and fro on the hillside. Michael added the lamb's bleat to his repertoire; and one dark morning when Nora was leading him gently by the hand on his way to Granny Doyle's, his lifelike imitation of the lamb's call brought the ewes bleating and running to him down the hillside.

Granny Doyle was growing very old. Nora was beginning to think that she was a little too old to have charge of a venturesome thing like Michael, when one dark evening she was called home to terrifying news! Michael was missing. Granny Doyle declared solemnly that she had only stepped across to the shop for a loaf, bidding Michael remain where he was till she came back.

"He was always so biddable!" she wailed. "Wouldn't I have taken him along with me if I thought he'd have strayed on me? What at all came to him, that was always a good child. Och, wirra, wirra! It's no night at all for a lamb like him to be straying abroad."

It was not a night for anything living and tender to be out. The clear, keen weather of the early part of December had changed for the worse. There was a fierce wind that sighed around the little cottage, rattling the doors and windows, and sending gusts of smoke down the chimney; and it had begun to snow,—the fine, persistent snow, which, as the people said, was "going to lie."

Nora was distracted. The news soon spread over the village that Nora Daly's little Michael had "strayed on her, the creature!" Various search-parties were quickly out on the hills and down the rocky roads to the sea. Nora herself had rushed out and was wandering hither and thither, calling to the child; now and again hearing a lamb bleat through the darkness, with a poignant reminder of Michael's pretty, new trick. Once or

twice she followed the bleat, and came up with a ewe and a newborn lamb on the hillside. All that night the search was made for Michael, in vain.

It snowed all the night and the next day. It was a record snowstorm. There was going to be a great loss of sheep and lambs. The snow drifted before the bitter wind. Frost followed. The whole country was white and glittering thirty-six hours after the snow had begun to fall. The people were saying that it might be many a day before the frozen drifts yielded up the lambs and sheep. There was neither tale nor tidings of Michael.

By this time Nora was impervious to well-meant consolation. She was stupefied almost beyond fear and terror. She sat without hearing the things the women said, hectic color in her cheeks; but her lips blue, her eyes bright and distended as though she were in mortal pain, her head trembling now and again, her hands cold as the hands of the dead.

"Sure it'll kill the creature if she goes on like this," said the women.

Three or four days passed before something happened to break down the stony tearlessness of poor Nora. A very pretty and beautifully dressed young lady came running up the little path and into the cottage: Mrs. Herbert,—Miss Agnes that was.

"O Nora!" she cried, and flung her arms about the poor bent shoulders. "I've only just heard! I had to come back to see the dear old place, and the first thing I heard was this dreadful news. O Nora, darling child, God knows where Michael is! God knows! Do you hear me, Nora? God *knows*."

In her agitation she took and shook Nora by the slender shoulders.

Suddenly Nora burst into tears,—great tears that flowed on and on. Mrs. Herbert, Miss Agnes that was, sat by her while she wept, making small murmurs of pity. Presently she thought to ask when Nora had eaten anything. Old Granny, creeping about miserably, answered that what

Nora had eaten those last few days would not keep a robin or a wren alive.

Miss Agnes that was got up and called for an egg—it was lucky a little pullet had taken it into her head to lay that day,—and she made Nora swallow the beaten-up egg, with a little milk added. Then she would have some hot tea brought; and all the while she was chafing Nora's cold hands, with soft sounds of compassion, while she made her drink it.

Nora had hardly sipped the tea,—it was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and old Granny had lit the lamp and built the turf fire—when there came a sound outside the door, which made Nora rush to it like a living woman once more. Hardly had she swung the door open, on the snow outside and the dark sky fretted with keen stars, before a little figure came in out of the night—Michael! *Michael!*—not a starved, a frozen Michael, like a bird rescued from the snow; but a sleepy Michael, with dew on his eyes and his curls, and with a queer, inexplicable tale to tell. He was hardly hungry even as he sat on his mother's knee, blinking in the fire and lamplight, and wondering why she cried. He had been with the sheep (he called them "seep"), and he wasn't cold nor hungry. The seep had fed him with milk, and he had only runned home a little way.'

Michael, perhaps because of his way of talking to everything, had quite a flow of language for his age. That night he was too sleepy to say much. He curled up in his little bed and fell asleep, smiling, with a radiance on his face that made the neighbors, coming curiously to peep at the wondrously recovered child, say that he was talking with the angels.

The next day the wonder grew; for Michael was awake and talking, and he had added to the story of his having been with the sheep. By this time Christmas had come and gone. The snowstorm had begun on the eve of Christmas. Michael's chatter, which the neighbors, with awed curious faces, drew near to hear, was of a

place to which he had gone with the sheep and lambs. They had gone in by a door to what Michael called a "s'ed," where there was a poor Lady with a Baby on her knees. "She were a Yovely Yady," according to Michael; and she had called him to her, and he had kissed the Baby's foot, and the Lady had smiled.

"He were a yovely Baby," said Michael; "not yike other yittle babies. And there were a yovely yight all yound Him. There were a cow there and an ass, and an old man; and all the seep and yamps were yooking in at the door, and the cows and the people. I pyayed with the Baby, and the Yady kissed me."

A wonderful tale truly, but Michael was not to be shaken in it. And there was the marvel of his home-coming to make the people believe.

Miss Agnes that was, who had come home "for good," with her little girl and boy—her husband was to follow her,—saw to it that Nora need not be parted from Michael ever again. There was plenty of fine work which Nora could do for her and her friends, without going out and leaving Michael to wander. And yet could she ever again be frightened about Michael, seeing how he had been guarded and kept in the deadly days and nights of the frost and the snow?

"The Child of the Sheep," the neighbors called little Michael, going about in a lamblike innocence, smiling and gentle; friends with the birds and the beasts, so that the wildest would come to him to be his playfellows. But one very holy old man, looking on at Michael, with a kindred radiance in his old face, prophesied of the Child of the Sheep that he would grow up to be a saint.

NOTHING is so calculated to impress on our minds that Christ is really partaker of our nature, and in all respects man, save sin only, as to associate Him with the thought of her by whose ministration He became our Brother.—*Newman.*

How St. Francis Desired to Have Christmas Celebrated.

(*"The Mirror of Perfection."*)

WE that were with the Blessed Francis and have written these things do bear witness that oftentimes have we heard him saying: "And I ever have speech with the Emperor, I will entreat him and persuade him and tell him that for the love of God and of me he ought to make a special law that none snare nor kill our sisters the larks nor do any evil unto them. In like manner, that all the mayors of the cities and the lords of the castles and towns be bound every year on the day of the Nativity of Our Lord, to compel their men to throw wheat and other grain along the roads beyond the cities and walled towns, so as that our sisters the larks may have whereof to eat; and other birds also on a day of so passing solemnity; and that for reverence of the Son of God whom on such a night the most Blessed Virgin Mary did lay down in the stall betwixt the ox and the ass, whosoever hath an ox and an ass be bound on that night to provide them provender the best that may be; and in like manner also that on such a day all poor folk should be given their fill of good victual by the rich."

For the Blessed Francis had a greater reverence for Christmas than for other festivals of Our Lord, saying: "After that the Lord was born for us, it did become a matter of necessity that we should be saved." Wherefore he would that every Christian on that day should exult in the Lord; and that for the love of Him which did give Himself unto us, all ought not only to make abundant largesse unto the poor, but likewise also unto the beasts and birds.

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The little book from which this extract is taken was "done in the most holy place of S. Mary of the Little Portion, and completed this fifth day of the Ides of May in the year of Our Lord 1228."

Christmas Customs.

THE plant called *Anastatica hierochuntia* has the singular power of retaining its vitality for several years, if it is plucked before it is quite dead. It is also known as the "Rose of Jericho," and "Mary's Flower." Mr. A. E. P. Raymond Dowling, B. A., in his learned work, "The Flora of the Sacred Nativity," describes the use to which this plant, specimens of which have for centuries been brought home by pilgrims from the Holy Land, is still put in many homes where old customs are held sacred: the people of Poschiavo in the Swiss Grisons, for instance, gathering together on Christmas Eve, after the celebration of the Midnight Mass, to keep the vigil of the Christmas Rose. What looks like a mere bundle of lifeless twigs is placed in a bowl of water on a table with lighted candles round it, and all watch breathlessly as fibre after fibre slowly uncurls itself until the last is stretched forth, when the master of the ceremonies cries, "The Christmas Rose has opened," and to the music of the church bells a shout of "Noël! Noël!" is raised, succeeded by the singing of a hymn of thanksgiving.

Even more in accord with the sentiment of Christmastide than the keeping of the vigil of the Christmas Rose is the custom, still prevailing in many places in Europe, of extending hospitality to all, however poor and lowly, who ask for it on the eve of the Saviour's birth. In some parts of Germany the head of the house, when his family assembles for the evening meal, offers a prayer that Christ, and His Mother may come to them that night; and whosoever knocks at the door is looked upon as representing them, and made welcome. Any neglect of a would-be guest on the Holy Night is punished in a terrible way; and a legend is current that a whole city was once destroyed because a little child had asked for food at house after house in vain.

Cheerfulness.

"A LIGHT heart lives long," sang Shake-
speare; and centuries before him,
the Inspired Writer declared: "The joy-
fulness of the heart is the life of a man,
and a never-failing measure of holiness;
and the joy of a man is length of life."
The consensus of opinion among all
writers on the subject seems to be that
cheerfulness is not only conducive to
longevity, but that it is the normal
condition of those who are in good bodily
health and have a tranquil conscience.
"Cheerfulness," says Ruskin, "is as natural
to the heart of a man in strong health as
color to his cheek; and wherever there is
habitual gloom, there must be either bad
air, unwholesome food, improperly severe
labor, or erring habits of life." Haliburton
renders the same testimony: "Cheerful-
ness is health; its opposite, melancholy,
is a disease."

It is possible, of course, for those whose
health is the reverse of good to feign
cheerfulness, or to be actually cheerful
for a time—during Christmastide, for
instance, or some other holiday season;
but it is only they who enjoy perfect health,
uniform immunity from physical aches
and pains, that are constitutionally and
habitually smiling and happy, blithe and
buoyant. And even these must be healthy
in soul as well as body if their cheerfulness
is to be genuine. Cheerfulness is a friend
to grace; we should "rejoice in the Lord
always." As Usher says, "If good people
would but make their goodness agreeable,
and smile instead of frowning in their
virtue, how many they would win to the
good cause!" The remark has often been
made that Catholic Sisters are, as a rule,
the most cheerful class of people on earth.
And the remark may well be true; for
Sisters habitually live in such complete
conformity to the divine will that their
consciences are uniformly tranquil, and
their outlook on life and its various prob-
lems habitually clear and serene.

Notes and Remarks.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the
Pennsylvania Society last week, Mr.
Charles M. Schwab said, wisely and well
in our opinion: "The successful employ-
ment of labor in the future will rest more
and more upon recognition, first, of the
right of workmen to deal collectively
with their employers; second, upon the
privilege of the men, through some kind
of profit-sharing, to obtain a direct share
in the profits realized upon the articles
they themselves are making. What the
laboring man wants is above all else
recognition, appreciation, and fellowship.
He wants to be treated as a man of flesh
and blood.

"The kind of collective bargaining in
which I believe is one that recognizes
the right of the men themselves to choose
their fellow-workmen as representatives
to speak to the company; and which
recognizes the obligation of the company
to treat these representatives individually
and collectively with the confidence and
respect to which they are, by virtue of
the stake in the business of those whom
they represent, justly entitled.

"And I believe in profit-sharing,—not
the kind of profit sharing which consists
of a mere bonus paid out of the total
profits of the year and added to the man's
wages for the year. That is merely an
increase in wages, and has no direct
relationship to a man's own work. I
believe an employee should have a direct
share of the profits derived from the
unit of work he is doing."

The truth and the wisdom of all this
is becoming manifest to even the lowest
business intelligence. The laborer must
be treated as a man of flesh and blood.
Heretofore, to a greater extent than is
generally realized, he has been treated
as a mere commodity; and he was forced
to regard himself as such. Times have
changed, and employers and employees
have changed with them. The industrial

unrest from which we have been suffering is due, not so much to the demand for higher wages and shorter hours, as to the demand for continuous employment and better social conditions.

The Boy Scout Movement is a good thing, and it has come to stay. The sooner we realize this, the better we shall be able to co-ordinate it with Catholic life, giving it the direction and tone it should have. A few years ago, when we forecast that a seemingly much more remote eventuality—namely, Woman's Suffrage—was bound to come, and urged that it should come, there was consternation in certain quarters and much "throwing about of brains." But Woman's Suffrage is all but achieved, and the end of the world has not followed in its wake. Similarly, the Boy Scout Movement has already gathered head, and in five years, we venture to say, it will be quite the accepted thing. Happily, Catholic leaders have seen this, and have provided for it by establishing a distinctly Catholic Boy Scouts' section. Many of our wide-awake pastors have entered intelligently and whole-heartedly into the movement. This is as it should be. There may be danger both to the faith and the morals of the growing generation of our boys in resigning them to non-Catholic direction; but under it they will go, unless we provide them with the same thing conducted under Catholic auspices. We have our own schools: we must soon have our Boy Scouts and clubs, which will leave the Y. M. C. A. to the Protestants, for whom it is intended.

The Diocese of Lafayette, Louisiana, is only a year and a half old; its bishop is but one year consecrated. Curiously enough, this youngest See in our advanced day and developed country is recapitulating in its initial history certain features of the history of the pioneer dioceses of early times. Thus on his first episcopal visitation, Bishop Jeanmard travelled part

of the journey by ox-cart, and in some places Mass was celebrated in private houses, as was done at the "stations" in out-of-the-way missions decades ago. Part of the Bishop's journeying, too, was rather voyaging, since the travel was by boat. At one point its propeller broke, and progress was made only when his Lordship rigged up an impromptu sail out of a blanket, and took his turn at poling the craft along. But there were consolations as well as hardships, or what the resourceful Ordinary would probably call only adventures. Everywhere there was the most gratifying evidence of faith well-planted and flourishing into works of piety and charity. We hope that the youngest bishop of our youngest diocese will have many years of excellent service, and at last the abundant harvest and the reward exceeding great.

There appears to be an impression among a good many Americans of other than Irish racial extraction that none but the Friends of Irish Freedom—the Mac's and the O's—are opposed to "the hands across the sea" sentiment, and unwilling to look upon the English as their dearest friends, their "cousins" at least, if not their brothers in blood. Such persons would be well advised to meditate on the view of the eminent English Dominican, Father Bede Jarrett, who recently spent some time in this country. To quote:

It is idle to deny that the Irish in the States are unfriendly; perhaps they have little reason to be otherwise. But it is, I think, equally idle to deny that America, as a whole, is to a large extent not friendly to us either, nor we, to quite as large an extent, to America. But I am sure that most Englishmen, and every American, will agree that the cause of this lies not in religion, but in a deep divergence of spirit in practical affairs. Both countries undoubtedly have their ideals and visions, and both as undoubtedly have their faults; but while the latter tend to misunderstanding and antagonism, the former make for a common cause. Whatever there is of self-aggrandizing tendency in each country expresses itself divergently,—in England towards external politics, in America towards internal. Hence each is quick to see where the other obviously

has failed. But is that not all the more reason why minds detached from sectional interests of every kind (and this will appeal particularly to Catholics) should devote themselves to furthering the ideals of each and counteracting their faults? And is it really of very vital importance what each of these great peoples think of the other, so long as they are both making ultimately (as they surely are) for the same fine ideals?

The sanity of the foregoing will commend it to judicious Americans of all racial strains. Until such time as all political conditions will merge into "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," it does not really matter a great deal *what* the Americans and the English think of each other.

Prohibition is not having things all its own way over in England. Some of our English exchanges are quite outspoken in their characterization of the policy and its advocates. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from the London *Universe*:

It is satisfactory to know that the deputation of the Temperance Council which recently waited upon the Prime Minister—Bishop Bidwell, in the absence of Cardinal Bourne, representing Catholics—was well content with its reception by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Fisher. For the policy of that Council—in the broad—is the best, indeed the only, possible answer to the propaganda of fanatics, largely anti-Catholic, which has already caused so much trouble in America. Manichean heresy, hatred of the Mass, and a very unpleasant suspicion of class-persecution are mixed up in it, though its official exponents are just now very busy trying to disclaim these things. . . .

We doubt very much that the English people will allow themselves to be the victims of such a fallacy as has proved successful in this country: that the only alternative of the American saloon was the total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors.

Yet another verification of King Solomon's dictum, "Nothing under the sun is new," has come to light concerning aviation. *Chambers' Journal* (in the eighties of the last century) stated: "In No. 56 of the *Evening Post*, a newspaper published in the reign of Queen Anne, and bearing

date 20th and 22d of December, 1709, we find the following curious description of a flying ship, said to have been lately invented by a Brazilian priest, and brought under notice of the King of Portugal in the following address, translated from Portuguese." The description in question is not so curious as is the comment of the writer in *Chambers'*:

This extraordinary aerial locomotive is perhaps one of the most curious of those apparatuses for the purpose of flying, of which we find numerous instances from the Middle Ages downwards. A more extended knowledge of the laws of gravity, and the relations subsisting between us and the atmosphere surrounding our globe, has induced us to discard all such attempts at emulating the powers of the feathered tribes of creation as chimerical.

"A more extended knowledge of the laws of gravity" sounded scientific enough three or four decades ago, but at present the comment suggests Pope's—

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

France is beginning to realize that the modern infamy of restricting the size of the family to one or two children is detrimental to the country's best interests. We note that the French Academy is using funds at its disposal in order to provide ninety endowments, of some five thousand dollars each, for families with the largest number of children. That such action may have some little effect on the birth-rate for a year or two is probable; but it can scarcely prove adequate. The period of the war naturally saw a large increase of deaths over births in France as elsewhere; but it appears that even in the normal times of peace the death-rate is notably larger than the birth-rate. A veritably Christian conception of the Sacrament of Matrimony and of the duties which it entails on married couples must be the foundation on which to build up normally large families in France or any other country.

Ulster Protestantism, in the shape of six of its preachers and three of their

wives, is "in our midst," come to tell us the truth about "political issues" in Ireland. It must have been a shock to these Orange patriots (of England) to be met in this country with the following broadside from the Protestant Inter-Church League:

The religious aspect of the question of Irish independence concerns you vitally. Stripped of its camouflage of political propaganda, the religious issue in Ireland comes to this: The world is asked to believe that, to maintain its supremacy in Ireland, the Protestant religion is desirous of keeping a nation in political bondage; and to attain this unholy end is willing to use machine guns, bomb-dropping aeroplanes, the dungeon and the sword. This is a slander against our religion that Protestants the world over resent. Protestants have never fought to enslave any people, no matter what their creed might be. Protestants gladly fought for the freedom of Catholic Belgium, Catholic Cuba, Catholic France, and Catholic Poland. Protestantism is more hurt by the charge that it is opposed to the freedom of the Irish nation than is the cause of Irish freedom.

Could anything be neater than the comment of the editor of *America* upon this?—"It has come to pass that once again Irish Protestantism has put itself on the side of tyranny."

Although the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States lost 60,000 members last year (the Rev. Edgar Blake, of that denomination, is our authority for the statement), its Board of Foreign Missions has just voted \$10,500,000 "for reconstruction work in Europe and North Africa." Our Methodist friends ought to give ear to Brother Blake, who, being executive secretary of the Board of Home Missions, is more interested in reclaiming backsliders at home than in converting heathens abroad. He is thoroughly alarmed, he says, at the condition that exists right here and now; and he declares furthermore that "the great need is a solid backing of 4,000,000 Methodists in these United States."

Brother Blake is undoubtedly right. It would cost a big lot of money to win

as many converts to Methodism in Europe and North Africa, or any other land, as there were seceders in the United States last year. And in all probability they wouldn't stay converted.

We mentioned recently the religious side of King Albert of Belgium. Another Catholic ruler whose practical faith is continually in evidence is to be found on our side of the Atlantic. A Portuguese paper, quoted recently by the *Standard* of Madras, has this to say of a South American President:

It will be a consolation to our readers to find among heads of States in times like these a personage of the type of Don Marcos Fidel Suarez, now President of the Republic of Columbia. He is a man of great distinction for his talent, admirable literary works, diplomatic ability, and especially for his Christian spirit, marked by heroic courage and fidelity, as the following facts show. Before taking up the presidency he said to some Jesuit Fathers who called upon him: "I am much attached to the Jesuits, and for that reason, when I enter upon office, I shall take up my abode near them, in order to hear Mass and receive Communion daily." And now he is, in fact, living near their church; and every day without fail, at 4 a. m., he presents himself at the sacristy, like any peasant or workman, to ask for a confessor, and then takes his place among the college servants who hear Mass at that hour, communicating each day with edifying devotion.

THE AVE MARIA is one of the very few periodicals that have not raised their subscription price in consequence of the high cost of paper, etc. We had hoped to "weather the storm" until better times, which at present, however, seem far distant. But the increasing expenses to which we have been put for materials and production necessitate an advance in the subscription price to \$2.50. This will not go into effect; however, until the 15th of January. Until then we shall continue to receive renewals and new subscriptions at the old rate. When "good times come again once more," the price of THE AVE MARIA will be reduced.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

On Christmas Day.

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

THE stars will sing together, the winds will
breathe a prayer,
The heavenly hosts will chorus in harmonies
most fair;
And Mary's eyes will shine with love, and
Joseph's heart will heave
With the deep and pure emotion of the first blest
Christmas Eve;
And Kings will do Him homage, and saints His
glory tell,
Yet the Infant Christ will watch to see if I keep
Christmas well.

Oh, He will watch my thoughts within, my words
and deeds without,
The while His Christmas graces encompass me
about;
And every deed of kindness and every reverent
thought
His love will welcome as He did the gifts by
Shepherds brought.
He never thinks a human heart a slight or little
thing;
His love has made a human soul fit offering to
the King.

Lord, send me grace on Christmas Day, and
choose the grace for me;
And may I know Thee in the gift, whatever it
may be;
That in the doing of Thy will my soul grow
strong and bright
To turn the darkness of the way to peace of
Holy Night;
To bless the hearts anear me, nor any send astray
Whose souls would gain of Love's sweet grace
from mine on Christmas Day.

IAN MACLAREN, the famous Scotch
author, once wrote this Christmas motto:
"Be kind to every one, for every one has
a battle to fight."

Flying to a Fortune.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXVI.—THE FORTUNE AND ITS GIVER.



AT the first glimpse of the still
distant city, Tim set up a joyful
shout: "Lisbon, Uncle! There's
Lisbon!"

They were now rapidly approaching
the city, which gradually took form, with
its monuments, parks, streets, gardens,
quays becoming more and more distinct.
Yes; it was Lisbon, sure enough.

Tim and his uncle were so full of emotion
that they found nothing to say to each
other; and it was in silence and in quite
a matter-of-course way that the young
pilot effected a landing. And, while a
large crowd of Lisbonites, who had learned
(through telegrams from different cities
through which the aviators had passed)
of their expected arrival, thronged around
them, our two friends looked at each other
open-mouthed, half-stupefied apparently,
as if they could hardly realize that they
were at their journey's end.

It was natural enough that they should
be considerably moved, and should find
it a little difficult to answer the numerous
questions put to them by different persons
in the crowd. But they were speedily
brought back to the everyday reality of
things by the appearance of a gentleman
and a little girl who made their way
towards the plane with outstretched
hands. They were Mr. Tilbasco and his
young daughter Mariena, who had been
waiting for an hour in order to give the
aviators a cordial welcome as soon as
they set foot in Lisbon.

Mariena, with a large bouquet in her
hand, tripped gaily up to the travellers
and said to Tim:

"I wish to be the first to bid you welcome. As a souvenir of those which you gave me in Albi three months ago, permit me to present you on your arrival in Portugal with these roses of France."

Tim was so overcome with a variety of emotions that he simply burst into tears; and then, scarcely knowing what he was doing, clasped Mariena in his arms. She saved the situation by laughing heartily, and lending him her handkerchief to wipe away the tears.

As for Mr. Tilbasco, who seemed a little pale and somewhat nervous, he advanced with outstretched hand to Uncle Layac, and, speaking no longer with a Portuguese accent but with one heard only in Southern France, said:

"Well, Prosper, old man, don't you know me?"

Uncle Layac looked at him in astonishment, unable to utter a word.

Mr. Tilbasco continued:

"Come now, think a bit. If my face reminds you of nothing, don't you remember my voice, my accent, and my style of calling you 'Prosper, old man?'"

Then the truth flashed on Uncle Layac.

"You are Doremus!" he cried,—"you are Doremus!"

"Joe Doremus in person, Prosper, at your service," replied he who, only a few minutes before, was still Mr. Tilbasco to Layac and Tim.

"Don't mind about the plane. I've given orders to have it placed in safety," said the banker, as he beckoned to a coachman near by. "Let us get away from all this crowd."

All four forthwith took their seat in the carriage, an open one; and a few minutes later entered the banker's residence. They had all been silent in the carriage; but, once in the house, Doremus and Layac gave way to their feelings, and, like genuine French friends who had not met for thirty years, threw themselves into each other's arms. Layac was frankly crying with joy; and the eyes of Doremus were not particularly dry, either. The

banker, however, had more control over his nerves than the grocer; and, in a voice that trembled a little at first, he entered upon this explanation:

"When we separated thirty years ago, my dear Layac, you remember that we promised that at the end of thirty years we should divide our fortunes. Accordingly I am going to give you the half of mine,—a half which, as you know from my will and testament, amounts to two million francs."

Layac jumped to his feet.

"What's that?" he cried. "You are going to give me, you say, half of your fortune?"

"Evidently, since it is simply for that purpose that I have brought you here."

"I don't see it in that light, though."

"Why not?"

"Why not! Because—because you are alive. I would have understood your leaving me half your fortune, if you were dead. But since you are living, and in excellent health—"

"Since I am living," rejoined Doremus, "there's nothing left for me to do but to carry out our agreement. Now, the agreement was that we two, dead or alive, should give or bequeath to each other, at the close of thirty years, one-half our respective fortunes. So you needn't get excited about the matter or protest against my action. You are going to take half my worldly goods, and I am going to take half of yours."

The big grocer started to enter another disclaimer, but his friend fondly but peremptorily told him to be silent.

"And now," continued the banker, "I'm going to explain about my will and the obligation—rather an eccentric one, I admit—to which I bound you: to come here in an aeroplane to receive your legacy. Well, my good friend, here is the reason. Understand me well, and you will see that I am perhaps not so great a fool as you may have been tempted to think."

"I never thought that," interrupted Layac.

"Whether you thought it or not matters very little now; but, if I did what I have done, it was in order—begging your pardon—to give you a little lesson."

"A lesson?"

"Yes, my good Layac, a lesson. If I have succeeded in life and made a fortune of four millions, it is because, you see, I had energy, courage, boldness. I did not wait, like you, until a fortune should some day drop into my lap. No: I went out to look for the fortune, followed it to the four quarters of the globe, and kept on until the day when at last I caught it securely."

"Ah, I understand," said Uncle Layac,—
"I understand! Before giving me the half of your fortune, according to promise, you wanted me to give proof of possessing the same qualities as yourself."

"Exactly."

"Well, let me thank you for the lesson, Doremus. I've learned it,—in part, anyway. The fact is that, thanks to you, I'm a good deal different from the Layac who left Albi some weeks ago." Then, pointing to Tim, he went on: "He to whom, however, all the honor of our trip belongs is my nephew here. In the course of all the adventures through which we have passed, he has proved that one always gets out of difficulties when one has intelligence, will-power, and, in conjunction with becoming modesty, strong self-confidence."

"Oh, I know this fine little nephew of yours," replied Doremus, as he gave his hand to Tim. "I have had occasion to see him at work several times already."

As he spoke he patted Tim's head in kindly fashion, much to our hero's confusion; although it was pleasant, too, to hear one's self praised in the presence of little Mariena.

The interchange of compliments and reminiscences would have lasted indefinitely, if Doremus had not thought it well to terminate them by exclaiming gaily:

"And now let us celebrate the successful termination of the big voyage by taking a

good supper. Come, daughter, give over your attentions to that intelligent dog of Tim's, and accompany us to the dining room."

From the latter part of his remark it will be seen that, although he has not figured as yet in this chapter, Jose was not forgotten by either his young master or the latter's friend. As a matter of fact, Mariena and Jose had at first sight mutually approved of each other. The terrier looked up at the girl's face for a moment, and immediately did as he had done in the case of Tim—raised his right paw for a handshake.

"Isn't he just too cute for anything?" laughed Mariena, as she shook the paw in the friendliest manner, and then inquired of Tim all about his four-footed companion.

While their elders were explaining matters to each other, the young folks were putting Jose through his tricks, much to Mariena's delight, and to the considerable satisfaction of Jose himself, if one were to judge of his sparkling eyes and swiftly wagging tail.

"If you ever have to part with Jose, Tim, I want you to promise me that you'll let me have him," said Mariena; and, as Tim promised, her father's voice called them to the supper table.

As they moved towards the dining room Doremus smilingly remarked:

"Say, Prosper, who would have thought, thirty years ago, that one day we should each be a millionaire?"

"Who, indeed?" rejoined Uncle Layac, drawing himself up and throwing out his chest; while Tim could not but smile at the ease with which the big grocer seemed to accommodate himself to his change of fortune.

Our readers can guess all about Layac's and Tim's return to Albi. It was a genuine triumph. The whole town, with the authorities at the head, went to the station to welcome them. One citizen only, it may be noted, took no part in the

rejoicing. Needless to say, that citizen was Fourrin, who, having failed in all his attempts to spoil the aviators' trip, had returned to Albi more ashamed of himself than "a fox outwitted by a hen."

In the course of a few weeks, news of Fourrin's rascally conduct during the flying trip leaked out until it became generally known; and, as a result, customers at the "Modern Grocery" grew fewer and fewer until at last M. Fourrin had to close its doors to save himself from utter ruin. Uncle Layac could have recovered all his old customers and gained a great many of new ones, if he had opened up his grocery or built another. Like a sensible man, however, he did neither. Thanks to the fortune received from his friend, he was able to buy a pretty country-house about halfway between Albi and Toulouse, and not far from a little chateau that belongs to Doremus. He is living there now in great state and comfort, and he is fond of telling his visitors how, some nine years ago, he taught his nephew (rather celebrated nowadays) the art of aviation!

As for Tim, he spent the four years following the voyage to Lisbon in the lycée of Toulouse; and, at the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, was sent to an aviation school. Graduating in a few months, he entered the French flying service, speedily became an "ace," and came out of the war with any number of medals and decorations.

Jose spent the period of the war with Mariena, who of course had to write about him frequently to Tim; and just now it looks as if he would spend the rest of his canine days with Mariena and Tim.

(The End.)

Named for Christmas.

There is a little island in the Pacific Ocean which was discovered on Dec. 24, 1777, and called Christmas Island in honor of the holy season.

A Legend of the Netherlands.

A NETHERLANDS legend tells of a place called Been, near Zoutleeuw, now beneath the sea, which was once a stately city. Our Lord came thither one Christmas; He took the form of a little Child, and in that touching guise He asked for food and shelter for the sake of Him whose birthday it was; but all were too occupied with their business, their pleasure, or their sin, to listen to the wandering Boy, and He was rebuffed and shut out in the cruel winter's cold.

Yet His was the hand that had given the rich harvests of sea and land which had enriched the town; He the King who had placed His guarding sentinels along the ocean's bourne and restrained its eager herd of waves; and yet no recognition was given of His presence on His birthday. So the great God sent His angels back to heaven; and that night the hungering waves burst in through dune and dike, and the cruel city was swallowed up.

To Christ's Mother on Christ's Birthday.

(For Margaret.)

BY M. H. K.

WHEN saints are bent before thee,
 When angels sing the praise
 Of Christ and His loved Mother
 In heavenly Christmas lays;
 Dear Mother of my Saviour,
 Dear Mother of my Lord,
 Please turn to Him and whisper:
 "My Son, my heart's Adored,
 A little girl has asked me
 (Margaret, aged seven)
 To wish a happy birthday
 To Jesus up in heaven."
 And also say, dear Mother,
 Dear Mother in heaven above:
 "And Margaret has told me
 To give Thee all her love."
 Will you, dear Blessed Mother,
 Please tell Him what I say?
 I wish Him joy and send Him love
 This happy Christmas Day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Divine Adventure" is the title of Mr. Theodore Maynard's first novel, soon to appear. It embodies the poet's experiences in England and the United States.

—"Evening Memories," a new book by Mr. William O'Brien, and a new edition of his appealing volume, "When We Were Boys," have just been published in Dublin.

—"The Armour of God" is the happy title of a new prayer-book for the use of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament, which comes to us from Burns & Oates. It deserves to be better printed and more durably bound.

—"Whom the Lord Loveth," an attractive little volume published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, consists of "consoling thoughts for every day in the year," compiled by Henriette Eugenie Delamare. The selections are from a great variety of sources and include poetry as well as prose. The thought for the first day of each month, we are particularly glad to notice, is from Holy Scripture.

—The American soldier abroad had a newspaper of his own, written for him and almost exclusively by him. It had a regular column of verse, and many were the men-at-arms who turned their own Virgil. "Yanks," first printed in France, is a collection among these poems, now reissued in excellent form by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is an interesting volume, and will be more so as time goes on. Whether or not it will stand critical scrutiny as poetry is a consideration entirely beside the mark. It will stand as a vivid and sincere expression of thoughts and emotions, of which otherwise the years might have left no vestige. Two remarkably fine color drawings, by an artist whose signature we can not decipher, grace the book, whose proceeds, by the way, are to be devoted to the fund for French War Orphans.

—"High Benton," by William Heyliger (D. Appleton & Co.), is the latest story from a prolific author of American juveniles. Like such other of Mr. Heyliger's books as have come under our observation, this one is a clean, interesting narrative of an average American public high-school student. It is a realistic story in the sense that it is true to life in its portrayal of boyish dreams, pranks, ambitions, and failures: and is romantic, too, in its way. It would perhaps be asking too much of the author to put into his books about school and schoolboys more of the religious sentiment, which finds no place in the public school itself;

but the Catholic critic can not well help remarking that there is in this volume very little of an ethical or moral nature that might not consistently be found in a book intended for the youths of Rome or Greece or Egypt before the advent of Christianity.

—"A Victim of the Seal," by the Rev. Francis L. Kenzel, C. SS. R., a drama in five acts, for male characters, is an excellent dramatization of Father Spillman's enthralling story, "A Victim of the Seal of Confession"; and will be found entirely available for presentation by college boys, young men's dramatic societies, and theatrical companies generally. The play is thoroughly Catholic and as edifying as it is vividly interesting. THE AVE MARIA Press. Price, 25 cents.

—Many an elderly fiction-lover who, all through his years of intellectual development, cherished a sneaking fondness for the sensational stories of his boyhood, will take comfort from this extract from the New York Sun:

And may we not ask, diffidently, whether there has been anything in the more expensive output of recent years that could rival the thrill of the old dime-novel? Many a luridly covered "Beadle" was better in dramatic construction, more skilful in plot than its \$1.75 successor,—and no less respectable in its English.

Fifty years ago, strict disciplinarians were wont to condemn the "Nick Carter" books as immoral: nowadays, respectable publicists speak of them as immortal.

—A beautifully printed brochure, "Keeping God in American History," and a small-size octavo, "Back to the Republic," both by Harry F. Atwood, deserve the serious attention of all American citizens who are really concerned about the governmental problems which our country is now facing. In the first essay, Mr. Atwood shows that a belief in God, more especially in God's providence, has been a noble tradition of American public life. In his larger work, the author makes an interesting presentation of the Republic as an ideal of government, standing as the mean between autocracy on the one hand and democracy on the other. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

—Those who take up "The Martyred Towns of France," by Clara E. Laughlin, expecting to find in it an account of the devastations wrought in the late war, will be treated, if not to a disappointment, at least to a surprise. Outside of its alluring title, the volume's connection with the last four years of struggle is of exceeding tenuity. What the author has done has been to

"write up" the history, especially on its military side, of the various cities of France which have so recently emerged from the war zone. This has accumulated into a large-size octavo of nearly five hundred pages (without index). It is most likely that there will be other guide-books covering this same field. Assuredly the present volume does not render them superfluous. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—A collected edition is in progress of the works of Mr. Standish O'Grady, which deal with the legends of Cuculain. Says one reviewer of the three volumes which have already appeared:

They breathe of the open air, of delight in the touch of the earth, of affection, self-sacrifice, comradeship, and loyalty; and they show us the life of man surrounded and interpenetrated by powers from that world unseen which, for the Celtic mind, lay always behind a very thin veil. They have an Homeric love of detail, which sets every figure and episode before us in all its roundness and vitality. There is something in them of untamed barbarism as well as of lofty poetry; but the whole effect is one of nobility and clean hardihood, and they are good reading, in every sense of the word, for young and old.

And "A. E." in the Introduction writes:

... How pallid, beside the ruddy chivalry who pass huge and fleet and bright through O'Grady's pages, appear Tennyson's bloodless Knights of the Round Table, fabricated in the study to be read in the drawing-room, as anæmic as Burne-Jones' lifeless men in armor! The heroes of ancient Irish legend reincarnated in the mind of a man who could breathe into them the fire of life caught from Sun and Wind, their ancient deities, and sent them forth to the world to do greater deeds, to act through many men and speak through many voices.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Journey Home." Rev. Raymond Lawrence. 25 cents.
 "Whom the Lord Loveth." \$1.10.
 "The Martyred Towns of France." Clara E. Laughlin. \$3.50.
 "Back to the Republic." Harry F. Atwood. \$1.
 "Yanks." \$2.
 "Out to Win." Joseph P. Conroy, S. J. \$1.25.
 "McAroni Ballads." \$1.50. T. A. Daly.
 "Catholic Bible Stories from the Old and New Testaments." Josephine Van D. Brownson. \$1.25.

- "The Church and Socialism." John A. Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Democratic Industry." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.60.
 "The Strategy of the Great War." William L. McPherson. \$2.50.
 "Health through Will Power." James J. Walsh, M. D. \$1.50.
 "The American Priest." Rev. George T. Schmidt. \$1.25.
 "Captain Lucy in France." Aline Havard. \$1.50.
 "The Reformation." Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. \$1.25.
 "The Book of Wonder Voyages." \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. B. G. Durand, of the diocese of Lafayette; Rev. John O'Dowd and Rev. Edward Henry, diocese of Portland; Rev. John Reilly, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. Charles Borgmeyer, S. J.

Brother James of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Osanna, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Mother M. Sacred Heart, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Claudia, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Antonia, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Lambert, Miss Laura Richards, Mr. Louis Lind, Miss Mary Byrnes, Mr. Edmund Purtell, Mr. John Ebart, Miss Mary Kivlan, Mr. Vincent Johnson, Mr. Philip Morris, Mr. Thomas Dale, Mr. Henry Ball, Mr. William Thornhill, Mr. W. F. Drummy, Mrs. M. E. Rafferty, Mr. Thomas Killelea, Mr. Joseph Rebman, Mrs. Victoria Tatro, Miss Mary Finn, Mr. Walter Johnson, Mr. Daniel O'Connor, Capt. John Guest, Mr. Joseph Hackett, Mr. James Hackett, Mrs. Anna Hackett, Mrs. John Morris, Mr. A. E. Knight, and Mr. James Cooke.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Tacconi: per Rev. E. S. Keough, \$15; friend, \$9. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: A. C., \$1; per Rev. E. S. Keough, \$15; Mrs. A. P. J., in honor of St. Joseph, \$5; Ellen Crawley, \$5; Mrs. M. B. S., \$20. For the sufferers in Armenia: L. K. H., \$1; M., \$5; Mrs. M. B. S., \$20. For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. J. O'T., \$2; Mrs. M. B. S., \$10. For the Colored Missions: E. M. A. C., \$2.





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