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THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., JULY 1, 1876.

No. 27.

The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Festival of the Visitation should have a particular interest for us of the nineteenth century, apart from the holy mysteries it commemorates. Its spirit would exorcise much evil out of us if we would give it room and time to work. How full it is of brooding *peace*, and what is so wanting to us as peace! While its name denotes activity, it somehow brings before us quiet, calm and peaceful images. We cannot associate the idea of hurry or bustle with Mary, although the Evangelist tells us she *went with haste*. But he tells us something else first—*Rising up in those days*, she went with haste. From her habits of quiet recollection, from her life of retirement and prayer, “rising up,” she went forth “in those days” when the Lord was not merely with her, as before the Annunciation, but within her. It was not Mary, full of grace, who went in haste, but Mary bearing within her the very God Himself, closely united with her, so that They were in a manner but One. Had she gone sooner, no marvel would have followed her visit to St. Elizabeth. It would have been only a friendly visit; Mary, pure and holy as she was, could not destroy original sin in the child of her kinswoman, nor cause him to leap with joy in his mother’s womb.

Now what a forcible lesson this gives to zealous souls,—and we ought all to be zealous, *must be zealous*, else we disregard the oft-spoken wish of the Holy Father. On this Feast, Our Lady teaches us the science of waiting. And it is so hard to acquire! We can do anything rather than wait. Yet we must learn to wait, to wait patiently, to wait peacefully; these are three degrees to master: when we have acquired the last we shall be ready for God’s work, for then He will be dwelling in us. Peaceful zeal is a thing no one can have save through the abode of the Spirit of peace within the soul. “It is not required of us,” says

that grand old mentor, the *Spiritual Combat*, “to be so zealous for the salvation of others as to destroy the peace of our own souls. We may have that ardent thirst for their illumination when God shall please to give it to us; but we must wait for it from His hand, and not vainly imagine it is to be acquired by our solicitude and indiscreet zeal. Let us secure to our souls the peace and repose of a holy solitude; such is the will of God, in order to bind and attach us to Himself. Let us remain recollected within ourselves, till the Master of the vineyard hires us.”

Another characteristic of the Feast is *charity*, the queen of virtues, and the virtue of all others most lacking just now. If we had charity, we should have peace. We cannot acquire peaceful zeal by direct efforts; the very struggle would drive peace away. But charity is to be had by struggling for it. This is encouraging, for it is much easier to labor and fight for any object than to wait until it be given to us. No amount of waiting and praying for charity will ever make us charitable. We must wait for it and pray for it, indeed, but labor hard to get it all the while. The virtue of charity includes love of God, love of our neighbor and love of ourselves. We cannot have the two last unless we have the first, nor the first without the other two. We labor to grow in love of God by trying to think often of Him, and by making frequent sacrifices of our desires and interests in order to please Him or to promote His interests. Hence the value of special devotions, for they add to our knowledge of God, and set us to thinking of Him. Hence also the worth of mortification, for all love demands self-denial and self-sacrifice. That love of our neighbor may increase in our souls, we must struggle against our own innate and unconquerable selfishness. Self can never be utterly conquered, but charity must keep up a continual fight against it, else self-love will completely overrule both love

of God and of the neighbor. If the battle is a hard one, yet in one respect it is cheering, for its victories are visible. In most spiritual acquirements we are working in the dark, and can never tell if we have made much progress. We cannot be at all certain that we are advancing even in love of God; but in love of our neighbor every degree gained is openly manifest. Thus, for instance, Mrs. A— is very zealous in works of mercy. She lives only for the poor and the suffering. Her alms are nourishing her own soul meanwhile, for she is plainly more tender-hearted to all, more generous in helping other people's charitable enterprises, more joyous over their success, more grieved by their failures, than she used to be. We can remember when she was rather cold and hard to all beyond her set sphere, ready to see the defects in the good plans of other ladies, chary of helping or praising them, lavish in predictions of failure. She vexed people by her narrow-mindedness. Now she annoys them by her hopefulness, seeing good everywhere. But this is only a proof that she has been increasing in divine charity all this while. Mr. B— is devoted to intellectual good works. He would press all the talent of earth into the service of the Church. Formerly he was arrogant, dictatorial and censorious in his zeal. Now he is much more tolerant of little deficiencies and imperfections among his co-workers; sees their merits, and rejoices in every new undertaking of the kind. His zeal sprang from love of God and of souls, and it is constantly developing this love in his heart. On the other hand, we see numbers whom we cannot, by any stretch of charity, class with Mr. B— or Mrs. A—: literary folks, who are more captious and critical to-day than when they first undertook to do religion a service, and alms-givers who are growing more hopelessly narrow and selfish in their good works. In them the battle is going against charity, self is winning the day. That love of ourselves which is a branch of divine charity also calls for a continual struggle against the baser inclinations of nature. In proportion to our love of our neighbor will be our laudable love of ourselves. Here again the struggle which seems most severe is also most inspiring. Perseverance in any good work is very hard to our fickle nature. We have to be charitable and lenient to ourselves as regards our slow progress and tiresome mistakes, else we shall inevitably throw up the good work in sheer disgust or despair of success. If, then, we are striving to regard the good projects and enterprises of others in a large, hopeful, *Christian* spirit, we shall find these efforts react upon ourselves in a most blessed manner. So long as we rejoice over the amount

of service others are rendering to God, so long shall we be joyous and persevering in our own efforts to please Him. While we put a mild construction on their faults and blunders, we learn to bear with our own. Our hopefulness for them makes us equally sanguine of our own success.

This law of our nature is most beautifully illustrated in our Blessed Mother. She seemed to doubt the great promises of Gabriel. She asks, how can this be done? In proof that all things are possible with God, the Archangel tells her that her cousin Elizabeth has conceived in her old age. Mary then yields her consent, the Incarnation is immediately accomplished, and she goes in haste to congratulate her cousin. Alas, how little we, who boast of being her children, study her example! Mary had become the Mother of the Desired of Nations; the part she was to act in the great work of Redemption was so vast that even her intellect could not fathom it. Yet she turns from the contemplation of this to the marvel which God had wrought for St. Elizabeth. She goes to rejoice with her, to be of service to her. She shows not only her charity but her exceeding humility in so doing, and thus *humility* is the third characteristic of the Visitation. Mary did not think that the service she was doing to God in giving Him the very Flesh through which His designs could be accomplished cast all other services into the shade. In her sweet, generous humility she made much of the share Elizabeth had in the grand work of Redemption. Do we ever ask our poor hearts the cause of their being so indifferent, if not actually hostile, to the zealous desires and works of our fellow-Catholics? Why are we so determined not to aid them, when perhaps the aid we could easily give is the one thing wanting to insure their success? In vain shall we seek to shelter ourselves under the plea that if it be God's work they are engaged in He can accomplish it without our help. It may be His intention that we shall help, and He lets us know this intention either by His own secret whisper to our souls, or by the suggestions or petitions to which we turn a deaf ear. God could have sanctified the Baptist in his mother's womb without the instrumentality of Mary. Yet if she had not made her Visitation that beautiful mystery would not have been accomplished. And thus it is ever in His adorable purposes. No one, however high and holy, can accomplish aught for God without the aid of others. And the one mark, more unerring than all others, that a soul is near to God, is the joyous alacrity with which it hastens, like Mary, to help in whatever way it can the work of His other servants.

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CHRISTIANITY may be defined as the plan of God for the union of man with Himself.—*Fr. Dalgairns.*

The Battle of Connemara.

BY GRACE RAMSAY.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"It's monstrous to think of eating and drinking in face of such a scene as this," declared Mr. Ringwood; "a man ought to live on the salt breeze and the landscape. It is wonderful! I never beheld anything like it!"

"I am glad to see you strike fire at our rocks and hills," said his host; "I was afraid you would think it a barbarous sort of country."

"To tell you the truth I did for the first two-thirds of my ride. I never saw anything so utterly bleak and desolate as the road between the mountains on one side, and the valley full of bogs and lakes and hills on the other; but the introduction only makes the delight of the surprise the greater when the sea-view bursts on one; I never before realized how grand the ocean was; the view from here is positively sublime! What a pity the country is so uninhabited! I expected to find a rather large population in this district."

"And so you will, if you have a little patience," said the Colonel, pleased beyond measure at the Englishman's enthusiasm; "a population of beggars, for the most part, to be sure; you will not be edified by their outward condition, I'm afraid; but if you have left your Saxon prejudices behind you, and come prepared to see the good side of us, you will discover a good deal to make up for the want of fine raiment, and what you call, over the water, the advantages of civilization. The fact is, the peasantry about here are not civilized, as you understand the word; I won't shock you outright at this stage by saying that they are all the better for it; I leave you to make your own observations on us."

"I assure you I have left my prejudices, if I ever had any against Ireland, a long way behind me," said Mr. Ringwood. "I am come fully expecting to find a great deal that is both interesting and admirable among the people. As to their backward civilization, though I don't pretend to be radical in politics, or in anything else, I am ready to set down a large amount of their moral and material wretchedness to the iniquities of our Government."

"Then you will do both the Government and the people a very great wrong," retorted the Colonel, hotly; "there is no moral wretchedness amongst us to impute to anybody, whatever there may be of material misery; that's one of your mistaken English notions, my dear sir. You know something of the wealthy manufacturing districts of England: so do I; well, I tell you that you will meet

with more vice, more drunkenness, more ignorance, more moral wretchedness of every description in any single street in one of those prosperous towns, than you will find in the whole length and breadth of Connemara. The people are poor, but their poverty neither vitiates nor degrades them; they don't realize how poor they are; they are the hardest and the heartiest race under the sun,—the people who care least for their bodies of any people on the face of the earth. Give them a priest to say Mass for them, a bit of thatch over their heads, a pig to pay for it, and a rood of potatoes to feed them, and they are as happy as kings; they will never ask more—nor, what is more remarkable, they will never envy those that have more."

"You would scarcely find a political economist to endorse that eulogy—I suppose you intend it to be a eulogy—of the condition of the people," said Mr. Ringwood.

"Political economy be hanged! you are beginning at the wrong end of it altogether if you are come over on that talk. What the devil do they want with political economy!" protested the Colonel; "you are setting the world upside down with that sort of thing all over Europe. I don't see that the people in other countries are so much the better for your fine theories about progress and so forth. Just wait a few days, and you will tell me what you think of the Irish peasantry in this most uncivilized part of the country. The men are splendid fellows, and as to the women they have not their equals on the face of the earth; the women are peerless. You talk of moral wretchedness! By Jove! it would be a good thing for the world if the morality of the women of Ireland could be made the universal rule everywhere."

They had reached the house now, and saw Lady Margaret looking for them from the window. She had been waiting to pour out the tea. The Colonel was anxious to have the meeting over, but if he was at all uneasy as to the reception Mr. Ringwood would receive, Lady Margaret quickly put him at rest. Nothing could be more gracious than her manner as she rose from behind her Pompadour cups and saucers, and held out her long, slim hand to the man who was "not even a Hottentot."

"Welcome to the wild West! I hope you have not found the journey very intolerable?" she said, smiling.

"I advise you not to press him too closely on that score," broke in the Colonel; "he and I have nearly come to a row already; I shall have hard work of it to set his crooked Saxon mind straight before we let him loose, I foresee."

"That means that our guest's opinions concern-

ing Ireland and the Irish do not coincide with native ones. We shall betwo to hold our own against him, Mr. Ringwood," said Lady Margaret, with a defiant nod at her husband.

"Then I am reassured," said the new-comer, with the utmost gravity; "if the lady is on the right side, the enemy is done for; come on, Colonel; I am ready for you."

"Very pretty behaviour indeed!" retorted the Colonel; "the first thing you do on entering my house is to set my own wife against me! you call that civilization, do you? Eh!"

"Precisely; the old-fashioned notions as to the relations of husband and wife are quite out of date; the ladies are now having it all their own way; they are to be in Parliament one of these days. Are you making preparations with a view to a seat at one of the coming elections, Lady Margaret?" enquired Mr. Ringwood, still speaking with seriousness, as he took a seat by the low tea-table in the window.

"Goodness defend us!" cried the Colonel, enconcing himself in the big arm-chair and laughing complacently at the notion of Peggy in Parliament. "That would be 'a day of wrath, a dreadful day,' when the women appeared on the hustings; may Heaven deliver us from it! in my time at any rate."

"So much for his general philanthropy, you perceive," said Lady Margaret: "*après moi le déluge!* Now a woman would never say that; we are more disinterested—we think of the general good first."

"Yes; I have generally noticed a proclivity towards transcendentalism in lady politicians," remarked Mr. Ringwood, quietly.

"Ah! now you are turning sarcastic!" said Lady Margaret; "I have a mind to spoil your tea by over-sugaring it."

"All right; I knew how it would be!" said the Colonel, in high glee; "you two will fall out before long, and then Ringwood will desert again, and come back to me." But the allies protested that they had not the remotest idea of a breach, and would stand staunch by one another, making common cause against Celtic impudence and presumption.

Lady Margaret was agreeably surprised to find how very easy it was to fulfil her heroic resolution of being civil to the popish priest, who certainly justified Colonel Blake's assurance that the man was a gentleman. His appearance struck her at once as prepossessing, and his manners had the ease and unconsciousness of a man who is well-born as well as well-bred. Perhaps it went a long way towards propitiating and disarming her that he was not the least like any Catholic priest whom she had ever seen. He had none of the round, child-

like familiarity of the Rev. Mr. Fallon, known far and wide as Father Pat; he was rather tall than middle-sized, thin without wearing that starved look that offended her so much in Father Tim, the the priest of Y——, whom she met occasionally at Lord B——'s, some thirty miles off. Mr. Ringwood was somewhere between thirty and forty; he had been considered a dandy in his Oxford days, and even as a clergyman of the Church of England he retained a reputation for elegance and fastidiousness which the puritanical portion of his flock did not quite approve of, esteeming such foibles incompatible with the spirit of humility and unworldliness that become a minister of the Gospel. Since his conversion to the faith, and subsequent ordination as a Catholic priest, all this was changed; dainty linen, perfumery, etc., were banished; the most rigid simplicity was now everywhere apparent in his dress, his furniture, all that he used and possessed; but the original refinement which had once made him so particular in all these respects still remained, and betrayed itself in every tone and movement, in spite of the severe plainness of the priestly attire; perhaps the absence of all adventitious help from without only made the native distinction of the man more striking. Lady Margaret thought she had never seen anyone on whose every line and lineament the word "gentleman" was more distinctly marked. What could have induced such a man to leave his own Church and profession, which meant his whole worldly prospects, to cast in his lot with those Roman Catholics! She felt sufficiently interested in him already to be exceedingly curious about it, and mentally resolved that she would seize the first opening for finding out the clue to this mystery. Mr. Ringwood meantime was far from dreaming that he was the object of such speculations. He had not been the least overcome by Lady Margaret's welcome; it was only what any gentleman had a right to expect; he took it as a matter of course, and felt quite as much at home with her as his brother, Captain Ringwood of the Dragoons, Colonel Blake's regiment, would have been if he had come to stay under her roof. This brother was the link between him and the Colonel, who was very partial to the young captain, who was also a Catholic.

Mr. Ringwood had travelled a great deal, and had come in contact with a number of remarkable men both at home and abroad, and as he was both well-informed and intelligent he had plenty to talk about, and he talked uncommonly well. He spoke about Italy with a warmth of admiration that kindled Lady Margaret's sympathy.

"I spent nearly two years there when I was growing up," she said. "It used to be the dream

of my life in those innocent days to marry an Italian and live there altogether."

"And instead of that she fell to an Irishman, and came to live half the year in Connemara! Poor Peggy!" exclaimed her husband, heaving a sigh, and shaking his head at her; "the lucky thing for me was that she had not seen Connemara; if she had, it would have been all up with me; but I made her take the pig in a poke."

"Yes; that was treacherous, was it not?" said Lady Margaret. "But I am bound to say the pig did not turn out such a bad pig; I might have gone farther, even to my beloved Italy, and not fared much better."

"Humph! 'much' sounds complimentary," retorted her husband; "but that is always the way with my lady; she says a civil thing and then takes you down a peg. Hold yourself prepared, Ringwood."

"Thank you." Mr. Ringwood bowed and smiled.

"Don't believe that, pray; it is a calumny," protested Lady Margaret. "I only practice that system with conceited persons who require taking down. In this country, unfortunately, I find constant occasion for exercising it. May I give you another cup of tea?"

The Colonel was going to enter a vehement protest, but Burke, the butler, came in to say that one of the tenants had come up and wanted to say a word to his honor.

"Show him into the library," said the Colonel. "Now you will have it all your own way," he continued, as he hauled up his large, Newfoundland-like limbs from the depths of his roomy arm-chair; "you will have no one to contradict you, and can abuse the noble people of Ireland to your heart's content!"

"No, Colonel; being strong, we will be generous, and wait till you are present again to take their part," declared Mr. Ringwood. The Colonel left the room, and Lady Margaret found herself in the extraordinary position of a *tête-à-tête* with a Catholic priest in her own boudoir. The oddest part of the thing was that she felt very comfortable, and quite disposed to improve the opportunity, as if her companion had been an ordinary mortal.

"This is the first time you have been to Ireland, is it not?" she enquired, taking up her embroidery with that air which makes a guest feel so thoroughly at home at once.

"Yes; this is my first visit."

"It is too soon to ask any questions; besides, we promised the Colonel to suspend hostilities while his back was turned; but I can't help wondering what impression the country has made on you; I am always so curious to compare notes with peo-

ple as to their first impressions of Connemara."

"I assure you they are very favorable," said Mr. Ringwood, frankly; "I never saw a place which at first sight gave me so many surprises, roused my curiosity so much, in fact excited my interest as this has done. But pray tell me where the population is that I heard of. Is it a myth?"

"No; it really exists."

"But where? In the clouds above the hill-tops, or has it a local habitation and name?"

"Yes, it has; but it is spread over an immense area, and it has a way of hiding itself in thatched boxes in covered spots along the slopes or under the cliffs; you will find it out, however, very shortly."

"And where is the church? the chapel they call it here, I believe."

"You passed it on your way from Ballyrock," said Lady Margaret; "though I dare say you would not know what it was without being told; it looks more like a barn than a house of worship; I believe they daubed a cross somewhere on the wall, but it has perhaps got washed out by the rains."

"I remember seeing it; that must have been the chapel, a long white-washed edifice which, as you say, I took for some sort of farm building; I thought it was a place for storing wood, or such things, belonging to the house here. And the people assemble there every Sunday in large numbers?"

"Not every Sunday; I believe they only have service, Mass—that is—once or twice in a month; 'Father Pat,' as they call him, is the nearest priest, and he has a large congregation of his own to look after, and can't come often; then there is 'Father Tim,' who is fifteen miles off, in the opposite direction"—and Lady Margaret pointed with her embroidery needle towards the Twelve Piers—"but whenever a priest comes, no matter where from, the people flock to the chapel from great distances; they think nothing of walking fifteen or twenty miles to get Mass here; I see them pouring down from the hills, climbing up from the valleys, on my way to church. You have not seen our church: it is a beautiful little edifice; pure gothic; I hate every other style for sacred purposes. We built this ourselves; it was only finished last year. You must see it before you go."

"You have a resident clergyman?" said Mr. Ringwood.

"Yes, a very pleasant man; the gentlemen call him a jolly good fellow; he is not of the ascetic type exactly; but the fact is he must do something with his time, and he has very little work here," added Lady Margaret, apologetically.

"His congregation is not a very large one?"

"Not very."

Mr. Ringwood learned by-and-by that the said

congregation consisted of nine members, recruited chiefly from the reverend W. Wilkinson's own household, with a contingent of three from the Towers, namely Lady Margaret, Colonel Blake, and her ladyship's maid, Wells, who was English, and the only Protestant servant in the establishment.

"Shall we go and take a walk?" said Lady Margaret, abruptly, as the evening sun burst in a pink flood through the bay window of the boudoir; "dinner will not be for an hour yet, and you might make acquaintance with the park meantime; but perhaps you are too tired after your long ride?"

"Not the least," said her guest; "I should enjoy a walk before dinner exceedingly."

Lady Margaret left the room, and returned in a few minutes with her bonnet on, equipped for the expedition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Visitation.

BY M. L. M.

How lovely the mystery claiming
Our praise and devotion to-day;
See! Mary, most timid of virgins,
Hastes over the mountains away.
Her cherished retirement forsaking,
From Nazareth's cloister she flies;
The world, with its tumult and struggle,
Has interest now in her eyes.

The LIGHT OF THE WORLD she is bearing
Upon His first errand of grace;
Omnipresence hath hidden within her,
And home seems no longer her place.
The Heart that beneath hers is throbbing,
Has fired it with exquisite pain,
She yearns o'er the sinful and fallen,
The conquests her Child has to gain.

Fond Mother! thy life-work beginneth,
But light is this earliest toil;
Thy cousinly greeting hath driven
The evil one from a fair spoil.
To the Victor unborn thou presentest
His dearest and holiest prize;
From touch of sin free, His Precursor
Shall to a high mission arise.

O Mary! this first Visitation,
With calm, holy gladness is filled,
While we muse on its memories peaceful
Each thought of disquiet is stilled.
The one feast amid whose rich brightness
No shadow of Calvary appears:
The feast-day of Jesus and Mary,
It harbors no sorrows or fears.

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

BY FRANCES HOWE.

As the weeks passed on while we travelled slowly northward, each day the resolution to visit Bois d'Haine became more and more defined. The 5th of August found us at Spire, the see of an ancient bishopric. Its Cathedral is the St. Denis of Germany, but it is not the tombs of emperors and kings which form the chief interest of the Catholic traveller, neither is it the beautiful architecture of the sacred edifice, but the fact that St. Bernard there, within its walls, gave utterance to that sublime praise of the Mother of God: "*O clemens! O pia! O dulcis Virgo Maria!*"

But to us Spire presented another attraction, for its present Bishop we had known when he was Abbot of the Convent of St. Boniface, in Munich. And not only did we anticipate a pleasant visit, but we also hoped to obtain useful advice concerning a visit to Louise Lateau.

We found his residence easily, but when we arrived at the door we met the reception usually given in Germany by those who serve ecclesiastical dignitaries. We were scanned from head to foot, and, deaconesses no longer existing in the Church, three ladies mean only three ciphers as far as religious importance is concerned. Our cards were scrutinized before our faces with a cool impertinence, and if our appearance had partially satisfied the porter that our social position entitled us to pay our respects to his master, our cards, being like the cards of anyone then claiming the protection of the American flag, utterly destitute of armorial bearings, he told us without further inquiry that at present the Bishop was deeply engaged in his daily routine of duty, which could not be interrupted, and that the Bishop would not be free until two o'clock. Now two o'clock is precisely the hour of the departure of the Rhine steamer, usually preferred by tourists to the railway, and as an ecclesiastic in the Cathedral had informed us positively that the morning was the time at which the Bishop was free to receive visits, we were not to blame if in our hearts we accused the porter of wishing to rid himself of us by mentioning an hour at which it would be impossible for us to come. We may have made a rash judgment; but be that as it may, we relinquished the idea of the steamer, concluding to avail ourselves of the railway train, which left at a much later hour, and was far less agreeable.

The porter seemed both surprised and vexed

to see us when we returned at two o'clock, an hour which was probably as inconvenient to the Bishop as it had been to us. He did again attempt to send us away, but finally our repeated assertions that we were acquainted with the Bishop seemed to make some impression on him, and at last he did consent to carry up the episcopal stairway the cards which he found so basely destitute of any tokens of nobility.

Our difficulties in this case arose from the general ignorance of foreigners, and especially of Germans, concerning that law of the United States which withheld passports and consular protection from those of her citizens who while travelling abroad made use of any of the insignia of nobility. And owing to this law, or to the general want of the knowledge thereof in Europe, whichever you will, the very passport that told the police that you were not a vagabond, placed you in a very false light as far as social rank is concerned.

The fortress once stormed, the outworks gained, we found that Abbot Hanneberg had not in becoming Bishop Hanneberg lost any of that unaffected simplicity of manner which had seemed so charming in the modest, unpretentious reception-room of that architecturally grand convent of St. Boniface. He received us in that same manner, despite the episcopal purple; the Bishop was still the Benedictine, and the episcopal residence was not half so dear to him as the less conspicuous halls of his own convents in Munich and in the picturesque outskirts of the Bavarian Alps.

The events of the time that had elapsed since we last had seen him having been duly discussed, we spoke of our desire to visit Louise Lateau. He advised us to continue our Rhine journey as far as Cologne, whence we might reach Belgium in a few hours. Bois d'Haine, he informed us, was in the diocese of Tournay, therefore it was to the Bishop of that See we must apply for the requisite permission. However, he added, if it suited our plans better to go to Mechlin, the Archbishop there being the Primate of Belgium overruled the Bishop of Tournay, and that therefore his permission would be equally valid. Bringing us maps, he showed us the relative position of these three cities, Cologne, Mechlin and Tournay, and in everything he exhibited the kindest interest. But as he was not personally acquainted with either dignitary he was unable to give us any introductory letter; but he encouraged us to apply, saying that the Prelates of Belgium were excessively kind and affable, and that Catholics from America—that missionary country—certainly had claims on the Church of the Old World.

The hope that we would make a better impression on the Bishop of Tournay than we had made

on the porter of the episcopal residence of Spire accompanied us throughout our subsequent journey, and we determined more firmly than ever to fulfil our promise, which was now more binding since we had learned so very accurately what to do and where to go. We did not then know that the rude conduct of the porter was simply the commencement of that trial and humiliation, that cross which we carried to the very threshold of the Lateau cottage, and which did not desert us until we were far distant from Bois d'Haine; only the beginning, only a portion of that cross which all must carry who wish to stand on this modern Calvary.

We did not begin to have any conception of the difficulties of the case until when, speaking on the subject with the priest who occupies the confessional "pro Anglica" in Cologne, he told us that so many were the applications that only a very small proportion of the applicants could obtain admission to the tiny cottage; and adding that the chances of success were very few for those who came unrecommended, he advised us if we knew any source from which we could obtain an introductory letter to apply for it immediately.

Aside from the promise which we had made, we had a strong feeling that it was the duty of every American Catholic to contribute his or her mite to the multiform missionary work of the New World, and that we should neglect no means of making ourselves witnesses of every religious fact in Catholic Europe that was within our reach. And despite many obstacles, everything seemed to arrange itself in accordance with our plans. At the time that we arrived in Cologne it was late in August, and we had before us that equinoctial month of September, in which no landsman wishes to be on the sea. In that month, which this consideration impelled us to still spend in Europe, we had ample time to make our application, and, if successful, to visit Bois d'Haine.

We left Cologne the afternoon of September 2nd, the anniversary of the battle of Sedan—that victory of Prussia which has given her that terrible and unfortunate predominance in European political circles.

European Protestantism and European infidelity have learned from the Catholic Church many an important lesson, and among them the necessity of a joyful repose,—that necessity, familiarly expressed by the time-worn proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." While laying the corner-stone of their schemes for the destruction of Christianity, the infidel Governments arrange the practical lessons which they have learned from the Catholic Church according to

the rules of their pagan philosophy. Wishing, as they do, to win the people, they are too prudent to reduce them to decorous rest taken every seventh day, for they know that thus the task of alienating the hearts of the people from the doctrines of the Church would be increased twofold. Knowing this, they institute political festivals which they intend shall eventually supersede the holydays of religion. But skilfully as they may mix their pill, they are omitting the important ingredient, for which they substitute a virulent poison. Religious instruction—and, above all, lifting up the heart to God in prayer—renders what would be otherwise a waste of that precious time given to us by God, not to amass wealth, but to work out our salvation, a most beneficial lightening of the load of earning one's daily bread. Political exultation, political rancor, beget nothing save drunken frolics—and, what is far worse, envy, hatred, and covetousness are exalted into virtues when exercised on a nation whom a Government is pleased to style "the enemy."

Such were the reflections that filled our minds as we saw church and town-hall alike flaunting the red, white and black of the new German Empire, and the very suggestive black and white banner of Prussia with its vulture-like eagle. And from the ancient Cathedral streamed the same emblems of triumph, while hour after hour the vaulted roof re-echoed the one loud sorrowful appeal, "Let us pray for our imprisoned Archbishop."

And yet, as if in mockery of that cry of distress, the city Council had decreed that the term "government buildings" should include the churches, and that they too must join in the external triumph over the beginning of the downfall of Christianity in the German Empire under the title of the "Deliverance of 1870."

We watched the city fade away from our vision, as the train bore us westward, nearer towards one of the many acceptable sacrifices of expiation for these scenes of impiety, until the lofty towers and the waving flags were no longer discernible, and then we thought that we had left this exhibition of triumph; but each village through which we passed, each station at which the train halted, repeated the same scene of fluttering canvas and festive garland. At Aix-la-Chapelle the decorations were as numerous and extensive as those of Cologne, and Charlemagne's last retiring place joined in rejoicing at the defeat of France.

Quite late in the afternoon the train arrived at Verriers, and as the railway official opened the door of the coupé he informed us that all must leave the train. "The Belgian frontier?" we inquired. The official replied in the affirmative; but there

had been no need to ask the question. For not only were posts at the switches and holding the signal lights, no longer painted in the funeral black and white, and not only did the officials on duty in the railway station wear a uniform strange to us, but the railway buildings had no festive decorations, and the general work-a-day plainness told us that we were now in a country that did not keep the humiliations of France in perpetual and triumphant remembrance.

Letter from California.

DEAR AVE MARIA:—It was on the 25th of April, the Feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, that I met on board the steamer "Los Angeles" his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco, in company with several priests, on their way to the city of Los Angeles to assist at the consecration of its new Cathedral. While passing through the "Golden Gate" the fog was so thick that it prevented us from enjoying the beautiful panoramic view there afforded by the surrounding scenery and so much admired by strangers. The steamer was inconveniently small, but the officers were so gentlemanly and kind that they made us in a measure oblivious to the inconveniences of the voyage.

On the morning of the 27th we had sailed nearly 400 miles and were approaching the modern town of Santa Monica, on the seaboard. Here the cars were awaiting us, and in little more than one hour's pleasant ride we found ourselves entering the suburbs of the City of the Angels, with the sweet aroma of thousands of orange trees, now in bloom, scenting the air with their fragrance. This exhilarated us, and one could scarcely help saying "*Bonum est nos hic esse,*"—"It is good for us to be here."

You may imagine the scene on our arrival, pastor meeting pastor and cordially shaking hands after a separation of many years. There was good Bishop Amat waiting to welcome the Archbishop and ourselves, and so great was his pleasure at the meeting with his august *confère* and the reverend guests accompanying him that he seemed to forget his advanced age and sickness, and appeared, for the time being, renewed with new life and vigor.

We had Friday and Saturday to look at the city and visit friends, and it is needless to say that our first visit was to the new Cathedral. It would take a better pen than mine to describe this magnificent building, but, even at the risk of failing in the attempt, I must endeavor to say something about it. While yet at a great distance off you may behold the massive brick structure, with its tower rising majestically above all surrounding objects. This tower is 125 feet high, surmounted by a cross, and is situated at the rear of the church. This latter is adorned with six statues—St. Peter, St. Paul, and the four Evangelists, Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. These statues are six feet in height. The building, which is in the Corinthian style of architecture, is 160 feet long,—

without counting the width of the tower—80 feet wide, and 50 feet high in the centre, but the fresco work adorning the walls makes it appear much higher than it really is. The building can seat 1,200 people. There are three altars. In a niche over the main altar are the relics of St. Vibiana, Virgin and Martyr, placed in a rich urn; at the Gospel side is a handsome statue of St. Patrick; a statue of St. Emidius adorns the Epistle side. The side altars are respectively dedicated to Our Lady of Graces and her holy spouse St. Joseph. The building is lighted by sixteen double windows of stained glass, contributed by different parishes and by individual benefactors. A neat iron railing with a handsome gate fronts the edifice. The total cost of the building and decorations is \$75,000, all paid previous to the consecration, as you are no doubt aware that no building of the kind can be consecrated until it is out of debt. How such an amount of money was collected in a city of 14,000 inhabitants, and only 5,000 of these Catholics, is a mystery; but, as a priest observed, the indefatigable labors of the worthy Bishop and the patronage of St. Vibiana no doubt went a great way towards supplying the necessary funds for this beautiful temple of God.

And now, before mentioning the ceremonies of dedication, it may not be amiss to say a few words about the Patroness of the Cathedral, St. Vibiana, about whom so little is known outside of this diocese. In the month of December, 1853, the Roman Commissioners of Sacred Archaeology gave orders to have the debris of the ruins in the Catacomb of St. Sixtus carefully examined. This Catacomb is now known by the name of the Cemetery of Pretextatus, and is situated to the left of the Via Appia, at a place called Bonfiglioli, about a mile beyond the Gate of St. Sebastian. The excavations brought to light an ancient entrance to the cemetery, now in a state of ruin, but some marble slabs with their inscriptions had remained intact, and bodies of martyrs were found, with the vessels containing their blood still hanging by their side. Among these was the body of our St. Vibiana. In the niche at its left was a vase of glass of a reddish color. A slab of marble inclosed the tomb, on the removal of which the arch of the grave fell in over the remains of the martyr. After the rubbish was carefully removed it was observed that the location of the head corresponded with that where stood the *ampulla* with the blood. It was conjectured that she suffered in the third century, and in the twelfth or thirteenth year of her age. The inscription reads as follows:

ANIME INNOCENTI ADQUE PUDICE VIBIANE.

IN PACE D. PR. K. ST.

"The innocent and chaste soul of Vibiana was laid down in peace on the 31st of August."

In the beginning of the year 1854 the precious remains of St. Vibiana were exposed for public veneration in one of the churches of Rome, and many petitions were presented to the Holy Father for her relics. Rt. Rev. Bishop Amat, who had just been consecrated Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, being then in Rome, heard of the precious treasure, and in an audi-

ence granted him by the Holy Father he solicited the relics for his diocese in the far West, and was granted them on condition that a church would be dedicated in her honor. Since then, our good Bishop has labored strenuously towards the fulfillment of his promise to the Holy Father, and the 30th of April saw his hopes realized and his labors crowned with success. This brings us back to the ceremonies of consecration. On Saturday the first Vespers were solemnly sung, in the presence of the relics about to be inclosed in the altar, and on Sunday morning the ceremonies of consecration began. It is needless to recount in detail the various unctions incidental to the consecration, and the successive incensings of the new altar. The ceremonies of consecration lasted nearly six hours, from 8 o'clock a. m. to 2 p. m., when, the twelve crosses in various parts of the church being anointed with chrism and the altar-cloth blessed, the moment arrived for beginning the first Mass at the newly-consecrated altar. This was pontificated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Mora.

Rev. Father Buchard, an eloquent son of St. Ignatius, one well known on the Pacific coast for his unceasing labors in the spread of Gospel truth, and justly celebrated for his burning eloquence, delivered the dedicatory sermon, after the Gospel, giving a full and interesting explanation of the ceremonies of the day.

Shortly after 4 o'clock Bishop Amat conducted his guests to the dinner-table, where Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany congratulated him on the success of his labors and wished him many more years of life in the vineyard of their Divine Master. Bishop Amat arose to reply, but was so overcome with emotion at the kind words of the Archbishop that he could only find a few words wherewith to express his thanks.

After dinner all repaired to the Church of Our Lady of the Angels, where an immense concourse was already assembled for the procession about to take place in transferring the relics of St. Vibiana. The procession started at six o'clock. It was headed by the Mexican Brass Band, followed successively by the "Children of Mary" from the school of the Sisters of Charity, in number between two and three hundred, all dressed in white; the "Children of St. Vibiana," about one hundred in number; the Society of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, boys, 50 in number; the Ancient Order of Hibernians, 60 and over; the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, 50 members, after which came the processional cross, carried by Rev. F. Basso, of Sant Inez Mission, followed by the Rev. clergy and representatives from the Jesuit, Franciscan, Dominican, and Lazarist Orders, Rev. Father Buchard, S. J., of San Francisco, Very Rev. Father Romo, O. S. F., of Santa Barbara, Rev. F. Lentz, O. S. D., of San Francisco, Revs. M. O'Brien, and M. Richardson, C. M., of St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles. Then came the urn containing the sacred relics. It was richly decorated, and carried by four clergymen in alb and stole, namely Rev. J. Comapla, of San Buenaventura; Rev. M. Mahony, of Watsonville; Rev. T. F. Hudson, of Gilroy; and Rev. J. Adam, of Santa Cruz. After the sacred relics came Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany and

Bishops Amat and Mora, Bishop Amat in a carriage on account of ill-health and consequent weakness. There were thousands and thousands of spectators, Catholic and non-Catholic, witnessing the ceremony. After the procession reached the Cathedral the relics were deposited in the middle of the sanctuary and a most eloquent and impressive sermon in Spanish was delivered by the Archbishop. The *Te Deum* was then sung by the clergy, followed by solemn Vespers and a sermon by Rev. Father Adam. The preacher took for text the 28th chapter of Genesis, verse 17, applying the words of Holy Writ to the temple of God in which they were then assembled, which would be a place of terror to the profane and evil-minded, but the gate of heaven for good Christians. He spoke of the remains of the Saint lying hid in the Catacombs for 1,500 years before giving honor and glory to God in this holy temple, where they would now through her intercession obtain many graces for souls, and additional merit for the day of general resurrection. *Valé. A PILGRIM.*

Jewish Reproach of Protestantism.

[From the London Jewish Chronicle.]

Take, for instance, the divinity of Jesus. All Christendom, whether Catholic or Protestant, believes that Jesus was God manifest in the flesh, and that Mary was His Mother. It is clear that if Jesus is God, and Mary His mother, Mary is the mother of God. And this is unhesitatingly admitted by Catholics. But talk to Protestants of the mother of God, and they will be up in arms, and cry blasphemy! The inconsistency is clear. The Reformation should have either denied the divinity of Jesus or admitted that Mary was the mother of God. It has done neither. Can this be satisfactory to logic and conscience? Take another instance. Catholics and Protestants both admit the reality of the miracles recorded in the New Testament. They further believe that those miracles were performed by way of credentials in support of the teaching enjoined by Scriptural personages. The conclusion is therefore clear that as the performance of miracles in those days could only have influenced those in whose days they were wrought, and who either witnessed them or heard of them from those who witnessed them, the power of performing miracles must have continued in Christendom, since the necessity for them was as great after the death of these personages as it was in their days. And, indeed, the distinct promise was given to the followers of Jesus that the power of working miracles would continue with them. Accordingly, the Roman Catholic Church has at all times performed miracles, and claims to do so to this day. Thus the stigmata of Louise Lateau are considered by the Roman Catholics the effect of a miracle. Thus the conversion of the Jew Ratisbonne, in a trice, by the

appearance of the Virgin to him, is ascribed to a miracle. Thus the appearance of the Virgin in the grotto of Lourdes to some children is declared to the faithful to be a miracle. But all these miracles are rejected by Protestants as mere hallucinations or frauds. On what grounds can the evidence of those who witnessed these miracles be rejected and those recorded in the Gospels be maintained? They both rest on the evidences of eye-witnesses; and, considering the public manner in which these modern miracles were performed and the tests to which they have been subjected by men who lack neither candor, knowledge, nor opportunities for investigating the subject, the balance of credulity is decidedly on the side of modern miracles. Surely, in those several cases of canonizations, even in our days, the number and credibility of the witnesses who testified to the reality of the miracles performed by the relics of the canonized saints are at least as great as those of the confessedly illiterate early disciples of Jesus, or the simple-minded women who acted such a conspicuous part in the events which led to the establishment of Christianity. Where is Protestant consistency in receiving one set of miracles and rejecting the other? And why, if Jesus was really God, should not a piece of dough, if He willed it, be transformed into His flesh, and a drop of wine into His blood? Is it because after the consecration the elements still present the same appearance which marked them before the transmutation? Then what is the good of a mystery admitted by Protestants the same as by Roman Catholics, if it cannot cover such a phenomenon? Is it more unreasonable to admit this mysterious transmutation than to believe that three is one and one is three? The result of such comparisons, and the reasoning based upon them, must be a shock to the logic and conscience of many a thinking Christian, and the alternative which forces itself upon him is, either to decline believing all these inconsistencies and incongruities taught by his Church, and to admit that the Jews after all were consistent when they refused credence to all those statements upon which the structure of Christianity is reared, or to admit them in their full length and breadth, as does the Roman Church, and consequently to embrace her. There is no way out of this dilemma, and secessions from the Anglican Church will continue, while the causes producing them will be tolerated. Nothing but another reform, ending in an approach in the direction of Judaism, can save Protestantism; and the sooner this new reform be undertaken, the better chance will Protestantism have to preserve itself. If it delays much longer, it may be too late. It may in the interval have lost some of its leading minds

and there may not be sufficient earnestness, spirituality, and intellect left to cope with the gigantic evil.

Letter from Vermont.

BURLINGTON, VT., June 5, 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—Aware that you always love to hear of the spread of our Lady's kingdom, I communicate to you with peculiar pleasure the extension of the religious garden of our Lord in this slow to be honored, but at last happily favored State. Our Blessed Lord has just given us a religious community all our own—dependent upon no other house—all our own! You are aware it is scarce twenty-three years since this far-off part of the old Boston diocese was erected into a separate Sec. We have our first Bishop among us still. The Rt. Rev. L. de Goesbriand has ever since his installation maintained Catholic schools with assiduity. Both he and all his priests feel the importance of this point. No Catholic child has permission here to attend any secular school of the city.

Our benign city and State educational boards tax us for all the public Protestant schools. They, without representation, tax us, every head, from four years up to eighteen. We pay the secular school extortioner, and, nowise dismayed, we maintain our own schools, taught by our own religious besides, and intend to, by the help of God. We have in this our Cathedral city (re-named by our Rt. Rev. Bishop upon the election of the people, "The City of Mary," some years since, and soon after ratified by the Holy Father) five Irish-American schools taught by the Sisters of Mercy; five French and English schools taught by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary, and our Orphan Asylum school by the Sisters of Providence; a pupilage of eleven hundred or more, in charge of fourteen or fifteen religious teachers.

In September, 1874, our Very Rev. Vicar General asked and obtained from the mother-house of the Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, N. H., several Sisters as teachers for our schools of the Cathedral parish, who have given great satisfaction. In October of the same year, Very Rev. Father Lynch commenced a convent building for the Sisters. It has been finished the present season, at a cost of about \$15,000, and is located just over the way, in the near neighborhood of the Bishop's Cathedral. Father Lynch's convent is a handsome building, and does credit to him and his builders. The Sisters have moved in. To-day this sacred home of religion was blessed, its altar and chapel consecrated.

The altar is made of a variety of very handsome marbles: The effect is pleasing. Very sweet—we say, looking upon it—very sweet for a convent chapel; and it is gratifying to us, that after so many years, our native marbles, so beautiful in themselves, are at length chosen to be thus consecrated to the worship of Almighty God. To us it is a great beginning of good things—things hoped for and promised. Our parish schools we may expect to see advance, and the Sisters

of Mercy now being established among us, propose soon—about the first of September, we believe—to open in their new building, consecrated under the title of "St. Patrick's Convent of Our Lady of Mercy," an academy for the higher branches of education.

On Pentecost Sunday, most religiously beautiful of all, occurred our first religious profession by ladies of Burlington. At High Mass, in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Burlington officiating, assisted by Very Rev. Thos. Lynch and Rev. Wm. Murphy, received the profession of three young ladies, novices of the Sisters of Mercy, who have been here for some time as teachers—Miss Annie Frances McManus, in religion Sister Mary Clare Joseph, of Portugal, Me.; Miss Kate Elizabeth Yorke, in religion Sister Mary Magdalene Louis, of Galway, Ireland; Miss Julia Higgins, in religion Sister Mary Joachim, of Kilshausey, Ireland. In the Sec of our episcopal city we have planted, for our centennial tree, our first independent religious house in the State. Pray for us, and give expression to our joy for us, good and dear AVE MARIA. Our Ladies of Mercy receive your journal, and, like pious souls in or out of the world, like it very much. Always yours,

MARIE JOSEPHINE.

Catholic Notes.

—We are pleased to hear that the veteran missionary, Rev. Father Damen, S. J., has entirely recovered from his late severe illness and is again at work.

—A correspondent corrects a mistake of ours in placing the population of San José at a lower figure than the reality; it should be between 15,000 and 16,000, ranking it second only to San Francisco.

—A "Mrs. A. H. Dorsey," who has had trouble before the Courts of New York on account of a lawsuit for debt, is *not* the Catholic writer, Mrs. Anna Harrison Dorsey, who resides in and is a native of Washington, D. C.

—A nephew of Cardinal Merode, Prince Philip of Arenberg, son of Prince Anthony of Arenberg and of Countess Maria de Merode, has entered a seminary to prepare for Holy Orders. His grand-uncle, the Capuchin monk, Charles of Arenberg, is well known by his ascetic works.

—A rich Maltese, Mr. Vincenzi Bujela, has founded an orphan asylum capable of sheltering 50 poor orphan girls, and has endowed the institute with an annual rent of 25,000 francs (\$5,000). The entire cost of the building will amount to one million of francs (over \$250,000).

—The corner-stone of a new Church, erected by the Capuchin Fathers, was laid in Milwaukee, Wis., on Sunday, June 18, by Very Rev. Father Kundig, Vicar General. Many of the Rev. Clergy of the city and from other parts of the diocese were present, and the imposing ceremonies were witnessed by a large concourse of spectators.

—Messrs. Dennis Hagerty, Joseph Sherer, Michael Lauth, Paul Kollop and James Rogers made their relig-

ious profession in the Congregation of the Holy Cross, on the morning of the 23d of June, the Feast of the Sacred Heart; and Messrs. Hüge and Renkuss received the holy habit as Brothers in the same Congregation; the first is called Brother Prosper, the second, Brother Pascal.

—There are only three relics of St. Joseph still extant, namely:—his cincture, his wedding ring worn by the Blessed Virgin, and his patriarchal staff. The cincture is in the parish church of Joinville, France. Rev. M. Desmot, parish priest of that city, has lately published a work in which the authentic documents concerning the origin and conservation of this precious relic are brought forward.

—Since the good religious, both Brothers and Sisters, have been driven from the German schools, the Protestant *Pædagogische Zeitung* states that 15,000 children have to remain without any instruction whatever; 150,000 more are taught by young and in most instances unqualified females, and by half-grown boys; and 200,000 children are occasionally occupied by teachers of other schools.

—We hear, that Rev. Father Joachim Adam, the beloved pastor of Santa Cruz, Cal., well known to our readers as the author of "Pilgrimages to Our Lady of Monserrat," and "A Sketch of the Early Missions of California," celebrated the 14th anniversary of his ordination on Trinity Sunday. Rev. Father Adam and his assistant, Father Hawes, are hard-working priests, and zealous friends of the AVE MARIA.

—Monsignor Colet, Archbishop of Tours, has presented the Church of the Sacred Heart with a crucifix carved from the wood of a large branch of the hawthorn-tree planted by St. Francis de Paula. This branch was torn from the tree by a recent tempest, which visited the château of Plessis-les-Tours, in the gardens of which St. Francis had planted the young sapling on the occasion of his visit there, the saint having been summoned by Louis XI, in order that his prayers might avert the king's impending death.

—As a relic of olden bigotry in Maryland, the following, from the *Maryland Gazette*, Annapolis, of July 31st, 1646, will be read with interest now that intolerance is again cropping up here and there throughout the land: "Last Thursday the following persons were executed here, Peter Ferry, Thomas Rigby and James Carter. They all died as they lived, ignorant, obstinate Roman Catholics, and at their desire were put into their coffins and buried with all their clothes and crosses and other religious trumpery about them. The other four were reprieved by his Excellency. These men were all English subjects taken on board a French privateer, being volunteers in that service."

—About the replacing of religious attendants in the hospitals, Dr. Buernes writes as follows in the *Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift* (German Medical Weekly.) "The movement to replace religious by seculars in nursing the sick would not be a lasting one, as we have foreseen and predicted already in another place. The nursing of the sick is by no means so attractive (*verlockend*) that many should feel them-

selves called to it, and in case of epidemic and contagious diseases the great want of suitable nurses would by no means be satisfied. Besides this, the faithful performance of their onerous duties would not be beyond suspicion with a great many of the paid nurses. The activity, faithfulness and perseverance of religious communities occupied with the care of the sick has on the other hand proved to be excellent, both in peace and war, and is highly deserving of praise.

—Eight years ago only heathens could be found in Sahara and Soudan, but not a single Catholic priest or layman. Now 200 laborers, both priests and sisters, are employed there in our Lord's vineyard. Catholic education of youth is conducted in 29 institutions. Bishop Lavigerie has established two colonies (villages) entirely peopled with young Christian Arabs. Near these two villages, called respectively Saint Cyprian and Saint Augustine, stands Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, another testimony of apostolic zeal. Many young Arabs, both male and female, embrace the religious life, preferring to remain single. Seventy-two Arabian youths are studying for the holy ministry in French seminaries. Ten missionary stations, with three missionaries in each, are erected in the midst of the infidels of the Kabyle country, in the Sahara desert, and in Tunis. Christianity owes the results of these exertions to the divine precept: "*Curate et docete.*" Upon the ruins of ancient Carthage, right on the spot where St. Louis was buried, a chapel and an orphan asylum are being built in his honor.

—Ninety-one years ago Father Carroll set down the Catholic population of the United States at twenty-five thousand, and he may have fallen short of the real number by about ten thousand. In 1808, when episcopal sees were placed at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown, the Catholic population had increased to about one hundred and fifty thousand. In 1832 Bishop England estimated the Catholics of the United States at half a million; but in 1833, after having given the subject greater attention, he thought there could not be less than a million and a quarter. Both these estimates, however, were mere surmises; for Bishop England, who always exaggerated the losses of the Church in this country, not finding it possible to get the data for a well-founded opinion as to the Catholic population, was left to conjectures or to arguments based upon premises which, to say the least, were themselves unproven. The editors of the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* for 1848, basing their calculations upon the very satisfactory returns which they had received from the thirty dioceses then existing in the United States, set down our Catholic population at 1,190,700, and this is probably the nearest approach which we can make to the number of Catholics in this country at the time the great Irish famine gave a new impulse to emigration to America. From 1848 down to the present day the increase of the Catholic population has been very rapid, it having risen in a period of twenty-eight years from a little over a million to nearly seven millions. The third revised edition of Schem's *Statistics of the World for 1875* gives 6,000,000 as the Catholic population of the United States, and the *American Annual Cy-*

clopedia for 1875 reckons it as more than 6,000,000; and from a careful consideration of the data, which, however, are still imperfect, we think it is at present probably not less than 7,000,000.—*The Catholic World*.

Approbation of Right Rev. Bishop Amat.

SANTA CRUZ, June 7, 1876.

I very cheerfully recommend the "AVE MARIA" to Catholic families in this Our Diocese, and would like to see it read both by old and young people. It will bring devotion and love for Our Blessed Mother into the hearts of the faithful, a pledge of eternal happiness.

✠ THADDEUS, C. M.,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

New Publications.

—The *Catholic World* this month has special features of interest, it being the Centennial number. A sonnet by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the Catholic Tennyson, entitled "The Centenary of American Liberty," appropriately takes the lead. The other articles, all able and opportune, are as follows: II, The Catholic Church in the United States, 1776-1876; III, A Frenchman's View of it; IV, Letters of a Young Irishwoman to Her Sister; V, The Typical Men of America; VI, Catholics in the American Revolution; VII, The Irish Home-Rule Movement. By A. M. Sullivan, M. P.; VIII, Sir Thomas More; IX, The Transcendental Movement in New England; X, Charles Carroll of Carrollton; XI, The Puritan Sabbath and Catholic Sunday; XII, The Eternal Years; XIII, New Publications.

—The Catholic Publication Society has just issued a people's edition of Cardinal Manning's admirable book, "THE GLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART." This edition is printed from duplicate plates, made in London, the proofs of which were revised by Cardinal Manning himself. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, price 75 cents.

—RECEIVED.—From B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., "DR. JOSEPH SALZMANN'S LEBEN UND WIRKEN."

Death of the Bishop of Havana, Cuba.

Monseñor Apolinar Serrano of Diaz, Bishop of San Cristobal de la Habana, died suddenly at his Episcopal residence at Havana, on Thursday, June 15, of yellow fever. Monseñor Serrano was born at Villaramiel, diocese of Palencia, Spain, on the 23d of July, 1833. He made his ecclesiastical studies in his native land, and in due time was ordained priest. On the 23d of September, 1875, he was appointed by the Holy See to administer over the Diocese of San Cristobal de la Habana, which had been for a long time without a Chief Pastor. Monseñor Serrano shortly after his consecration repaired to his cathedral of San Cristobal, famous for its moss-covered walls, and as the resting place of

the great discoverer of America. Here he set himself immediately to work, and soon found his way into the hearts of his people. He was indefatigable in his labors. He gave conferences (or Missions as we would call them) in many parts of his diocese, and made every effort to raise the moral standard of his people, to soothe existing troubles, and to ameliorate the condition of the African population.

He succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of his entire clergy, and of the majority of the laity in this latter object. General education, likewise, claimed his attention. Free schools began to be established at different points, and at Jesus del Monte a Catholic professor and his wife established a school for adults, where whites and blacks, at different hours, received gratuitous instruction. Catechetical instruction also claimed the attention of the worthy Prelate, and he had so far succeeded in his efforts as to secure the assistance of some of the ladies and gentlemen of the best families on the island in the Sunday-school. The Havanaese were just beginning to think better of their clergy and of religion; they began to realize that they had a live Bishop amongst them when that fearful scourge of the Antilles came upon the Prelate they were only beginning to know and to love, and struck him down in the flower of his life, and in the height of his usefulness. God's ways are not our ways, and the Habaneros must bow to His holy will with resignation. But they will pray for good Bishop Serrano, and his clergy, awakened from their lethargy, will continue the good work which he inaugurated.—*Requiescat in Pace*.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 17TH.

Letters received, 110. Applications have been made as follows: For membership, 159; Health, 72 persons and 4 families; Change of life, 14 persons and 3 families; Conversion to the Faith, 18 persons and 3 families; The grace of perseverance for 3 persons, and of a happy death for 6, who are in a very precarious state of health; Graces for 7 priests, for 6 religious, for 3 clerical students; Religious vocation for 2 persons; Temporal favors for 20 persons, 7 families, 4 communities, 2 congregations, and 6 schools; Spiritual favors for 15 persons, 5 families, 4 congregations, 5 communities, 5 day-schools, 1 Sunday-school and 1 asylum. Particular intentions specified:—Some wayward children,—Recovery of mind,—Resources very much needed,—Some pending lawsuits,—Success of a mission,—A class of First Communicants,—One insane person who has already attempted suicide,—Maintenance of a position,—A temporal favor for a convert, and amicable settlement with his relatives.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following accounts of most remarkable favors are from letters received during the week: "The Rev. gentleman for whom I asked prayers recovered his mind; all attribute it to the intercession of our sweet Mother, Mary." . . . "A young lady (Protestant) whose name I sent sometime since, has much

improved in health after using the Lourdes water. Lately she asked me for a painting of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to put it in her watch, so that she might have it near her. She is most favorably inclined, as is also her mother. God grant that they may be one day of the 'one Fold and Faith.' . . . "I have seen a woman who was given up by the doctor, who only gave her fifteen minutes to live. She had convulsions, but the very moment she took the [Lourdes] water she was cured, and is living yet. A little girl was very ill with inflammatory rheumatism, so ill that she could not find rest at any time. As soon as the Lourdes water was applied to her she got well, and was running about the yard the next day." . . . "Please return thanks to our Blessed Lady in behalf of a man much afflicted with hemorrhage; the doctor and priest thought he could not live. After using the blessed water he got well. He has had but two slight hemorrhages since, and that is now nearly a year ago. He says he is now as well as ever, and able to attend to his daily labor." . . . "A year ago I had my brother enrolled in the Association, He did not go to Mass at all; now he goes every Sunday."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: JAMES MCGINNIS, of Rome, N. Y., who died on Ascension day. Mrs. ELIZABETH RIGNEY, mother of Rev. P. S. Rigney, assistant parish priest of St. Mary's Church, N. Y., who departed this life on the 3rd of June, in the 76th year of her age. Mrs. ELIZABETH TRAINOR, of Washington, Kan., whose death relieved of her sufferings on the 7th of May. RAPHAEL SMITH, of St. Patrick's, Daviess Co., Ind., and CORNELIUS CAIN, of the same place, who was shot accidentally a few weeks ago; the latter lived long enough to receive the last rites of the Church. Mrs. THERESA MUTH, of Baltimore, Md., who was called away from a devoted husband and seven small children. She died on the 29th of May. Mrs. MARY MURPHY, who died at her residence in Thomastown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, on the 29th of May, 1876. Mr. THOMAS HANDLEY, who died suddenly at Santa Cruz, Cal., on the 5th of May, after receiving the last Sacraments. Miss MARY KELLY, of the same city, a "Child of Mary," who died a most happy death on the 9th of June.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

PURITY of heart is nothing else than the impress of divine beauty.—*St. Gregory of Nyssa.*

How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness, says Dr. Newman, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world! Tell them out they must; they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and can sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur—to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world.

Children's Department.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

(CONCLUDED.)

How dull she was! How wise she thought herself at nineteen years! There, plain before her, centre and heart of all that place, rose the sacred shrine where, in silence and utterly unadored by her, the Divine Heart was beating, before which every knee but hers bent low. There stood the altar, where every morning the tremendous Sacrifice was offered, and every morning sorrowing souls were fed upon the Lord Himself by His own hand. There was the confessional, its step hollowed by the knees of those who knelt there and laid at the feet of the Lord Himself the burden of their sins. There, in full view, rose the crucifix, with the patient, suffering Form upon it, always before the people's eyes. And yet one named by His own Mother's name stood there and weighed with her light, shallow judgment the passionate devotion of centuries,—dared, standing apart from all, and comprehending scarcely anything of it, to pick out from it the one point which to her seemed most distasteful and most glaring, because in her wilful ignorance she made of a part the whole, and had never penetrated one iota into the awful mystery which is as a key to other mysteries in God's mysterious Church. "Hail Mary, full of grace, THE LORD IS WITH THEE."

"The dame had looked at the eager speaker as if she did not grasp her meaning, but Marthe spoke out as she had never done before; spoke low in the sacred place, but with a holy passion in her voice:

"We cannot talk like you," she said, "but we believe, we poor. She helps the poor who ask her, *they know.* Tell her, *ma tante*, tell her of Matthieu."

The aunt led them to the high altar, knelt low and crossed herself and pointed up. "Behold," she said, "the crucifix."

Above the shrine, Mary's eyes rested on a crucifix of native wood, somewhat rudely carved, but with that about it—a reverence in the hand that wrought, a fervor in the heart that conceived it—which awed her very soul. Before the head bent back, the strained and ceaselessly pleading eyes, the arms that she *felt* quivering with their ceaseless awful burden, Mary shrank with a heartache she had never felt before. In silence they came away, and sat down on a bench within the porch.

"Four years ago," the woman said, "my Matthieu came home from sea. Day and night had I been here for him, day and night prayed well, but when he came he was no more *mon* Matthieu. He did not love Our Lady, nor go to church, nor seek the Sacraments. He had no faith. It broke my heart at last, for he went to sea again without a prayer. My boy, my only one!

"Then it was no more day or night, but every hour, I prayed; no more that he might have money, or a happy home, or a good wife; only that he might live to find God once again. *Notre Dame de Bon Secours, priez pour nous. Etoile de la mer, priez*

pour nous. But, most of all, *Réfuge des pêcheurs, priez pour nous.*"

She paused as if she had forgotten to-day in yesterday. The words had been simple, yet, seeing the face that spoke them, could Mary comprehend nothing of the reality of faith whereby all earthly goods had been as dross to this mother, compared with her only son's immortal soul? But she passed it by unnoticed, in the thought of the words, which to her seemed strange.

"He came again," the mother said at last. "He came back, pale and sick, but oh, his heart was worse. He would do nothing for that; not see the *Curé*, nor hear of Sacraments. But he loved me still, and so he did one thing for me. He let me kneel down every day beside his bed and say those three prayers for him. Only those. I never said *Santé des infirmes, priez pour nous.* I could not. Only to get him back for God, then see him die, then give him up to God—ah! that was all I asked. It was enough.

"And by-and-by he said it too. I heard him whisper low, more low than the wind here in the tree, but a mother's ear hears everything, '*Réfuge des pêcheurs, priez pour nous.*' And then I brought the *Curé*. And dying day by day—a slow, slow death, my boy made the crucifix. He finished it the day he died; I laid it on his bier, and so we went to church and offered it, *mon Matthieu* once more, and I. No tears that day; it was our day *de votées*, our day of thanks."

This was all. Marthe, glancing timidly at Mary's face, saw no change upon it, though she was too tender-hearted to trouble the old woman. But as soon as they were out of her hearing she exclaimed: "Say nothing, Marthe. I believe precisely as I did before. Nothing could change me." And she never thought of what the words implied, "Then I brought the *Curé*." She had no line by which to fathom the reason for which a dying man had spent his dying hours to carve a crucifix for a thank-offering. One thing alone she chose to take, and dared to criticize, in this matter of life and death.

By sunset all was changed. Even Marthe had quite forgotten, in the gayeties of Duclair fair and market, the morning's serious thought. Mary Marknay's life had been a bright one, but those hours in Duclair, as they went dancing by, seemed to her the gayest she had ever known. With her two brothers, who had never yet thought any girl so dear or fair as their own sister, hovering round her on constant, proud, contented guard; with Marthe to explain everything and take them everywhere, she felt like a queen in disguise, out for a brief, glad holiday. The river was alive with boats, the streets with merrymakers from all the neighboring towns, and no one was gayer than the happy four who wandered at their own light will, stopping to see the shows at every corner, and laughing over the menagerie and puppets and comic balloon ascensions as if they were children again.

At night the whole town was illuminated, and fireworks heightened the brilliant effect; and down by the water's edge they watched the weird reflection of the flashing rockets, and listened to the music that rose and swelled and died away in ecstasy upon the night air. And though the next morning was cloudy, with fitful gusts of wind, it did not mar their pleasure; and at noon they

stood beside their boats, and grieved to think such sport must end.

A fisherman stood near them. He said some words to Marthe in an odd *patois* which they could not quite understand. "We cannot go by boat," she exclaimed. "It is *la vive eau* that comes."

La vive eau! Mary and her brothers looked a delight which to Marthe was incomprehensible. They had heard and read much of *la barre*, the wall of water, high as a tall man, and driven at times by a west wind up the river, sending a thundering sound half an hour before it to warn the people of its approach. They knew that at Quillebœuf it was dangerous, but Duclair was miles distant from Quillebœuf, and, besides, this was not the true *barre*. They came of five generations of sailors, these Marknays, and often they had talked of what glorious sport it would be to race with *la barre* along the Seine; and now, in a measure, the opportunity was theirs. Quick as thought the boys were at their oars, and Mary was in the stern.

"Come, come, Marthe," they called impatiently. She stood aghast. "Oh, come back," she cried. "You know not—"

"Yes, we know," Ralph shouted. "This is not Quillebœuf. There is no danger. We can keep ahead. Why, Mary, she is not coming!"

Mary was wild with the excitement of the past few hours. "We shall never have such a chance again," she said. "O Marthe! how foolish of you," and the boat sped away.

Off like a dart, wind and wave in its favor, the roar behind them sounding only like a trumpet of defiance to spur them proudly on; off, and the boys' stout hearts fancied that their arms could never weary, and Mary steered perfectly, and laughed and sung. But the river, which had seen full many a mad race in its day, had seen few more reckless, more dangerous than this.

One merry mile in safety; then—without warning—with a sharp, unmistakable turn—the wind veered from west to south, seemed to poise itself with a lull that sent a terror through the rowers, then turned due east, and straight against the tide. Ralph and Ned had rowed on American and English waters often, and had known tough work there, but none like this, and they knew their fear had reason. But Mary's eyes shone bright. "Oh, isn't it grand!" she cried.

Grand! She had hardly said the word when a white-crested wave swept over them, drenching them, and filling the boat half way; then left them to the merciless wind and tide, that struggled against each other like human creatures wrestling for a prize. Another wave, and another, the squalls hurling the white foam backward, but the black mass of water beneath always advancing in triumph. It was grand still, but with the grandeur of approaching death.

Mary had thought of death sometimes, but never after this fashion,—life so strong within her, the safe green banks of the Seine a stone's throw from her, people hardly out of call. Only a short two hours ago, music and dance and laughter; and now the waves gathering and breaking, and the wind roaring, and nothing—nothing else. And with a chill of horror, she became aware that she was humming over and over, mechanically!

"Faut jouer le mirliton,
Faut jouer le mirliton,
Faut jouer le mirliton,
Mir-li-ton."

"See there," Ralph said, low; and, looking, she saw the largest wave of all, some distance still away, but coming steadily. Her hand dropped off the rudder, her head sank to her knee. Oh! for one word of prayer instead of that song which she felt powerless to drive away.

As utterly without her own volition as the song had come, there rose to her lips the cry: "*Notre Dame de Bon Secours, priez pour nous.*" With her whole heart she repeated it. Right or wrong, she thought of neither, waiting breathlessly to hear the great wave strike.

"Lucky chance for us!" It was Ned's voice, and Mary raised her head and looked once more. *By a lucky chance* the wind had veered again, veered completely so as to match the tide, and the boat was driven and wedged into a sheltered nook, where it lay, quite useless, but quite safe. Mary's face was pale, and her eyes looked strange and awed—but that was natural after such a fright, the boys thought.

They brought her home to her aunt's arms, to her aunt's rare tears, and caresses of such tenderness as Mary had never known from her before; but she hardly answered them, hardly spoke, till the anxious maids having done for her all they could, she was left alone with Miss Marknay. Then she said slowly, "Aunt Mary, I am a Catholic."

"My dear! when! where!" Miss Marknay looked as if she feared the fright and exposure had affected her niece's brain.

"I don't mean *that*," said Mary. Not that I have been baptized. But I believe."

The voice was perfectly steady, and the face—ah, the tears rose again as Miss Marknay looked at the altered face. She knew that the struggle on the river had been one which she ought not to desire should have little meaning to her Mary, and yet she grieved to think that the sweet carelessness of nineteen years was at an end.

"I do not understand much," Mary went on, still more slowly. "Nobody ever taught me much. But I know they say that Catholics believe the great things that Protestants do, and the trouble is that they believe more too. And Protestants say we must not pray to Our Lady, and need not; and I said I would not; but, when the waves came, I could not think of any prayer at all, and *who* made me say, "*Notre Dame de Bon Secours, priez pour nous?*" And when I said it—I that did not mean to say it—God saved us. I do not understand, but I am a Catholic."

Miss Marknay made no answer. Some words were in her mind as her eyes rested on a crucifix upon the wall: "There stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." Miss Marknay folded her wrinkled hands. "Sleep now, my dear," she said, gently. And while Mary slept, her aunt thought and prayed.

For twenty summers she had gone in and out among these people, learning constantly that what she had called errors once had much in them which she herself was obliged to confess to be reasonable, historical, and holy; for twenty years she had heard it proclaimed solemnly and unflinchingly that this Church was God's true and only Church, and that her place ought to be in it; and

for twenty years she had put the question by, with mild and courteous indifference, never once making it a matter of life and death. She had been content and sure in her own faith. Suppose she awoke presently, too late, and found the other true?

When it was known at home that Mary Marknay had become a Catholic, people said: "Ah, well, we told Captain Marknay so. This comes of letting one's daughters go to Catholic countries. However, she is only a girl, not twenty yet; of course it is a mere matter of sentiment. And then, having been abroad so short a time, she has not found out the real errors of the system."

Her parents themselves, reading her simple letter telling them of what had passed, said that it was only excitement, and that she realized nothing about it: but they did not interfere with their children in regard to religion.

But when, later, the tidings came that Miss Marknay was a Catholic also, people looked startled at first, then, collecting themselves, remarked: "Sixty years old! Well, we thought her aged when she came for Mary—not so bright—a little childish in fact. And then she has lived so many years in those Catholic countries that she has grown accustomed to the errors."

But what people said mattered little to the aunt and niece whom Our Lady of Perpetual Help had led home to God.

In a little church beside the sea, the mariners and wives and mothers still hang their votive offerings; and tapers burn, and flowers are fair; and among these constant tokens of thanks to God shine a Norman cross and chain of heavy gold, the gift of one who after peril on the water found a quiet haven. Mary Marknay has brought from Normandy better things than these for heirlooms—a peace in that reviled, triumphant Church where Creeds and Sacraments, and she with whom the Lord is, lead His children unflinching, unflinching, nearer and nearer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

An Anecdote of Pius IX.

An anecdote appears in one of the Roman papers about the Holy Father. The occurrence is not recent, but as it is little known it will be new to most of our readers, and will deepen their love and veneration for the Holy Father. A Freethinker once accompanied a devout Catholic family to an audience of His Holiness. When they knelt to ask his blessing, the infidel stood upright. The Pope said: "My son, have you nothing to ask of me?" "No, your holiness, nothing." "Have you a father?" "Yes, your holiness." "And a mother?" "No, your holiness, she is dead." "Well, then," said the Pope, "I have something to ask of you: it is that you kneel down here with me and join me in saying a *Pater* and *Ave* for her soul." The Pope knelt down by the side of the young man, who for very shame could not do less; he repeated the words after the Holy Father, but his utterance was soon choked by convulsive sobs, and he left the audience bathed in tears, the first fruits of the holy life he ever afterwards led.

A child without innocence is a flower without fragrance.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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No. 28.

Our Lady of Poland; or, The Virgin of Czes- tochowa.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC., ETC.

Far away from the well-known and frequented parts of Europe, in a spot seldom if ever trodden by the adventurous foot of a British or American tourist, is a wonderful shrine of our Lady. There she has loved and still loves to manifest her miraculous power, and there for long centuries, even to the present day, has gone up before her the cry of her faithful children.

This shrine of our Lady is in poor, forgotten, persecuted Poland.

It is an old tradition that St. Luke the Evangelist was an artist, and painted the likeness of the Blessed Virgin; several places lay claim to the possession of the only painting of this kind, but it is most probable the holy artist made more than one picture, grieved perchance that his pencil could but produce a faint shadow of the celestial beauty of the face he was copying.

It seems, however, that a picture painted by St. Luke is certainly to be found in Poland. It is on cypress-wood, and is said to be part of the table on which the Holy Family took their simple repast.

The beautiful and touching tradition goes on to say that after our Divine Lord ascended into heaven, and His Mother was left alone on earth, a number of holy virgins gathered round her and dwelt in her company. They were anxious to possess her portrait, and at their request St. Luke undertook the task. This picture was guarded by the community as their greatest treasure, and survived all the woes of Jerusalem until the time of the Empress Saint Helena. In her days, a community descended from the first servants or companions of our Lady was in existence, and on them the Saint poured many benefactions. In gratitude, they gave her their greatest treasure, the true por-

trait of Mary, and St. Helena sent it to the Emperor Constantine. He placed it in a church in Constantinople, where it remained for five centuries, being treated with extraordinary honors. It was covered with a rich curtain, and, marvellous to relate, every Friday, after Vespers, this curtain was withdrawn by invisible and angel hands, and covered again in the same manner after the Vespers of Saturday. Many suppose that from this circumstance arose the pious custom of keeping Saturday in honor of our Lady.

In Constantinople the picture was miraculous, and greatly revered. The Emperor Nicephorus gave it as a present to Charlemagne, and he in his turn gave it to the Russian Prince Leon.

Prince Leon placed it in his castle of Belz, where it remained, held in great veneration, for five centuries. The King of Poland having conquered the castle, placed over it a Polish governor named Prince Ladislas. During his rule, the Tartars made several invasions, and on one occasion they shot an arrow against the holy picture, which struck it in the neck. But our Lady put forth her power: a sudden darkness fell on the barbarians, and they fled in wild disorder. Ladislas, however, uneasy for the future, resolved to transport the holy picture to some place of safety; but he found it impossible to move it. Struck by this miracle, the pious prince threw himself on his knees and vowed to leave the picture wherever he should know it was God's will to place it. Then he found he could move it easily. When the guardians of the treasure arrived at the mountain of Czesochowa, also called the Luminous Mountain, on account of its beauty, the cart which contained the picture became immovable. Ladislas obeyed the sign, and hastened to build a church and monastery, where the picture should be guarded. He established a community of monks of St. Paul the Hermit, and the spot soon became a favorite place of pilgrimage. Many rich *ex-votos*

were bestowed upon the shrine, and for this reason the Hussites in 1430 cast their covetous eyes upon them and determined to make them their own. They massacred nearly all the monks, excepting only a few who concealed themselves. The heretics robbed the shrine of its treasures, scattered and destroyed its archives, and succeeded in dragging the picture some miles from the mountain. But here their power ended: "Hither shalt thou go, and no farther"; once more the picture became immovable. Furious with rage, the Hussites dashed the picture to the earth, and one of the heretics drew his sword and struck two blows on the right cheek of the portrait. He attempted to strike a third, when his arm failed, and he fell dead. Terrified at this, the rest of the band fled, leaving the broken picture covered with mud. Presently came the surviving monks to weep over their recovered treasure. Their first care was to wash it; but they sought in vain for water, when suddenly a spring burst forth at their feet. That spring flows at the present day, and is miraculous.

When the pious monks had washed the picture, they planted a cross on the place where it had been profaned, and, chanting hymns of joy, took back their treasure to its shrine. The King of Poland employed skilful artists to repair the injuries the picture had sustained, but all in vain; no color would stay on the wood, and nothing could be done to hide the two cuts on the right cheek.

In 1655 came dark days for Poland. Charles the Tenth of Sweden had conquered the kingdom, and the people, worn out with the miseries of war, seemed to lie prostrate at the conqueror's feet.

The intrepid monks of Czestochowa determined to defend their monastery. About two hundred noblemen came to their aid, and they possessed several pieces of artillery; but when the Swedish General, Müller, with 17,000 men, came to besiege them, the contest seemed as unequal as that between David and Goliath of old.

For forty days the monastery was bombarded, but the walls remained uninjured. Then came the horrors of famine into the garrison, and proposals to yield were to be heard.

Prior Augustine Kordecki was a man of mighty faith, and faith gives courage. He reminded his followers that if Czestochowa held out, perchance the whole country would be saved. He saw that the fate of Poland as a Catholic nation hung in the balance, and, throwing himself on his knees, he implored our Lady to come to his aid.

His prayer was heard. Our Lady herself appeared on the summit of the mountain, wearing a radiant garment which covered the church and monastery, while the bullets rebounded against

the walls and fell into the camp of the enemy, spreading confusion around. The garrison, seeing this, made several successful sorties, and finally Müller was compelled to raise the siege and retire.

Meanwhile the king, John Casimir, called his nobles around him and made a vow to crown Mary Queen of Poland if she would save the country from the invaders, and the news of Czestochowa having been defended by a handful of men against 17,000 Swedes woke up the courage of the Poles. There was a general rally, and finally Poland was delivered.

The king kept his word, and one of the titles the Poles love to bestow on our Lady is that of Queen of Poland.

From that day Our Lady of Czestochowa has remained undisturbed, and as long as Poland had Catholic sovereigns they delighted in bestowing rich treasures on her shrine. The picture is covered with a rich robe, of which there are three: one gemmed with pearls, another covered with diamonds, and the third with other jewels. The vestments belonging to the church were in many instances wrought by royal hands, and one is covered with 80,000 pearls. The diamonds of the monstace weigh two pounds, and are valued at two millions.

These treasures and many others have often excited Russian cupidity, and on one occasion a jeweller was sent to value the precious stones. Ere he reached the foot of the mountain, on his return, he was struck dead.

Pilgrimages are forbidden to Czestochowa because the Government considers them political manifestations, but day after day the faithful people assemble in crowds on that luminous mountain. Day by day Mary shows her power; the blind receive their sight, the dumb hear, the lame and paralytic walk, and sinners who were burthened with remorse and despair find comfort, hope and pardon at the shrine of their loving and merciful Mother,

OUR LADY OF CZESTOCHOWA.

The Precious Blood.

Show me a tree or a charming flower
That is not bathed in Its loving power;
Find me a drop in the crystal sea
Unadorned with Its majesty;
Point me a star, or a planet bright,
Wearing no beam of Its searching light;
Lead to a joyous thing on earth,
To which Its love hath not given birth:
Ye can find them not, for the fair and true
Are alone to Its loving mercy due;
Yet, little alas! is it understood
How much we owe to the Precious Blood.

The goods of nature, the prize of grace,
To their Source in the Sacred Heart we trace,
And all that is dark is the fruit of pride,
Which seeks this Fountain of bliss to hide.
It is unbelief: 'tis the doubt that fell
On the fiends who opened the gates of hell;
But he who turns to this Source of Light,
Finds the strongest demons put to flight.

Baptismal waters in sweetness roll,
And the stain of the Fall leaves the human soul;
Should, perchance, the dismal blight of sin
Again mar the beauty and peace within,
The priestly hand is upraised to cleanse,
And the Precious Blood with our sorrow blends,—
Then joy returns from that deep abyss,
Of pure, of undying happiness.

The Unction of strength, to support the germ
Of faith, and its life of peace to confirm,
Is vigor imparted by that rich tide
Sent out to make fertile the lands so wide;
Each Sacrament is a Fount Divine
Of the Blood that makes holy the sacred shrine;
And the souls of men, where'er they may be,
Drink life from this boundless eternal Sea,
While seraphic hosts are forever fed
On the wonders that hide in Its mighty bed.

Thrice blissful, ubiquitous, Precious Power,
We thank and adore Thee hour by hour,
And only rest in the hope at last
To dwell where no cloud shall Thy waves o'ercrest.

The Battle of Connemara.

BY GRACE RAMSAY.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

“Have you then really come all the way to this wild place merely to minister to these poor folks?” she said, when, after some desultory remarks on various things, this fact escaped Mr. Ringwood.

“Yes,” he replied, simply: “I have not been very strong of late; at least so they would have it; the Bishop turned me loose for a month, and said I might go anywhere I liked, provided I went out of England; I spent the first three weeks in Scotland, and then I happened to hear a great deal about this district, which interested me, so I determined to devote the last week of my holiday to coming here. I did not know things were so bad as you describe them, but I was prepared to find a great dearth of priests in Connemara.”

“There is a dearth of many things in Connemara,” remarked Lady Margaret, with a significant little laugh.

“Ah!”

“You will be particularly struck with the absence of that virtue which our Saxon prejudice ranks next to godliness.”

“And I am to set that fact down to Saxon misrule, I suppose!”

“Yes, as you value your life!”

They exchanged glances, and Lady Margaret broke into a merry laugh, in which Mr. Ringwood joined.

“As we are to be allies,” she resumed, confidentially, “I had better warn you of any disrespectful remark on that head. Colonel Blake is very touchy about it; he is perpetually abusing them for it himself, and spends a small fortune every year in distributing soap which benefits nobody but the soap-boiler, but he cannot bear anyone to make the least remark about peasantry; even I am supposed to know nothing about the miles of soap that come down regularly, and disappear surreptitiously; one laughs at it, but it is very good of him, you know, to take so much trouble with the people; but his faith in the efficacy of soap as a means of doing good to souls and bodies is too amusing. I really believe he thinks that a judicious application of soap by an enlightened legislature would act as a panacea for all the moral and physical ills of the nation.”

“And to a certain extent I dare say he is right,” observed Mr. Ringwood, whose sympathies were strongly enlisted on the side of the beautifying domestic agent; “I have known a wash-house and a bath-house work wonders in a slum, and positively pave the way for spiritual reformation.”

“You will take my husband’s heart by storm, if you say that to him,” said Lady Margaret. “There, look down that way: you see the smoke curling up, as if it came from the sea? That is a cabin where some half-dozen of your unconverted flock reside.”

“Do they like your going to their little places, or do they resent it?” enquired the priest.

“I really don’t know; I trespass on them so seldom that they can scarcely resent my visits much. It is not from any unkind feeling towards them that I keep aloof,” she added, quickly, catching or fancying she caught a look of surprise on Mr. Ringwood’s countenance; “on the contrary, I like the poor creatures sincerely, and I would do anything in my power to help them. But they are so dirty, and it is so hopeless trying to improve them; they think it is all my queer English crotchets, wanting to change their ways, and prevent them, for instance, from having the pig to share the common dwelling-room; I have never gone to see one of them that the pig did not come grunting over, and rubbing himself against my skirts. I assure you it is a fact. But then they are so warm-hearted! One forgives them everything for that; when one is in trouble they share it with you as if it were their own; it posi-

tively is their own for the time being, they enter into it so heartily; they have the most sympathetic natures I ever knew. I can never forget what they were to us two years ago, when we had a great sorrow—the death of our only child.”

“Yes, I heard of it,” said Mr. Ringwood.

“My husband has told you about it?”

“No; it was my brother who wrote to me at the time, asking me to pray for you both; for you especially; he was greatly concerned for you.”

“How strange! And did you pray for us?” she enquired, turning a look of intense surprise on Mr. Ringwood.

“Of course I did! I have prayed for you ever since.”

Lady Margaret remained silent from sheer amazement. The idea of a man like Captain Ringwood, whom she barely knew as an acquaintance of her husband’s—he had never been to stay with them—taking such a deep interest in her sorrow as to write to another man, a complete stranger to her, to get him to pray for her, was something so extraordinary and inexplicable that it struck her dumb.

Probably her companion suspected what was in her mind; he made no further comment, but walked on by her side for a few moments in silence; then he said, resuming the broken thread: “And you found the people about here so kind?”

“Kind is hardly the right word; it says too little; I could never tell you what they were to me; we hear people speak of the balm of sympathy: it was not a figure of speech in this case; there was a positive balm, a power of consolation in the pity of those poor people; it used really to comfort me when I met them on the road, and saw their hearts in their faces as they looked at me, sometimes stopping to bless me and say a few affectionate words, with the tears starting to their eyes the moment they saw them come into mine. Oh! if they would but take kindly to the soap, how one would love them!” she added, with a smile and a sigh.

Mr. Ringwood thought that even in spite of the soap difficulty it ought not to be so hard to love them.

“Here comes a great favorite of mine!” said Lady Margaret, suddenly, as a ragged, shaggy-headed-looking mortal came slouching along the park, apparently going to the house. He saluted from a distance by tugging at his forelock.

“Come here, Dan!” she cried to him; and then added to Mr. Ringwood: “I must introduce you to my friend, Dan Torry; he is a good specimen of the soil.”

“Top o’ the mornin’ to yer ladyship!” said Dan, hurrying up; “I hope the General is finely?”

Colonel Blake had vainly protested against this

grant of his brevet rank, the tenantry insisting that if he was not a General long ago it was all the fault of that rascally Government that was “an inemy” to an Irish gentleman of his rank.

“Thank you, Dan: he is very well; and how is the wife this morning?”

“Oh! she’s a sight betther, my lady!” said Dan; “the ould port yer ladyship sint her set her up wonderful; it done her more good than all the pills and powders she swallowed in a month; she took a thimbleful last night goin’ to bed, and before her head was on the boulsther she was fast asleep and dhramin’ as sound as a dhrum; and a mighty fine dhrame she had too; it was all about the General and yerself, my lady.”

“What was it?” said Lady Margaret, who saw Dan was bursting to tell it, and she wanted to bring him out before Mr. Ringwood.

“Ah! thin, it was just this, my lady,” said Dan; “she dhreamt that myself was out walkin’ in the park, just as I am now, and who should I meet but yerself and his honor, and afther I give ye’s the time o’ day, ‘Dan,’ says the General, says he, ‘it’s a long time since I’ve seen ye up at The Towers?’—‘It is, General,’ says I; ‘but it’s betther I went seldom than to wear out me welcome,’—‘That’s what ye’d niver do at my dure, Dan,’ says he; ‘and to show ye I mane what I say, here’s a pound o’ baccy I’ve brought ye,’—‘And here’s a pound o’ tay for Molly,’ says yer ladyship, and out ye pulled the tay from yer pocket! That’s just what Molly tould me when she woke.”

“A very pleasant dream,” remarked Mr. Ringwood; “but I dare say you know that dreams always go by contraries.”

“So they do, your honor,” said Dan, touching his forehead, “and I niver thought of it before! It’s the General’ll give me the tay, thin, and her ladyship the ‘baccy.’”

Lady Margaret burst out laughing, and immediately took out her purse, and handed Dan half a crown.

“I ought not to encourage such impudence,” she said, “but as it was Molly’s dream it must come true this time; see now that the money goes for the tea and the tobacco, and not for poteen.”

“Oh! me lady!” protested Dan, pathetically, and calling up a look of injured innocence on his broad face, “shure ye’d niver be suspectin’ poor Dan o’ the likes o’ that! and shammin’ him before a strange gentleman!”

“Do you know he is one of your own priests, this gentleman?” said Lady Margaret, and he has come a long way from over the sea to say Mass for you, and look after you.”

“Glory be to God! and shure that’s good news for us! I was guessin’ you were one of the raal

sort, begorra I was, yer Riverence!" said Dan, forgetting all his politeness to her ladyship in his delight at the discovery of a real priest in the person of the demure Englishman, whose outward appearance had suggested rather the idea of a parson; "and yer Riverence 'ill be sayin' Mass for us on Sunday, maybe?"

"Yes, please God, I hope to do so; and will you, like a good fellow, tell all your friends in the neighborhood about it? I was not sure of being here in time, or no doubt Father Fallon would have given you notice earlier," said Mr. Ringwood.

"Is it Father Pat, yer Riverence? Bedad and he would, for he knew we wouldn't have Mass this fortnight to come but for yer Riverence comin' like this. And what hour is it to be, yer Riverence?"

"What hour suits you all best?" enquired Mr. Ringwood. "I think Father Pat said nine o'clock was the hour you usually have it?"

"And it's the thruth he spoke, yer Riverence; ony there's always some of us hes a word to say to the priest, furst and foremost," exclaimed Dan; "so it don't be far off tin when the Mass begins; but it's not our own convanience we'd be thinkin' of, but whatever suits yer Riverence best."

"Ten will suit me perfectly," said Mr. Ringwood; "but I will be there punctually at nine, to see any one who wants me. Will you send round word to the parish to that effect?"

"Maybe I won't, yer Riverence, and it's proud we'll be to see ye!" And with another tug at his carrotty lock, Dan took to his heels and was soon flying down the slope and along by the cliffs, and up again over the hillside with the speed of a deer.

"What do you say to that, for a sample of native produce?" said Lady Margaret.

"A very engaging one, if there be many like it," was the reply.

"There is the dressing-bell; we had better turn back now," said the hostess, as the hospitable summons sounded from the belfry of The Towers. As they walked on, Mr. Ringwood was struck by the rich verdure of the surrounding hills, that rose glowing up like green waves against the sky. He remarked that it seemed a pity such splendid grass-lands should be lying waste.

"In England or Scotland those hills would be covered with herds and flocks," he remarked.

"And so they are here," said Lady Margaret; "stand for a moment and look steadily up there,"—and she stopped and pointed to the line above their standpoint; "do you see nothing?"

Mr. Ringwood made a telescope of his hands and gazed up fixedly as she directed.

"Yes! I see a multitude of things moving! They cannot be cattle surely?" he cried; "they look like stones strewn about the side of the hill!"

"They are sheep; the upper range all round, as far as you see, is alive with them; but the height is so great you do not see them."

"Why, they are young mountains, rather than hills!" said Mr. Ringwood; "I must make an ascent and explore them to-morrow."

"It will be well worth your while; the view is magnificent."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINE.

BY FRANCES HOWE.

[CONTINUED.]

Passports are no longer subject to scrutiny on European frontiers, and it is full time that the custom of examining private luggage had also fallen into disuse; but Switzerland is the only country that has as yet defined the difference between a merchant and a tourist. However, the custom-house at Verviers is admirable for the politeness and discretion of its officials, and it will be long remembered by us on that account. We were detained but a moment, and then we were permitted to pass through to the platform alongside of which lay the train about to depart for Brussels. As this train would not leave for nearly half an hour, we did not enter it immediately, preferring to walk to and fro and observe our new surroundings. The majority of the passengers spoke French; the *coupés* reserved for ladies travelling alone were marked "Dames"; the prohibitions to smoke or to walk on the tracks were written in French; and in fact we might have imagined ourselves in France had not the uniform of the railway officials differed from that of France, and had we not occasionally passed groups of chattering women or loquacious farmers rattling off sentence after sentence of Walloon, or slowly enunciating that curious travesty of German Flemish.

At the appointed time we took our places in the Brussels train, and soon we were borne rapidly still further westward, through neat villages and over charming rural districts. We were now in a country through which we had never before travelled, and we noted every particular with great interest. Everywhere we saw the same neat cottages, the same well-kept farms, and we realized that we were in one of those little kingdoms too small ever to dream of ruling the world's destinies; where the Government, instead of pondering over

schemes of glory, thought only of the welfare of its subjects; in a land under the control of that "paternal legislation" so often sneered at by those who do not trouble themselves to make an honest inquiry into the results of its policy.

Even when passing through mining districts we saw no evidence of that extraordinary individual wealth so often seen in regions where the underground resources form the staple products, which is often accompanied by the extreme poverty of the working classes. We saw no traces of poverty; for every class there were substantial dwellings, suited to the needs of all, and nowhere did we see miserable shanties in contrast to elegant palaces. We were still busy remarking this, and admiring the picturesque cliffs of the valley of the Vesdre, when nightfall prevented further observations.

The train rushed rapidly down an inclined plane and halted before a wide semicircle of light, all that we saw of the ancient city of Liege, so familiar to us from childhood as the scene of many of those charming tales forming the collection known as the Legends of the Seven Capital Sins.

In a few moments the train resumed its onward course, and, leaving the gaslit steets of Liege far behind, halted again—this time at that venerable scholastic town, Louvain.

Here we alighted, having filled the measure of our usual "day's journey." It was nine o'clock in the evening; the street lamps were all burning, and the railway station but a few rods distant from the town; so, glancing at the signs of the hotels in sight, we directed our steps towards the Hotel of the New World, which our guide-book recommended as being well adapted to persons of moderate requirements, and as also being moderate in its charges. We were for the time being acting on the no baggage principle; so, carrying our light luggage ourselves, we arrived at the door of the hotel without either guide or porter to thrust himself between us and the smiling landlady.

We were now to see a Belgian inn—an experience new to us—and we were all in a tired way, eager enough to compare it with the many inns of the many nations with whom we had come in contact. We were led through two dining-rooms, each with a floor well scrubbed and well sanded, and up two flights of spotlessly clean wooden stairs, every bit of whose cleanliness was necessary as atonement for their excessive steepness. In the second floor we found two bedrooms, utterly destitute of carpets or of any of the so-called comforts of civilization. But the floor was clean, the bed-linen spotless, the window-curtains all that neatness could desire, and the rooms actually

contained all that is necessary for the repose of the wearied traveller.

In the first floor the landlady showed us her best bedroom, the pride and glory of her hotel. Curtains, as we learned from after-experience, form an indispensable part of a Belgian bed. In this bedroom they were very elaborate, as were also the window-curtains. The quilt was of some Flanders manufacture, and a crocheted tidy covered the green cloth on the centre-table. A home-made rug of woolen patchwork lay beside the bed, and a similar one was placed before the black mohair sofa. Otherwise the room was without carpeting.

Truly the landlady had made a grievous error when she gave her hotel the name of the "New World," for there was not a sign of New-World extravagance or New-World luxury. It was rather the Old World, with its practical common sense and its healthful simplicity, the heirlooms inherited from ages of Christian self-denial and abstinence.

We descended the stairway, which we afterwards learned to designate as those "dreadful Belgian staircases," into the smaller of the two dining-rooms. We were travellers of too great experience to entertain any fears concerning the respectability of our lodgings, for we had long since learned that part of the tyranny of the Old World takes the form of obliging every public house to be as respectable as it professes to be. But had we had any doubts on the subject, they would have been silenced by the sight of a priest and two seminarians, travellers like ourselves, taking their simple evening repast, which they concluded by the long prayers for the living and the dead which characterize the German thanksgiving after meals.

Being very tired, we only took a light supper, and returning to our simple rooms we were soon oblivious of any furniture, however splendid.

There is much in Louvain to interest the lover of mediæval art, but we had not the time to visit its old monuments; we were far too anxious to reach Tournay. So at ten o'clock the next morning, after having despatched a letter to a clerical friend in Rome to beg for a recommendation to the Bishop of Tournay, we took leave of our landlady, whose bill did not amount to \$2.00—supper, lodging, and breakfast all included—and, we might add, cleanliness.

We once heard a German gentleman, the superintendent of a large Government lumber-yard in eastern Bavaria, express himself very drolly and at the same time very logically in regard to extravagant travel. To a German the first-class railway-coaches are simply the English and American departments of a train, so his highest dream of railway luxury is the second class, and our acquaint-

ance made that his standard of comparison.

"I never travel second class," said he; "third is good enough for me; it is true that the seats are simply varnished wood, while in the second class one finds very nice upholstery, but even after a man has paid his ticket it doesn't belong to him: it is the property of the State Railway. If every time I travelled in the second class I might carry home a nicely cushioned arm-chair, then, bravo! I'd always travel in that manner."

And so it is with hotels. If every time one went to the luxurious homes of fashionable travel one might carry home some rare carved or gilded wood-work, or some carpet of fine texture, then it would be more excusable to seek scenes of that splendor which does not exist in the majority of private dwellings. Dear reader, cleanliness is the only real requirement of civilized travel. Are you wayworn and weary? you will sleep as soundly in a room whose floor is bare as if it were covered with the richest Axminster. Are you anxious and restless? the dreary hours will revolve as sleeplessly in an apartment crowded with elegant uselessnesses, as sleeplessly as in a simple room containing only the needful furniture.

And to follow closely the logic of our German friend, those who observe simplicity in their habits of travel will more probably return home laden with souvenirs of their journeys than those who exhaust their purses on the temporary enjoyment of a splendor which perhaps does not exist in their own houses. If your friends return from abroad bringing with them a thousand and one little memorials, do not consider each one as a period in the numeration which the reading of their income would involve. More probably, if these memorials are of a religious nature, they mark some era of self-denial.

Soon after parting from our landlady we were seated in a Brussels train, this time the holders of tickets for Tournay. In less than an hour and a half we alighted at Brussels, to wait at least two hours and a half for a train that would take us to our journey's end. This long connection reminded us much of our own country, and it was something which five years abroad had nearly obliterated from our minds; for, in general, European railway connections are prompt and sure. We have, it is true, our vast lengths of railway connecting great commercial centres, and which transport us over towns and villages as if these last were but the waves of the ocean. But those who have strayed away from these great thoroughfares into the region of less frequented travel can testify to the tedium of waiting for the train that takes its own time to arrive.

America holds itself forth to the world as the country of railways, and many who ought to be better informed have a vague idea that European countries are comparatively destitute of that method of locomotion. It is true that Belgium has more railways in proportion to her area than any other country of Europe, but still her neighbors are not so outdone by this little kingdom as to render her no fair example of the railway communication in Europe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

San Onofrio.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"To the right, as I have said, far off on the campagna, you can see the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and straight before you rises St. John Lateran and the Colosseum," said the friend who was our guide to *San Pietro in Montorio*. "And on the left you can see the dome of St. Peter's, but not wholly; for between us stands the monastery of San Onofrio."

"San Onofrio!" we exclaimed; "and so near!" "Let us go there to-day," she replied. And so it was that we drove from *San Pietro in Montorio*, past the fountain with its five dashing cascades, past the gardens with their huge cacti and aloes and the winding steps leading here and there to some pleasant off-look, past the Villa Farnesina and the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, to the foot of a steep, unpaved street, at the very summit of which stood the monastery of San Onofrio. We could see the steps leading up to its portico, and the round arches which led to the church. "We must walk from here," said our friend. "I can never allow myself to be drawn up this steep ascent"; and we began our pilgrimage to San Onofrio. Every few moments we found ourselves looking back upon the view which opened through this narrow street, then took heart by turning our eyes again upon the beautiful round arches of San Onofrio, saying to ourselves: "It was up this steep ascent that the horses of Cardinal Aldobrandini drew the dying poet. The good monks came to the foot of those high steps to receive him"; and with these memories we forgot the toilsome way.

No sooner had we gained the last step than Rome, the Rome of the Cæsars, and the Rome of St. Gregory and the whole line of Roman Pontiffs, from St. Peter to Pius IX, lay before us. We had only to seat ourselves on the portico to overlook it all, and to rest at the same time. But we had come to San Onofrio for something besides this view, magnificent as it was. And first, St. Onofrio him-

self stood out from the desert with its cave and its one date tree, in a way to draw our hearts, had no other association given a charm to this old monastery. Crossing the portico, with its three pictures of St. Jerome, for whose Order the monastery was endowed, and in whose hands it has ever since remained, we entered the church, built in 1439. The first chapel on the right contained the Blessed Sacrament, as we knew by the veil over the tabernacle, and it also proved to be the chapel of San Onofrio. This chapel seems to have retained its original form and its ancient decorations. The arched ceiling is richly ingroined and covered with frescoes so dark with age that the fresh gilding of the tabernacle and its *triptich* shone out of the twilight like a sunshiny spot in a dark landscape. In the centre of this *triptich*, on a gold ground, is a picture of San Onofrio, as he lived in the desert, with a girdle of leaves about his loins. The Saint is kneeling, and his aged hands are joined in earnest prayer. It has all the freshness of a picture recently painted, and yet is as religious as if painted by Lorenzo di Credi. One small window, in an angle by the chapel, lights it from without, and also gives a glimpse of the Eternal City lying at its feet. And this reminds us to say that nothing can be more charming than those glimpses of magnificent views which are given from the old churches; sometimes by grated apertures in the heavy doors, sometimes by an irregular window, set in, it would seem, for this very purpose. We still recall this window in the chapel of San Onofrio with a feeling of delight. The picture above the altar, our Lord Himself, dwelling within the tabernacle, might be imagined watching over the city through this small lattice in the wall.

Beside the second chapel is a lunette, in which Pinturicchio painted one of his loveliest pictures: St. Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin to read, before which everyone lingers, even with the rich decorations of the arch over the main altar leading them onward. There is no gold in this picture, but the clear air of the country surrounds the beautiful heads, so full of simplicity and the grandeur of a supernatural innocence. The apse, or tribune, or, as those accustomed to see but one altar for the Blessed Sacrament in a church would call it, the sanctuary, is an arched recess, and may be called a richly decorated grotto, in which are represented some of the most picturesque scenes in the life of our Lord as an Infant, and the glory of His Mother in heaven. The lower line is occupied by the Nativity, the Murder of the Holy Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt, by Baldassare Peruzzi; the line above, by the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin and eight groups

of saints and angels; while the centre, or highest point, is filled by the Representation of God the Father in the act of blessing. The depth of tint, the richness of gilding, the elegance of the forms, in these frescoes, is such as to leave a profound impression upon the mind, and one turns from them with reluctance after the longest study. The last chapel on the left is the one in which the present Pontiff, Pius IX, has caused the new monument of Torquato Tasso to be placed. The entire chapel has been renovated, and the Papal arms are seen on the ceiling, on the pavement, and also above the slab on which the inscription concerning Tasso has been inscribed. The altarpiece represents St. Jerome; beside him is the lion of the desert and of Bethlehem, while an angel blows that trump of doom to which St. Jerome listens, as he ever did in his lifetime. The monument of Tasso gives the full-length figure of the poet in statuesque relief, and in the dress of his period. He is looking towards Jerusalem, *delivered*, of which he sang—his poem in his hand, supported by a shield which bears a cross and this motto: *Pro fide*. Above the poet, on an arch, is sculptured the Blessed Virgin and her angelic attendants, whose praises he sang with so much fervor. Below, in a bass-relief, we see Tasso dead, but crowned, and carried in triumph to the capital.

It was from the contemplation of this fresh memorial to the genius of the Christian poet that we again stepped upon the portico to enter a door at the left, opening upon a cloistered court. The lunettes on the wall correspond with the round arches of the court, and upon these lunettes, on all the four sides, are represented scenes from the life of San Onofrio, with a Latin inscription under each. The beauty and absolute seclusion of this enclosed court has (or must have had before visitors thronged to San Onofrio), something most impressive in it, and gives one an idea of the spirit, so interior and so elevated, engendered by these cloisters adorned with noble works of Christian art, as the daily companions of its inmates. From the court we ascended a flight of steps to a corridor leading off in several directions; but our own way led through another corridor still, with windows overlooking that loveliest of all possible views of Rome. At the end next the entrance we saw immediately that charming Madonna by Leonardo da Vinci, which he left as a memorial of his genius and of the generosity of the donor, whom he has represented standing with uncovered head, before this celestial Lady and her Divine Infant. Of this picture the French writer Eugene de la Gouvernie says: "If Leonardo has left but few enduring souvenirs

of his stay in Rome, there is one, at least, in which we recognize all the power of his genius—this is the small half circle in the upper gallery of the Convent of San Onofrio. The Virgin is there represented with that firmness of outline, that delicacy in the modelling, and in the design, which Leonardo knew so well how to unite with grace of gesture and a sublime charm of expression." We may also add that this Madonna, enclosed in a small half circle, is one of those most admired by M. de Rumorh.

It is through this enclosed gallery that we approached the room which the monks of San Onofrio put at the disposal of the poet when he came, as he said, "to die among them." The first visit of Tasso to Rome after his early youth had been one trance of happiness. He was then known as a poet, and was praised and feasted by the venerable Cardinal Hippolyte of Este, in his palace of Monte-Giordano, where were to be met all those men the most distinguished in Rome by their position or their merit. In the midst of all the beauties of a palace where the eye followed, at pleasure, long umbrageous avenues, ending with one of those Roman fountains which spring towards heaven with such joyfulness, while at their base start up beds of the most delicate blooms, or, looking in another direction, where the eye lingers on the beauty of the Roman campagna to be again attracted by the purple hills in the ever beautiful distance; surrounded by such loveliness in nature and by the charms of so brilliant a society, the young Tasso gave himself up to his poetic fancies. Three years after he is again seen in Rome, but now with the pilgrims who crowd to the Holy City in the year of Jubilee. This time his soul was absorbed, not by the glories of ancient Rome, not by its arches of triumph, nor the pleasure-grounds of modern opulence, but by the contemplation of those spots on which the blood of martyrs had been shed for Christ; and in the fervor of his pious enthusiasm he would gladly have covered these sacred spots with his kisses and his tears.

Once more Tasso revisits that Rome which must have had such a charm for his poetic soul. In 1575 he returned to finish there, with the aid of so many inspirations, his *Jerusalem*. We are told that a sincere and lively admiration was excited by his poem, but the hearts of poets are exacting. Some praise which he had hoped to win had not been given, and all other praises failed to console him. For more than twelve years he did not go to Rome. Finally, in 1587, he went to the holy shrine of Loretto, there to accomplish a vow which he had made to the Blessed Virgin. From Loretto he went to Assisi, to pray before the altars and the tomb of St. Francis. From Assisi he con-

tinued his pilgrimage, until on the 4th of November the Roman campagna was again spread before him. He had tasted the cup of life to find its sweetness turned to bitterness. Disappointed, unhappy, drawn to religion by the necessities of a suffering soul, he had come to Rome for consolation. "It is a grace from God," he writes to a friend, "that I am allowed to visit once more this holy city." This time he found a home with the abbot of Olivetani di San Maria Nuovella," upon the *Via Sacra*, Father Oddi, one of the most ardent admirers of the *Jerusalem* of Tasso. But not even the kindness of Father Oddi could save him from a certain sense of humiliation which came from his poverty. In one of his moments of depression he fled from the abode of his friend and took shelter in a hospital founded by a cousin of his father, Jacques Tasso. "Here," he could say, "if I live upon alms, it is upon the alms of my own family." But while the poet was thus weighed down to the dust by his misfortunes, Rome and her Pontiff were preparing a triumph for which, years before, he had sighed in vain. The poet had returned to Naples, where a letter from the Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandini announced to him that by a decree of the Senate, approved by the Pope, Clement VIII, the crown of laurel would be given to him at the capital. How had the charm of this triumph been broken? God, who reads the heart, who knows its dangers, had opened the eyes of Tasso to the vanity of worldly fame; and now it was only the solicitations of his friends which induced him to accept what he had once desired and had even felt he had a right to claim.

Returning to Rome, he took the route which led over Monte Cassino, that he might compose his whole soul before those shrines where St. Benedict and St. Scholastica had overcome the world.

Before he entered Rome he was met by his faithful friends, the Cardinals Cintio and Pietro Aldobrandini, with their families, and also a representation from the house of the Holy Father. He was welcomed with transports of joy, and was received the next day by Clement VIII, who said to him: "I hold for you the laurel crown, that you may honor it as it has been honored by others."

The ceremony, however, was deferred on account of the weather and the gloom of the winter months. "Let it be given," it was said, "in the month of April, in the midst of springing flowers, and all the joys of spring-time." But the poet had heard a voice which had not reached the ears of his most devoted friends. When he learned that the coronation had been deferred he was profoundly moved, and begged the Cardinal Cintio, his beloved friend, to take him to the monastery

of San Onofrio. His wish was gratified, and the carriage of the Cardinal, in which he accompanied the poet, was drawn up the steep *Salita di San Onofrio* to the steps of the monastery, where they were met by the religious. Here it was, at the foot of these steps, that Tasso said to them, with all the pathos of his soul in his melancholy eyes: "My fathers, I have come to die among you!" From this moment he seemed to give himself into their hands.

With the greatest tenderness they aided his trembling steps up the flight of stairs to the portico, and then through the same cloistered court which we have described: up the same stairs to the gallery, with its windows overlooking Rome, to the best room in their lovely abode; to no other would they lead the poet of the "Jerusalem Delivered." But in vain did they seek to chase from his mind the idea of approaching death. It was from this sacred seclusion that he wrote to his dear friend, Antonio: "I have come to the monastery of San Onofrio, not only because the air is praised by physicians more than that of any other part of Rome, but that I may begin, on this elevated spot and in the conversation of these holy fathers, my conversation in heaven."

The Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandini seldom quitted his friend Tasso, and nothing was left undone to cheer and sustain his courage and his failing strength. The oak is still shown towards which his feeble steps delighted to turn through the garden of the monastery, and from which he could see, through the mild air of early spring, the Roman landscape, the Tiber and the holy city. But nothing could stay the hand of death. Two weeks after his arrival at San Onofrio the latent fever declared itself. He still lingered fourteen days, and then he asked for the last rites of that Church which never seems so rich as when invoked by the dying. Absorbed in the contemplation of divine things, holding to his breast and to his lips the crucifix sent to him by Clement VIII, enriched with every blessing for his last hour, he could say: "Behold, the crown which I was to receive at the Capitol has been changed from one of laurel for a better one in heaven!"

From the time he received the last Sacraments he desired to be left alone with a religious and his crucifix. Slowly and to the sweet chant of the choir, to which Tasso had so often listened with tears of happiness, the monk chanted the Hours until the morning when Tasso murmured, with great difficulty: "*In manus Tuas, Domine,*"—and all was over! The last words of his Redeemer, "Lord, into Thy Hands," were the last words of Tasso.

Who can say with what a pathetic interest every

object in that chamber is invested! There stands the chair on which he had sat; his writing-case is preserved, and above all his crucifix. A letter, written by his own hand to his dear friend Antonio. A bust of which the mask was taken from his face after death, and on which one sees how all the natural enthusiasm of the poet had been supernaturalized by years of suffering, and, more than all, by those few weeks among the holy souls at San Onofrio.

Tasso died between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of the 25th of April, 1595, in the fiftieth year of his age. That same evening his body was interred near the steps of the high altar, amid a vast concourse of people. For centuries the spot was marked by a stone bearing this inscription:

"Here lie the bones of Torquato Tasso. Stranger, lest thou know it not, the Brothers of the monastery have placed here this stone, in the year 1601. He died in 1595."

When the guide had shown us all that his room contained he led us to a door opening on the garden of the monastery, to a path leading to the oak of Tasso. A great part of it has been destroyed by tempests, but enough remains to show where the poet's seat must have been. Near it is the tree under which St. Philip Neri drew around him the Roman boys and won their young hearts to God. A flight of mossy steps leads still higher, where we could see plainly the near dome of St. Peter's and the line of stone pines stretching almost from the spot where we stood to the colonnades of the great basilica. At our feet the green sod was set close with pink and white daisies, spreading their small corollas to the sun. We gathered a handful, for they would speak not only to us, but to many across the sea, of San Onofrio and of St. Philip Neri as well as of Tasso; and when we returned to the church, we laid them on the altar in the old chapel of the Saint of the Desert with its one small window overlooking Rome.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, June 9, 1876.

DEAR AVE MARIA:—St. Augustine, who knew so much about grace and nature, how the one sanctified and united the other with God, used to say, "*Interfice errores, diligite peccatores,*"—"Destroy errors, love the erring." This maxim is a consequence of grace, else how can we love the erring? How can we even tolerate the existence of men whose sworn purpose is to make our existence miserable, to say nothing of the fact that they would annihilate us Christians entirely if they could? O we must needs invoke grace again and again, not to think unkindly of such men,

waiving an effort to love them. I know, too, that the Holy Father, in a recent discourse (of which I shall speak further on) said, "But while we pray for our enemies, let us curse their evil ways." Nature is more disposed to invoke malediction upon and consign to eternal execration the sinners, and would certainly do so but for the sweetening and forgiving breath of grace. But we are not forbidden to be indignant, and my hearty indignation at this moment, and that of every Catholic in the Eternal City, bears constant reference to the latest act of villainy consummated by the Italian Government to the detriment of Catholics throughout the world. The ancient hospice for pilgrims, called

TRINITÀ DE PELLEGRINI,

is taken at last. The date of its primeval establishment is buried in remote antiquity. It was a venerable institution in the days of St. Philip Neri, standing side by side with the old Monte di Pietà. It was the home of the weary traveller who journeyed hither from France, Spain, Portugal, from Britain, from Germany, and from beyond the Danube. To be received within its walls it was enough to be a Catholic. And when England disowned her Mother, and persecuted her faithful offspring, many an English exile found repose and sympathy in the old hospice of Trinità de Pellegrini. Look at the old records of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century, and side by side with that of the Dalmatian you will see inscribed the name of a persecuted yet faithful son of Erin,—here an O'Reilly, there a Burke, and anon an O'Donnell. In our own days, during Holy Week, I have seen a delicate Roman princess, who during the Carnival was the belle of every grand ball, go on her knees before a poor dusty creature who had walked all the way from Terracina to Rome, wash her blistered feet, and afterwards wait on her, and hundreds besides, in the women's refectory. And I have seen venerable Cardinals, princes, and gentlemen of every rank do the same charitable office. It was a repetition of the sublime scene in the Cœnaculum. Precisely because it was a sublime institution, and was too strong a reminder of God betrayed on one side, and Judas the betrayer and thief on the other, did these imitators of Judas suppress the Trinità de Pellegrini, thus betraying their Master in the Faith to which they are renegades. The getting hold of the purse of the institution was by no means an accessory consideration to them, and in this too have they imitated Judas. To make themselves perfect counterparts of the archtraitor, nothing is left them now but to hang themselves with a halter. Pending this consummation, they are very active in overtopping the measure of their iniquity. I see ecclesiastical property, rural possessions mostly, to the amount of 150,000 francs, advertised for sale at public auction next week. 'The evil that men do lives after them.' Though Bonghi, the originator of the idea that the Government should appoint commissioners who would make a visitation of the ecclesiastical seminaries, perished with Minghetti's ministry, still his obnoxious project is carried out to the letter. A visi-

tation of the Pope's Seminary of Sant Appollinare was made in the early part of last week.

Many laudatory articles have appeared in the native and foreign journals about the grand library and reading-room inaugurated by the king on his birthday, and which is named, after him, *Libreria Vittorio Emanuele*. A great tribute to science indeed, but to the utter extermination of justice. First of all, the building itself was

STOLEN FROM THE JESUITS.

With the seizure of the Roman College, the library was taken too. Let me add also that the brigands did not even spare the magnificent pharmacy and chemical laboratory belonging to the Jesuits. In it the poor received medicine gratuitously, and male patients were treated by Brother Antonacci, one of the most learned physicians of Rome. I believe that the destruction of that pharmacy, and the sale of the effects, broke Brother Antonacci's heart. When he was driven forth from that retreat where he had served God (and honored science too) for forty-five years, he began to practise medicine again to gain a livelihood. He was so attached to his old habit that although the law forbade him to wear it he would rise before dawn, put it on, and repair in the darkness to the Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, and hear Mass in it. It did his heart good, he said, to throb under the old cassock. But it ceased to throb altogether after a few months, and they buried him in the habit he loved and wore so well. Pardon this digression; but I cannot think of the Roman College without thinking of

FRA ANTONACCI,

and another priest of whom I may write to you one of these days. To the Library of the Jesuits were added that of the Dominicans at the Minerva, the Angelica, and that of the Oratorians. This gigantic robbery, then, accumulated into one whole, forms the so-called Victor Emmanuel Library. After the Vatican, it is perhaps the richest library in the world, but no glory to the robber whose bust and arms now desecrate the hall where Pallavacini, and Bellarmine, and Suarez, and many a learned son of Ignatius studied.

I alluded above to a recent discourse of His Holiness. It was delivered on the 29th of May, to the deputies from the Twenty-Four Cities which, at the instigation of Pope Alexander III, formed the Lombard League, and conquered Barbarossa at Leguano. The origin and progress of the Italian Revolution are the subjects of consideration. The Italian Revolution formally began after the restoration to the Eternal City of Pius VII. The agitators first began to corrupt the minds and hearts of the young men, and the peninsula was literally inundated with the writings of the atheists of the eighteenth century. These were followed by a multitude of immoral books and scandalous romances. The first evidence of the evil effect of these books was in the appearance of that formidable secret society, "black in name, and black in deed," the *Carbonari*. These were followed by the association called *La Giovane Italia*—Young Italy—of which His Holiness patly remarks that though *young* in name it was old in malice and iniquity. Numerous other se-

cret associations were organized, but in time all carried their turbid and muddy waters into the vast marsh of Masonry. From this marsh to-day arises that pestilential effluvia which infects a great portion of the world, and hinders this poor Italy from speaking her mind out before the nations. To the untiring efforts of Masonry is due the triumph of the Revolution in Italy. He would pass over fruitless lamentations, and would observe that the very first victim of the Revolution was the man who through ambition and vanity had placed himself at the head of it. With the triumph of the Revolution began the long series of oppression, spoliations, and outrages inflicted upon the Catholic Church. But God has decreed the triumph of His Church, and that peace be restored to her even here below in virtue of the Cross of Christ. *In this sign thou shalt conquer.* Then he said, "In the mean time, let the enemies of the Church be the object of our charity and our prayers. But while we pray for them, let us curse their errors and their false maxims, and let us regard their sectarian assemblies with more than contempt, with horror, while we exhort the young men to fly from them as from a poisonous serpent. Against their efforts to do evil, let ours be opposed to do good. They wish to create science with anti-Christian instruction. But let us do all that is possible to multiply the teachers of sound doctrine. They want license, and we fight (let us say it with a loud voice) we fight for liberty, but for that liberty which moves step by step with justice. They desire to corrupt, and we desire to heal. In short, the mission of good Catholics like you is to throw up a barrier against the torrent of iniquity which is extending its inundations daily. The surest means of all others, and the most conducive to the end proposed, is concord and union.

UNION WITH GOD, UNION AMONG YOURSELVES, UNION
WITH THE CHIEF PASTORS OF THE DIOCESES.

And since mention has been made of a great Pontiff who merited well of Italy, let us observe, too, that Alexander III, of holy memory, who showed an intrepid soul, and a constancy that never failed him, owed chiefly to union the triumph achieved. Do you also fight united and in concord to obtain the same end and you will soon obtain it, perhaps without the necessity of going to Canossa or to Venice." Unity of purpose and union in action was also the theme of a Brief, dated May 22, which the Pope addressed to the Marquis Pompeo Bourbon del Monte, and to the Central Commission of the Catholic Union in Florence for promoting good works. His Holiness remarks that it is unbecoming the faithful to stand in passive indifference and see the mouth closed, the hand and feet of the sacred ministers tied, lest they point out the snares and dangers to the people, lest they strengthen their faith, and defend the rights of the Church. "Therefore," he continues, "we deem you worthy of all praise, because with zeal for the divine honor and the salvation of your neighbor, under the leadership of the ecclesiastical authorities, and, *observing the tenor of the laws*, you oppose vigilance against trickery, writings against writings, deeds against deeds, and wherever you see an enemy breaking forth, there you

turn your forces, while you are careful at the same time *that these be not divided by diversity of action.*"

Italy apprehends danger from the eastern point of the compass. The magnates of this land are smitten with the recollection that they are Christians. Consequently they have sent out two men-of-war to take observations. In addition to this, orders have been given by the minister of war to establish a strong military force at Brindisi. The rapidity and ease with which monarchs are dethroned in latter days is amazing. A few of the ministry wait upon his majesty and announce their sentiments in something after this fashion: "Sir, out of consideration for your personal comfort we would suggest that you retire immediately." An announcement of this nature need not surprise the King of Italy at present. He is receiving abundant proofs of the fact that though the national aspirations tend towards unity they are far from including monarchy. A grand banquet was lately given by the principal citizens of Milan to commemorate the battle of Legnano. The syndic of the city was invited under condition that he should not according to custom propose the health of the king. He was at liberty to say "I drink to the health of the king." But he was not permitted to propose the health of the king, nor qualify the word *king* with the possessive "*our*." Nor did they stop there. The king's portrait was removed from the banquet-hall. The conditions were humiliating, and the syndic would not accept. But the insult to his majesty did not lose any of its enormity or deep significance by that. The king of Italy has often said "we will not go to Canossa"—i. e., we will not submit to the Pope. He may not, that is uncertain, as the Pope said; but it is certain that the enemies of the Church will be brought, whether they will or not, before the Cross triumphant, in fear and trembling. There is a meaning in the insult of the Republicans just offered to the king. But there is a deeper significance still in the words of the old man in the Vatican to the Catholic deputies: "Fight united and in concord to obtain the same purpose, and you will soon obtain it, perhaps without the necessity of anybody's going to Canossa or to Venice."

ARTHUR.

In Honor of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The following is the manner in which Mrs. — related to me the sudden, and we may say miraculous, cure of her eyes through the application of the water from the Grotto of Lourdes:

"I came home after burying my husband, and, feeling sick, I had to go to bed. The next morning, a Solemn Mass was to be celebrated for the repose of the soul of my husband, but I was not able to go to church; my face was fearfully swollen. I asked the Sisters to come to see me, asked the priest to visit me, and they seemed very much astonished. Some thought it was erysipelas, others pronounced it something else. But whatever it was or was not, I became entirely blind. I remained blind for over three years. My general health, though not the best, yet permitted me to go

to church. I had to be led by the hand, for I could see nothing. I became very cross to those around me, without being able to account for it. This caused me to feel bad, for all were very kind to me. I consulted the physicians of our town, and went to L., placing myself under the care of the best oculist there. After sometime I became impatient, not seeing any improvement, and asked Doctor C. what his opinion was; he answered me very decidedly that the sight of one eye was irretrievably lost, but that I might yet have the use of the other. I went back to my home, amongst my friends and relatives, trying to be satisfied with my lot, when one of the Sisters of Charity came to see me and said: 'Now is your time. Father C. (the pastor of the place) has returned from his visit to —, and brought with him some of the water from the Grotto of Lourdes.' In short I immediately began the novena, had myself led to the church the first and second day, asked the priest to put the water on my eyes, which he kindly did, begged him to say a Mass for me, and on the third day of the novena the priest said to me: 'Now, Mrs. —, you can go home by yourself.' And thanks and glory be to God, I could see; I went home alone, to my children, to the great astonishment of the whole town. It is now more than two years since I received this blessing, and ever since I have been able to do my work. In a word, I see,—thanks be to God and to the Immaculate Conception."

A correct statement. L. B.—, Pastor.

Catholic Notes.

—Rev. Father Francis Codina, O. S. F., of Watsonville, Cal., has our sincere thanks for kind favors.

—The unpublished works of the lamented Dr. Brownson are being collected for publication by one of his sons.

—A beautiful Munich statue of the Blessed Virgin, five feet nine inches high, has been purchased by Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., for St. Patrick's Church, Toledo, of which he is temporarily in charge.

—A fine medallion of more than one metre (about three feet and a half) in diameter, representing a true likeness of Pius IX, in splendid mosaic, has been placed over the façade of the Sanctuary at Lourdes.

—Père Renard, Professor of Geology in the Jesuit College at Louvain, has recently been elected a fellow of the Microscopical Society of London. He has since been on a geological tour in Wales at the expense of the Belgian Government.

—Venerable Father Hoffbauer, whose beatification was lately announced, was the spiritual director of the Christian philosopher, Frederick von Schlegel. The latter was a weekly Communicant, and was noted for his devotion to our Blessed Lady.

—A *Cablegramme* to the New York *Freeman's Journal*, dated Rome, June 25th, announces that: "The Very Rev. James O'Connor, of the Diocese of Philadelphia, has been named by the Holy See Bishop *in partibus*, and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska." Bishop

O'Gorman, the former Vicar Apostolic, had his residence in Omaha, and died there, July 4, 1874—two years ago. The See has, since, been vacant, Rt. Rev. Dr. Ireland, first named, having become Coadjutor, *cum jure successionis*, of the Bishop of St. Paul. Dr. O'Connor is a younger brother of the late Bishop of Pittsburgh.

—"Who that knew the Wesleyans of old," says the N. O. *Morning Star*, "would recognize them now by their exterior practices? The bare barn of a meeting-house has been replaced by magnificent and costly edifices, the plain board box has given way to sumptuously upholstered pews; the pious horror which banished organs and all instruments of music as inventions of the devil has subsided into quite an alliance with that profane goddess, Euterpe. Pictures and even statues, and, worse than all, crosses, are profusely visible among sectarians who in 1776 would have considered themselves in full fellowship with Babylon if they had encouraged idolatry so openly."

—Late advices from Bruxelles state that the distinguished Bollandist, Father Victor de Buck, breathed his last on the 23rd of May, at the College of St. Michael. This will cause profound sorrow to many in Ireland, since his labors on the great "*Acta Sanctorum*" were devoted especially to the illustration of Irish hagiology for several years past. His learning and virtues are well preserved in the record of his life-long labors and zeal to promote the glory of the saints, who we trust are ready to receive him in the kingdom of eternal glory. Several works of his in the Latin, French and Flemish languages have already seen the light, besides his special contributions to the "*Acta*." Fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, he expired in the sixtieth year of his age.—*Dublin Freeman*.

—The Italian journals give to the public, in the shape of a report, the *steckbrief* (warrant of arrest) issued against Count Arnim, formerly a Prussian ambassador at the Holy Sec. The fact that the Berlin police is willing to refund all expenses of arrest besides travelling expenses for the culprit and his guards is much commented upon by the newspapers, since the Italian Government has officially refused to give up Count Arnim to the Prussian authorities. The Count's health is very much impaired, his fortune sequestered, and he has been cashiered from the Prussian diplomatic service. It was by his treasonable and equivocal conduct that Victor Emmanuel was enabled to commit his sacrilegious robbery in 1870, by which the Holy Father became a prisoner. Who does not see here the avenging hand of God!

—The anniversary service of the martyr-Archbishop, Mgr. Darboy, has been held lately in Paris. A marble statue of the saintly martyr will be placed in St. George's Chapel. A French exchange gives the following graphic description of this statue, executed by M. Bonnassieux. The Archbishop is represented standing erect, wearing the cross on his breast, near the fatal wall where the victims had been placed. All have already fallen after the first volley, except the Archbishop, who remained

standing, with two balls in his side. It is from this supreme moment, between life and death, or rather with death already in his heart, that the artist has taken his idea. The splendid head shows an expression both Christian and ideal. The paleness, and muscular contraction caused by the intense suffering are plainly visible, but their traits are eclipsed by a serenity both lofty and sad, giving a splendid brightness to his forehead and features. He is lifting his maimed hand, showing its two fingers, bruised by the bullets of the first volley, while with sublime expression he pardons his murderers by giving them his blessing.

—Show me your companions and I will tell you what you are, is a well-known German proverb. Bismark's present companions are stock-jobbers, brokers, railroad rings and *gruenders* (founders of mercantile and industrial companies) who have been the means of swindling the people. Bismark himself is very little edified with such associates, and he feels quite uneasy among them; but these fine fellows, although they are all full of admiration for the great statesman, are still ready to "let out" terrible things on him, just as it has happened to some prominent men in our own country. There are already some voices calling Bismark the first *gruender* of the German Empire, and they do not mean the ideal but the equivocal sense of the word. Count Arnim, Bismark's bitterest enemy, has now purchased the *Eisenbahnzeitung* (Railroad Gazette) the editors of which paper know all about railroad rings, foundations, factories and other very profitable but not very honest business transactions. The *Eisenbahnzeitung* is already "letting out" terrible things, and these disclosures will not cease till the paper is suppressed. Not a few thinking politicians are of the opinion that a return to better times for the Catholics is near at hand, to be brought about not by Bismark but by one of his successors. It is said that the old king himself is heartily tired of the conflict and longs for peace.

New Publications.

DRAMATISCH-DECLAM. JUGEND BIBLIOTHEK. Mühlbauer & Behrle, Chicago.

The 5th number of this series contains a poem by B. Hammer, "The Rising of the Colonies," in which Virginia, surrounded by her sister Colonies, appeals for liberty, and is responded to by Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and the other States; also a melodrama, by P. Agatho, O. S. B., entitled "The God-mother's Gift," exhibiting in a most lively and touching manner the working of divine grace through a little girl, and her generous application of a god-mother's gift. Young ladies of the period would do well to read it, and learn how to become missionaries of the faith by practising such household virtues as are set forth in this sweet little composition of the Rev. Father Agatho.

—The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for July, an excellent number of this magazine, contains: I, Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; II, SS. Timothy and

Maura; III, The New Mission Field in South Africa; IV, Correspondence Between an Aged Count and a Young Convert; V, Devotion to the Sacred Heart; VI, The Return of the Popes from Avignon to Rome; VII, Alain de B—; or, the Efficacy of Persevering Prayer; VIII, General Intention; IX, Graces Obtained.

DR. JOS. SALZMANN'S *LEBEN UND WIRKEN*,—"The Life and Labors of the Rev. Dr. Jos. Salzmann," by Rev. J. Rainer, Professor at the Salesianum. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

We hail with delight the appearance of this little volume, as a noble tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Salzmann, of Milwaukee. Though we had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with the hero of this sketch, yet on perusing the same we feel as if we had been lifelong and intimate friends. Dr. Salzmann's memory indeed will live forever in the creations of his faith and genius, the Salesianum, the Catholic Teachers' Institute, and the Pio Nono College; but his biography, as written by Father Rainer, will be a medium by which Catholics of future ages can view them with pleasure and delight. An English translation, we trust, will soon follow the German edition.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 24TH.

Number of letters received, 102; new members enrolled, 87. Applications for prayers have been made for the following intentions: Recovery of health for 78 persons and 1 family; Change of life for 32 persons and 2 families; Conversion to the Faith for 15 persons and 2 families; The grace of perseverance for 5 persons; Grace of a happy death for 3 persons in the last extremity; Graces for priests, 4; for religious 5; for clerical students, 2; Grace of a religious vocation, 3; Temporal favors, for 14 persons, 3 families, 5 communities and 2 schools; Spiritual favors, for 26 persons, 5 families, 6 communities, 4 congregations and 3 schools. The following specified intentions have been received: The particular intentions of a religious, prayers for which are especially requested in the middle of July,—Prayers for some young men who have not yet made their First Communion,—Return of some young men to their home and to their religious and social duties,—The blessing of the Church for several persons only civilly married,—The happy termination of two pending events for a community,—Conversion for and union of the members of a divided family.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following favors have been reported in letters received during the week: "I am happy to inform you that I have obtained employment. Many thanks to you for your kind prayers, and to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, for I am sure it was through her intercession that I obtained this favor." . . . "I was suffering for twenty-five years from the bad effects of a dislocated ankle. After using some of the water of Lourdes I felt no more pain in that ankle or limb." . . . "A lady of this city requests a Mass of thanksgiving for the restoration of her health by means of the water of Lourdes. For years this lady suffered much from rheumatism. This spring she made a novena, taking at the same time some of the blessed water. Many days had not elapsed when she was restored to health, which she had not enjoyed for years, notwithstanding every medical attention had been paid her." . . . "We got some water of Lourdes from a friend, which precious gift restored to us, almost from death, one of our religious who had been confined to her bed for sixteen months, but who on the 8th of May, after applying the

water and drinking a few drops, arose and dressed herself. She was cured of several infirmities long ago pronounced incurable by the physicians."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: JAMES and Mrs. MARY McGERIGAN, of County Kerry, Ireland. JOHN J. SHEKLETON, of Dubuque Co., Iowa. JAMES MULQUINN and JOHN J. MULQUINN, of Philadelphia. Mrs. D. W. JOHNSON, of Ranges, Ind., who died on the 15th of April, leaving a devoted husband and six little children to mourn her loss. PETER BEEMILLER, of Bedford, Pa. Mrs. MARGARET BURTLE, of Litchfield, Ky., a life-subscriber to the AVE MARIA. PATRICK, MICHAEL and Miss MARGARET McGERIGAN. Miss MARGARET RANEN, Caledonia, Wis. Miss MARY McMAHON, of Oil City, Pa. MARTIN J. CURTIN. MICHAEL HACKET, of Fort Howard, Wis., who departed this life on the 15th of May.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

NOTE.—A letter addressed to Miss Mary Brennan, Homestead, Pa., has been returned by the postmaster.

Children's Department.

The Children of the Roses.

In a dark, desolate dwelling in a crowded quarter of a large city, quite close to the residence of the rich, once lived a little cripple boy. He had no mother to bathe his feverish brow, no gentle sister to whisper sweet words of affection into his ear. No: all alone on his hard couch he lay suffering, without sympathy, the pains and languor of a long illness. His sole enjoyment was a few stray sunbeams which stole in through the tattered roof like a smiling messenger sent from God. With what delight he hailed each day this faithful visitor, which brought back bright visions of the past; his early childhood spent amidst fragrant flowers and verdant meadows returned to him once more, and each day he longed to cull those sweet flowers. At length his desires overcame his weakness; he seemed to acquire a new strength, and, rising from his couch, he entered the narrow street, treading his way timidly along among the jostling crowd who pushed and rejected him at every step. Guided by his good Angel, he proceeded on his way. As he advanced, he noticed that the houses gradually became more spacious, and the streets much wider, until he reached a region where the beauties of nature seemed to unite with the grandeur of art. These mansions of marble were surrounded by extensive parks whose spreading trees shaded soft lawns spangled with bright flowers.

One of these houses in particular attracted our little friend, and as he approached the rails of the garden he saw a beautiful little boy whose merry laughter, rosy cheeks, blue eyes and golden hair seemed to vie with the most beautiful flowers and merriest birds. The pitiful countenance of the little sufferer attracted the child of fortune, and, approaching him, he slipped a piece of money into his hand, saying: "Take this, little boy, and buy some bread." A soft "Thank you" was the sole reply, while his eyes rested longingly on a fair bed of roses unfolding their carmine petals beneath the sun's bright smile, which, noticing, our little cherub broke off with his fair hand a cluster of the brightest flowers, saying: "I see, little boy, that, like me, *flowers* are dearer to you than *money*."

"Tears of joy and gratitude filled the little boy's eyes as he uttered a profusion of thanks and immediately withdrew, bearing home with him his treasure.

All was now forgotten—his hunger, weariness and pain; his bright roses repaid for all; the bright sunbeam seemed never to vanish. With what care he tended his little slip! But, alas! terrestrial beauties are transient, and now a cruel fear seized our little invalid. It was that his roses would fade.

Poor little sufferer! your fears are groundless; faster than your transient roses does your frail life draw to a close; in fact before the last carmine petal of the flower fell, the slender thread of this child's life was nipped. Over the hard couch of suffering an Angel had bent to execute the commission received from on high; a few moments, and the task was accomplished. There was a sufferer less on earth, an angel more in heaven.

Let us again visit the mansion of the great. The grandeur and beauty yet remain; but an unwelcome visitor has intruded, which the rich cannot repel any more than the poor. On a soft bed, hung with rich heavy curtains, lies a wasted little form in whom one would scarce recognize the buoyant little being pictured in our first sketch. His features are now crimson with fever, his restless limbs toss convulsively about, his parched lips and clammy brow display the ravages of a mortal disease. A bereaved mother watches in agony by his bedside; she has rejected all the services of her domestics, that she may tend alone her precious child. Suddenly the listless eyes open, a smile once more wreathes his lips, and he joyously exclaims: "Oh! roses! the sweet roses!" The fond mother, thinking her child calls for his favorites, runs to the open window to cull some flowers; but alas! during

her absence death seizes his fair prey; she returns, to find the inanimate corpse of her darling child. A brother Angel came to carry the little child to the bosom of the Common Father before that joyous life would be blighted by the tempests of the world.

And now while the two wing their way heavenward, our little hero, leaning his head on the shoulder of the Angel, asked him to tell him the reason why in passing over a narrow, dingy street he flew down and picked up off the pavement a few faded roses. Then the Angel, smiling, recalled the story of the little boy whose sad life he had rejoiced by a bunch of roses.

"How did you learn this?" asked the artless child.

"I myself was that little boy," was the Angel's reply; "and it is to recompense you for your charity that our loving Saviour sent me to bring you to our celestial Garden before the world's storms would have you taste aught of its bitterness.

The Happiest Day.

It was the evening of Corpus Christi, in the year 1840. The church of the great Parisian seminary was deserted, for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was just over. The air of the garden which surrounded the seminary was still perfumed by the incense which had arisen in the clouds before the Lord of heaven and earth, as He passed on His way of mercy, shedding blessings on all those who knelt to adore Him; but the Blessed Sacrament had been carried back to the altar, and the tabernacle was once more closed on the Prisoner of Love. Almost all who had assisted at His triumph had retired; only a few persons still lingered round the altar in sweet converse with their God.

Three boys were standing in one of the walks of the garden. The red ribbon and silver medal which hung round their necks marked them as First-Communicants. They were talking of the happiness which they had that morning for the first time enjoyed. "Oh!" said a boy with merry blue eyes, and a bright smile, "this is the happiest day of my life. I am so sorry it is nearly over, for I can never have another like it. What do you think?" he said to one of his companions.

"It is, indeed, a very happy day," replied the other. "But I hope to have a happier one still: the day on which I make my vows as a Jesuit; for I hope by God's grace that I shall be one, and serve Him in the especial Company of His Son. Oh, that will indeed be a happy day! What do you say, Herbert?" he continued addressing his other

companion, whose dark lustrous eyes and grave and almost pensive expression of face told of a more thoughtful disposition.

"There will be one still happier—oh, far happier, for me," he returned. "This has been the happiest day I have ever yet had. I too hope to be a Jesuit, and that will be still happier, but the best and brightest of all"—and his face lighted up as he spoke, as if the longed-for happiness were already his—"will be the day of my martyrdom; for I hope to be sent to preach the faith in far-off countries, and there I feel convinced that God will grant my desire, and that I shall give my life for Him who this morning has given Himself to me."

The prayer-bell rang out on the evening air, warning them that their First-Communion day was over, and bidding them offer their last thoughts to God.

In a large town in the Corea there is an unusual stir. It is scarcely light, and yet everyone is in motion: some hurry to and fro, others stop to question the passers-by. Some great event is clearly at hand. Yes, it is a time of persecution, and fifty persons of all ranks are this day to receive the crown of martyrdom.

The procession is soon seen winding out of the gate of the city, a cross of wood carried before it. The martyrs, on whose faces the happiness of heaven already glows, excite each other to courage and perseverance. One of them is especially remarkable by his manly and noble bearing. He is a young missionary priest, and as we gaze on his calm bearing, and eyes that tell of the ardent soul within, we surely recognize the First-Communicant of years ago. His happiest day had come! Orders had been given that he should be one of the last executed, in the hope that the sight of the various tortures of the other martyrs might move him to renounce his religion rather than suffer the like.

He had stood by unflinchingly, while his companions went to receive their crown, longing for the moment that was to give him his; and now that his turn had come, he went forward with a longing expression on his face that those who witnessed it could never forget. He started when the executioner spoke to him, begging him to renounce his superstitious folly, again laying before him all the advantages he would gain by renouncing his faith. "Tempt me not," cried the young priest; "it is useless. Hasten rather to strike the blow which is to unite me to my God. Know you not that this is my happiest day? Lord Jesus! I come to Thee. For this I have always longed. I come; I come." So saying, he laid his head on the block, and in the next instant was in the possession of his God for all eternity, and was enrolled in the white-robed army of martyrs, who sing forever the praises of the Lamb.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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The Blessed Virgin.

In a recent sermon on the attributes of the Holy Mother of God, His Eminence Cardinal Manning took for his text the following words from the 12th Chapter of the Apocalypse of St. John: "A great sign appeared in Heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

The sign, His Eminence said, signified the Incarnation. The woman was the Mother of the Redeemer of the world; the Child of whom the context spoke was the Redeemer Himself. Her being clothed with the sun was a sign that she was clothed with surpassing glory. The moon, throughout Scripture, was used as a symbol of instability, mutation, vicissitude and change, and therefore of the world; all creatures under her feet signified that she was the first of creatures; and the crown of twelve stars signified the union of all perfection on the head of that one person. His Eminence then proceeded to show that the glory of the Blessed Virgin is pre-eminent, surpassing the glory of all the creatures of God: secondly, that it has in it that which makes it singular in its kind, sets it apart and not only above, and with a distinctness which makes it unique and unapproachable. First, there was her essential glory: secondly, the glory of her Divine Maternity; thirdly, there was her glory in virtue of the rights of her Divine Son; fourthly, there was her glory as the mother of all living; and lastly there was her accidental glory, which was the participation of that of her Divine Son. Why was it the Catholic Church paid to her the reverence and veneration which was called devotion, or, as he desired and rather loved to call it, "worship," a good old racy ancient Saxon word; our mother tongue had in it a fragrance like the earth when we turn it up. None but those who did not know their Catechism could misunderstand the use of

the word "worship"; and if they did misunderstand it, he would rather send them to learn their Catechism than enter into a theological disquisition. Why had the Catholic Church dedicated her sanctuaries to Mary, the Mother of God? why in every church was there a Lady Chapel? Why had we a series of Feasts all the year round, beginning with the Annunciation, and ending with the Assumption? Why was it the "Hail Mary" was put in the mouth of every child? Why is it to the world, which in its ignorance and twilight faith does not understand the glory of the hypostatic union of God and man in the person of Her Son, that we seem to go too far? Because they do not understand the real glory of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. He would ask what one thing had the Church ever done or said which goes beyond what God has done and said for her sanctification and her glory. He had sanctified her for the sake of His Son, and for her own sake, because He made her to be the Mother of His Son. Among the first fruits of God and the Lamb, before the throne in heaven, would be the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God, and before the throne of her Son, with her many diadems and the crown of twelve stars which she wears would be a crown purchased in His Precious Blood; and in the midst of all the Alleluias of heaven, she would say as the least saint of heaven would say, "By the grace of God, I am that which I am." He had to speak a word of duty to them, if they knew not the Blessed Mother of our Redeemer as they ought. Not to call her Blessed was a mark of an imperfect faith and of a cold heart. He asked them who were not of his flock—would to God they were—if they honored the Blessed Mother of our Redeemer as they ought? Did He not honor her? did He not venerate her? Did not all His disciples do the same? Did she not say, speaking in prophecy, "All generations shall call me Blessed"? And yet perhaps they had carped at

the honor which Catholics gave her. Those who were of his flock he asked if they had paid to her the veneration which was her due? Not one of them—they were far from the example of her Divine Son.

St. Alphonsus laid down a rule which was a rule of wisdom derived from the Holy Ghost. He said that as to the glories of the Blessed Mother of God, whatever the faith did not prohibit him to believe, whatever was not inconsistent with any decree of the Church, whatever was not forbidden by the light of nature, that he believed with joy. What conception of her sanctification could they have that would go beyond the immensity of grace which he had endeavored to draw out? What conception of the dignity of her person could they have which surpasses the dignity of the Divine Maternity? Let them cherish that conception as affectionate children of her who was the Mother of God and their Mother. They had to make reparation for not having honored her as they ought, and for others round about them. They had to make reparation for England, the tradition and title of which was the Dowry of Mary once, but now, since three hundred years, had wrecked her sanctuaries, pulled down her altars, and abolished her festivals, and had become mute, so that the public voice of England does not call her Blessed any more. Let them pray to her, pray to her Divine Son to pour out the light of faith upon England, upon the whole world, he might say; the warfare between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman, the woman clothed with the sun, is fierce, and though not more fierce at this day than at any other period of the century, more stealthy, more perilous, because more secret. Let them pray that God would pour out the light of faith that men might understand the mystery of the Incarnation and submit themselves to the rule of the King who has all power in heaven and on earth, and then they would know how to love His Blessed Mother.

If grace be the measure of glory, and if the grace of the Blessed Mother of God be an immensity, as her grace was, so is her glory. Let them have this conception, and they would be elevated in the whole life of mental prayer; they would be elevated in all the conceptions of their filial relations with God: a tenderness would come over the hearts of men, and the high and noble character of conscious dignity over those who were but handmaids.

O Mary, Mother of God, we bless you as the treasure of the universe, the inextinguishable torch, the crown of virginity, the sceptre of good doctrine, indestructible temple, abode of Him whom nothing can contain.—*St. Cyril.*

Fold Thy Mantle Round Me, Mother.

BY DR. PATRICK J. HIGGINS.

Fold thy mantle round me, Mother,
For my soul is weak to-day;
Sin essays her voice to smother,
Seeks to lead her steps astray;
And her tear-blind eyes look toward thee,
Thro' the gloom of sin's dark night;
And in anguish she is waiting
For the sea-star's guiding light.

Fold thy mantle closer, Mother,
Let me hide myself within,
For I'm weary, weary watching,
And I fear my foes will win;
But beneath thy mantle holy
Let me, faint and weary, hide;
For I feel and own my weakness,
And the strength of sin's dark tide.

Ah, this weary, weary watching!
How I wish it all were o'er!
And the frightful thought of straying—
Straying to return no more:
Still, I know 'tis but the watchful
Ever enter Heaven's gate;
And I know that, to be worthy,
We must work and watch and wait.

But the righteous e'en may falter,
And go down beneath the wave—
Oh, when sinking 'neath the water,
Mother, stretch thy hand and save,—
Save, and ask our dear Redeemer
To take back the life He gave,
For there is no fear of sinning
In the land beyond the grave.

Soon may come the welcome message
That will call my soul away!—
Ah, but facing Heaven's justice,
Sin-stained soul, what dost thou say?
—Be my soul in hell or Heaven,
—Mother, may I bless thy name!—
'Twould rob hell of half its torment
To but love thee still the same.

SCRANTON, PA.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER III.

The rain had fallen in torrents all night, but it ceased towards morning, and when Mr. Ringwood set out for the chapel the sun was peeping through the clouds, and the mists were rolling up like smoke from the nearer hills, unveiling the Twelve Piers, that rose, like "a mystic range of mountains," serene in their sharp outline against a pale opal sky. The ground was a perfect slush, but, as Burke remarked to Mr. Ringwood when the latter was mounting a fat cob at

the door, what did that matter when it was "fine and dry overhead?" He went almost at a foot-pace to avoid getting an ascending shower-bath of mud in his face; as it was, he was splashed to the elbows by the time he reached the chapel. On his way hither he saw the people trooping down from the hills, far and near,—the men in their thick frieze coats, the women in their scarlet and blue-hooded cloaks, the Colleen Bawn which a caprice of fashion has made so well-known to us all of late years. Many were shabby and worn, but the effect in the distance was none the less picturesque, as the bright colors glowed in the early sunlight. Though Mr. Ringwood was punctual to the minute, he found a number of persons waiting for him; those who wanted to "spake to the priest" were not likely to keep *him* waiting. It was a wretched-looking place, more like a barn, as Lady Margaret said, than a house for Divine worship; the walls, once clean with whitewash, were mouldy and marbled with green and black stains where the rain had come in; the roof was thatched, and you could see the thatch peering through in many places, the light in some. The floor was earthen, like the floors of the surrounding cabins, uneven and damp; the altar was in keeping with the rest; the bare little tabernacle had been gilt once in a time, but it was a very long time ago; every trace of such splendor had long since been worn away, and it now showed a surface of soiled, discolored wood; there was a fine old ivory crucifix on the top of it, and on either side a brass candlestick; a stone Madonna in a niche to the right completed the adornment of the sanctuary. The scene that presented itself to Mr. Ringwood as he entered was as striking as the place itself. Groups of peasants were kneeling before the poverty-stricken shrine, praying as he had never seen people pray before; no one could behold their faces, as they turned them towards the tabernacle, and doubt for a moment but that they believed it to be the dwelling-place of the Holy of Holies—His dwelling-place only; He Himself was not there, but the spot where He came so often and rested was hallowed in the eyes of their ardent faith, as the Sepulchre was to the disciples. Strong, powerful-looking men were saying their beads, or muttering their prayers; the women, more demonstrative, prayed almost audibly, opening and shutting their hands, or stretching them out in the form of a cross as they apostrophized the crucifix or turned an appealing look to the Madonna; some had babies in their arms, and it was a pretty sight to see the little creatures sucking their thumbs contentedly and gazing with wistful, wondering eyes into their mothers' faces, while the latter prayed away, ap-

parently unconscious of them, hugging them and loosening them according to the spasmodic promptings of their devotion. One woman held up a very small baby at arm's length, as if dedicating it to her who was clasping the Babe of Bethlehem to her immaculate heart; she was praying very loud, but Mr. Ringwood only caught some, as he thought, barbarous-sounding ejaculations; the scene was so touching and significant that he could not help standing some moments surveying it from the threshold. At last Dan Torry, who had been on the lookout to make himself useful in taking the cob, stole in behind him, and suddenly it became known that the priest was there. There was a faint but general murmur through the groups; all moved aside to make way for his Reverence, whether they were in his way or not, while Dan led him to the sacristy. The place dignified with this name was little more than a recess behind the altar, with no furniture beyond a ricketty chest of drawers and one straw chair; a few prints were mouldering in black wooden frames on the wall. On enquiring whether there was a sacristan, Mr. Ringwood was informed that there was not; when Father Tim came he brought his own boy; and when Father Pat came, young Quin acted in that capacity.

"And is he to be had now?" asked Mr. Ringwood.

"Oh! yis, yer Riverence! He'll be in shortly."

"And where are the vestments kept? Does Father Pat bring them?"

"Oh, no, yer Riverence; we have vistments of our own; but it's young Quin that keeps them."

"And he serves Mass, I suppose?"

"Oh, bedad he does, yer Riverence; and he's an iligant hand; he used to have a thrick o' runnin' away at the *Kyrie*, niver knowin' whin to stop, but shure Father Tim cured him o' that long ago; he was down with the faver, last Michaelmas, but he's fine and hearty now."

Being thus enlightened on the qualifications of young Quin, Mr. Ringwood suggested to Dan that it might be a wise measure to go and fetch him: it had struck nine, and the people were pouring in rapidly.

"Are there many wanting to come to confession?" he enquired.

"Yis, yer Riverence, there's a good score o' them; but maybe ye don't spake Irish?" said Dan, with a twinkle in his eye that said very distinctly what his own opinion was as to the chances of that accomplishment being forthcoming.

"No, I do not, unfortunately," said the English priest; "but can they not confess in English?"

"Oh, yis, and faith and some o' them can, yer Riverence, but the rest couldn't if they was on

their deathbeds and the divil waitin' to catch 'em."

"Then you had better at once step out and say that those who can only confess in Irish must wait till Father Patt comes," said Mr. Ringwood, as he proceeded to put on his surplice.

As Dan opened the sacristy door to deliver this message, a tall, hale man, on the shady side of fifty, came in, carrying a long, flat box under his arm.

"Here he is himself, yer Riverence! it's young Quin!" cried Dan.

"Oh! you are come with the vestments; you bring the wine and the altar-breads also, no doubt?"

"Oh, bedad no, yer Riverence! Father Patt brings them himself," replied young Quin, laying down his box, and rubbing his chin with the back of his hand.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Ringwood, in dismay, "and are none to be had now nearer than Ballyrock?"

"Sorra a bit nearer, yer Riverence."

Here was a dilemma.

"Surely there must be some mistake about this," said Mr. Ringwood; "Father Patt knew I was to say Mass here this morning, and if he knew there were no altar-breads he would have taken care to provide me with them."

"Shure and it's a wondher he didn't!" said Quin.

"Would it be possible to ride over to Ballyrock and be back in time with them!" enquired Mr. Ringwood, looking from one to the other of the men.

"Oh! bedad, sir, it 'ud be asy enough if we had a baste to ride," said Quin.

"There's the 'cob, yer Riverence!" said Dan; shure the Ginerall 'ud niver mind if I clapped on his back and wint off to Father Patt myself!"

"The very thing!" said Mr. Ringwood; then, on second thought, he added: "or suppose you sent a boy—some little fellow who would ride lighter than you, and so be back sooner; is there a boy you could trust?"

"Oh, yis, yer Riverence! there's Joe Barry's little chap, Billy Barry; he'd do it furst-rate, and be back before I'd be half way."

"Then send him off at once," said Mr. Ringwood.

Meanwhile Quin announced to the congregation in Irish what had happened, and presently Mr. Ringwood came out and seated himself on a chair near the altar, which did duty as a confessional.

One by one they came up and knelt down beside him, young men and old, venerable mothers and comely maidens, simple, docile, unsophisticated souls all of them. The English priest took them to his heart at once; he read them like an open book. Anyone might read them: untutored

and unspoiled, they were as guileless as little children with the priest, though Lady Margaret told wonderful stories of their preternatural cunning and shrewdness. Nothing struck him more than the utter self-forgetfulness and absence of human respect their demeanor manifested; they groaned and sighed and beat their breasts until you would have thought their lungs were in danger of being pummelled into a consumption; it was as clear as daylight that they had lost all thought or consciousness of any other presence in the chapel but God and the priest; it did not matter a straw what any one thought of them, or how any one construed their vehement demonstrations of contrition. Mr. Ringwood declared afterwards that he had never so realized the divine character of his ministry as while administering the Sacrament of reconciliation to that poor Irish flock in their mouldy barn of a church.

There were not more than a dozen who came to confession; the others were prevented by the difficulty about the language. As soon as Mr. Ringwood had done with them he went into the sacristy, whither young Quin at once followed him. He was thinking what he could do now for the people until the messenger returned; it was no use preaching to them, since so few would understand; there were no Stations up, or he might have had the Way of the Cross.

"You will all be very tired, I'm afraid, waiting so long for Mass," he said.

"Not a bit of us'll mind that, yer Riverence; if ye'd jist give us the bades we'd niver think o' the time."

"That's a very good suggestion! Tell them that I am going to say the Rosary; we shall have plenty of time for the whole fifteen decades; but will the congregation be able to follow me, do you think?"

"Lord love yer Riverence!" protested Quin; "shure they'll say it in Irish on the bades, while y're givin it out in English; the Blessed Mother o' God understands ivery language."

Mr. Ringwood accordingly took his beads and knelt down on the altar-step, and began the prayers, in English, the entire congregation joining with a unison that showed how perfectly at home they were in the devout exercise. The entire rosary was finished, and then having no further service for occupying them, he took out his breviary and began to say his Office. The most profound silence had succeeded to the loud sound of voices which had filled the chapel a few minutes before; some were saying their beads over again to themselves, sitting on their heels; others were still kneeling, and not a few left the chapel and waited in the road. A full hour must yet elapse before the messenger could be back. Sud-

denly there was a movement amongst the people outside, which quickly communicated itself to those in the chapel; a sympathetic thrill seemed to run through the assembly. Mr. Ringwood continued saying his Office; gradually the subdued murmur rose to something more definite, until the sound of a horse's hoofs coming along the road were audible, and a joyous buzz all around him explained the cause of the sensation.

The boy was come back with the elements for the Holy Sacrifice. Quin hurried out to see whether this good news could be true, and, finding that it was, he hastened back to inform Mr. Ringwood.

"It's him, yer Riverence!" he whispered, in a *sotto voce* shout into Mr. Ringwood's ear; "it's the boy from Father Patt." Father Fallon had, it seemed, just recollected the oversight at the very time that his dismayed representative was being made aware of it at Barrymore, and he had immediately dispatched a person with the necessary elements, so that the two messengers met half way.

Mass began, and the fervor which Mr. Ringwood had hitherto admired was as nothing compared to that he now witnessed. There was nothing to stimulate it outwardly—no incense, no music, not the simplest chant; but the perfume of faith, the music of fervent, impassioned prayer were there in a sweet and wondrous degree. The miserable, neglected chapel, which bore no small resemblance to the poor cave of Bethlehem, seemed pervaded with the spirit which sanctified that first altar whereon the Divine Victim had offered Himself up for His creatures; the shepherds were there, personified by the simple peasants, whose faith rendered them worthy of a place beside the earliest worshippers at the Manger. Poverty was there, with her attendant train of virtues, humility, detachment, and unworldliness; spiritual joys were there, such as the children of this world dream not of; all these precious things were present in those believing hearts, and filled the squalid temple with a divine and tender light. Truly the people were *assisting* in the Sacrifice of Calvary that was being offered by the priest; they were not merely spectators—they were actors in the divine and living Mystery. One alone stood in the midst of them an alien and a looker-on; cold and critical at first, until gradually and imperceptibly drawn into reluctant sympathy with the supernatural spirit of the atmosphere around.

Lady Margaret had been obliged to go to church alone this morning, the Colonel alleging that some important letters which had to be written made it impossible for him to accompany her. She was vexed about it; it annoyed her that he should absent himself just the Sunday that they

had a Catholic priest in the house; it consoled her, however, to think that the priest would know nothing about it; but a perverse fate here again interfered to contradict her. The service of the church was over just as Mass began in the chapel; the brougham stood waiting for her at the door; she got in, and was bowling smoothly over the muddy road, when suddenly, without the slightest premonitory kick or warning of any description, the beautiful bay horse came down on his knees. The servants were quick enough to clutch the rail of the seat and save themselves from being flung off by the suddenness of the shock; they at once got down; the coachman ran to attend to the horse, while the footman went to see that his mistress was not unnecessarily frightened. It would have taken a good deal more to disturb Lady Margaret's presence of mind.

"Open the door, and help me out," she said, quietly, and, gathering up her long silk skirts, she alighted in the mud, and proceeded to examine into the cause of the accident. It was a very simple one; the horse had come upon a rolling stone which brought him down in an instant; he did not seem at first to be much injured, but on getting him upon his legs it was discovered that his knees were more or less severely cut, and were bleeding profusely. There was nothing for it but to unyoke him and walk him home quietly, and then send another horse back to take on the brougham.

"But is there no place where I can stay meantime? Is there not a cottage somewhere near?" said Lady Margaret, looking up and down the road, that shone like a river of liquid mud, while a few drops began to fall.

"The chapel is the only place handy, my lady," said the footman; "it's not more than twenty yards round the corner."

Lady Margaret gathered up her gown, and began daintily picking her steps on a stone here and there, so as to avoid being "dhrowned" in the mud, as the servants said, and proceeded to seek shelter in the chapel. There were several men kneeling in the open air, close to the door, which stood open at its widest; they had come evidently prepared for this emergency, provided with wisps of straw which they used as cushions to kneel upon; some hung their hat on their stick, others hid their faces in it as they prayed; they might have had standing-room indoors, but they preferred remaining outside where they could kneel. Lady Margaret came up so noiselessly, tripping through the slush, that no one heard her, and she stood for a moment considering the scene, the crowded chapel, and the group of men outside, until one man turned round and saw her; he rose at once, and so did all the others; they had seen the horse

led by, and guessed there had been an accident. Lady Margaret made a sign that they were not to disturb themselves, and advanced softly towards the chapel; she would have remained outside, but a light shower had come on, and she was quite unsheltered, not having even an umbrella; she slipped into a corner, and remained unnoticed except by those near the entrance. It would indeed have taken something more than the quiet advent of a new-comer to move or distract the congregation. For the first time in her life Lady Margaret beheld an assembly of human beings worshipping God; it was no decorous ceremonial, but an act of worship in which every faculty of mind and body were engaged. The sight was as impressive as it was novel; Lady Margaret felt abashed, as if she had stolen uninvited into some sacred place where mysteries beyond her ken were being accomplished; a feeling like awe took possession of her as she stood there in the midst of her own people,—those ignorant, half-savage creatures, as in her inmost heart she had somewhere regarded them, and an unaccountable sense of inferiority seized upon her. They seemed to be in some region above her; their eyes were opened to a vision that she could not see; their ears heard a voice that she could not hear. What did it all mean? What power was lifting up these vulgar peasants to communion with the Unseen, and glorifying their faces as with a light from heaven? Her eyes wandered over the crowd, and she saw one after another the coarse, rough countenances touched with it, glowing, transfigured. Her guest, the gentlemanly English scholar of last night, had undergone a corresponding transformation; she could not see his face, it was bent over the altar, and his form was concealed by a sacrificial garment of some sort; it looked strangely solemn nevertheless, and in harmony with all around. But what is this movement amongst the spectators? A long-drawn breath is audible from many; a little bell rings, the priest drops on his knees, and then a suppressed cry, something between a cry and a sob, an inarticulate utterance in which joy, terror, triumph are all blended, breaks from the assembled multitude; there is a moment's deep hush, and then half uttered exclamations are heard through the ranks of the worshippers: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost! Glory be to the Trinity, One, Holy, Indivisible! *Cead mille failltha!* white Love of our hearts, a hundred thousand welcomes!" The words were in Irish, but Lady Margaret knew enough of the native idiom to make out the sense; if she had not understood a syllable, the tones and gestures would have been ample explanation. Never had she

been so nearly subdued by the mere force of human sympathy into a blind, spontaneous act of faith as by the contagious force of the wonderful scene. She felt an almost irresistible impulse to fall on her knees and adore this awful Presence, awful and yet loved and near, which was so visible to others, though invisible to her; she controlled the impulse, however, and remained still and unobserved in her corner until Mass was over, and the people began to pour out. It was only when she saw the curious glances they cast towards her that she became conscious of the awkwardness of her position; in some she read an expression of astonishment and welcome; all dropt their curtsey as they passed; Lady Margaret wondered what they were dipping those strings of beads into a bucket by the door for, and then dashing them against their faces, while they pronounced some hearty formula in the vernacular. But now a carriage was heard approaching, and the people gathered by the side of the road to see it draw up and to watch her ladyship get in. Just as she was doing so, Mr. Ringwood came out.

"Shall I take you back? It will be pleasanter than riding home in the mud?" she called out, in her bright, animated tones.

"Thank you; I shall be very glad; the pony will be glad too, for he has had more work than he bargained for this morning," replied the priest, getting into the carriage; "you have had an accident, it seems."

"Nothing serious, happily. I must tell you," she continued, as they moved off, and a faint suspicion of a blush rose to her cheeks, "I must tell you that I have been scandalizing the natives. I actually crept into the chapel, and stayed there, a wolf amongst the sheep, for nearly half an hour. I did not try to devour any of them, though; and I hope I did not terrify them much."

"I thought they looked scared: that explains it," observed Mr. Ringwood; and that was all he said.

Neither of them were in a mood for conversation. Lady Margaret would have given a great deal to be able to say out all that was in her mind, to ask some explanation of the strange experience she had just witnessed; but a mixture of pride and timidity prevented her. Her companion on his side was absorbed in his own thoughts. He had been, in a different way, as much surprised and as deeply stirred by the scene in the church.

In coming to Connemara he had had the idea of reconnoitering the land with a view to getting leave later to come and evangelize some of the poor mountain villages where dirt and disaffec-

tion flourished side by side with misery and superstition; he had heard their condition described by a Protestant member of Parliament, who had seen all that was wanting on the surface, and reported it without any conscious exaggeration, while the blessings that were concealed beneath altogether escaped his observation. It was with his mind full of these mistaken notions, floating it is true on an undercurrent of inborn prejudice, that the refined and zealous English priest had come to Ireland. He had not been forty-eight hours in the country, and already his ideas had undergone a complete change. Whatever else the people needed, they certainly did not need to be evangelized; they had the faith, and they held it with all their might and main; it seemed less like faith, as the generality of people understand it, than a living reality which formed a part of their actual lives—a palpable something which they touched and handled and grasped as a most precious and substantial possession.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[CONTINUED.]

The area of Belgium is 11,363 square miles, and the aggregate length of railways amounts to 1,960 miles. If we reckoned the number of our railways by our shocking disasters, we might well think that we excelled the rest of the world in this method of travel. The ever-watchful Governments of the Continent manage to regulate even steam, and to rob it of its explosiveness by the number of rules imposed upon those intrusted with its care. To their old-fashioned eyes, success is no criterion of prudence; whether the train executes a foolhardy feat without a hair's breadth of injury being done to the freight of human life, or whether it hurls its cargo of souls into eternity, the crime of imprudence is considered equally heinous. Thus every railway employee is careful to avoid that which, even if successful, will cause him to lose his means of livelihood. As soon as we recovered from the dizziness naturally felt on descending from a train, we decided to leave our travelling-bags on deposit at the railway station and then spend our time in rambling about the streets of this Paris in miniature until the hour of departure of the Tournay train. We tried to direct our steps towards the famous Cathedral of St. Gudule, but although it is so conspicuous an object when Brussels is seen at a distance, we failed amid threading the labyrinth

of streets to see its lofty spires. We did however enter a church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, just in time to hear one of those late Masses so severely criticized by American Catholics. We never did belong to that school of piety (?), and too frequently have we thus felt the benefit of this kind arrangement to have much patience with such critics. After Mass we walked around the church and examined the different altars, comparing the various incentives to devotion with those of the same class in other countries. However interesting a minute description of this church might prove, it must necessarily be deferred until later.

We returned to the depot, reclaimed our luggage, and taking our places in the train we were borne still further westward. For several hours we had as a travelling-companion a woman of the class that wear plain white caps instead of bonnets, caps very much like our widows' cap. In both Belgium and France, the women of the middle and lower classes rarely ape the fashions of ladies of rank, and in fact they would be ashamed to exchange their plain black cashmere dresses and their neat white caps for the garb of a class of society to which they do not belong. They understand too well that under the law of God honest labor has a respectable rank, and that the true way to "raise themselves" is to honor the station of life in which they have been placed by Divine Providence, by becoming, and remaining, steady, honest servants. The French and Belgian maids would scorn to dress themselves like their mistresses; they feel that their own garb is equally honorable, and they have not the least desire to be confounded with those flippant characters who under the pretence of a laudable ambition seek to place themselves where they may indulge in indolence. This maid seemed, despite her plain black dress and her simple cap—the badges of servitude, as some might term them—to be very well informed on all local items, and to have a certain keen judgment rarely possessed by those who are occupied with the whims of an envious ambition. The conversation turning on Bois d'Haine, we learned that one of the priests of her village had witnessed the weekly miracle, afterwards testifying to his congregation that it was far more wonderful than could be imagined.

She herself had been to Bois d'Haine, but she had failed to gain admittance to the Lateau cottage. She had knocked at the door, and for a long time she had received no response. Finally, one of Louise's sisters deigned to come out and speak to her. The maid in vain entreated for admittance, and even produced as peace-offerings some pretty prayerbook pictures, which Louise's sister took—

steadily refusing, however, to allow the maid to satisfy her pious curiosity.

"Why do you want to see her?" said she; "she is a peasant girl like any other peasant, just like yourself; look at me, I resemble her very much."

"They tell me," said the maid to us, "that I should have written long before, to announce myself; who knows?"

"Was it generally believed in Belgium?" we inquired.

"Believed! Oh, yes; every one in the whole country knows that Louise Lateau suffers every Friday. The infidel journals say that it is a medical secret, of which the priests make use to deceive the people; but who can know how to do a thing like that?" And her gray eyes shone with intense amusement at this absurd idea of incredulity.

"Why did her sister treat you so brusquely?" we asked.

"Oh well, they are a simple peasant family, never accustomed to see anyone save their own neighbors, who like themselves lead a poor, retired life. Now they find this publicity very disagreeable, and if they had their own way no stranger would ever enter their door."

The morning had threatened rain, and the dripping clouds were fulfilling every portion of that menace when at the close of the afternoon we alighted at Tournay, the ancient "*Civitas Nerviorum*," the first capital of the Merovingian dynasty. But our minds were far away from either its ancient splendor or its modern interest; we thought only of our lodgings, which fortunately we found not far from the railway station, in the modest Hotel Bellevue, which was a pretty faithful copy of our resting-place at Louvain. Let it not, however, be supposed that Belgium is "so far behind the age" as not to possess any magnificent hotels; for these also exist in all her cities, and like those of the other parts of the Continent they sport the very suggestive title of *d'Angleterre* and *d'Amerique*, showing thereby whom they expect for their guests. The natives, and the genuine traveller who comes for the sake of art and religion, are very careful to avoid these scenes of fashion and flirting and to choose the more simple inns for their places of repose.

For the present we had nothing to do save to rest ourselves and to visit the fine old churches, until the arrival of the letter from Rome. In speaking on the subject with one of the Redemptorist Fathers, the one who fulfils the office of "*pro Anglica*" in Tournay, we were told by him to make our application immediately.

"Others are permitted to witness the miracle," said he, "and why not you? Don't wait for that letter from Rome,—go and see our Bishop; he is

very amiable, very affable, and besides he has been a missionary in your country. Speak English! of course he does. Why he was pastor of a church in Detroit for many years."

In accordance with this advice we presented ourselves at the door of the episcopal palace, where the porter, unlike the one at Spire, received us very politely, telling us that the Bishop's reception hours were in the morning, when he did not doubt that Mgr. Dumont would be pleased to see persons from the country where he had spent so many years of missionary life.

We did come at the hour indicated, and were ushered into a spacious reception-room whose lofty proportions were truly palatial. The furniture was extremely simple, being confined to a narrow strip of hemp carpeting extending across the middle of the floor, the whole length of the room; plain green morocco chairs, and portraits of former Bishops of Tournay. While making these observations, and contrasting the simplicity of European palaces with the extreme luxury deemed a necessity by the upper classes in America, an ecclesiastic entered and began to question us brusquely.

"Were we personally acquainted with Mgr. Dumont?"

"Then why did we wish to see him?"

"No, he had never been pastor in Detroit, but in a village several miles distant from that city."

"Mgr. Dumont was not the owner of Madame Lateau's house; it was not to him that we should apply for permission to enter it."

"Then," said our mother, "it is of Madame Lateau that we must demand permission to witness the miracle?"

He was startled for an instant—as well he might have been,—for although we were not aware of the fact, Madame Lateau had been in her grave several months. He however soon replied:

"Go to M. le Curé of Bois d'Haine; it is he whom you must ask."

He left the room as abruptly as he had entered it, and soon returned with a bit of paper upon which was written the address of the pastor of Bois d'Haine; and at the same time that he explained how very difficult it was to gain admission on account of the number of applicants and the smallness of space, he gave us such ample railway information that it was evidently his chief desire we should leave instantly for Bois d'Haine, so as to be as far away from the Bishop as possible.

That perhaps it might give the Bishop pleasure to hear from his old parishioners, many of whom might prove to be our relatives or our friends, and that these in turn might be pleased to receive

news of their former pastor, seemed to be ideas of which the old gentleman had no conception. As we left the reception-room, and the words advising us to compensate ourselves for any probable disappointment by planning a tour in Belgium had just been uttered by him, we caught a glimpse of a purple robe, and we saw the mild and gentle face, which, having remarked at the Cathedral service, had inspired us with the confidence to approach the Bishop. Mgr. Dumont was coming to the reception-room, but the ecclesiastic stepped forward and said a few words in a low tone. The Bishop looked puzzled, while we, too confused, too perplexed by the cross-questioning through which we had passed, to even remember to ask his blessing, went down the broad stairway into the court, where the porter gazed wonderingly at us. Evidently persons from that country where his master had been a missionary always made longer visits when they entered the episcopal residence of Tournay.

We walked slowly through the Cathedral square, almost disheartened; it was a nearer view of the obstacles which had first loomed on our mental vision at Cologne, and which had assumed a more definite form since our conversation with our travelling companion. It was evident that the Rev. gentleman had no idea that anything save fresh disappointment awaited us at Bois d'Haine, so these obstacles appeared almost insurmountable. Bois d'Haine was proving a pilgrimage, for trials and difficulties were shaping a pilgrim's cross.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Dream.

I dreamed, O Queen, of thee last night,
I can but dream of thee to-day.
But dream? O I could kneel and pray
To one who like a tender light
Leads ever on my troubled way
And will not pass—yet will not stay.

I dreamed, O Princess, regal Queen,
That I had followed thee afar,
And faithful as the Polar Star;
But then, as now, I had not seen
The day I dared draw near to thee,
But followed, worshipped silently.

I dreamed you roamed in elder land;
I saw you walk in splendid state
With lifted head and heart elate.
And lilies in your white right hand
Beneath the proud St. Peter's dome,
That lords above almighty Rome.

A diamond star was in your hair,
Your garments were of gold and snow
And men did turn and marvel so,

And men did say how matchless fair,
And all men followed as you passed;
But I came silent, lone, and last.

And holy men in sable gown,
And girl with cord, and sandal shod,
Did look to thee and then to God.
They crossed themselves with head held down,
They chid themselves in fear that they
Should, seeing thee, forget to pray.

Men passed, men spake in honeyed word
Men passed ten thousand in a line.
You stood before the sacred shrine;
You stood as if you had not heard.
But when I came at your command
You laid two lilies in my hand.

O Lady, if by sea or land,
You yet might weary of all men,
And turn unto your singer then,
And lay one lily in his hand,
Lo! I would follow true and far
As ever seaman tracked a star.

My soul is young, my head is strong;
O Lady reach a hand to-day
And thou shalt walk the Milky Way;
For I will give your name to song.
Lo! I am of the kings of thought,
And thou shalt live when kings are not.

O reach a hand, your hand in mine,
Why, I could sing as never man
Has sung since prophecy began,
And thou shalt be both song and shrine—
Nay! what have I in her esteem?
The minstrel may but sing and dream.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

The Miraculous Host of Augsburg.

Although true Catholics, those who are well grounded in the faith, ask no other proof of the real presence of our Lord in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar than His unerring word, when, taking bread, He said, "This is My Body," and the wine, "This is My Blood," and commanded, and thereby empowered, the Apostles and their successors to do this same act in commemoration of Him; yet the Divine goodness has added many visible proofs, for its own wise purposes, thus to confound the enemy. The faithful and practical Catholic can say with St. Louis, when he was told of the consecrated Host that had taken the form of a smiling infant in the hands of a priest during Mass, and was, as such, visible to all present—who when asked to go and see the miracle, said: "Let those who doubt the real presence of Christ in the Most Holy Eucharist go and see it. As for myself, I believe it as firmly as if I beheld

Jesus Christ in the Holy Host with the eyes of my body."

The following account of one of the many visible proofs of our Divine Lord's real presence in the Holy Eucharist is taken from a work entitled "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by Rev. Fr. Müller, C. SS. R. : "There exist a great number of hosts which are called miraculous, because of the wonderful facts connected with them. The history of that of Augsburg, in Germany, is one of the most celebrated and most authentic. In 1194 a certain woman went to receive Holy Communion, in the Church of the Holy Cross, in Augsburg. Immediately after receiving, she took the Sacred Host and put it between two pieces of wax, and thus kept it for five years. During all that time she suffered an agony of interior torments. To rid herself of her remorse of conscience she at length took the Blessed Sacrament to Father Berthold, a pious priest, the Prior of the Convent of the Holy Cross, and declared to him her great crime, and readiness to perform any kind of penance in expiation of it. The good priest consoled the truly penitent woman and encouraged her to hope in the mercy of God. On taking the two pieces of wax apart, he beheld, instead of the species of bread, human flesh, and even the muscular fibres. When he tried to detach the wax from both sides of the Host, the better to contemplate the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Host split at once in two, so as to remain, however, attached to the wax and united by the muscular fibres. Almost beside himself at this wonderful occurrence, he was at a loss as to whether he should keep it secret or make it public. After mature reflection he concluded to consult several men of discretion on the subject. He was advised to put the wax with the Host in a sealed box and keep it until the Bishop of Augsburg should have given his decision on the matter.

"On learning of this miraculous event, Udalskalk, then Bishop of Augsburg, was greatly amazed. He went immediately with his clergy and a large number of the laity to the Church of the Holy Cross, and in solemn procession carried the Sacred Host, with the wax, to his Cathedral. After the wax had been taken off, they all were surprised at seeing the Host become three times thicker than it was before. From this time to the Feast of St. John the Baptist the Sacred Host used to increase in thickness, especially during Mass, to such an extent that the wax came off by itself without any human intervention.

"Bishop Udalskalk, convinced of the truth of the miracle, put the wax, with the Blessed Sacrament, which kept the appearance of human flesh, in a crystal case and carried it again in solemn

procession to the Church of the Holy Cross, where it has been preserved with the greatest reverence to the present day. Every year processions numbering from twenty to thirty thousand men have come to this church to adore our Lord in this miraculous Host.

"It would scarcely be expected that such an event should escape contradiction. In 1486 Leonard Stunz, a priest of the Cathedral, called the miracle in question. He ascended the pulpit several times and most vehemently inveighed against the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, maintaining "that all that had been said about this Host was but a fiction, and the story of an old devotee." The people felt highly indignant against him, whilst all unbelievers applauded what he had said. As soon as Frederick III, then Bishop of Augsburg, heard of the scandal, he ordered this priest to leave the city, withdrew the Sacred Host from public veneration, and kept it under lock and key in a wooden box until it had been examined anew. Just about this time Henry Justitutoris, the Papal Legate, came to Augsburg. The Bishop showed him the miraculous Host, and related to him all that had happened. At the request of the Bishop, the Papal Legate examined the Sacred Host, after which he wrote a learned dissertation on the subject, showing that the Blessed Sacrament is still a real Sacrament, containing the Body of our Lord, even though the species of bread should disappear, and, instead, human flesh and blood should become visible. This he wrote against Leonard Stunz, who had maintained that the Sacred Host should no longer be worshipped, since instead of the appearance of bread, human flesh could be distinctly seen.

"The Legate and Bishop then referred the matter to the learned Professors of the celebrated Universities of Ingolstadt and Erfurt, who unanimsly declared that the Sacred Host in the Church of the Holy Cross in Augsburg was the Blessed Sacrament, and should as such be venerated and adored. After this, the Bishop again examined the Sacred Host in presence of his clergy and other learned men. They distinctly saw human flesh as before, and as indeed it may be seen to the present day. The result of this examination and the declaration of both Universities were forthwith announced from the pulpit, and the miraculous Host was again, to the great joy of the people, exposed on the altar for public veneration and adoration. From that time thousands of pilgrims flocked to the Church of the Holy Cross to worship our Lord in the miraculous Host. The number of pious pilgrims, however, considerably increased in proportion as the extraordinary favors which our Lord in the

miraculous Host bestowed on the pious worshippers became more generally known. I will here relate three of these extraordinary favors, for the edification of the pious reader.

"In 1611, Mary Maximiliana, sister of William V, Duke of Bavaria, was taken sick with acute pain in her chest. The physicians had tried every remedy to procure her some relief, but in vain. One day the Duke happened to speak to his sister of the great miracles wrought by our Lord in the miraculous Host in the Church of the Holy Cross at Augsburg. On hearing the account of these wonders, Mary Maximiliana conceived great confidence in our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. She dismissed her physicians and caused herself to be carried from Munich to the Church of the Holy Cross in Augsburg, where she asked our Lord in the miraculous Host to cure her. Her prayer was immediately granted. She rose up, unaided by any one, perfectly cured. To show her gratitude to our Lord, she had this miracle announced in all the Catholic churches of Bavaria, and requested the clergy and the people to join her in giving thanks to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for her miraculous cure.

"In 1620 Bartholomew Holzhauser, a great servant of God, was attacked by the pestilence, which then raged in Augsburg. He had recourse to our Lord in the miraculous Host and was delivered from the epidemic.

"In 1747 a poor man in Augsburg who had been dumb from his very infancy, and was known by all in the city, prayed several times to our Lord in the wonderful Host to obtain his speech, but apparently without being heard. One day, however, he prayed with unusual confidence, and with tears in his eyes, to obtain the same favor. This time his request was granted. Full of joy, he ran home to make known the miracle our Lord had wrought in him. After the Bishop had sufficiently convinced himself of the miraculous fact, he had a solemn *Te Deum* chanted, and all the bells of the churches rang out in thanksgiving.

"The miraculous Host has often been examined since, and every new examination furnished new proofs of the Real Presence. All the Bishops of Augsburg, to the present day, have venerated and adored our Lord therein, thus forming a chain of the most trustworthy witnesses of the great truth. But the faithful too have been most anxious to pay their homage to our Lord in this miraculous Host. Up to the present time their devotion to Him has not diminished, in spite of all the impious clamors of infidelity. And oh! how many prayers has not our Lord there heard! How many extraordinary favors has He not bestowed upon the pious pilgrims who went thither, and

had recourse to Him in their necessities, whether temporal or spiritual."

How a Priest took Revenge.

About the year 1829 there was seen every day an old beggar, whom everybody knew by the name of "Jacques," at the entrance of one of the principal churches in Paris. He was always abstracted and gloomy, kept perpetual silence, and when he received an alms he thanked with a slight bow. Under the poor rags in which he was clad, a nice little cross was remarked on his breast.

In the same church a young priest, the Abbé Paulin de —, used to say Mass every day, and whenever he entered he never failed to give poor Jacques some alms. Being the descendant of an illustrious and rich family, this young man after entering the priesthood used his immense wealth in assisting the needy. Without, however, knowing who he was, the old beggar had for him the sincerest affection.

One day Jacques was not seen at his usual place, and as some days had already passed without his returning, the young and zealous Abbé, fearing that something might have befallen him, inquired out his dwelling in order to look for him. Having learned it, he went the next day, after Mass, to the house where Jacques lived. They showed him to the mansard attic in the sixth story. He knocked at the door; a feeble voice said: "*Entrez,*" and the priest went in. He found the beggar sick in bed; his cheeks were pale, and his eyes seemed to be losing their sight.

"Is it you, Monsieur l'Abbé?" he said to the priest. "It is very kind in you to visit so miserable a man as I am; assuredly I do not deserve such attention."

"What is that you say, dear Jacques? Don't you know that the priest is the friend of all the miserable? Besides," he added, smiling, "we are old friends."

"Oh, dear sir, if you only knew me you wouldn't speak so well of me. I am a wretch, cursed by God."

"Cursed by God! How can you entertain such thoughts, dear Jacques? Do not speak in that way. If you have done evil, repent of it and confess it. God is mercy itself, and forgives all who return to Him."

"No! no! never will He forgive me!"

"And why not? You don't repent, perhaps, of the evil you have done?"

"Oh, I do repent!" exclaimed Jacques, groaning, and rising to a sitting posture on his poor couch, his eyes distended; "oh yes, I repent; al-

ready thirty years' repentance gnaws my heart, but yet I am accursed!"

In vain did the good priest try to console him and to inspire better sentiments. A terrible secret was on his conscience, and despair hindered him from confessing it. All hope seemed to have left him. Finally, touched by the mildness and affability of the priest, Jacques, with dying voice, related his history.

"I was," he began, "castellan of a rich family, when the Revolution broke out. My lords were goodness itself. The Count, the Countess, their two daughters and their son—to these I owed all I had: position, education and fortune. The Reign of Terror came on; the revolutionists sought for the Count and his family, but could not find them, because they had taken shelter in a place which nobody but I alone knew. I then went to the commissioner and informed him, and why? In order to obtain their possessions, which were falsely promised to the one who would give information of the family. They were all condemned to death, because I had betrayed all—all except the little Paulin, who was yet too young."

An involuntary cry escaped from the lips of the young Abbé, whilst a cold sweat covered his forehead.

"Sir," continued the dying man, who had not remarked the great excitement of the Abbé, "sir, it is horrible! I listened to them when they were condemned to death. I stood at the gate of the prison when all four, one after the other, ascended the cart; rushing through the crowd and keeping myself near the cart, I saw them on the scaffold; I beheld the four heads falling from under the knife,—oh, I, the monster! since that time I have neither rest nor peace! I weep, I pray for them; but I behold them continually before me. There they are under that stuff." And the old man pointed with shuddering hands to a curtain which partly covered the wall. "The crucifix over my bed belonged to the Count; the small golden cross on my breast was the Countess's. Oh, God! what have I done! And how have I repented of it! Monsieur l'Abbé, have pity on me; do not reject me! Pray for the most wretched of men!"

Pale as death, the young priest knelt down near the bedside, and prayed silently for half an hour. Then he rose quietly, made the Sign of the Cross, and drew the curtain from the wall. He beheld two portraits. The beggar cried out when he saw them, and fell back on his bed. The priest wept bitterly.

"Jacques," said he, in a trembling tone, "I'll hear your confession, to obtain you the Divine forgiveness."

When the dying man had received absolution,

the Abbé continued: "Jacques, God has forgiven you; out of love for Him I also forgive you; know now, then, whom you have given up to death—they were my father, my mother, and my two sisters."

The hair of the beggar stood up; he opened his cold lips once more to speak, but could bring forth only some unintelligible sounds; then he became still and motionless. When the priest, praying further and kneeling, bent himself over him, the beggar had passed into eternity.

Such was the love of a priest for his enemy.

Catholic Notes.

—Mrs. A. T. Stewart recently made a donation of \$3,000 to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of New York.

—We return our sincere thanks to Rev. Angel Casanova, pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, at Monterey, Cal., and to Rev. Fathers Curran and Galera, Castroville, for favors rendered the AVE MARIA.

—Conformably to the order of our Rt. Rev. Bishop, the 4th of July was religiously celebrated at Notre Dame. At ten o'clock, solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Colovin, C. S. C., assisted by Rev. Fr. Bigelow, C. S. C., as deacon, and Rev. Mr. Kelly, sub-deacon, after which followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the *Te Deum*. Quite a large congregation was present.

—A letter from California mentions the fact that Rev. Hugh Curran, Pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, at Castroville, is about to erect a new church at Salinas City, to replace the old edifice there, which has become too small for the increasing congregation. Father Curran and his worthy assistant, Rev. Joseph Galera, besides the churches at Castroville and Salinas City, also attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholic residents at Natividad, New Republic, Sotoville, Gonzales and Soledad stations.

—The once splendid Cathedral of Alessandria, Italy, has been destroyed by fire. The body of the venerable building was entirely burnt to the ground, but the famous Chapel of the Madonna della Salve was saved and the miraculous statue of our Lady which it contains was found uninjured. This fact appears all the more astonishing when we are assured that the silver covering which enveloped the venerable image melted away under the heat of the fire, and that the ancient wooden figure was left untouched.

—A most extraordinary event lately occurred at the convent of the Trappistine nuns, Notre Dame aux Gardes (France). A lay-Sister, the sister of the Very Rev. Father Prior, was suddenly and thoroughly cured of a complete paralysis of the lower limbs, with which she had been confined to her bed or easy chair for two or three months. Even the last rites of the Church had been administered to her. On the day previous to her cure she was carried into the church to hear Mass, and the following day she was able to

approach the railing in perfect health and receive Holy Communion. This miracle has been made known to us by a Cistercian Abbot in the United States.

—The *Cecilia* for July has a continuation of the articles entitled "The Liturgy and the Practical Musician"; "Church Music and the Liturgy"; a schedule of Psalms, Antiphons, Hymns, etc., for the month of July, according to the Liturgy; "The Cecilian Festival in Baltimore, for August 22d, 23d, and 24th; correspondence from choir-masters and others in various parts of the United States; a short notice of *Missa Sancta Paulina* and *Missa Sancta Anna*, op. vii and viii of the celebrated composer Kalm—the first for three voices, soprano, alto and bass; the second, for soprano, alto, tenor and bass. The music accompanying this number is an "O Sacrum Convivium" and a "Pie Jesu," by Rev. J. C. Bischoff, President of the St. Cecilia Society in Switzerland, and a "Tantum Ergo" by Rev. J. B. Jung.

—The saintly successor of Saint Francis de Sales, Monsignor Mermillod, gave lately, on his return from Rome, in his episcopal chapel at Annecy, in presence of the Association of Pius IX, a splendid eulogy on the Pope. "I went to Rome," he says, "and what did I see? I have seen many things mournful, but also many things giving great hope. I have seen that holy old man to whom the world is offering insults because it does not know him; stripped of his possessions, and a prisoner, he still sees the nations at his feet. Every day he receives communications by the hundred from all parts of the globe. The Vatican has become like a perpetual annunciation. From five in the morning till ten at night, the time of Pius IX is taken up like that of no other Bishop or priest. He carries the weight of his eighty-seven years with a majesty and a vigor which drives his jailors to madness and despair. His soul remains calm and serene amidst the roaring storm, because his faith teaches him the certainty of the final triumph. What a miracle, gentlemen, is this providential existence!"

—Rev. Father Foresta, of the Society of Jesus, has just died at Avignon. He was the founder of the Apostolic Schools, the scholars of which are all destined for the most distant foreign missions. The first of these schools was commenced at Avignon, then followed those of Bordeaux, Amiens, and one in the New World. The Archbishop of Avignon, in the funeral sermon preached by him on the saintly priest, gives this Christian hero the following eulogy: "God's mercy does not end here. He is not satisfied only with having angels in heaven, and sending them to minister to us, but would also have terrestrial angels here on earth. In His ardent desire to glorify our humanity, He has often selected, and is still selecting among us, some privileged beings whom He invests with an angelic nature, and who shed such a brilliant lustre on our mortal form that one cannot regard them without thinking of the heavenly spirits."

—On Thursday, June 22d, her imperial Highness the Empress of Brazil, attended by her suite, paid a visit to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Broad

Street and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. She was received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters, and the young ladies of the Academy, who were ranged on each side of the long hall. Each one received a gracious salutation as her Majesty, conducted by the Mother Superior, passed to the chapel, where she knelt for some time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. The young ladies then preceded her Majesty to the assembly-room which was beautifully adorned with the Papal, the United States, and the Brazilian flags. Here they formed a guard of honor, through which the Empress passed to the elevated seat prepared for her. She remained standing while the Brazilian national hymn was played and till all the children had passed to their palces on the platform, acknowledging and returning the salutation of each. An address was made to her Majesty in Spanish and in French. On departing, her Majesty expressed to the Sisters and their pupils her sincere thanks and her great pleasure at the entertainment she had received. She passed to her carriage through her "guard of honor," and drove away from the Convent, leaving a most pleasing remembrance in all hearts.

—A new Feast and Office of the Blessed Virgin, just established by the Holy See at the instance of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, was celebrated for the first time on the 18th of June in Rome. A picture of the Mother of God had been venerated for 300 years in a small Augustinian church, between the Lateran Basilica and St. Mary Major's, up to the period of the French Revolution, under the title of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. The church, during the anti-Christian uproar of that time, was destroyed, and with it the picture itself, the history of which is most remarkable, was supposed to have perished. Such was not, however, the case, and on the 26th of April, 1866, it was transported by order of Pius IX from the private oratory, where it had been preserved, to the Church of St. Alphonsus on the Esquiline Hill, where it still remains. The devotion to this picture has extended with great rapidity over the whole Catholic world, and the number of miracles and conversions that have attested the sanction by our Lord of this form of veneration towards His Immaculate Mother has been so great that the Holy Father has erected the Association already existing in its honor into an Archconfraternity. In Rome alone, from five to six thousand persons are already enrolled as members. This new Office and Feast are restricted for the present to the priests of the Redemptorist Congregation, who will hereafter always celebrate it on the Sunday preceding the Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

—Mr. Gustav Rasch, a German Protestant who visited last year a house of the Good Shepherd at El Biar, near Algiers, Africa, describing the wonderful effects of the tender care of the good Sisters in reclaiming fallen women, gives the following reasons for the favorable result: "Not the isolated cell, nor flogging, nor the penitentiary—no, the gentle persuasion and the charity of these poor Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose motto for life has become the

words of our Saviour: 'I am the Good Shepherd and give My life for My sheep'—such are the only means employed for the conversion of hardened sinners." When meeting the Magdalens, who are such of the penitents as did not wish to return to the world, but consecrated the remainder of their life to God, he cannot find words to describe the edification they gave him. They made him quite forget that they had come from among the forlorn and outcast. "Never," says the author, "did I more fully comprehend the sublime truth spoken by the Divine Founder of Christianity: There shall be more joy in heaven on one sinner doing penance than for ninety-nine just. I left the house of the Good Shepherd at El Biar with feelings of reverence and admiration for these devoted ladies, who had built here a sanctuary of truly human and Christian usefulness, consecrating all that otherwise could make life pleasant for women of the world. Like the house of the Good Shepherd in Berlin, I could not notice the slightest trace of self-esteem, conventual prudery or religious bigotry. They were not lost to mankind, these Sisters of the Good Shepherd; no, they lived in their solitude a life devoted to the poor and miserable of this world." The truth of these remarks is evident, notwithstanding the prejudices against the religious orders.

—A religious celebration of no ordinary interest took place under the ancient roof-beams of the beautiful Church of St. Etheldreda, in Ely-place, Holborn, June 23d, being the Feast of that Virgin Queen. A most precious relic of the Saint having been restored to the sanctuary—a portion of her hand, most wonderfully preserved—the first Mass after Three Hundred Years was said in Saint Bridget's Chapel, in the Crypt, by His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. Solemn High Mass was afterwards sung in the noble Gothic church above the Crypt; and from this time forward Masses will be said there every weekday at half-past seven, at eight, nine, and ten o'clock, with Benediction, Rosary, or other devotions at half-past eight upon the evening of every one of these week-days—confessions being heard "at any time" according to requirement. Henceforth, too, on all Sundays in the year, there will be four Masses, followed by Benediction at three o'clock in the afternoon, and by Vespers at seven in the evening. We take especial note, here, of the arrangements thus made for the restoration of the daily routine of services for the offering up of the Adorable Sacrifice, and for the giving of the Benediction there day after day, because this, as it seems to us, is the most signal reclamation to Catholicism of a venerable shrine of Holy Church that has been made since England was forcibly withdrawn from her allegiance to the Holy See at the time of the so-called Reformation. Every one of the faithful in the metropolis who can possibly contrive to do so ought to make a pilgrimage to St. Etheldreda, if only to hear one Mass there: and in doing this, every one of them will, as a matter of course, and as a most sacred privilege, leave a coin there of more or less value, according to each visitor's means, for the restoration of this beautiful and ancient sanctuary.—*London Weekly Register.*

Obituary.

—Departed this life, at Notre Dame, Indiana, on the eve of the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin (July 1st), **SISTER MARY AIMÉE DE JÉSUS** (Miss Edith Dechêne, a native of Upper St. Basil, N. B.) of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in the 22d year of her age and the 2d of her religious profession. Sister Marie Aimée was one of those pure, angelic souls who seem lent by Heaven to adorn humanity and show us its true dignity—an embodiment of the command of our Divine Lord to be meek and humble of heart, as He was, thus rendering her ever a source of edification and hallowed pleasure to all around her. Active and talented, she spared neither in the service of God and her neighbor, laboring zealously and cheerfully in the vineyard of the Lord until within a few short weeks of her early death. Her memory will long be cherished among her Sisters as that of a model religious. May her precious soul rest in peace!

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 1ST.

Letters received, 88. New members admitted, 192. Applications for prayers have been made for the following intentions: Health for 91 persons and 2 families. Change of life for 32 persons and 3 families. Return to religious duties for 15 persons. Conversion to the faith for 18 persons and 4 families. Particular graces for 4 priests and 6 religious. Temporal favors for 20 persons, 4 families, 6 communities, and 4 schools. Spiritual favors for 20 persons, 4 families, 6 communities, 3 congregations, 4 schools and 2 sodalities. The following intentions were specified: The success of a retreat for a community of Sisters in Kentucky,—Spiritual Protection for several well-meaning young men,—The pressing needs of several families whose heads are out of employment,—The grace of a good retreat, an increase of subjects, and resources for a religious community,—Peace and unity in a family,—Aversion of a threatened loss of some valuable real estate, justly owned by its present incumbents.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following extracts are from letters received during the week: "I wrote to you about two months ago, asking your prayers for the reformation of Mr. —, who was a great drunkard. For years he was given to intemperance, each year getting worse. Thanks to Almighty God and Our Lady of Lourdes he has entirely reformed, which we regard as a great miracle." ... "About a year ago I requested the blessed water of Lourdes for my child, who had a turn in his foot and could not walk. I received the precious water and applied it. Thanks to our Blessed Mother, a very short time after I used it his foot was as natural as the other." ... "Mr. J. H. is a convert, and wishes to be a Child of Mary; you remember, dear Father, that last June I wrote to you concerning the conversion of a family. He is one of its members. He and his sister were baptized last Saturday, and he has two other sisters who will be baptized in a short time. Thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart." ... "I wish to inform you of what I believe to be a miraculous cure of my little girl, six years old, who was very low with scarlet fever and mumps. She was for three days quite paralyzed in one side. She bade us all good-bye, and told us she was going to heaven. I got a little of the blessed water of Lourdes from a neighbor. From the first time I gave the blessed water she commenced to improve. She first fell asleep for two hours, and when she awoke she said: 'Mamma, the blessed water made me better.' She started up in bed and commenced groping around. After some talking she again fell asleep, and remained so for nearly three hours, so still that I thought it would be her last sleep. When she woke up, to get a drink, she took the glass in the hand that had been useless for three

days and nights, and continued improving. Now, thank God, she is quite well."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following persons: SISTER MARIE AIMÉE DE JÉSUS, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind., who died an edifying death on Saturday, July 1st, eve of the Visitation of our Blessed Lady, fortified by all the helps of our holy religion. Mr. FREDERICK BUSCHE, of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 15th of May, fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church. THOS. V. HASSON, who died March the 3d, in Baltimore, and was interred in Philadelphia. Rev. E. KENNEDY, of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Canada, who was called to his well-deserved reward on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. JAMES FLANAGAN, MARY FLANAGAN, NICHOLAS CUMMERFORD and MARY CUMMERFORD, of Albany, N. Y. Mrs. CATHERINE STOKES, who died May 30th, at Pittsburgh, Pa., fortified by the Sacraments and perfectly resigned to the Divine will.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

The First Communion of Two Orphan Flower-Sellers.

BY REV. ROBERT COOKE, O. M. I.

Some years since, a poor Irish Catholic died in a miserable court in one of the poorest neighborhoods of London. His wife soon followed him to the grave. They left behind them, alone and unprotected, two orphan children, who were twin sisters. These poor little ones had been baptized, but were too young, at the death of their parents, to be instructed in their religion. They could barely recollect that their dying mother bade them always to remember that they were Catholics. Years pass by, and they grow up in utter ignorance of all religious knowledge. A special providence watched, however, over them. The baptismal grace was still fresh and undimmed within their souls. A charitable person set them up as flower-sellers. They were two fair flowers themselves in outward form, but more still in inner purity of mind and heart. Their calling was one of great danger for children so fair and so unprotected. But an invisible hand was shielding them from evil. The lilies in their flower-baskets quickly faded and withered; but there was a lily within their young souls which nothing could tarnish, sheltered as it was by the special protection of Heaven, and by their own instinctive modesty. In their sisterly attachment for each other, they found a safeguard against the

intrusion of dangerous companions. They always remained together, and each was as the visible guardian angel of the other. They had now reached their fourteenth year, but had not yet found their way to a Catholic church, nor spoken to a priest. A mission, in which the writer took part, opened in a church in their neighborhood. The grace of the mission first reached one, and then the other, of these young souls. One day, during the mission, the writer was accosted in the church by a young girl of gentle manner, and of modest appearance, in these words: "Sir, I have heard that kind gentlemen have come hither to teach little children the way to go to heaven. Will you please tell me how I am to go to heaven, as I wish very much to go there?" She then, in reply to questions put to her, made known her simple, touching story, as above related. The writer willingly undertook the task of instructing one so eager to learn. Having expounded to her point after point of the doctrine of the Church, he at last ventured to speak of our Lord's Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. At first he hesitated to place this great dogma before her, at so early a stage of her religious instruction. He counted not on the help his teaching was to receive from the gift of faith which had been communicated to her in holy Baptism. The doctrine of the Real Presence was scarcely proposed to her when her soul seemed to rise at once to a perception of its beauty. When her instructor first said to her that our Lord was really present in the Holy Eucharist, she exclaimed, with extraordinary energy, "Is it our Lord *Himself—Himself?*" "Yes, my child," was his reply, "it is our Blessed Lord Himself, who is willing to become the food even of your poor little soul." Visible emotion rose to her countenance; she seemed for some moments lost in deep thought. The Holy Spirit was, without doubt, at that instant filling her soul with the brightness of Eucharistic faith. Recovering somewhat from her emotion, she cried out, "How beautiful—how beautiful!" The writer witnessed this scene with wonder. He was surprised to behold how quickly this poor child, brought up amidst the dregs of London society, in poverty and ignorance, became the devout contemplative of the great mystery of the Holy Eucharist. Her young heart had scarcely caught the fire of the knowledge and love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, when she felt glowing also within it a burning desire to communicate to her dear sister the glad tidings which had reached herself. Interrupting her instructor with an apology, she said: "I do wish that my sister could hear all that I have heard to-day about the Blessed Sacra-

ment. With your permission I will go in search of her, and when she comes, you will kindly tell her that our Lord is present Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, and she will be delighted, I am sure, to hear it." In a few minutes she returned in company with her sister. They were sisters in mind and heart, as well as in bodily resemblance and kindred. The latter who presented herself soon rivalled the former in devotion to our Lord's Eucharistic Presence. After the lapse of some days they both knelt together to receive, for the first time, Jesus Incarnate into their loving hearts. Many scenes were being enacted that day within the precincts of the great city of London, but it may be questioned whether any one of them so fixed the gaze of Heaven as the First Communion of the orphan flower-sellers.

The Perpetual Oblation.

Have our young Catholics ever thought that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives?

When it is midnight in New York, Mass is beginning in the churches of Italy. Their ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers, and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands to Heaven. Think of the hundreds of quiet chapels,—

Jesus there,
And Mary's image meek and fair,
And the dim light, with rich and poor
Scattered round the chapel floor,
While the tinkling beads they tell,
In whispers scarcely audible.

A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to sprinkle the air with holy sounds, and in every city, town and hamlet the Divine Host is uplifted amid the radiance of lamps and the incense of flowers, to stay the anger of God from the land of His choicest favors, and kneeling crowds adore His chastening hand, and pray for sinners who despise His ordinances.

Chivalric and religious Spain catches the echoes, and, when it is one o'clock in New York, offers the great Sacrifice in countless splendid churches.

And then Catholic Ireland, the Island of Saints, which has during so many centuries suffered for the faith, rallies anew round the altars it would never forsake.

At two o'clock and after, the priests of the islands of the Atlantic—perhaps the Cape de Verde—white-robed and stoled, and wearing the great cross on their shoulders, bend before the tabernacle.

An hour later, a courageous missionary lifts up the chalice of salvation on the icebound coast of Greenland.

At half-past four the sacred lamps twinkle through the fogs of Newfoundland; and at five, Nova Scotia's industrious population begins the day by attending Mass.

And now all the Canadian churches and chapels grow radiant, as the faithful people,—the habitant of the country, the devout citizen, the consecrated nun, and the innocent child,—hasten to unite their prayers around the sanctuary where the priest is awaiting them.

At six, how many souls are flocking to the churches in New York, eager to begin their day of labor with the holiest act of religion. Many

young people, too, gather round the altar then, or at a later hour, like the fresh flowers which open with the morning and offer their dewy fragrance to Heaven.

An hour later the bells of Missouri and Louisiana are ringing; and at eight, Mexico, true to the faith, bends before its glittering altars.

At nine, the devout tribes of Oregon follow their loved black-gown to their gay chapels, and California for a while loosens its grasp on its gold to think of the treasure that rust doth not corrupt.

And when the *Angelus* bell is ringing at noon in New York, the unbloody Sacrifice is being offered in the islands of the Pacific, where there are generous souls laboring for our dear Lord.

And so the bells go ringing on, on, over the waters, and one taper after another lights up, as one soul after another catches the light of faith, making glad all the isles of the sea.

At two, the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste, eager for the coming of our Lord, *Introibo ad altare Dei*. And all the spicy islands of the East catch up the sweet sound, one after another, till, at four in the afternoon, China proves there are many souls who are worthy of the name of Celestial by their rapt devotion at the early rite. Then in Thibet there is many a modest chapel where the missionary distributes the Bread of Life to a crowd of hungry souls.

At six, the altars of Hindoostan, where St. Francis Xavier ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and lamps and sacred vessels, and unwearied priests are hastening to fortify their souls before Him who is their Life and their Strength.

At nine, in Siberia, where many a poor Catholic exile from Poland has no other solace for his woes but the foot of the altar and the Bread of heaven—God help him!

During the hours when New York is gay with parties and balls and theatrical amusements, the holiest of rites is going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so dear to the Saviour who once died for all, and who is now daily offered by all.

At eleven in Jerusalem, the Holy City over which Jesus wept, where He wrought so many miracles, where He suffered and offered Himself a sacrifice for the whole world.

When midnight sounds again in New York, the silver bells are tinkling again in every chancel in Rome. And so it goes on; the Divine Host is constantly rising, like the sun in its course around the earth. Thus are fulfilled the words of the prophet Malachi: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, My name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation: for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Every hour we can and should unite ourselves to the Masses going on in some part of the world, thus adding new brightness to God's glory, atoning for the neglect of others, and promoting our own sanctification.—*The Young Catholic*.

If we stop the *first* lie, we stop all the rest: if we do not use the first profane word we shall never use the second. If we are not disobedient the *first* time, we shall never be disobedient.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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No. 30.

Devotion to the Precious Blood.

“Monastic orders are the very life’s blood of a Church.”

So wrote the immortal Faber in his *Protestant Life of St. Wilfrid*. To us, who hold the writings of him whom we think of only as “Father Faber” in highest veneration and love, it is interesting and instructive to look back to his career as a Protestant rector, when, honestly though most absurdly, he was striving to graft Catholic practices on the dead tree of Heresy. In the early days of his conversion, he wrote to a friend: “Perhaps few know how slight (Sacraments excepted, of course) the change has been to me.” Later on, he began to realize how immense had been the change, and finally could write of the state of converts: “We had all things wrong, even right things by the wrong end; and our heresy comes out of us, and takes sometimes years in the process.” A year before his conversion we find him boasting that he had become “very, very, very Roman,” and no doubt he thought his account of St. Wilfrid was written in the true Roman spirit, —never dreaming how far he was from Roman faith and feeling when he announced monastic orders to be the very life’s blood of a Church. What an idea from him who was soon to become to all English-speaking nations the Apostle of the Precious Blood!

It might be useful for us Catholics to inquire if our ideas are not sometimes more in consonance with the errors of misbelief than with the teachings of faith. Our own writers not unfrequently think they are praising the monastic state when they tell us it is “the life of the Church,” “the heart’s blood of the Faith.” They forget for the moment that the life of the Church is from the Precious Blood; that the heart’s blood of faith is the Blood of the Sacred Heart. Or rather, they have not yet come to realize this truth, in all its

depth and meaning; for, once realized, it can never be forgotten. Although it is a matter of faith, yet, not being one of the fundamental dogmas, it is not so quickly comprehended and learned as they. We know that all our good comes from redemption, and that we were redeemed by the Precious Blood. But we do not know with the same clear, distinct knowledge the many doctrines that flow from this. Such doctrines are not to be learned in the Catechism; they grow up with devotional practices, slowly, imperceptibly working on the heart and mind. Hence the imperative need of the various devotions the Church is now urging on her children. It is only through these devotions that Catholics can now hope to save their souls. Nay more, it is precisely by these devotions that Catholics will henceforward be most easily distinguished from the multitudes assuming not only their name but their dogmas.

But to return to the devotion of the Precious Blood. As it is the life of the Church, the Precious Blood is also, of necessity, the life of everything in the Church. It is therefore the life of the sacerdotal state and of the monastic state. For this reason, neither priests nor religious orders can exist out of the Church. There may be experiments tried, there may be imitations of the priesthood or of monasticism adopted, but no power can prevent the experiments failing, the imitations becoming grotesque caricatures. The Precious Blood flows only through the channels It has appointed. “Wine producing virgins, have mercy on us!” we say in the Litany of the Blessed Sacrament. The Blood of the Chalice will always give us virgins to minister at the altar, virgins for the monastic and religious life. By remembering this we shall be preserved from the common folly of esteeming the regular clergy above the secular, or the secular above the regular. While, in practice, we may lawfully prefer one to the other, we should guard against doing

so in theory. There are those who maintain that inasmuch as Christ *Himself* founded the secular clergy the regulars are not to be thought equal to them. As if Christ no longer rules over the Church as in His mortal life! On the other hand, persons insist that the secular priests are not now what they were in the first ages of Christianity, else there would be no occasion for regular orders. Is the living Christ, then, to be the Head of a stationary religion? Neither party can give any good reason for their pet theory, but it is held as tenaciously as if they held it to be of faith. Devotion to the Precious Blood will teach us the reverence due alike to all who dispense this awful yet sweet mystery, and enable us to realize that their greatness arises, not from priority of institution nor strictness of vows, but from the sublimity of the priestly office itself. Of special importance in our days is St. Paul's lesson on the subject: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God."

It is almost equally necessary for us to remember practically the sacredness of the religious state. We are in some danger of losing our keen sense of this. Religious are necessarily brought into continual contact with the world; their office is to bring souls to Jesus, and they must go after the stray sheep into the great desert of the world, coaxing them back, condescending to their caprices, and going half way in their follies, if they would lure them to the fold. So when we see religious taking part in things that seem unworthy their holy state, we either censure them bitterly, or fondly seek to justify them by asserting that they must change with the times. All good religious feel that their present position is fraught with danger, but they know, too, that the peril being inevitable God will bring them safely through it. We of the laity must learn to trust Him for this as they do. Devotion to the Precious Blood will make clear to us the manner in which He vouchsafes to work. How was the world redeemed? By the shedding of blood. According to God's own decree, it was thus, and only thus, that He could redeem us from sin. Without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin. It is still shed on the altar every day for the same purpose. We know that our Divine Redeemer went about doing good, preaching the Gospel, working miracles, in order to rouse the tepid and slothful, calling sinners to repentance. During three years He devoted Himself to this as if He expected thus to accomplish the purpose for which He became man; yet all the time He was longing for the time to come when by his baptism of Blood the work should be accomplished. Bearing this in mind, we can un-

derstand many things in the biography of saints which horrify, disgust or provoke most readers—even really pious readers. St. Alphonsus Liguori thus recommends to all the spouses of Christ the practices which fastidiousness condemns: "Disciplines, or flagellations, are a species of mortification strongly recommended by St. Francis of Sales, and universally adopted in religious communities of both sexes. All the modern saints, without a single exception, have continually practised this sort of penance. It is related of St. Aloysius Gonzaga that he often scourged himself to blood three times in the day. And, at the point of death, not having sufficient strength to use the lash, he besought the provincial to have him disciplined from head to foot. Surely, then, it would not be too much for you to take the discipline once in the day, or, at least, three or four times in the week." And again, having described the penitential lives of ancient solitarys, the holy doctor continues: "I do not require such austerities from religious of the present day; but is it too much for them to take the discipline several times in the week, to wear a chain round some part of the body till the hour of dinner, not to approach the fire in winter on some day in each week, and during novenas of devotion? to abstain from fruit and sweetmeats? and, in honor of the Mother of God, to fast every Saturday on bread and water, or at least to be content with one dish?"

This is the saint who is so often spoken of as too easy a teacher, if not indeed positively lax! Yet we see that he deems all these austerities mere trifles, to be expected as a matter of course. This, then, is *God's way!* The Precious Blood has not only ministers at the altar, but helpers in the cloister. All the work of redemption is not to be accomplished by itself. This same principle shows us also that the marvellous works of the saints rest on a common basis: they are really the works of the Precious Blood, which becomes at last the life of the penance-worn body, robbed by its loving imitation of a scourged, mangled Lord, of its own natural blood. What wonder, then, if a lily grows out of the blood of a Mary Anne of Quito? and if the blood-crust-ed chain of a Rose of Lima exhales a sweet fragrance? Such souls can with truth say with St. Paul that it is no longer they who live, but Jesus who lives in them.

All praise therefore be to our dearest Lord, the Wisdom of the Father, for giving us those "religious communities," in which the most terrible and humiliating of all His tortures is "universally adopted." We could scarcely believe such a statement from any but a saint. It is at once glorious to the faith and encouraging to the faithful. And how startling is the publication of such things to

a God-defying world! Well may the Church send forth her records of hagiology, her libraries of ascetic lore. Every one of those volumes is a gauntlet flung scornfully in the world's face, daring it to the combat. We read in the annals of our glorious Revolution that a British officer invited to dine with Washington and his staff found the dinner consisted of sweet potatoes, roasted in the cinders of the camp-fire; what he thought of it was briefly uttered to his commander: "I have seen the American Commander-in-chief and his officers dining on roots, and drinking water: what chance have we against such men?" So it is with the enemies of God and His Christ. The easiest way to convince them of their folly, if not to turn them from their impiety, is to let them know how the heroes of His grand army live. What chance have worldlings against the noble men and brave women who crucify their flesh, the world's ally?

This subject is not without practical importance to us in our humbler sphere. It is becoming evident that we must soon abandon our favorite notion that penance and self-crucifixion are only for the saints. True it is that most confessors now, as in all times, *seem* to discourage corporal mortifications. Of course they are not as set against them as we like to believe; though there are many reasons for their objections, the most cogent one of all probably being that where God inspires a soul with these desires, opposition will at once serve to mortify and yet increase their fervor. But however the state of the case may have been, all our pastors are now urging on us the study of the science of the saints. And what is the whole alphabet of that science but penance and self-inflicted suffering? It is only as we advance in its study that we come to the interior virtues and sublime acquisitions which we poor sinners wish to start with. What saint teaches us, by precept or example, to begin with mortifying the powers of the soul instead of the senses of the body? Not one. With them, all bodily mortification went far in advance of mortification of the judgment or will. We are for mortifying will and judgment first, and attending to corporal mortifications later on. The result of which sage process is that there is no mortification in us at all, either interior or external. How did the saints acquire that strange fancy for suffering which we are apt to think unnatural as well as supernatural? From their devotion to the Precious Blood. "Sacrifice is peculiarly the Christian element of holiness," says Father Faber; "and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists. . . . Pain is necessary to holiness. Suffering is essential to the killing of self-love. Habits of virtue cannot by any possibility be formed without vol-

untary mortification. Sorrow is needful for the fertility of grace. . . . There is a smoothness in the mere lapse of a comfortable life which is fatal to holiness. Now, all the forms, and images, and associations, and pictures, and ideas, of the devotion to the Precious Blood breathe sacrifice. Their fragrance is the odor of sacrifice. Their beauty is the austerity of sacrifice. They tease the soul with a constant sense of dissatisfaction and distrust of whatsoever is not sacrifice; and this teasing is the solicitation of grace. In time they infect us with a love of sacrifice; and to gain this love of sacrifice is to have surmounted the first ascent of holiness, and to be breathing the pure air and yet treading the more level road of the upper table-land of the mountains of perfection. It is the very mission of the devotion to the Precious Blood to preach a crusade against quiet, sinless comforts."

[For the Ave Maria.]

Son, Give Me Thy Heart.

BY MARIE.

Ah! give thy heart unto the Sacred Heart!

There shall it rest, as in its safest shrine;
No art can loose, no force e'er rend apart
The clasp that round each fibre shall entwine.
That mystic clasp! A Saviour's deathless love!
O bondage sweet! O tender union blest!
Fair Eden-home, wherein the sacred dove,
Celestial Peace, shall find her fitting nest.

But is thy heart all foul with reeking crime?

The den of vice, the drear abode of sin?
Where serpent guile hath left its trail of slime,
And demon hosts have boldly entered in?
Yet give thy heart unto His Sacred Heart,
A stream shall flow through ev'ry throbbing vein
From Love's pure Fount, and lo! the cleansing art
Of that sweet Flood will wash thy foulest stain.

And is thy heart all rent with grief and wo?

A dark abode, o'erhung with Sorrow's pall?
A dungeon dim, wherein no cheering glow
Of sunny ray, or starry beam can fall?
Yet give that prison-house of wo to Him
Whose rays Divine within the tomb can dart,—
Brighter than day shall be those chambers dim,—
Give, give thy heart unto the Sacred Heart!

But is thy heart with worldliness all cold?

A chilly clime, a bleak and barren soil?
Whereon no blooms their fragrant leaves unfold,
No harvest rich repays the reaper's toil?
Come near the flames that glow in Love's pure shrine,
And feel the heat, the wondrous heat they dart—
Thus shalt thou win the blooms of Grace Divine,
And golden harvests from the Sacred Heart.

Then give each heart unto that tender Heart!
 Fair Childhood's—home of innocence and truth,—
 And, lest its first fond fervor shall depart,
 Give, too, the fresh, the fiery heart of Youth!
 Give Manhood's heart! Bid heav'nly Love assuage
 Its fierce world-fever, with divinest art;
 And give, at last, the "garnished shrine" of Age—
 The home made ready for the Sacred Heart!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

While Mr. Ringwood was dwelling on these things in his own mind, Lady Margaret's thoughts were running in the same current. She still saw before her eyes the crowd of weather-beaten faces uplifted in adoration and touched with the radiance of some mysterious light. Had they really seen a vision on that shabby altar, or was it only the reflection of their own impassioned faith? What treasures were hidden in those destitute, miserable lives that could so illuminate them, and lift them for the time being so far above all their sordid cares? What was this seventh heaven into which they were permitted to gaze, while she, with her intellect, her education, and the inherited refinement of generations of noble ancestors, was unable to obtain the most distant glimpse of it?

No wonder Lady Margaret was puzzled; it was a problem hard for her Protestant mind to solve. She was every instant on the point of speaking to Mr. Ringwood; but some unaccountable perverseness held her back; she was ashamed to let him see how entirely she had been surprised into interest and admiration by these illiterate peasants. If he would but speak first, and say something that might lead up to what she wanted to say! But Mr. Ringwood remained plunged in his meditations, listening to the strange cries that resounded through the chapel at the moment of the Elevation, and not hearing at all the voice close by that was feebly calling to him.

Colonel Blake met them in the park.

"Come out and have a stroll before lunch, Ringwood," he said; and Mr. Ringwood alighted, and they walked off arm in arm together.

"Well, how did you get on with your congregation?" was the Colonel's first remark.

"Admirably!"

"They are a rum lot, eh? I suspect Fallon has a good deal of trouble to keep them in order; but they are not bad fellows, when you know how to take them," said the Colonel, deprecatingly.

"They are a wonderful people; I should ask nothing better than to spend my life amongst

them!" exclaimed Mr. Ringwood, with genuine warmth.

The Colonel was beside himself with satisfaction; but he made a great effort to conceal it, and replied in an off-hand way that they were warm-hearted rogues, easy enough to get on with when you took them the right way. They are rough customers sometimes, when you don't hit it off with them, though," he added, not wishing to seem too enthusiastic, "and they can be as obstinate as mules, pretending all the time that they are giving in and letting you have it all your own way; now, for instance, about soap: you would not believe the trouble I've had to get them to use it; to use it in sufficient quantities, I mean; I distribute hundreds of pounds of it every year, and the rascals take it, but I shrewdly suspect they swap it at Ballyrock for tobacco half the time; I've never been able to catch them at it; but I have strong suspicions that a good deal of it disappears in that way; now if Fallon liked he might help me a good deal; but somehow he does not understand the moral weight of soap; he rather thinks it's a craze of mine to attach such importance to it; but you know, my dear fellow, that nothing *can* be done with the lower orders until they are brought to see the paramount advantage of soap; I'll stake my head on it, that, if one could compare the moral condition of countries, the relative superiority of each would be found to coincide exactly with the amount of soap consumed by the poorer classes of the community."

"There is, no doubt, a certain affinity between the cleanliness of the body and the purity of the soul," observed Mr. Ringwood, struggling to repress a smile, as he remembered Lady Margaret's confidential hint; "but I rather fancied that the Irish formed the exception to the rule; the Scotch are wonderful consumers of soap, yet from what you and others have told me, I incline to think them inferior to the Irish in moral integrity."

"I should think so! Inferior! Why, my dear sir, the Scotch are as far beneath our people in that respect as the Hindoos," protested the Colonel, vehemently. "The comparison is not to be tolerated for an instant; it's an insult to the virtue of the Irish nation to mention them in the same breath!"

And so the soap theory exploded like a bubble; but Mr. Ringwood was too generous to chuckle over the defeated champion; defeated, too, by his own weapons.

"You seem to have a great number of paupers here?" he remarked.

"We have not one in the whole length and breadth of Connemara," was the startling denial.

"We have beggars, if you will; but you must not confound Irish beggars with English paupers; they are as different as the two races; as different as a potato from a parsnip; Paddy, with his wallet on his back, is as jolly a dog as lives; he wants for nothing so long as he gets his potato and salt, and no one refuses him that; he runs about as happy as a king in his rags; you must have noticed the way he wears them?—the free, devil-may-care air he has altogether; strangers always remark it."

"Oh, if you are arguing his position from a picturesque point of view, I have nothing to say," assented Mr. Ringwood; "only in that case we will waive the question of civilization, and soap goes to the wall, does it not?"

"Civilization be hanged! There you are again with your Saxon prejudices," said the Colonel, ignoring the hit at his favorite hobby; "you English will never understand us; Comfort is your idol, and you are all on your knees, swinging the incense pot to it; the Irish are miles ahead of you there; they don't care that"—snapping his fingers—"about comfort; they despise it for a false god; they don't care for money; they are not afraid of poverty. Give them a kind word when they are in trouble, a roof to keep off the rain, a priest to look after their souls and say Mass for them, and they are as contented and happy as birds."

"A very primitive code," said Mr. Ringwood; "one which works admirably, I suspect, for the next world, however fatal it may be to their interests in this."

"What interest have they in this, unless it be to get out of it as soon as they can?" said the Colonel. "Their real interest is in the next world; they believe in Heaven, as Englishmen believe in London; and the grand business of their lives is to get there."

"I have found that out already," said the Englishman. "Their faith is the grandest thing I have ever seen."

"I don't know much about it," replied the Colonel, "but it certainly answers all their needs."

"You speak, nevertheless, like one who both understands it and sympathizes with its spirit," said Mr. Ringwood.

There was a singular inconsistency in his host's discourse; he fired up like true Celtic gunpowder at the least word that reflected disrespectfully on his Catholic countrymen; he praised their moral superiority over every other people, and traced it, inferentially at least, to the power of their faith; yet he did not share that faith, and professed not to understand it even.

They had now walked a good way along the

cliffs, and it suddenly occurred to both that it must be time to be going home. As they turned towards the house, the Colonel descried an individual in tattered coat and perforated corduroys standing behind a tree, as if watching for some one. He hailed him, and the man came scudding up, like a lamp-lighter.

"Well, what do you want, Magee?" said the Colonel.

"Plase, yer honor, I had a word to say to his Riverence here," said Magee, looking dreadfully sheepish, and twirling a knotted stick behind him with one hand, while he scratched his head with the other.

"What have you got to say to him, you rogue? Why didn't you say whatever you had to say this morning, and not come bothering his Reverence now?"

Magee hung his head, and mumbled some unintelligible reply.

"I will follow you, presently," said Mr. Ringwood; and the Colonel walked on and left him alone with Magee.

"I've brought the stick, yer Riverence," said the man, "and give it to me sound, for I deserve it." And he held out the big stick he had been twirling behind his back.

"What is this for, my good fellow?" demanded Mr. Ringwood, in some surprise.

"To bate me, yer Riverence!"

"Beat you! why so? What have you done?"

"Shure and I've been takin' a dhrop too much agin, yer Riverence;" and Magee shook his head, and then scratched it.

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Mr. Ringwood; "a fine strong fellow like you ought to have more control over yourself than to let the devil get the better of you in that way."

"That's the thruth, yer Riverence; and it's myself is ashamed of it; and may I turn into a periwinkle if ever I do it agin!" exclaimed the delinquent, heartily.

"That's right; only you must ask God to strengthen you against temptation; there is no chance for you if you trust to your own strength; is there?"

"Oh, begorra no, yer Riverence; I'm as waker as wather whin I'm left to myself and the whiskey!" said Magee; "but maybe it'll help to keep me straight if yer Riverence gives me a good thrashin' this go."

Was the man serious, or was he joking? Mr. Ringwood could not imagine; but there was not a smile on his face.

"Who told you to come to be thrashed?" he said.

"Father Pat, yer Riverence."

"And would he have thrashed you if he had come to-day?"

"Oh, bedad he would, yer Riverence!"

"Does he often do it?"

"No, yer Riverence."

"How many times has he thrashed you?"

"Oh, he's niver done it yet at all; but he's always sayin' he will; and last time he was awfully vexed wid me, and he said as sure as I'd a head on me showldhers he'd not let me off if I did it agin; he towld me I might just bring the stick wid me to save time, he did."

"Well, now, as he has not come to-day, suppose I were to let you off once more?" asked Mr. Ringwood, dubiously; "do you think you would remember it?"

"Oh, bedad and I would, yer Riverence!"

"And you promise me to keep out of the way of temptation,—not to go to the public house, or near it, eh?"

"Oh, sorra one o' me 'll go within a mile of it, yer Riverence!" protested Magee, quite fervently; and Mr. Ringwood, not yet knowing the ways of Barrymore, and where its snares and pitfalls lay, was satisfied with the pledge, and returned the stick to its owner, who forthwith began to invoke every benediction it ever entered into a human brain to conceive on the head of his Reverence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[CONTINUED.]

If we might only be sure that the letter from Rome would come! Friday was fast approaching, and we saw that our chance of admittance would not be until the following week. Feeling that our desires were not based on mere curiosity, we would leave no stone unturned, so the next day the same hour found two of us at the door of the episcopal residence, and the puzzled porter, always polite, again informed the Bishop of the presence of the ladies from America. Perhaps, too, the recollection of that mild, gentle face gave encouragement to this seemingly audacious step, which did prove successful. This time Mgr. Dumont was not intercepted, and he was, as the Redemptorist Father had said, lovely and affable.

His parish had been in Detroit itself, and he enquired with great interest concerning his former co-laborers and his former parishioners. When Bois d'Haine was mentioned, a shade passed over his countenance; evidently to him it was a painful subject.

"Formerly," said he, "I did give the permissions to visit Louise; "my predecessor did so; but now that the applications are so very numerous, both Mgr. Dechamps and myself have concluded to leave this difficult matter entirely in the hands of the pastor of Bois d'Haine; he seems to understand to arrange it all. Now neither myself nor the Archbishop of Mechlin interfere in his decisions. I could," added he, after a moment's reflection, "give you a recommendation. I do not promise you that it will be of any avail, but I can give it to you. Do not place too much reliance upon it, for I have ceded all real authority to the pastor of Bois d'Haine."

Calling one of his secretaries, he bade him write to the pastor of Bois d'Haine and say that if it were possible to allow these three ladies to be present at the ecstasy of Louise on September the 18th he the Bishop would be much pleased, as he really did desire their admittance.

On being asked why it was so very difficult to witness the miracle, was it really the smallness of space or did the family object, he exclaimed: "Object! why they just hate it. Louise knows nothing of the visiting, for she is insensible to all her surroundings; but her mother! her sisters! they just hate it! hate it! hate it!"

And across his face came an expression that would have been amusement had not the whole subject been to him, as well as to them, a source of annoyance and anxiety. Had God vouchsafed to send this miracle half a century earlier, before steam had brought the nations so closely together, the Prelates of Belgium might have indulged in a holy pride to think that their country had been so blessed; but now, when the world of Thomases is perpetually knocking at their door, they are often tempted to feel how much more blessed to believe when one has not seen.

We remained in Tournay several days after this, because the 18th of September was too far distant to render it necessary for us to leave immediately after posting the kind recommendation given us by the Bishop. Finally the letter from Rome arrived, and we were happy to be able to present a proof that the Bishop's kindness had not been misplaced.

Tournay is essentially a Catholic town. The march of nineteenth century civilization has not as yet deprived it of its primeval Christian simplicity, and during our two weeks' stay there we saw much that was of interest to the Catholic traveller, much that would be of interest to the Catholic reader.

We left Tournay Sept. 15th, at noonday, having taken our tickets for Menage, the railway station on which Bois d'Haine depends. The country

was undulating, and consequently the grades were very numerous, and over these the rapid motion shook us and jolted us unmercifully. Finally we arrived at Mene, now chiefly important as the centre of a mining district. Here we were to have entered another train, which would take us to Menage, but whether we were one minute too late, or whether we were a whole half hour "behind time," we could not discover. A Babel of Walloon and French was shouted from one angry official to another, and we were made to comprehend that we must wait for a train which was not due for three hours. Five hours later, when we arrived at Menage, we knew the great discomfort that this delay caused us; but then we only thought of the tedium of a railway waiting-room to be endured for three hours! So tired were we with the rough sunny ride from Tournay that we did not have the energy to follow our usual practice of rambling through the streets of a town where the intervals between trains obliged us to spend several hours. All that we did do was to procure at a restaurant a lunch, which afterwards served us very well.

Finally, after three long hours, the train did arrive, and it carried us through village after village where blazing foundries told of the vast amount of coal which is annually taken out of the rich mines of this region. It was nightfall when we arrived at Menage, for it took us a whole afternoon to make a little journey of three hours. However, we spied a number of hotels, and, taking with us our satchels, we directed our steps towards the nearest one, which had a neat and inviting exterior. But, inside, all was dire confusion—broken walls, freshly plastered rooms, newly painted woodwork, in fine all the disorder and discomfort of a house undergoing repairs. We left, and, crossing the railway track, proceeded with confidence towards two imposing-looking buildings calling themselves hotels, sure that at either one we could find accommodation; but both were closed, utterly tenantless. A young girl addressed us: after asking if we were going to Bois d'Haine, she showed us two little inns in which she thought we would find lodgings; so we recrossed the railway track, and going first to one and then to the other, we found that there was no room for us. And now night had really come; the stars were distinctly visible; our satchels had grown so heavy, we were so weary, and no place to rest; never before had we had an experience of this nature, and a vague hope arose in our minds that perhaps M. le Curé would grant the wished for permission, as too many crosses were clustering around Bois d'Haine for it not to be a successful pilgrimage.

We were told that in a village two miles distant there was an excellent inn; but at that hour we could find no one to carry our satchels, and we had neither the courage nor the strength to make any further attempt; so we returned to the place where we first entered, and the active landlady immediately began to clear away some of the rubbish. We took our supper in a dining-room filled with freshly painted furniture, sickently odorous, and which was constantly putting our clothes in peril. The landlady swept and scrubbed two tiny rooms and crowded a few of the bare necessities into them, and then we thought that we might take a peaceful night's rest. But Menage, although a mere village, is what is termed in railway language a junction, and in any country it would be considered a junction of the first class. If any of the readers of this ever find themselves thus far on a journey to Bois d'Haine, let them bear in mind not to spend a night at Menage. When we had half forgotten the day's weariness and discomfort, a flash of lurid light, a heavy rumbling, a shrill whistle, and we were wide awake to aching heads and throbbing temples. All night long, every hour brought a repetition of the same thing, and when we arose in the morning it was with confused ideas of signal-lights and head-lights, red lights, white lights, green lights.

After breakfast, two turned their steps in the direction of Bois d'Haine, to seek the residence of its pastor. Two only, for by this time we had learned enough of the Curé of Bois d'Haine to fear that if the manner of one offended him it might not be well for the others. One less, one less chance of his detecting anything that he might choose to find disagreeable.

Taking the street that led southward, it soon joined the highway. To the right, amid a thick grove of trees, lay a little hamlet whose imposing brick church raised its spire high above the tallest trees—Bois d'Haine, as a woman coming along the highway said, in reply to inquiries. "Bois d'Haine, and if the ladies wish to speak to M. le Curé they should take that path diverging from the broad road,—that path leading through the grove."

It was a charming walk; the path wound through grassy fields and under the green trees until it joined another highway. And just beside this highway lay a little brick cottage with white-washed walls and a red tiled roof—a tiny miniature of the neat houses abounding in the rural districts of Belgium. Only one story in height, it could not contain more than four rooms and perhaps a little garret. Everything bespoke cleanliness; the wooden steps were well scrubbed, the window-panes fairly sparkled, and the coarse

muslin curtains were the whitest of the white. But together with the marvellous cleanliness, there was an air of intense seclusion; the bright green house-door was wide open, perhaps for ventilation, but it only exposed to view a little entry with carefully closed doors. A few geranium plants stood in one window, but the curtains were everywhere so closely drawn as to prevent the gaze of impertinent curiosity. A mysterious air of calm, an atmosphere of holy tranquillity seemed to pervade the spot; the cottage seemed to have a soul; was it Louise's home?

The hamlet of Bois d'Haine was still quite distant, and a railway lay between it and the cottage, but so strong were their feelings that the two ladies demanded of a child tending cows in a neighboring meadow whose house it might be.

"It is the house of Louise Lateau, madame; and yonder lies the village of Bois d'Haine," replied the child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letter from Rome.

ROME, June 23, 1876.

DEAR AVE MARIA:—*Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster qui in altis habitat?* See how He preserves our Pontiff! See how He holds him up, high above the ruin and desolation which surround him! Do we want a more palpable proof that God is with His Church than that afforded us by the old man in the Vatican? And when he himself tells us to observe the workings of the spirit of God, in the great religious movements which are going on in divers countries, in the works of charity, in the holy pilgrimages, and in the universal desire of Catholics to draw closer to the Holy See and to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, in his modesty he passes over the fact of his own existence in the midst of so much trouble and sorrow. Why do we look for signs and wonders as an earnest that God is with His Church? If we close our eyes to the promises of Holy Writ, let us not be blind to what is going on about us? The philosophy, or rather the sophistry, of the age holds our faith up to derision and contempt. But the philosophers and sophists themselves die in their youth, and our faith lives on; nay, the mortal who is the guardian of our faith lives on, a living triumph of the faith. He was an old man, very old, twenty years ago, and the schemers of Europe watched his glass intently, for the last grain, it seemed to them, was just about to be eked out. Fools! They themselves perished while watching for his demise. Their philosophy could not prolong their lives, nor could it shorten his.

THIRTY YEARS A PONTIFF!

and graveyards have been filled during that time with his enemies. We are wandering now in a wilderness of trials, of perils, of pitfalls, not unlike the Hebrews of Exodus; yet, not unlike them, we are led on by

another Moses, who smites the arid rocks on the way, and gives us to drink of the pure waters of consolation; and before him and before us there is another pillar of fire, which shall guide us and those who come after us,—“Behold I am with you.”

It makes one feel quite jubilant to see how hearty our Holy Father is. He evinces no feebleness. He grasps that stout stick upon which he leans with a good hearty grip, and, all in all, you would rather see him with than without it. On the 16th—the anniversary of his election—of course he received the congratulations of the Cardinals, in whose name the venerable Dean, Cardinal Patrizi, pronounced an address, breathing devotion and attachment to the person of the Pontiff. The reply was characteristic. He said that considering how God protected the immaculate Spouse of Christ in the midst of persecutions and contradictions, they felt their spirit raised to God, and that their hearts were moved to have greater confidence in Him. They all felt the especial protection of God, because all were engaged in the cause of the Church. “We are all in a species of slavery,” he said. “But this should not hinder us from consecrating ourselves more and more to the service of the Church.” He remarked that owing to the revolution of society the affairs of the Sacred Congregations were multiplied, and the consultations and interrogations increased. The Cardinals have undertaken all these new labors with laudable zeal, and the Church feels the benefits of their labors. He compared the slavery in which the Church is at present to that of Tobias when he was carried into captivity by Salmanasar. But he soon found favor with the king, and instead of giving himself up to slothful sadness he exerted his influence in behalf of his countrymen, employed himself in works of charity, and above all he gave his fellow-captives “salutary counsels.” Thus too the Cardinals comport themselves—they give salutary counsels to all Christians. Tobias too, though observant of the law, suffered. But the angel explained to Tobias why he suffered—

“BECAUSE THOU WERT ACCEPTABLE TO GOD, IT WAS NECESSARY THAT TEMPTATION SHOULD TRY THEE.”

This declaration was afterwards confirmed by Christ in the Gospel. “It is necessary that Christ should suffer, and thus enter into His glory.” He quoted these words for the behoof of those who are full of good will, but who waver under continued persecution. “But there are others who would reconcile Christ with Belial. These have need of your lights; that they may remember that the night and the day cannot move on together like two parallel lines: the night is night, the day is day. *Give salutary counsels to these.* But Tobias was restored to his liberty and to his country; not only to these, but also to the possession of his wealth. So shall the Church triumph, and the Revolution shall perish. “Continue then in the noble career; apply mind and hand to the wants of the Church; and although we fight in the thick darkness of the uncertainty of human events, amid the threats of the sectaries, who within the last few days have had the effrontery to declare that the Masonic lodges are destined to supplant invincible Cathol-

icism; notwithstanding this, we must have faith, and be sure that, even in the midst of the terrible tempest it is always Christ who triumphantly steers the ship: *Si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis, non timebo mala, quoniam tu mecum es*—Though I walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I shall not fear evil, for Thou art with me." Dear AVE, you really must let me send you the whole of the little discourse His Holiness delivered on Sunday morning, in reply to the congratulations of the Roman nobility. It is full of deep significance: "While you, beloved children, rejoice on the anniversary which marks an epoch in this long Pontificate, and you rejoice with those sentiments which become a noble and a Christian soul, perhaps our adversaries also rejoice, because they have already passed the first five years of the unjust usurpation of the city of Rome, the capital of Catholicity. But, while your rejoicings rest upon a solid foundation, to wit, upon the foundation of justice, the joy of our enemies rests upon a slippery support, such as unjust aggression. And here permit me, for the common instruction, to recall a few facts, from which it may clearly be seen what are the judgments of God upon those who are not favorable to the Holy See, and much more, upon those who are against it. No one certainly has forgotten that this land, belonging to the Church, has for several years been guarded, protected, and guaranteed by two Catholic Powers. I don't know whether politics or other motives induced the two Powers, the one after the other, to

ABANDON US INTO THE HANDS OF THE FIERCEST ENEMIES.

The fact is that they abandoned us. But, having forsaken the Holy See, these two Powers had to bear the weight of the hand of God upon themselves. First they went to war in turn, and afterwards suffered those terrible losses and humiliations which everyone knows, and which we have all deplored. What more? That very Prince, whom they call Sultan, who had also taken the attitude of a persecutor of the Church in the East, by protecting a handful of schismatics to make his hand heavy against the Church—what happened to him? Ah! you have read it lately. That poor unfortunate sovereign lost at once his life and his throne, from which he was driven with the same facility with which a master expels from his house a miserable servant. Certainly, were I to cite here examples of the justice of God against the oppressors and usurpers of the Church, oh! I could not finish the enumeration so quickly for you. A few weeks ago, Italy celebrated the

CENTENARY OF THE LOMBARD LEAGUE.

And what was that festival? It was the memory of the end of a sacrilegious Emperor, and of the triumph of the Holy Roman See; on the one side a usurper, powerful and unjust, on the other a Pontiff, such as was

ALEXANDER III,

firm and constant in always upholding the rights of the Church. I shall not speak of the fearful punishments with which God has visited, now this sectary, now that one, who died in terror and trembling, aban-

doned to the powers of infernal darkness. I shall limit myself to one only of the facts which happened here in Rome itself. Is it not true that one of the heads of the Italian Revolution, arriving at death's door, asked for a priest who would console the last moments of his life? He was found, but it was useless, because the emissaries of Satan formed, as they say, a barricade around his bed, and the minister of God could not enter. And they said to him, 'When there will be need of you, you will be called.' And meanwhile? Meanwhile the sick man died, and would to God that he too could have said with true sorrow of heart, *Nunc rememiscor malorum que feci in Jerusalem*—'Now I remember the evil I have done in Jerusalem.' These and other examples form a motive of reflection for all: for the good to thank God, for the bad to fear Him.

LET US TRUST, LET THEM FEAR,

for it has been proved, and will always be true, that the Lord protects and liberates the oppressed."

A solemn *Te Deum* of thanksgiving was chanted in St. Peter's on Sunday evening by thousands of people. The troops turned out in apprehension of a disturbance, but nothing was given them to do save to stare at the multitudes, and perhaps think that after all there must be something good about the old Pontiff, else so many thousands would not pray God so fervently for his preservation.

The grand audience of the anniversary festivals was undoubtedly that of

THE GERMAN PILGRIMS,

who were received on the Feast of St. Aloysius, the anniversary of the Pope's coronation. In the morning early, the pious band assisted at Mass in St. Peter's, and received Holy Communion from the hands of Cardinal Ledochowski. Then they repaired to the Consistorial Hall in the Vatican Palace. His Holiness appeared at noon, accompanied by sixteen Cardinals. When he had seated himself upon the throne, the Baron von Lœ, director of the pilgrimage, read an address. In his reply, the Pope spoke in strong terms of the persecutors of the Church, and introduced the history of Antiochus. There he depicted a contrast in vivid colors, much to the advantage even of the sacrilegious king, and greatly to the condemnation of modern persecutors. After all, Antiochus only violated a synagogue, a mere figure of the sacred reality which is outraged by the persecutors of to-day. Let them look to it, for

THE LORD SLEEPETH NOT.

After the address, he expressed a wish to hear the Germans sing the *Te Deum* in German. They complied with a hearty good will, and the hall shook as those stentor-throated Teutons intoned with proverbial energy and strength the time-honored anthem of Catholic Germany,

"GROSSER GOTT, WIR LOBEN DICH"

and then they cheered for His Holiness, giving him three hearty *Hochs!* After which, just because they were in the humor for it (said one old fellow after), they sang that beautiful old Latin hymn to the Blessed Virgin, "*O Sanctissima!*" The Pope was almost

moved to tears, and he stood up and blessed them again. They brought with them a large supply of vestments and altar furniture, to be distributed among the poor churches of Italy.

The theologian and founder of the Society of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary,

FATHER PAUL MARIA LIBERMANN,

has been declared Venerable by a recent decree of the Congregation of Rites.

A decree confirming the devotion to, and preparatory to the beatification and canonization of, the Venerable servant of God,

ELIZABETH CANORI MORA,

a tertiary of the Barefooted Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives, was published on the 1st of this month. On the 12th inst., in the presence of His Holiness,

SEVERAL BOOKS WERE CONDEMNED

by the Congregation of the Index, among others "Otto mesi a Roma durante il Concilio Vaticano, impressioni di un contemporaneo, per Pomponio Leto." "Eight months in Rome during the Vatican Council; impressions of a contemporary, by Pomponio Leto. Florence, 1873." This book is now being translated in London, and will soon appear in English. The English publishers gave out that it was written by the late Cardinal Vitelleschi. This is utterly false.

There will be a sale on the 4th of July of property seized by the Government, belonging to the German, Irish, English, and Scotch Colleges. Where is justice? Where is international law?

ARTHUR.

The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary.

A few months ago we announced the advent of a new Association of prayer and good works, one whose duties are very simple, but which we hope will in time effect great good. Like many others, the beginning of this Association was extremely humble, but this humble beginning has already been blessed and encouraged by the Vicar of Christ, a fact which augurs well for its future usefulness.

We have before said that the Association of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary has been canonically established; we stated its double or rather treble object, the means of attaining it, and the privileges already accorded to its members by the Holy See, but it was only of late that our attention was called to the petition which brought it into existence. This petition, read at the Vatican on the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and which it is said visibly affected the Holy Father himself, has been published in several of the Italian and French Catholic papers. We therefore give it in English, hoping that it may be of interest to our readers. It is as follows:

MOST HOLY FATHER:—It is written "that God often

chooses the weak to confound the strong."—*Et ea que non sunt ut ea que sunt destruerunt* (1 Cor., i, 28). Such is the abridged history of the Church, which the Pontifical examples and teachings admirably confirm, especially for the past thirty years. Each day we pray with our venerated Father, and each day increases the confidence his heroic firmness inspires in us.

Never before had the coalition of the powers of the earth against the Lord and against His Church appeared more formidable, and therefore more certain of final success. To us it is a sign that the hour is approaching, that God is going to rise and scatter His enemies with a breath, as the wind sweeps the dust from the face of the earth. Yes, Holy Father, we believe with you that God intends reserving to Himself the glory of the triumph He prepares to His Church and to its Infallible Head, so long and cruelly tried. It is in this conviction, most Holy Father, that I consider myself happy, coming to-day from the far West of America, and laying at your feet, not the promises of the powerful ones of this world, but the wishes of the feeblest on earth—of those little ones whom the world takes not into account; a coalition of young children, who wish with all the fervor of their young souls to form among themselves an Association in order to ask, together, of "their Heavenly Father, whose Face their angels see continually in Heaven, "the triumph of the Church and of its august Head, and in particular the conversion of the New World, their own country. To deliver and set at liberty the Prince of Pastors, and bring to him a new flock of sheep and of lambs, that he may feed them with the "word of life," such is in a few words, most Holy Father, the object of enrolment of this young militia, who well know the unchangeable Divine preferences. They have read the solemn declaration of the Saviour: "*Sinite parvulos venire ad Me,*" and behold, these young beloved ones of Jesus stand up and say that for them too the hour has arrived to rise as one man; and resting on their innocence and the fervor of their desires, they request to be organized and presented "as an army in battle array" to Him who first loved them and protected them, who first revealed to the world the dignity of the child, and his precious prerogatives. They feel confident that He who forbade His disciples to prevent them from coming to Him will not reject them; but that He calls them to bless them and grant to their united supplications special favors reserved to themselves.

Thus urged by those beloved children, most Holy Father, I have taken to myself the words of the Saviour: "*Et ne prohibueritis eos*"; and, in the fear of the Divine displeasure, I have hastened to bring you these ardent desires of innocence and filial piety. Moreover I well know that this New World, whose conversion was the dream of my life, is singularly dear to your paternal heart; and that the return to the Church of this land, once discovered by a Christian hero, who took possession of it in the name of the Cross of Christ, and a part of which is already consecrated to the Immaculate Conception, must be the object of your pastoral solicitude every day.

Behold, in a few words, most Holy Father, the origin and the history of the above Association. On the 15th of last August we took possession, in America, of the new Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Before the tabernacle stood shining for the first time a lamp of wonderful beauty; it had been brought from Lyons, and was a perfect simile of the famous one at Lourdes. The little boys of the College marvelled at the splendors of this new masterpiece, and solicited for themselves the privilege of feeding it with their own hands and at their own expense. The grant of their request appeared to them a favor so much the more precious as they had heard that the Holy Father himself tends with his own hands the lamp of his chapel in the Vatican. Immediately there was organized among them, under the name of the "Angel Guardians of the Sanctuary," the association I have just explained.

Since then, I mentioned it in the South and in the North, in New York, and recently in Paris; and everywhere it was received with the same enthusiasm. These young angels of the earth are jubilant with happiness in the thought of coming every day and encircling in spirit the Vicar of Jesus Christ; and there, prostrated by his side before the hidden God whom the mystic lamp reveals to their faith—there under the eye of the Divine Prisoner of love, they will pray that the Lamp of the Sanctuary may soon prove to the blind of the world, and particularly to their erring brothers still seated in the shadows of death, a light of salvation: "*Lumen ad revelationem gentium.*"

The lamp in question is no longer alone; six others, I learn, already keep it company in the Sanctuary, and very soon the Nine Angelic Choirs will be represented there by as many new lamps, without speaking of a number of others, which these young, fervent souls will multiply, as bright light-houses on the shores of "that dark sea," as they called it in the days of Columbus. Henceforth, most Holy Father, one of the first privileges of the child decorated with the cross of superior merit will be to come and pour with its guiltless hand into the lamp the pure oil of Italy that keeps alive its sacred flame. To him and his associates this lamp is a revelation, a new Epiphany. Its soft light enlighteneth their young intelligences, as it warms their ardent hearts to generous impulses against the seductions of *all sorts* which Satan scatters broadcast on the path of youth in the New World.

Never in the history of the Church had solemn documents and warnings to the Christian world issued forth from the Holy See more numerous and more urgently, upon the necessity of imparting a sound, thorough Catholic education to Catholic youth; never before had we better understood and realized how important—nay more, how absolutely necessary—it is for the future of the Christian child and of society, that faith take first possession of his mind, and guard him against unbelief; that truth strengthen him against the Seducer who was a liar from the beginning. Deeply convinced of the wisdom of these apostolic teachings, we wish to permeate these young souls, from the first, with a clear atmosphere of faith; and, as a means thereto, to create in them lively feel-

ings of pitiful contempt and aversion for whatever might offer a temptation and a danger to their inexperience and unsuspecting candor.

To fortify our tender youth against the seduction of the senses, we desire to fill them, from the start, with contempt for those false and lying goods, and move them with a heartfelt compassion for those poor, blind men who daily sacrifice eternal happiness for the fleeting joys of a day. We wish thus to plant in these pure hearts the germ of a Christian and apostolic zeal. Practice will soon make a habit of it for life. This habit of praying daily to save from eternal ruin a parent, a sister, a neighbor, or a friend, will prove a powerful protection to our dear mediating children, as well as a prolific source of blessings to the objects of their solicitude.

Thus we hope to ingraft upon the heart of the coming generation the spirit of active faith which our own did not receive; of that praying faith of which England now proclaims so loudly the marvellous efficacy; and which will not fail our dear America, coming from the stainless hearts and lips of youth, at this present hour of her greatest need.

Only a few weeks since, your Holiness exhorted us, in most admirable language, not to *agitate* or disturb, but to be up and acting, to be doing something for the Faith. This solemn invitation made no exception either of age or sex. The field of action was open to all. Such an impressive counsel seems to have been inspired especially for our little terrestrial angels. The child, indeed, is essentially a moving, an active being; the exuberance of his life must be spent either for good or evil; he, from nature, cannot rest. From natural impulses, he would almost be an agitator. But how wonderfully he conquers himself, when, under the soft rays of the mystic lamp, he kneels to pray with his angelic companions before the tabernacle of the Living God! Nor is he idle there, on his tender knees. He is not yet a man of action, but how admirably he seems to have caught up the directive words of the Vicar of Christ! He is acting indeed, in the best sense of the word—that noble child, with his young associates, before the tabernacle; for he is acting upon the Heart of God, which he moves to pity; and who knows, if, at the indefatigable prayer of that guileless and confiding child, God, who holds in His Hand the hearts of men, will not forgive and convert His enemies, and give peace to His Church and His faithful Vicar upon earth?

When Satan sets himself to work the ruin of a child, he leads him off from his pious friends, to some corner, to an isolated and obscure spot; but, as ever, the true Guardian Angel of the child brings him back to the light; often to the mystic light of a Sanctuary Lamp, and there pauses with him and his angelic companions, and prays with them, before his God and their God.

At such a sight one might imagine he hears a voice from the Tabernacle saying: "*Deliciae Meae esse cum filiis hominum.*" There is, indeed, no spectacle more worthy of Heaven. Here is the place where our Angel Guardians will love to meet every day to pray

for the immortal Head of the Church and the conversion of their country. Such is, most Holy Father, the object of the Angel Guardians' Association, whose only desire is your august sanction. You have only one word to say, "*Sinite*," and they become a legion, a power, the more efficient with God as they appear weaker to human sense.

In the name of these angels of the earth, I most humbly pray that your Holiness deign to sanction and bless their Association, and to enrich it with the following precious indulgences: 1st, 300 days' Indulgence on the day of admission; 2d, A Plenary Indulgence four times a year, provided they confess, receive Holy Communion, etc.

Most Holy Father, you see prostrate at your feet one no longer young, who owes all to the Apostolic blessings he has so frequently received here during the last twenty-five years, and who now solicits at your hand a new favor, more precious in his estimation than any one of the past. At a time when not a single nation protects your Holiness with its sword, when all means of defense have disappeared, when ambitions not the glory but the merit to be allowed on this glorious Feast of the Chair of St. Peter to raise and set around this venerable Chair a new army, whose movements will disturb the peace of no empire of this world, but whose every soldier will faithfully stand to the last at the post of honor and duty, and who will lovingly sacrifice all to shield the Vicar of Christ against the treacherous perfidies of this world. It will be a happy day, most Holy Father, when our Angel Guardians and their happy parents of both hemispheres will read with their own eyes that your Paternity invites all children of either sex to enroll themselves in this spiritual militia, where you will not again oblige them, through tenderness of heart, as on the 20th of September, to lay down their arms for fear of shedding uselessly noble and precious blood. But by your holy example and encouragement you will soon multiply their number, until they shall have encircled the globe with their invincible legions, uniting heaven and earth for the glorious defence of the Vicar of Christ.

Fiat! Fiat!

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

ROME, Feast of the Chair of St. Peter, 1876.

Besides two decrees granting all that is asked above, the Holy Father wrote with His own hand, at the bottom of a tableau representing the Association, the following words: "*Benedicti qui ambulant in vias Domini*. PIUS, PP. IX."

FAITH in the heart of the sinner is like the lamp which of old used to burn in the sepulchres.—*Mme. Swetchine*.

THE Blessed Virgin at her birth shone upon the world like a brilliant star. Eve had closed upon us the gates of Paradise; Mary opened them wide. We were in perfect darkness; Mary brought back to us the joy of the ancient light.—*Ambrosian Liturgy*.

Catholic Notes.

—Rev. Ferdinand Koertt was ordained priest, in the Cathedral of Fort Wayne, by Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, on the 8th inst.

—The *Catholic Visitor*, of Lockport, N. Y., which is just beginning the second year of its existence, has been enlarged and otherwise improved. We are glad to notice this evidence of popularity and prosperousness, which is well deserved.

—We rejoice to hear that Rev. Father George Steiner, the much beloved pastor of Huntington, Ind., has recovered somewhat from his late severe illness. It is thought that rest and a change of air will restore him to perfect health.

—The death is announced of Rev. Fr. Matthew Hart, the much respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, New Haven, Conn., Rev. James Boyle, of St. Theresa's Church, New York, and Rev. John Contin, attached to St. Francis' Cathedral, Vincennes, Ind. R. I. P.

—The entire body of St. Donatus, martyred in Rome during the third century, and discovered in 1792 in the Catacombs, has been transferred to the parish church of St. Martin, at Laigle, France. The reception of this sacred relic was made the occasion of a festival of great solemnity. A *triduum* was held, presided by Very Rev. F. Lebreton, Vicar General to the Bishop of Séz.

—The Sisters of Jesus and Mary at Lauzon, C. E., are preparing to erect a convent chapel which will be dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They are in great need of assistance to enable them to execute their pious design and promise many spiritual favors to those who help them. The smallest contributions will be thankfully received. Address Convent of Jesus and Mary, St. Joseph of Levis, Lauzon, C. E.

—A Consistory was held in Rome on Monday, June 26, at which Mgr. Roncetti, lately appointed Internuncio in Brazil, was raised by the Pope to the dignity of Archbishop *in partibus infidelium*; and Mgr. Bruschetti, at present Papal Chargé d'Affaires at Rio, to the dignity of Bishop *in partibus infidelium*. Several Bishops were appointed for dioceses in France and Italy. Mgr. Bourget, formerly Bishop of Montreal, Canada, was created Archbishop of Marzianopolis *in partibus infidelium*.

—We had the pleasure, last week, of a visit from Dr. Machebœuf, Bishop of Epiphany *in partibus infidelium* and Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, and from Rt. Rev. Augustine Tobbe, Bishop of Covington, Ky. Bishop Machebœuf preached a most interesting sermon at High Mass on Sunday, recounting some remarkable incidents of his missionary life, a period of more than thirty years. Both Prelates seemed to enjoy their visit, which, we hope, they will frequently repeat.

—The consecration of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, at the Grotto of Lourdes, took place on the 3rd inst. The Pope delegated Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, to consecrate the splendid basilica; the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes was crowned by

the Papal Nuncio in France, Monsignor Meglia, in the name of the Pope. Thirty Bishops were present. Monsignor Cataldi, the Pope's master of ceremonies, had the direction of the solemnities. The Bishop of Poitiers and the exiled Bishop of Geneva, Rt. Rev. Dr. Mermillod, preached on the occasion.

—The New York *Tablet* says that the somewhat lengthy indisposition of the head of the Church in the United States has evidently been a subject of sorrow and anxiety to all his children, cleric and lay, throughout the Union. Although his Eminence is still suffering from its effects, we are rejoiced to be able to inform them that the symptoms of the malady from which he was suffering have disappeared, and that he is now suffering only from weakness. We have every reason to hope that we shall soon have to congratulate his Eminence and ourselves on his complete restoration to his usual health and vigor.

—A new marble slab has been placed over the remains of Commodore Barry, which repose in the Cemetery of St. Mary's Church, Fourth St., Philadelphia. The following epitaph is inscribed on the slab: Sacred to the memory of Commodore Barry, Father of the American Navy. Let the Christian patriot and soldier who visits these mansions of the dead view this monument with respect and veneration. Beneath it rest the remains of John Barry, who was born in the County Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1745. America was the object of his patriotism and the aim of his usefulness and ambition. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war he held the commission of Captain in the then limited navy of the Colonies. His achievements in battle and his renowned naval tactics merited for him the position of Commodore, and to be justly regarded as the Father of the American Navy. He fought often and bled in the cause of freedom; but the deeds of valor did not diminish in him the virtues which adorned his private life. He was eminently gentle, kind, just, and charitable, and no less beloved by his family and friends than by his grateful country. Firm in the faithful practice of the Catholic Church, he departed this life on the 13th day of September, 1803, in the 59th year of his age. In grateful remembrance, a few of his countrymen, members of St. Mary's Church, and others, have contributed towards the erection of this second monument, erected July 1, 1876. *Requiescat in pace.*

—It would seem that the *Citizen*, a Minneapolis paper, imagined some time ago that it found the AVE MARIA in error on the subject of prayer for the dead, judging from an editorial in a recent number of the *Northwestern Chronicle*. We have not seen the number of the *Citizen* which endeavored to set us right; it would no doubt have gone far to convince us of the charitable intentions of the editor of the *Citizen* had he sent us a copy of his paper containing the article referred to; but as he did not, and as our able contemporary at St. Paul has more than exonerated us we had concluded that it would be as well to let the matter pass. There are, however, some remarks in the article of the *Chronicle* that have an extrinsic interest for our well-meaning non-Catholic brethren,

and which we reproduce for their benefit. "Why," it asks, "particularly assail the announcement of a Catholic journal devoted to a pious object, that it will pray for its benefactors,—that it will remember them in life and in death? Let the *Citizen* discuss the "Communion of Saints" and the 12th chapter of the Second Book of Machabees with its Reverend Episcopalian endorsers: '43. And making a gathering, he sent twelve thousands drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead . . . '46. It is therefore a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins.' The Episcopal 'Book of Common Prayer' recommends these Scriptural passages,—for example of life and instruction of manners.' And a recommendation is as far as the Episcopal Church goes now-a-days." The *Northwestern Chronicle*, on its part, shows a trait of disinterestedness, of generosity even, that is rarely to be met with in these selfish times. It says, in conclusion: "Within the week a well-wisher, puzzled with these exceeding hard times, suggested that as her subscription for the *Ave Maria* soon expired she would exchange for the *Northwestern Chronicle*—giving the preference to 'the home paper.' We earnestly requested our friend to do nothing of the kind; subscribe for the *Chronicle*, but not at the expense of the *Ave Maria*, a journal devoted in a special manner to the interests of our Blessed Mother."

New Publications.

—The current number of the *Catholic Record* contains several papers of great interest, notably the sketch of "America's famous Missionary," Father Weninger, by Prof. O'Kane Murray, "Diamond or Glass," from the German of Dr. Stolz, and "Hauterive," by Lady Herbert. We give the table of contents: I, Old Lies and New; II, "*Sic Facientem*"; III, Strayed from the Fold (Continued); IV, Francis Xavier Weninger, D. D., S. J.; V, Diamond or Glass—An Argument on the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, addressed to sincere Protestants; VI, Reunited; VII, Hauterive; or How the French Soldiers Died; VIII, The Capital of the Turks; IX, Something about Pearls; X, Editorial Notes; XI, New Publications.

—The third number of *The American Catholic Quarterly* has been received. To us it has proved—and we think we may safely add to the Catholic public it will prove—a very welcome visitor. Judging from the few numbers of the *Quarterly* which have already appeared, we must conclude that the editors are resolved that all contributions shall reach a very high standard of excellence.

Rev. Henry Formby, a new contributor, opens the present number with a paper on the "Occupation of Rome, and its Significance for the Catholics." His argument is that the sanction given to the prevalence of might over right in the spoliation of the Pontifical territory,—the manifestation of open hostility to the Catholic Church, and the haughty contempt everywhere evinced by secular Governments for the strongest and most universally prevalent Catholic feelings,

constitute an overwhelming proof of the civil and moral decadence of modern Europe. He takes occasion to demonstrate that modern Rome, in the economy of Divine government, was destined to be the centre of Christianity, and inveighs against the apathy with which in general Catholic populations have acquiesced in the sacrilege committed by a mere faction of Italian revolutionists.

Very Rev. Edward Jacker contributes a most interesting and instructive article on the Catholic Indians in the Northwest. He relates some of the prodigies of zeal and devotedness performed by the early Jesuit missionaries, shows the causes to which the failure and decay of those once flourishing missions are largely due, and concludes with an appeal to Catholic missionaries and Religious Orders to hasten to the relief of a surely but slowly dying race.

Rev. Father Hill enters the lists to break a lance in defence of his favorite theory of the origin of ideas—Gen. Gibbon continues his breezy papers on "Rambles among the Rocky Mountains," which, we think, are likely in the present warm weather to meet with as much favor from the general reader as the more profound articles of the number.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch furnishes another able paper on the "Divinity of Christ." One marked characteristic of Christianity is the abiding influence of Christ on humanity. The central part of the grand and ever enduring fact is Himself—Christ, as revealed by the Apostles and Evangelists. The Jews held a firm belief in the Divinity of the Messiah centuries before He appeared on earth; this belief passed to other lands, as is clear from passages in the writings of pagan philosophers, and particularly of Plato. Finally, it may be accepted as a historical fact that the Evangelists, who have given us accounts of the life of our Lord, all held the doctrine of His Divinity. There are four other writers in the New Testament collection; their epistles are in general not dogmatic but hortatory in character, and treat on moral and religious duties. And yet in every one of these we find statements and allusions bearing on the Divine character and Divine power of Christ.

"The Church and the Intellectual World" bears the impress of the comprehensive grasp of mind, the philosophical acumen and ripe scholarship which characterize all the productions of the Rev. Father Thebaud. He shows that all the real intellectual conquests of the modern world are chiefly due to the Church. For centuries there was not a step forward in the cause of knowledge which was not taken under her inspiration. The period of her ascendancy in the world corresponds with the supremacy of mind over matter. The language and literature of every nation in Eupore—those noble seats of learning of which the world is so proud—are due to her fostering care. And yet, in spite of her priceless services in the interests of knowledge, modern intellectualism is everywhere in arms against her. But history will once more respect itself, and the victory must remain with her. The paper concludes by an enumeration of some of the agencies to which she may owe her triumph.

"Homeric Lays," by F. A. Paley, LL. D., is an arti-

cle which cannot fail to be perused with interest by every classical scholar.

The *Review* concludes with a touching tribute to the memory of the late Orestes A. Brownson, LL. D.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 8TH.

Letters received, 92; New members admitted, 88. Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Health for 53 persons and 2 families; Change of life for 6 persons; Conversion to the faith, 9 persons, 4 families; Return to religious duties for 6 persons; The grace of perseverance for 3 persons; A happy death for 4 persons, 2 of whom are in danger of death; Graces for 4 priests, 5 religious; Temporal favors for 20 persons, 3 families, 6 communities and 1 orphan asylum; Spiritual favors for 25 persons, 5 families, 4 communities, 2 congregations, 3 schools and 1 orphan asylum. The following intentions have been specified: That several children may be obedient to their parents and become good Christians; Peace and contentment in 3 families; Resources to pay debts for several families and individuals; Health and a spiritual favor for a convert.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

"One evening, while I was walking with my children, I met an old lady making her way very painfully along by the aid of a staff. She was so crippled with rheumatism as to be scarcely able to move. I stopped, and commenced telling her about the water of Lourdes. In the course of the conversation my voice, I suppose, raised itself, and a Protestant woman, sitting at work inside of her house, heard every word I said. I did not notice her at first. She came to me and asked for the water of Lourdes, expressing faith in the power of the Blessed Virgin. I gave it to her, and at the same time wrote to you, asking prayers. Yesterday, after using the water for a week, she came again in a distressed state of mind to ask to be allowed to wear one of the medals of the Association and to beg permission to sit and listen to the religious instruction I give my pupils."... "Last summer I wrote to you, Rev. Father, for some Lourdes water for Mrs. M.— Well, through the intercession of our Blessed Mother her baby is now nearly a year old, whilst her other children lived only two or three months. She returns thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for their goodness to her."... "I will relate two marvelous cures brought about by means of the water of Lourdes. One was a case of paralysis of the tongue, depriving the miserable sufferer of his speech. Upon using the water only once, he instantly recovered, and is now well and enjoying good health. Another patient, suffering from chronic rheumatism, entirely helpless, and beyond all possible means of cure by the physicians, instantly recovered by the application of only a few drops of the precious water."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. JOHN O'DONNELL, of St. Joseph, Mo., who departed this life on the 29th of June. Mr. THOMAS McDONNELL, of Girardville, Pa., whose death occurred the 30th of June.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

The Tale of a Scapular.

BY MARY E. S.

The lights in Ward 31 of the huge B—Hospital were lowered; the busy little nurse, in her trim cap and great white housewifely apron, had gone to her temporary home. The night nurse was reading by the long table in the centre of the ward. There were no cases that required special watching in the ward just then. The worst was that of a poor old consumptive woman whose long and distressing fits of coughing told of a life painfully near its end; but she was only a destitute old creature, longing herself for death to release her, and, as she never complained, neither day nor night nurse thought it neglect to wait upon her only when imperative duty demanded.

The door suddenly opened, and a stretcher was borne in. Upon it lay a woman who was emaciated enough to seem already in the clasp of death; but the wild, fevered rolling of her eyes and the nervous strength with which she now and then lifted her head told of days yet to be passed ere her spirit could be free. By the side of the stretcher, with one hand clutching the coarse coverlet, a little girl walked. Her stature was diminutive even for the six years she seemed; and her pale, prematurely worn face told more acutely even than the emaciation of the woman, of poverty and suffering. She seemed too frightened to cry, though suppressed sobs were rending her little frame.

The nurse came forward, and assigned the bed on which the poor creature was to be placed. As they lifted her from the stretcher she turned to the child, with a wilder rolling of her eyes and a more hurried breathing:

"You won't take her from me,—the doctor said I might keep her."

Passion was blended with the quivering entreaty in her tones, as if, weak though she was, she would have contested her right to the child.

The nurse answered quietly: "Oh no; you can keep her. I shall find a bed for her somewhere."

"I don't want any bed," spoke up the little girl; "I shall not leave my mamma"; and then burst forth the grief so unnaturally restrained. It was not loud; as if, with an unusual sense of propriety, she felt she must not disturb the other patients; but it was deep, and heart-broken, and told of an utter abandonment to all that a child could possibly know of sorrow.

The poor old wakeful consumptive in the bed opposite, whose sleep was so little, and so broken, by pain of which she never told, looked a tender sympathy from her gaunt, hollow eyes.

The nurse lingered by the bedside, adjusting the coverlet and arranging the woman's night-dress,—suddenly her fingers came in contact with a worn brown string about the patient's neck. The latter's hands were up in a moment as if to guard it.

"Oh, I am not going to take it!" said the nurse, somewhat pettishly; "I never touch any of the charms you *Catholics* wear."

"I am not a Catholic," answered the sick woman, "but I would not part with this, *my* charm"; and

she raised the faded Scapular, attached to the worn string, to her lips.

"Singular," answered the nurse, "if you are not a Catholic, that you should wear *that!*"

The patient did not reply, and after a little, as if she waited to hear more, the nurse went away.

Doctor A—only shook his head when he paused at the poor creature's bed, the next morning, and said something in an undertone to the nurse. But the sick woman caught the import. She started up:

"Tell me, doctor—I *must* know—shall I die soon?"

"Be quiet, my good woman," he answered, softly; "it is only quiet will do you good now."

"I will be quiet when you tell me; *must* I leave her soon?" She pointed to the child, the little old-fashioned child, who seemed also to have heard and understood his words.

The doctor could not evade the inquiry, nor could he turn from those burning eyes.

"If you have any friends to see, any affairs to arrange, you had better attend to all at once; you have but a few days to live."

She smiled bitterly, and sank back upon the pillow. "Thank you, doctor," she said, quietly, turning her face away as if she wished him to depart. Then she motioned the little one to her. The child obeyed, going round by the wall, where a screen concealed them from the patient on that side, and where they might talk without being overheard or much observed by the patient on the other; but the poor old consumptive opposite could see them plainly. The mother wound her arms about the child. "My precious Mima! what will you do without me?"

The little one's lips quivered; the sick woman continued: "Try and keep from crying now, my darling, and listen to me. We've been so much to each other since papa died—we've loved each other so much, and we were happy, though we were so poor, till this sickness came. But now, the hardest part will be for you. Oh, my precious! they will put you with the paupers; they will break your little heart as mine is breaking now."

Neither mother nor child could speak more. Both were sobbing.

At that instant, a sweet-faced Sister of Charity paused beside the bed of the poor old consumptive; the latter seemed to tell her something about the sobbing pair, for she cast sympathizing looks across, and finally came and stood beside them.

"You seem in distress," she said, softly; "can I help you?"

The sound of her voice, so different to the cold, unsympathetic tones to which mother and child had been accustomed, and the tender expression in her face, touched the poor sick woman anew; her tears continued to flow, but they were more tears of relief now than of sorrow. In a little while she had poured forth her simple, touching, though commonplace tale.

"Then you are not a Catholic," said the Sister, and at the same time her eyes glanced with some wonder to the faded Scapular, which had become slightly exposed.

The patient shook her head.

"But why wear this, if you are not?" and the Sister pointed to the sacred badge.

The woman's fingers wound lovingly about it. "I have not told you all," she said, slightly raising herself. "When a mere child, I was taken

once into a Catholic church. That which most impressed me was the picture of a fair, sweet-faced lady, and the person who had charge of me told me it was the picture of the Mother of God. I never forgot it—the very folds of her blue robe seemed to hang about me in my dreams, and frequently in my childish pastimes I found myself trying to recall more vividly the lineaments of her heavenly face. Perhaps one reason of this singular fancy was that I had never known my own mother, and the very term, 'God's Mother,' thrilled my little heart through and through. I was sent to the most rigid Protestant schools; I was taught to regard the Church of Rome as a hot-bed of iniquity, and her ministers as ravening wolves. I gave unreflecting assent to it all, till they would make me believe ill things of God's Mother. My heart rebelled against that—*she* was always to me the sweet vision I had once beheld, and not even stripes could have made me forget that.

"One night," her voice sank to a more guarded whisper, "in the first weeks of my widowhood, when poverty and loneliness pressed so hard upon me that it seemed as if I must fly somewhere for relief, I snatched up my baby, then only six months old, and rushed down to the street. It was late in the night and few were out, so I could pace the walk, or stand undisturbed on the rickety stoop. The night was so bright and calm, and the stars had such a pure glow that it made me quiet despite myself, and I looked from my sleeping baby to the distant sky with more of a feeling of peace than I had since my husband's death. Suddenly I was startled by a cry—it came from the alley near, and in a moment a woman rushed out. I knew her face—I had seen her sometimes, and noticed her more particularly because of her flaunting finery. She wore the same flaunting finery now, but her dishevelled hair and her face swollen from weeping made it look the more strangely. She saw me, but did not seem to heed me; she paused just a little in front of me and threw up her arms in a frantic way.

"'Mother of God!' she cried; the words startled me, for any allusion to the Mother of God was wont to thrill me.

"'Mother of God,' she repeated, 'I can stand it no longer—it is you who have saved me so long, but to-night the temptation is too great. While I wear your livery, I cannot do it—your hands seem to hold me back, but now I *shall* be free.'

"She tore something from her neck, and flung it into the street. I know not what queer feeling seized me, but it seemed as if my very heart quivered at the act. I knew she had thrown away something that had something to do with the Mother of God—that thought was sufficient for me. I hurried to the street, and picked up this," touching the faded brown Scapular.

"I did not know its name; I had never seen anything like it before, but still I felt as if I held something sacred. I came back with it to the woman.

"'Tell me about this,' I said; 'why did you throw it away? and, if you don't want it, may I keep it?' She laughed a bitter, mocking laugh.

"'You want it, do you? well, you may have it. It has kept me from destroying myself, for while I wore that I was still in some measure her child, the child of the Mother of God, and she protected me; but now I am free from her care; I can sin as I will.'

"She turned and fled into the alley.

"I cannot tell you how I felt then; I firmly believed her words, and it seemed as if I had received some powerful charm. I kissed it reverently and put it round my neck.

"The next morning a girl was discovered in the house just back of the alley, dead. She had taken poison the night before, and had died alone. It was she who had flung this away.

"That event burned a love of this badge into my heart. I would feel for it numberless times through the day, to be sure that it was safe in my bosom—I would anxiously watch the string lest it was wearing out too rapidly; but still, with all this, I had no desire to become a Catholic, nor have I now; I have only a wild wish to see and know the MOTHER OF GOD. I speak to her sometimes when nobody hears, and I ask her to do something for my little Mima."

The Sister's eyes were moist. "She will do something for your little one, and for you too. Your love for her has really made you her child."

"Do you think so?" and the black eyes brightened with hope and joy.

Again and again the sweet-faced Sister came to that bedside, and it was always to be pressed to tell of the MOTHER OF GOD. She did so, and with the Mother she told of the Son—the gracious, tender, loving Son, till the poor patient's heart thrilled with a love of which she never dreamed, and her mind opened to the Truth she had never before known. Perchance the ceaseless prayers of the poor old consumptive opposite, her sufferings borne in silence and offered to God in behalf of those who knew not how, or cared not, to pray or suffer for themselves, won a speedier dawning of the light on the poor patient's soul.

She died on the day of her First Communion; peacefully, blissfully died. The Sister had promised to take charge of Mima, or Mary, as she was known since her baptism, which took place the day before her mother's death, and the little prematurely old-fashioned child loved next to her mother the black-robed *religieuse*.

The poor old consumptive felt a tie less to earth when she saw the dead woman borne forth, and the little sobbing child led away by the Sister. But her own summons came speedily, and as earthly hands had rarely ministered to her living wants, so earthly hands were not permitted to assist at her dying throes. She died alone, unnoticed, while the night-nurse read at the long table, and the patients slumbered the fitful, fevered sleep of disease.

Little Mary, tenderly cared for by the self-sacrificing Sister, lived to a fragile, suffering maidenhood. She was always old beyond her years, but it became a winsome maturity, as she grew in stature, which made her very presence a boon. If she did not mingle in the pastimes of her age, and if an undefinable shadow seemed ever upon her, it was because of thoughts too deep to permit her to live as lightly and as joyfully as others lived. But her quiet endurance of bodily weakners and pain, her sweet thoughtfulness for others, and above all, her fervent devotion to the Mother of God, showed the charming virtues which adorned her soul. She died in her eighteenth summer; to use her own words, she went "to join God's Mother and her own loved mamma."

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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Our Lady of the Compassion.

BY ELIZA A. STARR.

Entering St. Peter's, we see in the first chapel on the right hand of the lofty nave that *Pietà* by which Michael Angelo consecrated his genius to the service of Our Lady of Sorrows when only twenty-four years of age. Of all the works by this great master, none is held closer to the heart of Christendom than this, which is spoken of in the guide-books as an "admirable early work by Michael Angelo." But how faintly does this praise convey to the mind its real charm! What a theme for a youthful sculptor! What a solemn and pathetic meaning abides in this *flower* from the Spring of Michael Angelo's long life!

We have never been able to pass this chapel without kneeling before it; kneeling, not merely by way of a genuflection, but long enough to slip a few of our Seven-Dolor beads through our fingers. The light upon the group is almost invariably dim; and the figure of Mary with her Son dead upon her knees gleams out of the twilight as it might have gleamed out of the lingering gloom of that three hours' eclipse on the first Good Friday; while the lax body of the Crucified One could hardly have looked more like ivory on the knees of the Virgin Mother herself than does this statue by the young sculptor of only twenty-four years. Even in Rome we see copies of this *Pietà*; but we need not say how every one falls short of the pathetic grandeur of the original. Michael Angelo himself could never have produced this a second time. It was one of the inspirations of his life, and he breathed it forth, perhaps almost unconsciously, into the pure marble. There is all the sorrow of the Passion in that lifeless form and in the face of the Mother; but there is nothing of the bodily anguish excepting that death, to which it was the prelude, tells

its own story. There are no gaping wounds, no blood-stains; all is hushed. The plaint of the Blessed Virgin is a noiseless one. *He*, the Holy One, the Creator of life, lies on her knees without breath, without pulse, without motion of any sort however faint. This says all for the Virgin Mother which her own lips could say, and we feel that she is silent. She does not even sigh, "Oh all ye that pass by the way, see if there is any sorrow like to my sorrow!" For the first time since that Passion began, by which the world was to be redeemed, she has her Son to herself. There are no judges, no pharisees, no Roman soldiers to take from her the sacred rights of her maternity. Even the disciples, who had presumed more than once to stand between their Master and those who tried to approach Him, leave Mary free to do as she will. It is this first moment of consolation in the midst of anguish which the artist has instinctively chosen; for although dead, she can still claim Him as her own. For this brief moment's space there is no outside world for Mary. She is absorbed in her Son, and seems to take Him to herself again as if she had never given Him to the world at Bethlehem. He is to her just what He was when a Babe in the stable. Again He is helpless; again He lies upon her knees; and this is enough!

All this had shone forth in its twilight way in the ordinary dimness of the chapel as we had seen it. But, one morning, going very early to St. Peter's, the rising sun sent its clear rays directly through the white window upon the *Pietà*. There was something almost startling in this, and we were afraid that some charm would be dispelled under this new condition. But no. The great master, who delighted, as years went on, and knowledge increased, to express through the muscles of the body the emotions of the soul, has been too much engrossed with his subject, too utterly wrapped in the sense of the divine beauty

of Him who was "beautiful above all the sons of men," and of her who is "fair as the moon, bright as the sun," to descend, one moment, from that "hill of frankincense and mountain of myrrh," where the ideal has mastered even the genius of Michael Angelo. The rising sun only illumines, glorifies the sorrows of Mary, the sleep, in death, of her Son. It brings out no line of care, of lurking unresignation. The sacrifice of the Son on Calvary had been a voluntary one; and so had been the martyrdom of the Mother. The morning light on the *Pietà* only reveals its perfection.

And thus, we said, will that light of the moment of judgment, the private judgment of God, beautify the actions and lives of His saints. For, beautiful as those actions and lives may have appeared amid the twilight of "this valley of tears," their perfection can only be discerned when they stand in the light of God's countenance. Then, too, the lives which the world has esteemed as little better than madness, and the end which has seemed to have so little in it to honor, will take on themselves the glory of heaven.

But this *Pietà* of Michael Angelo reveals also to the whole world—to all who revere his genius, however they may despise and reject the faith which gave a supernatural aim to that genius—the fact that not only is the heart of youth susceptible to natural pity or compassion, but to supernatural sympathy with the sorrows of Jesus and of His Mother.

Of all those glances of compassion which we have seen thrown upon a crucifix, none have ever seemed to us so touching as those given through the eyes of the young; of those whom sorrow never seemed to have touched in a personal way. In this city of the soul, this Rome in which religion has set up her shrines on the very corners of the streets, at the head of dark alleys, in places so forlorn, so comfortless, that we shudder to think that human beings must live and die in them; set them up, too, as trophies of the victories which Mary has gained over poverty, over all the ills of mortality; in this Rome we see, everywhere, the picture of the Mother of Sorrows; and before this picture, with its ever burning lamp, how many a one do we see kneel, whose burden seems too heavy for her to bear! And yet, of all whom we see pausing before these shrines, none touch us so deeply as the young. Their looks of innocent compassion have nothing of selfishness in them. The weary, the heart-broken, go to Mary to be consoled; the young seem to go to her to offer her consolation. This pity is a supernatural pity; this compassion a supernatural compassion, cherished for Mary's own sake and for the sake of her crucified Son. The time will come when these

untried hearts will stretch out their arms to her from the deep waters of their affliction; when they will call upon her in a *Memorare* full of anguish; can it be that Mary will ever be indifferent to their sorrows who have so guilelessly pitied hers? And how this thought has come to the mind afresh whenever we have knelt before this *Pietà* by the young Michael Angelo! His life was full of tumults, reverses, disappointments; yet the troubled life went on and on, to beyond fourscore years; and who can say how many graces, how many interior consolations came to the soul of Michael Angelo in return for this pious offering which he made in his youth at the shrine of the Mother of Sorrows? We know that Michael Angelo was always devout; we know that he died as they die who have lived for something more than the esteem or applause of men; and how much of all this, in a generation where so many artists seemed to turn from the Creator to His creature, may we not believe was given to him in return for the *Pietà* of his youth?

Beautiful Lenten days, when the gleam of purple subdues the brightness of the sanctuary! When among the white daisies of the Roman greensward is found the same gleam of purple in the fragrant violets and the stately anemones! Beautiful Lenten days, which open so many fountains of holy meditation, arrest so many a hurried and anxious step before the Stations of His Cross whose only haste was that our redemption might be accomplished! How tenderly the strains of the *Stabat Mater*, that *addolorata* which rose to heaven like an act of reparation on the first Sunday of the Carnival, fall upon the ear now that the piping sounds of worldly gaiety are all hushed! A few more days, and the paschal joys will come again, and to these will succeed the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament. The year seems made up of joy; only, during these Lenten days, a minor key is touched by the finger of the Church; touched not only in the hearts of the old and the careworn and the sorrowful, but in the hearts of the young and of the happy. Turn then, you whose lips do not know the taste of sorrow, whose feet have trodden only pleasant ways; and while the three beads which commemorate the tears of Our Lady of Sorrows pass through your fingers, or while you kneel before the Stations of the Cross or join your voice to the chant of the *Stabat Mater*, remember that this is your privileged time, your time of supererogation. And although no chapel, certainly no chapel in the Basilica of St. Peter, may bear witness to your fidelity, memory will keep a chapel hidden, shaded, but ever peaceful, in which the image of Our Lady of Sorrows will be always ready to receive you; a veritable *Pietà*

before which you can never be ashamed to cry out in any sorrow or tribulation, "*Memorare, O piissima Virgo Maria!*" for she will be to you, in life and in death, our most gentle and most powerful *Lady of the Compassion*.

ROME, March, 1876.

Italian Mariners' Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

[The sentiment of the following beautiful lines reminds us of a fact related of the seamen of Manilla, the principal city of Luzon, in the Philippine Islands, and which affected us not a little on first hearing it. Anyone who has made a voyage in a sailing vessel must have remarked the manner in which seamen measure time while heaving up anchor, mast-heading their sails, or doing other heavy work where united effort is required; but the sailors of Manilla, instead of the light songs used by European and American seamen, sing the Litany of Loretto, one person chaunting the various titles of the Litany, which are responded to by the rest of the crew in chorus chaunting the *Ora pro nobis*. A traveller mentions another instance of devotion to the Holy Mother of God witnessed by him while at Manilla. A number of laborers were once employed on the night preceding a festival of the Blessed Virgin in discharging the cargo of an American vessel in the port, and, not being able to satisfy their devotion otherwise, they took up a collection and bought candles, placing them in various parts of the ship in which they were at work.

It is needless to say that the simple devotion of these pious islanders has in a number of instances been singularly rewarded through the intercession of their august Patroness.—ED. A. M.]

CHORUS.

The moon-lit billows lave our bark,
As o'er their surges bright we ride;
Sancta Maria! guide and mark
Our glittering pathway o'er the tide.

Ora pro nobis,

And shine upon our life's wild sea,
Then bid each cloud and tempest flee,
That comes between our souls and thee.

SINGLE VOICE.

Rest, brothers, rest upon each oar,
For the night-breeze sighs,
And steals most sweetly from the shore;
Oh, we fall and rise
As the blue billows round us curl,
And balmy winds our sails unfurl.

CHORUS.

Regina Angelorum! smile
Upon our labors and our toil,
Save us from dreams of wreck the while
We draw our nets and count our spoil.

Ora pro nobis.

As thou in purest thoughts excel,
Oh, guard our dark-eyed daughters well,
Preserve them from the tempter's spell.

SINGLE VOICE.

Rest, brothers! perils wild forget,
From the shore now steals
The light notes of a castinet,
And sweet laughter peals,
With dance of echoing feet along,
Above the surges' whispering song.

CHORUS.

Stella Matutina! bless
Our homes beneath the sunny vine,
Restore us to the loved caress
Of those who kneel before thy shrine;

Ora pro nobis!

Preserve their beauty from decay,
And gifts of gold and pearls we'll lay
Upon thine altars when we pray.

SINGLE VOICE.

Hear, O *Mater Salvatoris*,
Hear our hymn to thee,
Spread thy glittering pinions o'er us—
Scatter rays of love before us,
From eternity!

CHORUS.

Furl the white sails—lay by each oar—
We're floating in—the bright sands yield!
Oh soon, our bark, we'll gently moor
On flow'ry shores thy sparkling keel.

Ora pro nobis,

Sancta Maria! hear us when
The mists of death on us descend,
Shield from its gloom our souls.—Amen.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER IV.

"It strikes me we are in for a stiff gale to-night," said Colonel Blake; and as the evening wore on this apprehension was verified. Towards eleven o'clock the wind blew fiercely, breaking in heavy gusts against the front of the house, which faced the bay, and whistling and shrieking round the corners.

"It is quite a hurricane," said Mr. Ringwood; "are you accustomed to this sort of thing, that you take it so easy?"

"Oh, yes," said Lady Margaret, laughing; "we are; you must remember that we are precisely in the position of a wind-mill, perched on a height, so as to catch the wind from every

point of the compass; it blows right into our faces all the way from America; it comes down on us behind from the mountains, and it flogs us right and left from the hills and the valley; there is no escape from any side. But the house is as solid as a rock; you need not be alarmed; it will not be blown down."

"I was not thinking of such a catastrophe," said Mr. Ringwood; "I was thinking of the danger to the poor people in the huts perched all over the hill-sides and under the cliffs."

"They are well sheltered, and more solid than they look," said the Colonel; "the rogues are wide awake, and know right well how to dodge the wind; they are as safe as we are; the people to be uneasy for are the fishermen who are out at sea; but I don't think many have sailed lately from our ports, and if they are not very far out they have had timely warning of the gale, and have, most likely, put into port somewhere. It has been blowing up for a storm these twelve hours."

Still, when the little party broke, up Mr. Ringwood could not but tremble for the wayfarers who were exposed, even under the most favorable circumstances, to the fury of the night.

"Try and get to sleep at once, before it grows worse; if not, you will be kept awake all night with the noise," was his host's parting good-night, as they took their candles from the hall table and went upstairs. But he could not follow the advice; he did not even try; and after watching the shower from his window for some time, he gave up the idea of going to bed at all, and determined to sit up and pass the night reading, and praying for the poor souls who were out at sea. The fury of the tempest was now at its height, and it surpassed anything he had ever beheld. The night was dark; a swift white moon was flying like a phantom through the clouds that strewed the sky like black rays; not a star was to be seen; down below, the breakers rolled in with a noise like thunder, booming against the rocks, and foaming in white billows all along the coast; the wind, all the winds, swept down and roared at them; dense blackness was everywhere; you could just distinguish the Twelve Piers looming with a separate blackness against the sombre sky; the rain fell in torrents, as if the clouds were one immense bucket that was being emptied over the earth. Mr. Ringwood was fascinated by the gloomy grandeur of the spectacle, and could not tear himself away from it. Was it possible that they were asleep in the house while this tremendous uproar was going on! He opened his door to see if light was visible through chinks or key-holes in the adjoining rooms; his host's was on the opposite side of the landing, but no ray or sound gave notice that

its occupants were up or awake. He closed the door noiselessly and went back to the window and knelt down to pray; he thought of the souls who were in their death-struggle, with no priest at hand to help or to absolve.

"Oh, God! have mercy on them! give them grace to make an act of perfect contrition at the last moment!" he cried, as a terrific gust broke full against the window, trying the timber till it seemed as if it must give way.

So he spent the night, wrestling until dawn, and holding up his hands for the victims of the storm. Towards daybreak its fury abated, and, worn out with emotion and fatigue, he flung himself on the bed and was soon fast asleep. If he had but waited a few minutes longer, and cast one more look out over the sea, he would not have thought of rest. A little boat was fighting its way towards the shore, tossing wildly over the waves, that still ran mountains high although the storm was subsiding on land. Two men were in the boat, but their hands were stiffening with cold; they were exhausted by the long struggle and beaten almost to death by the waves; still the little craft fought gallantly on, now floating light as a feather on the white crest of the breakers, now disappearing into the black depths, and, rising quickly again, it seemed to be making head against the wind rather from sheer force of inanimate instinct than from any guidance of its half-paralyzed occupants. If only Mr. Ringwood had watched a few moments longer, and seen it, and called up the household to send down help to the shore!

"What a fearful night it has been!" he exclaimed the first thing on meeting his hosts in the breakfast-room.

"So I hear from Burke," said the Colonel; "luckily I fell asleep at once, and heard nothing more of it after we parted."

"I am afraid you have not fared so well," said Lady Margaret, noticing her guest's haggard face; "you have passed a bad night, I see?"

"I did not get much rest; I never heard anything so tremendous as the noise of the sea and the wind roaring and howling together, and then I could not help thinking all the time of the poor people out at sea; I fear there must have been many disasters amongst those fishing-crafts you spoke of," said Mr. Ringwood; and, going to the deep bay-window, he looked out over the wide field of waters, still sullenly heaving in leaden waves from the horizon to the shore, agitated but broken, like a human soul exhausted after an outburst of passion.

"Oh, please God, they are all safe," said the Colonel, cheerily; "they had timely warning; they are sure to have put into port, all of them.

Come, now, Reverend Father, let us tackle to business; what do you start with? Will you have a shot at a herring? I always recommend them as native produce. But, stop a moment; here comes Burke with something else; boiled salmon, eh?"

"Yis, sir," said Burke, uncovering the savory dish.

"Any news from the cliffs?" said his master.

"Not yet, sir; it's been an awful night intirely for the poor fishermen, God rest their souls!"

"Why, man! don't go burying them till you know they are dead! No use saying good-morrow to the devil before you meet him. Give the fire a poke, and throw on a fresh log; one wants a blaze indoors to enliven that sky. Well, now, Ringwood, what are you going to attack first?"

The business of breakfast began, and under the united stimulants of his host's cheery spirit and Lady Margaret's delicious tea, Mr. Ringwood was beginning to feel happier in his mind, and to revive from the painful influence of the night. They had not proceeded far, however, when the door burst open, and Burke appeared, with a scared face.

"What is the matter?" cried master and mistress, together.

"Plase, sir, my lady, it's poor Dan Torry!"

"Good Heavens!"

"What has happened to him?"

"He's dhrowned, and he's calling for the priest."

Mr. Ringwood was at the door in an instant.

"Hold a minute, Ringwood!" cried the Colonel, hurrying after him, and catching him by the arm: "you had better have a horse; it will be quicker. Burke, you run off and tell Mat to saddle the roan! No: stop a minute! Come along, Ringwood; we'll do it ourselves."

They hurried away together; while Lady Margaret, pale and trembling, began to question Burke. He could tell her little beyond the bare fact that one of the people had come running up for the priest to confess Dan, who was drowned; the poor fellow had called for Father Pat, but there was no time to send so far; luckily some one remembered the English priest at The Towers.

"Did he, then, go fishing last night? I saw him in the afternoon," said Lady Margaret.

"Not he, my lady; the poor lad went out in a boat on'y a while ago, to help two unfortunate fellows that was like to drown; one o' them went to the bottom, and poor Dan saved th' other; but it cost him dear, glory be to God!"

Meantime Colonel Blake was helping Mr. Ringwood into the saddle. It was hard to say which of the two men looked most anxious and full of haste.

"The second cabin to the right, after you pass the chapel; Meg will take you there in ten minutes; don't spare her, and God speed you!" the Colonel cried, as Meg Merrilies, his favorite hunter, the swiftest foot in the stables, bore the priest away; he watched her fly down' the avenue for a moment, and then went back to the house. Lady Margaret met him in the hall; he had come for his hat, and, having put it on, was hurrying away again.

"Where is the use of your rushing off so? Come in and have your breakfast," said his wife.

"I must go," replied the Colonel; "I want to know if Ringwood got there in time."

"If he did not, your rushing after him will remedy nothing. Come in, dearest, and eat something; do, I beg of you!" she said, coaxingly.

He gave in to her, as he generally did.

Lady Margaret was surprised to see him so excited. It was natural that the startling announcement of poor Dan's sudden and violent death should both pain and shock him, but this did not explain his extraordinary anxiety about Mr. Ringwood's reaching in time. These poor people looked on their priest as a sort of demi-God, endowed with special powers for helping them in the last passage, and it was natural that Dan, being a devout Catholic, should wish for this help, and that his master, who was so kind-hearted, should wish to gratify the desire; but this did not explain Colonel Blake's intense eagerness in the matter; if he had been a papist himself he could not be more excited about it. She tried to silence certain vague fears that suggested themselves, and set down her husband's inconsistent behavior to his hot Celtic temperament.

The Colonel meanwhile made short work of his breakfast, and set off to the cabin, where Mr. Ringwood had arrived long before him. As he approached the spot, a sound of wailing from within announced that all was over for Dan Torry in this world. Burke, who was standing amidst a knot of neighbors at the door, saw his master advancing, and immediately informed Mr. Ringwood.

"You were too late?" said the Colonel, as the priest stepped out to speak to him.

"No, thank God. I was in ample time; the poor fellow had his full consciousness to the last; he has just expired."

Colonel Blake said nothing; but every feature in his face cried "Thank God!" as plainly as ever the words were spoken.

"Can I do anything to be of use?" he said.

"Not that I can see at present. The people are most kind and affectionate, and will do all that is necessary for the moment."

"My wife will be down presently; she was very fond of Dan, and I dare say she will be a comfort to the widow."

Lady Margaret's pony carriage came in sight as they spoke.

"So it is all over!" she exclaimed; "how is the poor wife? will she let me in, do you think?"

"I dare say she will be very glad to see you," said Mr. Ringwood; "I never saw anything more beautiful than the way she is bearing it, poor creature."

Lady Margaret went in. The cabin was composed of two rooms; the first was the kitchen and dwelling-room; it was thick with smoke, although the fire was almost out, only a few lumps of turf smouldered on the hearth; it was crowded with a number of persons whom the news of the catastrophe had gathered quickly round the widow, and who were expressing their sorrow for the dead and their sympathy with the living in loud whispers and expressive gestures. Every one moved when she appeared, dipping respectfully, and murmuring welcomes in Irish. She passed through them into the inner room, where on his lowly couch lay Dan, sleeping his last sleep. The body was still warm, and yet the majesty of death had already touched and beautified it; a sweet smile flitted about the mouth where she had so often seen the *naïve* drollery that was familiar to his uncouth, honest face; a serene and royal peace lay on the brow, from which a loving hand had swept back the dripping hair. His wife was sitting by the bed-side, sobbing softly, as she looked at him and murmured tender words. When Lady Margaret entered the little room she looked up at her with an expression of resigned, heart-breaking misery, while the tears flowed copiously. A sweet, womanly impulse prompted Lady Margaret to fall on her knees by the widow's side and clasp her in her arms.

"My poor Molly! May God comfort you! My heart is bleeding for you! But you know how good he was; he is surely with God!"

"Oh, he is; he is! Glory be to the Lord God for His mercy!" cried Molly, clasping her hands, and looking up with a sudden light in her face that positively glorified it; "and didn't he have the priest to comfort him, and ivery thing at the last, as he always prayed for! Shure and it's nothin' less than a miracle o' the goodness o' God that did it, and brought a strange priest to the very dure for me poor boy! He'd ha' died without one if we had to wait for Father Pat. Oh, and shure I'm not unmindful of it to the Mother o' God that did it for us, and I'll thank her ivery day o' my life, whether it be long or short; but me heart's broke! me heart's broke!"

"It is, dear Molly; but God will comfort you," said Lady Margaret, stroking her hair, while tears of pity not unmixed with wondering admiration streamed from her own bright eyes.

"You are right, my dear child," said Mr Ringwood, who now came in, having induced some of the neighbors to clear out of the outer room and make a little breathing space; "God has shown a special care of your husband in providing absolution for him so unexpectedly at the last; remember too what a brave, beautiful death he has had! It is the death of a martyr; he perished in saving a fellow-creature from death! what could be more beautiful!"

"Yis, Father, yis! It's a blessed going home for my darlint. I ought to be singing a hymn of joy on my knees, I ought; but shure God won't be angry wid me if me heart's broke and I can't!"

She clasped her hands, and rocked herself to and fro, while her eyes were fixed on the dead man's face with an expression of tenderness, congratulation and sorrow, more beautiful and touching than anything that words could describe; her heart might be broken, as she said, but her soul, borne on the wings of faith, rose above her sorrow, and followed her lost one to the home where she saw him now, happy and crowned in the company of the blessed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[CONTINUED.]

A few minutes more and the two had arrived in Bois d'Haine. Passing by the schools, one of which is a charitable institution then in process of erection, they found themselves face to face with the village church—an entirely new structure of red brick. Entering the open portals, they were in an interior of true gothic; a lofty nave, two lateral aisles, and a transept, making that cruciform church by which the Catholics of northern Europe mark the distinction between their ecclesiastical architecture and that of the Lutherans. As yet this interior was but half finished. The temporary altars were evidently those of the former tiny church, and in one end of the transept hung the Stations of the *Via Crucis*,—rude paintings on wood, and half defaced by time and mildew; and yet they were admitted to the new church, for a European priest would never allow his church to be destitute of these important adjuncts just because the old Stations were too small, or not suited to his taste. And how often does God, despising the wisdom of the world and choosing

that which it calls weak and foolish, work His most beautiful miracles of grace by means of just such rude instruments as these unsightly pictures! Yet, just as unsightly as they were, these Stations were far more precious than the most costly works of modern art, for it is by following the meditations inspired by them that Louise Lateau has at length arrived on the heights of Calvary.

On the Gospel side of the sanctuary stood a half life-size wooden statue of our Lord as He appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. A Paris work probably, for we recognized the brilliant yet delicate coloring of the artists of the Rue St. Sulpice and its neighborhood. For, contrary to American ideas of good taste, continental artists pronounce color, properly applied, an indispensable adjunct to statues of wood or terra-cotta. The facts of nature are carefully copied; and, far from resulting in gaudiness, the effect produced is wonderful. A non-Catholic, a modern Sybarite, would have termed the Wounds "painfully revolting," but a Catholic could not fail to find in their startling fidelity to truth food for devotion and contrition.

The windows in the body of the church are composed of pieces of colored glass arranged in Arabesque; those over the high altar are not only larger, but they are the true stained windows, containing the figures of saints. Among these stands conspicuous St. Francis of Assisi, the glorious chief of those "Angels who bear the likeness of the Living God." There is also Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, the companion-pane of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There are St. John the Evangelist and the Prophet Isaias, the Baptism of our Lord, and the Descent from the Cross. Although not executed in the highest style of the art, as produced from the factories of Normandy and Bavaria, these windows would grace many of the most pretentious of our American churches, and they form a suitable adornment to the Church of St. John the Baptist at Bois d'Haine, which no doubt its pious founders hope that their descendants will know under the added title of St. Louise.

Just a few paces from the church stands a huge chestnut tree, which on Sundays and festivals stretches its arms over groups of laughing peasants talking of seed time and harvest or indulging in a little harmless gossip.

Beside the church stands the house of the pastor, and it was at its door that the two were to learn the result of Mgr. Dumont's kind intercession. The door was opened by M. le Curé himself. "Well, well, come in," was his greeting, and the ladies saw a priest apparently forty-five years of age, and, in spite of a certain abruptness, possessing considerable ease of manner. His coun-

tenance wore an expression of continual abstraction, such as one might expect from an ordinary mortal who dwelt continually face to face with the myteries of Gethsemani and Calvary. His general appearance was perhaps more *distingué* than that of the majority of country pastors, although he seemed to possess their usual simplicity united to an eccentricity all his own.

Having taken the seats assigned to them, the ladies stated their errand, asking if M. Niels had received a letter in their behalf from Mgr. Dumont. There were a great many "well, wells" on the part of M. le Curé, and he led the conversation in a great many directions, perhaps with the idea of discovering a little of the character of the applicants. Although armed with intercession so powerful, the ladies were far too prudent to make any imperious demands; neither did they assume a manner too imploring, for M. le Curé knew their desire without their making use of either extreme.

In speaking of the church, one of the ladies said: "It is not every village that possesses such a church."

"Madame," replied the pastor, "it is not every village that has Louise Lateau."

And his manner showed that he comprehended the greatness of the favor which had been bestowed on the unpretending hamlet.

"Well, well," said M. le Curé, "there are three of you, if I remember rightly what Monseigneur wrote; well, well, come next Friday to Louise's house, at a quarter past two; you may remain until a quarter past three."

When he asked us where we were lodged, he readily believed the tale of the previous night's discomfort. "It was always so at Menage." Then he told us that in the village of Faijt, not half an hour's walk from Bois d'Haine, we would find an excellent inn, far removed from railway noises.

"In coming here," said he, "you passed Louise's house, I am sure; well, on your return, continue on the paved highway; pass by her cottage; do not take the field road, and the highway will bring you to Faijt, where, at the Hotel de la Poste, you can rest yourselves until Friday."

Following his directions, the two found their way to Faijt, where they made satisfactory arrangements at the Inn de la Poste. The principal street of Faijt terminates in a highway leading to Menage, and in twenty minutes they were able to inform the one whom they had left of the success of the application and of the agreeable fact that better lodgings awaited them elsewhere.

The landlady, overwhelmed with surprise to think that we had been successful where every week witnesses so many failures, nevertheless did

not in the midst of her astonishment forget to make a very shrewd bargain for her son, who brought a wheelbarrow to carry our satchels to Fajjt.

Here all was different; neatly-furnished bedrooms, and a nice little dining-room, where we were free to sit and read, or play on the upright piano, the property of our landlady's little girl.

But we preferred the tranquillity of our own rooms, where we spent the greater part of the time between our meals in reading the different sketches of Louise's life which we had in our possession.

And now, although perhaps abler pens may have made many of the readers of the AVE MARIA familiar with the chief incidents of Louise's life, it may be well to give a short outline of the facts, well-known to all in Bois d'Haine and its neighborhood, before relating what we ourselves saw of this miraculous wonder. Much of the following account is drawn from various approved sources, confirmed by general report in the vicinity of Bois d'Haine. Of course, in that which relates to the supernatural, all due submission is made to the decrees of Pope Urban VIII and to the Canons of the Holy Catholic Church.

Louise Lateau was born January 30, 1850, of respectable parents, poor peasants. Her father was a workman in one of the numerous foundries of the province of Hainault. His slender pittance barely sufficed to support his family, which consisted of a wife and three daughters, of whom Louise was the youngest. After the birth of Louise, Madame Lateau was a prey to a lingering malady, from which she had not even commenced to recover when, Louise being two months and a half old, Gregoire Lateau was seized by the smallpox, then raging violently in Bois d'Haine. In his case it proved fatal, and to add to the misery of this desolate family, Louise herself was struck by the contagion.

The doctor came but rarely, the neighbors never; for the unfinished cottage which Gregoire Lateau had just begun to erect was too far removed from the rest of the village of Bois d'Haine for any of its inhabitants to be reminded of this poor family by seeing their dwelling. So Louise and her mother had to depend on the little service that could be rendered by a six-year old child, that being then the age of Rosine Lateau, the oldest of these three girls. In one of the doctor's infrequent visits he enveloped Louise in a large poultice in which the poor neglected infant remained for several days. When it was removed, her body was completely black, and hardly a breath of life remained in her. Finally Providence took pity on this deserted family and sent to their aid a distant relative, a

certain Delalieu, who charged himself with the care of the family until Madame Lateau was, after years of suffering, completely restored to health, and her daughters were old enough to earn their bread.

By the time that Louise had attained the age of two and a half years she had entirely recovered from all the effects of the smallpox, not even the scars remaining. But at this period she again came in close contact with death. One day, while playing with her sister Rosine in a neighboring meadow, she fell into a deep pit filled with stagnant water. Rosine called her mother, who, though still an invalid, ran with all possible speed to draw her child out of the water. She was insensible, and her mother in her ignorance actually held her head downward for several minutes so that she might throw up any ditch-water which she could have swallowed. God was pleased, however, to bless the well-meant efforts of the poor woman and to rescue her daughter from twofold peril.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Trappistine Nuns.

Our Divine Lord after having established the Apostolic college or community, founded also a community of holy women who seem, according to the testimony of the Evangelists, to have accompanied Him during His life and to have attended to His wants and those of His disciples. It is a remarkable fact that the lives of the saints, and especially of the founders of religious orders, frequently offer us parallel instances. Saint Benedict, for example, after having written that masterpiece, his Rule, which his first disciples had begun to follow with the most scrupulous fidelity, was visited by his sister, St. Scholastica. Moved by the words and holy example of her brother, she demanded and obtained permission to live under his conduct. A monastery was built for her at some distance from Monte Cassino and was soon filled with pious virgins. "In the 12th century," says a historian, "when the Order of Citeaux had extended its fertile branches even over barbarous peoples, God was unwilling that women, whose piety seems even better adapted than that of men to the great works of this institute, should be deprived of its precious fruits. And as He knows how to touch the souls of His chosen ones, He in this instance filled the hearts of a multitude of holy women with heroic resolution and enlightened their minds with the rays of His grace, so that in a short time the forests of France, of Spain, of Germany and Italy were peo-

pled with the most fervent virgins, who under the white habit of the Cistercian family were as so many lilies planted in the sterile valley of the world. A prodigy of the same kind, though perhaps greater, took place towards the end of the XVIIIth century. The French Revolution had dispersed the Cistercian nuns, only a few monasteries of whom had adopted the Abbé de Rancé's reform. But the spirit of God, which had abandoned them in punishment of their negligence, suddenly stirred up the cold and lifeless dust.

Dom. Augustine de Lestrange, the savior and restorer of the Trappist Order, was the one chosen by God as the instrument of this unexpected resurrection. A great number of nuns of different orders which had been banished from France were at this time wandering about in foreign lands, seeking a place of refuge and a guide. Some of them implored the assistance of the savior of the Trappists, and solicited from his zeal a service similar to that which he had already rendered to his own Order. Dom. Augustine then conceived the design of uniting them all under the Trappist Rule, and of reorganizing the great Cistercian family with the remnants of the other institutes.

Such is the origin of the Trappistines. The name alone is new; the congregation really dates back as far as Saint Bernard and Saint Benedict.

The 14th of September, 1796, Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, was the birthday of the Trappistines. Dom. Augustine gave them a monastery, which he called "The Holy Will of God." It was situated in the parish of St. Branchier, Switzerland, at some distance from Val-Santé.

Of course, in the precarious state in which their resources then were, untold hardships and privations awaited all those who entered this asylum; but no sacrifice could deter these chosen souls. They flocked thither from all countries—of all conditions and of all ages. The first Trappistine was Dom. Augustine's own sister, who wished to imitate Saint Scholastica, sister of Saint Benedict, and the Blessed Humbeline, sister of St. Bernard. After her must be named Mme. Rosalie de Chalan—*in religion*, Sister Mary Augustine. The Princess Adelaide de Condé, once the idol of the French Court, entered the novitiate, and was a subject of edification to all by the constancy with which she endured the numberless hardships to which she was subjected.

For a year or two everything seemed promising, but the hour of trial was at hand. The armies of the French Republic overran Switzerland in 1797, and the unfortunate religious were once more obliged to take the weary road of exile.

Bavaria refused them hospitality. The impious sect of German philosophers would not allow

them to remain undisturbed in Austria. For a time Russia was the only country in Europe open to them. They enjoyed a few months of repose, but subject to a thousand privations and sufferings. Vanquished at Zurich in 1799, the Emperor Paul expelled from his territory all French immigrants, without even excepting the Trappists.

The Trappists and Trappistines set out from Russia in April, 1800, *en route* for Dantzic. Both communities were for a time scattered. Some succeeded in reaching England; others took up their residence in Westphalia and other parts of Germany. Finally, in 1812, after the people of Friburg had petitioned their Senate that these good religious, who had fed the poor and educated the children, and whose absence had been a calamity to the country, should be restored to them, Dom. Augustine led back his two communities to Val-Santé.

It was not till 1818—after the fall of Napoleon—that the Trappistines entered France. Their first convent, which has since become the mother-house of the Order, was an ancient abbey known as "Notre Dame des Gardes." An humble sanctuary it then was, and an humble sanctuary it still remains, but every day enjoying sensible proofs of the favor of Heaven. During the disastrous war of '70-'71 it was visited by thousands of pilgrims. In the great revival of religion and faith which took place in France during the years 1872 and 1873, it became one of the most favored and frequented shrines after Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial. Finally, in 1875, Rt. Rev. Bishop Freppel, of Angers, brought glad tidings to the hearts of the fervent Sisters; he had received from the Holy Father a brief decreeing the coronation of "Notre Dame des Gardes," an account of which appeared some time ago in the AVE MARIA. The hope is entertained that the United States will at no distant day be blessed with a foundation of these devoted religious.

The Apostolate of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Among the Clergy.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, FROM THE "MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

Priests after His own Heart. Such is the ardent desire of the Saviour, in order to renew in the midst of the modern world the marvels which He wrought of old through the ministry of His chosen twelve. We have a duty, which we should not forget: to pray for the sanctification of the clergy. In no way can we more faithfully discharge this duty than by supplicating for the ministers of Christ a perfect union with His Heart—that Heart which is the model of their

sanctity, the source of all their strength, and the principle which gives fruitfulness to their labors.

The devotion to the Heart of Jesus is pre-eminently the devotion of the priest. The envoy of the Incarnate Word to men, called to exercise His power, to perpetuate His mission, to do His work, it behooves him to be imbued with the sentiments of the Sacred Heart, to be animated with Its spirit, to live with Its life. Hence, without detracting from the advantages which any Christian may reap from this devotion, He has promised special graces to those priests who will make His Heart the rule of their life and the object of their apostolate: for their ministry will be blessed with strange efficacy, and they will possess the secret "of moving the most obdurate hearts."

This power does not depend solely upon the promise of Him who cannot deceive, but is inherent to the devotion which we are recommending. For the priest who practices this devotion, not only in its external forms, but especially according to its true spirit, will infallibly find in it all that is necessary to render his labors fruitful, to endow his word with persuasion, make his action potent, and to win the esteem and love of those for whose salvation he is laboring. All, believers and unbelievers, form to themselves an ideal of sacerdotal virtue, which, when realized, wins their hearts irresistibly. And what is this ideal? Behold it realized in the priest who is a man after the Heart of Jesus. All thought of self is absorbed in zeal for the interests of God and the good of souls. He is above the pettiness of vanity, superior to the susceptibilities of self-love, the rivalries of jealousy and the bitterness of the most pardonable resentment. He shirks no labor, shuns no misery. His joy is to heal the wounded soul with the balm of sympathy, and he deems a gain any sacrifice undergone to lift the fallen or sustain the falling. He abhors the sin, cherishes the sinner. He does all the good he can, and rejoices at the good effected by others. He keeps severity for himself, but indulgence for others. Such is the priest according to the Heart of Jesus. It is true, the perfection of the priestly virtue is not attained by merely adopting this devotion; yet it is impossible not to approach it nearer and nearer, by keeping before our eyes the model which the Heart of the High Priest offers us. In Him this virtue shines with a lustre which dispels all illusion: in Him it is invested with a charm which conquers every weakness. The love for the Heart of Jesus suits the least sensitive as well as the most ardent souls. In the latter it sways every passion, in the former supplies the want of it. The moment this Divine passion inflames the heart of the priest, that moment witnesses the commencement of his apostolate, and though his talents be never so humble, you can safely predict his success. Though he reap not empty applause, he will harvest immortal souls. Though he lack that eloquence of style which charms the ear, he will be strong in that eloquence of the heart which effects permanent good. From the abundance of his heart his mouth will speak. Like a fire warming what it touches, his love for the Sacred Heart will be communicated to the souls of those with whom he

comes in contact. Men will see in him the man of God, and they will approach him who wish to come nearer to God. The spirit of Jesus Christ, with which he is filled, will attract all hearts; the sin-laden will seek his sympathy, the just ask his counsel. The more the voice of nature is silenced, the louder will speak the voice of the interpreter of the sentiments of the Divine Heart. His influence will increase in proportion as he gives himself less concern about it, and those who oppose him will be forced to render him homage.

May then this pre-eminently sacerdotal spirit—the spirit of the Heart of Jesus—be spread more and more among the ministers of the Gospel. May it raise us all above ourselves, unite us in one thought and one desire: replace private interests by those grand eternal interests common to all; destroy and prevent all divisions and oppositions, and combine all our strength into one impregnable bulwark to resist the encroachment of impiety. The day may not be far off when we will have to meet a most furious assault, and can we better prepare to repel it triumphantly than by arming ourselves with the strength of the God of armies, and rallying around His standard? Borne aloft by our hands, this standard will inspire with indomitable courage the holy army entrusted to our leadership, and dispirit with terror the enemies of our holy religion: *By this sign thou shalt conquer.*

It is then a matter of cardinal importance for the clergy and the Church that the devotion to the Sacred Heart should be propagated among the ministers of our holy religion. There is nothing which our Saviour desires more ardently, and consequently nothing for which it behooves the faithful to pray more fervently and perseveringly.

This duty devolves with peculiar responsibility upon the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. For if the priest needs to lean upon the Heart of Jesus, we may say that the Saviour reciprocally needs the sacerdotal ministry to make Himself known and loved by men. The more useful for the sanctification of the clergy is the zeal of the clergy for this devotion, that it may bear the abundant fruits which the promises of the Saviour, the predictions of holy men, and the instinct of pious souls warrant us to expect. In a certain way, God has precluded the possibility of dispensing with the co-operation of the clergy, since He has established the order and intends that it should be perpetual. He may employ other instruments to produce particular effects, but until time shall have ceased to be, the ministry will be the ordinary channel by which grace is communicated and diffused throughout the world. Hence we may not expect any considerable bestowal of the riches of the Sacred Heart on society unless this Divine Heart begin by diffusing more abundantly Its spirit among Its ministers.

This necessity, based upon the constitution of Christian society, is a fact which daily challenges the notice of the Promoters of the Sacred Heart. Their devotedness, even when least seconded, is never en-

tirely sterile. Fire will ever warm though its radiation encounters many obstacles. When we ardently love Jesus Christ, we never lack occasions of speaking of Him, showing how He may be honored, manifesting the benedictions attached to the devotion to His Heart, and of spreading His apostolate. But what an impulse—what fecundity attaches to this work when seconded and sustained by the direction of a zealous priest: when instead of merely tolerating this devotion, the curate of a parish or the superior of a religious house, aware of the powerful lever which it puts at his disposal, embraces it eagerly, and becomes himself the first promoter of the Heart of Jesus in the bosom of his flock. Then all becomes ordered and harmonized, and individual energies group themselves around their natural centre and obey its impulse. The love of the Heart of Jesus, which is the soul of every religious community, moves the subordinate members of these different bodies by the impulse which it gives to the head. Piety, which is to the Church what the blood is to the human body, distributes its vital heat through the various organs whose function it is to communicate movement and direction. These different influences mutually sustain and strengthen each other. The zeal of the faithful proffers its services in return for the sympathy and encouragement extended by the zeal of the pastor; and the Heart of the Saviour, finding on either hand fit instruments equally devoted, blesses their joint labors with profuse blessings.

On the other hand, what spectacle can be sadder than that of a religious family, whether parish or community, whose members, despite the economy suggested by wisdom and enforced by obedience, cannot exercise their zeal without doing violence to those whose guidance they would willingly follow; where the devotion to the Sacred Heart, so cordially welcomed and approved by the Church, is practically excluded, if not openly discountenanced; where a pious practice which tends solely to inspire devotedness to Jesus Christ is disdainfully confounded with those puerile practices fit only to engender a distaste for solid piety and dry up the fountains of devotion; where, in a word, under the pretext of eschewing mischievous novelties, a withering inertness is made to supersede the healthy exercises of devotion.

Face to face with such difficulties, zeal should not be discouraged, though it be saddened; it will not cease to fulfil its mission within the sphere allowed it; yet it is vain to hope for the same happy results which would bless its labors if the interests of our Saviour were better understood and duly appreciated. We must pray that this understanding may be given to those whose position and sacred character oblige them to defend these interests. It is a theme for gratitude that we rarely witness in our day any instances of that prejudice which, in the last century, disclaimed so bitterly against the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Holy See, by fulminating its anathema against that theory which, based upon the doctrines of the Jansenists, denounced the supreme honor given to the Heart of Jesus, struck a deadly blow at the unhallowed spirit which practically opposed the

spread of this devotion. Let us pray that this spirit may disappear entirely, and that the Heart of the Man-God, establishing Its kingdom of charity in the hearts of all the clergy, may transform them into true apostles, and by their zeal spread over the earth that celestial spirit which should vivify it.

Catholic Notes.

—"Subscriber," Providence, R. I.—Your letter at hand and will receive attention. Please send us your address.

—Fifteen thousand persons marched in the procession of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies at Philadelphia on the 4th inst.

—The province of Mysore, in India, has 77 Catholic churches, 51 chapels, 1 Bishop, 24 priests, and 25,000 regular attendants at worship. The Government makes an annual grant of 300 rupees.

—We have not had time this week to read the magazines, etc., that have been received, among which are *The Catholic World*, *The Manhattan Monthly*, and *Periodosche Blätter*.

—The Boston *Pilot* notes with satisfaction the fact that of forty late graduates of a Boston public school, thirty-nine were children of Irish Catholics. "This coming generation of men," it says, "will change public opinion in this city somewhat."

—The Count and the Countess of Chambord have just returned from their annual pilgrimage to Mariazell, in Austria. Among other members of the Imperial family, the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the Emperor Francis Joseph, performs annually the same pious pilgrimage.

—One of the most able of the popular Protestant ministers in New York is Rev. John Hall, from one of whose sermons we clip the following: "I have known many people who supposed themselves perfectly competent to deal with Romanism in discussion. They had read some of our controversial books. They thought Romanism was a bundle of disjointed mistakes and errors, thrown together in the course of ages. And yet when these men fell into the hands of some trained and competent Jesuit they found themselves at sea, to their discomfiture. I tell you, brethren, Romanism would never have stood through these centuries if it had been but a loose bundle of errors."

—Dr. Bellows, an eminent Unitarian minister, speaking of the observance of Sunday, says: "Before we hastily and with spiritual self-complacency condemn the European and Catholic uses of Sunday, we must recall the religious uses the Roman Church makes of the other days of the week. We Protestants magnify Sunday because, characteristically, we leave all the other days of the week so free from religious or, let me rather say, ecclesiastical oversight. Giving the world up to its own way, to its ambitions and pleasures, for six days, we seek to pull it up with a tight rein when Sunday comes, and to make amends in one

day of concentrated seriousness and self-restraint for the license allowed to unbridled secularity all the rest of the time."

—When the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, and his Grand Vizier, Mahmud, were persecuting the Catholic Armenians, and exiled their venerable Patriarch, Hassoun, the atheistic and *soi-disant* liberal journals of all nations praised the Ottoman Government to the skies for its wisdom, prudence and foresight. Divine vengeance came at last; Sultan Abdul Aziz is no more. Deprived of his throne and liberty, he died a miserable death, whether by his own hands or by assassination is unknown. "Since the days of Samuel the Prophet," says Schiller, in his history of the Thirty Years' War, "nobody who was hostile to the Church has enjoyed peace in life and in death." Although this was not said by the great Protestant poet as a compliment, who can deny the sublime truth contained in the assertion?

—Among the sovereigns who died since the elevation of Pius IX to the Pontifical throne were six Emperors, namely, Nicholas I, of Russia; Napoleon III, of France; Maximilian, of Mexico; Ferdinand, of Austria; Abdul-Mejid and Abdul Aziz, of Turkey. The kings were eighteen in number, namely, Louis Philippe, of the French; Charles Albert, of Sardinia; Frederic William III, of Prussia; Louis I and Maximilian II, of Bavaria; Leopold I, of Belgium; Ferdinand II, of Naples; Christian VIII and Frederic VII, of Denmark; Ernest Augustus, of Hanover; Otho, of Greece; William, of Holland; Queen Maria, and Don Pedro V, of Portugal; Frederic Augustus and John Nepomucene, of Saxony; Oscar I and Charles XV, of Sweden; and William, of Württemberg. During the same period died six Presidents of the United States, namely, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Abraham Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson.

—A parish of the Greek Catholic rite has been lately established in the diocese of Constantine, Africa. The inhabitants of this new parish are lineal descendants of those ancient Greeks, who left their native land, invaded by the Turks, to seek liberty of worship elsewhere. These generous Christians placed themselves under the protection of the Doge of Venice, but this prince would not receive them for fear of compromising himself with the Sultan at Constantinople. The voluntary exiles were by no means dismayed at this refusal. True to their faith, which they would maintain intact, they continued their pilgrimage in search of a home in a Christian country. They found it at last in the territory of the Genoese Republic, which Government authorized them to settle in the island of Corsica, at that time subject to the republic of Genoa. They remain there up to this day, where they form the Greek parish of Cargesa. From fifty to sixty families lately emigrated thence to the province of Constantine, Africa, where they received land grants in the territory of Sidi Merouan, near ancient Carthage, celebrated for its two Councils, especially that of 416, in which the Pelagian heresy was condemned. His Eminence the Cardinal

Prefect of the Propaganda has taken a great interest in this new Greek colony, and at the request of the Bishop of Constantine he appointed a priest of the Greek rite as its pastor. The missionary arrived on Monday in Holy Week, and was received with great joy by the Catholic Greeks; his arrival enabled them to celebrate with due solemnity their imposing ceremonies of Holy Week and Easter and to receive the Paschal Communion.

—The Rev. Patrick Toner, pastor of St. Vincent's Church, Plymouth, Pa., was lately presented with a handsome gold-headed cane, by his friends in Barclay, Pa., while on a visit in the vicinity of Towanda and Barclay. Father Toner was pastor of the churches at those two places for fourteen years, during which time he endeared himself by his kindness of heart, his zeal for religion and his gentlemanly bearing, to such an extent that his parishioners could scarcely endure the thought of giving him up when assigned to another field of labor. On the evening named, Father Toner delivered one of his masterly lectures, on "Ireland and the Centennial." He has received the highest encomiums of the press, having been pronounced by an eminent critic as second only to the renowned Father Burke, and on this occasion he seems to have been even more than usually eloquent. A contemporary in criticising the lecture says: "Father Toner was apparently never more eloquent than on the present occasion, with his grand subject, 'Ireland and the Centennial.'" The valor of Irishmen fighting under the standard of the immortal Washington in the 'days that tried men's souls,' their loving care for the then infant Republic, and their constant fidelity to it, for a hundred years, were well told by the reverend orator in a language glowing with eloquence and historic erudition. The lecture throughout was a rare intellectual treat, witty, eloquent, profound and patriotic." On the evening of the lecture, a committee representing the many friends of Father Toner at Barclay waited upon him, at the residence of Mr. John Falsey, and presented him with a gold-headed cane, as above mentioned. The presentation speech was made by Mr. James Collins. Father Toner made an appropriate and feeling reply, thanking his generous friends for their handsome gift and wishing them every temporal and spiritual blessing.

—A Tyrol paper gives the particulars of a miraculous cure effected by a novena to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and the use of the water of Lourdes. The report was published originally in the patient's own words, but our limited space permits us only to give simply a statement of the main facts. Elizabeth Klingenschmid, a maid-servant to the Baroness von L—, in Trent, had been sickly since 1873. In October, 1875, she had a severe attack of pectoral catarrh and inflammation of the throat, causing her to lose almost entirely the use of her voice. She had to take to her bed in January, 1875, and could not leave it till Palm Sunday, 1876. Several times, when apparently at the point of death, she received the last Sacraments. All this time she could not sleep except after an injection of morphine. In January, 1876, her sufferings

seemed to reach their climax, and on the Feast of the Purification the patient again seemed at the point of death; she afterwards rallied a little, remaining however very weak. One of her companions, a servant of the house, who had nursed her all the time of her long illness, suggested a novena to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. After the close of this devotion the patient felt much better. On Palm Sunday she felt again very weak and ill, suffering extreme pains in her body. She asked to have a linen cloth moistened with the water of Lourdes, which she applied to her neck and chest. At this moment her mistress entered the sick-room. The sufferer made some efforts to speak, and to her great astonishment she found she could do so in a loud and clear voice. She felt like leaving her bed, which she did fifteen minutes afterwards. She then put on her dress and went to her mistress' room, remaining out of bed for several hours, and took a hearty meal; her appetite has since been excellent. She continued to improve daily, could stay up all day, enjoyed good sleep, and was soon able to resume the easier part of her household duties. Her physician, a man of the first rank in his profession, ascribes, without any hesitation, this cure to a miracle.

Obituary.

—Departed this life, at St. Louis, Mo., on Sunday, June 25th, Mrs. MARGARET FARLEY, a life-subscriber to the AVE MARIA—one of the first, and one who ever took a kindly interest in its welfare. After an illness of six months she was blessed with a most edifying death.

You have left us, darling mother,

For a happy home, we know;

But oh! our home is lone without you,

And our hearts are filled with woe.

What is all this world without you?

Naught but darkness, fraught with pain,

Yet we cannot, dearest mother,

Call you, wish you back again.

Long we've grieved to see, lov'd mother,

God had marked you for His own,

And with brave, heroic patience,

You've the cross of suffering borne.

Yes, the cross was here your portion,

But your crown is won at last,

And your poor, heart-broken lone ones

Know your pains and cares are past.

Do not grieve, then, dearest father,

That our loved one is at rest;

Soon she'll welcome us forever

To her home among the blest.

MANIE.

—Died, near Emmitsburg, Palo Alto Co., Iowa, at 8 p. m., July 4th, after a most painful illness, MARY LOUISA ELDER DISHART. She died as she lived, beloved by all, and a model of patience and resignation to the Divine will. Although her sufferings were almost unbearable, not one complaint escaped her lips; she was continually praying, and responded to the litanies and prayers for the departing until almost the

last moment. Her husband and children request the prayers of the numerous clergy and religious with whom the deceased was acquainted, also the prayers of the Associates of the Sacred Heart, the Living Rosary, the Apostleship of Prayer, the Holy Scapular, and *Bona Mors*, of which societies she was a devout member. She was 68 years, 10 months and 17 days old at the time of her death.

Requiescant in pace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 15TH.

Letters received, 105; New members admitted, 265; Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Health for 67 persons and 2 families; Change of life for 24 persons and 3 families; Return to religious duties for 6 persons; Conversion to the faith for 39 persons and 7 families; Perseverance for 6, and a happy death for 5 persons; Special graces for 5 priests and 7 religious; Temporal favors for 36 persons, 6 families, 4 communities, 3 congregations, and 2 schools; Spiritual favors for 43 persons, 5 families, 4 communities, and four congregations. Among the specified intentions are: The suffering souls in purgatory from a certain parish; A community of Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the penitents in their charge; The success of 2 retreats; Perseverance for some converts in great danger of losing their faith; Health and conversion of a Protestant gentleman, who has met with a serious accident threatening the loss of his eyesight; Protection for several men employed in dangerous avocations; Prayers are requested for those who lost their lives in the flood at Rockdale, near Dubuque, Iowa, on the 4th of July—a number of Catholics being among the victims; The recovery of some just debts; Several Protestants receiving religious instruction; A family of Catholic children having a Protestant stepmother; An old lady who lives a great distance from church, that she may obtain grace to receive the last Sacraments; The aversion of a threatened scandal; A special grace for some persons in imminent danger.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

Among the numerous reports relating favors, we select the following: A worthy missionary writes: "Yesterday I saw a girl of ten years of age who a few weeks ago was given up by the physicians as incurable, but is now, after the use of the blessed water, stronger and healthier than for years before." . . . "A little child, two years old, was severely scalded last Saturday at noon. His cries of agony could be heard over the whole street. I applied the water of Lourdes and said the prayer. The little creature was relieved in a wonderful manner, the pain leaving him at once, and, what was even more extraordinary, the deep scars left by the wound, which extended over mouth, neck and breast, healing up in a few hours—a result no medical aid could have achieved in the time. By evening the child, for whose death we feared at noon, was playing with a superabundance of baby glee which made one think our dear Lady's touch is still on him. The parents, who are good and pious converts, have promised to dedicate him to her service, begging from her the gift of a religious vocation." . . . "Please return thanks to Almighty God and to His Blessed Mother for the cure of my little

girl. She had scrofula for three years, but by the use of the water you sent she has been entirely cured."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. THOMAS O'BRIEN, who died last January, in Cadyville, N. Y. Mrs. SUSAN STANLEY, of Oil City, Pa. Mr. DAVID R. KENNEDY, who departed this life on the 29th of February. Mr. — BURNS, whose death occurred at Richwood, Wis., on the 7th inst. Mrs. SUSAN JENNINGS, of Watertown, Minn., who departed this life on the 3rd of June, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. Mrs. MARY MALONEY, of Elgin, Ill., who breathed her last on the 5th of July, after two long years of suffering, with perfect reconciliation to the will of God. Also the following, who have been enrolled among the deceased members: Mr. FRANCIS LA FLEUR, Mrs. PELAGIA LA FLEUR, DAVID J. FALLS, FRANCIS FALLS, DAVID W. FALLS, ISABELLA FALLS, MARY FALLS, ABIGAIL FALLS, ANNE FALLS, PETER FALLS, TERENCE McDONALD, ELEANOR McDONALD. Also for several other deceased persons whose names have not been given.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

The Child-Martyrs of Japan.

[Translated from the French by R. V. R.]

We know that in all ages of the Church there have been martyrs for the faith, from the Holy Innocents who first of all shed their blood and laid down their lives for our Lord Jesus Christ, to those holy men who, as it were but yesterday, were put to death for the faith in Corea, Annam, and still other lands in the far East. The names of many holy Bishops and priests are recorded in these later annals, and their sufferings and heroic constancy detailed; a few names of more obscure but not less faithful and courageous martyrs and confessors are also preserved, but the larger part of this noble host of witnesses for the truth were individually known only to their Lord and Saviour, who has long ago crowned each in heaven.

Still less were the names of children and the sufferings which—upheld by the same divine grace—they endured for the religion in which they were baptized, preserved, generally speaking. But in some places there were exceptions to this rule, and this was especially the case in the great kingdom of Japan. We know that to this cultivated and intellectual people the Catholic faith was preached by the great St. Francis Xavier in the sixteenth century, and though every effort was made by the civil authorities to extinguish the faith when they found it was gaining ground with

the mass of the people, it has never been wholly eradicated. Without priest or Sacraments, except Baptism administered by lay-persons, the teachings of the Church have been handed down from parent to child through long periods of time. When, at rare intervals, Catholic missionaries, at the risk of their lives, have visited this admirable band of true disciples, they have always found Christians to receive and welcome them with transports of joy—happy, after waiting, it might be from childhood to old age, to partake at last of the grace of those other Sacraments which they understood and believed, but of which they had no practical experience. Imagine what it must have been to be present at Mass for the first time, after having longed for this favor for a lifetime; and making a First Communion after a preparation of twenty, forty, sixty years perhaps!

It is not of these grown up people, however, that we are going to speak. We mean to tell the children, who are readers of this department of the AVE MARIA, of other children, boys and girls like themselves, who lived and died for their faith among this generous number of Catholic Christians. A book was lately published in France giving authentic accounts of various persecutions of the Christians in Japan, and from this is collected the facts to be given in this series of papers.

It must be remembered that there were long intervals, when the Christians were allowed to live in comparative peace; but no sooner was it known to the authorities that missionaries from Europe had effected an entrance into the kingdom, and were again preaching the faith and administering the Sacraments, than persecutions recommenced, and were carried on with barbarous ferocity; women and children, so far from being spared for their weakness, were often especially selected to suffer, in the hope that this very weakness would cause them to renounce their religion. How truly, through grace, "strength may be made perfect in weakness," these little children give convincing proof.

Now, after this preface, too grave perhaps for children to care for, but needful if they wish to understand clearly what follows, we will go on to the more simply expressed records of the "Child-Martyrs of Japan," taking them in the order they are given in the French original.

CHAPTER I.

FIRMNESS OF SEVERAL YOUNG CHILDREN.

At Meaco, a principal city of Japan, several children, learning that their parents were preparing for martyrdom, were desirous to be also placed on the lists of the condemned. One youth, named

Thomas, about sixteen years old, was at a Catholic school, three days' journey from the city. A letter from his father told him that an edict against the Christians was published, and as he himself was resolved to die for Jesus Christ he had made his will, leaving all his possessions to his son, and informing the lad of a certain casket in which a large sum of money was stored away. Thomas, full of joy, hastened to Meaco, *not* to take possession of his fortune, but to share, as he hoped, in the honors of martyrdom. He reproached his father for wishing to make him the heritor of mere earthly goods, and for supposing he would be satisfied to be excluded from sharing in the far preferable lot of those who sought the certain goods of the Kingdom of Heaven, through martyrdom. He declared his purpose to follow his father to death. He urged that in their country a child was considered disgraced who outlived his father when the latter was executed by law; much more, he declared, in the sight of God and man, might a son be reproached for cowardice if he did not go side by side, to death, with a father whom he so tenderly loved and who so willingly laid down his own life for the Christian faith. Father and son, it is supposed, were among the number of twenty-six Christians who were martyred at the same time, of whom we proceed to speak—that is, of the children among them.

The Christians selected for death were gathered at Nagasaki, another considerable city of the kingdom. One of the sons of a family of high rank at this place (Christians) heard that fifty crosses were erected, on which to crucify those who would not renounce the faith. He asked a Jesuit Father if this was true.

"So it is said, my little friend," responded the priest; and then in his turn questioned: "what will you say, my child, if asked if you are a Christian?"

"I'll say 'Yes, I am!'" answered the boy.

"But," said the Father, "suppose, when they hear that, they put you on one of the crosses, and presently come to kill you, what will you do?"

"Oh, I would get ready for death as fast as I could," said the boy.

"And how would you proceed to do this?" was the next question.

"So," said the little fellow, stretching out his arms, as if already on the cross, and speaking with a resolution evidently real; "and I would cry out as long as I could speak, 'Jesus, mercy! Jesus, mercy! Jesus, be merciful to me!'"

The good priest turned away in tears from a representation he felt would soon be a reality.

Another child, between eleven and twelve years old, signalized himself in a still more marked manner. He had been baptized by the religious of the Order of St. Francis, and resided in their dwelling. When these Fathers were apprehended by the officers of justice, little Lewis, seeing that his name was not put upon the list, began to cry so vehemently that, anxious as these men were to spare such a mere child, they were compelled by his importunity to give his name a place also, as one of the condemned inmates of the house. Nor was this only a childish fancy. When the band was brought before Fazambure, the governor of the city, whose official duty it was to pronounce sentence on the martyrs, even he was touched with pity for the brave little lad, and calling him up to his knee, said:

"Your life, my little man, is still in your own hands; if you will be one of my pages I will deliver you."

Lewis answered: "I don't want to do what I please with myself; I will do as Father Baptiste thinks best for me; anyhow, I won't be anything but a Christian."

The governor told him this could not be—he must renounce the faith.

"Then," responded the boy, "I do not care to live, if that is the condition; because I would lose thus a life of happiness, to last forever, and only get in exchange a miserable life on earth, to last for only a few days or years."

Fazambure was full of wonder at the courage and steadfastness of the child, and gave up the attempt to save his life.

When the twenty-six martyrs had arrived at the place of their martyrdom, outside the city, a multitude of people were collected at the place to witness the crucifixion. The governor, fearing some disorder, and perhaps a rescue of the martyrs, ordered these people to return to the city, and threatened them with severe penalties if they staid near the place. The martyrs were therefore left almost alone with the executioners, though it appears a few exceptions, of the nearest relatives, were made.

Left thus in the immediate expectation of torture and death, Father Pierre-Baptiste, who was the ecclesiastic of the highest rank there, intoned the canticle *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*, the strain being taken up by others of the martyrs, while others still were lost in profound contemplation and remained silent. All the prisoners showed such perfect content that it would have been supposed they were on their way to a joyous festival rather than to torments and death. The children especially exhibited the happiest cheerfulness.

Among the crosses erected ready for the martyrs were three much less than the rest. Lewis, as soon as the elevation was reached, asked which of these was his, and on its being pointed out he ran to embrace it with so much eagerness that the idolaters about were filled with amazement; they could not comprehend what possible attraction a shameful and cruel death could have, for children above all.

Among the martyrs was a young man nineteen years of age, named John Soan, who had been baptized while quite young, and brought up a Christian. He had been admitted as a novice by the Jesuits, and was employed in teaching, though it is not known if he had become a seminarian. He was a very handsome youth, and even more beautiful in mind, heart, and soul than he was physically; noble, sincere, generous and courageous, he seemed to have been destined to be an illustrious martyr. When the officers entered the residence of the Jesuits, where he was, he could easily have made his escape; but, without concerning himself about his personal danger, he only thought of securing the articles for altar use in the sacristy, of which he had charge. He greatly distinguished himself by his heroic faith and fervor during his martyrdom. He too, like little Lewis, hastened to his cross, clasping it a long time in his arms, to the wonder of the spectators. Lifting his head at last, he saw, close by, one whom he knew to be a Christian. He requested this man to salute the Jesuit Fathers at Meaco for him, in particular Father Marcian, whose companion he had been for several years. "Tell

him," said John, "that at last, through the mercy of God, and through his holy instructions, I behold myself on the point of gaining the crown of a martyr, and of going speedily to heaven."

The executioners coming near to attach him to his cross, he perceived his father, who had drawn near to bid him farewell. Rising above all the tenderness of nature, John said, with a radiant countenance: "Adieu, my dear father; bethink you always and ever to prefer the eternal salvation of your soul to all worldly wealth or advantage, and think nothing worth possessing but God."

The father responded: "Well and wisely do you speak, my son; and as you say so will I do; and you also, John, my dear son, show now your courage, and willingly lay down for God the life He gave you. Your mother and myself are ready to die the same death you do."

John became if possible still more heroic and joyous; he gave his rosary to his father, as the last and most precious object he had.

It does not seem it was usual in this country to nail the sufferers on the cross; they were attached to it by tight ligatures, and after hanging a longer or a shorter time, and enduring much pain from the ropes or chains that bound them, they were dispatched by the stroke of a sword or thrust of a lance. While hanging thus on his cross, John, disregarding his own tortures, without ceasing encouraged to endurance those suffering by him, of whom little Lewis was one of the nearest.

Father Rodriguez, exhorting him to be generous in the offering of his sufferings to Jesus Christ, John replied: "Fear not for me, dear Father: I confidently hope, through the grace of God, to be faithful, and fulfil the sacrifice of my whole life, which I engaged to make when I was baptized."

Nor was he deceived in his hope; his resolution never failed for one moment, and he died pronouncing the holy Names of Jesus and Mary with his last breath.

Little Lewis was the next to die. He had been baptized only a few months before, and was not quite twelve years old. The constancy with which he endured to the end the most painful torture touched the pagans themselves with compassion, and made evident to them the marvellous power of the grace of Jesus Christ in the feeble body and timid soul of a child full of faith.

But of all the child-martyrs who on this occasion persevered through temptations and tortures to the end, a boy of thirteen years old, named Antony, was the most remarkable. He was a companion of Lewis, and both could easily have saved themselves when the guards entered the convent where they lived, the pagans being by no means desirous to apprehend the children. Both of the lads, however, were eager to go with the Rev. Fathers, to death even, rather than risk the loss of their faith. The people gazed in wonder at the two little fellows marching intrepidly with the rest, their hands bound behind them.

Their fervor increased more and more as they drew near the place of martyrdom. Near Nagasaki, the father and mother of Antony came to meet him. These poor people were Christians themselves, and fully able to understand the blessedness of the lot to which their young son was called; but, overcome by natural tenderness,

they tried to persuade him to save himself by pretending to deny his religion; they told him it was too great a misery for them to see him suffer such a lingering agony—that he was so young, so bright, so buoyant, it was too soon for him to die—that he was too delicate to endure the pains of crucifixion—that he could do much good by living yet awhile, and, if he desired to die a martyr, the opportunity would never be wanting; he could find one easily any time. They told him that after having served God some years more he could go to heaven with a great increase of merit and glory. To all this reasoning they added tears and entreaties that he would not hasten their death by the grief which his would cause them.

Poor boy! he felt himself assailed by Satan on his weakest side—his devoted affection for his mother. But grace from our Lord was not wanting either; enlightened by divine light, and strengthened by heavenly fortitude, he overcame all human feelings and made a noble response.

"I am so young, you say, a mere child, and but a feeble child also. It is true—I am only what you say, yet I hope, child as I am, God will make me triumphant until death—that I shall be victor in this combat. What! would you persuade me to expose our holy faith to the derision of idolaters? Would you have me preserve my earthly life at the risk of losing the better life, in eternity, that God has prepared for me? I beseech you tempt me no more with your tears and entreaties, for I am resolved, as I have declared to you, to die for Jesus Christ."

The governor, Fazambure, who had been a witness of the efforts of Antony's parents to overcome his constancy, now drew near, and represented to the boy the obligation of children to provide for the necessities of their parents; he pointed out that in this case the father and mother had increased claim, because they were poor and looked to him as the hope of their old age. He thought to add to the temptation by promising Antony, if he would submit to the edict of the emperor, that he would himself adopt him and provide liberally for all his family.

"What!" responded the lad, once more, "do you think then I am so mean-hearted as to prefer all the riches of the world, vain and perishable as they are, to the everlasting and solid goods promised to us in eternity? But see, I would accept your offers on one condition: that, with me, let the Christian Fathers live also." He made this offer probably to satisfy his parents, knowing it would be refused, as it instantly was.

"And I," he returned, "refuse to live without them; we will all go to heaven together, where we will have all possible happiness to the utmost desire of each of us."

He then took leave of his parents, entreating them to be steadfast in the faith, and promising to pray for them. Being fastened to his cross, he requested Father Pierre Baptiste, who was on a cross beside him, to entone with him the psalm "*Laudate pueri, Dominum.*" The priest, who was probably unconscious, not responding, the lad commenced it by himself, with an angelic voice, and continued it till a lance-thrust in his side silenced it forever on earth, to be heard where "*Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus, et super caelos gloria ejus.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., AUGUST 5, 1876.

No. 32.

Our Lady of the Angels.

In the middle of the fourth century, some pilgrims from Palestine built by the road side, in the plain of Assisi, a poor chapel which was known by the name of St. Mary of Josaphat. Legends say that this humble chapel was dear to the Mother of God. A heavenly light often shone there by night, and the angels were often heard singing their sweet songs in the midst of that supernatural brightness. The chapel soon came to be called Our Lady of the Angels, and later it was known as the *Portiuncula*, either on account of its small size or because the Benedictine Fathers had some little portions of ground lying near it. It was here that Francis, the apostle and herald of poverty, took shelter with his first disciples; here his little family grew up under the loving eye of the Queen of Heaven; here he passed days and nights in prayer and in tears, and of all the graces which he received in this holy place the most precious undoubtedly was the indulgence whose history we give.

One night, in the month of October, 1221, Francis, prostrate in his cell, was praying for the conversion of sinners, whose wretched state filled him with sadness, when an angel came and summoned him to the church. Francis arose joyfully and went as directed. A glorious sight there met his eyes. Jesus was standing on the altar, His most holy Mother was at His right hand, and they were surrounded by a multitude of heavenly spirits. The poor man of Assisi fell on his knees, and, bowing to the earth, adored the Son of God. While he was worshipping, our Saviour said to him: "Francis, you and your brethren have a great zeal for souls; you have been placed as a torch in the world, therefore ask what you will for the good of the nations and for the glory of My Name."

Francis was struck with wonder. What should

he ask? Blessings for his Order, and promises for its future? No; he cares for one thing only—sinners are perishing—let sinners be saved! So he prayed and said: "My most Holy Lord, I, although but a miserable sinner, pray Thee of Thy goodness to grant to men, that all who shall visit this church after making their confession to a priest, may gain a plenary indulgence for all their sins; and I beg the Blessed Virgin, Thy Mother, and the advocate of the human race, to intercede for me that this favor may be bestowed upon me." Mary looked up; she turned towards her beloved Son, and a mystery of love was enacted in that place, which had become a paradise. Jesus said to Francis: "You ask a great thing, but you shall receive yet greater favors; your prayer is heard. I will only that this indulgence should be ratified by him to whom I have given the power of binding and loosing."

On the morrow, Francis, accompanied by Brother Massé of Marignan, set off for Perugia, where Pope Honorius III was then abiding. Being admitted into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, he said to him, with great simplicity: "Holy Father, some years ago I repaired a little church in your dominions: I beg you to grant to it a free indulgence without the obligation of offering an alms." The Pope represented to him that any one who would gain an indulgence ought to merit it, especially by works of charity, and then asked: "For how many years do you ask this indulgence?" "May it please your Holiness," said Francis, "to give me souls rather than years." "And how would you have souls?" rejoined the Pope. "I wish," replied Francis, "that, with the permission of your Holiness, those who shall enter the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, with contrite hearts, after confession and Communion, may receive perfect remission of their sins in this world and the next." The Pope then said, "Francis, the thing you ask is great, and quite contrary to cus-

tom." "Holy Father," answered Francis, "I ask it, not in my own name, but in the Name of Jesus, who has sent me." A heavenly inspiration visited the Pope, and he repeated thrice, "Let it be done according to your desire." The cardinals who were present having observed that an indulgence so precious might interfere with that granted to the Holy Land and the tomb of the Apostles, he said, "The concession is made, let us only modify it"; and recalling Francis he added: "This indulgence is perpetual, but only for one day in each year."

Francis bowed his head respectfully and returned to the Chapel of the *Portiuncula*, where he continued his apostolic and mortified life, waiting till it should please God to fix in some special manner the day for the Indulgence just obtained.

Two years passed. Francis was again praying in his cell during one of the long winter nights. The devil suggested to him that he should not watch so much, for that repose was absolutely necessary at his age. Perceiving the malice of the evil one, Francis at once arose and went out into the forest, rolled himself in the snow, and tore his flesh with the thorns and briars, saying, "It is far better to suffer this pain with Jesus Christ than to follow the counsels of an enemy who would deceive me." And now a great light surrounded him, and showed him a fresh wonder, the thorn-bushes into which he had thrown himself had become rose-trees, and, spite of the cold of the season, those rose-trees (which are still to be seen green and thornless) were covered with white and red flowers. Angelic voices said to him: "Francis, hasten to the church; Jesus Christ and His holy Mother are waiting for you there?" And immediately his habit became white as snow; he gathered twelve white and twelve red roses, and as he went to the church the path seemed to him to be richly adorned. He fell on his knees before our Saviour, and humbly prayed: "Most Holy Lord of heaven and earth! Saviour of the human race! deign, in Thy great mercy, to fix the day of the Indulgence Thou hast granted for this holy place." Our Lord answered that it was to be from the evening of the day in which the Apostle St. Peter was delivered from his chains, to the following evening. The Pope confirmed the Indulgence, and ordered it to be solemnly published.

* This Indulgence has since been extended to all the Churches of the Franciscans, and conceded to some few others by special privilege; among the latter in this country are the Church of the Finding of the Holy Cross, Santa Cruz, Cal., and a fac-simile Chapel of the *Portiuncula* at Notre Dame, Ind., whither many pilgrims annually resort to gain this precious Indulgence. In order to give the working class an opportunity, the Franciscan Fathers have had it transferred to the Sunday following the 2d of August.

The Spirit Voice.

A LEGEND.

Where with the blue Genevan lake the turbid Rhone's swift flood
Is mingled, centuries ago a quaint old convent stood,
(Old, even in those bygone times—faith's vanished happy days,
Where saintly men divided life 'twixt silent toil and praise;
Through all the cloister's stone-paved ways, and in the chapel dim,
Was never heard a human voice except in Mass or hymn;
But with the setting sun each day—to austere penance given—
In fervent outburst from each heart the "Salve" rose to Heaven,
And, upborne by the chant divine, the brethren in the choir,
With every day to loftier heights of sanctity aspire.
One listener in the church below was ever kneeling found—
Her crucifix clasped to her breast—her eyes bent on the ground;
She never turned one wistful look where, through the latticed screen,
The cloaked and hooded monks, each in his oaken stall, were seen;
She might not know, of all the throng that filled the sacred place,
Which dusky cowl hid forever her only son's calm face;
But in the mighty burst of song her keenly listening ear
The silver ring of one rich voice alone could ever hear,
Then to her solitary home contentedly she sped,
Upraised above all selfish grief—her lone heart comforted.
Summer and winter came and went, again, and yet again,
Till came an eve when for that voice she listened all in vain;
And as the twilight shadows crept from arch to arch around,
From belfry tower the passing bell tolled slow, with awful sound;
And prone before our Lady's shrine the stricken mother fell,
To her, who knew earth's bitterest grief, her agony to tell:
"Alone! Alone!—of all I had, not one last vestige left!
Even of that echo of his voice forever now bereft!
Look down—O Mother sorrowful—a sorrowing mother see!
None—none but thou, canst know my grief or help or comfort me."
O marvellous power of humble prayer!—more than they dare to seek,

Our gentle Lord will give unasked to simple souls and meek;

And she who 'neath the Cross had felt a mother's deepest woe,

The tenderest way to comfort it alone could truly know.

Once more the sunset hour came, and, drawn by hidden grace,

The weeping mother kuel to pray in her accustomed place;—

Anon, the brethren in the choir "*Salve*" entone again, O, wondrous joy!—her dead son's voice joins clearly in the strain;

His stall is empty, yet is heard that voice which nevermore

She thought would greet her raptured ears till life and time were o'er!

And through the supplicating notes exulting cadence rang,

As if a blesséd soul in heaven its ecstasy outsang; She knew it only sang for her—an exile—waiting still, Till all of her appointed task on earth she should fulfil;

Eve after eve she heard it yet, then to her lonely home Went praising God with grateful soul, till her last hour was come.

Ah, who can tell what grace divine that voice within her wrought?

Or who may know what perfect joy, to that last hour it brought?

When, after fourscore weary years, beneath the cloister's shade,

With saintliest peace upon the face the hoary head was laid.

Nov. 16th, 1875.

R. V. R.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Lady Margaret thought to comfort her by asking for details of Dan's death. She told the story as well as she could for the sobs that shook her; how he had been the first to see the boat, how he had summoned the neighbors to go with him to rescue it, how they had gone down to the shore, but, seeing the fury of the sea, declared that no boat could live in it, and refused to put out; then Dan commended his soul to God and His Blessed Mother, and made the Sign of the Cross, and put off by himself. The brave man's sacrifice was worthy of the crown, and God accepted it. A great wave washed him on shore; he might have been saved, they thought, but for the violence with which it flung him against the rocks; the blow caused some grave internal injury, and they saw at once that life was ebbing fast away. His first words on coming to his senses were for the priest.

"I'm goin fast, Molly dear; send for Father Pat. Make haste, for the love o' God!"

She knew as by inspiration that no haste could bring Father Pat in time; Dan had apparently, in the one absorbing thought of this supreme moment, forgotten the English priest close by; but his wife remembered, and sent as we know.

"He was a noble fellow! his death was worthy of him, and he of it," said Lady Margaret, much affected by the sublime tale of self-sacrifice so simply told.

"He was as innocent as the babe unborn, and he never gave me a day's trouble since we were married," sobbed Molly. "I'll not be long after him now, please God! I know he'll be waitin' for me up there; it can hardly be heaven complete for him without his poor Molly." But the will o' God be done! The blessed and holy will o' God be done!"

"Yes; say that with all your heart, my child; it is heaven already begun for us on earth when we love the blessed will of God," said Mr. Ringwood; and then he added, in a tone of tender compassion: "the waiting may seem long, but it will soon come to an end, and then you will be united again, and there will be no more tears, no more partings. That is already all over for Dan; he is with God, where he can never suffer any more; where neither sorrow nor pain can come near him."

"No; no more trouble; no more rint to pay!" murmured the widow, gently gazing through her tears at the placid face on the pillow; "glory be to God! my darlint is beyond it all now!"

There was something in the words that went through Lady Margaret like a sting. Good God! that a human soul should have to draw such comfort as this from the death of the being loved most on earth! No more rent to pay! She felt for a moment as if she had been guilty of some horrible cruelty to the dead man—as if she had been an accomplice in his death.

Colonel Blake was still lingering outside, listening to all the friends and relatives of the deceased, who, after telling him the story of the disaster over and over again, began to discuss the position of the widow and the proceeds of the Torry estate.

"There's the pig; there's not a more thrivin' baste on the country-side than poor Dan's pig; he'll pay the rint for Molly, and lave her a trifle over, maybe."

There was something grimly comical and yet intensely pathetic in these reflections of the mourners, the Colonel thought, though he was less affected by the pathos than his wife had been when the same thought was suggested by the widow; it was pitiable, no doubt, that any life endowed with a human soul and all its large and precious capabilities of joy and sorrow, of effort and achieve.

ment, should be narrowed to the one sordid aim of paying the rent; still, rents must be paid, since landlords must live, and this particular landlord was conscious of having always dealt mercifully with his people, though he could not alter the conditions of their existence. Colonel Blake would have honestly repudiated the idea that landlords were the final cause of peasants, if it had been so presented to him, but in his secret soul he held a theory not very far removed from some such principle.

"Mrs. Torry shall have no need to trouble herself about the rent this year, nor about anything else that I can save her," he said; "and now what about the funeral? Poor Dan must have a decent one. That is my concern; he has died a brave death, and I wish every respect to be shown him. Mr. Ringwood would perform the service, I know, willingly; but perhaps Mrs. Torry and all of you would rather have Father Pat over for it? You, Molloy, will settle about all that, and come up by-and-by and let me know."

"Oh, sorra call to axe her, yer honor," said Molloy; "I'll be bound she'd rather have Father Pat; not but the strange priest is a kind-spoken gentleman, God bless him, and I daresay 'ud say as sweet a Mass over poor Dan as iver a poor sowl tasted, but there's nobody like one's own, yer honor."

"Very well; then I will see that a messenger is sent to him at once. Or, stay: go up to The Towers yourself and ask for a horse, and ride off to Ballyrock and tell Father Pat what has happened; he will come over at once, I make no doubt, and then he can settle everything about the funeral."

The crowd began to express their approval of the landlord's conduct by sundry benedictions on him and his, when they were cut short by the appearance of Lady Margaret in the doorway. Fate would have it that the pig, who had been peacefully reposing in his corner up to the present, came snorting out at the same moment, running so rudely up against her as almost to knock her down. She drew up her skirts and stepped aside with a little cry of alarm and disgust.

"Never mind him, acushla! He's as mild as milk, the crature, on'y he's fretted and bothered wid' all the noise; there's more sinse in them bastes than ye'd think, me lady!" said an old crone, who proceeded to address the pig in the vernacular, and drive him out of her ladyship's way.

"He should not be let in at all," said Lady Margaret, with asperity. "I have spoken again and again about that dreadful custom you all have of keeping the pig indoors; how can your places be clean while you do it!"

"Sure, me lady, and it 'ud niver do to turn the crature out! Isn't the pig and the priest the best frends we have? one pays the rent for us, and th' other saves our sowls."

"I hope you like the partnership," Lady Margaret seemed to say by a look at Mr. Ringwood; but he did not understand it; he was too much under the spell of the diviner part of these simple though slovenly natures to feel in a mood to criticize their domestic ways.

Colonel Blake handed his wife into the carriage, and he and Mr. Ringwood walked home together.

The funeral took place on Friday. Mr. Ringwood stayed over it, and said Mass once more in the roadside chapel. The widow's thankfulness for this grace was beautiful. "Two Masses for my poor Dan the day of his burial! Sure and it's enough to make all the dures o' Heaven fly open to receive him!" was her almost exultant exclamation on hearing that the strange priest was going to offer the Holy Sacrifice for Dan before Father Pat arrived.

The same feeling in a lesser degree was manifested at The Towers; the servants rejoiced with Molly, and loudly expressed their congratulations at the blessed chance which secured this grace for their friend Dan. Some echoes of this satisfaction in the household reached Lady Margaret through Burke and Coyle, and she commented on it in her own fashion to Wells, whose Protestant soul gave forth a sympathetic response.

"Indeed, my lady, it would just make your blood run cold down your back if you was to 'ear 'em a-singing 'ims, so to speak, for joy along of this Mass as Mr. Ringwood is to say for the poor fellow, as never 'urt a mouse in 'is life, and as is now a-burning and a-grilling in Purgatory! It's quite painful to a body with a feeling 'eart to 'ear 'em saying such things!"

"It is very dreadful," sighed Lady Margaret; "and the strangest part of it is that the people themselves find comfort in the idea! Mrs. Torry was literally crying for joy this morning when she told me that there were to be two Masses instead of one for her husband—adding that he was sure to be safe in Purgatory anyhow. Poor creature, it was most affecting, at the same time that it was so shocking, to hear her blessing God for the wonderful mercy!"

"Lord ha' mussy on us, my lady! It gives one the shivers to 'ear o' such 'orrible superstition!" said Wells, devoutly; "we're blest not to be born blind, like them poor folks; and yet they aint bad at 'eart; it's the priests lead 'em all astray."

Lady Margaret wondered inwardly what it was that led the priests astray, into such a revolting

doctrine—such priests as this Oxford scholar, at least; there was no point in the whole range of Catholic theology that was so repugnant to her reason and her reverential idea in God's Fatherhood as this one of Purgatory.

Mr. Ringwood, meantime, gathered up all these things into his memory and pondered them in his heart. It was with the warmest feelings of sympathy and regret that he took leave of Connemara, of his hospitable friends at The Towers, and those humbler ones whom he had learned to respect and love during their short intercourse. He had come purporting to do them some good, and he went away feeling that they had been the teachers and he the disciple. They had taught him a great lesson, or rather they had helped him wonderfully to realize an old one; their lives had revealed to him the marvellous power of faith to sweeten the bitterest human lot; he had always believed in this divine and salutary power, but here in this out-of-the-way, condemned corner of the British Empire he had seen and touched it; he had beheld the sting taken out of death, and poverty, and all that this world considers misery. These simple peasants of the wild West, so unlearned in the wisdom of this world, so disloyal to the god Comfort, so ignorant and uncivilized according to the current ideas of the civilizers, had proved to him that they were practically the grandest philosophers on earth; life to them was not only theoretically but really a passage, a 'passing over,' whose petty interests and possessions were "as shadows flitting on the floor"; while Death was the happy bourne of their desires; Death, which is a *Miserere* to the children of this world, was to them a jubilant *Te Deum*, the true coming home, a day of joy and deliverance. This is what the polished English gentleman learned at Barrymore from those small, insignificant lives, who, forgotten of men, told their days silently under the shadow of God's presence.

CHAPTER V.

Spring hurried in at the beginning of April. The meadows and the hillsides were spread with emerald carpets, and violets and kingcups and anemones painted bright patterns on them in blue and pink and gold. Then the wood-pigeons came in May with the cuckoo, and began the summer concert, cooing and calling through all the woods around Barrymore, particularly towards evening, when the air was soft and sleepy, after the heat of the day. By the end of the month the nightingales arrived, whole tribes of them; they sang at dawn, and they sang again in the evening; but their grand concert was held at night in a copse close by the ivy tower, where the foliage was deep, and the lilac trees bent under their blossoms and

filled the night air with perfume. Sometimes the music was so loud that it woke Lady Margaret; then she would get up and go open the window to scold those nightingales for making such a racket; but instead of scolding, she generally stood listening until she forgot her broken sleep, and anger was lost in delight, listening to the luscious trills and the loud call-note and all the rapture of melody that poured from those tiny brown throats, while the sea kept up an under-current of song, sighing and heaving gently under the moonbeams.

To-night the singers were keeping a perfect revel, singing with a very madness of delight; trilling and holding on the notes until one wondered their little breasts did not burst with the flood of their own song,—a downright ecstasy of gladness; the sky was pure blue, and liquid as a gem—but suddenly, as if the sweet voices of the night had purled it, a light shower began to fall, dropping on the crystal sea, and pattering on the leaves like sympathetic tears; but a breeze came rippling up from the bay and swept it away, and the silence was once more complete; the nightingales had it all their own way again, with the water lapping on the beach, and the stars chiming in soft sphere-melody.

"They will have a glorious day for the hounds to-morrow," thought Lady Margaret, as she closed the window and went back to bed.

And so they had. You could not find a pleasanter, prettier picture anywhere than that which the lawn in front of The Towers presented next morning while the hunt assembled. The scarlet coats of the sportsmen flashed bright against the green of the lawn and the brilliant blue of the sky; horses were champing the bit, snorting and quivering with impatience as they sniffed the fresh morning air, and made it as hard as possible for the grooms to hold them. All the party were in high spirits; Colonel Blake was in his element; Meg Merrilies was waiting for him, and evidently disapproved of being kept waiting, if one might judge by the way she curvetted and danced and tossed up her pretty head, almost lifting the groom off his feet; but the Colonel only laughed at these graceful antics, declaring that they were a feminine device of Meg's for attracting admiration and showing off the beauty of her parts; and if this was true, it must be owned that she was very successful in her coquetry. The dogs were whining and straining in the leash, growing more unmanageable to the whippers-in with every moment's delay. At last everybody was ready, and the party came trooping out from the breakfast-room, which opened on the terrace. Lady Margaret was the only lady present; she looked to great advantage in her dark green habit and velvet hat enriched

with its rich curling feather; a plain woman looks handsome on horseback, a handsome one looks beautiful; Lady Margaret looked beautiful; she was flushed and full of animation as her husband came gallantly forward to help her into the saddle; he was proud of his wife at all times, but he had never felt more so than to-day, as she sat on her fine bay horse, her figure so queenly, her seat so firm, her whole air at once so womanly and so spirited. She patted him saucily on the shoulder, as he arranged the folds of her habit and handed her her whip. Young Squire O'Donoghue had been on the watch to perform these little services for his hostess, but Colonel Blake never allowed anyone to replace him there; it amused him to note the disappointed look of the young man, who was a notorious dandy in the eyes of men, and a terrible lady-killer in his own; he drew out his words in the most approved dandy fashion, lisped, wore an eye-glass, and used a vast amount of perfume. Most people laughed at him, and, taking him at his own showing, set him down for an empty-headed fool; Colonel Blake thought there was more in him than appeared on the surface, and liked him and stood up for him. The young man's chief claim on his esteem was perhaps his having endeavored to set up a soap-boiling establishment on his estate; his neighbors said it was purely a mercantile speculation, and fell to the ground as it deserved; what right had an Irish gentleman to disgrace his order by stooping to the like? Colonel Blake maintained, however, that philanthropy and a patriotic desire to improve the moral condition of his tenantry had been the real motive of the scheme, which had only failed for want of corresponding disinterestedness and energy in his agents.

Sir John Carew, a next-door neighbor of the Colonel's—their properties touched, some forty miles off—had been very wrath with Mr. O'Donoghue, and indeed there was a slight coolness between them yet, owing to this soap business; but it was difficult to keep up anything of that sort under the influence of their host's genial cordiality; every sort of coldness and ill-will thawed in his presence, like snow in the sunshine.

Sir John was complaining to Major Fitzgerald of the difficulty he had in managing his horse; he was an inveterate hunter, and he had a mania for riding horses that were too much for him; he was a corpulent man, sitting sixteen stone in his saddle, and he persisted in riding young horses who resisted the load, and kicked and chafed under it with all their might.

Major Fitzgerald, a brother officer of the Colonel's, the most fearless horseman in Connemara, was pouring vinegar on the Baronet's feelings by

telling him this wholesome truth; and the Reverend Mr. Wilkinson, the clergyman who had the care of the nine orthodox souls of Barrymore, was doing duty as peace-maker, an office which became his cloth, though he was less at home, some people thought, in the said cloth than in his present sporting costume. It would indeed be difficult to find anything less sacerdotal than the minister's person and manners; he would have made an excellent type of a north-country farmer, bluff-faced, bushy-haired and stout, enjoying a good run with the hounds, a good dinner, a good joke, all manner of legitimate good things, as heartily as any man; he would have made an excellent county member, landlord and magistrate; as it was, he made a very fair parson, inasmuch as the requirements of his special flock were concerned; he did not spiritualize them much, but then they perhaps did not care to be spiritualized; on the other hand he was an exceedingly good-natured, gentlemanly, agreeable man, a good friend to everyone who wanted him; liberal to the poor, irreproachable in conduct, and generally satisfactory; there were some puritanical, strait-laced persons who took exception at the spectacle of a minister of the Church in top-boots after the tally ho! but, as Lady Margaret very justly observed, a man must do something to kill time, and as Mr. Wilkinson had so few souls to save in his parish the only resource left was to fish and hunt. Mr. Wilkinson had accordingly become a very Nimrod, a hunter mighty indeed before the Lord; he stopped at nothing; hedge and gate, brook and bank, he took them all; yet he had never been thrown in his life, a circumstance which he referred to the direct and manifest protection of Providence, and for which he felt sincerely thankful.

There were four or five other gentlemen of the party this morning; but there is no need to allude further to them than to say that they were all in good spirits and approved of everybody and everything all round, the parson's top-boots included.

"Now, Blake, for mercy's sake let us start!" cried Sir John Carew, who was growing purple in the face from the exertion of holding in his thorough-bred, while that unfortunate steed foamed at the mouth as if it had been the orifice of a soap fountain, so furiously did Sir John tug at it. "This brute will bolt if you keep him waiting one minute longer. Quiet, you brute! Soho! quiet I say! Blake, let us be off, will you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LET us be affable, but never flatterers, for there is nothing so vile and unworthy of a Christian heart as flattery.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[CONTINUED.]

As is often the case with the children of the poor, Louise was at an early age employed in guarding cattle. One day, in conducting two cows to the meadow, she slipped while passing through a narrow lane and the cow behind her continuing its heavy gait trampled over the body of the poor child. Save for a momentary pain, Louise did not immediately feel the effects of this accident; so with that secretiveness peculiar to childhood she made no mention of it to her elders. Three weeks later a frightful illness, the consequence of internal injuries, revealed the mishap—but, contrary to all expectations, she was finally restored to perfect health.

The piety of her childhood, in all things a fair sample of the piety of the children of good Catholics, was especially characterized by cheerfulness in the midst of the misery surrounding her, and by an intense desire to nurse the sick.

She made her First Communion at the age of eleven years, and from that time she was for five years a semi-monthly Communicant.

At the age of fifteen she followed the example of her elder sisters in becoming a seamstress, and she then worked by the day in the families of the neighboring aristocracy.

From this short summary of her childhood the reader may glean that she had very little time to devote to that which is usually termed self-improvement. Her opportunities of education were but few; the five months of preparation preceding her First Communion comprised the whole of her school life, that being all the time the poverty of the family allowed her to spare in occupation not lucrative. During that time she was taught to read, and she learned to write a little by observing and imitating her schoolmates who were sufficiently advanced to practice penmanship.

In the school of Divine Love she made rapid progress. To nurse the sick, to pray for the conversion of sinners, to make the Way of the Cross, and to meditate on the Passion of Our Lord, these were her favorite recreations. At the age of sixteen she became a weekly Communicant; but, as has been before implied, her laborious life gave her ample occupation, and she had no time to indulge in any fanciful devotion which could possibly induce a state of religious frenzy. In fact even under the most favorable circumstances it would be impossible for the Flemish nature to develop anything like frenzy, and Louise is as thoroughly phlegmatic as only a Flemish maiden can be. It

was at this early age that she distinguished herself by heroic acts of charity, not only prompted by sincere piety but accompanied by firmness and decision.

Who does not remember the cholera of 1866? It made but a brief sojourn on our continent, but it was all too long for many. In Belgium it swept alike through hamlet and city, carrying off whole families, devastating whole districts. The little village of Bois d'Haine was a prey to its most frightful ravages, and an epidemic of unearthly fear was its constant companion. In every case the sick members of a household were instantly deserted by the others, no matter how close might be the ties of relationship. Husbands fled from their dying wives, wives rushed from their plague-stricken husbands, parents abandoned their children, children forsook their parents, and few were the chances of a Christian burial. In the midst of scenes like this, remarks one of the biographers of Louise, there are three phases of heroism, three phases of self-forgetfulness, three who vie with one another in courage—the doctor, the priest, and the Christian woman. With the doctor, it is his calling, his means of livelihood; to the priest it is something more—it is a vocation, a divine obligation; but with the Christian woman, who leaves home and safety to nurse the plague-stricken, is an act which takes its place next to the following of the evangelical counsels, for it possesses a certain character of voluntary virtue to which certainly the doctor can lay no claim.

Milan and Florence once saw their Prelates passing day and night in administering the last Sacraments to those dying of the pest. Bois d'Haine was but a village, its pastor a simple village priest, yet his conduct was worthy of the Church that honors St. Charles Borromeo. Had the villagers remained with their dying ones they might have seen their pastor, by night as well as by day, seeking out the sick, to solace all their woes both temporal and spiritual. Often during his labors he thought of his good Louise; here was an extensive field for her pious exertions, and finally he made an appeal to her courage and charity. She was ready and willing, for it was a thing ardently desired by her; but her mother made very natural objections, to which Louise, always obedient, yielded quietly. But her obedience did not prevent her from having recourse to prayer, and she besought the Almighty to move her mother's heart to grant the required permission. Her prayer was soon heard. Madame Lateau gave her consent to the good work, trusting that Divine Providence would mercifully protect her child from the effects of contagion.

The people still relate with wonder how that

girl of sixteen, hardly emerged from childhood, seemed to multiply herself through the village, going from house to house, nursing the sick and laying out the dead. One incident will serve to show how her example finally conquered the dreadful panic, and caused the well to forget their cowardly fears and pay attention to the sick, and thus overcome the violence of the pest.

In a certain house there were three cholera patients a man and his wife and their daughter. The sons, seized with terror, fled from the house, and none of the neighbors dared to enter the afflicted cottage. That Louise imitated their course of action, the reader will not for one instant imagine. The man died. Louise was the only one present when M. le Curé administered the last Sacraments; and when he left, to carry the Consolation of the dying elsewhere, she was left alone in the house. The woman died the same day; and the sons, trembling with fear, came to take their dying sister away from the village; but they did not offer to see to the interment of their parents. Louise did not desert the dead any more than she had the living. She proceeded to lay out the two corpses that were already impregnating the house with infectious odors, and as she was not strong enough to place them in their coffins she called to her assistance her sister Adeline. These two girls, whose size would be almost dwarfish were not their tiny figures so well proportioned, succeeded not only in placing the bodies in their coffins, but also in dragging them some distance from the house, in the direction of the cemetery. The people of Bois d'Haine could no longer resist this brilliant example, and persons ran from all directions to assist in giving Christian burial to the hitherto neglected pair.

At the very beginning of the following year, Louise was attacked by a lingering illness—the first sickness which she had had since her eighth year, when she was trampled upon by the cow. She suffered from severe pains in her head and from an aggravated sore throat; nevertheless she continued her ordinary occupations until September. On the 18th of September, the eve of the Festival of the Apparition of Our Lady of La Salette, she received the last Sacraments, while her friends began a novena to Our Lady of La Salette. She took a few drops of the water of the miraculous fountain, and, contrary to all natural expectations, she recovered immediately. This was but a prelude to new pains. Scarcely had three weeks elapsed when she was again undergoing the most frightful sufferings; violent neuralgia racked her head, and finally extended itself to the whole of her left side, depriving her of the use of both hand and foot.

Louise not only bore her sufferings with a supernatural patience, but they were the fulfilment of a burning desire. That a soul of this description endures sickness not only patiently but lovingly is a mystery to those who are not far advanced in the way of Christian perfection. The trials of the Church, the Majesty of God offended by sin, had long been themes of sadness to her. Had she been one of the many who besought Divine Justice to pour forth the vials of His wrath upon their own unoffending heads and spare His Church? This no one knows; we can only suppose that it must have been.

The year 1868 brought no relief, but rather augmented her torments. The first Friday of that year witnessed the first tokens of that wonderful manner in which God has chosen to make her an atoning victim for you and for me.

It was night, but Louise was sleepless, as all who have experienced the horrors of neuralgia can well believe; how her mind was occupied, any Christian can surmise. Suddenly a flash of spiritual light penetrated her soul, filling it first with delight and afterwards with sadness—a sadness even unto death. This sadness became pain when communicated to the body, and Louise began to feel the first sensation of the Stigmata. However, in her entire ignorance of this miracle, she paid not much attention to this new location of pain, only recollecting the events of this night when the Stigmata finally became visible.

Meanwhile a painful abscess made its appearance in the armpit. The remedies applied by the physician brought no relief whatever; one alarming symptom succeeded the other, and finally, on Passion Sunday, a violent hemorrhage threatened to put an end to her life.

Two weeks later she received the last Sacraments, and while making her act of thanksgiving she was inspired to ask God for life and health. She asked for health, that she might be able to assist her mother; and for life, that by fresh sufferings she might become more worthy of the promises of Christ.

The moment that Louise had finished her prayer she knew that it had been heard; at the same time she learned that she was destined to great suffering, but of what nature she did not know. She repeatedly foretold to her family and to M. le Curé that on the 21st of April she would present herself at the village church to receive Holy Communion. They did not place much faith in her prediction, especially when the eve of that day found her still feeble, still confined to her bed; but, to their surprise, on the morning of the 21st she arose, and, dressing herself, entered the church at 7 a. m., in full health. Her words had been

spread through the village, where she was so well known, and the congregation had assembled, as they themselves said, to witness the miracle.

For this day and the two succeeding ones, no person in Bois d'Haine thought of the Stigmata—least of all Louise, who, although a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, was totally ignorant of the fact that this saint received the Five Wounds of our Lord. Why a girl of her extreme piety had thus been ignorant of this important fact it is difficult to divine. Her mother, an honest, straightforward Christian woman, also never knew that this was one of the glories of the Church, until she saw it exemplified in her own family. That there has existed among the *lady* of France and Belgium—let the clergy speak for themselves—a class who consider it unnecessary, nay even harmful, for the world in general to be cognizant of the wonders which God has wrought in His saints, is a fact to which we can give ample testimony. Lives of the Saints have been written in which all the supernatural is omitted! “The wonders, the miracles,” say the authors of those works, “give no food to our devotion; they do not concern us, as they do not furnish us with any practical example of virtue; let us rather turn to the virtues, the maxims.”

These virtues were practised under certain circumstances; for those same actions to be virtues in us would perhaps require that Divine Providence should surround us with precisely the same conditions. These maxims were uttered in the midst of other social customs, in another age, perhaps in another nation—all which, most probably, it would be necessary to recall in order to comprehend the real nature of the advice. Thus often while we think that we are following the example of the Saints we are doing almost cruel things, uttering cold, harsh words, instead of consoling, Christ-like comfort. But there is something in that divine light shed by the supernatural which wonderfully illumines the virtues of the saints, and shows more clearly to our spiritual vision wherein we may imitate them. Humility is a powerful instructor, and she is most readily found by viewing what God has revealed of His exceeding great glory; for it is thus that we see how very far we are from being at the summit of perfection. It is not faith that is thus disturbed, it is pride that is wounded.

No food for devotion in these miracles! Ah, such little comprehend that true devotion consists in glorifying the wonderful works of God, and not in surrounding oneself with a PROUD virtue. No food for devotion in contemplating these glimpses of that glory whose infinite beauty furnishes the Seraphim with an eternity of love and thanksgiving!

“We are not scraps!” would these authors reply; “and these wonders are really injurious to the faith of the multitude.”

The religious history of the eighteen centuries that have elapsed since Christ founded His Church form a fitting supplement to the Sacred Scriptures, a continuation of the New Testament, which is ours, to be taught to us; ours as fully as any portion of the history of Divine action, from the creation of the world until the establishment of Christianity. Therefore the faith which knows that God had an eternity of existence before He called the universe into life—that is not dazzled by the lightnings of Sinai—that is not scandalized by the Manger and the Cross, and that kneels believing before the Blessed Sacrament—might well be trusted with the knowledge of any miracle however wonderful, of any vision however exalted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wonders of Lourdes.

Rev. Father T. Porter, Rector of the Jesuit Church, Salisbury-street, Liverpool, recently delivered a special sermon to a crowded congregation, many of whom were Protestants, on the existence of the supernatural as proved by the miraculous events of the present day. After speaking of the spread of infidelity, and of the many proofs of the existence of God and of the supernatural, Fr. Porter said:—In order to make the matter more clear he would descend to particular facts in the present day, and allude to things which could not be explained on any natural grounds. He would speak of the miracles wrought in the grotto of Lourdes. That valley in the slopes of the Pyrenees, which in 1856 was known only to a few shepherds, was now the most celebrated sanctuary in the world, where tens of thousands congregated to witness the countless miracles wrought there. Men who had been blind for forty years had been restored to sight by washing in the waters of the grotto, so had cripples and palsied men recovered the use of their limbs. More wonderful than the cure of bodily infirmities were the conversions wrought there. In one instance a newspaper reporter joined a troop of pilgrims in order that he might the better scoff at the matter, and yet after he had entered the grotto he came forth a believer and a penitent, with the burden of his sins cast at the feet of the priest who was there to receive his confession. Unbelievers had entered and come forth practical Catholics. The supernatural was the more clearly shown in the fact that all were not cured or converted, some returning with their maladies and their sins. The miracles could not

be denied, and with their existence before him no reasonable man could deny the evidence of the supernatural.

A Soldier Preserved from Death by the Blessed Virgin.

The *Wahrheitsfreund* relates the following incident:

"It was on the 10th of August," said a soldier of the 10th Prussian Army Corps who had fought in the war of 1870, "when, at the earliest dawn of day, we had to leave our encampment and march to battle. The roar of heavy guns soon greeted our ears. I was for the first time in my life going to the field of blood. I felt poorly, and a secret fear crept heavily over my heart. 'What shall become of me to-day?' I asked myself; and the answer was: 'Thou art doomed to death.' I attempted to overcome my anxiety, and summoned up courage as best I could. On reaching the battle-field my eyes beheld a beautiful statue of our Blessed Mother standing at my right hand side, high on a mountain. The rays of the morning sun shed round it a beautiful golden lustre. I was still gazing at the statue in silent meditation when the command 'Double quick' was given. Obeying the order, I recommended myself in a short prayer to our Blessed Lady, full of confidence in her powerful protection, and behold! all my fears and troubles vanished. A heavy fire of shells gave us a hot reception, and I saw my poor comrades falling on the right and left. Full six hours we had to stand the brunt of the battle; no less than four times my nearest neighbor fell and was replaced at my side, but I escaped with only a slight wound. Need I say that I offered a fervent thanksgiving to my heavenly Protectress—that I thanked her more fervently than ever before? And henceforward, nothing can shake my confidence in this powerful and benevolent Virgin. May all who read this be animated by the same feelings."

Letter from Rome.

ROME, July 7, 1876.

DEAR AVE MARIA:—Why should we hesitate to repeat a truth? Why should I falter in reiterating that which is palpable and incontrovertible? Did not St. John, that Disciple of love who ever reclined close to the great loving Heart of Jesus Christ, and who, his life long afterwards, preached about love and charity, run out of a bath in Ephesus, saying that he feared lest the roof should fall in because it covered a heretic? And when his disciple, St. Polycarp, was met in these very streets of Rome by another heretic, the notorious Marcian, who asked if he knew him, did he not reply in truly apostolic simplicity and indigna-

tion, "Yes, I know thee to be the first-born of Satan." It is no sin, therefore, to say that Rome is occupied by legions of legalized thieves and ruffians in fine clothes, compared with whom the savage Hun who worshipped might as the right, was truth and integrity of purpose itself. I wonder what an American citizen would say, if, walking down Pennsylvania Avenue in the city of Washington, his eye encountered numerous advertisements which called his attention to the fact, that, say on the 13th day of August, 1876, the Government of the United States would sell off at public auction Church property belonging to the Methodists, to the amount of thirty or forty thousand dollars? And suppose that this performance be repeated thrice a month for upwards of ten years, until the property confiscated amount to the sum of more than a hundred million dollars! Dear AVE MARIA, the hanging of John Brown by "Massa Guvnor Wise" only produced an ebullition of placid excitement compared with the very conflagration of public passion which would follow an announcement similar to the above from the Government of the United States. I bring this matter to your own doors, gentle Catholic readers (pardon me the familiarity). With several thousand miles of ocean between you and Rome, it is but natural that the outrages perpetrated here against the Catholic Church,

THE ONLY LIVING REPRESENTATIVE OF JUSTICE IN ITALY TO-DAY,

should only excite a transient feeling of sorrow, with perhaps an equally short-lived sentiment of indignation. But if our indignation be great and just against a low burglar who breaks into a house at night, it should be as great, and certainly more justifiable, against the sacrilegious burglars who break into God's sanctuary and carry off the offerings which we, in the persons of our sainted ancestors in the faith, deposited there for His honor and the good of our own souls. The Church property which is being sold here daily is not exclusively, no nor principally, a monument of past Italian charity. England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, and Spain have, from time out of mind, contributed largely to increase the wealth of the Church here, and when these followers of Hellogabalus lay their hands upon God's wealth in these sanctuaries, they violate the rights of us Saxon, Celtic, French or German Catholics, as flagrantly as if they waylaid us in the streets of Rome and compelled us to give up our effects.

One of the grand marks of the Catholic Church is

ITS UNIVERSALITY,

and it is a peculiarity of this universality that not only does she extend over the face of the earth, taking men and women as she finds them, in every possible station of life, and making of them therein, with all their peculiarities of clime and origin, true children of God, but even in her material exterior, as she is embodied and established here in Rome, she speaks not exclusively of Rome—only in the mystical sense, or in the primatial sense,—but in all the rest, in her churches, in her ecclesiastical courts, in her abbeys,

in her monasteries, in her colleges and universities,
SHE IS COSMOPOLITAN IN ORIGIN AND IN PURPOSE.

Take the Roman College, now converted into a lyceum where boys are familiarized with immorality. Would you know its origin? The gentle St. Francis Borgia was heard in Spain soliciting money for its erection and perennial support. And so with hundreds of institutions of the like nature. And I make no doubt that in the sale of the property of the Benedictine monks at St. Paul's outside the walls, which is to come off on the 22d inst., and which involves the sum of 152,450 lire, English charity is outraged, perverted, and now passes to support a body of so-called administrators, in reality robbers. I pass over the fact of the confiscation of the property of the foreign Colleges. That is not only an outrage against the individual Catholics of the

NAIONS REPRESENTED BY THE COLLEGES,

but an insult to the nations themselves, and an impudent violation of international law.

So much said to the discredit of injustice, and in vindication of justice. To be logical, I should have premised with the irreligious and atheistic performances of the powers that disgracefully be. I should then be reasoning from cause to effect. But as my letter partakes of the narrative also, I may be permitted to arrange the criminal proceedings of Pagan Rome in the manner best adapted to recording them. The Senate has at last endorsed the bill of Parliament which abolishes the name of God from the oath in the civil tribunals. A formal declaration now, that there is no God, would be supererogatory. The Government which refuses to recognize the invocation of God's Holy Name in depositions wherein the truth can only be sealed by an appeal to the great Truth itself, practically and explicitly denies the existence of God. Why, one of the Senators remarked, while the discussion was pending, that he didn't see the use of making so much ado about the name of God, *since all the great philosophers of our time with one accord reject the existence of God*. Ferrari, who died the other day, just a month after his nomination as Senator, was one of these philosophers. Voltaire was their prince, and Rousseau a no contemptible planet. I wonder if these so-called philosophers ever read the Bible, and in the hypothesis that they do, even on the score of its being a well-written volume what construction do they put upon the saying of the Wise Man, whose wisdom they cannot ape even a *longe*:

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD."

Expunging the name of God from the oath formula was in deference to the liberty of conscience of individual deponents. And yet, when it is a question of how a father shall educate his child, there is no liberty. The petition of the Catholics of Italy for liberty of education, though lying on the table of the Senate for the last seven months, was only read on the 22d ultimo, and—a gracious act which posterity should remember—a discussion of the matter will be permitted. That is a mere formality, which will amount to nothing favorable to the cause of the

O'Connell League. Catholic Christian liberty of education cannot count upon one single "yea" in the Italian Parliament. And yet there are many Catholics in Italy, and not a few abroad too, who are continually mooting a reconciliation between the Vatican and this Government. Permit me to cite a passage on this subject from the letter of the late lamented Mgr. Bindi, Archbishop of Siena. It is addressed to a *Conciliator*. "I speak plainly. That idea you are so much in love with, of a reconciliation between liberty and faith, between the State and the Church; while in the order of principles it can stand, and is just and true, is in the present times and circumstances utterly impossible. The principle of civil liberty in these modern times unfortunately took a beginning from the human word, which denied the Divine word, *per quem omnia facta sunt*,—through whom all things were made,—and waging war with implacable hatred against the supernatural order, which is the principle and the reason of the natural order. What point of concord can there be between an affirmation and a negation? But you will say, there is misery in the human element of the Church. I do not deny it. But the infinite wisdom of the Eternal Physician heals her, chastising this element by letting it pass tyrannically the adverse principle, and that the Church weep and purify or re-create herself under the Cross, drawing herself to Calvary, where alone, "*being lifted up from the earth*," she will find the "*traham ad Me omnia*"—I will draw all things to Myself—of her Divine Master. Let us leave the Divifce Master to work, without wishing to correct Him, or dictate the Latin to Him, or to impose sudden and miraculous revolutions upon Him for our comfort. Man proposes but He disposes, and in the accomplishment of His dispositions there will be a harmony between the two cities, the celestial and the terrestrial." Speaking of the scourge which God is evidently inflicting upon the Church, he writes: "It is to be expected that God will not lay it aside so soon, whatever may be said by those who look in open-mouthed expectation for the great miracle of the imminent overthrow of that demon called *legion*, which is using the rod everywhere." And this demon is as multiform as he is multitudinous. In Sicily he appears in the brigands, as well as in the authorities who

PULL DOWN THE CHURCHES AND BUILD THEATRES
UPON THE SITES.

In Rome, he appears in the official unbelief and immorality which are daily laying aside what little reserve prudence may have suggested hitherto. And the latest dispatches from the Romagna announce that a formidable and armed band of Socialists has been discovered. What is it in Lombardy and Venice? The same irreligion which begets the atheists who are now established in Rome, and a Republican spirit which smacks loudly of Communism. Of Piedmont I shall say nothing—but this. There sprang the torrent, and the tide sought its own level by flowing eastwards and westwards, and always southwards.

Not because I attach the less importance to ecclesiastical matters do I speak of them last. On the 29th, the Pope blessed the Pallia for the next year. On

Tuesday last, under the Presidency of the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, the Sacred Congregation of Rites held the first discussion on the life and virtues of the Venerable Servant of God,

LILIA MARIA,

of the Order of our Crucified Redeemer. She was born in Viterbo in 1773, and died in 1856, after a life of extraordinary penance. The result of the discussion is an inviolable secret as yet. Supposing that each of the fifteen consultors gave an opinion favorable to the cause, three more discussions will be held prior to the publication of the first decree, in answer to the usual query, did she practise the theological and cardinal virtues in a heroic degree? If the answer be affirmative, many other consultations will be held on the expediency of beatification and ultimate canonization.

ARTHUR.

Church Etiquette.

As regards this point of courtesy, says the *Catholic Advocate*, "the most casual observer who visits our Catholic and Protestant churches cannot fail to notice the marked difference in the spirit of accommodation or courtesy manifested by the respective congregations. It is a common thing, both at the early and late Masses, and especially at the latter, to see numbers of people standing in the vestibules or aisles during the services. As a matter of course, when all the pews are occupied by persons who rent them, some who do not rent seats must stand; but in nearly every case all could be accommodated if the sexton or the person acting in that capacity made an effort. How different is the custom in the Protestant churches! Let who will enter them, whether a member or not, he or she always finds some one who courteously conducts the visitor to a pew; or if there be no vacant seat, a chair, campstool, or bench is provided. Whatever may be said *per contra*, about pew-holders and pew-rents, we are fully satisfied that more of both would be secured if a little more politeness were shown to strangers and others who visit our churches. We cannot imagine, for a moment, that any pew-holder sacrifices any claim to the title of gentleman or lady by tendering a vacant seat in his or her pew to any genteel-looking person who, prompted either by devotion or curiosity, visits our churches. In this respect, at least, our sextons and congregations might learn a profitable lesson from their Protestant neighbors.

WE are not unmindful that our good Mother is Queen and Mistress of all that God has created; nevertheless, we delight more to call her Mother of God, because in that glorious title we discover the origin and source of all others.—*St. Bernardine of Sienna*.

Catholic Notes.

—Mr. Henry L. Hoguet, President of the New York Catholic Protector, recently gave \$4,000 to that institution.

—A monument to Bartolomeo Christofali, the inventor of the piano, has been placed in the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence.

—Seven thousand waifs have been admitted into the founding institution of the Sisters of Charity, New York, since its foundation in 1869.

—We return our sincere thanks to Rev. Fathers Pujol and Lynch, of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Santa Barbara, Cal., for kind favors.

—In the article, "A Visit to Bois d'Haine," page 471, No. 30, instead of "Mone" read MONS. Mons is the capital of the province of Hainault, and is doubtless well known to the lovers of mediæval history.

—Some notices of new publications are held over till next week. We have received "THE THREE PEARLS," published by the Catholic Publication Society; Benziger's *Catholic Book News* for July, *Mineral Map of New South Wales*, etc., etc.

—A pilgrimage to Rome, proposed by the Editor of the *Catholic Review*, is being arranged by the Xavier Union of New York. It is to take place next June, when the Holy Father's episcopal Jubilee will be celebrated.

—In the Catholic University of Ireland an *Aula Academica*, or large lecture hall, is now being constructed. It is 90 feet in length, 30 in width, and 25 in height. It is to be opened at the beginning of next term, when it is expected that his Eminence Cardinal Cullen will deliver an inaugural lecture.

—On July 10th, in the Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Xavier's, Bangor, Maine, Miss Mary Nolan, in religion Sister Mary Philomena, and Miss Margaret Denchy, in religion Sister Mary Veronica, received the habit and white veil from Rt. Rev. J. A. Healy, who preached an eloquent discourse on the occasion.

—The Church in Africa has met with a severe loss in the death of Monsignor Bessieux, Bishop of Gallipolis *in partibus* and Vicar Apostolic of the Two Guineas. This venerable Prelate, who expired on the 30th of last April, had for the last thirty-four years devoted himself to the Missions of Africa. He had been Bishop for thirty-seven years, and was almost as much venerated by the pagans as by the Christians.—*R. I. P.*

—On July 16th the Festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was celebrated for the first time in the Church of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls, by the Fathers of the ancient Order of Carmelites, lately introduced by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. On the same day the corner-stone of the new monastery of the Carmelites was laid by His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by several other Bishops of the Dominion and United States.

—A sacrilege was committed a few nights back

at the Cathedral of Puy (Haute-Loire). Some coffers containing gold chains and other objects of the precious metals, votive offerings to the Blessed Virgin, were forced open and their contents carried off. The sacred vessels and relics were respected. The sacrilegious thieves are supposed to have concealed themselves behind the columns at the hour of closing, about eight, and so to have had the whole night at their disposal. No trace of them has been discovered as yet.

—The Catholics have 106,000 of the Christian Indian population. The Protestants, according to the Hon. Felix Brunot, have only 15,000. This gives the Catholics seven-eighths of the whole, and one-eighth for all the Protestant sects. In 1875, Congress appropriated about \$200,000 for the Indian schools, and of this sum \$15,000 went to the Catholic, and \$185,000 to the Protestant schools. The Catholic teachers partly supported by the Government last year were 32. The Protestant sects had 64 missionaries and teachers wholly supported by the Government.—*Boston Pilot*.

—“One of our Episcopal exchanges,” says a Protestant contemporary, “whose eminent common sense and chaste, vigorous English would lead us to expect no possibility of cant, follows a bad example in speaking of its denomination as the ‘Catholic Church’ and the ‘Holy Catholic Church.’ The Episcopalians have no need of such assumptions; and if they had, this particular one would be most of all others unfortunate. The Roman Catholics adopted that name, and have it by right of a thousand years’ possession; and they may justly complain of the morality that would appropriate their trade-mark and put it upon goods not produced at their factory.”

—The celebration at Lourdes, on the 2nd of July—the consecration of the new Basilica and the crowning of the Statue of Our Lady—attracted an array of Archbishops, Bishops, a large number of priests, and an assemblage of more than one hundred thousand of the faithful, to that town. The conduct of the pilgrims was most devout. From an early hour Masses were said in the crypt and at temporary altars erected in the meadows bordering on the Gave. Vast numbers there received Holy Communion. Madeleine Lancereau, of Poitiers, aged 61, well-known as being unable to walk without crutches for 19 years, was radically cured during the Mass celebrated by the Nuncio at the Grotto.

—The brigantine Adele d’Auray, on her way from Cardiff to Auray, with a cargo of mineral ore, was assailed by a heavy tempest. Her sails, her lifeboats, her poop, her rafts, her timbers, all were carried away by the violence of wind and waves. The crew, composed of six men, reduced to eat raw potatoes, expected death every instant. They made a vow to Saint Anne and collected the sum of twenty francs for Masses. The money was tied to the bar of the rudder. Scarcely had they pronounced their vow when they saw a vessel, to which they made signals of distress. The Caton received them a few moments afterwards, and took care of them. The brave sailors, accompanied by their families, nobly acquitted

themselves of their vow to Saint Anne, their powerful protectress.

—“There are those who represent the Catholic Church,” said the Marquis of Ripon in a recent address, “as the enemy of education and of knowledge. Send back your answer from this great meeting. Tell them you are no friends of ignorance, that you are athirst for knowledge as any of your countrymen, and that you ask for education as loudly as they. All that we ask in addition is this—that for us, at all events, education shall be complete and full, that it shall embrace not the intellect only, but the soul, and shall be applied to the moral qualities as well as to the mental faculties of man; above all, that its base shall be laid deep and strong on the solid foundation of our faith, upon that foundation which, as we believe, it is alone possible to raise in true and perfect beauty the glorious fabric of human knowledge.”

—Censuring the pagan practice so common among nominal Catholics of giving nicknames to children in baptism, the *Montreal True Witness* says: “This giving of nicknames at the baptismal font is a Protestant notion, and can hardly be termed much better than a pagan practice. The Catholic who gives the name of a saint to his child in the holy Sacrament of Baptism does so in the hope that he or she may grow up and imitate the virtues of its heavenly patron. The Catholic registers of baptism display no such incongruities as nicknames given to children, and it is only in the gradual withdrawal from the teachings of the Church and the neglect of the beautiful Christian practices which are their outgrowth that we can find a cause for such a heathenish practice as that of bestowing on infants such meaningless appellations.”

—We hear from Ingolstadt, Bavaria, of a miraculous cure by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the particulars of which are as follows: Miss Elizabeth Prugger had been since 1866 an inmate of the city hospital. She was completely lame, and her lower limbs were so deprived of the sense of feeling that neither heat nor cold, nor even incisions with a knife, could be felt by the poor invalid. All medical means being exhausted, she was pronounced incurable by all the physicians. But in the midst of her cruel sufferings the poor girl had always a lively faith in the protection of our Blessed Mother, in whose honor she commenced a novena in the latter part of May. At the close of the novena she was conveyed by a charitable widow in a small wagon to the little Chapel of our Lady near Garmersheim, about three miles from Ingolstadt. Seated on a bench in the chapel, the poor sufferer said her rosary with great devotion, when on a sudden an unspeakable sensation pervaded her body and she fell to the floor as if she had been thrown down by an unseen power. The poor widow, full of anxiety, hastened to her assistance, but the girl said she felt as though she could rise of herself. And so she did, and then knelt before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, offering fervent prayers of thanksgiving. After this she walked back to Ingolstadt, on the same road over which a few hours before she had passed a helpless invalid. These facts have been reported to

the *Wahrheitsfreund* by a German priest in Bavaria who was an eye-witness to the miraculous event.

—A contributor to the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, a Protestant journal of conservative tendencies, gives a very favorable opinion concerning the Catholic convents and monasteries of Belgium. "Anyone," he says "wishing to form an impartial judgment, cannot withhold the testimony in favor of the Catholic Religious Orders and Congregations that they, taken as a whole, hardly ever have given any reason for the least complaint." After vindicating their right to a certain political influence, the writer continues: "But the most unfounded charge ever made against the Catholic Convents in Belgium is the reproach of idleness; a reproach which they do not at all deserve. Scarcely one-fifth of the Belgian religious are men, and the great majority of these as long as health and strength permit, manifest a tireless activity in all branches of education; only very few among them are devoted to a purely contemplative life, totally estranged from the world. The same can be said of the female religious congregations. Their members prove themselves very useful as teachers and hospital nurses. Above all, the fact that they zealously and with great charity support the needy and afflicted is deserving of the highest eulogy. In an over-populous country, where by the side of enormous wealth the greatest poverty can be found, and where the secular charitable institutions are often very inadequate and insufficient, such assistance is invaluable; and if one wishes to be just, he should not lose sight of the fact that the religious orders and congregations honestly share with the needy and infirm poor whatever they have or earn by their honest toil. Many religious lead a life of active charity and self-sacrifice which merits the highest praise."

Obituary.

—We regret to announce the decease of Rev. AMBROSE AUGUSTINE MULLEN, O.S.A., who died suddenly, on Friday, July 7th, at Andover, Mass., aged forty-nine years. Deceased was for several years a professor in Villanova College, and President of that institution from 1865 to 1869. He was a member of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, and his scholarly mind, prodigious memory, and varied learning made him a most admirable instructor. For many years he was attached to St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia. In 1869 he was assigned to missionary duty at Andover, Mass., where he remained until his death, and where a large circle of friends mourn his loss. The funeral obsequies took place at the Augustinian Church of St. Mary, Lawrence, Mass., on the 11th. There was a large assembly of people and priests. A powerful and touching sermon was preached by Rev. J. McGrath, of Lowell. At the conclusion of the solemn and impressive ceremonies the procession was formed. The Lawrence Cornet Band preceded the mournful cortege; then followed the long procession, consisting of the Rev. Clergy in carriages, the Andover and Lawrence Young Ladies' Sodalties, the Andover Benevolent

Societies, the Lawrence Irish Benevolent Society, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Mary's Church, and members of the congregation and friends on foot. The chimes played appropriate music before and after the services. At the cemetery the usual services were performed, and the last prayers said for a good priest gone to his reward.

—Departed this life, on Thursday, July 6th, after a week of intense suffering caused by her clothing accidentally catching fire while busy with her household duties, Mrs. SUSAN STANLEY, of Oil City, Pa., in the 22d year of her age. This lady's years, though comparatively few, were evidently well spent and full of merit for the next life. She had been a monthly communicant during life, strictly attentive to her religious duties, and her example and conversations are spoken of as highly edifying to all around her. As a wife and mother she had been looked upon as a model by those far more advanced in years than she; it is said that the young came to her for counsel, the old for comfort, the afflicted for consolation, and the poor for charity. She bore her intense sufferings with cheerfulness and equanimity to the last; perfectly resigned to the holy will of God, she feared not death, she asked not for life, but as it pleased Him; when anyone asked if she was in pain, she would but smile and say, "God is so good to let me suffer here. Oh, my sweet Redeemer! Thou hast suffered so much for me!" For more than eight days did this pious Christian lady bear her great sufferings with perfect resignation, her crucifix in her hand, her thoughts with God, until an edifying death put an end to her pain. She retained full consciousness to the last, and calmly breathed forth her soul into the hands of its Creator at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, July 6th, after receiving all the consolations of our holy religion. Rev. Father Carroll and other kind friends were assiduous in their attentions during the last days of this good woman's life, giving her such consolation as it was in their power to afford. Mrs. Stanley was a member of the Rosary Confraternity and the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, whose members are requested to pray for the repose of her soul. Her body was interred in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Oil City.

—We commend to the prayers of our readers the repose of the soul of Mr. EDWARD DOUGHERTY, of White Ash, Pa., a life-subscriber to the AVE MARIA, who died at Pittsburg on the 15th of July, in the 62d year of his age. Mr. Dougherty lived a fervent Christian life and died a happy death, strengthened by the last Sacraments. *Requiescant in pace.*

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 22D.

Letters received, 110; New members enrolled, 101. Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Restoration of health is asked for 105 persons and 9 families; Change of life and return to religious duties for 40 persons and 15 families; Conversion to the faith for 18 persons and 3 families; Perseverance for 6, and a happy death for 21 persons; Particular graces

are asked for 5 priests and 4 religious; The grace of vocation to the priesthood for 29 young men, and a religious vocation for 47 persons; Temporal favors have been asked for 68 persons, 5 families, 3 communities, and 2 asylums; Spiritual favors for 70 persons, 6 families, 4 communities, and 2 asylums. Among the intentions that have been specified are: Spiritual and temporal assistance for several widows anxious for the welfare of their families; Several young religious intending to make their religious profession on the 15th of August; Several Novitiates; The mother of a family who is insane; Several pending lawsuits; Peace and harmony in several families; Protection for the father of a family who is now exposed to danger in the Indian war; Cure of a poor woman's eyes, temporal relief for her family, and reformation from intemperance for her husband; Thanksgivings for several favors obtained; Some persons about to undergo dangerous operations; Several baptisms; Several persons threatened with insanity; The request of afflicted parents for prayers in behalf of two young men, brothers, who have given up the practice of their religion; A lady who is deaf and in great need asks the prayers of the Associates for speedy relief from pecuniary embarrassment.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following accounts of favors are published from letters received during the week: "You remember that I wrote to you last winter requesting the prayers of the Association for my brother, who was falsely accused of a crime. Well, thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother, he is exonerated, and those that accused him then are now convinced of his innocence."... "Some weeks ago I sent you a petition for a gentleman to obtain success in a lawsuit, and the re-establishment of amicable feelings between his father-in-law and himself. He has gained the lawsuit, and has received two affectionate letters from his father-in-law, who acknowledged his mistake and offered to do anything in his power for him."... "Truly our dear Lady of the Sacred Heart gives us more than we ask. "My sister gave me a little of the blessed water after parturition, and I think I would not be alive now but for it, as I was never so ill before. I prayed that my baby might live to be baptized, and it did, dying a few minutes after."... "I wish to inform you that the gentleman to whom you sent the precious water is getting well; truly a miracle. We got some of the water sometime ago for an old lady who had not been able to walk to church for quite a while, and it did her so much good that she has been able to attend Mass all summer.

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. JOHN LOWE, of New York city, who departed this life on the 13th of July, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. Mr. EDWARD DOUGHERTY, of White Ash, Pa., who was relieved by death from a long illness on the 15th of July. He bore his sufferings with great patience, fully resigned to God's holy will. Miss SARAH KELLER, of Glen Hollow, Ills., who died the 3d of July. May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

A Story of a Crucifix.

A mission was held in a certain parish in France, and among the most obstinate rebels against Divine grace was a blacksmith living very near the church. He made it a particular point to cause the greatest noise in his workshop during the sermon, and at the very moment the missionary ascended the pulpit this wicked neighbor made his anvil resound with the most formidable strokes of the hammer. The mission was approaching its close. One of the missionaries had a large crucifix, and on a certain day the body got loose from the cross, one of the nails being lost. A happy thought entered the missionary's mind. He went to his neighbor's workshop, and said to him: "Sir, could you render me a service? I have heard that you are very skillful: could you repair this crucifix?"

The blacksmith met the priest on his entry with an angry scowl; nevertheless he took the crucifix, and after a short examination declared that he could set it all right again. "I will leave you my crucifix then," said the missionary. After that the sound of the anvil was heard no more during the sermons. Next day, the missionary, after leaving the pulpit, found a man in the sacristy who addressed him in words betraying deep emotion. "Rev. Father," he said, "here is your crucifix; will your Reverence please hear my confession?"

"O how happy I feel, my dear friend!"

"Yes, Father, you have guessed aright; and you have succeeded well. When alone with that fine crucifix, I commenced to tremble. It seemed that it gave me a silent reproach. At last I felt a great desire to be fully reconciled to God. Yes, Father, I felt very miserable; but since God was so good as to die for us, will He not have mercy on me, a poor sinner?" The sequel can be easily imagined.

Our Lady of the Snow.

"Oh! what a pretty reliquary!" said Anna, as she took up what looked like a small silver locket from her cousin Mabel's little altar. "Whose relic is in it?" she continued, holding it carefully and looking at the symbols of our Lord's Passion, and the monogram of the Blessed Virgin, which ornamented both sides of it.

"Hold it up to the light, like this," said Cousin Mabel, adjusting the locket to her eye.

Anna took the locket, held it to her own eye as Cousin Mabel had to hers, and, instead of the relic which she had expected to see, there was a clear picture, on a mere speck of space not larger than a pin's head. "Oh, how wonderful this is? But where is the picture?" exclaimed Anna, taking the locket from her eye.

"The picture," said Cousin Mabel, "is in this bit of glass in the middle of the locket, and the glass, which is round, acts on the picture like a microscope. It is very wonderful, certainly, and I think may console us for some of the 'lost arts' about which we hear so much regret. The picture which you now see is quite as interesting as the monograms in gold which are found in the glass cups of the ancient Romans."

Anna looked at the picture again, and saw buildings arranged on all sides of a hollow square, with one which looked like a church facing this hollow square filled with buds of flowers. Outside this square was a sort of scattered village which seemed to belong to it, and then other gardens, and all ending in a horizon like the line of the sea. Below it was printed: "Monastery of Our Lady of the Snow."

"Now, Cousin Mabel, you must tell me about the monastery, and why it has this name, 'Our Lady of the Snow'; for it does not look like a snowy region in the least."

"Do you not remember the Trappist Father and Brother, whom we saw this Spring? This is a picture of their convent in France. Each Trappist has his flower-bed, and this is why you see the gardens all abloom in the hollow square. Our Trappist Father did not talk much; but when he did talk, if you remember, he seemed to have lost none of his natural grace of speech by his life of silence."

"But the name of the monastery, Cousin Mabel?"

"Do you not remember the Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary *ad Nives*, which comes on the 5th of August? '*Ad Nives*,' means 'of' or 'at the snow'; and the feast keeps in mind one of the miracles of the early Church, which we find recorded, at some length, in the Breviary lesson for the feast. The story is this: During the fourteen years, four months and two days in which St. Liberius sat on the Chair of Peter in Rome, a certain pious patrician named John, and his wife, wished to give something of their vast riches to the Church of God, then so poor in the goods and possessions of this world. They also wished to dedicate their offering to the honor of the Mother of Jesus, the Divine Word made flesh in her womb. One night, while this wish was in both their hearts, and they were only waiting to know the will of God, they both dreamed that the Blessed Virgin appeared to

them, and said: "Where you will see the snow lying deep on the Esquiline Hill, build a church, and let it cover the very same ground which the snow will cover."

"In the morning the pious patrician and his wife waked to find their palace on the Esquiline Hill, and all the magnificent gardens around it, covered deep with snow, which did not melt under the fierce heats of the Italian summer; for it was on the 5th day of August. The whole city of Rome was witness to this miraculous fall of snow on the possessions of John the Patrician, on the Esquiline Hill, while not a flake had fallen anywhere else. With unspeakable joy, the pious couple made over this vast estate to the Pope for a church, and here was built the Church of St. Mary Major, or *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, as the Italians call it. No traveller goes to Rome, to this day, without hearing of the fall of snow on the 5th of August in the middle of the fourth century, between the years 352 and 366. In this church the Blessed Virgin has been specially honored by Christians. It is one of the three patriarchal churches in which the Pope celebrates certain festivals. Next to Loretto, it is the most famous in the world for the devotion of the faithful to the Mother of God. For this reason the invocation of the Blessed Virgin under the title of "Our Lady of the Snow" has been a favorite one for 1500 years, or from the early morning of Christianity. Its great antiquity commends it still to the faithful children of the Blessed Virgin, among whom the Trappists may certainly be reckoned. More than one monastery has taken the name of "The Blessed Virgin Mary *ad Nives*," whose feast is celebrated on the 5th of August."

"And all this is commemorated in this pin's head of a picture in your silver locket, Cousin Mabel!" said Anna, giving another long look through the microscope, made by a single drop of glass, with its imprisoned picture of the "Monastery of our Lady of the Snow."—*Catholic Universe*.

A Story of Blessed Eugenius III.

Many miracles are related of the holy Pope Eugenius III, who before he was raised to the see of Peter was a Cistercian monk. On a certain day, Brother Stabilis, a Roman by nation, fell asleep shortly after midday, and in his sleep the Blessed Eugenius appeared to him, and said to him, "Do you know me, Stabilis?" The monk answered that he knew him perfectly well. Eugenius then asked him why he had never been to visit him. Stabilis asked how, knowing him to be dead, was it possible he could visit him? The Blessed Eugenius then took him by the hand, and leading him to his tomb, said, "If only you seek me here you shall not depart without receiving a blessing." As soon as the bell sounded for the Divine Office Stabilis arose in haste, and, going to the tomb, he sought earnestly, with tears and sighs, that he might receive the favor that had been promised. Nor were his prayers in vain, for his left hand and arm which had been paralyzed for many years were suddenly healed.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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No. 33.

The Love of Mary.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE LATE O. A. BROWNSON, LL.D.

We need not say that works on the love and veneration of Mary can hardly be too much multiplied, for that love and veneration cannot be carried to excess. No doubt, wherever there is strong faith and lively devotion, without proper instruction, there may chance to be manifested now and then something of superstition, whether the immediate object of worship be the saints or even God Himself; for there is nothing which men cannot abuse. But superstition, except as combined with idolatry and unbelief, or misbelief, is not one of the dangers of our times; and as the worship of Mary is the best preservative from idolatry, heresy, and unbelief, so is it the best preservative from superstition. Her clients will never become spiritual rappers or abettors of modern necromancy. Her devout children will not be found among those who call up the spirits of the dead, and seek to be placed in communication with devils. The devils fly at her approach, and all lying spirits are silent in her presence. She is Queen of heaven and earth, and even rebellious spirits must tremble and bow before her. Demon-worship is undeniably reviving in the modern Protestant world, and especially in our own country; and there is no room to doubt that it is owing to the abandonment of the worship of Mary, which carries along with it the abandonment of the worship of her Son, the Incarnate God. Where Mary is not loved and honored, Christ is not worshipped; and where Christ is not worshipped, the devils have the field all to themselves. The first symptom of apostasy from Christ and of a lapse into heathenism is the neglect of the worship of His Most Holy Mother, and the rejection of that worship as superstition or idolatry; because that involves a

rejection of the Incarnation, which comprises in itself all Christianity. Christianity is held only when the Incarnation is held, and when that is held, Mary is held to be the Mother of God, and deserving of all honor as such. We cannot doubt the propriety of worshipping Mary till we have doubted her relation as Mother of God, and to doubt that is to doubt the whole Mystery of the Incarnation.

In its bearings on Christian faith and worship, then, we cherish the love of Mary, and are anxious to see devotion to her increased. But we are also anxious to see it increase, as the best preservative against the moral dangers of our epoch. Mary is the mother of chaste love, and chaste love is that which in our age is most rare. The predominating sin of our times is that of impurity, at once the cause and the effect of the modern sentimental philosophy. All the popular literature of the day is unchaste and impure, and it boldly denounces marriage as slavery and demands that loose reins be given to the passions. Catholic morality is scouted as impracticable and absurd; law is regarded as fallen into desuetude; intellect is derided; reason is looked upon as superfluous, if not tyrannical; and the heart is extolled as the representative of God on earth. Feeling is honored as the voice of the Most High, and whatever tends to restrain or control it is held to be a direct violation of the will of our Creator. Hence passion is deified, and nothing is held to be sacred but our transitory feelings. Hence everywhere we find an impatience of restraint, a loud and indignant protest against all rule or measure in our affections and all those usages and customs of past times intended as safeguards of manners and morals, and a universal demand for liberty, which simply means unbounded license to follow our impure or perverted instincts, and to indulge our most turbulent and unchaste passions, without shame or remorse.

The sentimental philosophy taught by that impure citizen of Calvin's city of Geneva, Jean Jacques Rousseau, in his *Confessions* and *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and which is popularized by such writers as Goethe, George Sand, Eugene Sue, Thomas Carlyle, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and, to some extent, Bulwer Lytton, consecrating corrupt concupiscence, has effected an almost universal dissolution of manners and depravation of morals. All bonds are loosened, and the very existence of society is threatened by the fearful and unrelenting warfare waged upon the family as constituted by Catholic morality. The terrible revolutions which for the last sixty or seventy years have shaken society to its foundations, and which have been repressed and are held in check for the moment only by the strong arm of arbitrary power, are only the outward manifestations of the still more terrible revolutions which have been going on in the interior of man; and the anarchy which reigns in society is only the natural expression of the anarchy that reigns in the bosom of the individual. In the non-Catholic world, and even in nominally Catholic countries, impurity has gained a powerful ascendancy, and seeks to proclaim itself as law, and to denounce whatever is hostile to it as repugnant to the rights both of God and man. Chastity is denounced as a vice, as a crime against nature, and the unrestrained indulgence of the senses is dignified with the name of virtue, nay, is denominated religious worship, and we may also fear that fornication and adultery may again be imposed as religious rites, as they were in ancient Babylon and other cities of the East.

The last, perhaps the only, remedy for this fearful state of things, is to be sought in promoting and extending the worship of Mary. Society is lapsing, if it has not already lapsed, into the state in which Christianity found it some eighteen hundred years ago, and a new conversion of the Gentiles has become necessary. Christian society can be restored only by the same faith and worship which originally created it. Jesus and Mary are now, as then, the only hope of the world, and their power and their goodness will remain undiminished. The love of Mary as Mother of God redeemed the pagan world from its horrible corruptions, introduced and sustained the Christian family, and secured the fruits of the sacrament of marriage. It will do no less for our modern world, if cultivated; and we regard as one of the favorable signs that better times are at hand, the increasing devotion to Mary. This increasing devotion is marked throughout the whole Catholic world, as is manifest from the intense interest that is felt in the probable approaching definition of

the question of the Immaculate Conception. Nowhere is the change in regard to devotion to Mary as the Mother of God more striking than among the Catholics of Great Britain and of our own country. This devotion is peculiarly Catholic, and any increase of it is an indication of reviving life and fervor among Catholics; and if Catholics had only the life and fervor they should have, the whole world would soon bow in humble reverence at the foot of the Cross. It is owing to our deadness, our lack of zeal, our lack of true fervor in our devotions, that so many nations and such multitudes of souls are still held in the chains of darkness, under the dominion of Satan.

There are two ways in which the love and service of Mary will contribute to redeem society and restore Christian purity,—the one the natural influence of such love and service on the heart of her worshippers, and the other the graces which in requital she obtains from her Son and bestows upon her clients. Mary is the mother of chaste love. The nature of love is always to unite the heart to the object loved, to become one with it, and as far as possible to become it. Love always makes us like the beloved, and we always become like the object we really and sincerely worship. If we may say, like worshippers, like gods, we may with equal truth say, like gods, like worshippers. The love of Mary tends naturally, from the nature of all love, to unite us to her by a virtue kindred to her own. We cannot love her, dwell constantly on her merits, on her excellences, her glories, without being constantly led to imitate her virtues, to love and strive after her perfect purity, her deep humility, her profound submission, and her unreserved obedience. Her love checks all lawlessness of the affections, all turbulence of the passions, all perturbation of the senses, fills the heart with sweet peace and a serene joy, restores to the soul its self-command, and maintains perfect order and tranquillity within. Something of this effect is produced whenever we love any virtuous person. Our novelists have marked it, and on the strength of it seek to reform the wild and graceless youth by inspiring in his heart a sincere love for a pure and virtuous woman; and the most dissolute are restrained, their turbulence is calmed, their impure desires repressed, in the presence of true virtue. If this is so when the beloved is but an ordinary mortal, how much more when the beloved, the one with whom we commune, and whose virtues we reverence and long to possess, is Mary, the Mother of God, the simplest and lowliest of handmaidens, but surpassing in true beauty, loveliness and worth, all the other creatures of God!

When the type of female dignity and excellence

admired is that of an Aspasia, a Lamia, a Phryne, a Ninou de l'Enclos, society is not only already corrupt, but is continually becoming more corrupt. So when the type of female worth and excellence, the ideal of woman, is Mary, society is not only in some degree virtuous, but must be continually rising to sublimer excellence, to more heroic sanctity. The advantage of having Mary always before the minds and hearts of our daughters as their model in humility, purity, sweetness, and obedience, in simplicity, modesty, and love, is not easily estimated. Trained up in the love and imitation of her virtues, they are trained to be wives and mothers, or holy virgins, spouses of Jesus Christ, sisters of the afflicted, and mothers of the poor. The sentimentalists of the day tell us that it is woman's mission to redeem society from its present corruption, and we believe it, though not in their sense, or for their reasons. Woman has generally retained more of Catholic faith and morality than has in these evil times been retained by the other sex, and is more open to good impressions, or rather, offers fewer obstacles to the operations of grace. During the worst times in France, when religion was abolished, when the churches were desecrated, the clergy massacred, and the profane rites of the impure Venus were revived, the great majority of the women of France retained their faith, and cherished the worship of the Virgin. We have no sympathy with those who make woman an idol, and clamor for what they call "woman's rights," but we honor woman, and depend on her, under God, to preserve and diffuse Catholic morality in the family, and if in the family then in the State. There is always hope for society as long as woman remains believing and chaste, and nothing will contribute so much to her remaining so, as having the Blessed Virgin presented to her from the first dawn of her affections as her Mother, her Queen, her sweet Lady, her type of womanhood, a model which it must be the unremitting labor of her life to copy.

Undoubtedly the love and service of Mary are restricted to Catholics, and to those Catholics not undeserving of the name; but this is no objection to our general conclusion. We are too apt to forget that the Church is in the world, and that it is through her that society is redeemed,—too apt to forget that the quiet and unobtrusive virtues of Catholics, living in the midst of a hostile world, are always powerful in their operations on that world; and that the world is converted, not by the direct efforts which we make to convert it, but by the efforts which we make to live ourselves as good Catholics, and to save our own souls. The little handful of sincere and devout Catholics, the little

family of sincere and earnest clients of Mary, seeking to imitate her virtues in their own little community, are as leaven hidden in three measures of meal. Virtue goes forth from them, diffuses itself on all sides, till the whole is leavened. No matter how small the number, the fact that even some keep alive in the community the love and veneration of Mary, the true ideal of womanhood, the true Patroness of the Christian family, the mother of chaste love, adorned with all the virtues, and to whom the Holy Ghost says, "Thou art all beautiful, My dove," must have a redeeming effect on the whole community, and sooner or later must banish impurity, and revive the love of holy purity, and reverence for Catholic morality.

For, in the second place, the worship of Mary is profitable, not only by the subjective effect it has upon her lovers, but also by the blessings she obtains for them, and, at their solicitation, for others. In these later times we have almost lost sight of religion in its objective character. The world has ceased to believe in the Real Presence; it denies the whole sacramental character of Christianity, and laughs at us when we speak of any sacrament as having any virtue not derived from the faith and virtue of the recipient. The whole non-Catholic world makes religion a purely subjective affair, and deduces all its truth from the mind, and all its efficacy from the heart, that accepts and cherishes it, so that even in religion, which is a binding of man anew to God, man is everything and God is nothing. At bottom that world is atheistical, at best epicurean. It either denies God altogether, or excludes Him from all care of the world He has created. It has no understanding of His providence, no belief in His abiding presence with His creatures, or His free and tender providence in their behalf. Faith, it assumes, is profitable only in its subjective operations, prayer only in its natural effect on the mind and heart of him who prays, and love only in its natural effect on the affections of the lover. This cold and atheistical philosophy is the enlightenment, the progress, of our age. But we who are Christians know that it is false; we know that God is very near unto every one of us, is ever free to help us, and that there is nothing that He will not do for them that love Him truly, sincerely, and confide in Him, and in Him only.

Mary is the channel through which her Divine Son dispenses all His graces and blessings to us, and He loves and delights to load with His favors all who love and honor her. Thus to love and serve her is the way to secure His favor, and to obtain those graces which we need to resist the workings of concupiscence and to maintain the purity of our souls and of our bodies, which are

the temple of God. She says, "I love them that love me," and we cannot doubt that she will favor with her always successful intercession those whom she loves. She will obtain grace for us to keep ourselves chaste, and will in requital of our love to her obtain graces even for those without, that they may be brought in and healed of their wounds and putrefying sores. So that under either point of view the love and worship of Mary, the Mother of God, a mother yet a virgin, always a virgin, virgin most pure, most holy, most humble, most amiable, most loving, most merciful, most faithful, most powerful, cannot fail to enable us to overcome the terrible impurity of our age, and to attain to the virtues now most needed for our own individual salvation and for the safety of society.

In this view of the case, we must feel that nothing is more important than the cultivation of the love and worship of Mary. She is our life, our sweetness, our hope, and we must suffer no sneers of those without, no profane babblings about "Mariolatry," to move us, or in the least deter us from giving our hearts to Mary. We must fly to her protection as the child flies to its mother, and seek our safety and our consolation in her love, in her maternal embrace. We are safe only as far as we repose our heads upon her bosom, and draw nourishment from her breasts.

[For the Ave Maria.]

"They Know not what They do."

BY CHARLES W. GREEN.

All nature trembled with amaze,
 An awful darkness clothed the sun,
 Inhuman shouts that rent the air
 Proclaimed the nameless deed was done.
 Though bleeding, dying on the Cross,
 Those precious hands and feet pierced through,
 His pallid lips breathed one last prayer—
 "Forgive, they know not what they do."

And now, when blessed Mary's name
 Is coldly, rudely thrust aside,
 Her intercession, lofty rank,
 And glorious place in Heaven denied,
 Perchance, before the Eternal Throne,
 With tear-filled eyes of sweetest hue,
 She pleads, "Oh! spare them yet awhile;
 Forgive, they know not what they do."

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

THE mania of being somebody ruins most minds in the present day. Glory is the illusion of childhood, and of some men who never grow out of childish ways.—*Lacordaire.*

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Off they went at last, bounding over the green turf, and through the rich plantations, till a loud tally-ho! rang over the hills, announcing that the fox had broken cover; the hounds answered in full cry, and the horses flew on over marshes and meadows, fences, gates, quarries, stone walls, leaping all with the reckless daring that is peculiar to Irish hunters and Irish riders; they gained the valley, where the rich young harvest fields were trampled down under remorseless hoofs; the stream ran wide and deep between its banks; here and there a block of granite, or a boulder, dislodged from the overhanging hills, had rolled down and rooted itself amongst the brushwood that grew in wild luxuriance by the water's edge. Colonel Blake knew every stone on both sides, and the best spot to take the stream; the sun shone full in his face at this moment, a circumstance which would have made him wary if he had been less familiar with the road; but he never gave it a thought before setting Meg Merrilies to the leap; she had taken it scores of times, and knew the stream as well as he did. Boring on the bit, he set her head towards a point where an inward curve in the opposite bank narrowed the interval; then he rose lightly in the saddle, while Meg, laying her ears flat, and gathering up her forefeet till her knees nearly touched her chest, flung out her hind legs on a line with her tail, and cleared the water like a greyhound. As she alighted on the opposite bank a cry rang out over the valley, loud, shrill, and wild; it sounded human, only that it was too loud and powerful to have come from any single human voice; it was like the shriek of a giant. It was Meg Merrilies' death-cry. She had taken her last leap, and lay stretched by the riverside, lifeless, with her master crushed under her, and nearly drowned in her blood; she had come down on a boulder, which had driven its sharp edge deep into her flank, piercing her heart, and causing instant death. The tally-ho! sounded again, and the hunt flew by, crossing the stream at different points; but the treacherous foliage which had lured poor Meg to destruction concealed the disaster at first from view. Major Fitzgerald and Mr. O'Donoghue came last and nearest.

"Good God! what has happened!" cried the latter, springing off his horse, and both rushed to the spot. The mare was dead; they could not tell whether the rider was dead or not. They drew him from under the mare as gently as they could, then filled their hunting-caps with water and poured it plentifully over him; it soon became evident that the blood which covered his neck

and face was not his own, and that the injuries he had received were not external; they poured some brandy down his throat, but he gave no sign of consciousness of feeling.

"I'm afraid it's a bad business," said Major Fitzgerald; "he has received a tremendous shock somewhere, either in the head or the heart, perhaps both."

"What's to do now? How are we to move him?" said Mr. O'Donoghue.

"We had better lift him on to one of our horses, and carry him to the nearest cabin," suggested the Major.

The Colonel was a powerfully-framed man, so this was no easy task; they managed to do it, however, putting all their united strength to lifting the dead weight and then holding it on the horse. It so happened that the Torrys' cabin was the nearest; they conveyed him thither, and the widow received them with touching marks of welcome and distress. The wives of the fishermen were used to see men brought in to them half dead from the dangers of the sea, and Molly, who was a fisherman's daughter, was experienced in applying the immediate remedies resorted to in such accidents. This one was from a different cause, still she fancied that a swoon, whatever it came from, should yield to the same treatment; she proceeded therefore to try all her expedients with the utmost alacrity and deftness; she rubbed his hands and feet, put hot flannels to them, chafed his temples with brandy from the gentlemen's flasks, and tried to pour some down his throat; all this she did with the help of Major Fitzgerald; Mr. O'Donoghue had ridden on to The Towers to get a carriage to fetch the Colonel home, and to despatch a messenger for the doctor. Nothing, so far, had had the faintest effect; the Colonel remained still as insensible as a dead man; he was not dead, they could testify; the pulse was sensible, though extremely faint, and they could feel the pulsations of the heart feebly. The carriage arrived in an incredibly short time, with Burke and the house-keeper, and two men-servants to help.

"Who is to go now and tell my lady of it?" demanded Burke, as his master was placed in the carriage, and they were preparing to move off; "hadn't you better go, sir?" he said, turning to Major Fitzgerald.

"By Jove, I'd rather walk from this to Dublin and back!" exclaimed the young man; "I don't believe I could do it; I'd make matters worse by doing it so awkwardly; had not you better go, O'Donoghue? You are more intimate than I am; I think it would come better from you."

"There is no better nor worse about it, that I can see," replied O'Donoghue; "but some one

must do it, and if you won't I suppose I must."

He rode after the hunt with a heavy heart; Colonel Blake judged the dandy rightly; he had more depth than the world gave him credit for. The event of the last hour had brought out his better nature; he neither drawled nor lisped, but spoke with the rapid, distinct utterance of a man who is stirred by strong emotions and driven to complete forgetfulness of self.

It was nearly half an hour before the hunting party, which had lately set forth in such brilliant spirits, returned in dismay and sorrow, with Lady Margaret.

She was very white, but wonderfully calm and collected.

"My God! Is he then still insensible!" she said, growing a shade paler, as Major Fitzgerald met her in the hall and confessed the fact in answer to her direct enquiries. She put her maid aside, and throwing down her whip and hat, hurried upstairs to her husband's room. The strong man lay stretched on the bed, helpless as an infant and still as death. A dreadful fear fell upon Lady Margaret; she bent over him, clasping him and calling him by his name, but he did not answer by so much as a sigh. Several of the gentlemen had followed her into the room and stood round the bed.

"Can none of you do anything? Can none of you help?" she said, looking from one to the other; and though the words were few and quietly spoken, there was something more heart-rending in the despairing appeal they contained than the most passionate grief.

"Everything has been tried that could be done without a doctor," said Mr. O'Donoghue; "MacFay will be here shortly now, and may probably bleed him; don't be too much alarmed, Lady Margaret," he added in a sensible, quiet tone, that was reassuring because it was sincere; "I don't believe there is any serious reason for being frightened; I have seen worse accidents than this in the hunting-field, and I have seen men get over them; I believe the Colonel is more stunned than hurt."

"But he is so long insensible! Have you ever known a swoon like this last so long?" she asked, laying her hand on the Colonel's heart, while she kept her eyes steadily on the young man, to read the sincerity of his answer in his face.

"I have known one last four hours!" said Sir John Carew, triumphantly; "I had one myself that lasted two hours, and this has not lasted one yet, eh?" turning to Major Fitzgerald.

The Major pulled out his watch. "Not quite; fifty minutes, I think."

"Did the mare seem severely hurt?" enquired Lady Margaret, remembering her husband's favor-

ite, for the first time; Mr. O'Donoghue had passed lightly over Meg's share in the accident, in order not to alarm her.

"Yes, poor thing, she got the brunt of it; luckily she came down first, or it would have gone harder with Blake."

"She is being attended to, I hope? Kevin was so fond of her. I hope she is not much injured?"

"Oh, we saw to all that," said the young man, pulling out his watch, though he knew the hour to a minute.

"You had better go downstairs, all of you," said Lady Margaret; "you can do nothing for Kevin, you see, and you must be in want of refreshment after the ride and all this painful excitement. Sir John, you will take my husband's place and attend to his friends."

There was a gentle decision in the way she spoke that made protest or opposition impossible; they left the room quietly, and Lady Margaret, desiring Burke and Mrs. Coyle to do likewise, closed the door, and knelt down by the bedside and called God to her aid. She prayed as she had never prayed before; it was rather some one else who prayed in her: a voice beyond her voice, a soul within her soul; the finger of God striking chords that never vibrate to any touch but His. Why did she long at that moment for Mr. Ringwood to be there to speak to her? Her own appointed pastor, the Reverend Mr. Wilkinson, was downstairs, full of sincere sympathy and desire to help; but it never occurred to Lady Margaret to ask for him. What could he do for her? What, for that matter, could the Catholic priest do for her? What could anybody do, but the doctor? Yet her instinctive longing was for Divine rather than human help. Every moment added to her anxiety, while her husband lay there rigid and insensible. If love be stronger than death she ought to have had power to awaken him, her voice ought to have been strong enough to reach him even in this death-like lethargy. "Kevin! Kevin! my precious, beloved one! Speak to me; open your eyes for one moment and look at me." She put her warm cheek against his, and called to him with intense love and anguish. Was it the voice or the caress that reached the sleeper? His lids quivered, and he opened his eyes and looked at her. A thrill of unspeakable joy shot through Lady Margaret.

"My darling! you know me! your own Peggy?"

He pressed her hand; it was the feeblest pressure, but she felt it; he was trying to say something; his features worked painfully with the effort, but he could not articulate a sound.

"We have sent for Dr. MacFay, dearest; he will be here in a few minutes," said Lady Margaret,

trying to anticipate what he wanted to say.

But he closed his eyes, and there was a negative contraction of the brow, which showed her that she had not guessed right.

"They are all downstairs; would you like to see any of them? Sir John, or Mr. O'Donoghue?"

"No; the same look of distress and twitching of the features distinctly said this was not what he wanted. Lady Margaret was in despair; her husband seemed to be praying for strength to utter words that would not come; his eyes were lifted up once or twice, evidently in prayer. A sudden idea struck her; she took his hand, and holding it softly in hers, said:

"Press my hand when you mean 'yes.' Are you in pain?"

There was no pressure, but she gathered from the expression of his face and a slight movement of the head that he was not; but again there came that upturned, imploring glance. If she could but understand it!

"Would you like Mr. Wilkinson to come up and pray with you, darling?"

No assent, but a more vehement effort than before, to speak; every nerve in his body seemed quivering in the struggle, strained to the utmost.

"My God, in the name of Jesus Christ crucified, help him to say it!" cried the agonized woman, aloud.

A swift, convulsive-like tremor passed through the Colonel's body, and loosened the tongue for one instant:

"The priest!" he gasped.

"The Catholic priest! Father Fallon?"

His fingers closed on her hand with a sudden clutch that left no doubt as to the meaning; still, to make sure that there could be no confusion in his mind, or in hers, she said:

"Press my hand again if you mean 'yes'; do you want to see Father Fallon? am I to send for him?"

The fingers closed with a decided pressure which made all further doubt impossible. Lady Margaret rose at once, and opened the door; Burke and some of the other servants were sitting on the stairs; Mr. O'Donoghue was standing at the window, looking out towards the Ballyrock road, watching for the first sign of the doctor's approach. He started and came forward with anxious, questioning face when he saw Lady Margaret.

"Let a messenger be despatched at once for Father Fallon," she said, addressing herself to Burke; she was as white as marble, and apparently as unmoved.

"Glory be to God! Has the masher asked for him!" cried the butler, with the familiarity of an

old servant, while an uncontrollable accent of joy was audible in his voice.

"He has; send the best horse, and let Mat ride him."

"Sure Mat is gone for the docthor, mylady; but Murphy'll go; he weighs nothing in the saddle, and he'll be there and back in no time," replied Burke. The other servants were listening open-mouthed.

"Let me take the message, Lady Margaret," said Mr. O'Donoghue; "I shall be thankful to be of some use, and you may trust my doing it as quickly as any of them."

"Thank you; then, pray, go!" she said, briefly.

The consternation caused by this news from the sick-room was very great; the hall and the stables took to rejoicing over it in their own fashion, while Burke carried the wonderful intelligence to the library, where the guests were assembled. There received it according to their lights.

"Good God! Sent for the priest! The poor fellow must be quite off his head! I thought from the first the brain was injured; it is clearly a case of apoplexy; dear me! it's very sad, quite deplorable!" This was Sir John's dirge over the Colonel.

"He will not be held accountable for it if he does not know what he is doing, poor man; he will repent on coming to his senses," said Mr. Wilkinson, who started to his feet and grew very red in the face on hearing what had happened.

"It is possible he may be only coming to his right senses now," said Major Fitzegrad, who was a Catholic, staunch as granite, though not a very devout one. "Protestantism is a very comfortable religion to live in," he added, "but there is nothing like the Catholic Church when it comes to dying. God grant it be not come to that with poor Blake; but this looks like it."

"You ought to have gone up and attended to him, and prevented this, Wilkinson," said the corpulent baronet, turning almost savagely on the clergyman, who, in his dusty hunting-gear, booted and spurred, did not certainly embody the ideal of the priest, whose mission it was to anoint the sick and help the dying sinner in his supreme hour of need. Perhaps the utter incongruity of his appearance, the mockery it cast on his sacred character, struck Mr. Wilkinson himself, and smote his conscience; he bore the attack without a word, and walked to the window in silence. Presently he said, speaking more to himself than to those present: "I would have gone if I thought I could have been of any use—if I could have given any comfort either to Colonel Blake or his wife; but I felt if they wished me to go they would have

sent for me; a man does not like to seem officious, to intrude where he is not wanted."

And when we remember the distant terms he had always been on with his two parishioners, what a merely nominal bond their spiritual relationship had been, there was truth and mere justification in these remarks. The Catholics who were present exchanged glances, and seemed to say to one another: "What manner of Church is this, where the priest feels an intruder at the death-bed of one of his flock!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINE.

[CONTINUED.]

Denial and concealment are no real attributes of the Catholic Church. Italian theologians tell us that Truth is one and immutable, and that her advocates must declare her openly, fearlessly. If apparently she seem against their dogma, they must still declare her; and if they stand by her faithfully she will in turn vindicate them. Acting on this principle, they make their people sharers in the knowledge of the lives of their holy ones; and every miracle, every wonder, is well known among the masses. Results speak loudly in favor of their system, for nowhere does implicit faith exist more fully than it does in Italy, not even among those dwelling in the shadow of Calvary, or on the olive-clad hills of Bethlehem. Faith is the virtue that reigns supreme, and no heresy of these times can trace its origin to that centre of living Christianity.

Yet other Christian nations often have too little confidence in Italy, and many of the household echo the voice of anti-Catholicism in saying that "religion is preferable and purer where less mingled with superstition." We are very proud of our title, "Roman," yet we often refuse to place any reliance on the immediate surroundings of the Eternal City. Italy, it is true, has had her revolutions; but in spite of the Reign of Terror, and the Commune, not to speak of intervening riots, self-styled "revolutions," Catholic France has not lost the respect of the Christian world. Why should we pour forth our righteous indignation indiscriminately upon all Italians, when in France we are able to make the distinction between the desperate outlaw and the peaceful citizen, between the red-republican and the legitimist? Why should we close our eyes to the thousands who frequent Loretto while we gaze so lovingly on the groups around Notre Dame de Lourdes and Notre Dame de La Salette? Yet it is

so, and the teachings of any Catholic country are too often considered preferable to the voice of Italy; nay, even the circumstance of something being customary there would cause that practice to be eyed with disfavor by many calling themselves sincere Catholics.

The foregoing may explain why the family of Louise Lateau did not know of the Stigmata, that brilliant jewel in the common treasury owned by the Communion of Saints. But whether it was unnecessary knowledge, injurious to the faith of Bois d'Haine in general, and harmful to the virtue of the Lateau family in particular, the Almighty Himself took the task of judging.

Friday, April the 24th, Louise was again conscious of pain in the five localities of the Stigmata, and a wound made its appearance in her left side. It bled plentifully; but, with her habitual reticence, she mentioned the fact to no one, and the next day the wound was entirely healed. The succeeding Friday, not only did the blood issue from her side, but also from the upper surface of her feet; again concealing these facts from her family, she, however, made M. le Curé her confidant. The conclusion that he drew he did not dare to admit to himself, much less to Louise, who, obedient to his advice, still preserved silence on the subject. The third Friday, the blood flowed profusely not only from her side and from both surfaces of her feet, but also from her hands—thus rendering further concealment impossible.

M. le Curé advised Louise to apply to the physician at Fayt—who, although a Catholic, actually undertook to cure the Stigmata. One might laugh at so great a folly were not the Five Wounds of our Lord too sacred a theme for merriment. Had it been necessary for this physician to be familiar with this "faith-disturbing miracle"?

There is not from the southern slopes of the Alps to the most remote corner of that fair island which, half-occidental, half-oriental, rests between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, one village doctor who would for an instant imagine that these sufferings could come within the range of his medical power. In these latter days, alas! it might be too easy to find those who, to please a silly, an incomprehensible vanity, style themselves "liberals, free-thinkers," infidels"; but whatever opinions the idle lips of such a one might utter, the beautiful legends of infancy would be stored in his heart. He would remember how his mother, or perhaps a brother or a sister scarcely older than himself, had, in the days of a pious, trustful childhood, explained the paintings and statues of St. Francis of Assisi which no doubt occupied prominent places in the churches of his native town. He would also perhaps recollect how, when boyhood was just de-

veloping into manhood—while life was fresh and beautiful to him, because the shadow of the world's defilement had not as yet clouded the serene purity of his soul, a believing heart and willing feet had borne him over the green Umbrian hills to pray on the spots hallowed by the footsteps of St. Francis. One glance at the bleeding form of the simple peasant-maid would have aroused all these holy recollections; one glance would have pierced his very heart, and the words "God be merciful to me a sinner!" would have burst from his lips.

But with the doctor of Fayt it was otherwise. Had he ever heard of any similar miracle? Probably not; and if he had, no doubt it was coupled with the words, "it is not an article of faith, you know." His efforts resulted in causing poor Louise the most excruciating torments; but the progress of the miracle was uninterrupted. Each Friday the Five Wounds appeared; each Saturday they were completely healed, only a little redness of the skin remaining.

Towards the middle of June, no relief having been obtained, Louise was permitted to give up his treatment. This same physician now declares that he never attempted to cure Louise of the Stigmata, but the fact is too well known in the vicinity for him to deny his egregious mistake. However, he cannot with justice be made an object of ridicule, since he is only the victim of a false system—a system which is loudly demanding admittance into our New-World Catholicism.

To use the language of mere science, these weekly-recurring wounds in localities which make them at least a wonderful coincidence in Louise's case, were accompanied by other phenomena not less remarkable. The most conspicuous among them is the state of ecstasy in which her Friday's sufferings terminate. The first traces of this condition made their appearance long before the Stigmata. One day during the summer of 1867, when, while making the Way of the Cross, she was meditating on the third Station, Jesus falling under the weight of the Cross, a flash of spiritual light flooded her mind, increasing her humility, and causing her to reproach herself because she had so little love of God. The state of abstraction caused by this meditation was the first sign of the ecstasies which afterwards joined themselves to the miracle of the Stigmata.

During the days of convalescence which succeeded the 15th of April, 1868, those who visited her sick-room remarked that frequently the features of Louise were illumined by an expression of radiant happiness which gave the hard features of the peasant girl a beauty almost angelic; but if on these occasions her senses failed her, the

recall to outer life was so instantaneous that no one remarked any abstracted manner.

The first decided indication of these ecstasies was a certain absorption in God, which accompanied the weekly apparition of the Stigmata; an absorption which on the day following the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel—the thirteenth Friday of the miracle—was changed into ecstasy. At first this ecstasy was variable, coming and going, every day of the week, any hour of the twenty-four; but it is now some time since it has a fixed boundary, which varies but slightly. This ecstasy begins between the hours of 1 and 2 p. m., sometimes later, but never earlier, and it terminates between 4 and 5 p. m.

Louise never knows the exact moment of its arrival; she may be in the act of speaking, in the middle of a sentence; she may be listening to an exhortation; she may be replying to a question, when suddenly the fixed gaze, the radiant face, tell the bystanders that her communication is now with another world.

What is taking place? what is she seeing?

Listen to her own words:

"I am seized with an intense, a vivid sense of the presence of God. I see His immensity and my own nothingness, and I know not where to hide myself."

This illumination of the mind is immediately followed by a lesser light, by which Louise is made to witness all the scenes of our Lord's Passion, from Gethsemani to Calvary. She sees Him in all the stages of the Passion, but she is simply a witness, not a sharer in the action, and our Lord never notices her. She is insensible to the outer world; but nevertheless, even during this state of insensibility, the voice of ecclesiastical authority, the voice of the Church, can reach her mind. The single word, "Louise," uttered by any one of her ecclesiastical superiors, or by any one to whom, even unknown to her, they may have transmitted their authority, will suffice to recall her to herself, and she replies to any question which that person may make, although she will relapse into her spiritual slumber as soon as the reply is finished. When she is in this state, present her any object that has been blessed and she exhibits an instant desire to grasp it. Read to her any prayer of the Church, any psalm in any language, and the ecstatic expression will vary according to the words and the sense of the prayer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE who sincerely desires the end, desires the means; he who neglects the means, shows evidently that he cares very little for the end.

The Peace of God.

Where gently falls the rays of light
Upon the ark of gold—
Where sacred symbols silently
The Sacred Presence told—
Upon the Altar's step,
Where priestly footsteps trod,
There knelt a monk in prayer—unseen,
Save by the eye of God.

"O Christ!" he cried, "I long have toiled
To do Thy blessèd will,
And yet my heart is torn by doubts,
My soul is restless still.
And now, O Jesus! I am old,
And now I crave for rest—
For rest and peace like his who leant
His head on Thy dear Breast.

"Sweet Jesus! I have tried to walk
Where Thy bless'd feet have led;
And I have soothed Thy poor and sick,
And watched the dying bed.
And yet within my secret heart
I cannot feel Thy grace;
O dear Redeemer of the world,
Why hidest Thou Thy face?"

And lo! the mourner heard the Voice—
As soft as angel tread;
It whispered sweetly in his soul,
And to his spirit said:

"Each merciful and kindly act
That thou for Me hast done—
Thy works, thy prayers, thy bitter tears,
I know them all, My son.

"And, as My word is true, the deeds
That thou hast done for Me
Shall shine like stars within the crown
That I will give to thee.
But one thing have I sought of thee,
Alas! My son, in vain—
True faith in Me, who died that man
Eternal life might gain.

"For love of man, reproach and scorn
And stripes and bonds I bore;
For love of man the crown of thorn
My bleeding Temples wore;
For love of man My Sacred Heart
Was pierced by bitter woe;
For love of man, on Calvary's Cross
My streaming Blood did flow.

"For love of man, My flesh I give
In Sacramental Bread—
Pour forth again the saving Blood
For all so freely shed.
Then trust in Me, poor troubled heart,
So tossed by fear and doubt:
Who comes in simple faith to Me,
I will not cast him out!"

Then felt the monk that in his soul
 God's light had dawned at last,
 That all the clouds and all the mist
 For evermore were passed.
 A wondrous peace—the peace of God—
 Upon his spirit fell.
 O God! this peace which Thou dost give,
 Thy sons alone can tell.

Dear Saviour, give our fearful souls
 This precious, saving grace;
 Sweet Heart of Jesus, grant that we
 More faith in Thee may place!
 Thus shall we find—O priceless gift!
 The boon for which we pray,
 The joy the world can never give,
 And never take away.

At break of dawn the holy monks
 The vaulted chancel tread,
 And find—a smile upon his lips—
 Their brother cold and dead.
 With many a prayer his wasted corse
 They lay beneath the sod;
 And o'er his grave they write the words:
 "He died at peace with God!"

—*London Lamp.*

Catholic Notes.

—A Catholic college and church are to be erected at De Graff, Minn., for which forty acres of land have been purchased as a site.

—A new Catholic journal has appeared in Paris—*La Défense Sociale et Religieuse*, under the patronage, it is said, of the Bishop of Orleans.

—PERSONAL.—If "A Poor Boy," Philadelphia, will send his address, we shall be glad to reply to his letter. His request has been complied with.

—Messrs. Major & Knaff, of New York, have our thanks for three very pretty chromos, sent us last week, but which were spoiled by pressure in the mails. The prices were not given.

—Among the many presents given lately by the German pilgrims to the Holy Father is a magnificent *pluviale* (cape) which the Queen-dowager Amelia of Saxony made with her own hand.

—The *London Express* offers no sympathy to Earl Nelson on his son's conversion to Catholicity. The noble lord, it says, must blame his own example, as he belonged to the High Church party, and it is scarcely surprising that his son should have crossed the boundary line which divides the Oxford party from the Church of Rome.

—The Church of St. Philomena (the beloved Patron of the saintly Curé d'Ars) at Ars, France, is likely to be completed soon. A collection for this purpose is being made in England. The Curé d'Ars, as is mentioned in his Life, promised to pray especially for all those who should help in the erection of this church—a work in which he had a deep interest.

—A strange mistake was spread all through Germany, and even found its way into the Austrian newspapers, with respect to the Corpus Christi procession at Ems. It was stated that the Emperor witnessed the procession with uncovered head. It was taken for granted that it was the Emperor William of Germany. This was a mistake. It was the Emperor Alexander of Russia.

—The Right Rev. Monsignor Robert Seton, D.D., has been appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Jersey City Heights. Monsignor Seton is a son of the late Capt. Seton of the United States Navy, a grandson of Mother Seton, founder of the Order of the Sisters of Charity and of St. Joseph's Convent; is a brother of Capt. Harry Seton of the United States Army, and cousin of Archbishop Bayley.

—It is announced that the Society of Catholic Youth in Italy has decided to make a pilgrimage to the principal Sanctuaries of France next August, and the Society of Our Lady of Help, in France, proposes a pilgrimage of young men, principally students, and other practical Catholics, to be made to the most noted Sanctuaries of Italy, especially to those in Rome. It is desired that each French diocese should furnish at least ten pilgrims.

—The deans and pastors of the Rhenish Prussian dioceses, Cologne, Munster, Paderborn, and Triers, lately held a conference at which a resolution was passed to ask information from the Holy See as to the manner of acting with regard to secular teachers who have not the *missio canonica* for giving religious instruction. As the pastors themselves are deprived of all immediate influence over their parish schools, and are even prohibited to enter the class-rooms, the above resolution is the wisest measure that could be adopted under present circumstances.

—The Rev. Father Douglas (Lord Douglas) recently sang his first Mass at the chapel of the Carmelites, at Kensington (England). He is the only brother and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Hamilton, and is still in the prime and flower of youth. He was born in 1843, and was educated at Eton. In 1866 he received an appointment in the 11th Hussars, and was aid-de-camp to Baron Napier of Magdala during the Abyssinian war. He is the son of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton, and of the Princess Mary, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and cousin of Napoleon III. His only sister, Mary Victoria, was in 1869 married to Prince Albert of Monaco.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, adverting to the recent celebration at Lourdes, expresses surprise "that this ceremony, ordered by the Pope, is not a dogmatic definition of apparitions of the Virgin, and people may still doubt the miracle..." Catholics feel no such surprise, replies the *Tablet*, because they know that no dogmatic definition of a miracle, or of any other religious fact subsequent of the Divine Revelation contained in the Deposit of the Faith, ever has or will be given. Belief in the apparition and miracles of Lourdes is simply a matter of evidence. The approbation of the Pope, given to the devotion, assures us

that the statements on which it is based are credible. Such approbation is not given until the investigations of competent authority have disproved the possibility of fraud or delusion.

—A great reparation has just been accomplished at the moment when it was least expected. Monsignor Hassoun, Catholic Armenian Patriarch of Cilicia, was after four years of exile at last permitted to re-enter Constantinople, his native city and patriarchal residence. It is to the equity of the new Sultan that is due the honor of this reparation, so long and vainly hoped for under his predecessor. The Catholics have great cause of joy, without any for regret, as the Holy Father and the entire Roman Court are also rejoiced at this event. By this act the Sultan Murad and his Government have shown great political tact and sound judgment. They have reconciled the sympathies of 10,000 Armenians, and of all their Catholic brethren in Europe. Even during the last persecution the Catholic Armenians have always proved faithful subjects of the Sultan.

—A few days since, reports a French paper, a lady plainly dressed called for Mr. A. Desgeorges, treasurer of Saint Leonard's Charitable Institution, and thus addressed him: "It is I who brought you last year 12,000 francs; here is another little donation, which I beg you to accept and to employ for the same good purpose." Mr. Desgeorges counted the money, amounting to 3,000 francs. As on the previous year, he was anxious to know the name of the generous donor, but he was again disappointed. "But, Madam," objected Mr. D., "we must know at least for whom we have to pray." "Oh!" answered the lady, "if prayers are said for the benefactors, God will know me well enough to be one of them." The institution of Saint Leonard receives liberated convicts on the day of their leaving the prisons, procures employment for them, and works for their moral reformation and rehabilitation.

New Publications.

THE WISE NUN OF EASTONMERE. AND OTHER TALES.

By Miss Taylor, Author of "Irish Hearts and Irish Homes," "Tyborne," etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

The Catholic youth of Great Britain and America owe a debt of gratitude to the talented author of "Tyborne." As her stories while away the tedium of spare hours, they will serve a doubly useful purpose by inoculating the minds of youth with wholesome precepts for their guidance through life, and sowing seeds that will bear good fruit later on. The beautiful story of "The Wise Nun of Eastonmere" is already familiar to most of our readers, having been first written for the *Ave Maria* and published in its pages a year or two ago under the title of "Our Lady's Jasmine." Since then it was issued in book-form in England, together with two 'other stories' from the same pen, "True to the End," and "Olive's Rescue"—under the present title, and received well-deserved praise from the English Catholic press. The

Messrs. Kelly and Piet have republished the work from the English copy, and we have no doubt it will meet with as warm encouragement from American readers as any that could have been given it abroad. We cordially recommend the works of Miss Taylor to the attention of parents and others purchasing books for young people. That they will like them, there is no doubt, and that they will have a beneficial influence is no less certain.

THE THREE PEARLS; OR VIRGINITY AND MARTYRDOM.

By a Daughter of Charity. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This is indisputably one of the most charming books of the season. Sts. Agnes, Cecilia and Catherine, the three Pearls, are so vividly and beautifully portrayed that their glorious names seem to shine with new lustre and evoke new praise. We associate this volume with the "Three Phases of Christian Love," a book which no one who has read will forget, and which received such a warm reception from Catholic readers. We trust "The Three Pearls" will be equally popular, and hope its gifted author will no longer hide the light of her literary talents. The publisher has issued the volume in handsome shape, doubtless intending it for a gift-book, for which it is singularly appropriate.

REFLECTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

With a Preface by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

We are glad to see an American edition of this excellent work, which is a valuable addition to our books of devotion. It is practical throughout, and cannot fail to please and benefit the pious reader. Freedom from the ordinary faults of devotional works is a further recommendation.

—A new dramatic poem, "St. Thomas of Canterbury," by Aubrey de Vere, is in press.

—Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co. will shortly issue a new edition of "Excerpta ex Rituali Romani"; "Meditations on the Sufferings of Christ," by Catherine Emerich, a new and complete edition, with preface and life by the Abbé de Cazales; "The Discipline of Drink," by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S. R., with an introductory letter to the author, by his Eminence Cardinal Manning.

—Patrick Fox, of St. Louis, has published a new edition of Cardinal Wiseman's Lecture on "Science and Religion."

—RECEIVED.—MARGARET ROPER; OR, THE CHANCELLOR'S DAUGHTER. By Miss Agnes M. Stewart. *The Young Crusader* for July.

Obituary.

MOST REV. THOMAS LOUIS CONNOLLY, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

Most Rev. THOMAS LOUIS CONNOLLY, D. D., O. M. C., Archbishop of Halifax, Nova Scotia, died at his residence, at midnight, July 27. On the following day the remains were laid in state at the Clonagh House.

where they were viewed by an immense number of people. The respect in which his Grace was held by all classes was evinced by the display of flags at half-mast, and the other signs of mourning that were exhibited.

Dr. Connolly left his native Ireland some thirty-six years ago, and went to Nova Scotia with the Most Rev. Dr. William Walsh, first Archbishop of Halifax. For twelve years Dr. Connolly acted as Dr. Walsh's Vicar-General, at the expiration of which time he was, on the 5th of May, 1852, appointed Bishop of St. John's, New Brunswick. On the death of Archbishop Walsh, in 1853, Bishop Connolly was translated to the Archbishopial See of Halifax, his appointment by the Holy See being dated April 15, 1859. Since that time, up to the day of his death, he has labored zealously and successfully for his flock. His funeral took place from St. Mary's Cathedral, on Monday, July 31st.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

—The intelligence of the death of Mr. MICHAEL SCANLON, of Hartford, Conn., will be received with feelings of deep regret by the many friends whom his noble qualities have bound to him by ties which death can scarce sunder. He passed peacefully away, in the bosom of his family, fortified by the last rites of the Church, on the 14th of July. The funeral services took place at St. Peter's Church, consisting of a solemn requiem High Mass, Father Cremin being celebrant, and Fathers Walsh and Slocum, deacon and subdeacon. Mr. Scanlon was a good and affectionate father, a loving and provident husband, a worthy and honored citizen, and he preached his holy religion by daily practice of the virtues it inculcates. Rain or shine, summer or winter, in heat or cold, he and his exemplary family were always found at Mass on Sunday and holyday; when he could serve God he was always first, with a cheerful heart, to give of the means with which God had blessed him; what he did he did well, and throughout his life he was a true and sincere Catholic, and no one was more devoted to the Church.

Requiescant in pace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 29TH.

Number of letters received, 114; of new members, 135. The following favors are solicited through the prayers of the Associates: Health for 99 persons and 2 families; Change of life and return to religious duties for 64 persons and 5 families; Conversion to the faith for 33 persons and 3 families; Perseverance for 20 persons, and grace of a happy death for 8 persons. Particular graces have been asked for 5 priests and 12 religious; The grace of a religious vocation for 5 individuals; Spiritual favors for 46 persons, 17 families, 4 communities, 2 congregations and 3 schools; Temporal favors for 30 persons, 15 families, 3 communities, 1 congregation and 1 school; Several communities about to make their annual retreat are recommended; The grace of true repentance is asked for an unfortunate sinner tempted to despair; Peace and harmony in several families; Situations and employment; A temporal favor for a well-meaning Protestant, to re-

lieve his mind and effect his conversion; The children of several families whose parents are disunited in their religious belief; Employment for several individuals and families, and means to save a homestead; Two young men, brothers, who have given up the practice of their religion; Conversion of a young man hopelessly ill and at the point of death; Some insane persons are recommended; Information is asked of persons who left their home and friends some years ago; A young lady, anxious to become a Catholic, asks to be allowed to return to the Sisters next year, to be instructed and baptized.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following extracts are from letters received during the past week: "The Protestant girl who used the blessed water says she is now well, and she wishes you to return thanks for her to God and His Blessed Mother. She still desires the prayers of the Association, that all obstacles may be removed from the way of her becoming acquainted with the true Faith and obtaining sufficient courage to embrace it. I also feel that we owe many thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for the recovery of a little child, whom the doctors pronounced incurable. He was suffering very much with cholera infantum and spinal affection. I gave a little of the blessed water to the child; he appeared better in a few minutes and could sit up in his cradle.".... "Having last summer, made known to you the object of my earnest prayers, I think it right to inform you that this affliction is removed; and that, since before last Christmas, the person has recovered, and continues in perfect bodily and mental health.".... "Some five or six months since, I asked for a little of the blessed water of Lourdes for a poor girl who has suffered for years from a sore. This girl has been for eight or nine years suffering such excruciating pain from this sore that it was wonderful she retained her reason. Yet under this affliction she was never known to murmur, and did her work fully and satisfactorily, in a Protestant family, and still continues to do so. She used the water very sparingly and now states that for the first summer in eight years she has slept every night. If you but heard her thanks for this favor from our Blessed Mother you would in some measure imagine what she must have suffered, as well as the benefit she has received.".... "We wish to become sharers in the daily Mass. I suppose I need not name the friends for whom I bespeak your prayers, yet I name Mr. M. as the one I would have share first in this great means of grace."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: THOMAS RAFFERTY, aged 20 years, a dutiful son and pious Christian, who was killed by the cars, near Rochester, Pa., July 4th. He lived to receive the last consolations of religion, and died calmly, with a prayer on his lips and peace in his heart. Mrs. MARY BECKETT, who died on the 22d of July, and Miss ELLEN CHEEVERS, who died on the 26th, both members of the Association and both of Montgomery, Ind. JOHN and MATTHEW FLYNN, Mrs. ELLEN DUNN and Z. WANE, of Dubuque, Iowa. CATHERINE GUILFORD, Elgin, Ill. ANDREW DONNELLY, of Hartford, Conn. LOUIS ST. JACQUES, Miss SARAH SOUTHWICK, WILFRID SOUTHWICK, Miss DELINA SOUTHWICK, of Lansingburg, N. Y. Prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTINE VERBOORT, who died at Cornelius, Oregon, of lung fever, July 14th, and also for his father and mother, who died a week or two before him. PETER DOLAN, late President of St. Vincent de Paul's Conference, St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, who departed this life June 11th, aged 52 years. And several others whose names have not been given.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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No. 34.

“Behold Thy Mother.”

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. P. ROH, S. J.

“Behold thy Mother!” * these words contain the will, the testament, of the dying Redeemer to His Church. This Divine Redeemer had already given us all that was His when out of love for us He became a poor man, a weak child, and, according to the declaration of St. Paul, laid aside the glory which He possessed as the Eternal God. Yes, as man He gave us the whole of the time during which He dwelt on earth; He renounced all the goods of this world; willingly He renounced them, that He might suffer for us. He renounced honor when He permitted Himself to be condemned, like the greatest criminal, to an ignominious death, in order to suffer unutterable torments in our stead! Hanging on the Cross, He gave us His Sacred Blood, even to the last drop; at the hour of death nothing was left Him of this world's possessions save the crown of thorns!—and yet—yes! one thing was yet His—a veritable treasure, a costly jewel of His filial Heart. This was His virgin Mother, who with tender mother-love remained faithful to the abandoned One to the last moment; who had the courage to accompany her Son to the very Cross itself, to place herself at its foot, in face of the raging crowd, thus tacitly proclaiming: “I am the mother of the Crucified.”

To whom could He confide such a Mother as that? To whom should He give her as a mother? The heart of John, the faithful disciple, alone had been stirred with the love which won courage to enable him to stand with that Mother at the foot of the Cross. The only one was he, of all the followers of Jesus, who ventured to drink the cup of pain and of shame with Him to the last drop. To

this faithful disciple Jesus turned, with the words: “Behold thy Mother!” and to the Mother He said: “Behold thy son!” And He says these words not only because His Mother had lost in Him her only Son, and on this account needed an adopted son for her protection on earth, but herewith He speaks a word that penetrates much more deeply into the very heart of His plan and of His work.

The Church of Christ has always believed that John here represents not his own person alone, but that we see in him the image of all such true Christians as follow Christ and remain faithful to Him, not only to the breaking of bread, but also to the moment when He drains the cup of suffering. John is the perfect Christian, and in his person Christ gave His Mother to be the spiritual mother of every true and genuine Christian. All true Christians, His true brothers, He has presented as spiritual children to His natural Mother. If this appears singular, it is nevertheless very simple. Christ, through the Redemption, having become one person morally with all those who are united to Him in faith, hope and love, if they form one Christ with Him, manifestly Christ's natural Mother becomes an adoptive mother, a spiritual mother for all true brothers of Christ, for all those whom He calls His brothers. And if all those who are brothers in Christ make in Him and through Him one family in God, then I do not see how it can be reasonably disputed that the Mother of Christ, in the flesh, is the spiritual Mother of this family of God, in which Christ is the eldest born!

The reverence which the Church has manifested for the ever-blessed Virgin, the devotion of which she is the object, has often been regarded as an excrescence of Christianity, as an interpolation, or at the least as a superstitious exaggeration. But I believe and hope that with the assistance of the grace of God I shall be able to demonstrate to every one who is seeking the truth that the devo-

* John xix, 27.

tion to the Blessed Virgin, as taught, recommended and acknowledged by the Church is inseparably bound up with the existence of Christianity; I say, as taught, recommended and acknowledged by the Church, because only on such a responsibility as this can any question regarding it be settled by any reasonable man.

The Church cannot make itself responsible for anything beside what she teaches, recommends, acknowledges, and practices; and that is what I insist on, that is my meaning, when I say the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary is inseparably connected with the innermost existence of Christianity.

Devotion to the most Blessed Virgin Mary, as taught by the Church, consists in three things:

First. In the reverence, esteem and admiration of the exalted dignity of the Blessed Virgin.

Secondly. In placing a trustful confidence in her intercession.

Thirdly and lastly, in cherishing for her a grateful, filial love.

And now, I repeat, all the veneration which is shown to the Blessed Virgin Mary, as also that taught and practiced by the Church, is inseparable from the Christian faith. Having confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary is in perfect sympathy with Christian hope; and cherishing gratitude and love for her is consistent with the most beautiful harmonies of Christian love. Veneration for the Blessed Virgin Mary is in the most beautiful unison with Christian faith.

Such is the subject of the present division of my subject: the second and third divisions will present the consequences deduced therefrom. To this first subject we will at present devote our chief attention.

Christianity teaches that there is but one God, that outside of Himself He has not, and cannot have, any like to Himself; and that this God, because He can have none like Him either outside of Himself or near Him, must be worshipped with a worship which may be shown to Him alone, and which should not be, and must not be, offered to any other being. This worship which solely and exclusively is due to God, we call Adoration. (*Adoratio.*) Adoration comprehends the whole of that worship which is due to God, and to Him alone. To worship God in spirit, in thought, in faith, means to think of God what is true in itself as God deserves that we should believe.

To worship God with the understanding, signifies this: God alone is eternal—from Himself, through Himself. God alone is all-knowing, all-powerful, all-good, wise, holy; in other words, God alone is perfect from everlasting to everlasting. To worship God with a heart of faith, is to

acknowledge that all good comes from God alone, and can come only from Him, because He is the source of all that can be or is good, beautiful, and worthy of love; and thus in its highest significance it is only on God that we can place our hope; for He alone is Lord of all the heavens, and all things exist through Him alone; consequently in the last resort all things can be expected through Him alone. To worship God therefore signifies to love Him above all things, without limit; for He is infinitely raised above everything that exists, infinitely more perfect, more beautiful, more worthy of love than any other being whether actual or conceivable.

This, Christians, is the meaning, the theological signification of the word worship. We can think in this manner only of God, we can hope in this wise only in God, it is only God whom we love after this fashion. And, my dear readers, between this highest degree of reverence which is due to God alone and indifference, even when it is not contempt, mockery, hatred—between these two extremes, between the highest and the lowest, there is, if I may so express myself, a great gulf, a broad space, and between these limits exist every legitimate, profitable, reasonable degree of esteem, veneration and love.

God Himself commands us to honor our father and mother; God Himself enjoins us to 'Fear God and honor the king'; God Himself by the mouth of His Apostle publishes the edict: 'Honor him to whom honor is due'; God says to us through our reason that we should acknowledge and value worth wherever we find it and according to the measure in which it exists. Science has its heroes, civilization its great men and benefactors. Here we find recognition, esteem, honor, manifested on every side. But is that worship? No; it is not worship. We honor their merits, but we do not pray to this or that citizen, to this or that general, to this or that man of science, or to any one of this kind; we place none of them on a like footing with God; we never take anything that belongs to God, in order to bestow it on them.

Among these different kinds of merit, what rank, in the Church of Christ—where in the scale of civilization, is the place for virtue, for sanctity? Manifestly the highest! But, mark well, no claim can be made on this account for worship. Every created sanctity is but a very weakly reflected ray of God's actual or essential holiness. But notwithstanding this, it will still be in order, in the Church of Christ, which strives to make her members holy, that she should honor holiness in those who have proved their holiness; that the brothers of Christ who struggle according to the revealed way, for truth, righteousness and perfection—that these

ever, both on account of their sanctity and of the respectful veneration due to it, should be held in honor. Only he who is indifferent with respect to sanctity itself is in a position to be cold and indifferent to the saints, in the same manner that he alone does not value or esteem scientific merit who does not care for science in itself. Therefore, as I have before asserted, the Church proves itself to be holy in that she honors the saints, for thereby she admonishes her children in the most powerful manner to strive after holiness; thereby she places before her children the most perfect examples and models for their imitation; thereby she proclaims aloud that holiness alone has any real value in her eyes; and this, because it furthers holiness in men.

Now, how will a Christian prize the most Blessed Virgin Mary in his inmost soul? Can he even call himself a Christian without truly reverencing the most Blessed Virgin on account of the dignity with which God has invested her, on account of the holiness of her conduct on earth, on account of the great graces which she has received from God?

It is a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, and without this fundamental truth there is no Christianity, that God's Son, who is one with the Father and the Holy Spirit, became man without ceasing to be God, without suffering any diminution, injury or breaking off from His unchangeable Godhead; that the Holy Ghost formed Christ as man in the chaste virginal womb of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, without a human father, in like manner as God in the beginning created Adam out of nothing; that God's Son took His human nature and His human soul in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, that she is thus according to His human nature the Mother of Him who, according to His Divine nature, is truly God; not however a twofold Christ in two persons,—one Christ God, and one Christ man,—no, in two natures, one person: God from eternity, and man in time, therefore true God and true man at one and the same time. Therefore we call her the Mother of God, not as if she had given Him the beginning and source of His Divinity,—every Christian child knows that God is from eternity, without beginning and without end,—but we say, by these words, that she, according to human nature, conceived and gave birth to Him who according to His Divine nature is in truth God. We call her Mother of God, and everywhere has she been so named where her Son has been acknowledged as God. It may well be, that those who have denied the Divinity of Christ cannot avoid also denying that she is the Mother of a Divine Person,—I can understand that; but it is firmly established that all those who hold fast to the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, who have

known what Christ is—these have never denied this title to Mary.

Meantime, with that chief article of faith, (chief dogma) of Christianity, which has given to Mary the titles of Mother of God and of Virgin. I have given expression to two of the most beautiful words which ever yet were used to describe a creature,—Mother of God, and Virgin! How beautiful; Mother and Virgin! We have here manifestly a wonder of Divine wisdom, power, goodness and grace! Such alone could unite these two words and give them as a title to a creature. Yes, truly, Mary is at one and the same time Mother of God and virgin. With all her privileges and gifts of grace, she yet remains, and will ever remain, a mere creature—in infinite immeasurable distance from her Divine Son, from God! Never and in no manner whatsoever, even in any one single point, may we think of Mary as we think of God, may we hope in her as we hope in God, may we love her as we love God. No! she remains forever a creature, a creature only; and what she is, she is in the fullest significance of the words, from the free grace and love of God; in short, all that she is, she is on account of God, and of her Son. But all this does not hinder that she is the most beautiful production of the benignity and compassion of God, that she is the creature which God out of His own free mercy, without any merit of hers, raised to the highest dignity, to this exclusive dignity, to be the Mother of God's Son. For it is true, and remaineth true, forever and ever, that neither before nor since has God worked the miracle which unites the inviolate, purest virginity with a mother's fruitfulness. It is and remains a truth, that no other creature has ever been placed in such a relationship to the triune God, to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Therefore we are convinced beforehand that God, after He had taken the resolution freely to elect Mary to this high dignity, to confer upon her such a rank in the Creation, He, as a matter of course, prepared for her a soul and body adorned and embellished with all the beauty and loveliness which any son who had it in his power would bestow upon his mother.

Mark this well: Christ was the only son who existed before his mother, who chose a mother for himself, who not only chose her, but who created her! And I ask each one of you—in so far as you had been able to create your mother—in so far as the inexhaustible fulness of riches of the Godhead had been at your disposal, and you had been able to create a mother after your own heart: tell me, would you have been sparing of these gifts in her behalf? Would you not have endowed her with every blessing she was

capable of receiving? Would you not have made her so holy and beautiful and lovely that you might have joy in her throughout eternity? Well then, God's Son is the Creator, He is the source of all grace; He it is who has created us all in grace, and who therefore, if He will, can give to each one of us grace, mercy, blessedness—yes, unbounded blessedness! And this Son He wills His Mother to be Queen of heaven, Queen of angels, and of redeemed men; for this title is due to her as the Mother of the King of all the redeemed, of all the blessed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Domus Aurea.

The following beautiful lines, from the pen of Matthew Bridges, an English convert, form one of a series of metrical paraphrases of the titles of our Blessed Lady in the Litany of Loretto, modestly offered by the author as an expression of his "poignant and unmitigated regret for having ever used his feeble pen against that holy and Apostolic Church, which by Divine grace he has lately been enabled to join, after eight years of labor spent in investigating her claims, and a desire throughout that entire period that he might be mercifully guided aright by the Spirit of God into the fulness of Divine truth."

Light! Light! Infinite Light!
The mountains melted away:
Ten thousand thousand seraphim bright
Were lost in a blaze of day:
For God was there, and beneath His feet
A pavement of sapphires glow'd,*
As the mirror of glory transcendently meet
To reflect His own abode.

Love! Love! Infinite Love!
The lowly Lady of grace
Bows underneath the o'ershadowing Dove,
Her eternal Son to embrace!
For God is there, the Ancient of Days,
An infant of human years:
Whilst angels around them incessantly gaze,
And nature is wrapt in tears!

Peace! Peace! Infinite Peace!
A golden House hath it found,
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase
With immortality crown'd!
For God was there, the Lord of the skies,
Whose loud alleluias ran,
From heaven to earth,—as Emmanuel lies
In the arms of Mary for man!

* Exodus, xxiv, 10.

THE measure of loving God is to love Him immeasurably.—*St. Bernard.*

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

The fear that it was indeed a death-bed on which their kind and warm-hearted host was lying gained fresh strength from the moment it was known that he was calling for the priest; and amongst those red-coated men not a few breathed inwardly a fervent hope that the cry might be answered and the priest arrive in time. Some were recalling memories of their youth, and dimly putting together incidents that seemed to suggest the fact of Colonel Blake's having at some time or other been a Catholic; his mother, they knew, had been a Protestant, but all the Blakes from the flood down had belonged to the old Church. Kevin Blake had been nearly always absent in his young days; he had been educated in England, and there he entered the army while a very young man, and only paid flying visits to Connemara; since his marriage he had been there more than during all his previous life; the fact of his having built a beautiful church on the estate put all doubt as to his religion—if any ever existed—at an end; still, in spite of this strong material witness, the doubt now rose in some minds as to whether he had ever been at heart a true Protestant, and whether the attending at church as well as the building of the church might not have been the work of his English wife's influence; she was a good deal younger than him, and he had been deeply in love when he married her; such things had happened before.

Meantime that wife now knelt beside him, longing, as she had never longed for any mercy or joy before, for the arrival of the Catholic priest; she did not consider what the world would say, or what scandal it might give; she did not care: she only wanted her husband to have this consolation that he cried for. Her thoughts were too much concentrated in anxiety for his life to do more than revert half unconsciously to the motive which could at such a crisis have prompted so strange a request.

The windows of the room stood wide open, letting the mild spring air stream in, with the sunshine and the songs of the birds and the scent of the lilac trees; it was a lovely day, all full of the reviving freshness of spring and the velvet softness of summer; the sea was calm, scarcely a ripple stirred its surface, the shadows lay warm on the deep-bladed grass; it seemed a day made for happiness; but Lady Margaret felt the gladness of earth and sky only an aggravation of her sorrow; the bird-notes sounded cruel; the gay sunshine mocked her. Was this doctor never coming! At last the welcome sound of a horse gal-

loping along the road from Ballyrock was faintly audible; she went quickly to the window and watched till it came in sight. "He will be here in an instant now, darling!" she said, going back to her husband's side.

His face twitched with the same painful effort at speech, and his head moved restlessly on the pillow. At last a violent effort brought out a sound: "Fallon?"

"No, dearest; it is Dr. MacFay," said Lady Margaret, taking his hand with a look of anguish. "Father Fallon could not possibly be here yet; but he will not be long; Mr. O'Donoghue is gone for him."

The eyes closed, and she fancied that the lips were moving in silent prayer. What did it mean, this despairing cry for a Catholic priest! Oh, if the passionate prayer of a human heart could have worked a miracle, the space between Ballyrock and Barrymore would have been annihilated, and Father Fallon would have stood that moment by her husband's bedside.

In his stead the doctor was shown in. He was a clever man in his way, and for a country practitioner had a good deal of experience. Lady Margaret was satisfied that he was quite able to deal with the case before him; she had confidence in his skill and in his honesty; accidents in the hunting-field were almost of daily occurrence amongst his widely-scattered clients.

He proceeded at once to bleed the patient—Lady Margaret, in spite of his remonstrance, remaining in the room, and even assisting in the operation. When it was over, she sat down again by the bed, holding her husband's hand. Dr. MacFay passed into the dressing-room, and then went out to speak to two of the gentlemen who had come up to get his report as quickly as possible. He signed to them to come into a room on the opposite side of the landing.

"Well, MacFay?" eagerly said Major Fitzgerald.

"I'm heartily sorry!" said the doctor, with a hopeless shake of the head.

"It's a very bad business then?"

"As bad as can be!"

"But not fatal? you don't mean that?"

"I do; he may last out the day; but he may go off in an hour; at any moment, in fact."

No one spoke; the fact had been more or less looked for from the first, and yet now that it was announced it came like an unexpected shock.

"Poor Blake! Poor fellow! I'm sorry with all my heart," exclaimed Sir John Carew.

"Have you told Lady Margaret?" asked Major Fitzgerald, after they had all three been silent for some moments.

"No; I have not had the opportunity; I was thankful she asked me no questions; it will be a most painful thing to do, and it had better be done by some intimate friend; or else by the clergyman, if he can be got at?"

"He's downstairs; you mean Wilkinson? I don't think he is the person to undertake such a mission," said the Major; "you heard our poor friend has sent for the priest?"

"Who? Colonel Blake sent for him!"

"Yes."

"For the Catholic priest? Father Fallon? You don't mean it!" said the doctor.

Sir John Carew, whether from delicacy or vexation, here left the room, and proceeded downstairs.

"You astound me though!" said Dr. MacFay, as soon as they were alone; "but how did he ask for him? He has been speechless all through?"

"I don't know how he did it, or what passed between himself and Lady Margaret; but she came straight from him to give the order that Father Fallon was to be sent for with all possible haste; O'Donoghue was there, and volunteered to take the message."

"Good Heavens, you astonish me! how long is it since he set out?"

"Not more than three quarters of an hour," said the officer, pulling out his heavy hunting-watch.

"Then he can't be here for as much longer, if he were to ride like the wind; God send he may be in time!"

The two men walked towards the door; as the doctor opened it, he turned to his companion and said, in a low tone of confidence:

"Do you know that Blake ought to have been a Catholic! I don't believe he was ever anything else at heart; he evidently wants to die in the faith now; may God grant him time, and accept the late repentance!"

Major Fitzgerald was visibly moved, but he said nothing.

"Kneel down here, and pray God to have mercy on a dying man," said Doctor MacFay, laying his hand on the officer's arm; "stay here and help the poor soul, while I go and do what little I can for his body."

"I'm not the man to give such help; my prayers could do him no good; I hardly know how to pray," replied the other, in a tone of sad humility.

"No more did the publican, and yet he obtained mercy; do what I ask you, Major Fitzgerald; kneel down and pray for him; the time is short, and every minute may be the price of an eternity."

There was a solemnity in the words and the manner of the plain country doctor that could not be resisted; he left the room, and closed the

door noiselessly; Major Fitzgerald knelt down and prayed with something of the publican's spirit, humbly and with few words, but more fervently than he had prayed since he was a little child at his mother's knee.

There was great agitation in the library when Sir John Carew reported what the medical man had said. Everyone was grieved, as well as shocked.

"I hope his affairs are in order," remarked one.

"He will be a great loss to the people about here," said another.

"He will be a loss to all of us," said a third; "there was not a better fellow in Ireland than poor Blake."

"And his poor wife!"

The sympathy for Lady Margaret was general and acute; no one could do more than just mention her name; hers was a sorrow beyond the reach of words or pity. It seemed tacitly understood that Father Fallon would be the person to break the fatal news to her, and many an honest prayer went up that he might come in time for that, as well as for a more momentous need.

"That cannot be Fallon, surely!" cried some one as the square figure of the priest, with his white hair fluttering under his broad-brimmed hat, came in sight, mounted on Sir John Carew's spirited hunter;—that Sir John should have lived to see it! Everyone hastened to see for themselves whether it could be possible.

"Why, it is not yet an hour since O'Donoghue started!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkinson; "he must have flown; twenty-four miles in fifty-five minutes! it passes belief."

Yet it was Father Fallon, though the baronet's thorough-bred had not performed the feat alluded to. Mr. O'Donoghue had met him jogging along the road, coming precisely to make a sick call at Barrymore; he made the priest alight and exchange horses with him. Father Fallon was a Tipperary man, and could manage the most fiery horse that ever bore a saddle; when he heard the young Squire's message, he leaped upon Dragonfly, struck his heels into the animal's flanks, and made for The Towers as fast as he could ride.

Doctor MacFay met him in the hall.

"Am I in time?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

This was all the greeting they exchanged, as the medical man conducted the priest to the sick-room.

Lady Margaret rose, and came forward hastily to meet the strange visitor.

"I will leave you alone with him," she said; and though she was still very calm, her lips quivered, and she trembled slightly.

"Has he spoken since?" asked the priest, in a whisper.

"Yes; he asked several times if you were coming."

"Oh! then he is still quite conscious and sensible?"

"Perfectly so."

"You can leave us then; go and pray for him until I send for you."

"I will; I have been praying with all my heart and soul that you might come in time for him to speak to you."

"And God has heard you, my child," answered the priest.

Lady Margaret hurried out without casting even a look towards the bed. It was a strange thing to see the haughty Protestant lady leaving her own chamber and the presence of her dying husband at the bidding of a Catholic priest; it never struck her until long afterwards how strange it was; for the moment she only thought of obeying; the spell of his divine authority was upon her. He had called her "my child," and she had not resented the familiarity of the endearing appellation; on the contrary, it sounded sweetly in her ears, and fell like a balm on her heart; the first tears she had shed since this terrible blow, burst from her eyes as he uttered it.

The doctor, Fitzgerald, and some four or five of the servants were on their knees on the landing; Lady Margaret, yielding to an impulse as strong as that which sent her out amongst them at the bidding of Father Fallon, knelt down likewise, leaning her head against the closed door and sobbing bitterly. The truth had come to her without any outward words; there was no need for any one to break it; she had heard the message, and was bowing her head to it as well as she could. The servants were all crying, and praying with fervor for the kind master who was going from them. The sound of their choked sobs and muttered ejaculations—mostly in Irish,—they were too deeply stirred to pray in any but the mother-tongue,—were strongly comforting; but the sounds were very subdued, as when people feel compelled to restrain their emotions by some solemn neighborhood or presence. The low tones of Father Fallon's deep voice were audible from within; all knew what was passing; Lady Margaret alone was ignorant of the precise character of the interview; but she felt that it was sacred as a sacrament. Ten minutes might have elapsed, when a heavy step was heard hastily approaching the door.

"Come in, my child! Come in, all of you!" said Father Fallon; and, laying his hand on Lady Margaret's head, "Lift up your heart to God," he

added; "bless His Holy Name; His mercy has been great to your dear husband."

She rose with a stifled cry, and passed swiftly to the bedside.

Father Fallon knelt down and began the prayers for the agonizing, while all the assistants joined, calling on God and His Holy Mother, on angels and saints, martyrs, patriarchs and prophets, all the blessed ones who had passed in triumph through the dark and narrow gate, to come and help the dying soul. The birds sang sweetly through the open windows; the sun was shining.

"Have mercy on him! Deliver him! Come to his assistance!"

Then a wild cry rang through the house.

"Kevin! Kevin! my darling, come back to me!"

But Kevin had passed away from her forever.

CHAPTER VI.

Six months after her husband's death, Lady Margaret sat, late one afternoon, on the cliffs that formed the western boundary of the park. She looked many years older than when we last saw her, though this might be in some degree the effect of her sombre black dress and the close-fitting white crape border of her widow's cap. She had a book in her hand, which she had taken out with the honest intention of reading; but after a few vain attempts to concentrate her mind on the words, she let it have its way, and wander off from the page before her to that unknown Beyond towards which her thoughts were forever turning. The only thing that gave her any rest, that soothed her for the time being, was to sit as she did now, straining her eyes away over the ocean. It seemed as if by gazing and gazing at that far-away horizon she drew nearer to it, to the mystic brink it symbolized; the blue green line where sky and ocean kissed seemed like a bridge to the spirit-world where the loved who have gone before are dwelling; would her patient watch remain always unrewarded?—would the moment never come when that silvery sapphire veil would lift, and let her snatch a glimpse of the mysterious world behind it? She gazed, and wondered, and hoped. The water-music of the waves washing on the shingles sounded like a sympathetic dirge, tender and pitiful, a psalm of consolation, a dim, faint echo of the hymns and canticles that her beloved one was singing beside the River of Life flowing from the Great White Throne. Wonderful, unquiet-hearted ocean! type of man's life and of man's unresting spirit, ever the same, and ever changing; now lashed by stormy passions, filling the earth with "the tumult of thy mighty harmonies"; now sullen and despondent, now lifted up in shouts of victory and exultation; dancing in

wild merriment, or hopelessly complaining; singing in soft sphere-music, or shrieking in vain madness; sometimes soothed into a passing calm, but never at rest, never satisfied; ever in motion, journeying on towards that unknown shore where the stream of Time loses itself in the gulf of Eternity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rome.

AS SEEN FROM THE STEPS OF SAN GREGORIO, MONTE CÆLIO.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Here, where Saint Gregory's old monastic home
Fronts Caesar's ruined palaces, nor quails
Before the shafts of age, where never pales
His mother Silvia's nimbus, here is Rome;
The Rome for which I braved mid-ocean's foam,
Mount Cenis and its chasms. Man bewails,
What in the balance of celestial scales
Is less than nothing; for this azure dome
Of heaven itself will fail, yet God remain—
God and His truth—as in the dewy prime
Of His creative cycles. How the wane
Of empire leaves th' Eternal purpose plain!
For here, where weeds triumphal arches climb,
Rome, in Christ's Vicar, bears the sceptre over time.
ROME, April, 1876.

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[CONTINUED.]

The services of the physician of Fayt were no longer required, but the matter could not rest thus. Whether these Stigmata, these ecstasies, were the results of natural disease, or proceeded from a supernatural cause, some more skilful surgeon must determine. If supernatural, then the Church must apply the subtle tests of theology, to discover if they came from the Divine Hand, or were not some of the innumerable deceits of the devil.

The clergy, especially the clergy of the North, are very slow to proclaim the reality of a miracle,—much slower than the laity; and M. Niels, the pastor of Bois d'Haine, was not among the most credulous. Thomas thought it sufficient to behold the Wounds of his Lord; M. Niels, so those who know him best tell us, would not have been content with so slight a proof; and we may be sure that he did not bring the matter before the ecclesiastical authorities until the necessity of so doing became not only apparent but urgent.

The family of Dechamps, of which the Archbishop of Mechlin is a member, possesses a hand-

some villa near Menage. Here the Archbishop came to enjoy a few weeks of repose during the month of August, 1868, and the result of the interviews that he then had with M. Niels and with Louise was that Mgr. Ponceau, then Bishop of Tournay, appointed a committee of inquest to investigate the facts of the case.

The religious department of this committee was composed of two learned priests—one a Passionist, the other a Redemptorist. Science was personified by the eminent Dr. Lefebvre, Professor of Medicine at the University of Louvain. Of the medical examination, the learned work of that truly Christian physician is a standing monument. The theological portion is contained in the written reports presented by the clergy to the Bishop,—reports which will not be fully published until Louise's death will bring the subject to the direct notice and jurisdiction of Rome.

During the period of this inquest the miraculous course of events continued, and several new circumstances made their appearance. Shortly after the commencement of the inquest she was subjected to very severe trials; and on Friday, the 18th of September, 1868, one of the priests of the inquest thought that he had discovered in her traces of deception. She received his rather violent reproof with great patience; and the very next Friday the crown of thorns made its appearance, as if to justify the bride of Christ. Each Friday the bloody diadem became more and more defined. Louise suffered violent pains in her head, as if she were crowned with a burning circle, and blood flowed abundantly from tiny apertures. Ever since then the effects of the invisible crown have been the inseparable accompaniments of the Stigmata, although they vary, some Fridays only producing pain without any traces of bleeding.

Notwithstanding all this, the members of the inquest were slow to believe the Divine origin of these facts; and thus a year later we find one of the priests endeavoring to persuade Louise that these apparent miracles were the work of the Evil One. Out of obedience, Louise tried to believe that such was the case, but her heart was filled with sorrow to think that she was so completely in the power of the devil. One day of the month of August, 1869, after hearing a long argument on this subject, while she was plunged in grief and bewilderment, suddenly she beheld Our Lord standing before her. His countenance wore an expression of intense sadness, and at the same time of great compassion. Louise was not in ecstasy; she saw Our Lord as we see one another, and for the first time in all her life of visions she heard His voice speaking to her. He addressed her in these words:

“My daughter, why art thou so discouraged?”

No sooner were these words uttered than Louise felt her sadness disappear, her doubts vanish, never again to disturb the peace of her soul.

The nourishment of the peasantry of Europe is extremely simple, and at first the charitably inclined would be shocked to see the almost entirely vegetable diet upon which they subsist, for it is difficult for the classes reared to depend upon meat for the support of physical strength to believe that a diet in which animal products form so slight a part is really voluntary. Lady Bountiful is frequently astonished to find her kind efforts in securing to her poor a good supply of meat not rewarded with the amount of gratitude naturally expected by her. Often the boldest among those receiving her kind attentions will finally find the courage to beg to receive less meat and more of that same black bread which had aroused so much sympathy. Nevertheless the peasantry in general have very hearty appetites, and their black bread disappears rapidly when once within their reach. Louise, however, was always an exception to this last; naturally abstemious, she partook but sparingly of any nourishment, even before the beginning of the extraordinary part of her life. After the apparition of the Stigmata it was impossible for Louise to eat anything on Friday; and although on other days she ate regularly, still it was only with great effort, and out of obedience to her mother.

It was also about this period that she began to exhibit that wonderful indifference to the extremes of heat and cold which shows that she, being warmed by the fire of Divine Love, is insensible to all variations of temperature.

After the Crown of Thorns appeared on her forehead, sleep vanished from her eyelids. St. Rose of Lima worked all day, and with the exception of three hours devoted to sleep she prayed all night. Louise does not need even these three hours of repose; her day, spent in household labor, is succeeded by a night of prayer or of watching the sick. Her simple room, destitute of any of the appliances of sleep, tells us very forcibly that when chroniclers write that zealous missionaries have journeyed day and night for weeks seeking the salvation of souls, their language is not mere hyperbole, but that these holy men have been by Divine interposition dispensed from the necessity of the refreshment of sleep.

The Feast of the Compassion of Our Lady, March 30, 1871, was the beginning of her long abstinence, and since then her stomach refuses to accept of any food. Her family and her medical advisers, supported by the authority of her spiritual directors, endeavored to conquer that which they con-

sidered an alarming symptom; but these last efforts, like the attempts to cure the Five Wounds, only resulted in torturing poor Louise, her stomach persistently refusing to retain the least particle of food. And now Louise neither sleeps nor eats nor drinks; yet with the exception of Friday she is well, strong, and able to work steadily and to advantage, and she is not as much exposed to the inconvenience of occasional unexpected illness as those who support life under its ordinary conditions.

We New-World Catholics have, unknown to ourselves, in many respects copied from our immediate surroundings; and one example of this is a so-called devotion to the Sacred Scriptures—a certain respect, whose tenacity does not always resemble that devotion which arouses the cloistered religious of both sexes from their midnight slumbers to chant the praises of the Most High in the same words employed centuries ago by the Chosen People of God—that devotion which causes the cathedrals and convents of the Old World to re-echo almost unceasingly the inspirations of the Royal Psalmist. Our devotion rather consists in obliging our Holy Mother the Church to render a very strict account of herself to our Douay Bible, and when she has done this to *our* satisfaction we are very proud of her, scarcely dreaming of her other countless perfections. For us this increases the difficulty of comprehending how Louise can continue to exist under these conditions. In vain perhaps would one quote passages in the life of St. Catherine of Sienna, or the Lenten fasts of that grand model of a faithful wife and a widow indeed, St. Catherine Flisca, or the years of total abstinence from all nourishment so prominent in the remarkable life of the Swiss hermit, Blessed Nicholas von der Flite. The miraculous facts of their lives, although authenticated by Rome, are not scriptural, and we demand not only to know our religion for “our own sanctification and our own salvation,” but also in order that we may furnish proofs to those who refuse to believe the divine origin of the Catholic Church.

In turning the pages of the Old Testament we often read of public fasts whose completeness and whose duration was certainly supernatural. To quote a case of individual fasting, the prophet Elias by means of the miraculous loaf given him by the angel journeyed forty days and forty nights unto the mountain of God. In speaking of John the Baptist, Our Lord once said: “He came to you neither eating nor drinking.” (Matt. xi, 18.) Our Lord Himself gave us the example of a prolonged fast. Some may say that this was a divine fast, impossible to humanity; but it seems hardly

necessary to remind the reader that God’s eternal existence being independent of food, fasting is a thing which cannot be affirmed of it. This fast was certainly miraculous, but still it was the human nature of Our Lord that fasted—that nature united inseparably to the Godhead, that nature which is sacred, Divine, yet forever human. His reply on this occasion to the first words of temptation are worthy of our profound meditation: “Not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” (Matt., iv, 4.)

Louise’s sole nourishment for more than five years has been this Eternal Word, uttered before all ages, Our Lord Himself, who in the Blessed Eucharist is now her daily Guest. The Bread of Angels has deigned to prove to us of this generation the extreme truth of those words which so many, even unto this day, find a hard saying, but which are so full of sweetness to the ear of faith: “I am the Bread of Life that cometh down from heaven.” “My flesh is meat indeed.” (John vi.)

The theological inquest lasted more than two years, and at its close the established order of the apparition of the Stigmata was as follows. Thursday night, towards midnight, the wound in her side opened and bled. This bleeding of the side was followed by the opening of the wounds in the hands and feet, which sometimes bled from both surfaces, sometimes from one only. Early in the morning the marks of the crown of thorns made their appearance, and thus at the time at which she receives Holy Communion, which every Friday morning is brought to her as Viaticum, the stigmatization was complete. By noon all wounds, save those in the hands, began to cease bleeding; and at the hour of her ecstasy all traces of the crown of thorns had usually disappeared. This order has since always continued the same; if there has been any variation, it has been so slight as not to be mentioned in an abridged notice, and there remains but one more fact to relate. On the fourth of April, 1873, Louise received a new and painful wound on her left shoulder, the counterpart of that one caused our Lord by the burden of the Cross. Thus she can truly say, in the words of St. Paul: “I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus” (Galatians, vi, 17).

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INCREDULITY seems to be the natural fruit of light mingled with darkness, and of imperfect knowledge; and perhaps the reason why the times we live in are so fertile in incredulity is because they exceed all former times in the number of half-enlightened minds.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, July 21, 1876.

DEAR AVE MARIA:—There are few Catholics in the world to-day who do not, from time to time, speculate on the event of the demise of the present Sovereign Pontiff with a feeling of anxiety as to the turn events will take in connection with the Church. And there are many, too, who regard it as a turning-point, whether for good or evil—we know not—in the history of the Church. Many prognosticate new woes for the Church. But these are weak and vacillating creatures, and they know not of what spirit they are. But without seeming to derogate from the merit and greatness of our beloved Holy Father, I will enunciate a principle: the existence and ultimate triumph of the Catholic Church are not dependent on the life of one man, great though he be. Neither are they beholden to the events of any particular epoch, momentous though they be. It is an *a priori* principle, and the *a posteriori* evidence of well nigh nineteen centuries has brought it out into brilliant relief, that

THE CHURCH MUST EXIST,

and its existence is identical with triumph. Then why should we be anxious, and troubled about contingencies arising from the death of Pius IX? But waiving general principles, and confining our observations to the particular, the life of that man has stamped the events of the present with an indelible impression, and the influence thereof will be exercised on the events of the future. Thirty years of a glorious Pontificate will give a tone to twice thirty years to come. Do we not at the present day still observe the influence on the events of the day of

THE PONTIFICATES OF PIUS VI, PIUS VII, LEO XII, AND GREGORY XVI?

And the influence is good and consoling. They were great and good Pontiffs, but Pius is greater, even as his particular mission in this particular age is the more arduous and more glorious. When was the Sacred College of Cardinals so compactly united, so inseparably knit together in a harmony of sentiment with their Chief, as at the present day? and the Catholics throughout the world have taken up the keynote given them by their pastors, and Christendom to-day unanimously proclaims attachment to the See of Peter as the rock of salvation in the midst of the uprooting storm. Hence the schismatical projects of a few Liberals in Rome and Italy, to be actuated on the death of Pius IX, need excite no great anxiety.

A PROGRAMME OF THE LIBERALS

has of late been secretly making the rounds of the upper classes of Rome, and the purport of it is this: the prologue proceeds to relate how the history of the revolutions of all people proves that civilization and progress have always been obliged to fight against political absolutism on one side, and theocracy on the other in vindication of those rights which were wrested from the many by the few—to wit the Roman Curia. The religious wars of England, Germany, France and Switzerland prove that an attempt was

made in the past to shake off the yoke of Rome, and though the people of those countries succeeded in liberating themselves they never could persuade the Papacy itself to undertake a serious and much-needed reform by bringing the Church back to her primitive institution. So the Papacy still persists in its wicked career, "favored in its usurpation" by powerful fanatics, "and it has never ceased to curse from the rock of the Vatican, civilization and progress." Hence a reform is necessary. It is useless, says the Programme, to hope for it from the Papacy, for it is bound to disorder by the most terrible oaths. Hence the reform must be initiated in Rome, and by the Romans, and this cannot better be effected than by asserting the right of antiquity to elect their own Bishop, the Chief Pastor of the universal Church. "Nor by this," continues the document, "shall we be wanting in reverence towards that Apostolic See, which, spite of its manifest deviations, has been surrounded by the Italian nation with guarantees which still preserve it, free and respected." This idea of the popular election of the Bishop of Rome could not hitherto be realized on account of the Jesuitical faction which impudently domineers in the Vatican. But thanks to the events of the 20th of September, the Romans have acquired their political rights, and now they are in a condition to vindicate their religious rights. (!) Therefore, "a body of Roman citizens penetrated with the ideas exposed in the Programme, and adhering fully to it with the view of putting it into effect, propose the formation of an Association to their fellow-citizens, with the following conditions: "The conditions are unimportant, as they only affect the form of enrolment, and the duty of each member to procure new adherents. But the remarks under the condition are worthy of notice. Only laics are to figure in the Association, until Parliament, as it promised in Art. 18th of the Papal Guarantees, makes a suitable provision for the "sound part of the clergy." The Association not having as yet an official organ, or journal, requests the members to impress upon the minds of the Roman people their indisputable right to elect the Bishop of Rome. "Meanwhile," concludes this bombastic production, "let it be known, that our society recognizes as Bishop of Rome, and Primate of Christendom, the actual Pontiff, and when we shall have the majority, we will call the actual electors (the College of Cardinals) into question, and at the first vacancy of the Pontifical Chair, we Romans intend to exercise the right of election." Thus far the Programme. It is sufficiently important to merit our attention, though, for the reasons above alleged, we have nothing to apprehend. It is well however to be warned. Like other insidious designs against the Church, this one courts the support of the people by promising them liberty, and the enjoyment of imaginary rights. The Holy Father, in a recent Brief on the Centenary of Leguano, accurately describes the method adopted by the sects in their attacks against the Church, and he wisely observes how they seduce the Princes with the pretext of defending their rights and enhancing their dignity, and the people, by fallacious promises of liberty and prosperity. The Brief is addressed to the

Society of the Gioventri Cattolica in Bologna, and to the deputies of the Twenty-Four cities which of old formed the Lombard League. The Brief is a page of the philosophy of history, and full of that genuine patriotism which is founded upon faith, the foundation-stone of Italy's greatest and most imperishable glories. He says that Frederick Barbarossa aimed at subjecting all people to himself, by first promoting disunion among them, that, being thus weakened, he might the more easily overcome them. Thus too the Sect which has come into power in this our day. It

HATES HUMAN AND DIVINE AUTHORITY ALIKE,

but it knows full well that it cannot destroy human authority without using the method of Barbarossa. "So it excites, foments, increases schisms, and directs every endeavor to detaching the Bishops from the Sovereign Pontiff, the clergy from the Bishops, and the people from the clergy." But the spirit of the old and new persecution is not the same. Barbarossa sowed discords, and persecuted his opposers, being actuated by pride and a spirit of plunder. But the Sect is principally actuated by a mortal hatred of the Church; against her every attack is directed, because when she is removed out of the way, every other authority falls, being deprived of its proper support. Barbarossa attacked the Church and the people, relying upon his own arms and upon his own judgment. The Sect, not having an army of its own, deludes princes with consideration for their majesty and authority, and the people with promises of liberty and prosperity. But since the method of the old and new persecution is the same, though the character be different, and since the salvation of our ancestors consisted in this, that being united with the Roman Pontiff to preserve the faith, they were also his colleagues in defending his and their own rights; hence with good reason did the Italians celebrate the event in which, the power of the tyrant being weakened, Italy's liberty was re-vindicated; and well have the Catholics of Italy to-day proclaimed to their contemporaries "that no other hope of salvation, of victory and of

TRUE LIBERTY,

remains, except in union with this Apostolic See, which alone is able to unite the purposes of all, and oppose the common forces against any invasion of errors and potentates. We congratulate you therefore," he concludes; "we congratulate your cities, we congratulate entire Italy, because with an illustrious manifestation of joy it has celebrated the Seventh Centenary of the happy success of the Lombard League, and of a glory so great for our country and for this Holy See. And we exhort you all, not only out of respect to our holy religion, but also for your own tranquillity, and for the real good of Italy, to make every effort to remain constantly, and with ever-increasing zeal, united with this centre of Catholic unity." The Brief bears the date of July 3, 1876, and is one of the first of the public acts of Pius IX which bears the unexampled phrase, "*in the thirty-first year of our Pontificate.*"

On the morning of the 15th the authorities paid a visit to the Franciscans at San Pietro on the Janicu-

lum and announced to them that their convent and goods, movable and immovable, were, from that day and hour, State property. A few monks will be left in the convent to take care of the church, and Bramante's gem of architecture, the *Tempietto*, or little temple, erected over the spot where St. Peter was crucified.

During the past five and twenty years, the fact of a State honor being conferred upon a Catholic bishop or priest was fraught with some suspicion concerning the recipient, seeing that the relations between the Church and the State were constantly becoming less friendly, in consequence of the degeneracy and rapacity of the latter. The Holy Father, however, never formally discountenanced the acceptance of State honors among the clergy. Hence it need excite no surprise that Mgr. de Giacomo, Bishop of Alife, continued in his incumbency after having accepted the royal nomination of Senator of the kingdom of Italy. But it has given no small scandal, and excited the most hearty disapproval at the Vatican, that he should visit the Eternal City, and here, in the face of the Sovereign Pontiff (upon whose charity he lives), enters the Senate Chamber as Senator, and assist at the deliberations. I am far from constituting myself the censor of a Catholic bishop. The reverence I bear his character forbids it. But I merely reproduce the sentiment of his superiors when I state that his conduct in this instance is like that of a son who joins the brigands who robbed his father and himself, and assists at their nefarious councils. ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

—The organ of the famous Old South Church, Boston, has been sold to the Catholic church at Milford.

—A work by Abbé Fleury on "The Manners of the Israelites," published in Paris in 1600, was sold in Paris recently for \$800.

—Miss Borie, of Philadelphia, has subscribed \$5,000 to St. Joseph's Catholic College, Mill Hill, London, for the education of missionaries to the colored people of America.

—Lady Herbert of Lea is writing a book on the position of the wife and mother in the fourth century, in which she traces the resemblance between the domestic life of the present day and that of the early Christians.

—We return our sincere thanks to Right Rev. Bishop Mora, Coadjutor to Bishop Amat, and also to Rev. Father Verdagner, Rector of the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels, Los Angeles, Cal., for kind favors rendered the AVE MARIA.

—Some few of our exchanges disregard the custom which prevails everywhere of giving proper credit for borrowed matter. When we like a piece well enough to copy it, we consider it worth crediting as well, especially if it is of any length.

—The Religious of Jesus and Mary, Lauzon, C. E.,

desire to express their gratitude to "A Young Friend," Philadelphia, for a contribution for the erection of their new Chapel. They assure the donor of a large share in the prayers of the community for the intentions specified.

—The death is announced of Bernadette Soubirous, who was favored by the miraculous Apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, France, in the year 1858. Bernadette was then in her 14th year. She departed this life at a convent at Nevers, France, which she had entered as a nun.

—A sumptuous work on "The Antiquity of the Likeness of Our Blessed Lord" is in the press in London. It is illustrated with 12 photographs, colored as fac-similes, and 50 engravings on wood, from original frescoes, mosaics, pateræ, and other works of art of the first six centuries, by the late Thomas Heaphy.

—Rev. Father Driscoll, late pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y., died in that city on the 5th inst. The deceased was seventy-two years of age, and for many years was engaged in missionary labors in different sections. For fifteen years past he has been a hard-working and much respected pastor in Troy. *R. I. P.*

—A Protestant missionary to India, a Miss Carpenter, testifies that "Christianity, far from progressing in the East under the instruction of the Protestant missionaries, is relapsing in every direction into idolatry, save where the old long-established Catholic mission houses implanted among the people have taken hold of their affections."

—The solemn ceremony of receiving the veil took place at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kenwood, N. Y., on the Feast of St. Ann, July 26th, at which the white veil was bestowed upon Misses Annie S. Noonan, Eleanor Hurson, and Laura Garrett, by the Rev. Augustine Brady, C. S. P., Mr. Augustine M. Noonan being Master of Ceremonies.

—The coronation of Our Lady of Cergnae was lately performed with great solemnity at Rodez, France. An immense multitude was assembled to witness the ceremony. The enthusiasm reached its climax at the appearance of the Apostolic Nuncio and of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Guibert. The entire city was illuminated, and flags bearing the pontifical coat of arms were seen everywhere. Eight Archbishops and Bishops, and the Rt. Rev. Abbots of the Premonstratensian Abbey of Frigole and of the Trappist Monastery at Aiguebelle were present.

—Quite recently two very old manuscripts have been found of "The Imitation of Christ," the authorship of which is so much disputed. They seem to prove that John Gerson is the true author. The first manuscript contains the original text of the work, bearing on the title-page the following inscription: *Joannis Gerson libellus de Imitatione Christi*. Its origin dates from the second half of the 12th century, and was copied shortly after the appearance of the original edition. The second manuscript is a translation called *Lombarde* (the vernacular of Lombardy). It is the oldest copy of this translation.

—It is a well-known fact that the Catholics of Bosnia have abandoned the insurgents in Turkey, preferring the rule of the Sultan to that of the Czar. Although depredations are now committed by the Turkish irregular troops—an armed mob, dangerous even to their own masters—the Ottoman Government is responsible for these outrages only in so far as it was too eager to place arms in the hands of such lawless bands. Wherever law and order prevail, Catholics enjoy the most perfect liberty in the dominions of the Sultan. In Russia, on the other hand, the persecutions and massacres—even cannon being used—are instigated by the Russian Government, which aims at the total extinction of the Catholic religion within the limits of the Empire. The *Presse*, of Vienna, lately published the solemn protest of a number of notable Catholics against the annexation of Bosnia to Servia.

—From Los Angeles, Cal., we learn that Catholicity progresses apace. The new Cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels is said by a traveller from the East to be one of the finest buildings west of Chicago, the inside of which presents a beautiful appearance. The old Cathedral building is at present used as a church for the Spanish inhabitants of the city. St. Vincent's College, under the presidency of Rev. Father O'Flynn, assisted by other priests of the Congregation of the Mission, presents superior advantages to young men desiring a good education; while the Academy under the charge of the Daughters of Charity, Sister Scholastica, Superior, offers equal facilities to young ladies. The Daughters of Charity also have charge of a fine hospital at Los Angeles, Sister Ann, directress, and conduct other educational and charitable institutions throughout the diocese, notably those at Santa Cruz and Santa Barbara. The Sisters of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary have an asylum and an academy at San Juan Bautista, an academy and novitiate at Gilroy, and have established houses of their Order at San Louis Obispo and other places. The population of Los Angeles is now about 16,000, and is rapidly increasing by settlers from the East.

—The death is announced of Rev. Father Hasslacher, S. J., who breathed his last in the professed house of the Jesuits in Paris, on the 5th of July, after having received all the consolations of our holy religion. Rev. Father Hasslacher was born in 1810; he at first entered the medical profession, but in 1840 he became a member of the Society of Jesus, and made his solemn vows on the 15th of August, 1854. When the Order was restored in Germany, Rev. Father Hasslacher was one among the first who labored zealously in the extensive and richly-blessed German missions. Amiable and social in his conversation, faithful and zealous in the pulpit and confessional, he was beloved by all classes of society. His spiritual conferences, conducted with profound erudition and winning charity, secured him immense success, chiefly among the higher classes in the large cities of Germany. Many a wandering and erring soul has been by his earnest appeals led to the path of virtue. Father Hasslacher afterwards became Superior of the

German missions in Paris, which institute, under his able management, is in a most flourishing condition.

—The usual Grand Procession (*Grosse Procession*) of the 19th of July in Munster, Westphalia, took place this year with extraordinary solemnity. The historical reason of this procession is the great plague called "the black death," which raged in Munster during the year 1350, when 11,000 human beings fell victims to the terrible scourge. The plague again made its appearance in 1383, carrying off 8,000 men in six months. Two years later a terrible fire destroyed half the city, laying 400 houses in ruins. As a commemoration of this fire and of the preceding plagues, a grand procession was instituted to take place on the day following the Feast of the Holy Relics. Every week a solemn high Mass, with Benediction, is also celebrated in the Cathedral and six principal parish churches. These Masses are called *pest Masses*, in which prayers are said to be spared from the scourges of plague, fire and war. The provincial school-board had for the first time, since Munster came under Prussian government, withheld the suspension of classes during this day, for the higher schools. But as classes did not commence before 8 in the morning, and the procession commenced at 5½, the good young students, carrying their school-books, took part in the procession, and went to class afterwards at the appointed time. The procession moved through the entire city, and Benediction was given in all the parish churches. The last ranks of the grand procession re-entered the Cathedral at 11 a. m.

New Publications.

MARGARET ROPER; OR, THE CHANCELLOR AND HIS DAUGHTER. By Agnes Stewart. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

We always read with pleasure any account which bears witness that truth and the love of truth can be so firmly established in a human soul as to form, so to speak, its ruling passion. A man who so reverences the dignity of his own soul, so realizes the value of that power by which he may unite himself to Christ, the source of all truth—nay the Truth itself—as to shrink from a lie, because he believes it to be the bane of his essential being, such a man is rare in any age; poor human nature is always seeking to compromise matters when the attestation of truth in its sublime simplicity would interfere with its comfort, with the chains it hugs under the name of lawful indulgence of the needs of the body.

In one shape or other, the battle of the temporal with the spiritual is ever being fought in every human soul, and the supremacy, alas! is too often accorded to the interest of the former. The contrary to this is and always has been exceptional; and this it is that invests with a peculiar interest the life of Sir Thomas More, a man who was no stoic, but endowed in even more than a usual measure with that loving heart which forms the charm of domestic life. His acknowledged talents, his cheerful humor, his generous disposition, won him golden opinions from every rank of

men; so amiable was he, that few might have guessed at court or in society that a soul so courteous, so bland was by its practical union with Christ as firm as a rock on all questions where 'truth' was involved. But More had early learned to practice self-denial; fasting, hair-cloth, the discipline, were his familiars; he knew how to keep the body in subjection; he knew that as inevitable a law rules the being of man as that which directs the stars in their course. His master, Henry VIII, gave promise in his youth of becoming a Christian character; the mere practice of self-indulgence, at first of innocent gratification, innocent but self-willed and uncontrolled, made him what he afterwards became. Gratification—mere habitual self-gratification—growing by what it fed on, in the absence of all restraint produced a monster who rivalled Nero or Caligula in his cruelties; and among the horrors he committed he sacrificed his friend the Lord Chancellor, whom he had loved in his youth, simply because that friend would not sanction the supremacy of the temporal power.

Such a history contains a lesson peculiarly adapted to the present day; because, although in another shape, still the same struggle continues; and everyone in some shape or other is called upon to record his vote in favor of the supremacy of the temporal or the spiritual. The book now before us records one vote in particular, though more than one are incidentally introduced; the letters of More are the most interesting portion of the volume; and these treat of subjects educational and other, which also bear on many topics of the present day, and which men would do well to study; as for example the following (p. 11): "What man, be he ever so old or learned, is always so constant as not to be elated with the tickling of of vainglory? For myself, I consider it so hard to shake from us this plague of pride that we ought the more to endeavor to do it from our very infancy. I think there is no other cause why this mischief doth stick so fast to us, but that it is ingrafted in us even by our nurses as soon as we have crept out of our shells, fostered by our masters, nourished and perfected by our parents, whilst no one proposeth any good to children but they at once bid them expect praise as the reward of virtue, whence they are so used to esteem much of praise, that seeking to please the greater number, who are always the worst, they are ashamed to be good with the few."

Much more to the same effect follows; but we must refer the reader to the book itself. He will therein find it practically demonstrated that virtue is the result of right application of principle—not a chance enthusiasm. Truth is invariable, and esteem for it comes by practice of it until practice forms a habit, a habit which is part of ourselves; pride and luxury are fearful impediments to its recognition.

How much the unbelief of the present day arises from the universal struggle for riches and renown is a question which is naturally suggested on reading the life of one who trained himself to rise superior to them both. It is a question we do not propose to answer. We believe suggestions which give rise to thought more useful, in many cases, than working out fully

the thoughts themselves. It is in this view we recommend the reading of the book the name of which heads this notice; it is full of suggestive matter fitted to the times in which we live. The fiction with which it is interwoven is intended to bring out the character of the heroine; of whom, as the authoress says in her preface, very scant records exist. This it does,—but still we prefer the latter portion of the title to the former; for the part which Margaret Roper bears in this volume is, though interesting, far inferior in every respect to that borne by her noble-hearted father, and in fact the work derives its chief value from its connection with him.

—The *Cæcilia* for August is more than usually interesting. We are glad to notice that the work of reform in church music is making steady progress both in England and Ireland as well as in America, and that Prof. Singenberger's works have called forth such unmeasured praise from Prof. Butterfield in the *London Tablet*. We trust our American church choirs will not be backward in recognizing their merit and adopting them for general use where the more complicated works of Witt, Stehle, Greith, and others are impracticable. The principal articles in the present number of the *Cæcilia* are: "Principles for Church-Music Schools"; a continuation of "Church Music and the Liturgy"; "Education of Catholic Church Musicians, Directors and Organists"; "Letters on the Plenary Indulgence accorded the members of the American St. Cæcilia Society" (Nov. 22) the *London Tablet* on American Church Music; Correspondence, Criticisms, etc. The music accompanying the number is a *Salve Regina* by F. Surgiano, one by F. Koenen, two *Veni Creator* by Singenberger—all for mixed voices.

—RECEIVED.—The *Manhattan Monthly, Catholic Record, and Rosary Magazine*, for August. We are unable for want of space to publish the contents or give a notice of these periodicals.

Obituary.

—We regret to announce the death of Rev. P. M. DOYLE, of the diocese of Pittsburgh, who departed this life on the 21st of July, at Vandalia, Illinois, in the 45th year of his age. Father Doyle studied at St. Michael's Seminary, and finished his theological course at Cincinnati, where he was ordained in January, 1854. Since that time he labored in the missions of Butler, Armstrong, and Huntingdon counties, until within a few months, when his health failed, and while seeking its restoration, death came to his relief at the above-mentioned place. Father Doyle's remains were brought to Freeport, and interred in the cemetery attached to St. Mary's Church, where other members of the family rest. As many of the Rev. Clergy as could be present assisted at the solemn funeral obsequies. Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. J. Hickey, assisted by Rev. R. Phelan as deacon, and Rev. J. E. Reardon as subdeacon. Very Rev. J. Hickey delivered an appropriate and feeling panegyric.

—It is our painful duty this week to publish the demise of Mr. JOHN ALEXIS SMALL, a native of Balti-

more, Md., but for some time past residing at Hollister, California, where he had kindly volunteered his services in favor of the AVE MARIA among his acquaintances. Mr. Small died July 24th, at the early age of 26 years, leaving a young wife and a large circle of friends to mourn his early death. A requiem Mass was celebrated at Holy Cross Church, Hollister, on the 27th of July, whence the remains were taken to Calvary Cemetery. *Requiescant in pace.*

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 5TH.

Letters received, 124; New members enrolled, 104. The following intentions have been recommended to the prayers of the Association: Health for 86 persons and 1 family; Change of life for 20 persons and 2 families; Conversion to the faith for 15 persons and 3 families; The grace of perseverance has been asked for 7, and of a happy death for 14 persons—some of the latter are in a very low state of health; Particular graces have been solicited for 5 priests and 6 religious; The grace of a religious vocation for 8 persons; Temporal favors for 30 individuals, 4 families, 6 communities, 1 congregation, 2 schools, and 1 asylum; Spiritual favors for 25 individuals, 5 families, 6 communities and 2 schools. The following intentions have been specified: The safety of several friends and relatives of some of the Associates, who have undertaken dangerous journeys; Several sodalities; Success and resources for the building of a convent; The same for a chapel; Several Protestants, who have applied for membership in the Association and are wearing the medal of our Lady; A favor which will be greatly conducive to the spiritual welfare of several persons; Protection for 2 young men whose occupation is very dangerous; Several widows and orphans; Good crops for several farmers; Success of 26 clerical students; Two ladies teaching a Catholic school recommend themselves, and also solicit an increase of pupils for their school; The safety of some married ladies; Success in several undertakings; Employment for a lady; A priest of the Society of Jesus asks the prayers of the Associates for the cure of his eyes.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

"Thank God! the property in dispute has been assigned to us. The opposing claimant threatens to prosecute again, though in last week's experiment he has sacrificed advantages he cannot regain." "I sent you word about my sister, who had been out of the Church for years. I am most happy to write you that she returned in the month of May. I do believe God had mercy on her. She died on the 23d of this month. I believe she was sorry for her past life, and we are more than grateful, for if there ever was a miracle it was my poor sister's return to the Church." "Thanks be to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary for the reform of life of a gentleman who has since joined the temperance society. Also for the happy death of another, and for the reconciliation of a mother with her daughter." "Some time ago I asked prayers for a wayward husband, a hard case; yesterday he went back, repentant, and promises to be good hereafter, with God's help." "Please return thanks to our Holy Mother—my cough is almost gone and my sight is indeed a great deal better." The following extract is from a letter of one who was induced to try the effects of the miraculous water after witnessing the cure of a friend by its use: "Your favor of the 19th, and the Lourdes water following, was received yesterday. At the time I received it, Willy was terribly sick; he could not lie in bed, and had to sit in a rocking-chair with his feet propped up, in which position he had been for the last two weeks. I gave him some of the Lourdes water to drink, and five minutes had not elapsed when he arose of his own accord, walked through the room in which

he was, into his bedroom, to our astonishment, as he had to be carried before, being perfectly helpless. I am fully convinced as to the miraculous powers of that celebrated water."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: JAMES MONTFORT, of Grand Valley, Ohio, who died July 17th. JAMES McNAMARA, of Albany, N. Y., who died some time ago.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

Child-Martyrs of Japan.—(No. II.)

MADELEINE AND HER SON LOUIS.

A Christian lady, named Madeleine, was taken and condemned to death for her faith—her little son, and several other Christians being with her. The name of the child was Louis, which seems to have been as favorite an appellation with these Eastern children of the Church as it is with the Catholics of Europe, by whom St. Aloysius (or Louis) Gonzaga is so much honored and beloved; perhaps these people even appreciated more fully the unique character of this great Saint, so child-like in its simplicity, yet so austere and wholly detached from earthly honors and enjoyments.

On arriving at the place where they were to suffer, Madeleine was fastened to a cross. Her son stood near, waiting his turn; then, as no one noticed him, he came forward and presented himself to the executioners. They looked at the child with surprise, hardly willing to take him at his word, while he seemed to consider it a matter of course that he should be crucified also.

"My son," said a bystander, "are you not afraid of death, now that you see it close at hand?"

"No," said the lad, his steadfast eyes fixed on his mother; "I fear nothing if I may die with my mother; I desire nothing but to die with her."

He was roughly seized by the executioners, fastened to a cross with thongs, and it was planted directly facing the one on which his mother hung, patient, and full of courage, to suffer all for God. In tying Louis, the men drew the thongs so cruelly tight they cut deep into the tender flesh of the child, and an involuntary cry escaped him. The pathos of the cry was so heart-rending, while the child was so evidently striving to suppress every manifestation of the intensity of his torture, that the presiding official himself was moved to tears, and commanded the ligatures to be relaxed a little.

Mother and son hung there on their crosses, their eyes fixed on each other, and each beholding the gradually failing strength of the other, yet neither losing fortitude for one moment, either on account of their own pains or at the sight of the bodily anguish of the other. There were no weak plaints, nor even appeals to Heaven for help, in words,—but, from time to time, Madeleine would utter some brave, hopeful words. "My son," she said, "soon, very soon now, we will be at the gates of heaven; keep up your courage; say to the last: 'JESUS, MARY!'" and the failing voice of the child would respond, each time more feebly, but not less cheerfully, "Jesus, Mary!" Doubtless angels from above waited there joyfully and admiringly for the parting souls, and perhaps with holy envy watched these mortals sharing in that hidden treasure which, said a saint, "heaven had not, and our dear Lord came on earth to seek—the royal stole of suffering." The bystanders wept with compassion, but the mother and child wept not.

How long they hung is not stated, but at last one of the executioners approached Louis with a lance, and made an attempt to pierce him in the side; but the stroke was an awkward one, and merely made a slight flesh wound, glancing off from the ribs. But if it spared the heart of the son it pierced that of the mother. She was agonized with fear that the touch of the sharp steel and the coming of the last decisive moment might break down the resolution of the boy; disregarding all but that, she summoned up strength to say, with inspiring energy: "Louis, my son, courage—courage to the end; say once more: 'JESUS, MARY!'"

Her fears were groundless, however. The boy, with astonishing coolness, received the sudden and wholly unexpected attack; not letting a cry escape him this time, nor one tear; his face showed no change of feature nor token of dismay, and he calmly watched and waited, while the executioner, with a firmer hand, poised his lance, and taking better aim, gave him a mortal stroke, the steel piercing the slender body through and through. Innocent boy! like a lamb he was sacrificed and died; like our Lord, he "made no plaint, and opened not his mouth," and, like our Lord too, he died on a cross, in the presence of his mother, who, however, happier than that great Mother of Sorrows, had not long lonely years to wait in exile, but soon followed him to eternal glory.

MARTYRDOM OF SEVERAL CHILDREN AND MOTHERS.

In a little town near Meaco a number of Catholics were burnt alive on the same day. Conspicuous in this glorious band were little René, with his

mother, Marie; he was not three years old; Benoit, an infant of two years, in the arms of his mother, Marthe; Lucy, three years old, with Messie, her mother. But what attracted the gaze of the multitude was a lady of the highest rank named Thecla, with her five children. She held another little Lucy, of the same age as the first, in her arms; Thomas and Francis were on her right and left hand, and the two others were fastened to one cross, close to her.

They were left attached to their crosses till the close of the day; and, when darkness gathered, the wood piled about them was set on fire. As soon as the flames mounted, the spectators began to cry aloud, the executioners to yell, and the martyrs to chaunt hymns; over all the tumult, the air resounded with the Holy Name of JESUS. At first all was confusion, and the smoke hid the martyrs from sight, but presently the pile burnt with a clear light, the noise was hushed, and the martyrs were seen dying with wonderful tranquillity, hardly any of them exhibiting any physical contortion or mark of apparent suffering; the eyes of many of them were uplifted to heaven, as if in rapture they beheld angels bearing the crowns prepared for them.

It was remarked that the poor mothers gently caressed the faces of the infants they held in their arms, to keep them from crying out. The firmness displayed by the other children, who were bound to crosses themselves, though hardly past infancy, was wonderful; the eyes of many of these were bright and laughing, their countenances serenely cheerful, and giving no signs whatever of suffering. The most remarkable point of all was, that of this numerous band, old and young—men, women, and children of all ages—who were consumed in this mighty pyre, not one made any attempt to escape, though they were, purposely, so slightly attached to their crosses that they could have fled from them if they willed to do so on feeling the ardor of the flames; but they knew this would be taken as the tacit renunciation of their faith, so one and all died heroically, looking to heaven alone, and despising pain and fear. This martyrdom took place October 7th, 1619.

Guards remained on the place for a week to prevent the Christians from collecting the relics of the martyrs. The Christians, however, managed to elude the vigilance of the soldiers, and without caring for the danger to which they exposed themselves they collected nearly all that remained of the martyrs' bones.

It was said that many wonderful things happened during the night of the 7th, among others that there was brilliant radiance in the air above the place where the holy ashes rested, and a beau-

tiful star floated in this radiance, beheld alike by the Christians and the pagans. Whether this was so or not, it is certain the invincible courage of the whole of this band of martyrs, and the wonderful joy they manifested during their fiery trials, was a matter of astonishment to all who were present.

Most touching details were preserved regarding Thecla and her five children. She was, as already noticed, a lady of the highest rank. Catholics and pagans alike were touched with compassion and amazement by her heroic bearing and tender love for her children; love for *their souls*, be it noticed, overcoming her natural affections. When she descended from the vehicle which had conveyed them to the place of execution, she folded a rich mantle she had brought about her person, screening herself from the gaze of all, with such delicate Christian modesty that the rudest pagan was silenced and abashed.

Being tied to her cross, but in such a way as to leave her able to clasp her youngest child in her arms, she turned now to one of her children, now to another, with tender smiles and loving words encouraging them to be faithful to the cruel end.

Two of her children, as has been said, faced her; there was a boy named Peter and a girl named Catherine. The latter, when half burnt, called out: "Mother, mother, I can hardly see you any longer!"

"Child! dear child!" came the tender response, through the crackling of the flames, "call on JESUS and MARY—ask them to help you—yet only a little while, and we will be with them together in Paradise."

Meanwhile the torment of the fire had reached to her own vitals, but even in her dying agonies she thought only of her little Lucy, whom she held in her arms; she soothed the babe with tenderest caresses, wiped away its tears with her scorched fingers, and clasped it so closely in a dying embrace that the two bodies were found incorporated into one mass of cinders in the ashes of the funeral pile. Happy mother, who honored her God by so beautiful a sacrifice, and who died for Him as many deaths as she offered up to His glory children dearer than her own life to her! May not this Japanese lady be justly compared to the noble Roman ladies, Felicitas and Symphorosa, saints of the primitive days of the Church, since, like them, she hesitated not to sacrifice her children on the altar of the Cross, and looked on them consuming in the slow tortures of a fiery death, without murmuring or showing one sign of grief for a fate to human and natural affection so pitious and so awful?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., AUGUST 26, 1876.

No. 35.

“Behold thy Mother.”

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. P. ROH, S. J.

(Continued.)

Bethink you now what it is that the Son of God has wrought for such a Mother, and I need not further enlarge on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; namely, that her soul from the first moment that God created it was blessed, and gifted with a peculiar grace, a supernatural holiness, even as were the souls of Adam and Eve at their creation, and as ours would be if these our first parents had not sinned. But because our first parents lost or flung away from them original righteousness, we are born not only as mere natural beings but also with a nature which sin has corrupted. We have the properties of human nature, but we no longer possess the supernatural dowry of sanctity by which we were rendered capable of supernatural blessedness. Had we been born in a state of righteousness, we were through God's love destined beforehand to supernatural blessedness; now, on the contrary, the being born again, that work of sanctifying grace presented to us in the Sacrament of holy Baptism, only as a result of the merits of Christ, is the first means whereby we become capable of loving God with a divine, supernatural love.

It is therefore by no means an exaggeration if the Church has always believed, and has at length declared it to be an article of faith, that this dowry of sanctifying grace was imparted to the Blessed Virgin immediately on the creation of her soul; therefore at her conception, because she was destined and elected by God to be the Mother of our Redeemer, that this divine grace was conferred upon her by virtue of the merits of her future Son, while since then the same is imparted to us first in Baptism. In very truth it was a great happiness for Mary that she never found herself in a

state outside of grace; that she never was exposed to the anger of God; that she was ever beautiful, and from the very first moment of existence was well-pleasing to God. O yes, that was a great happiness; but it was a grace, a grace granted to her not from her merits, but on account of the merits of her Son. However, when we consider the matter closely, she may be said to have some pretension to this distinction. For we have contributed nothing towards the accomplishment of the work of our redemption. When we ourselves come under consideration with respect to the Redemption, it is as debtors, as sinners; the Blessed Virgin, on the contrary, though not indeed a redemptress in the sense in which Christ is Redeemer—though she has not blotted out our sins through her suffering and death—that indeed she has not done: that Christ alone has done—yet it is not the less true that she performed a real part in the work of Redemption. Christ is for us all a Saviour; yes, Christ alone is our Redeemer; from Him and through Him we expect everything; but it is not the less true that God, so to speak, gave us this Redeemer through Mary. As a child, He rested on her heart, He was nourished at her bosom; on account of her Son and our Redeemer she left her native land, she underwent exile and sorrow, she had to bear all the persecution and mockery which her Son suffered; in Mary's heart was echoed every hardship and bitterness that her Son had to bear; and already in the earliest days Simeon through his prophecy plunged the sword into her mother-heart when he said to her: “This Child is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel.” She knew very well what Israel's prophets had said; she knew His future sufferings; and if she had also her joys, yet must this pain, this fear, I will not say make her unhappy, but in a peculiar sense prepare her whole life for a sacrifice in the service of love and of self-denial.

On these facts are grounded the love, the hope,

the trust which we Christians have in the most Blessed Virgin. Christian hope springs from Christian faith. Even as faith tells us that God alone is the highest good and the Source of all good, so it also tells us that we may place our hope alone in God, that we may not expect anything good which has not its source in God alone, and that we expect this good solely and exclusively through the merits of Christ, because He alone has purchased for us all the good which comes to us, sinners, from God. But this Christian hope which refers us to God as the source and cause of our blessedness, and to Christ as the only Redeemer, tells us also that our dear God, in order to grant our wishes, in order to content our needs, requires our free, spontaneous action, our co-operation. Our dear God provides in one way for lifeless nature and for animals, in another for men. He requires no co-operation from them whose action cannot be spontaneous. From us, as free, reasonable creatures, God requires more; thence the proverb: "Help yourself and God will help you";* which means: Do what you yourself are able to do, and God with His almighty power will come to your assistance when your own power and ability are exhausted. Now, if we think of it, how exalted is the aim for which we should strive, how difficult is it to us to be real, true Christians in thought, wishes, desires, and actions, in all our intentions and endeavors, then will this truth send a glow of warmth to our hearts. I know right well that when I do what I can, God will do the rest; but the word, do what thou canst, still remains a hard and difficult word, and seldom will a man be able to say, I have done everything I could.

See, then, the reason why God has not so placed individual men, in this life, that each one should have his own single, separate place; but that, on the contrary, He has united them in community—in families, in congregations, in State and Church—that one may come to the help of the other. And shall it be inconsistent with the Christian hope I feel in God that I cherish and nourish in my heart the thought that one Christian may say to another: 'I know well that I must pray, that I must pray in the right manner, perseveringly and with interior recollection, devoutly pray: and that when I have done all that is in my power, that the dear God will for such faithful, meritorious prayer, give me all I need.' But, continuing to speak, I may say: 'But I feel that in my prayer I am often much distracted, that such distractions lay hold of me in real earnest, and I constantly

feel as if my prayer were not worthy to approach to the throne of the All-Holy, therefore help me to pray, pray with me and for me." In saying this, is there anything against Christian faith, against Christian trust, Christian hope in God? I see in it only an act of genuine Christian humility. The man who thus solicits his fellow-men for prayer to God is far from being self-satisfied, and that I think is well pleasing to God. It has ever been thought lovely to see a child ask a sister or or a brother who has behaved better than himself to say a good word for him to his father or mother; this could not have displeased either father or mother, and just as little has it displeased the head of a house when a daughter or a son addressed the mother to plead for her intercession with the father in some affair of the heart, or to effect reconciliation and bring back peace.

But it is exactly on this point that an unworthy artifice has been used—the artifice, namely, of bringing a pitiful play of words into circulation in order to calumniate the Catholic Church. It is truly incredible, but yet true, that it has been said that Catholics worship Mary and the other saints! How has that arisen? For more than three hundred years already have we Catholics protested, millions and millions of times, against this being the case; and yet we see the accusation that we Catholics are absolutely idolaters continually repeated in catechisms, in school-books, and in other forms. What is the proof of this? Can you see into my heart? Do you believe that you can perceive what I think in regard to God and Mary, and that in spite of my protest to the contrary, and of my sacred oath, I do actually and in very fact place these two on an equal footing? No! They give quite another kind of proof. It is this: Catholics pray to Mary and to the saints, consequently they worship Mary and the saints; therefore, children, when you ask your mother for a piece of bread you also are idolaters, abominable idolaters! And you also, my friends, you are often asking your neighbors to lend you this or that, or to render you this or that service; fie, you are one and all of you idolaters! The holy Apostle Paul has here a great deal to answer for; for in fact he never wrote a single letter in which he did not add that he worshipped all Christians; that is, he always recommends himself to the intercession of all Christians!

With such pitiful expressions as these do they turn the heads of the children, with such insulting and shameful calumnies do they fill the soft brains of childhood. Who will undertake to answer for this before the judgment-seat of human nature? and who before the Judgment-Seat of God? For before this judgment-seat I summon all my fel-

* TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The English proverb runs: "God helps those who help themselves."

low-men who raise an accusation founded on so base a calumny against us. Yes, in very truth a judgment must one day be spoken in this matter.

When men on earth offer up petitions for one another to Almighty God; when they know not only that they may do so—nay, that, according to the ordinance of Christ and the Apostles, it is their duty so to do; when, as a rule, Christian prayer is a prayer in common, as the Lord teaches when He says: "In this manner, pray ye: Our Father," or Father of us all; this is continually repeating itself in "give us this day," "forgive us," "deliver us,"—this is manifestly an associate prayer, and an associate prayer is a prayer for others,—all for one, one for all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Blessed Virgin's Knight.

Beneath the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing stood,
But not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of blood,
Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel, prostrated far, who see
The hill where Christ's atoning Blood poured down the penal tree;
Their theme was old, their theme was new, 'twas sweet and yet 'twas bitter,
Of noble ladies left behind spoke cavalier and ritter,
And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron breast,
For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widow'd West.

Towards the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by his birth,
And ten times nobler than his blood was his high outshining worth,
His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a word he spoke,
Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke.
"What aileth thee, O Constantine, that solitude you seek?
If counsel or if aid you need, we pray thee do but speak;
Or dost thou mourn, like the rest, a lady-love afar,
Whose image shineth nightly through yon European star?"

Then answered courteous Constantine,—“Good sirs, in simple truth,
I chose a gracious Lady in the hey-day of my youth,
I wear her image on my heart, and when that heart is cold
The secret may be rifled thence, but never by me told;

For her I love and worship well, by light of morn or even,
I ne'er shall see my Mistress dear, until we meet in heaven;
But this believe, brave cavaliers, there never was but one
Such lady as my Holy Love beneath the blessed sun.”

He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive grove,
And kneeling there he prayed to the Lady of his love,
And many a cavalier whose lance had still maintained his own
Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequalled one,
Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the fight,
With wonder and with generous pride they marked the lightning light
Of his fearless sword far gleaming through the unbelievers' ranks,
As the angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on its banks.

“He fears not death, come when it will; he longeth for his love,
And fain would find some sudden path to where she dwells above,—
How should he fear for dying, when his mistress dear is dead?”
Thus often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said,
Until it chanced from Zion's wall the fatal arrow fled,
That pierced the outworn armor of his faithful bosom through,
And never was such mourning made for knight in Palestine
As thy loyal comrades made for thee, beloved Constantine.

Beneath the royal tent the bier was guarded night and day,
Where with a halo round his head the Christian champion lay;
That talisman upon his breast—what may that marvel be
Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error free?
Approach! behold! nay, worship the image of his love,
The Heaven-crowned Queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts above;
Nor wonder that around his bier there lingers such a light,
For the spotless one that lieth there *was the Blessed Virgin's Knight.*

T. D. M.

“SLANDER,” says St. Bernard, “is a poison which blots out charity both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it; so that a single calumny may prove fatal to an infinite number of souls, since it kills not only those who circulate it but also those who do not reject it.”

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Such as it was, in all sad or buoyant mood Lady Margaret cared for no further companionship. She had had many invitations from her family and from friends, entreating her to come away and seek solace in change of scene and the society of those who loved her; but nothing could tempt her away from Connemara even for a day. Her only comfort was to wander about the house and the grounds, revisiting every spot connected with any incident of the past, and living over her lost joys in memory; her only occupation was carrying out all her husband's plans, even those that had never been commenced, perhaps never would have been, had he lived, for the Colonel was a man of many plans; but to his widow his lightest wish now bore the weight of a command, and she roused herself to the effort of ordering and superintending their execution; there was plenty of movement therefore on the estate, and no lack of employment for the tenantry; this was distraction enough for her; she would seek no other at the expense of other people; she would not impose the burden of her grief on anyone, either by going to them or asking them to come to her. They could not help her, and it would be selfish to exact it at such a price even if they could. The only person, strange to say, whom she sometimes longed to see was Mr. Ringwood. He had written several times during the early days of her bereavement, and his letters had brought her the nearest approach to consolation she had yet known. She would have given anything to see him, but though she felt certain a word to that effect would have brought him to The Towers without loss of time, she could not bring herself to say it. That unaccountable perverseness which mars the most precious relations of our lives, and misses our best opportunities, kept her tongue tied. She could not even bring herself to write about the vague sense of disquiet that filled her mind, and claim the assistance of his wisdom and sympathy, though she knew how gladly and promptly he would have given it. She sometimes wished that souls had some medium of communication which would enable them to dispense with that stubborn agent, the tongue; it would be so much easier if we could signal to one another, express our mutual needs and wishes, and answer them, without the aid of articulate language which it is often so difficult to command.

Like all proud, reserved natures, Lady Margaret found the effort of speech at such times repugnant and irksome; and something in the manner and

character of Mr. Ringwood now made it specially so. Father Fallon would have been a comfort to her if he had been within reach; but, as fate would have it, he had been removed from Ballyrock just one month after Colonel Blake's death, and sent to a quiet little mission in the North, there to end his days in comparative ease and rest after his long and arduous apostolate in the wild West. Lady Margaret was very sorry for it. She had only had one interview with him since that closing scene to which he had been so unexpectedly summoned, but slight as the intercourse was, it had left a deep impression on her, and inspired her with a feeling of regard and trust in the plain old man which she was at a loss to explain. No doubt, she said, it was the memory of that terrible morning which constituted the bond and the attraction; and she was prepared to acknowledge the claim as a sacred one, and to receive the humble Catholic priest at The Towers and treat him as a friend, when her grief permitted her to receive anyone. When the news came that he was called away from Ballyrock, she was more distressed than her slight acquaintance with him seemed to warrant. Perhaps it arose from an unconfessed sentiment that in losing him she was losing an opportunity pregnant with some blessing, as yet but dimly apprehended. She felt, at any rate, much lonelier after his departure, and she tried to justify this feeling to her own mind by saying that it was natural she should grieve for the society of the man who had received her husband's confidence on his death-bed. They had had but one conversation since that memorable interview had taken place, which remained sacred to her, though shrouded in mystery; and Lady Margaret was at the time too much overpowered by sorrow to leave room for any attempt on Father Fallon's side but that of consolation; the sight of her grief, and the absence of all that could comfort it filled him with the deepest compassion; he did his very utmost to express it, and his words had comforted her; it soothed her to hear him say that he had offered the Holy Sacrifice for her husband's soul that morning, and that while he had strength to mount the altar he would remember him there. There had not been the faintest approach to controversy; Father Fallon saw that the time had not yet come for that, and contented himself with gaining her confidence and thus indirectly drawing her sympathies towards the Church he represented. A belief in a "progressive state," as she termed it, had come to her suddenly, in the wake of her sorrow. The doctrine of Purgatory, which had hitherto appeared to her only cruel and revolting, wore quite a different aspect now; it seemed not only possible, but salutary and fitting that there

should be some Pool of Bethesda into which the soul could plunge after leaving its fleshy garment, some purifying waters where its stains should be washed out and its wounds healed before being admitted into the presence of the Holy of Holies. Her husband had led a purer life than most men who pass for blameless amongst their fellows; he had been a kind landlord, liberal to the poor, truthful and merciful to all men; but an instinct stronger than all her human tenderness whispered to his wife that this was not enough, that something more was required to make a soul worthy to look upon that Divine Purity before whose Face the very pillars of heaven tremble. She never doubted for a moment but that he had found mercy; that he was at rest somewhere in God's many-mansioned House; his soul might be tarrying outside the golden gates, but it was happy; that blessed "Come!" spoken from the Judgment-Seat had surely established it in the peace that passeth all understanding; but it seemed right, nevertheless, that it should pass through the flames where every blemish would be burned away.

This faith in Purgatory had come to Lady Margaret like a portion of her sorrow; but it had lightened rather than intensified it, and softened her heart as all gifts do which come to us straight from God's hand. It was the very point of doctrine on which Father Fallon had touched with her, and it surprised and delighted him to see how grace had done its work unaided, and how readily she accepted his exposition of the Catholic theology of Purgatory. He taught her how to pray for the dead, and she had done so daily, and drawn strength and comfort from the practice.

Before leaving Ballyrock, he had written to her, expressing his regret at not seeing her again, promising to remember her constantly at the altar, and commending to her his beloved parishioners. "The poor are our best friends in sorrow," he said; "they have the ear of our Blessed Lord, and free access to His Sacred Heart." He spoke in high praise of his successor, as a young man of great scholarship and piety, whom she would find always ready to carry out her charitable desires amongst her poorer tenantry, and prove his devotion to herself in every possible way; Father Fallon hoped she would allow him the privilege of making her acquaintance at an early date; he concluded by an appeal to her to pray earnestly for light, and for the grace to receive it when it came. Lady Margaret was greatly affected by the letter; there was a warmth of sympathy and affection throughout that it was impossible to mistake; but when she came to these last words

an involuntary smile broke through her tears. "Poor dear simple man! I really believe he had an idea that he might have converted me! I am sorry, all the same, to lose him."

As to making friends with his successor, it did not enter into her views; an accidental circumstance had led to her acquaintance with himself, but there was no reason why she should deliberately seek the acquaintance of a strange priest; there were, on the contrary, many for avoiding it. If a cultivated, agreeable man, like Mr. Ringwood for instance, fell in her way, she might overlook the fact of his being a priest; but that that fact should of itself move her to overlook the absence of the other qualifications never occurred to her, and it was more than probable that this newcomer was an unpolished individual, very well suited to deal with his poverty-stricken kingdom of a parish, but possessing no attractions for one of her fastidious and exacting taste. She was both touched and surprised at the universal and impassioned sorrow which the departure of Father Fallon caused at Barrymore; the people were in despair; it was as if every man and woman in the place were losing some dear member of their family; their *naïve* demonstrations of this feeling amused her.

"Sorry to lose him, my lady! Glory be to God! Sure we'll be lost intirely without him! Who'll ever look after us and keep us straight and tidy like Father Pat! Who'll stand between us and the dhróp as he did! Och! it's himself knew how to keep a poor divil from it!"

Such was the general chorus of lamentation. Magee, on whom this restraining power had been strongly brought to bear these ten years past, though not always with the success which Father Pat's reputation in that respect would have implied, was simply inconsolable. He went about bemoaning his hard fate from neighbor to neighbor, and occasionally keeping up his spirits by a mild potation.

"The Lord look on Magee now!" he would say—he always spoke of himself as of a third person—"for it's nobody else'll care to look after him, and come to lay it on him right and left whin he makes a baste of himself!"

"But he niver did lay it on you; he niver wint beyond threatenin'; you know that, Magee," the neighbor would object.

"Och! what matter!" Magee would retort, "Isn't it all the same? If he never bate me he was always ready for it, and many's the time the fear o' Father Pat's stick came between me and the poteen like a stone wall."

"Well, don't be down-hearted, Magee. Maybe the new priest 'll do as much for you; they say he's

very kind," remarked Molly Torry, by way of consolation.

"Maybe," assented Magee; "but there is none like th'ould one; we'll never see the like o' Father Pat at Ballyrock agin."

When the new priest came, however, he was not long in making friends with them for all that; though it is true he never effaced the memory of Father Pat. He called in due course at The Towers, and left his card; a liberty which Lady Margaret did not resent, and which she even approved by a brief, courteous note, bidding the newcomer welcome to her kingdom, and expressing a desire that he might be happy there, and learn in time to love her people as his predecessor had done. There was no invitation, direct or implied, to him to come again; so of course he did not further intrude. Indeed she saw no one; there were no neighbors near enough to call, and so for the last six months Lady Margaret had lived as much like a recluse as any anchorite in the desert. At times the loneliness oppressed her, and she yearned for the warm grasp of a friendly hand and the sympathy of a friend's heart. She was feeling thus now as she sat solitary on the cliff above the sea. The sun was setting in fire, pouring soft cascades of gold into the water that burned like a sheet of flame as it rested against the sky. Lady Margaret watched the pageant until its glory faded and the fires had smouldered out, and the shadows were beginning to fall. Not a breath stirred in the uplands; silence reigned supreme; the hills were dark, and far away the waters were wide and dreary; the world was everywhere full of hush; the wild fowl had gone to roost in the red and yellow woods, the eagles were asleep in their eyries; suddenly a sea-gull flew by and screamed as it skimmed the wave and disappeared, leaving the stillness deeper than before. Lady Margaret shuddered as if a spirit had risen in the desolate place and touched her; perhaps the cry of the sea-bird struck some tender chord of memory, and recalled some incident of the past specially happy or dear; at any rate it moved her with a sudden passion of grief, the tears flowed in torrents down her cheeks, and she sobbed until the paroxysm shook her from head to foot; it lasted some minutes, and might have gone on much longer if she had not been aroused by a voice saying close beside her:

"Oh, my lady, will ye never forgive God Almighty! Will ye never make it up wid Him!"

The unexpected interruption and the strange words choked the sob in Lady Margaret's throat; she started and stood up before turning round to see who the speaker was. It was Molly, Dan Torry's widow.

"What do you mean?" said Lady Margaret, not haughtily, in at most a frightened tone.

"I mane, acushla, that ye'll never know pace or comfort while yer angry wid God Almighty; thry and forgive Him, and He'll dhraw the sting out o' yer heart, just as ye'd dhraw a thorn out o' yer finger."

"I don't understand you, Molly; I never said I was angry with God," said Lady Margaret, in the same frightened tone.

"There's no call to say it; doesn't He see it?" urged Molly; "He sees ye don't forgive Him for takin' away yer husband, my lady; aren't ye flyin' in His blessed face ivery hour o' yer life since the General went? Why do ye go on like this, a-frettin' and killin' yerself, when He knows what is best for ye? Thry and lave it off, and say Thy will be done! and ye'll see if He don't turn the bitter into sweet for ye. Don't I know it, my lady? Didn't Molly go through it all for her poor Dan! And it's harder on the poor wife than the rich one to be left alone, to have to work for the bit she aates, and have no one to share it; it's lonely work sittin' by the hearth of a night, wid the empty place afore one, and no one to care for you, no one to help you if yer brought down wid the faver."

"Yes, my poor Molly; it has been much harder on you than on me in many ways," said Lady Margaret, stung by a sudden sense of egotism and ingratitude as she looked at the poor man's widow in her scanty clothes, with penury and suffering written on every thread, and the distance between their separate lots flashed on her reproachfully; "it has been much worse for you being left alone; and yet you say the sting is taken out of your grief! you talk of 'being in peace; how did it come to you? Tell me, Molly."

"It came to me just by forgivin' God, and sayin' agin and agin: 'Thy will be done!' Sayin' it wid me tongue only, at first, until little by little I came to say it wid me heart. Thin I began to feel happy, because I kep' sayin' to myself, says I, 'Molly, don't you know that what makes heaven heaven is just of it's bein' all in the will o' God, all the blessed saints and angels a-doin' of it from mornin' till night; and now look up and see yer own Dan a-standin' in the midst of 'em, and singin' 'Glory to the Lamb o' God!' And the thought was such a blessed one, that sure I couldn't cry any more when it came to me, let alone it was for joy, and thin I took to praisin' and blessin' the will o' God, and my throuble grew light until it seemed no throuble at all but ony a blessin'. Oh, my lady, I wouldn't have my boy back if God offered him to me! I wouldn't rob him of his crown o' glory in the kingdom o' Heaven. I'm happy when I, thinks to myself, 'You are workin' and strivin',

Molly, but Dan's singin' songs wid the angels up there; no more worry or trouble for him; the Lord be blessed and praised for it!"

The thin, careworn face was illuminated with a gleam of heavenly radiance, as the poor woman lifted it to the skies, where faith discovered to her the figure of her husband "doing the will of God" for evermore. Lady Margaret had seen the same light on many such faces one Sunday morning in the wayside chapel; she recalled the scene now, as she stood for a moment gazing on Molly with a look of wonder and envy. Then she held out her hand, and said, "Pray for me, dear Molly; ask God to help me to forgive Him, and to be resigned and humble like you."

Molly lifted the delicate white hand to her lips, and murmured a blessing that fell sweetly on Lady Margaret's ear, although it was in Irish and the words were unintelligible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINE.

[Continued.]

It is hardly necessary to explain to those who really believe in the Communion of Saints the utility of Louise's sufferings, since they know the nature and use of the contents of the spiritual treasury of the Church—that treasury which is free to all the friends of God. Neither is it necessary to tell them that the penances and sufferings of a Christian are available to eternal welfare both for himself and others, for they well comprehend that this doctrine, far from being derogatory to the true idea of Redemption, explains how Our Lord effected the salvation of mankind by purifying and sanctifying our actions, our sufferings, our prayers, so as to render them acceptable to God. But the Catholic makes the same question as those outside of the Church,—“Why these sufferings?”—though he awaits a different response—a response, which he has already formed in his heart. His mind has already carried him in spirit to all those spots of the Christian world where God's Church is suffering the assaults of the wicked; and when he thinks of all her trials he wonders that the bright sun can shine upon such scenes of sorrow, and he is surprised that her children can find it in their hearts to rejoice when that which should be dearer to them than all else beside is so sorely afflicted; and then he is almost certain that Louise is one of the grand atoning victims for the wrong-doings of this century.

Yes, she is evidently one of that glorious com-

pany of whom our Holy Father is the Chief. When will God have mercy on us, and for their sakes hear our prayers? Who knows! perhaps He heeds them all the while, and tempers to our enduring the fierce storm that is raging, and perhaps for their sakes these days will be shortened.

The date of the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese troops, Sept. 20, 1870, was one memorable to Louise; for during that time, when the anti-Christian world was uniting in one wild cry of exultation, she was undergoing the most frightful suffering, personifying and concentrating as it were the grief of all faithful Catholics.

During the following Holy Week, that of 1871, the Jewish and infidel circles of Paris and Rome were engaged in a rivalry of blasphemous conduct. The leaders of the Commune were if possible excelling in iniquity Robespierre and his comrades; and in Rome, at a grand infidel banquet given on Good Friday, a crucifix was placed on the table to receive the insults of the riotous guests. And Louise—neither she nor her directors knew of the frightful events of the day, save through her excessive sufferings. Would she survive them? her state of speechless torture gave them cause to fear that she might fall beneath the weight of her cross, never to rise again.

It does not come within the scope of an article addressed to those who pay especial honor to Our Lady of Miracles to produce the medical proofs contained in the work of Dr. Lefebvre. To those who require these proofs, let it be said that they exist; and that Berlin philosophy, that dying gasp of Teutonic paganism, which this century is pleased to invest with the laurels stolen from true knowledge, has been repeatedly challenged to give a logical refutation, and that its only reply has been—sneers and gibes,—the last refuge of sophistry.

In addition to Dr. Lefebvre, physicians of every country, of every school, of every shade of belief or disbelief, were allowed and are still permitted all freedom to inquire into the phenomena presented by Louise's condition. But this strict inquiry, and the publicity of the proofs, make the Catholic reader blush for the century in which we live, the century that shows us how Herod would have treated the miracles that Christ withheld from him and his mocking courtiers. Thomas, when told by his risen Master to put his finger in the place of the nails, only responded by the exclamation: “My Lord and my God!” the science of the nineteenth century has shown us that it would have joyfully accepted the invitation, and that its enquiring, curious finger would, like the spear, have found its way to the very Heart of Our Lord. Are we Catholics fallen so low in the scale of faith that in order to believe a miracle we must be in-

formed concerning that from which our respect for Christian virginity should teach us to restrain our curiosity? If such is the case, how that fact ought to humiliate us!

Oh, in reading the details of these medical inquests, the true Catholic will sigh for those ages of faith when, in such cases, learned physicians transmitted their documents to the ecclesiastical authorities alone; when all that a believing laity required to know of the results of their investigation was: "*Non est in naturâ.*"

Non est in naturâ,—but does it come from God? As far as human wisdom can go, it has been ascertained with tolerable surety that all that the Evil One does in this case is to persecute Louise with the same style of attentions with which he usually favors the especial friends of God. Before sleep ceased to be a necessity to her, he often aroused her from profound, healthful slumber, to throw her violently on the floor, or to strangle her, or else to present horrible pictures to her mind, or often to alarm her with hideous noises,—in fact to exhibit his complete repertory of annoyances, with which the life of the Curé d'Arts has made the Catholic public of to-day familiar, showing us that it is not only Job whose steadfast faith and virtue could provoke his malice.

The Church has one infallible test of true spirituality—implicit obedience. This test has been repeatedly tried on Louise, and there is but one last proof needed, and that is final perseverance, for which we must wait until death brings the crown of victory. Catholics ought to know, if they do not, that a state of perfection cannot exist on earth. On this subject the See of Rome spoke centuries ago, in condemning the errors of Origen. Holy people are only approximately perfect; at any moment rude temptation may shake the very foundations of their soul, and were it not for the intervening grace of God, who can answer for the consequence? But as the matter now stands, the pious faithful are allowed to exercise that glorious privilege of Christianity—belief; allowed to respond, as former ages did, to the *non est in naturâ* that proclaimed a miracle. It is not in nature; let us give thanks to God for His great glory.

In strength and deliberate movement, the Flemish brain is a fitting counterpart of the proverbial sturdiness of the Flemish physical constitution. It lingers around profound science with an intensity of thought wearisome to the minds less Teutonic in frame, and it delights in weighty metaphysical problems. A proposition once proved, it is not satisfied, but it dwells anew on each ramification of argument, and adds proof on proof, the more abstruse the better, until more volatile intellects have either lost sight of the pri-

mary subject or have but a dim and perplexed idea thereof. Such at least was the impression made on us by the works concerning Louise Latéau with which we had provided ourselves before coming to Bois d'Haine, and it was an impression strengthened by the recollection of a little exhortation which we had heard in the Church of the Redemptorists in Tournay. The congregation—composed of men, women and children of every age and condition—was advised to take as a subject of meditation God's eternal existence before all ages, before all creation. We knew that to minds like Faber's this is a most restful idea, but no simile of "lofty mountain peak," "limitless plain," "or shoreless ocean" had ever done more than to oppress our minds with the immensity of an idea which they were too finite to contain, and we had always sought refuge in the short, simple phraseology of our little catechism, "God always was and always will be," and so had dismissed the thought, acknowledging ourselves too little and too weak to soar near the incomprehensible mysteries of the Holy Trinity. The Belgian congregation listened calmly to the advice, and doubtless many followed it, and we thought what well-balanced minds these people must have! But this was not the only impression produced on us; for we gained by this a still clearer idea of the blessing of being born in a Catholic land, and of generations of Catholicism. Among us, the power of dwelling in meditation on these great truths of revelation is only the prerogative of higher holiness, but here it seemed to be the birthright of the ordinary Christian. Such is the inheritance of the frequent reception of the Sacraments by a nation for centuries.

Our bodies were cramped and wearied with the trying journey of the preceding day, and our brains were thoroughly fatigued by our endeavors to disentangle the miraculous from the medical and the metaphysical; so we closed our books, and, taking our out-door wraps, we sallied forth to pay that, in Europe, commonplace act of devotion—a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Motion would be physical refreshment, and a little quiet prayer would rest the mind. We found the church in Fayt* locked,—no great misfortune, we thought, for M. Niels had told us that the church

* NOTE.—In No. 31 of the AVE MARIA, on pages 487 and 489, Fayt is mis-spelled Fajt. Instead of the two letters *ij*, there should properly be a letter *y* with two dots over it. The two dots mark the division of the word into two syllables—thus, *Fa-yt*, pronounced *Fa-cet*, instead of "Fate," which the *y* without the dots would imply. *Fayt* is a word peculiarly Belgian, probably derived from the Walloon, which is the dialect of that region.

of Bois d'Haine was always open, and we were delighted to extend our walk in that direction, that being the only bit of road resembling a pleasant promenade in the neighborhood. Although so many degrees further north than our own latitude, we found the sunny air as bland and invigorating as on one of our own bright September afternoons; and we were enjoying our freedom from the thrall of town-life, and forgetting all the fine distinction between spiritual slumber and genuine ecstasy, with all the minute medical proof almost as trying to the nerves as the accurate annals of a dissecting-room, when we found ourselves in the midst of a little adventure which confirmed the idea which we had naturally formed of Louise's sisters from the account given us by the maid with whom we travelled on our way to Tournay.

On our return from church, as we drew near to the house of Louise Lateau we met a woman dressed in the usual garb of the working-classes. She viewed us with considerable displeasure visible in her countenance, and, turning from the highway, she ran rapidly up the steps of the cottage, and, entering, she slammed the green door with a vehemence that would have daunted the boldest heart, and have prevented the most audacious from intruding. Having no intention of going where we had not been invited, we merely noted her conduct as tallying with the general reputation of the Lateau family. We afterwards related the incident to our landlady, who required of us a description of the person whom we had seen.

"It is Rosine Lateau, Mademoiselle," said she; "she and Adeline have that peculiar manner of closing the door when they imagine that anyone wishes to enter their house, and that is whenever they see anyone on the public highway leading from Fayt to Bois d'Haine; and perhaps you will find that M. Niels himself can close that door, when necessary, with a touch of that same manner."

And pausing a moment from her labors, our landlady seated herself by the piano and repeated her already twice-told tale of her intense desire to witness the miracle, and of M. le Curé's steady refusal. This narrative invariably concluded with a dissertation on the disagreeable points of Madame Lateau's character, whose death our hostess considered a blessing to all who visit Louise. If we may trust all that is told in the neighborhood of Bois d'Haine, Madame Lateau and her two older daughters did not, to use a familiar expression, put their best foot forward on Fridays. Madame Lateau, it seems, found no position so well suited to her needlework as just in the door-way of Louise's room, and from this place she never

moved the whole afternoon, so that visitors were obliged to stumble over her in order to enter. As to Rosine and Adeline, their conduct is such that all Christians must hope that the prophecy of Palma, the *cestatica* of Oria, in Louise's regard, will be speedily fulfilled. Palma declares that the day is not far distant when Louise will be removed from the society of those whose conduct necessarily fetters her spiritual advancement.

Rosine Lateau, as is well known, took occasion to inform one of the exiled princesses of Italy—the same one, if we mistake not, who lately electrified the world by leaving all things to follow Our Lord in the humble garb of a Franciscan nun—that in the sight of God she the princess was no more than one of themselves. A sentiment which would have been lovely humility in the princess, but which, coming from the mouth of the seamstress, savored more of rebellious envy than becomes the true Christian. Only the plea of extreme ignorance could in this case excuse Rosine, for certainly those whose exile has the same origin, nay, is identical with the trials and imprisonment of the Holy Father, must be very dear to God, and it would seem presumption to claim any equality with them, either temporal or spiritual.

Adeline had not as yet distinguished herself by any one remarkable action, but our experience proved that she is worthy to be the daughter of her mother and the sister of Rosine, however unfitted she may be to be the companion of one destined to take a place in the highest choir of the heavenly host.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Santa Sabina.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

We had planned a visit to Santa Sabina, on the Aventine Hill, for the fifth of May, when a message reached us, from too authentic a source to be doubted, which gave an extraordinary interest to our visit; for on that day, the Feast of St. Pius V, the room of the holy Pontiff and of his spiritual father, St. Dominic, would be open to ladies for the first time.

There is always a charm about a new privilege, however dear may be the old one; and we were not sorry to have this charm mark our first visit to the Dominican convent, around which had clustered to us, for years, so many sacred associations. If San Sisto had drawn us within its picturesque old gate, and up its winding stairways, worn with the steps of generation after generation of Dominican nuns as well as monks, had tolled us on to peep through its loop-holes of windows

and peer into its deserted corridors; if we had clambered up the side of its steep banks to clutch the scarlet poppies growing on the crumbling walls, and all because this had been the first home in Rome of St. Dominic Guzman and his brothers in religion, still Santa Sabina had witnessed some of the most extraordinary manifestations of God's favor towards the young Order. If the youth, Napoleon, at the prayer of St. Dominic, opened his eyes again upon earth at San Sisto, still the miracle of the loaves of white bread, distributed by two radiant angels to astonished monks in the refectory, had taken place at Santa Sabina. Here, too, the Order had seen some of its choicest vines taking root and bearing delicious fruit. It was to Santa Sabina that the young Thomas of Aquin fled from his worldly relatives, when he heard that they intended to force him to remain in the world. It was at Santa Sabina that St. Raymond of Pennafort found a home when called to Rome by Pope Gregory IX, in 1230; and even made the confessor of the Holy Father. To name over the shining lights of the Dominican Order for centuries, is to name those who were trained or perfected in the school of St. Dominic at Santa Sabina on the Aventine. If Toulouse was the cradle of the Order, if there the rich germs sprouted and put forth the first green blade, and if the blessings of the pontificate first fell upon it at San Sisto, still at Santa Sabina the full kernel appeared on the stalk. When Yvo of Kanski was named Bishop of Cracow, he went to Rome, taking with him his two nephews, Hyacinth and Ceslas. The fame of St. Dominic drew the Bishop to Santa Sabina; and seeing the sanctity of these religious and the zeal of their founder, he desired to take back with him to Poland some of their missionaries. But even the zeal of a St. Dominic could not prepare missionaries fast enough to meet the demands made for them; and it was from his own household that the Bishop took the novices who were to learn the spirit of St. Dominic and carry it to Poland and all the regions of northern Europe. In this very Convent of Santa Sabina, in March 1218, St. Dominic gave the religious habit to the nephews of the Bishop, Hyacinth and Ceslas, and also to Herman and Henry, two gentlemen attached to the suite of the Bishop of Cracow; and it is around this same Hyacinth that the marvellous halo of light still shines in northern Europe; for, like Dominic, he was a saint.

Here too, at Santa Sabina, Michael Ghisleri led that life which prepared him to glorify the pontificate by miracles, and to win another nimbus for the tiara in the person of Pius V, and therefore it was that on his feast, the fifth of May, a new privilege had been granted to those who would

visit Santa Sabina and the shrines of the Dominican saints.

But this favored spot had not only kept the perfume of the lilies of St. Dominic—it had borne the red roses of a martyr. From her patrician home on the Aventine, Sabina had gone to Umbria as the bride of one of its richest noblemen. But riches and prosperity still left her soul open to the voice from heaven which spoke to her through her maid, Seraphia, a native of Antioch in Syria, and a Christian. Embracing the truth with all the fervor which marked the Christian ladies of Rome in those early ages, she soon became illustrious even among the great lights of the Church. At this time the Emperor, Adrian, began openly to persecute the Christians. Sabina and Seraphia were apprehended by the order of Beryllus, Governor of Syria. The maid, Seraphia, was beaten to death with clubs; but Sabina was discharged, out of respect for her high position and regard for her friends. In the course of the same year which had seen her maid Seraphia give testimony to the faith, Sabina returned to Rome—returned to it with her soul lifted up beyond the fear of tyrants or their tortures. She had learned from Seraphia not only how to live for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, but how to die for it. Called out again by the order of the persecutor, it was no longer to Beryllus, but to Adrian himself, that she was to make answer, who interrogated her through Elpidius.

"Are you not Sabina," asked the tyrant, "and illustrious both by your birth and by your marriage?"

"I am indeed Sabina," she replied; "but I give thanks to Jesus Christ who by means of my maid-servant, Seraphia, has delivered me from the thralldom of the evil one."

There was no respect for friends in the heart of Adrian; and without any further ceremony she was condemned to all sorts of tortures, and finally beheaded; beheaded, we are expressly told, in the house of her parents on the Aventine Hill, and in full sight of the palaces of the Cæsars, then in all their glory. To-day, indeed, as the Christian pilgrim winds up the steep ascent of the Aventine, he turns to enjoy what he declares to be the finest view in all Rome of the palaces of her Cæsars; but it is a view of those palaces in ruins—ruins so utterly desolated as to be a by-word among the nations. In the darkness of the Mamertine prison, the lamp of the guide shows us the fountain which sprang up at the command of St. Peter when his jailors asked for baptism. In the rough stone wall is also shown the impression of St. Peter's face, made perhaps when ignominiously pushed against it by some imperial minion

To this day it has been carefully protected from injury or insult; and the depths of this gloomy cavern retain authentic traces of the sojourn of the Apostles. But in the palaces of the Cæsars, the most enthusiastic search discovers no trace of the personal existence of those who planned, built and lived in them. Among those skeletons of banquetting halls, audience rooms, luxurious apartments, there is nothing which can be identified as connected with any one of these emperors, these universal rulers, and "would-be gods"; while the Aventine Hill, like the Mamertine prison, guards the tradition of a single patrician woman and her maid, as a priceless treasure and a crown of glory.

It was in the year 425 that a pious Illyrian priest named Peter built a church to take the place of the oratory which had hitherto stood over the tomb of Santa Sabina. This church was consecrated by St. Sixtus III, and was made the station for Ash-Wednesday by St. Gregory the Great. This illustrious Pontiff, we are told, preached on this day many times at Santa Sabina; and it was long the custom of the Sovereign Pontiffs to receive in this church the penitential ashes. Eugene II restored the church in the ninth century, and Gregory IX consecrated the new altar in 1238. The titular Cardinals to whom the church was successively given made important repairs, and St. Pius V and Sixtus V both left traces of their zeal for its welfare.

At one time the convent attached to the church was a pontifical residence. Here Honorius IV died, and here was elected his successor, Nicholas IV. A part of this convent had been given to St. Dominic by Honorius III, when he gave him the church, and thus became the home of many of the saints of his Order. With all these associations drawing us onward, how eagerly we watched for the first glimpse of Santa Sabina!

The actual entrance to the church is no longer through the court of the convent, but from the side, where four pillars and three round arches stand in the midst of an irregular pile of domes and chapels, attached to the grand nave and aisles of the ancient edifice. The first object which on entering strikes the eye, after a glance at the great length of the church and its lofty ceiling of bare rafters, is a low spiral column with a black head, marking the spot where St. Dominic spent whole nights in prayer. Very near this was the stone which covered the remains of the five martyrs whose bodies were laid in the crypt of Santa Sabina; but this stone is now placed on the wall near the actual entrance of the church. Walking towards the altar, we see, in the pavement, the effigy of Munio of Zamora, the seventh General of the

Order of St. Dominic, in a mosaic by Jacques de Torrita, whose name is so honored in the history of art. One chapel, the first on the right as we enter, is given to St. Thomas of Aquin; the one still nearer the altar to St. Dominic himself; and in this is the very interesting fresco which represents him giving the habit to St. Hyacinth and to St. Ceslas. Following this aisle, we find, at the end, the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary. The altar-piece is the picture known by this same name, and acknowledged to be the masterpiece of Sassoferrato. The Blessed Virgin is seated, with her Divine Son on her knee. With one hand He crowns St. Catherine of Sienna with a wreath of thorns, and with the other presents to her a rosary; while the Blessed Virgin gives a rosary to St. Dominic, kneeling like St. Catherine and his inspired face lifted towards the Queen of Heaven. Above this group hover little angels, in a sort of still ecstasy. The one above the head of St. Dominic is one of the most beautiful in all Christian art. The whole movement of the figure, as well as the expression of the face, is truly celestial. This picture is worthily framed by a series of miniatures, representing the fifteen mysteries contemplated on the rosary of St. Dominic. The ingrained arch over the altar is ornamented by roses in gold, and the whole chapel is of exceeding beauty.

In the deep apse of the choir is the altar-piece, representing the martyrdom of Santa Sabina, while on the side at the right, as we turn from the choir, is a fresco of St. Gregory the Great preaching at Santa Sabina. Before the main altar, which stands in front of the deep choir, is the entrance to the crypt in which repose the bodies of St. Alexander, Pope; of SS. Eventius and Theodulus, priests; of St. Seraphia, the teacher of St. Sabina, and finally of St. Sabina herself—all martyrs under Adrian. At the end of the left aisle of the church as we leave the choir, and exactly opposite that of the Chapel of the Rosary, is the Chapel of the Crucifix; while opposite those of St. Dominic and of St. Thomas is that of St. Catherine of Sienna, rich in marbles through the generosity of Elic of Tuscany. But high above all these chapels, and supported by the twenty-four Corinthian columns of the nave, which had belonged to the temple of Juno Regina, is an inlaid frieze of *pictradura*, which may be considered unique even in Rome, and which could belong only to the period that gave floors of such marvellous beauty and yet of almost imperishable durability.

And now we have come to the grand portal which once made the usual entrance to the church. But first let us look above it, at the immense inscription in mosaic, which dates back to the fifth century; to the time, even, when the Christians on

the Aventine wished to honor that same pious priest, named Peter, who had been so zealous for the honor of Santa Sabina. The inscription is in letters of gold, on a blue ground, and runs thus: "Rich for the poor, poor towards himself, despising the goods of the present life, Peter merited to hope for the life to come." At each end of this inscription is a draped female figure holding a book; one is named, in small letters, the "Church of the Circumcision"; the other the "Church of the Gentiles." As this is only a fragment of the original mosaic, it is supposed that SS. Peter and Paul were depicted above these symbolical figures. This mosaic inscription, with the figures, extends the whole width of the grand nave.

If we now pass through the door, we shall find it one of those relics which mark an era in art. The frame, of white marble, is cut, with all the delicacy of an antique Corinthian capital, in short acanthus leaves. The door itself is of dark wood, its carved panels or compartments giving scenes both from the Old and the New Testament. The portico, now enclosed, on which this door opens, bears many ancient Christian inscriptions in its walls, and is supported by eight antique columns of the choicest white marble, four of which are spiral. From this portico we look, through a small window, into the monastery garden, where the orange-tree planted by St. Dominic, and therefore more than six hundred years old, still flourishes, and not only bears leaves but fruit. A marble wall surrounds this venerable tree, and a relief on the side gives us a good picture in stone of St. Dominic. From the same portico, also, we could look into the cloister of the convent, with its columns and arches, almost as beautiful as those in the famous cloister of St. Paul's outside the walls. From the same portico, too, we were guided to the chambers once belonging to St. Dominic and St. Pius V—this day, as we had been told, opened for the first time to ladies. Much as we had desired to improve this privilege, there was something very solemn and very pathetic in this condescension of the Church towards her children of the nineteenth century. The more men cavil, and the more they insult her traditions, the more ready she is to show them the proofs of their authenticity.

Although the room of St. Dominic is reached by a lower landing of the winding stairway, we went first to that of the holy Pontiff. To this upper room, overlooking the hills beyond the Tiber, Pius V came every year to make, in the midst of his brothers in religion, of the Order of St. Dominic, that strict *retreat* of which he had learned well the efficacy when a monk in the choir at Santa Sabina. The practices which had then nourished in his soul the grace of holy perseve-

rance were never considered outgrown or unnecessary; but, to the last hour of his life, Pius V was a son of St. Dominic. The room had evidently been in use as a chapel. Over the altar was a painting of Pius V and his crucifix: the crucifix, which, having been poisoned by his enemies as the object most sure to touch his lips, miraculously recoiled from him in such a way as to warn him of the danger of which he was until then unconscious. The picture is a very striking one; as, indeed we might say of all the pictures in this narrow chapel. Two of them represent the miracles of St. Pius V; another, St. Philip Neri predicting that he would be made Pope; and another still, an angel showing to St. Pius, in vision, the victory of Lepanto. The same type of countenance is preserved in all these frescoes, and adheres closely to the actual type of the living Pontiff, as we could plainly see, having only that morning visited the chapel, in Santa Maria Maggiore, in which his body reposes and is seen on this day, clothed in a crimson silk *soutane* and the lace rochet which Napoleon I presented to Pius VII. This evidence, simple as it was, of the truth of the type preserved in the pictures on the walls of his room, reminded us that many other types which are considered fanciful merely, may still be founded upon traditions equally true.

From the room and chapel of Pius V we stepped partly down the stairs, strewn with fresh box, and then turned into the narrow passage leading to the room of St. Dominic; for it was there that a certain interest gathered and culminated. How important to the Church, to Europe, to America, had been the years spent by St. Dominic in that cell! for a *cell* it really was. The outer room, which led into this, had been richly adorned—literally *cased* in precious marbles; but the inner room, the room we cared most for, had remained, we were glad to see, almost as bare as St. Dominic must have left it. The only considerable change must have been that made by introducing the altar, with its canopy, and a picture of St. Dominic, which may be regarded as a true likeness. The picture was framed in a narrow strip of gilded lilies, the whole set in crimson velvet on which were gold stars, thus preserving the emblems which accompany St. Dominic in art. We can never tell in words the satisfaction given by this visit to the room of St. Dominic at Santa Sabina. It supplied certain impressions, which, even if we were unconscious of it, were needed to give us a personal acquaintance with St. Dominic, much as we had admired and venerated him; for at Santa Sabina you seem to breathe the same air and to walk beside him as a friend actually present. The ardor of that great founder has never left

his Order, and we fancied that we could see in the faces of the monks at Santa Sabina the same heavenly cheer and gladness of soul which distinguished him among the saints even of his own era. It was with a sort of miserly clutch that our hands held the few photographs and sketches which we could secure of a retreat so rich in all which makes a true sanctuary—while an aroma, more precious than others could claim, seemed to breathe from the orange-leaves fresh from the tree planted by the hand of Dominic of Guzman.

No one who has visited the Church of Santa Sabina on the Aventine will accuse us of prolixity in this article; they will say that we have given the merest glance of a passer-by to what might worthily occupy page after page of minute description. What we have written, however, will assist those who have not seen it to form some idea of the riches of those ancient churches in all that relates to the soul; and it may also incline some heart to be more devout, not only to St. Dominic and to St. Pius V, but to St. Sabina, the martyr, whose feast is celebrated on the 29th of August.

Catholic Notes.

—We are under many obligations to Rev. Fr. Bot, San Gabriel Mission, Cal., for favors lately received.

—Eighty-seven hospitals and two hundred and twenty asylums of various kinds attest the practical charity and active benevolence of American Catholics.

—Rev. Father Heribert, of the Franciscan Monastery, St. Louis, died suddenly at Alton, Ill., on the 14th inst., of congestion of the brain. The remains were taken to St. Louis.

—Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known artist, who has lately become a convert, has, it is said, foresworn the painting of battle-pieces and will henceforth devote herself to sacred art.

—A fresh martyrdom occurred in China on the 14th inst. A French mission chapel at Ning Kooe, for the province of Ugan Sali, was attacked by the populace during the celebration of Mass. The priest and many of the congregation were killed.

—It is estimated that in 1785 there was but one priest to every 1,000 Catholics in the United States; in 1808 one to every 1,500; in 1830 one to every 1,900; in 1840 one to 2,000; in 1850 one to 1,200; in 1860 one to 2,000; in 1875, one to every 1,300, or 5,074 priests.

—The most conspicuous church in the neighborhood of New York is St. Michael's, on Jersey City Heights. At its side is the monastery of the Passionist Fathers. The church is very large and beautiful, and can be seen distinctly from almost any part of Manhattan Island.

—We have a few odd volumes of the AVE MARIA on hand which will be sent postpaid on receipt of price to any one wishing them. Vol. I, in neat green

cloth, \$2.50; half-morocco extra, \$3.25; vols. III and IV, green cloth, \$3.50, and a few of the other vols. (excepting the 5th and 7th) handsomely bound in half-morocco, \$5.00. These volumes are full of interesting and useful reading—articles by Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, Dr. Brownson, "Clonfert," "Mari-philos," and others, legends of the Blessed Virgin, poetry, stories, etc.

—A colony of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, exiled from Fribourg, Germany, some years since founded a house of their Order at Port Said, in Egypt. On the 11th of June they were visited by their Bishop, when three pupils received First Communion, and nineteen—among whom were three penitents—received the Sacrament of Confirmation. On the 15th of June—the Feast of Corpus Christi—a public procession was held in the streets. It was as solemn as circumstances permitted. The Mahometan garrison had expressly turned out in full uniform, forming espalier in the streets through which the procession had to pass. Although Jews, Protestants, and Mussulmans far outnumber the Catholic population in Port Said, not the least sign of irreverence, either by word or gesture, could be noticed; on the contrary, it is asserted that a great many of the non-Catholic bystanders showed unmistakable signs of reverence and devotion.

—A correspondent, evidently a physician, in a letter to the *Indo-European Correspondence*, relates the following incident: "On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph I read in the 'Month of Mary' of the wonderful fruits obtained by devotion to the Holy Rosary. It is related how a Bishop in Spain was unable to succeed in reforming his people until he preached the Rosary. By a strange coincidence, I heard on that day of the following: We have all read of the unfortunate voyage of the 'Strathmore' and the hardships endured by the survivor. One of the passengers was Mrs. Wordsworth. This lady had received a rosary from a Catholic lady (a convert) in Edinburgh, who asked Mrs. Wordsworth to use it when in trouble or affliction. The vessel struck. At the last moment Mrs. Wordsworth thought of her rosary, went down to the cabin and secured it. I make no comments; but I saw it mentioned in the newspapers that Mrs. Wordsworth is the only female who was saved."

—Some of our readers will remember Captain Miles W. Kehoe, who fell by the side of the gallant Custer in the Sioux massacre, as a brave Papal Zouave, who offered his sword and life to defend the Vicar of Christ. During the civil war he served on the staff of Gen. Steadman. To his adopted country he has been true and as loyal as he was to his faith. He was the soul of honor, as fair a specimen of Christian chivalry as ever entered battle. When the battle-field was searched, the dead body of Kehoe was found un mutilated. Around his neck, attached to a gold chain, was an *Agnus Dei*, symbol of his faith, and a sign of his child-like devotion. The Sioux knew by that religious emblem that he was baptized in the same faith as their chief—and left his body untouched upon that sanguinary field of honor. In death, this Catho-

lie soldier was not forgotten. A poor Catholic girl, with that charity which is everywhere distinguished, called a few days ago at the Cathedral to have Masses said for the repose of his soul. As a servant in the household of one of the officers of the ill-fated expedition against the Sioux, she became acquainted with him, and could testify with tears to the modest, humble piety of this fearless *Sabreur*. The charity of this Catholic girl was as touching as the sad history of the brave soldier's death. His grave is in the distant West, where he lies with his *Agnus Dei* resting upon his bosom. Peace to the soul of the gallant Papal Zouave and faithful soldier of the United States.—*Zouave Telegraph*.

—Everybody in Paris knew Sister Martha. She was a little, old matron, quite stooped, wearing two, sometimes three medals on her breast, and she could be found wherever misery was to be relieved, sickness to be nursed, or a wound to be dressed. Sister Martha, or "the Little Mother" (*La petite Mère*) is no more. Feats of true charity like those of this humble religious are seldom met with. Sister Martha, who had embraced the religious life when very young, was always found at the post of danger. Hospital-Sister in the infirmary at Lyons at the time that the cholera was thinning the ranks of the population, she could be found by day and by night at the couch of the poor plague-stricken sufferers. During the Crimean war she was at Constantinople nursing the poor French soldiers stricken down by dysentery; in 1859, in Italy, in charge of the military hospital established by General Roze at Milan. When the cholera was ravaging the city of Amiens in 1866, this devoted religious was there at her post; and the Empress of the French, while visiting the victims of the plague, was accompanied by Sister Martha, for whom the noble Empress asked the cross of honor. A gold medal of the first class was awarded to her, and a little afterwards the star of the brave (*l'étoile des braves*). She was present during the siege of Paris in 1870 and 1871, and God alone knows at what pains and sacrifices she was enabled to spare her unhappy patients the horrors of hunger and want. She was 78 years of age at the time of her death. *R. I. P.*

New Publications.

—The *Angelus* is the name of an excellent Catholic magazine which we receive regularly from London. It always contains much instructive and entertaining reading, and in appearance is one of the most elegant of Catholic periodicals. The August number, which is the seventh issue, has the following table of contents: I, Lourdes; II, Sir Thomas More; III, Wild Plants and Thistles; IV, The Under-Current of Life. Chap. VII; V, The Mahoneys. Chap. VIII; VI, The Mother's Dream; VII, Diocesan News; VIII, Miscellanea.

—The *Dublin Review* for July contains, I, Professor Mivart on the Rights of Conscience; II, Cremation; III, Mr. Mill on Causation; IV, The United States of America; V, The Witness of St. Irenæus to Catholic Doctrine; VI, Mr. Alfred Austin's Human Tragedy;

VII, A Few More Words on Fessler; VIII, The Republican Victory in France; IX, On Religious Unity and Toleration, by F. Raniere; X, Notices of Books; XI, Pronouncement on Rosmini's Works.

Obituary.

—REV. FATHER JAMES F. DALTON, for several years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Newark, N. J., and afterwards in charge of the Church at Bergen Point, died in the latter place on the 2d inst., after a severe illness of several weeks duration. Father Dalton was a native of New York city, was educated at St. Charles and St. Mary's Colleges, Maryland, and graduated from Seton Hall. He was ordained in 1865 and was first attached to the Cathedral in Newark, where he endeared himself to all by charity and devotedness. Later on he was given charge of St. Joseph's. Fr. Dalton was greatly esteemed, and gave promise of a bright future. The funeral took place in Newark, from St. Joseph's. A solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. Killeen, with Fathers Steets and O'Connor as deacon and subdeacon. Bishop Corrigan preached at the conclusion of the Mass.

—Died, at Oakland, Freeborn Co., Minn., August 11th, MARGARET, wife of WILLIAM CHRYSTIE. She died as she had lived, beloved by all, and a model of patience and resignation to the Divine will. Although her sufferings were very great, she bore her long sickness of eight months with the most heroic patience and Christian fortitude. She was a devout member of the Living Rosary and Holy Scapular Societies, and the prayers of the members of these Associations are earnestly requested for the repose of her soul. She leaves a husband and three small children to mourn her loss. She was aged 27 years and 1 month.

Requiescant in pace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13TH, 1876.

Letters received, 150; new members enrolled, 278. The following intentions have been recommended: Recovery of health for 115 persons and one family; Change of life for 65 persons and 4 families; Conversion to the faith, of 20 persons and 2 families; The grace of perseverance for 7, of a happy death for 34 persons; Particular graces are asked for 6 priests, 19 religious, 2 clerical students, and 3 secular persons for a religious vocation. Temporal favors are asked for 25 individuals, 6 families, 4 communities, 1 congregation, 2 schools, and 1 hospital; Spiritual favors for 34 individuals, 5 families, 6 communities, 3 schools and 1 hospital. The following intentions have been specified: Some persons about to undergo dangerous surgical operations; Peace and harmony in several families; Resources for a widow to support 9 fatherless children; Some persons leading sinful lives, who by their employment as miners are much exposed to danger; Success in business; The building of a chapel in Kentucky; Reconciliation among brothers; Resources; Several persons who are in poor health are recommended for conversion; Some scrupulous persons; Two little orphan girls (Catholics) taken from a Catholic orphan asylum by their Protestant relatives; Some bad Catholics who give scandal to unbelievers by word and action.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following extracts are from letters received: "I have to offer my most sincere thanks to you, Rev. dear Father, for a miracle performed by the holy water of Lourdes. It was a desperate case in the spiritual order, and now, thanks to our Blessed Lady of Lourdes, I have not a doubt but that the pious prayers of the Association had a great deal to do with it."... "Mr. F.'s child has been entirely cured by the use of the water of Lourdes."... "I became a member of the Association some time ago and asked for some water of Lourdes for my husband. Thanks to God and His Blessed Mother, he has never since spent a cent for medicine. It is now three months since he began to improve; he says he cannot find words to express his gratitude for sending the water."... "I am the woman to whom you sent the blessed water and medal one year ago this month, and praises be to God and honor forever to the Queen of Heaven, I am now entirely cured of a terrible disease that I had for seven years."... "The Lourdes water did me so much good that I have not been so well in more than twenty years."... "When I wrote you last, which was during the winter, I spoke of having a cancer, for which you sent me the Lourdes water, and which I used. I think from its use alone my life is prolonged, for the cancer seems to grow scarcely any larger, and from time to time the moisture disappears; and if I am not altogether cured in this, I thank the Blessed Virgin for blessings which are perhaps far more beneficial to me."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: LOUIS CAVANAUGH, of Dubuque, Iowa, who died on the 30th of July. Mrs. SUSANNA S. BROWN, of Montgomery Station, Indiana, who departed this life on the 4th of August, in the 65th year of her age. Miss LOUISA MUKAUTZ, of Chicago, Ill., who was called to her reward on the 7th of August, in the flower of her age, after a lingering illness, well fortified with all the consolations of our holy religion. Miss BRIDGET CRIMMINS, of Little Meadows, Pa. Capt. ALEXANDER C. NOLAN, of Philadelphia, youngest son of the late John and Margaret (Goslin) Nolan, of Ferns, County Wexford, Ireland. Capt. Nolan died on the 22d of January last at Portland, Oregon, after a short illness. SISTER MARY AGNES HEDLY, who died of paralysis of the lungs, at Ottawa, Ill., on the 20th of June. HUGH MCGOVERN, Mt. Carbon, Pa.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C.S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

Boyhood and Youth of Pius IX.

M. Villefranche gives the following interesting details concerning the boyhood and youth of Pius IX, in *La Paroisse*, a French weekly paper: "Sinigaglia is a pretty little city of Umbria, in the Pontifical States, and one of the most ancient in Italy. It was founded by a tribe of Gauls who came from the banks of the Seine. At the time that France was in the agonies of the most terrible revolution of modern times, Sinigaglia had for mayor a gentleman named Jerome Mastai Ferretti. The Mastai family is a very excellent one, and originated in Crema, Lombardy. It left that city in the fifteenth century, and established itself at Sinigaglia, where it has always been distinguished for its private virtues and public munificence. It added the name of Ferretti to that of Mastai, on the occasion of a matrimonial alliance with the last heiress of the house of Ferretti. Count Jerome had for his wife a lady named Catherine Sollazzi.

She bore him several children, of whom the second, John Mary, was destined to become Pope Pius IX. He was born May 13, 1792. His father was exceedingly anxious about the education of his children. No one was better acquainted with the painful condition of affairs in Europe, and the increase of infidelity disturbed him greatly. He took every precaution to secure his innocent offspring from its pernicious influence. In this endeavor he was admirably seconded by the good Countess, his wife, who was a lady of singular talent and ability.

"John Mary responded to the care and vigilance of his parents in an admirable manner. He was a very pretty child, and very intelligent. When Pius VI was led captive into France, little John was taught to feel for his sufferings, and used to add a prayer for him to those which he said at night. When any news of this unfortunate Pope was heard, the child expressed the greatest desire to become acquainted with it. 'How can God permit such horrors to take place?' he would ask; 'is He not the Master of all things! Then why does He permit His Vicar to be dragged away, like a malefactor, and imprisoned?'"

"My child," the Countess would answer, 'it is because he is the Vicar of Christ that God allows him to be treated as Christ was.'

"But, mother, these French are very wicked people, and why do you make me pray for them?'"

"Our Saviour, John, prayed for His enemies.'

"When Pius VI died, people used to say that there never would be another Pope; and little John, hearing them, would ask: 'Will there really never be another Pope?' His mother did all she could to sustain his faith, and to persuade him that there would be another Pope; and she did this so well that if anybody expressed a doubt of it in his presence he would boldly answer: 'I know there will be another Pope, because my mother says there will be one.'

"When John Mary was twelve years old, he was sent to the college at Volterra in Tuscany. This school was directed by the Scolopi Fathers. His progress was considerable. In the mean time his uncle, the Bishop of Pesaro, was imprisoned for his fidelity to Pius VII; and another uncle, a Canon of St. Peter's, was imprisoned in Rome for the same cause. So it is easy to see what a faithful and thoroughly Catholic family that of the present Pope was.

"One day an inspector, deputed by the French Government to visit all the schools and colleges in Italy, went to Volterra, and amongst other children examined young Mastai. He was so struck by his brightness of intellect that he said: 'That child will be a great man before he dies.' This gentleman died in 1830, when young Mastai was Archbishop of Spoleto, and, as he knew him well, used to tell the story of the first impression Mastai had produced upon him.

John Mastai was six years at school at Volterra. He never was in any army, although many biographers assert that he was a soldier from 1811 to 1812—some under Napoleon, others under Austria. But this is false; Pius IX never carried arms. He remained quietly at Sinigaglia until the return of Pius VII, and was presented to that Pope during his triumphal progress through the Papal States. A cruel illness now afflicted him, and he was for some time a victim to epilepsy. He always declared that, under God, he owes his recovery from

this illness to his mother. On regaining his health he went to Rome in 1818, but when Cardinal Prince Odescalchi undertook to preach a mission at Sinigaglia, Mastai joined himself to him, and returned to his native city for a short time. This Prince Odescalchi afterwards abandoned the purple to become a Jesuit. Abbé Mastai's ill-health had hitherto prevented his entering holy orders, and it was not until December 18, 1818, that he received the subdiaconate. A little later he was permitted to say Mass, but on the sole condition that he said it assisted by another priest. Pius VII said to him, as he granted this favor: 'I think I can safely predict that your ill health will be speedily removed.' It never returned."

Heroic Deed of Charity of Two Young Girls.

Foremost among the virtues which the young Christian soul should be trained at an early age to practise, is the virtue of fraternal charity. Works of charity have a special power in subduing and sanctifying the passions of the youthful breast. When the spirit of fraternal charity enters the heart of the youthful Christian, it forestalls and excludes the spirit of the world. The charitable, by a blessed necessity, become unworldly, unselfish, pure-minded, and devout. Moreover, the exercise of this virtue in early youth multiplies blessings—the fruitful blessings of the poor—upon the first steps in life of the young Christian soul. Parents should rejoice when they behold son or daughter animated by the spirit of fraternal charity. No more certain foresign could they possess of their child's future happiness, usefulness, and holiness.

One of the most touching phases of fraternal charity is the charity of the poor for the poor. Wonderful are the sacrifices which the poor often impose on themselves for the relief of one another. And that happens, frequently, when it is the utter stranger that has to be relieved and provided for.

We shall now place before our readers a heroic deed of charity performed by two young girls of very humble rank, for the details of which the writer can vouch from his own personal knowledge. A poor aged woman, venerable in appearance and bent almost to the ground from years and infirmities, sank one day exhausted by the wayside in one of the chief thoroughfares of the city of Dublin. The writer cannot give her history; she was evidently one who had seen better days, though now seemingly utterly destitute and friendless. For this poor woman God is preparing a singular mercy. Who are to be the chosen instruments of His compassion in her regard? Many went by without noticing her wants and afflictions, and her heart is sinking under a load of despondency as she perceives that the day is waning and nobody comes to her relief. At last she is approached by two young girls. They have just lost their widowed mother, whose only support they had been for some years. The low moaning of the poor aged woman at the street-side attracts their attention. As they fix their pitying eyes upon her, a common thought flashes across their minds. It is an inspiration from the God of charity. There was a moment of silence. At last one said to the other, "Sister, it occurs to me that God would be pleased with us if, out of love for Him, we adopted this poor woman as our mother, and took her to our home, and watched over her as long as she

lived." "How strange!" replied the other; "the same thought was in my mind when you spoke. It must be God Himself who has put it into our hearts. He helped us to provide for our own dear mother till her death; He will also certainly help us to provide for this poor woman, if we adopt her as our mother." These generous-hearted young girls determined to carry out the magnanimous resolution of adopting that poor aged stranger, to whom they had not yet spoken even a word, as their mother. They could not be ignorant of the toil and anxiety and the many privations they would have to face in taking upon themselves the burden of this poor woman's support. They silenced, however, all fears by these words, so full of simple beautiful trust in God: "God helped us to provide for our own mother. He will also help us to provide for this poor woman." Her consent to their charitable proposal had to be obtained. Modestly they approach her, and address her as if asking some great favor from her. The face of the poor aged woman brightened with joy as she heard the proposal made to her. Perhaps in former years God had deprived her of loving daughters, whose lives she had offered up to Him with resignation, and now He, who never forgets to reward for every sacrifice endured for His sake, is about to raise up for her other daughters, who will love her and watch by her till the end of her pilgrimage.

The poor aged stranger is transferred to the home of these charitable young girls, and installed in their mother's place. She was worthy of all their fond reverence. She was one of God's hidden saints. Prayer was her continual and most consoling occupation. The writer was one day invited to visit this aged servant of God. He found her kneeling on her lowly couch, in silent but earnest prayer. Everything around her was very humble, but perfectly neat and clean. Under her eyes was an altar decorated with lights and flowers, in the centre of which was a crucifix and a statue of the Immaculate Mother. The altar was placed thoughtfully for her benefit on the ground, as owing to her very stooped posture she could not fix her eyes upon it had it occupied a higher level. At her side stood her two gentle benefactresses, contemplating with beaming faces the happiness of her whom, though a stranger, they loved as their own mother. Well might they gaze with delight on such a scene—the work of their own hands and hearts, of their faith and of their love. How many, with thousands yearly at their disposal, have never once created such a joy! The writer could ill suppress a tear as he heard this venerable woman relate, with grateful emotion, all that had been done for her by these pious young girls. On their part, they seemed entirely unconscious of the great beauty and merit of their self-forgetting devotedness and charity. They continued their loving care of their adopted mother until the advent of her happy death. They knelt to receive her blessing when she was dying, and surely it must have sunk deeply into their souls. It is not likely these lines will ever meet their eyes. They belonged to a class who pray much, who labor much, but who read little. Years have since gone by. Perhaps they have already joined their aged *protégée* in heaven, and have heard those words from the lips of Jesus as they passed before His judgment throne: "I was a stranger, and you took Me in; I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; come, ye blessed of My Father."

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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“Behold thy Mother.”

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. P. ROH, S. J.

(Concluded.)

This mutual intercession takes its rise in the idea of community, which the Church of Christ creates; and I now ask if we poor sinners do not pray in vain for one another here on earth, will the saints in heaven, our brothers and sisters who are gone before us, who stand before the Face of God, who no longer are stained with the slightest stain, and are thus well pleasing to God, will they pray in vain, or can they remain indifferent towards their brothers and sisters who here on earth are beset with so many dangers, who have so many wants, who are so weak and need their prayers in so great a degree? Or will it be objected to us that the saints in heaven know nothing about us any more? Friends, dear friends, never let such speech as that pass your lips; it is the most frightful that anyone can utter, when he says that the blessed in heaven know nothing of us or care nothing about us. By saying this you abjure the unity of the Church of Christ, you utter a principle that undervalues fearfully the doctrines of the immortality of the soul and of the happiness of heaven. For if so be and in so far as the saints in heaven know nothing of us and of the whole creation of God, I might ask do they yet live, do they find themselves in the condition of perfect blessedness? I have ever believed the life of the blessed in God consisted precisely in the perfect intellectual consciousness, in the most perfect knowledge of God and of His works. I have always thought that the life of the blessed in God was the life of perfect love, a love which embraces all and every one whom God loves, which sympathizes with everything that has worth before God. What! the saints in heaven are to know nothing about us? Where is heaven then, ac-

ording to this representation? How far is it from here? I have always cherished the belief that heaven is in fact everywhere that God is; I have ever believed that the infinite, immeasurable God is present everywhere; and it appears to me therefore that a soul, that a spirit can enjoy perfect bliss, and enjoy it in every place, only when he is perfectly united with God and looks on God, face to Face; and never have I doubted that he who is perfected in God rejoices not only because he sees God, but because he also beholds the whole creation; that he feels himself happy in admiring this, while he praises Almighty God in all His works. I beseech you therefore, friends, hold in abhorrence the speech which intimates that the saints know nothing about us; it falls cold on the heart of man, like an assault of Hell; it is no truth; it is an abomination.

On the other hand, it is not to be doubted that we speak in unison with God's will when we say that our father and our mother, our brothers and sisters, who fell asleep in Christ, are above with our Father; but they have not forgotten us; their love has not ceased, but has become purer, more perfect, more interior, more universal; they love us still, and think of us with love; and certainly it is for them a matter of the heart to offer up petitions to our dear God for their poor ardently-loved friends whom they have left behind, that their life on earth may not occasion for them the loss of Eternity—that they may not miss the way which alone can reunite them. Oh, I feel myself happy in the belief that not only God sees me,—He who indeed is all-merciful, all-benignant, but also all-just and all-holy, my Lawgiver and Judge, and who therefore is to me, a poor sinner, ‘a fearful God,’ even though He offers Himself to me to be named ‘my Father.’ For though well I know that He loves me, I myself, throughout my life, have never been able to say that I am a worthy child of such a Father, and therefore it is a conso-

lation to me to know that I stand not alone, with all my misery and all my failings, before the infinitely all-holy God. No: there are great crowds of good, loving friends in heaven who speak a good word for me; and among these intercessors with God I have special confidence in the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of my Redeemer; for this I know, that she has never sinned, never displeased God,—and, to sum up everything in one word, that the heavenly Father loves this Mother as the Mother of His only Son, and the Son loves her as His own Mother, and the Holy Ghost loves her as His own pure Bride.

Her word to her Son is not precisely a command, for Christ is Lord, Christ is God; but such a Mother need not command such a Son—could not even wish to do so; it is enough for her to say: My Son, they need this or that. This we witnessed at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee. Christ had not yet resolved to reveal His miraculous omnipotence, therefore He at first answers: "My hour is not yet come"; but it is not the less true that He performed His first miracle at Mary's request.

Therefore I venture to pronounce it an incontestable truth that it belongs to the Christian love which should unite us all as members of the Church of Christ, in God and with God, that we should entertain a grateful and child-like love for the saints of God, but above all for the Blessed Virgin Mary. We must not indeed love her as the highest good, as infinite beauty, as boundless perfection. God only is this. Mary, in the splendor of her heavenly beauty, still remains, and must through eternity remain, far from being this. However high she may stand, the most distinguished among all, the first of creatures, of the works of God, she must ever find herself nevertheless at an infinite, immeasurable distance from God. But He, Himself, who gave the command: "Thou shalt love God," and so forth, He it was who added, "and thy neighbor as thyself," and this second command is inseparable from the first. I have been inexpressibly pained, in the different missions at which I have assisted, to meet with men who not only did not honor the Blessed Virgin, but who ridiculed her in the most abominable manner. I have had caricatures in my hand which were the expression of the highest degree of these disgraceful insults, and these caricatures were the work of men who would fain pass for Christians. These unhappy beings do not understand that all mockery of the Blessed Virgin recoils of necessity upon Christ Himself; and that a Christian who mocks at Christ deserves to be named the vilest reptile in creation. To call one's self a Christian and to mock at

Christ! Now, in such a case it must be acknowledged that the spirit of error must have completely mastered not only the human understanding but every human feeling; it has led men into insanity. Dear Christian friends, if we cannot reach heaven unless we fulfil the command to love our neighbor in every human being, even were he a Turk or a heathen, even were he base, vile, or criminal, how can a man think to win entrance into heaven if he does not love Mary, the Mother of our Redeemer, the Mother of the heavenly King? If we can find no entrance into heaven unless we are clothed with the wedding-garment of Christian love, with love for God and man; when it is firmly established as a truth that we shall be turned away from the entrance to that kingdom if we present ourselves with the least, I will not say enmity, but with the least coldness or indifference in our hearts against any one fellow-being—how were it possible that we should be admitted therein by Christ if we are cold and indifferent to His Mother? Heaven, my friends, is the home of the eternal, perfected peace and love. There, nothing defiled can enter! Far from thence all stripes, all mockeries, all cold unloving hearts. Every heart that closes itself to the love of God has its home in hell; in heaven at least it will find no place. Dear friends, I ask you, if you really believe that you owe everything to Christ, if you have no other hope in eternity than in Christ and through Christ, how can you be cold and indifferent to the Mother of Christ, who stood at the foot of the Cross and drank out a sea of bitterness?

Oh, my friends, the early Christians, the Apostles, were not of this mind towards Mary. We are referred to primitive Christianity: well, then, place yourself in spirit with me in the first days and the first years after our Lord's Ascension, or during His lifetime here on earth. If you had been one of the twelve Apostles, or one of Christ's faithful disciples and followers, what would have been your thought respecting Mary? In what light would you have looked upon her? How would you have comported yourself if you had passed by her or met her? How do you think the Apostles or the early Christians behaved to the most Blessed Virgin after Christ's Ascension? I see them assembled as children around their Mother. She has not indeed, if I may so express it, any peculiar official position among them, but a mother's heart always exercises a power over her children. The history of the Apostles even shows us them united in prayer with the Mother of Jesus when the Holy Ghost came upon them. I am convinced of it, my friends, that every one who really believes in Christ, in Mary's Son as

God, that such a one can only have such a genuine veneration for the Blessed Virgin that it is not possible for him to despise her, either in words or thoughts; yes, I am convinced that many of these even then uttered to her the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners!" O yes, dear friends, could you not then go back in spirit to these first times and unite yourselves with us in this beautiful prayer to your Mother?

Once upon a time, in former days, the Angel's salutation to the Mother of God was taught to all with the prayer made by our Lord, her Son. It was in the ninth century that your forefathers learnt to know the true God and to worship Him alone. The saintly Ansgar, spiritual father and teacher of the Danish people, had a great reverence for the saints, and a faithful devotion to the Mother of God. At that time, in accordance with ancient Christianity, every Christian child was taught to utter with reverence, confidence and love the name of Mary together with the Divine Name of Jesus; and when the "Our Father" had been prayed, the beautiful salutation was added: "Holy Mary, Mother of God; Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, thou blessed one among women." These are words of the Angel and of the holy Elizabeth; they stand in Holy Scripture. You surely cannot do wrong in repeating the words of the Angel and of the holy Elizabeth. God will not call you to account, and Christ will not be jealous on the subject; nor will He be jealous if you add: "Holy Mother of God, pray for me a poor sinner, now and at the hour of death." O happy are they who on the bosom of a pious Christian mother have learnt from childhood upwards to call on their Father and Mother in heaven! Happy are all ye children, you who have already in childhood learnt to know your spiritual Mother, Mother of your Redeemer, your Brother and your God.

Therefore, my dear children, and I speak here to God's great and little children, never forget that besides a Redeemer, whom you must alone worship, you must also invoke with filial reverence that Redeemer's Mother. Place, then, your whole hope upon God, for He is the source of all the good which we can desire and receive. When you have not confidence enough in yourself to deem your own co-operation sufficient, then have recourse to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The Church teaches that it is a pious and salutary practice to invoke the prayers of the Saints. She does not command it, she does not say that it is necessary; she says only that it is pious, useful and salutary, yes, indeed, and it will be salutary for you! On this account, I beseech you, Christian mothers, teach your children this prayer; cherish well this

devotion in your hearts. It has till now stood the test as being a powerful means of keeping living and effective the faith in Christ her Son; and wherever they have left off calling Mary the Mother of God, they have also in some sort ceased to consider Christ as God. Yes, it is a fact, alas too true! wherever Mary is no longer held in honor, the worship of Christ has also begun to cease.

On another account also, we lay much stress on devotion to the Blessed Virgin; namely: this devotion has approved a higher consciousness in the female sex; it has raised and sustained a purer sense in woman, directing her thoughts to things divine. But if it can truly be said that these beneficial results have been brought about, there is one among them which deserves particular mention. This devotion has everywhere strengthened and confirmed love to the most beautiful of all Christian virtues, purity and chastity. Yes, it has brought a rich harvest of happiness and blessing. The pious brotherhoods, and sodalities of young people of both sexes, who have placed themselves under the protection of the Virgin of virgins, ever afford a rich source of consolation for many heavily-laden, oppressed hearts, who were nigh unto despair.

Finally, every observer of human nature has certainly made the remark that those who have the misfortune to lose their mother when young, never attain a like development with those who grow up at the side of a pious mother. That which is true of the corporal existence of man is also true of his spiritual development. Father and mother are presupposed for the one as well as for the other. We cannot do without a mother if we are to attain our proper growth as human beings, and God came to the relief of this urgent need of our human nature when He gave us a spiritual Mother, whose arms are spread out widely enough to embrace all here on earth, to take us all under her protection,—who hears every sigh, because she is always with God, the All-seeing, the All-knowing! Yes, dear friends, something essential is wanting to religion when there is no mother. I think I may place myself side by side with many other Christians with respect to understanding Christian dogma, and yet I speak the inmost convictions of my heart when I say that next to my faith in Jesus as God I have to thank my devotion to the Blessed Virgin for all the joy, all the consolation which Christianity has given me; and I bless my pious mother a thousand times, in her grave, for teaching me to say not only the "Our Father" but the Angelical Salutation. There are many bitter hours in the life of every man, many dangers, great temptations; a heart often finds no sympathy, no compassion amongst its fellows; but

Mary never deserts us. The invocation, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," has ever been a consolation for my heart, and never in vain have I sent up that prayer to her. O my Mother! to thee I commend all my fellow-men; take them to thy heart and protect them. I commend to thee all who are earnestly seeking after truth. O pray for them, that they may find it; pray for them, that they may come to Christ and participate in the fruits of His redemption! O Mother! I specially commend to thee youth and childhood, so susceptible of all noble impressions. O Mother! the earth is so cold, the world is so cold, O keep these little children warm! Protect their innocence; preserve it pure and unspotted! O protect these young people, exposed to so many combats; console those who are of riper age, in their cares and troubles; console the dying; pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Aurora quæ Solem parit.

Sweet Morn! thou Parent of the Sun!
And Daughter of the same!
What joy and gladness, through thy birth,
This day to mortals came!

Clothed in the Sun I see thee stand,
The Moon beneath thy feet;
The Stars above thy sacred head
A radiant coronet.

Thrones and Dominions gird thee round,
The Armies of the sky;
Pure streams of glory from thee flow,
All bathed in Deity!

Terrific as the banner'd line
Of battle's dread array!
Before thee tremble Hell and Death,
And own thy mighty sway:

While crush'd beneath thy dauntless foot,
The Serpent writhes in vain;
Smit by a deadly stroke, and bound
In an eternal chain.

O Mightiest! pray for us, that He
Who came to thee of yore,
May come to dwell within our hearts,
And never quit us more.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, through whom
The Word eternal was conceived
Within the Virgin's womb.

CASWALL.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Three years had elapsed, two of which Lady Margaret had passed abroad. She had been finally compelled to yield to the advice of friends and the warnings of her health, and to abandon the solitary life which she had led for the first years of her widowhood, and seek both physical strength and mental courage in change of scene and climate. After a year spent in the south, she had come to Paris, and was to remain there until the heat came and sent her home to the cool sea-breezes of Connemara. She longed to be at home, to be once more amongst her husband's people and amidst the scenes of her happy married life. Lady Margaret had long since regained her natural cheerfulness, and recovered from the poignant sense of her bereavement; the memory of her lost husband was as fresh in her heart as ever, but hers was not a morbid nature that cherished grief for grief's sake. She had many blessings yet, youth and health and a rich capacity for the rational enjoyment of life, and she was thankful for this. She had a fine taste for art, and during her stay in Italy had made painting her chief study and her best recreation. Here in Paris her favorite morning resort was the Louvre; she delighted to stroll through its magnificent galleries, sometimes accompanied by an artist friend, but more frequently alone. She was as handsome as ever—her beauty had gained rather than lost by the lapse of time, and you might have noticed there was a softer and a more mature expression on her finely-cut features than before sorrow had touched them. She still dressed in a sort of mitigated mourning, with a severe and rich simplicity which was well adapted to her face and figure. Many a time, as she passed through the galleries, the artists, high-perched with their easels before the great masterpieces, would turn round to follow the distinguished-looking visitor with appreciative glances, and ask one another who she could be.

Paris had few other attractions for Lady Margaret, though it had never looked more brilliant than in those early spring days of the memorable year of grace 1870. She had a few old friends there, and amongst them was an old lady called the Comtesse de Couvigny, to whose house she went oftener than to any other. It was a pleasant *salon* to stroll into of an afternoon; you met clever men and agreeable women there; you heard the latest news, and saw the last fashion. Mme. de Couvigny had never left Paris, except to spend a month or so in the environs, for the last forty years; she was continually stating this fact, partly as a

boast and partly as a grievance, but the grievance predominated; nobody knew what the impediment was, but everybody assumed that there must have been some weighty one, as the desire of her life had always been to travel, and instead of this she had been permanently chained down to Paris never going, even in the hottest summer, beyond St. Germain or Versailles.

"Tell me about your travels," she would say to some more fortunate friend; "I have never travelled: I have never been able to do like the rest of the world; and oh! how I should have enjoyed it! I am an old woman now, and it will soon be all the same to me whether I have seen things or not; but I cannot still console myself for having to die without having seen Rome. This life is all made up of sacrifice."

Lady Margaret was too discreet to venture any enquiry as to the motive of this life-long denial of a pleasure which lay seemingly within such easy reach of a widow of her friend's rank and fortune; she took for granted there had existed an insurmountable obstacle in the shape of some duty, and admired its courageous fulfilment without seeking to penetrate further.

The Countess was an ardent Legitimist in politics, but she professed the largest toleration in others; she assured every new-comer that her *salon* had no political color, but that all opinions met there frankly and agreed to disagree. Lady Margaret, however, soon discovered, as others had done before her, that this fine theory was not always carried out in practice. Madame de Couvigny adored *le Roi*, and believed that none but *le Roi* could save France; she mistrusted Republicans, she despised Orleanists, she abhorred Radicals; but all these sentiments combined were as love, confidence and good-will compared to her feeling for the Bonapartists. The Englishman's Johnsonian remark that he not only hated veal, sir, but hated everybody who eat veal, expressed something of the old lady's sentiments towards the Empire and Imperialists. To say a word in favor of the present Government—to imply, not that it could do anything good, but that it could do anything but the most unmitigated evil, was a sin beyond forgiveness in her eyes. At the same time she loudly proclaimed her entire absence of prejudice and bigotry, and her horror of partisanship; she admired independence of character, and respected people who differed from her—in the abstract; next to truth, she protested, there was nothing she loved like contradiction. Her own views were pessimist on most subjects; she considered society in the last stage of decay.

"You find a very different Paris now from the Paris of your childhood," she would say to Lady

Margaret; "in those days people met to converse, to enjoy intellectual intercourse; now what do they meet for? To eat and drink; the men congregate like animals at dinners and suppers, and the women like peacocks to show off their fine clothes. It is all the fault of those people at the Tuileries, my dear; they are a dreadful lot; they are driving the country to perdition; everything is so dear, the habits have become so extravagant, that life is impossible in Paris nowadays."

"Yet a good many people seem to live here; the city looks very happy," Lady Margaret ventured once to suggest.

"Oh, they are not real Parisians, those people whom you see so rich and gay; they are foreigners—you wicked English, and Americans, and Russians; it is you who are doing all the mischief," and the old lady shook her finger.

"I thought you said it was the Emperor?" said Lady Margaret.

"It is he who sets the example, and encourages you all in those extravagant ways; he makes everybody who is rich welcome to the court; it is abominable!"

"The aim of a wise ruler should be to enrich the state," said M. de St. George, a young man who seemed a fixture in the Countess' *salon*; "a sovereign should draw wealth to his capital by all available means, and thus do away with poverty amongst his subjects; there is no curse in a state like poverty; Haussmann knows that, and his aim is to abolish it in Paris, to drive away all those who are too poor to inhabit his new Boulevards; he will find a population of exclusively rich citizens."

"Hear him! Listen to him!" shrieked Mme. de Couvigny, putting up her hands to her ears; "is it not enough to bring fire down upon us! Poverty the curse of the State! It is blasphemy! He is blaspheming in my *salon*! The poor are a curse! France, the queen of Christendom, is governed as if she were an old pagan empire! Ah, it is well! You will see how it will end! The poor are to be hunted away like dogs; we are to have a city of millionaires! These Bonapartes will devour our beautiful France before they have done! I tell you they are a race of devils! And there is a man who sits on a chair in my *salon* and says that it is well!"

"Madame la Comtesse, permit me: you are unjust to the Emperor; you do not understand—" began M. de St. George; but she would not listen.

"Ah, I do not understand! No! we have all been fools these eighteen hundred years, loving the poor, serving the poor, building houses and hospitals for them, treating poverty as an estate to be honored and protected! Now we are to hunt

them away to make room for the millionaires; that is the new gospel; the gospel of the Bonapartes; truly a noble creed! And see what happens! I broke one of those Sèvres cups, and there is no one who can mend it; the père Biffe is gone, no one knows where he lives; perhaps he does not live any longer; he had a little lodging in the court behind my house in the Rue Blanquette; they threw down the house and demolished the Rue Blanquette; I got a new house, but the père Biffe went away with the dogs into a kennel somewhere far off, and my Sèvres tea-cup remains broken; and here is a Frenchman who says it is well done!"

Lady Margaret was frightened. Was the old lady in her right mind, or had anger suddenly unhinged it? What on earth had broken tea-cups and the père Biffe to do with the Emperor and M. Haussmann?

M. de St. George seemed bent on exasperating her. "It was unpardonable of the Imperial Government not to take into consideration the convenience of so distinguished a citizen as the père Biffe, Mme. la Comtesse; but if you permit—"

"He mocks me!" screamed the old lady, almost dancing in her chair with rage; "he ridicules my words!"

"Nay, madame, nothing could be further from my mind than such an enormity; I only regret that I have expressed an opinion which displeases you; but you have always impressed upon us that we should say what we thought, on politics and other subjects, and I ventured to take you at your word."

"Yes; I wish everybody to be free; but I wish them to be reasonable, to hold good opinions."

"To agree in fact with yours, madame; I will endeavor to conform more strictly to your wishes in future; that is precisely the Emperor's idea of liberty."

And before Mme. de Couvigny had sufficiently recovered from this last insufferable taunt to answer it, the tormentor bowed himself out of the *salon*.

Lady Margaret turned off the disagreeable subject by asking if her old friend could recommend her a person to mend lace. "I have made a great rent in this," she said, drawing her finger through a hole in the border of her Chantilly shawl, "and I don't know who to give it to. Do you know if the little hump-back who used to mend my mother's laces is still in existence?"

"Mademoiselle Riquette? Poor little soul! she too is in sad trouble; another victim to this wicked régime, my dear! Oh, it is terrible! I know not where it is to end!"

"And Mlle. Riquette? Where does she live? Still at Chaillot?"

"Ah, my child! who knows where she may be to-day! It is heart-breaking! This is the fifteenth day of the month; I will send some of my *gens* to make enquiries; but I fear—"

The door opened, and a visitor was announced.

"You must not mind the nonsense that he has been talking," continued the Countess, nodding in the direction of the door; "he did it only from bravado."

"He is right to defend the Emperor if he is an Imperialist," said Lady Margaret, indifferently.

"Hush! my dear child, we must not be so uncharitable; he is no imperialist, very contradictory, like all young men; he bears a very high character, and I respect and like him; do not, I entreat you, repeat anywhere the nonsense he has been talking."

"I am not likely to have an opportunity of doing so," replied Lady Margaret, amused at the old lady's earnestness. I know nobody, but you, who knows M. de St. George." She stooped for the Countess to kiss her forehead and went out.

The day was fine, and as she had no other visits to pay, she desired the coachman drive to the wood; he had not gone the length of the street, however, when she changed her mind, and desired him take her to Chaillot first. It occurred to her that she might enquire for the little lace-mender herself. Lord X— had occupied a house at Chaillot when he resided in Paris, twelve years ago; Lady Margaret thought she would like to see it now—a low-roofed, straggling house, more like an old-fashioned farm house that had grown into a manor house; it was on the left side of the Rue Chaillot as you went up, and commanded a beautiful view from the back, with a perfect forest of gardens flowing down to the river; all the houses on that side had gardens.

"What part of Chaillot does milady wish to stop at?" the coachman asked.

Milady did not know, so she got out at the end of the street which gives its name to the district, and desired the carriage to follow her. Could it be possible that this was the Chaillot of only twelve years ago? There was not a vestige to be seen of the picturesque old parish that she remembered; the narrow streets, where through every *porte cochère* you caught vistas of trees, lilacs and chestnuts and laburnums in the spring time, were gone; trees and blossoms had disappeared, and in their stead you saw fine mansions, with gilt, gingerbread-looking gates and balconies; rows of monotonous houses like barracks, stiff and white and high, ran down towards the river, where the old-fashioned villas, some large, some small, formerly stood, embowered in trees, waving and sighing all the year round, "white in winter, green in sum-

mer"; in place of the forest there was now a great, desolate plain, near the water; it was called Trocadero they told Lady Margaret. They could tell her nothing of the old house she was in search of; it had been "demolished" to make room for the new avenues and hotels. What chance had she of finding the little humpback in such a fine neighborhood as this! and now the meaning of Mme. de Couvigny's outburst began to dawn on her; the poor must indeed be driven forth from these fine streets where was no provision for them. The lace-mender had lodged in a very small house in a garden, three houses and three gardens off, behind a handsome mansion fronting the street, and almost opposite Lord X—'s.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[Continued.]

The astonishing rudeness of this highly-favored family must be ascribed to the fact that, as before remarked, they were in utter ignorance of the miracle of Stigmata and Ecstasy until they saw them exemplified in their own family. It is difficult for them to realize that when they deemed themselves well-instructed in all pertaining to the Church—when they were proud to think that whatever differences there might be in social position, religion made us all equals—that there was anything old in the history of religion of which they were ignorant, that there was anything of importance which, when withheld from the masses, it was still impossible to conceal from the upper circles of education. Now, in spite of all argument and instruction, they will speak of their sister's condition as "this new illness." Thus, having no conception of the spiritual honor, they are tempted to feel that Louise suffers from ulcers and fits, and that all the world comes to gaze with heartless curiosity. Then they are foolishly annoyed by the reports that reach them of the remarks made by the infidel journals. They learn that they are accused of practising a deception in order to enrich themselves; and, not having sufficient humility to endure the charge in holy silence, they wreak their displeasure on those who, by coming to visit Louise, are the indirect causes of the excitement in her regard.

In view of all this, it is very difficult to make them accept the alms necessary for three women forced to gain their living without any masculine aid whatever. Once a lady who had been present during Louise's ecstasy, seeing the extreme

poverty of the family, wished to give Madame Lateau a small sum to provide herself with some useful articles of which the cottage was destitute. Madame Lateau refused it angrily, roughly pushing away the lady's outstretched hand.

Finally, perhaps because the ruinous condition of her house afforded too many crevices of which the curious could avail themselves on Fridays, Madame Lateau permitted Gregoire Lateau's former employers to repair the cottage, or rather to rebuild it, on account of—the *faithful services of her husband*.

Up to the day of her death, it was a continual interior struggle for Madame Lateau to realize the miraculous character of her daughter's sufferings. One week, asserting her belief that the doctors and the priests were employing medical secrets to torment her daughter, she exerted her authority as mistress of the house, and forbade the entrance of anyone on the following Friday, not even excepting Dr. Lefebvre, whom she had hitherto regarded with complete confidence. M. Niels might come in the morning to administer Holy Communion to Louise, as the Holy Viaticum always seemed to refresh her so greatly; but he was to leave immediately after, and not to show his face again during that entire day. Neighbors and strangers were alike excluded, and the mother and her two daughters were left to face alone all the horrors of those dreadful torments. Those who remember having nursed some member of their family through a painful illness, without once receiving one visit of sympathy, can form a slight notion of the position in which these three had placed themselves. Louise herself had an opportunity of undergoing one portion of the Passion, namely the solitude and desolation, with singular fidelity, for there was no one to have compassion upon her, no one to watch even one hour with her. Unassisted by the usual atmosphere of prayer which filled her cottage on other Fridays, Louise had to experience the most excessive suffering that the human frame can endure.

Just the morning of that Friday which Dr. Lefebvre expected to spend in Louvain, he was called to the bedside of one of his regular patients then passing some time at a country-seat not far from Bois d'Haine. Finding himself thus accidentally in the neighborhood of the house which he had been forbidden to approach, he ventured to present himself—quite late in the afternoon, however—at Madame Lateau's door. With the penetration of the educated classes, he had surmised that by that time even Madame Lateau's iron nerves would be glad to be soothed by some communication with the outer world. He was welcomed by all with a heartiness which far exceeded

any previous experience of his professional career. Far from having abated her daughter's sufferings, Madame Lateau's course of action had visibly augmented them, and she never cared to repeat her ingenious experiment. It did serve to make her slightly more amenable to reason; amiable resignation, to her, would have been an impossibility. Certainly her shortcomings in relation to the miraculous condition of her daughter must have resulted from an ignorance truly invincible; probably God forgave them all, man had surely much to excuse.

At the same time that he had granted the permission to see Louise, M. le Curé had been very explicit with regard to the hour of the daily Mass in the church of Bois d'Haine, and it was evident that he hoped we would attend Mass there on Thursday morning. At one time we had been exceedingly anxious to witness every phase of the wonders of Bois d'Haine, but by the time that we left Tournay we were in a perfectly passive condition, and every subsequent effort might almost be styled mechanical. When our desire was the greatest, we believed just as earnestly as did Simon de Montfort or St. Louis in the power of God and the existence of modern miracles; but the nineteenth century is not the thirteenth, and in our native land public opinion does not even desire to claim that public faith which reigned in Christian Europe six hundred years ago, that universal belief which is necessary for the frequency of miracles; and we did so long to feel and realize by means of our senses that God still manifests His power to man. Had either St. Louis or the brave Simon de Montfort dwelt in an un-Catholic land, they would not have so immediately, and so willingly, relinquished the chances of witnessing a miracle; for a mere intellectual effort, unsustained by any tangible surroundings, is most wearisome. Had they belonged to the nineteenth century, while still indifferent concerning their own personal gratification, they would have accepted every opportunity of increasing their ability to testify to the truth of the operations of Divine Providence. It was with the latter spirit that we were filled while at Bois d'Haine; we were willing to make every exertion in our power, willing that our efforts should fail, satisfied that if it would be for the honor and glory of God or for our own salvation success was certain. Animated purely by these sentiments, we discussed the advisability of witnessing Louise receive Holy Communion in church on the day previous to her sufferings, or on Saturday morning, when we would be more certain to recognize her. Since then this feeling of utter indifference has changed into one of hearty rejoicing at having been permitted to witness as much as we did, for thus we

became the means of consoling other believing hearts with the assurance of the reality of those wonderful tidings whose vaguest rumors causes a feeling of awe to fill the pious mind; and then how often have we been, either directly or indirectly, the means of turning the tide of incredulous and flippant conversation concerning "that young girl in Belgium"! Can we ever sufficiently thank Mgr. Dumont and M. Niels for having allowed us the privilege of giving our testimony!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Vicissitudes of the Papal Power.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning, in a sermon preached on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, took for his text the words addressed by our Lord to the disciples on the road to Emmaus: "O foolish, and slow of heart to believe in all the things which the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?" (St. Luke, xxiv) and proceeded to apply them to the sufferings and trials of the Church, showing that, like Christ, the Church should suffer, and so (that is, through these sufferings) arrive at glory. Evil though the days are in which we live for the Supreme Pontiff and Vicar of Christ, they are not so bad as have been in past times. For instance, in the time of St. Gregory the Great, who sent St. Augustine to convert England—for we, added his Eminence, are children of St. Augustine, as you are children of St. Patrick—in the time of St. Gregory there was a plague in Rome which carried off thousands of the people, so that, even during a procession to propitiate the Divine clemency, eighty men fell down dead. This happened just before St. Gregory's election. On his accession he found two great heresies desolating the Church—those of Nestor and Eutychius—and the greatest part of Europe was buried in paganism. But before the close of his pontificate Christianity was spreading more widely over the West. Then he took the instance of St. Leo III, who was set upon in Rome by the people and imprisoned. Mohammedanism had destroyed four great patriarchates of the East—five hundred bishoprics had been suppressed. Yet St. Leo had the satisfaction to crown the first Emperor of the West in 800, whose advent was a great source of joy to the Church. Next St. Gregory VII saw three great evils afflict the Church. Emperors and kings kept the Church in bondage. Bishops were chosen and made by them; and, worst of all, bad, ambitious men actually bought bishoprics, thus committing the horrible crime of simony. Im-

morality necessarily spread itself among clergy and people. St. Gregory, however, set to work to restore discipline in the Church, but met with little co-operation from the Bishops (except in a few instances). Mohammedanism spread in Italy, Spain, and the South of France, and the Christian world became corrupt at heart. After Gregory VII had died in exile, the Church of God again rose up in purity, power, and spiritual strength. On the day of the election of Alexander III the Emperor set up an anti-pope, so that Alexander was exiled from Rome, and could not be consecrated at St. Peter's, but had the ceremony performed in a small country church. For seven long years he wandered about an exile—driven to-and-fro from place to place. And yet, after long suffering, the Pope was restored to his rightful position, and succeeded in restoring the Church to supreme power in every State, and vindicating it from the civil power. In the year 1520 Clement VII ruled the Church, and about this time whole nations of Europe separated themselves from the Holy See and set up an independent power against it. Luther's heresy was rife. Mohammedanism had ventured to the very gates of Vienna. It had Spain and the North of Africa in its grip. The Emperor of Germany sent an army to besiege Rome, took it, sacked it, and committed the most fearful and horrible sacrileges, sparing neither man nor woman, priest nor nun, and other atrocities unparalleled in the history of the Christian world. Had there been such things as newspapers at that time we should have had no end of leading articles on the "Overthrow of the Church," the "Destruction of the Papal Power," and other tirades of that nature. But even at this wretched time the Council of Trent was in preparation—that great Council whose decrees have governed the Church for three hundred years—and restored purity of faith, morals, and discipline. In these five instances the state of the Roman Pontiffs was worse than it had ever been since. But, through those sufferings and trials, the Church passed into greater glory, and so it would do again. What do we see at present? The Vicar of Christ has gloriously ruled the Church for thirty years, during which time he has been the prey of all the anti-Christian and anti-social revolutions of the period, and even now is morally a prisoner in his palace. He has been despoiled of all his temporalities. He has no army, no lands, no territory. The Church was persecuted in every State in Europe (except, thank God, in the British dominions). Bishops were deposed, priests exiled or left to starve, religious driven from their convents, and even he had read that day that one of the States of South America had decided that the Church there should be no longer dependent on the Holy See.

To such insanity has the spirit of revolution driven men. Still, what was this state of things compared with any of the five instances he had taken from the history of the Church? He urged his flock not to give way to depression, nor to lose confidence in the promises of Christ. He had said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and when Jesus Christ builds His Church no man can pull it down. Though always dashing itself against the Church, like the restless waves of the sea against the rocks of the ocean, so the world beats against the rock of Peter, but the gates of hell shall never prevail. His Eminence would not claim for himself the gift of prophecy, or a superior interpretation of the signs of the time; still, he could not help thinking that there was a Christian world rising, greater, perhaps, than had ever existed. Take a glance at what has been done in the Pontificate of Pius IX. England has regained a hierarchy, and made great progress in the Faith. Holland has had a hierarchy. In the United States of North America, where, at the beginning of the century, there was but a handful of Bishops, there are now eighty, with ten provinces. Look, again, at Australia, with its hierarchy spreading over its vast continent. Formerly Christianity was confined to Europe, now it is spread over East and West. Be assured another Christian world will rise up, which shall, perhaps, exceed the extent of the old Christian world, after Pius IX had gone to the reward of his sufferings. For, as the Apostle said in his Epistle to the Romans: "Blindness in part has happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in." The Jews would not believe, and the Apostles preached to the Gentiles the word of God. If the fall of the Jews was the rising of the Gentiles, how much more shall it be in the fulness of time when the veil is taken away from the heart of Israel, compared with which all that has gone before shall be as nothing. The Old World shall be scourged for its disobedience to the Church and the Vicar of Christ. Let us, then, apply the words of Jesus Christ to the Church. Ought not the Church and the Head of the Church to suffer like her Divine Master, that so she might enter into glory? From twenty-five to thirty of the early Popes suffered martyrdom. Forty-five of them never set their foot within Rome, or were driven out of it from place to place. Sufferings and trials were the destiny of the Church. The Church which is not persecuted cannot be the Church of Christ, cannot be the body of that Divine Head which men hated and nailed to the Cross. Suffering was an inheritance from Christ to the Church, and, above all, to the Head of that Church, His Vicar on earth.

Catholics and the Public Schools.

[From the Catholic Telegraph.]

For years the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the public schools has been either knowingly or ignorantly misrepresented. By the press and in the forum, in the halls of legislation and in the pulpits of Protestantism, the Catholic Church has been falsely and foully accused of designing the destruction of the common-school system. With the faint hope of making our voice heard above the loud din of slander which meets us on every side when the school question is discussed, we beg leave to state categorically the position of the Catholic Church in relation to the common schools.

DECLARATION TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Enemies of the Catholic Church assert that the Bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church are hostile to the public schools of the country, and are leagued together to destroy them. Americans, read our declarations, and learn our true sentiments:

1. The Catholic Bishops and clergy have no intention whatever to interfere with your public-school system. Build as many schools as you wish; we will never say a word against it, and we will leave to yourselves the care of your own children.

2. You wish your schools to be free from all religious influence; in other words, you wish them not to be sectional or sectarian in any sense. The episcopate of the Catholic Church says in this regard: Do with your children as you please.

3. We Catholics, on the other hand, are under the conviction that children are sent to school not only to be formed into citizens, but also, and especially, to be educated into good men and good Christians, and our Church believes, in all earnest, with Guizot, the celebrated Protestant statesman of France, that education can by no means be separated from religious influence. Therefore, while leaving your schools and their management peacefully in your own hands, we claim the right of having schools of our own, from which religion shall not be excluded, but be allowed to exercise its salutary influence on our youth.

4. We claim the right on the plea that we are a religious body in this free country, whose Constitution most solemnly guarantees the free exercise of religious belief to all its citizens, and the fullest personal freedom in regard to the dictates of conscience. Now, there is not a more essential or a more precious liberty than that of parents to educate their children in the manner which they think will make them happy for time and eternity. Therefore, the Catholic people, with logical sequence, claim the protection of the Government so as not to be molested in their schools.

5. We say protection. No doubt justice and equality would entitle the Catholic people of this country to exemption from taxation for the support of other schools, or to a share of the public fund in proportion to the number of pupils in their schools. But even this claim we are disposed to waive in your favor.

6. You can have no reason to fear the effect of our

system on the commonwealth, because experience has proved that the students of our colleges, academies, and schools are as good and as useful citizens as those who come out of your institutions. And if in every other branch of human action you admit the principle of competition, and believe in its beneficial influence, why should you exclude it from education, and deprive yourselves of the benefit which emulation would produce?

7. We fear that, notwithstanding this sincere, precise, and solemn declaration, there will yet be found fanatical men and political speakers who will endeavor to excite their hearers by asserting the imaginary opposition of the Catholic clergy to the public schools of the country. It is one of the misfortunes of this world that it cannot get rid of men who, like Don Quixote, are perpetually fighting against wind-mills under the plea of imminent dangers to their fellow-men. Such men do not wish to know the truth, and, though we repeat it a thousand times that we do not oppose their schools any more than we adore images, or trust more in the Blessed Virgin than in the merits of Christ, they will a thousand times renew the charge and swear that we do. We do not expect to silence such men; but we appeal to all fair-minded citizens not to be led astray by the bigoted or ignorant ranting of men who would blind them for their own political ends.

We ask no favor or privilege. All we ask is to be left alone in following the dictates of our own conscience, and you cannot refuse this without undermining the constitution and preparing the way for the loss of the same freedom for yourselves.

Americans, we are willing to rally with you under the flag and Constitution, and maintain them with our blood as we have done heretofore. But we cannot help fearing that both are in peril while a large number of our fellow-citizens, in and out of office, allow themselves to be influenced by fanatical or self-interested politicians, or by infidel or revolutionary foreigners who come to us with the proud pretension of teaching us what republican government is, about which they know nothing themselves. All we ask is that you will not go to such men to learn what we aim at, what are our sentiments. Give us a fair hearing, and receive this declaration as the sincere expression of our true principles, which we make before God and men, actuated by no other motive than our desire for the welfare and progress and perpetuity of our country, such as the fathers of '76 made it, and intended that it should remain.

Your sincere friend, and lover of the American republic,

✠ JOHN B. PURCELL,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

To be ignorant of the evil of the world is a grace; to be familiar with it is a temptation.—
Cardinal Manning.

BAD books weaken and destroy faith; religion is nothing else than faith reduced to practice, consequently bad books weaken and destroy religion itself.

Catholic Notes.

—We are very grateful to Rev. Fathers Ubach and Farley of San Diego, Cal., for their kind interest in the AVE MARIA.

—The *Germania* unhappily confirms the rumor which has been prevalent as to Cardinal Antonelli's increasing debility.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, visited Notre Dame last week and preached a soul-stirring sermon on Sunday at High Mass. His lordship, we are happy to say, is in excellent health.

—The Holy See has finally accepted the resignation of Bishop Lootens, Vicar Apostolic of Idaho, because of ill-health, and the Vicariate is placed temporarily under the administration of the Archbishop of Oregon City.

—Rev. L. J. Kimberland, a minister of the Methodist Church, in Klickitat Valley, Washington Territory, recently abjured the errors and vagaries of Protestantism and was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. J. Caruana, S. J.

—A great religious ceremony, similar to the one lately performed in Lourdes, France, will take place in the church of Valleverdo, Diocese of Bovino, Italy. The Chapter of the Vatican is about to crown a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin, venerated in this village. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Bovino has been appointed to conduct the ceremony.

—On the 15th of August, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Ind., Brothers Ambrose, Paul of the Cross, Hilary, Xystus, Columba, Sebastian and Theodore, made their solemn profession as members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Rev. J. M. Toohy, C. S. C., officiated, assisted by Rev. Julius Frerè and Rev. Louis Letourneau, C. S. C.

—Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, D. D., the newly-appointed Bishop of Dibona, *in partibus infidelium*, and Vicar Apostolic of Omaha, was consecrated in the chapel attached to the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, at Overbrook, near Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday, the 20th inst. The Consecration was performed by the Most Rev. James F. Wood, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, assisted by the Rt. Rev. William O'Hara, D. D., Bishop of Scranton, and Rt. Rev. J. F. Shanahan, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg. Rev. A. J. McConomy acted as Master of Ceremonies.

—Our German exchanges bring extraordinary reports of several apparitions of the Blessed Virgin in Marpingen, Rhenish Prussia. Although the excitement has been very great, and the confux of people on one occasion so immense that the authorities were obliged to send the military to interfere, no certainty can be given for the correctness of the reports, since as yet the clergy of that section of the country maintain a strict neutrality in everything relating to the alleged apparitions. We shall not fail to acquaint our readers with more authentic reports as soon as they come to our hands.

—During the famous Breckenridge and Hughes controversy, Breckenridge gave the manuscript of

one of his speeches to a friend, a strong churchman, to read over. The friend returned it with the remark that it was not half severe enough and that he would secure for Dr. Breckenridge some extracts from Catholic authors that could be used with crushing effect against Father Hughes. With this intention he got a number of Catholic works and commenced investigations which resulted very soon in his conversion. The gentleman, now and for many years a prominent merchant of this city, is one of the most devout members of an up-town church.—*N. O. Morning Star*.

—An interesting ceremony was lately witnessed at Alicante, Spain, in the collegiate Church of St. Nicholas. It was the solemn abjuration of a Protestant minister, formerly a priest, who since 1872 had been the pastor of the so-called Evangelical chapel in the city of Alicante. After having pronounced the solemn abjuration of his errors, and made a sincere profession of the Catholic Faith, the Rev. Father Ruiz was received by the ecclesiastic notary and led to the steps of the high altar, where, whilst the *Te Deum* was chanted, he was solemnly re-vested with the sacred vestments. The Rev. penitent then started for the Diocese of Seguenza, where he will perform the canonical penance imposed upon him by his Bishop.

—At the conclusion of M. Loyson's last lecture at Brussels, in 1874, some one handed him an envelope containing his portrait as the former Père Hyacinth, in his friar's habit, on the back of which picture were written the following sentence and quotation:—"Do you remember the eloquent words pronounced by the Rev. Father Hyacinth at the General Catholic Congress of Mechlin, on the 6th of September, 1867?—'Ah! on that day, which no priest can ever forget, on that day, when prostrated on the floor of the temple, I took for my true and only spouse the Church of Jesus Christ. With my lips pressed upon the pavement, with eyes drowned in tears, with a heart lifted high above this earth's littleness, in sobs and sighs, I pledged myself to her with all the fervor of that silent, solitary moment, that I would love her much, and, if I could, I would serve her well!' We pray for you."

—The Cathedral of Chartres, one of the most privileged sanctuaries dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as also one of the most ancient, is not only remarkable for its magnificent architecture, its beautiful stained-glass windows, its spires, and its vast subterranean vault, but still more by its miraculous statue of Mary, before which the Druids, as if by miraculous intuition, prostrated themselves, long before the Christian era. But its most incomparable treasure, and most precious relic, is the veil of the Blessed Virgin, which was presented to the church of Chartres in 876. The thousandth anniversary of this remarkable event will be celebrated this year. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Chartres invites all the faithful to this great festival, which will take place on the 12th of September. By a singular coincidence the Rt. Rev. Bishop will celebrate on the same day his golden jubilee as a priest and his silver jubilee as a Bishop.

—On the Feast of the Assumption, in the Convent

Chapel of the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, Rev. Father Letourneau, C. S. C., officiating, assisted by Rev. Fathers Vagnier, Condon, Toohey, and Bigelow, C. S. C., and Rev. Father D. Tighe, of Chicago, the following ladies received the white veil of novices: Misses Nora Nolan (Sister M. of St. Catherine de Ricci), Catherine O'Regan (Sister M. of St. Hildegarde), Sophia Blomaka (Sister M. of St. Clementine), Mary A. Forestal (Sister M. of St. Leonard), Mary Jane Delaney (Sister M. of St. Speclosa), Mary E. Haggerty (Sister M. of St. Gaudentia), Teresa O'Brien (Sister M. of St. Illuminata), Anne Murray (Sister M. of St. Maxentia), Mary Mullen (Sister M. of St. Vitus), Emma Gilbert (Sister M. of St. Flavia), Margaret Roche (Sister M. of St. Assella), Margaret M. Moclair (Sister M. of St. Eleutherius), Katherine Moclair (Sister M. of St. Stanislaus Kostka), Mary O'Reardon (Sister M. of St. Margarita), Margaret Guiry (Sister M. of St. Belinda), Bridget Mahoney (Sister M. of St. Crescentiana), Anne Barron (Sister M. of St. Roberta), Annie Tighe (Sister M. of St. Thomas), Mary Delaney (Sister M. of St. Victorinus), Mary Shannon (Sister M. of St. Joseph Calasancius), Honoretto Kelly (Sister M. of St. Francis de Chantal), Laura Tricou (Sister M. of the Cherubim).

—A change for the better in the Prussian *Culturkampf* seems to be near at hand. The two semi-official journals in Berlin have just published an appeal for the formation of a new Conservative party to be called the Bismark party. If we closely scan the wording of this appeal, it is evident that Bismark is ready to travel the road to Canossa. The following passage is remarkable: "The religious life of our people, the preservation and reinvigoration of the different Christian and ecclesiastical institutions, which are its representatives, and above all the denominational and Christian character of our public schools, are considered by us the foundations of all sound development, as the most important security against the growing anarchy among the masses of the people and against the progressing dissolution of all social bonds. We consider the conflict, both ecclesiastical and political, which under the pretext of social progress and culture is really a combat of liberalism against positive Christianity, a misfortune for both empire and people, and are willing to cooperate in its speedy termination. We recognize on one hand the right of the State to regulate its relations to the Church, by virtue of its sovereignty, and are ready to support the Government against the opposing pretensions of the Roman Court. On the other hand, we are opposed to every violence done to religious conviction (*Gewissenszwang*), and repudiate therefore every interference of the State legislature, within the limits of the interior life of the Church. In this sense, we are ready for an amendment of the new laws, issued during the conflict. In this sense we have also the intention to stand up for the rights of the Evangelical Church, and for an independent regulation of her internal affairs." This appeal is signed by 27 members of the old Conservative party, but there is no doubt that the programme is based on negotiations with the Government.

—The project of erecting a monument to the

illustrious and lamented Dr. Brownson calls forth the following remarks from the *Catholic Universe*: "Somebody has suggested that Dr. Brownson should have a monument. Aye, build him a monument, high, graceful, richly-carved and lasting! This is the duty of the Catholics of America. They should leave it as an inheritance to encourage their children to emulate the virtues and the fearless, outspoken Catholicity of the great publicist. In matters of speculation he may have once or twice approached the verge of error, but never has there beaten a more loyal Catholic heart, never has there written a more dauntless Catholic pen. Hence he was never slow to retrace his footsteps if he found them turned in a wrong direction. He flung the banner of Catholic independence to the breeze in a day when many half-hearted cravens feared to confess their faith openly, and, as they do still, with blanched lips whispered prudence; yet he lived and died esteemed by Protestants. Some of those who once deemed him imprudent would now seize upon his grand old banner as their own, but would ignore the memory and the work of him who loved to see it float above error and cowardice and herald God's truth to the enemies of His Church. That Church was to him what it really is—the grandest thing this side of Heaven. Its claims, its prerogatives, its Divine characteristics, he never feared to proclaim before his countrymen, and we have yet to learn that his countrymen thought less of him for his boldness. The field of his glory was polemics. His shield was truth, his sword was the pen. He stood on that field, he held aloft that shield, he wielded that sword at the very moment that death dealt the fatal stroke. That his example may live to inspire the youth of the future, let his memory be written in marble or in brass."

Address to the Members of the Young Men's Catholic Associations of the United States.

The Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, which was held in Philadelphia, June 28th and 29th, re-elected the undersigned as President, and the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. G., New York, was chosen General Vice-President. The other officers elected are as follows: Diocesan Vice-Presidents—Rev. John J. Keane, Diocese of New York; Edward Dougherty, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Freel, of Brooklyn; Rev. John Walsh, of Albany, N. Y.; Rev. John J. Keane, of Washington, D. C.; Edward E. Starrs, of Newark; Rev. Edward Quigley, of Buffalo; Patrick Bolen, of Wilmington, Del.; Rev. Anthony F. Kaul, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Rev. D. J. Quigley, of Charleston, S. C.; Philip J. Reilly, of Chicago; Timothy Heffernan, of Providence, R. I.; P. Keenan, of Richmond, Va.; Joseph B. Moore, of Detroit, Mich.; Michael F. Moylan, of Boston, Mass. Secretary—Juan A. Pizzini, No. 11 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va.; Treasurer—Patrick F. Keough, 1015 South 9th St., Philadelphia. The General Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and most of the Diocesan Vice-Presidents have accepted the offices to which they were elected.

The Secretary is now busily engaged in preparing the proceedings of the Convention for publication. The most important labor of all, and it is twofold, is that which is to be done between now and the next Convention, in carrying out the work of the societies already established, increasing their membership and their means of doing good, rendering their meeting-rooms more attractive, increasing the volumes in their libraries and the good reading-matter on their tables, organizing literary and musical societies, and the thousand and one things that can be done to make the institute, hall, lyceum, whatever it may be called, whether it be the property of the societies, or only a hired room, so attractive that every Catholic young man in the place will belong to it. The other is to increase the number of societies. It is to the clergy principally we look for that. Our Catholic population is estimated in a recent number of the *Catholic World* at 7,000,000, and we have only a little over 50 societies in our Union. Other societies, some of them excellent, some doubtful, and some bad abound. Why should not such associations as ours increase and multiply? Experience shows that where they exist they meet a great want. Keep the young men around the church, strengthen them in the profession and practice of their faith, render them proof against the sneers and taunts of non-Catholics, create an *esprit de corps* which is so powerful in its influence for good, when the object of the organization is good, as alas for evil, when it is the opposite. We have made a beginning, and that is all. Our next Convention is to meet in the city of New York, on the 30th of next May. It should be a large and representative one. To make it so, no time is to be lost. The work is to be done this fall and winter. The Secretary, whose address is given above, will supply any one who applies with copies of the Constitution and By-Laws as adopted in Philadelphia. Hoping that I may hear from him that there have been many, that the roll is steadily increasing, and praying for the welfare of the societies already existing, I am, gentlemen, Very truly, your friend in Christ,

G. H. DOANE, President.

NEWARK, N. J., St. Lawrence's Day, 1876.

New Publications.

—The *Catholic World* seems to improve with every number, and enjoys, we trust, a larger share than formerly of the popularity it so well deserves. No magazine published in the United States, and this is conceded by many non-Catholics, can compare with it in learning and vigor, and from month to month none presents to its readers such a pleasing variety of good reading. The *Catholic World* is a power in the land, and is doing untold good. Every Catholic should feel the deepest interest in its welfare and should do all in his power to widen the sphere of its usefulness. The September number contains several articles of great interest, especially that on the "Rise of Religious Liberty in the United States" and "One Hundred Years Ago." "Assisi" is one of those charming sketches of travel for which the *Catholic*

World is famous. "Six Sunny Months" promises to be one of the best serial stories ever published in this magazine. "A Protestant Bishop on Confession," by a Catholic layman, is a paper that will excite much comment from the Protestant press, as it presents the subject in a new light. The other articles of the present number we reserve for future spare hours.

AN EASY MASS FOR TWO OR THREE VOICES. Arranged According to the Roman Missal. (Suitable for Children's Voices.) By Prof. J. Singenberger. New York: Fischer & Bro., publishers. 35 cents.

MISSA PRO DEFUNCTIS (Requiem Mass), for Two Voices and Organ. Bass *ad libitum*. By Prof. J. Singenberger. New York: Fischer & Bro., 226 E. 4th St. Price, 35 cents.

This is an easy, but a fine and most appropriate Requiem Mass; it may be sung by two voices or in unison, and has been purposely simplified in order to bring it within the scope of children's choirs.

—*Vick's Floral Guide*, No. 4, for 1876, is on our table. This is a publication of which we have often spoken in praise. It is always full of curious and useful information about flowers, seeds, etc. The next number will be issued in December.

Obituary.

—On Monday, August 7th, the angel of death appeared at Mount St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, Hartford, to summon its loved and sainted Superioress away from the cares and toils of earth, and never was there any one better prepared to meet it than was MOTHER PAULINE XAVIER. For her, death had lost its sting; in it she only beheld an angel with dark wings opening for her the portals of eternity, whence came to her heart the sweet, welcome voice of her Spouse, bidding her arise and come to receive the crown which He had prepared for her from all eternity, and which she herself had adorned by the practice of innumerable virtues. Mother Pauline was born in the year 1821, in the County Kilkenny, Ireland, of highly respectable and truly pious parents, whose chief care was to instil into the souls of their children sentiments of the most exalted virtues. She longed to be altogether God's, a very holocaust to His name; hence her anxiety to slip aside from the world and its business, and to enter the sacred enclosure of the convent, where she hoped to be refreshed with the dew of divine grace, until her spirit should behold her Spouse in His power and glory. This wish of her heart was gratified in the year 1852, when she was admitted as a postulant in the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Providence. On the 3d of May, 1855, she made her solemn profession of religion at St. Catherine's Convent, Hartford, in the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, whose memory is still held in veneration. Mother Pauline seemed to dwell on earth only through necessity; her heart was in heaven, united to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Spouse. Bereaved, therefore, as the hearts of the Sisters are, and

weighed down with grief for the light that has been taken from them, their tears have nothing of bitterness in them on her account, for they are convinced that she is already praying for them before the throne of the Lamb, where one day they hope to meet again, never, never more to say farewell. The funeral obsequies took place at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Farmington Avenue, on the 9th inst. The church was filled to overflowing by the crowds who flocked from all parts to pay their last tribute of respect to one whom to know was to love. The clergy, too, were very well represented. At half-past ten o'clock a Solemn High Mass was begun for the repose of the soul of Mother Pauline, with Rev. L. Welsh as celebrant, Rev. P. A. Murphy as deacon and Rev. John Cooney as subdeacon. At the conclusion of the Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered an eloquent and touching discourse, in the course of which he paid a beautiful tribute to the piety and learning of the deceased. After the absolution, which was given by the Bishop, the Hon. Thomas McManus, James Kennelly, James Ahearn, and Edward Lancaster gently lifted the casket and bore it to the hearse, followed by the weeping sisterhood and heartfelt prayers of the sorrowing multitude. Meanwhile, the convent bell, which oft had summoned her to prayer and holy meditation, tolled a last farewell. The usual services having been performed at the grave, and the last prayers said, all that was mortal of Mother Pauline Xavier Meagher was deposited in its place, where it will rest until restored to her, glorious and immortal, on the last day.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The number of letters received since our last report is 123. 93 new members have been enrolled. Intentions for prayers are as follows: Recovery of health for 98 persons and 1 family; Change of life for 52 persons and 2 families; Conversion to the faith, of 83 persons and 48 families; Grace of perseverance and of a happy death for 6 persons; Special graces are asked for 4 priests, 6 religious. Temporal favors are asked for 38 individuals, 14 families, 9 communities, 3 congregations and 2 schools; Spiritual favors are asked for 117 individuals, 12 families, 33 communities, 3 congregations, 3 schools, 1 asylum, and 2 academies; also for the schools of the Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of Hartford. The following is a synopsis of particular or specified intentions: Success for several ladies about to open private schools; Some family affairs; Two brothers who have lost their means of support; Protection for several persons about to undergo dangerous surgical operations; A Catholic who has lost his faith and earnestly desires to regain it; That an epidemic now raging in a certain district of California may abate; Some afflicted persons, especially one in N. O., La.; The conversion of some negligent Catholics in very poor health; The removal of a great obstacle to the spiritual good of a parish; The recovery of just debts, and success in business for a lady in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and 22 other particular intentions.

FAYORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following extracts from letters lately received: "Many thanks for your kind prayers to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. The young man who had the lump in his throat, I am happy to inform you, is quite well; the lump disappeared without operation or any application whatever."... "The last two vials you sent me have given instant relief to three of my neighbors who were very sick. Thanks to our Holy Mother, it gave almost instant relief in each case."... "It is about a year since myself and family joined the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and, Rev. Father, I can say that ever since we have all had good health, are happy, and doing well, for which I and my family return thanks to God and His Blessed Mother."... "The sick child having entirely recovered, his mother would have a Mass of thanksgiving offered up in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. JOHN H. COLLINS, who died in New York city, on the 11th of July. Miss LOUISA HANLEY, of Bay Settlement, Wis., who departed this life on the 1st of June. Mrs. ANNE JANE KIETH, of Kansas City, Mo., who breathed her last on the 13th of August. She was noted for her Christian virtues. Rev. Mother PAULINE XAVIER MEAGHER, Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Hartford, Conn. Mr. MICHAEL PHELAN, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who died suddenly on the 14th of August. Mr. FRANCIS CROSS, of Covington, Ky., deceased since last February. Miss FANNIE BURNS, of San Antonio, Texas, who was relieved of her sufferings, after four years' sickness borne with great patience and resignation, on the 12th of August; Mr. WM. WALSH, a well-known and respected citizen of Santa Clara Co., Cal., who died lately at his residence near Milpitas. His remains were followed to their final resting place at Santa Clara by probably the largest funeral cortege ever known in that country. Mr. Walsh was a native of County Wexford, Ireland, and aged 53 years. Twenty-nine other deceased persons, whose names are not given, are also recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

NOTE.—Several replies to letters have again been returned. We would beg correspondents who expect answers to their letters, and do not immediately receive them, not to allow too long a time to elapse before writing again. Owing to the large number of letters received every week, it is sometimes very difficult to find letters two or three weeks old. To secure prompt attention, we must again remind our friends not to forget to give their address in full.

MORALITY and religion, whether we regard the present or future state of man, are the first things to be taught, the most essential to happiness, the most needful to prosperity, the most indispensable to eternal welfare.

Children's Department.

The Monk and the Rosary.

A TRADITION OF THE OLDEN TIME.

[From the German of Pfeifer.]

Once upon a time there lived in a city a scholar who was bound to acquire every kind of knowledge, and for that purpose was fully provided with teachers, books and everything appertaining to study. But, alas! he was indolent and lazy, and learnt nothing. However much his teacher might urge him, whether with chiding or blows, it was all the same; nothing came of it. Learning left him cold and indifferent; but, on the other hand, worldly pleasures proved only too attractive. Useless as he was, he had however one praiseworthy custom, which he never omitted—no, not for a single day. And this was, that, day after day, he ran into the fields to gather flowers, with which he formed a wreath—and when in autumn every blossom was gone, he still hunted in ditches or ponds for something green; and when winter had covered up everything with snow, he raked away under the snow, on bank and ridge, to find something, were it only green leaves, of which to form his wreath—and this wreath he brought to a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary which stood in that city. "My heavenly Lady," he would say, while doing this, "there is little enough of good in me, yet I beg of you accept from me, every day, this little service."

Now, it so happened that a stroke of grace fell upon his heart—and the world, which passeth away, ceased to please him, and he resolved to become a monk. His friends and relatives approved his design, and added strength to his intention. A Cistercian monastery received him. There he lived like other monks, soon became accustomed to the life, and was well contented. But as, one day, he was rapt in prayer before a beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin, a heavy weight fell upon his soul as he remembered that since the day he had entered the convent he had not woven one wreath for his beloved Lady, and yet by a vow it had become to him matter of obligation. He tarried a while until all the other brethren had gone out, and then fell down on his knees before the altar and began to weep and to lament. "O Mary, dear Lady, how heavy my heart is! I have not kept my vow. The rule of the cloister hinders me from doing so. Now, I see your dear head daily without a crown, and I would rather renounce the Order than see the old honor withheld from you."

An old monk beheld him weeping and venting his grief thus, though he did not know the cause; he took the young brother aside, and said: "My dear son, what sorrow oppresses thee, that thou weepest?"

The younger one replied: "I would willingly tell you the reason I am disgusted with the place, but I fear it would be useless."

"Speak out, nevertheless," answered the old man; "tell me your cause of sorrow. If God will, I may be able to advise you."

The young man wept aloud. "Alas! my father," said he, "then hear what oppresses me. In the world, I was leading a loose life, and in my stupid way did very little good in anything. Only one thing I never neglected; and that was, to bring to the Blessed Mother of God a fresh wreath every day. Since I became a monk I have been obliged to omit this, and that makes the Order distasteful to me."

"O my dear son!" replied the elder monk, "I know a remedy for this. If you wish every day to dedicate a crown to Mary, our Queen, you must take the resolution to say fifty Hail Marys daily, after the devotions enjoined you. This perfects her crown, and know that she prizes this crown beyond one made of roses and lilies."

"Ah!" said the young man, "if the exchange is acceptable to her, I would willingly promise that."

"Yes," replied the other, "I can assure you of that. I can pledge you my word that no injury will come to you from this practice."

Then the young monk began the practice, and everyday wove a chaplet of fifty *Aves* for our Lady, and he increased in virtue and understanding. The abbot remarked this, and soon held him in high esteem and confided an office to him. As he was once riding in the fields, on some business for the convent, the road home lay through a pleasant thicket. The air was cool, the grass and flowers were in full beauty, and the notes of the forest birds rang out in a strain of enchanting melody. The monk alighted from his horse, entered the pleasant thicket, and began to say his fifty *Aves*. Now, two waylayers slipped in behind him, with the intention of taking away his horse; but as these false thieves came softly up to him, they perceived a marvellously beautiful woman, attired in a lovely silk dress of a heavenly blue color, on which many flowers were glittering as brightly as stars. She stepped up to the monk. On her arm hung a golden circlet. Then a great wonder took place. Every *Ave Maria* that he said was immediately changed into a rose, and the lady began to gather roses from his mouth. As the monk paced up and down, the lady followed him with a

light step, and with a soft touch took the roses from his mouth and bound them with a silver wire on to her gold circlet. As he ended his prayer, as many flowers had been thus plucked as were needed to complete the crown, after which the lady placed it on her head; then, in such a manner that both robbers saw it, she passed over the hedge and vanished. After this, the monk came back out of the thicket, to get his horse. But as he placed his foot in the stirrup to mount, the robbers sprang forward and said: "Hold, there, monk! you must give us your cloak and your horse. If we do not murder you, you may place it to the reverence we have for your Order."

The monk begged the robbers to have pity on his age and weakness; but they took possession of their booty, and then urged the monk, as he valued his life, to tell them who was that lady, lovely beyond all comparison, who was in the thicket with him, plucking roses from his mouth and weaving them into a wreath. "Was it an enchantress?" they asked.

The monk vowed and protested he knew nothing of any woman, and then bethought himself over and over again what it could all mean. When, however, they told him of the fifty roses she had gathered, light flashed upon him. "Yes, yes, children," he said, "praise be to the Lady! I know now what you mean. God has to-day made manifest that He is faithful and true, and with this vision He would lead you from a life of crime to that of penance."

Then he related to them both his history, with the flower-wreath and the rosary-crown which he had vowed to the Blessed Virgin. "See, my dear brothers," he concluded, "to-day the Blessed Virgin came to me and took her crown visibly. This you saw and I did not. Therefore you should be aware that the vision came on your account, that you should reform."

With great humility, both robbers answered: "Alas! alas! for the misery we endure, in that we have allowed ourselves to be led away by the devil into a life of crime. May God grant us grace to reform immediately!"

When the monk heard this, his heart flowed over for joy, and tears ran down his cheeks. "Yes," said he, "dear sons, this I can promise you, on the word of a priest, on my most sacred oath: God is faithful; if you turn to Him with true repentance and convert yourselves, He will receive you with open arms. Christ carried at His Father's command the load of the Cross, that the sinner might be freed from the weight eternally. The King of Heaven came as a stranger here, a stranger to every joy. He allowed nothing to displease, to deter Him, that He might save us. I have myself experienced His mercy. My heart was once full of the filth of sin; but the grace of God and our Lady's help have saved me. God has already done to many what He will now do to you: reward evil with good. Only now turn your souls to Him, with entire repentance; that will be a great honor to Him."

Then those hard hearted men were completely softened: both fell together at the monk's feet, and with many tears said to him: "Ah, Father! God sent you to us. Show us the right way, and we will follow it from this time, forever."

The good man raised them up and led them to the convent. There they took the habit of the Or-

der, and from that time lived in the spirit of penance to the hour of their happy death. See, thus doth our good God work wonders through the Blessed Virgin's wreath of roses; praise then our Queen.

Sacrilegious Robbery Brought to Light by Birds.

In the beautiful and wealthy Church of Santa Maria di Loreto in Forio, Island of Ischia, an ancient statue of Our Lady of the Rosary has long been held in deep and general veneration, and was covered with votive offerings. On the 16th of January last the statue was carried to the neighboring oratory, that it might be vested, according to custom, with all its richest ornaments. An expert thief profited by an unguarded moment, and sacrilegiously stole a necklace of gold and ten rings, thank-offerings for graces received from God through the intercession of the merciful Virgin Mary. The impious act roused the indignation of the entire country round, and, to the confusion of the Old Serpent, a new necklace of gold, and twenty rings, were quickly provided for the adornment of the beloved statue.

During the night of February 25th, some thief (probably the same) who had concealed himself within the church from the evening previous, approached the niche, broke the crystal shade, and stole the necklace, the rings, and other articles of gold and silver to the value of \$40. It was deemed unwise for the moment to replace the votive offerings, as only furnishing fresh attractions to robbery. But on the 25th of April, when all hope of recovering the stolen articles seemed abandoned, two sprightly little boys perceived a bird hopping before them and ran after it to catch it. They deemed it already their prey, when suddenly the bird took to flight, and, rapidly winging its way, entered the windows of an old tower known as *Castellaccio*. The children followed it to the aperture, and, introducing their hands, drew thence a bundle, which, upon opening, proved to contain all the votive offerings which had been stolen from the statue of the Madonna, wrapped in a leaf from the *Antiphonary*, which the thief had torn from the choir-book in the Church of Santa Maria di Loreto. The proper authorities being duly warned, immediately took measures for the discovery of the guilty parties, and it is hoped that, the legal proceedings ended, the votive gifts may once more adorn the venerated statue.

Since this event, the Foriosi have, if possible, augmented their devotion towards this most ancient statue, which is thought to date from the very origin of the institution of the Festival of the Rosary, which recalls to Christian Europe the great victory over Mussulman barbarity. As the execrated standard of the Crescent, waving from the corsair vessels, frequently threatened the shores of Forio, so were the inhabitants ever eager to testify their gratitude towards their loving Protectress and Mother, Mary.—*Freeman's Journal*.

BAD books and all works of an irreligious tendency, are destructive of religion, of society, of the family; therefore all such should be destroyed in order to prevent the moral pestilence which they will inevitably disseminate.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., SEPTEMBER 9, 1876.

No. 37.

The Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, which is always celebrated on the 14th of September, is one of the most ancient and renowned in the Church. It is mentioned by ecclesiastical writers as early as the 4th century, being called by Saint John Chrysostom the *Commemoration of the Cross*. The Church has two objects particularly in view on this festival, the first being to venerate in a most solemn manner the sacred wood upon which hung the Redeemer of the world, the second to keep alive the memory of the famous miracle called the Vision of Constantine.

The cross was originally a gibbet consisting of two pieces of timber placed together transversely, and was used in ancient times for the execution of criminals. It was a cruel instrument of death, and one which entailed *infamy* upon the character of the one who suffered on it, so much so that it was forbidden to be used in the case of a Roman citizen, however great his crimes, lest the majesty of Rome should be insulted in the person of even a degenerate son. But since the crucifixion of the Son of God, the once vile cross has become for all His followers a sign of salvation and a precious object of devotion. The sign of the Cross was made by the early Christians on their persons, and was used in the administration of all the Sacraments. The older Fathers of the Church maintain that they were taught to do so by the Apostles themselves; and Saint Jerome asserts that this sacred rite was first used by our Blessed Lord, when, before ascending into Heaven, and while His disciples stood around Him on Mount Olivet, "Lifting up His hands, He blessed them" (Luke, xxiv, 50). Tertullian, who flourished in Africa so early as the year 195, assures us in his treatise *On the Soldier's Crown*, that the sign of the Cross was made by the faithful in rising from bed, in dress-

ing, before going out, before meals, before lighting the evening lamp, and on almost every other occasion of life. It was not only made upon their own persons, but over their meats and domestic animals, etc.; and a figure of the Cross was cut, engraved, or otherwise represented upon a multitude of small things, such as reliquaries, lamps, rings and other pieces of jewelry, which could be easily withdrawn from the unhallowed curiosity and preserved from the profanation of the Pagans; but before the triumph of Constantine the Great it was hardly ever used in an undisguised form upon more exposed and durable objects, in order not to expose it to the outrage of Jews and heathens, to whom the whole mystery of Redemption, which it symbolized, was utterly absurd. The sign of the Cross used to console the early Christians in their trials and tribulations by the thought of Him who redeemed them; and it kept them resigned to the will of their Father in Heaven, who permitted them to be thus afflicted for a time; and this meaning which they attached to it is illustrated by the discovery of crosses rudely cut upon some of the bricks found among the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, in the construction of which imperial edifice a great number of Christians were forced to labor. It was also used to preserve the person against evil spirits, and to counteract the superstitious proceedings of the Pagans; thus the Roman Martyrology commemorates on the 12th of January a martyr named Satyr, who was put to death because an idol fell to the ground as, passing before it, he made the sign of the Cross on his forehead and blew upon the dumb image; and it is recorded by the historians Zozomene and Theodoret that Julian the Apostate having gone down one day into a deep and dark cavern with a number of soothsayers to discover unlawful secrets, he was suddenly surrounded by the evil spirits whom he had proposed to invoke, and, being seized with terror, made the sign of the Cross (although he

had publicly renounced the Christian religion) and immediately withdrew from the scene.

After three hundred years of conflict between Christianity and Paganism, the cross ceased to be a reproach and became an object of universal respect throughout the Roman Empire. In the year 312, the Emperor Constantine was residing at Treves in Germany, when he was insolently provoked to war by the tyrant Maxentius, who held possession of Rome (against the will of the Senate and better portion of the people) with a large army of veteran soldiers. Although Constantine was not yet a Christian, he had seen so many examples of virtue among every class of Christians that his mind was favorably disposed towards the followers of that religion, which had not only maintained itself in all places where it had first been taught, but had constantly increased in numbers and influence in spite of many bloody persecutions directed against it during three centuries of continual opposition from the State. Advancing, then, with a small but courageous and highly-disciplined body of troops, to the suburbs of the imperial capital, he earnestly prayed to the God of the Christians, who were numerous in his camp, to give him the victory in the approaching conflict. Suddenly, about two hours after mid-day, there appeared in the sky a vision, seen by all, of a luminous Cross, surrounded by three words in Greek, meaning: *In this conquer*. The following night our Lord Himself appeared to the Emperor with the same sign, and commanded him to make a representation of it and carry it into the coming battle as a sure pledge of success. Constantine at once arose and gave orders to have the great imperial standard, which bore a golden eagle, the emblem of Roman rapacity and power, immediately changed into one which is described by the Bishop and historian, Eusebius, who was a personal friend of Constantine, and who often saw and handled it, as a long staff plated over with gold and crossed at the upper extremity by a shorter piece equally rich, whence hung down in front a magnificent purple veil heavily embroidered and gorgeously spangled with precious stones, the whole surmounted by an upright wreath of gold and jewels, within which was the monogram of Christ,—that is, a cipher composed of the first two Greek letters of His name, XPTOC, so interwoven as to represent a cross. Fifty of the most valiant and God-fearing soldiers were selected to guard the sacred standard, since called the *Labarum*; and soon the hostile forces became engaged at a place on the Flaminian Way, nine miles from Rome, where a plain extends from the right bank of the river Tiber to a precipitous ridge of hills called from the color of their formation the Red Rocks—*Ad*

Saxa Rubra in Latin. During the heat of the battle, Constantine, animated with a divine confidence, and full of courage, hastened from one part of the battle-field to another, wherever his legions appeared to waver, and excited them to renewed efforts by the presence of the sacred standard, which was always kept near his person; so that, Eusebius relates, at whatever point it appeared, the enemy began to give way, until at last he was completely defeated and even routed,—the usurper Maxentius being drowned along with an immense number of fugitives, in trying to cross the river on a bridge of boats. After this brilliant victory, Constantine entered Rome in triumph, and, refusing to offer the customary sacrifice on the Capitol, declared himself a Christian, proclaimed liberty to the Catholic Church, recalled all the edicts and repealed every penal law directed against her,—and, to still more openly declare his faith, caused the following inscription to be placed beneath a statue erected to his honor and in which he held a cross instead of, as was usual with the Roman Emperors, a lance: “By this saving sign—the token of true valor—I have freed your city from the rule of a tyrant, and restored the Senate and People of Rome to their former greatness and glory.” To promote still greater respect for the Cross, a law was passed by which crucifixion as a mode of punishment was forever abolished, because it was unfitting that the life-giving wood should become to anyone an instrument of death.

The Cross has still reserved for its crowning triumph, compared with which it is as nothing that it shines enjewelled on the diadems of kings, or, placed on the pinnacles of the most magnificent churches, it receives the glittering homage of the rising and setting sun; for on the Day of Judgment it will be seen in the clouds, upheld by the most glorious of the holy angels: “Then will appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven” (Matthew, xxiv, 30).

THE joys of religion are the encouragement of youth and the prop of old age. Without them we sicken even in the midst of prosperity; and with them adversity loses all its terrors. They sweeten our slumbers, they soothe our waking hours; at home and abroad, in private and in public, they are our constant companions, our richest treasures. The vigor of youth and the blush of health are transitory blessings; the pride of rank soon wearies, and riches make themselves wings and fly away; but the joy of a Christian, though it walks upon earth, hides in heaven. It is the gift of God, and God alone is able to deprive him of it.—*Father Faber.*

The Name of Mary.

MARY! How sweet is that enchanting name!

It charms my soul, it thrilleth all my frame,
It makes my heart with exultation bound,
The solace of my life is in its sound.

Sweet to the traveller, seeing home once more

Is the dear presence of his native shore,
Sweet is the murmur of a gentle rill

That flows in sunshine thro' the meadows still,
Beside the billows' melancholy moan,

Sweet is a sprightly lyre's harmonious tone,
Sweet is a lovely babe's deep violet eye,

That wakes, and sees its mother watching by,
Sweet is the village clock at even-time

To the tired ear that hears its welcome chime,
Sweet is the smile that speaks a mother's glee,

When she beholds her first-born on her knee,
Sweet is the dew that in the morning wets

The tiny petals of young violets,
Sweet is a father's tale to children's ears,

The good deeds telling of his vanished years,—
Than these, than all, than aught may Fancy frame
Sweeter, O Mary! is thy dear, dear name.

Sweet to the lambkin is the mother's teat

That fills him with its nectar warm and sweet,
Sweet to the panting hart aglow with thirst

Are the clear streams that from a fountain burst,
Sweet is the secret feast a child contrives

To glad his sire that home from toil arrives,
Sweet to the captive is the sunny day

In which he casts his iron bonds away,
To the worn heart weary of life's shocks

Sweet is some cool, calm covert in the rocks,
Sweet to the patient on his bed of pain

Is the kind hand that makes it up again,
Sweet is the memory of an alms bestowed

Upon the blind upon his devious road,
Sweet to the watchful mother is the sight

Of her boy-soldier coming from the fight,
When earthly happiness hath ceased to shine

Sweet to the human heart is Hope divine,
Than these, than all, than aught may Fancy frame
Sweeter, O Mary! is thy dear, dear name.

—The Weekly Visitor.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Lady Margaret remembered the look of the place as it were yesterday; she had gone there often with the maid, and left hundreds of pounds' worth of lace in Mlle. Riquette's charge; there used to be a row of gooseberry-bushes in the last garden and an apple-tree before the windows; a Polish Countess lived on the first floor—a stately little lady, with a long nose and a curly wig and a rusty black silk dress; the rooms were very small, and the floors were of red tiles, but she had troops of friends coming to visit her; Lady Margaret

used to see the carriages with coronets drive up—princes and counts, and ladies in costly furs and silks, sweep up the narrow pathway through all the gardens, with tall flunkies after them, to the Polish lady's door, on a Friday, when she received; once she had laughed at the notion of their coming to visit a "Countess" who lived in such a place; but the lace-mender rebuked the unseemly sarcasm by telling the haughty little English maiden that in France people were not considered only for their money, nor despised for the want of it. Where was the Polish lady now, Lady Margaret wondered? There was no room for her, any more than for the lace-mender, in the grand dwellings that had risen on every side. As she crossed the Avenue Josephine, and came in view of all that remains of the old Rue de Chaillot, she perceived that something unusual was going on; the people were crowding into the street, the windows were filled with eager and excited faces; some were crying; carts were advancing, loaded with wretched little household goods, a bed, some broken chairs, a table, a small stove, seemingly a bird-cage, and a cat crowning the motley collection; these carts drew up alongside the street; many of the women who trundled them were sobbing bitterly; others surrounded them, offering condolence and encouragement. It was a painful scene, and Lady Margaret was filled with curiosity as to its meaning. Presently there was a movement on the left side of the street as you ascend; some door was thrown open and the crowd turned and flocked in; it was the church; Lady Margaret went in with the rest. She was anxious to see what was going on, and it struck her that in so large a gathering of the poor people of the place it was not impossible that she might light upon Mlle. Riquette. Just as she entered the church, the first person she saw, crouched down behind a pillar, and sobbing as if her heart would break, was Mlle. Riquette; we seldom meet those coincidences out of books, and then we do not believe in them; but it so happened. Lady Margaret recognized the hump and the high Normandy cap at a glance.

"Mlle. Riquette! Do you recollect me?" she whispered, stooping down close to the little woman's face; "I am the daughter of the Countess X—, whom you worked for long ago."

"Oh! milady Marguerite! I remember well! *Mon Dieu!* what a sad meeting this is!" said Mlle. Riquette, looking up through her tears.

"Tell me what has happened?"

"Milady does not know!" We are all turned out of the *quartier*; our houses are to be thrown down for the '*Utilité publique!*' We are three hundred families, that makes nearly a thousand of us in all! We got warning three months ago that we

were to leave, and to lodge ourselves elsewhere, but we could not believe it till the last. What is to become of us, God only knows. M. le Curé invited us to come for his blessing before we went away; he knows us all, the good old Curé; he baptized most of us; he has married and buried us these forty years! Oh, it is hard!"

She sobbed, and hid her face in her apron. Lady Margaret was greatly affected.

"And where are you going to live now?" she enquired.

"Who knows! I am going with the rest to *la Glacière*; we can find no lodging in this part of the city; it is all too dear; I have been hunted from lodging to lodging like a thief these eight years, ever since this building fever began; but so long as I could stay in my quarter I did not care; I could find my customers, and they gave me work, and I could live; but now I am going far away from them, and I must starve; they will not come all that way to bring me their flounces and collars to mend; they will go to the shops, and I shall have no more work. Oh, my good God! It is hard on us; it is very hard!"

"But you will find new customers where you are going, my poor Riquette," said Lady Margaret, encouragingly; "you will soon get known, you are so clever, and everybody in the neighborhood will employ you."

"Oh, milady does not know *la Glacière*! There is no lace there, there are no rich people, no *rentiers*; everybody is poor; when they have no work they starve, because there is no one to give or to help. Ah! it is cruel on the poor to drive them so far away from the rich. But the Government does not think of that."

She began to sob again, and before Lady Margaret could find any comforting words to say; a movement in the crowd announced the entrance of the Curé; the buzz of voices—for all had been talking in whispers, some comforting; some complaining—subsided in an instant, as the venerable old priest, who knew almost everyone of them by name, stood in the pulpit looking down on them.

"My dear children, my dear friends—," he began; and then came a long pause—no more words would come, and at last he gave up the struggle and burst into tears. The congregation broke into a perfect tempest of grief, the women uttering loud sobs, and the children crying for company; there were few tears in the eyes of the men; their faces showed a sterner kind of emotion; they looked hard and fierce, like men who feel too deeply wronged for tears; vengeance was what they wanted. After the first emotion calmed down, the Curé composed himself sufficiently to speak; his words were homely and tender, but you

felt there was an under-current of indignation flowing beneath the surface which it required all his self-command to repress; he did not utter a word of reproach against the rulers who were driving these thousand poor members of his flock into banishment; but the admission that it was a punishment implied a deeper reproach than any words could have framed; there was no need to dilate upon the tyranny which for the sake of adorning and beautifying the city and filling the pockets of a few rich men with money was taking the bread out of all these mouths, sending them where the struggle to earn it would in many cases amount to impossibility and end in starvation; the fact was palpable enough, and spoke with the terrible eloquence of reality. The old priest reminded them of the lessons they had so often heard in this church, where he would never again see them collected, but where as long as he had life and strength to mount the steps of the altar he would remember them before God. He then blessed them with great solemnity; as he raised his hand, many fell on their knees; but full as many remained standing, their heads turned rigidly towards the pulpit with an expression of stiff-necked defiance on their faces; they had not come here to blubber and pray like women; they came to see the *bon vieux curé*, to show their respect for him and their sense of his kindness to them during the years they had lived together; they would gladly clasp the man's hand, but they were not going to kneel down for the priest's blessing. The good grain was mixed with the bad, and the tares were more abundant than the wheat. As Lady Margaret stood looking round upon the angry and sorrowing faces the scene of the little chapel at Barrymore, where she had first beheld an assembly of Catholics worshipping, came to her mind with a painful sense of contrast. Where was here the ecstatic faith, the joyous hope, the all-forgiving love which had there shone so triumphantly on the faces of the people? Those Connemara peasants were poorer than these Paris artisans and laborers, they too had grievances, they had many things to complain of on the part of those above them. Two years spent on the Continent had opened Lady Margaret's eyes to facts which she had not understood before; she saw injustice amounting almost to cruelty in certain relations where the interest of the landlord had heretofore seemed to her a justification of wrong to the tenant; she had never regarded the unequal conditions in the light of a wrong towards the heavily-laden peasant; they were a law of nature, and to be accepted and borne uncomplainingly. She had seen them so borne by her Connemara people. Sometimes, even in the old days, while she was in the

midst of them, it had occurred to her in a dreamy, speculative way to wonder where the secret of their cheerful endurance, their loyalty and submission lay, and that scene in the chapel had often risen up before her as a possible solution to the mystery; it must be the work of their faith,—she no longer called it superstition; there was no other way of accounting for it. To love those beneath us—the suffering, the wretched, those who are weak and humble and in want of us—this is easy enough; it is the natural prompting of our hearts, and an instinct that is not foreign even to the pride of our nature; but to love those who are above us—the rich, the strong, the great, who might make us happy, and do not; who might lighten our burdens, and do not; who treat us on the contrary with haughty indifference, if not with cruelty; who sacrifice the peace of our lives and risk the fate of our souls to their own selfish gratification,—to love such as these, to serve them loyally, to forgive them and to bless them, this is the triumph of a divine philosophy, this is a miracle which the Gospel of love can alone accomplish. This is what the priest teaches the hewers of wood to do. No wonder they love him, the man who bears this glorious message to them, the friend whose sympathy never fails, whose honesty is always to be trusted, who tells them that their lot is the chosen one and teaches them to bless it, who makes the spade light on the poor man's shoulder, and brings sunbeams of hope into his cabin.

"Come and see me to-morrow, my good Riquette," said Lady Margaret, as she pressed the contents of her purse into the lace-mender's hand.

The exodus poured silently from the church; the weeping women and the fierce-browed men fell into rank and began their march to the Glacière. Was it a type of the scapegoat going forth into the wilderness and carrying the sins of the people with him, or was it a symbol of the ark departing from the guilty city?

CHAPTER VIII.

"My dear child, I want to have a little serious conversation with you," said Mme. de Couvigny, one morning when Lady Margaret came in and found her alone; "tell me something about your future plans?"

"I have no very definite ones; I shall remain in Paris until the weather grows too warm, and then I go on home."

"Alone?"

"Oh! no; I have two trusty servants who never leave me," replied Lady Margaret, in some surprise at the notion of anyone supposing her travelling unattended, like a dressmaker.

"*Enfant!*" I did not mean that; servants do not count; one is alone with fifty of them; but do you intend to remain otherwise alone? are you not thinking about marrying yourself?"

The blood rushed to Lady Margaret's face. "Nothing is farther from my thoughts, Madame."

"Oh! but your friends do not see it in that way; they must think about it for you, my dear Marguerite. I have been much preoccupied concerning it; it is very much in my mind since you have been here," said Mme. de Couvigny, heaving a sigh, and fingering the lace of her basque.

"Pray, madame, cease to trouble yourself on the subject," said Lady Margaret, compelled to smile in spite of the painful emotions the first mention of it had called up; "I have not the remotest idea of marrying; nothing would induce me to give it a thought."

"You see, my little one," continued the Countess, musingly, "it is not an easy matter to find all the conditions you require—and you are right to exact them; now I have found two who have all that could be wished in point of blood and fortune; but they are too old; and there must not be any great inequality in that respect. How old are you, my dear?"

"Eight and twenty, madame; but I assure you—"

"Dear me! you don't say so! I thought you were four years younger! That makes a difference; the Vicomte, he is forty, but he does not look more than five and thirty; you know our proverb that a man is as old as he looks; and how much truer it is of a woman! Eight and twenty! Ah! that simplifies; I must consider it again; perhaps I lay too much stress on—"

"Dear Mme. de Couvigny, I entreat you dismiss the matter from your thoughts," said Lady Margaret, interrupting her, laughingly; "you know how widely our English ideas differ from yours about marriages; there is something quite dreadful to us in the business-like way you manage them in France."

"Oh! I remember you were always a romantic child, and I see you have still a fancy that way; well, a little romance spoils nothing; on the contrary: I was of a romantic turn myself when I was young; we will see—will you come and dine with me to-morrow—no, Thursday?"

"You are very good, but I cannot dine out at all this week. I have a young friend who is coming to stay with me, and I shall be obliged to devote myself to her exclusively."

This impediment, however, which rescued Lady Margaret for the moment from the French lady's nets, furnished, as it turned out, the very opportunity she wanted. The young lady in question was Grace Fitzgerald, the sister of Major Fitzger-

ald, who had obtained leave of absence and had taken her to Paris in compliance with Lady Margaret's invitation. The invitation had been given rather from a desire to show her grateful remembrance of the brother's kindness in days of sorrow than from any pleasure Lady Margaret anticipated in the young girl's visit. She found it, however, very pleasant; Grace was enchanted with every body and everything; it was all new and delightful, and she almost inoculated her chaperon with some of her youthful zest in amusements which the latter had long ceased to care for. The bright young life was overflowing with spirit, and it was difficult not to be carried away by its sympathetic current. Lady Margaret went everywhere with her; she dragged for hours round the lake; and spent whole mornings in the shops, and went to operas and theatres in the evening.

"You are leading me into a life of frightful dissipation, Grace; I do not know what is to be the end of it," she said, one evening, as they came home late from the Italians, and Grace singing to herself the favorite airs all the way.

She was not certainly prepared for it to end in her going to a Court ball; that was a climax beyond her wildest conjectures. Her first impulse was to give a flat refusal when Grace proposed it; but it was not easy to withstand the pretty, beseeching face, and the look of blank disappointment that clouded it when the cruel chaperon said "No."

"It is to be the last ball at the Tuileries this season," said Grace, in despair, "and I shall never have a chance of going again, of course."

Lady Margaret sympathized, but remained inexorable for two hours; then she suddenly announced her intention of ordering the carriage after luncheon to drive to the dressmaker's. Grace kissed her in a rapture of gratitude, and nearly sang the roof off the *salon* for the rest of the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINES.

[Continued.]

As we had decided to wait until Saturday to attend Mass in Bois d'Haine, Thursday morning we went to the church in Fayt. There we heard a style of High Mass very frequently celebrated in Belgium. A well-trained adult chorister, having a place on the Epistle side of the sanctuary, sings, without the aid of any instrument, the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, etc., to slow measured notes which some would style Gregorian, although it differs greatly from Roman or Italian Gregorian.

There is nothing in this music to scandalize the most decorous Puritan, and, considered as an aid to devotion, it is infinitely preferable to miserable imitations of fine composition.

After breakfast we returned to our books, which, although unsuited to our national and individual peculiarities, possessed an interest amounting to fascination, owing to the close proximity to the scene of the events narrated. To read Louise's life, not only in lands where the church walls, covered with numberless *ex-votos*, tell of constant miracles, both small and great, but where the sound of the *Angelus* ringing in Bois d'Haine can reach the ear, where the green tree-tops fail to hide its belfry from the eye, is altogether different from poring over its pages when the waves of the Atlantic are rolling between you and that land where you are told there exists a certain hamlet of Bois d'Haine which you have failed to find on the most minute map of Europe within your reach.

Knowledge obtained through the sense of sight, even in its most direct operations, is often undervalued; therefore it is not surprising that the advantages derived from viewing merely the scene of any action should be often ignored; but without leaving Belgium we find a striking example of the greatness of these advantages when applied to historical purposes. What amateur or proficient in military tactics, having means and opportunity, has failed to visit the field of Waterloo? Having visited it, who will pretend that he understood all the minutiae of the contest, or even realized the existence of a Waterloo precisely as well by the mere use of maps and plans? By the time that by these latter means the mind has fully mastered all the topographical details, the brain is too wearied to draw any just conclusion, or at least it becomes very difficult to clear it sufficiently for it to be able to dwell on any subject requiring concentration of thought.

Akin to this depreciation of the advantages of the eye is the popular idea that reading can fully supply the place of seeing; but in our own individual cases we always found that it was impossible for any description, however accurate, to produce the same distinct idea as that given by means of vision. Often in the course of our travels the explicit and familiar expressions of our guide-book brought to our mind's eye bright pictures of beautiful or sublime scenery, but no matter how carefully we, then well practised in that species of mental exercise, had entered into every detail of anticipated pleasure, the excursion presented prominent features of which our planning had not afforded us even a glimpse. The waters of the picturesque Alpine lake-washed shores, whose attrac-

tions had been but imperfectly grasped by the mind—for the words chestnut groves, vineyards, olive orchards, distant glaciers, etc., had merely suggested outlines, and had utterly failed to prepare us for the added pleasures of the ear, such as a chorus of church bells from the half-a-hundred hamlets buried in the surrounding mountains ringing the *Angelus* at day-dawn. The sombre rocky defile, with its foaming, dashing torrent, looked far otherwise than our imagination had depicted it; and even if our faithful guide-book had told us that a cross was planted on the highest peak of that region, we were always unprepared for the full effect of sunlight and shadow on the barren summit piercing the clouds to bear aloft into the blue heavens the token of man's gratitude for Redemption and Salvation.

The principle involved in these two paragraphs, and which is so perfectly applicable to history and natural scenery, serves admirably to illustrate one manner in which grace performs its noiseless work at shrines and at places hallowed by being the scene of holy action. One may learn a great many lessons from the life of St. Francis by the reality imparted to it in seeing Assisi; often in the summer evenings, watching from the heights of Perugia the sunset glow fade away from the green valley of the Tiber, had we learned something new about Cherubim and Seraphim; we knew not how, but it seemed to be just by gazing at the time-stained walls of Assisi, gilded by the parting light of day. And if that which took place six centuries since can spread, almost in the very atmosphere, a holy unction, a grace of teaching, how much louder can grace whisper to the heart where holy things are actually taking place. Never had the brown walls of Assisi, basking in the warm sunshine of an Umbrian summer, made us realize as did the cottages of Bois d'Haine that there have dwelt, and do dwell, on earth chosen souls destined to take their places among the Seraphim and to dwell forever in the very furnace of the fires of Divine Love. There was a time in the lives of some of us when the knowledge of our religion was more the result of our own efforts, a species of mental victory; and then, although we knew that by Redemption we were called to the company of angelic hosts (Heb., xii, 22), yet we had a fixed idea that in heaven man would be entirely separate from the nine choirs of the heavenly hierarchies, having very little in common with them save in adoring God for all eternity. By degrees, as we came more and more under the influence of that silent teaching, which, in the very act of conquering the intellect, elevates it to a higher standard than any which it had ever dared to dream, we learned to understand how man will take the

places of the third who were cast out of heaven by the sword of Michael the Archangel (Apoc., xii, 9). Assisi told us the real meaning of that blessed word predestination; explained how all of us, free to win eternal life, were yet each one called to win it differently, because predestined not only to different choirs but to different places, places which it will be our everlasting glory to win, or our *own* everlasting shame to lose.

Thus also was a new light thrown on vocation, showing that our individual duties, however petty, and apparently of little moment to our fellow-men, are the hammer and anvil to shape us so that we will be able to take our *appointed* places among Angels or Archangels, Principalities or Powers, to be of their number, to be like them, yet differing from them, just as new recruits when mingled with veterans are uniformed like them and yet lack some distinguishing mark which designates him who has served even from the beginning. Then we saw how very impossible it is for the veneration of saints to foster a spiritual ambition, a desire for the fame of sanctity, akin to the ambition of Alexander, Caesar, or Bonaparte, for the very life that calls for pious admiration shows us clearly that unless that wonderful life is fore-ordained for us we may not presume to imitate too closely that which seems beyond human endurance.

All this Assisi taught us, but it remained for Bois d'Haine to make it a living reality; and Bois d'Haine had its own special lessons. Just as far as the distinctions of worldly importance separate the Belgian hamlet from Assisi, the home of nobles and of merchant princes, so far in the eyes of man is the peasant maiden from the son of the wealthy merchant; she, the servant of the class of which he was the favored companion,—she, who has nothing to lose of this world's goods,—he, who had all that riches could give,—yet they are both called by God to that choir over which the Human Nature of Our Lord presides, that choir which man cannot enter save by enduring the sufferings of the Crucifixion. Do not these two examples teach us the manner in which God overlooks the social barriers intended to preserve order in the world's economy? Are we not shown that it is not by the almost entire exclusion of either high or low from the number of the chosen, but by impartial selections from all classes? St. Francis, the rich patrician; St. Catherine of Sienna, the daughter of a poor fuller; St. Catherine of Genoa, in whose veins flowed blood almost royal; and Louise Lateau, the child of poor peasants,—do they not form a group which completely explains how God has no regard for the countenance of the rich, nor for the person of the indigent?

When we had exhausted our capability of medi-

tating on these lessons, we indulged in a few speculations concerning those who would be admitted with us. Some doctors there would be, of course; perhaps even non-Catholic physicians; for those learned in medicine were by no means slow to avail themselves of the opportunities of inquiry which were so frankly and generously given; it was only the medical faculty of Berlin that openly refused to recognize the freedom allowed to science by the ecclesiastical authorities. Of its members, Virchow was the one who personified all its insolence; not many months before our visit to Bois d'Haine he had astounded the world by the extraordinary terms which he proposed to Louise's superiors. Refusing to visit her in her cottage, he would examine into the matter only on condition that Louise would enter his hospital totally unattended by any member of her own family, by any relative, by any friend or acquaintance, or by any one whom she, her family or her friends, would select. Only a thorough infidel, and one who defied every moral and religious safeguard, could have dared to make these proposals. Who is there, familiar with the lives of the saints, that is not reminded of certain passages in the acts of the virgin-martyrs, one of which is commemorated in the Church of St. Agnes in Piazza Navona in Rome? In the case of Louise, the defending angels were represented by Madame Lateau and her two older daughters, who did not give either Louise or her superiors any chance to refuse these impertinent propositions. It is to be hoped that Virchow received their reply just as it fell from their lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Confidence in the Blessed Virgin Rewarded.

The *Catholic Review* translates from a French magazine the following beautiful story illustrating one of the certain effects of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God:

A Scotch Bishop was travelling on foot through a mountainous part of his diocese. Night overtook him in a forest into which he had wandered. After a long search, he at length came upon a cottage tenanted by a poor family. These good people received him without knowing whom they were taking under their roof, for the stranger had wrapped himself up in a long cloak. The Bishop, on his side, knew not what his benefactors were. Were they Catholics? Were they Protestants? There was no clue to the removal of this doubt.

However, after a few seconds of mutual reserve, the physiognomy of this humble family showed signs of becoming more intelligible, and the Bishop began to entertain favorable suspicions. With an

eagerness that was mingled with respect, the mother, who appeared to be a widow, set her numerous family to work to offer a suitable hospitality to the stranger. In a few moments a modest table was prepared, and the Bishop was invited to partake of a simple but plentiful and palatable meal. During the repast the conversation was carried on with the reserved curiosity of people who met for the first time. Whilst thus engaged, the Bishop was studying his new friends. He was not slow in perceiving, in spite of the efforts at concealment by the others, that a great sorrow weighed upon these poor people, and that some serious cause for mourning was afflicting them.

After a short hesitation, the Bishop, becoming emboldened, said to them: "You are all very good; but you appear to me to be very sad."

"Alas! yes," immediately replied the mother, who appeared to await this question in order to relieve herself; "yes, we are sad. Here, alongside of us, on a wretched bed, our old father is at the point of death; and, what afflicts us most is that he pretends no such danger threatens him, and obstinately refuses to prepare himself for this ordeal."

"Can I see him?" said the Bishop, with emotion and surprise.

"Certainly," replied the woman, with that confidence which is peculiar to afflicted souls; and, consequently, she introduced her guest into the little sick chamber.

In effect, the old man whom the Bishop found there was reduced to the last extremity. Death appeared to have no more than one step to make to reach him, and the sufferer wished not to die.

The Bishop had no sooner alluded to this subject than he appeared to recover all his strength, and vehemently replied: "No, I will not die."

"But, my friend, think on it for a moment: we must all die; and your malady, added to your age—"

"I tell you I will not die; it is impossible!"

And to all the reflections used to persuade him, his invariable answer was: "I will not die; I will not die yet!"

"But," said the Bishop to him at length, "tell me for what reason you pretend that death is not at hand, seeing that you now possess but the faintest spark of life?"

The dying man appeared to be struck with the question, and casting an earnest glance at his interlocutor, he said to him in a tone of profound emotion: "Sir, are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, I am," replied the Bishop.

"In that case," said the patient, "I will tell you why I will not die." And summoning up all his strength, he sat erect in his bed, and said in a dy-

ing, but yet loud, voice: "I also am a Catholic, sir; since my First Communion until the present moment I have never neglected to ask every day of the Blessed Virgin the grace not to die without having a priest at my death-bed, and do you think that my Mother will not hear me? It is impossible! Yes, it is impossible! I will not die."

"My child," cried the Bishop, who was moved to the very depths of his soul, "your prayer has been heard. He who addresses you is more than a priest; he is your Bishop. The Blessed Virgin herself has conducted him through the forest to receive your last sigh."

And, unloosing his cloak, the glitter of the pastoral cross met the old man's gaze. At this sight the patient, transported with joy, exclaimed: "O, Mary! O, my good Mother, I thank thee!" Turning then towards the Bishop, he said: "Hear my confession; now I believe that I am going to die."

A few moments after, purified for the last time, he died like one predestined.

"The Blessed Virgin has never been invoked without being heard," says St. Bernard. This good old man was one proof of it. Let us imitate his confidence and constancy. Whatever happens, let us never despair. "It is impossible," says St. Alphonsus Liguori, "for a true servant of Mary to be damned."

The Christian Ruins of Arran.

If the Isles of Arran contained no other objects of attraction than the romantic scenery which nature has lavished in these interesting localities, they would still afford ample means for the gratification of the most fastidious tourist; but, apart from the stern grandeur of foam-washed cliffs and mountain billows, stupendous precipices and loud resounding caverns, these islands contain objects of absorbing interest. Within the cliff-bound shores of Arranmore are embosomed the largest assemblage of Pagan and Christian ruins,—all of the most remote antiquity which can be found within an equal area in the world. Dilapidated and neglected though they be, yet their history is associated with the most exalted sanctity, the most profound learning, and the most daring bravery. They represent two important eras in the history of our country. The rude fortress built on the brow of some towering precipice or commanding height, and protected by its *chevaux-de-frise*, recalls memories of haughty chiefs and mail-clad warriors; while the picturesque church, with its humble cell or monastery attached, marks the spot where the follower of Him who was "meek and

humble of heart" passed the years of his mortal pilgrimage.

The latter is the subject under consideration in the present article. The Christian antiquities of Arran have long been celebrated among archaeologists and enthusiastic *savans*. They have afforded a theme to the learned Colgan, and elicited the admiration of the polished scholars to whom their country owes so much, Petrie, Wild, O'Donovan, and O'Curry. Built at a time when Christianity was diffusing its mild and civilizing influence over our regenerated country, these churches serve as luminaries shining over the path of posterity, and silently exhorting us to tread that rugged avenue which conducted their holy founders to the ineffable reward of their labors.

Beautiful are the associations which these moss-covered ruins arouse within the Catholic bosom. Could they but speak, what tales of holy joy, patient sufferings, and happy deaths would they not relate. Their humble walls often echoed to hymns of praise and thanksgiving ascending from pure hearts to the throne of mercy, and how beautiful the thought that the voices which then chanted the praises of their Creator, now join the everlasting chorus in the mansions whose beauty "eye of mortal hath not seen nor ear heard." It would be a work of greater length than the limits of a short article could permit to do full justice to the churches of Arran.

To give a detailed account of the origin and history of the principal edifice would fill a good-sized volume. The present sketch is merely intended to give a brief outline of the principal religious establishments, together with some notice of the origin and labors of their holy founders. The great St. Endew or Eany, is the first whose name we find used in connection with these islands. Converted from the errors of Paganism by his sister St. Fanche, while returning from a victorious battle-field, he immediately chose "the better part" and hastened to Italy to receive the necessary religious education before entering the ministry. After a protracted absence he returned to the land of his nativity in order to establish a religious institution, bringing with him a large body of monks for that purpose. Ængus, the first Christian king of Munster, and the same person who patiently endured the accidental transfixion of his foot by St. Patrick's crozier, considering it part of the ceremony of baptism, granted St. Eany the Islands of Arran. They were at that time inhabited by Pagan pirates, who fled in their currachs on the approach of the Saint and his companions. St. Eany thus became undisputed possessor of a place well calculated to suit his advanced notions of asceticism, by its seclusion

and retirement. In a comparatively short time no less than ten distinct religious establishments diversified the rocky surface of Arran. Anchorites and holy men flocked from all parts of Europe to hear the word of life from the lips of the great St. Eany. Arran became a nursery of saints, and a school of asceticism. The island was divided into two parishes, the eastern half being governed by St. Eany himself, and the western portion assigned to the jurisdiction of St. Breacan, the founder of the episcopal church of Ardracan in Meath. This saint was son of Achy Balldarg, whose grandfather, Larthan, was baptized by St. Patrick.

St. Breacan's headquarters were situated in a beautiful valley on the northern shores of the island, and are known by the name of the "Seven Churches," but the Church of St. Eany no longer exists, having been demolished by the blood-thirsty soldiers of Cromwell.

The "Seven Churches" originally consisted of a group of buildings, seven in number. The only remains now left are the ruins known as "*Teampuil Breacan*," or the Church of Breacan, the Church of the Holy Ghost, and "*Teampuil Phuil*," or the Church of the Hollow. The style of structure is that known in antiquarian phraseology as cyclopean. The former church consists of a chancel and choir, which seem to have been built at two different periods. The choir exhibits a very handsome arch and a lental window, both of which are beautiful pieces of masonry. Among the ruins are several inscriptions rather difficult to be deciphered. One slab, of which a part is broken off, contains, in very ancient characters, the inscription "SCI BRE NI," the fractured portion of the stone, in all probability, having the *ca* which completed the spelling of Breacan. Another rude stone in the church has the interesting Latin inscription "VI ROMANI"; while a third bears an Irish prayer, which the writer failed to decipher. "*Teampuil an Cheathuir Aluin*," or "The Church of the Four Beautiful Saints," is about three miles from the "Seven Churches," and has an exceedingly poetic site as well as a poetic name. The holy persons after whom this church has been named are supposed to have been Saints Fursey, Brendan, Conal, and Bercham. The inhabitants of Arran, who, like the Catholic people of all country places, are very poetic, although unconscious of the fact, entertain great veneration for the "Church of the Beautiful Saints."

"*Teampuil Sourney*," and "*Teampuil Kieran*" are the most interesting of the other ruins in this vicinity. The latter was founded by the same saint to whom the far-famed Clonmacnoise owed its origin.

This church is in a good state of preservation, and contains some excellent specimens of ancient architecture. A holy-water font, of which a part has been broken off, may also be seen convenient to the doorway—another evidence of Catholic customs. The Church of Saint Ronan (or more correctly Cronin) is situated on the suburbs of the town of Kilronan, to which it has given a name, and is completely overshadowed by a large tree, which makes it appear very picturesque. Overlooking the fishing village of Killeany is the interesting little oratory of St. Benan, or Benignus, who was the beautiful youth who bore the cross before St. Patrick on his interview with King Leaghaire.

This church commands a splendid view of the surrounding scenery. In the valley beneath are the ruins of the old Castle of Arkin, surrounded by the humble dwellings of the poor fishermen who inhabit the village of Killeany. Far off to the west may be seen the clustered columns of the Twelve Pins, whose azure peaks are scarcely perceptible in the distance; while on the east, situated in the midst of sandy waste, is the mortuary chapel of a lonely "city of the dead," where St. Eany, with one hundred and twenty-seven other saints, is interred. "*Teampuil Mac Duagh*" is an interesting ruin in the village of Kilmurry. It is a very ancient building, and possesses a tolerable chancel arch. It was once the centre of a large cluster of ecclesiastical buildings. St. Mac Duagh was the founder of the ancient See of "Kil Mac Duagh." The great St. Columbkille, whose life resembles an interesting romance, also lived for some time in this island of saints. His altar may be seen on a lonely rock by the sea-shore, surmounted by a rude stone cross, and covered with ferns and wild roses, which twine themselves around it in a loving embrace, as if repaying its support by their affectionate tenderness. It was on the occasion of his departure from Arran that the Saint composed the following beautiful compliment, rendered into English metre by the patriotic T. D. Sullivan:

"Arran, Arran of the West,
Sweetest, loveliest spot of all,
I would rather sleep upon thy breast
Than in the sacred soil where rest
Saint Peter and Saint Paul."
—"*Viator*," *Galway Vindicator*.

IN 1670 Father Allouez, who had organized a mission on the Green Bay shore, made a voyage up the Fox River. Three years later Father Marquette, accompanied by Joliet and five other Frenchmen, also passed through Omro in a boat, and in 1683 Le Sueur followed over this same route.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, August 4, 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—Now mark the inconsistency, coupled with the base ingratitude of the age. Who and what inspired us with the true principles of individual, religious, social, and civil liberty? Who but Christ the Redeemer, who died for all men without distinction? what but Christianity, embodied in the Church which He founded? Liberty of conscience sprang as an *a priori* principle from Christianity; from liberty of conscience, liberty of the individual; from liberty of the individual, social liberty; and from them all, civil liberty.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION,

in the order, manifestly, of divine establishment, are synonymous terms, though in the beginning the latter depended from the former, as from its efficient cause. That Christianity is still the cause of civilization is evident from the actual fact that the land of the heathen in which the Gospel is being preached now is becoming the land of civilization, and conversely, those lands from which Christianity has disappeared, by a dispensation of Providence which we can only partly understand by conjecture, have fallen back into the same condition of civilization in which they were before the coming of our Lord. In attestation of this statement, let me invite the reader to glance at the map of Northern Africa, or of Asia Minor. Where are Hippo and Carthage? Catholic Hippo, remember, and Catholic Carthage; and where is Alexandria, the Alexandria *docens*, whence philosophy—then a general term for science—took wing for every quarter of the then known globe? Gone, with their Christianity, or Catholicity. Need I offer a better description of the condition of Upper Africa and Asia Minor, than the fact that Catholic missionaries are sent thither as to the land of the heathen? Is the Church of Italy more flourishing than was that of Africa with its myriads of hermits, who made of those burning sands an Eden of saints? Let the civilizers of Italy beware, for

IN BANISHING CHRISTIANITY THEY BANISH CIVILIZATION,

and they destroy, at least in violation, the power which gave existence to civilization and its ennobling concomitants. Behold why the age is inconsistent, and ungrateful too. These remarks have been suggested by the recent destruction of three churches, situated here in Rome, in the Via Porta Pia. It was in vain that the Cardinal Vicar protested in the name of God, in the name of civilization, in the name of the Papal Guarantees, in the name of a codicil of reservation on the suppression of the religious orders. The Churches of St. Cajus, Pope and Martyr, of St. Theresa, the vaults of which are full of the bones of two centuries of holy nuns, and of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, were demolished, and converted into public offices. This was one of the subjects of complaint of the Holy Father in a recent discourse, delivered to the foreign ecclesiastical students of Rome. Not unlike his Divine Master, who stood on a neighboring hill-top and contemplated with sorrow of heart the doings of the Scribes

and Pharisees of Jerusalem, and the fate which impended over it, Pius IX observes every action of the modern Pharisees, proclaims it to the world, and with his hand on a volume of history, and his soul endowed with the power of reasoning from divine principles and divine promises, he predicts woes for these sons of iniquity. And to make his imitation of Jesus Christ as perfect as the imperfection of human nature will permit, he gathers his children about him from time to time, as Christ did His disciples, and tells them how they are to prepare themselves against coming woes, and to pray, "lest their flight be not in the winter time."

It was on the 25th ult. that he gathered those young levites around him and spoke to them in the words of Christ, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me." He explained, with his usual clearness and simplicity, the miraculous draught of fishes; how the broken nets from which many of the fish escaped, prefigured the heresies and schisms in the Church, which have produced the going out of the unbelieving, the sectaries, and the followers of the blind and perfidious writers of the last century. He spoke of the recent programme of the university students of Europe, addressed to the students of Europe and America, the purport of which is, that religion be abolished to give way to atheism, socialism, and the revolution. Against these and others, the priest must fight with the weapons, first, of an exemplary life, then of sound logic, founded on faith, and strengthened by the grace of God. To accomplish their work, there is but the one way: *abneget semetipsum*,—let him deny himself,—a sublime principle which he would recommend to the lazy student, or to him who considers discipline irksome. Moreover, as all Christians must follow the maxims of Christ, so all, priests and people, must hearken to the Holy See, which students should learn to love and respect, as being the necessary deposit of faith; for (mark how happy the distinction) though Christ commanded the multitude to cast in the nets, to Peter only did He say, "launch out on the deep." And, thus, only to the Vicar of Christ is it given to steer the mystical bark out on the high seas, "that, guided by faith, and animated with hope, it may bear a strong resistance against the impetus of the winds and the tempest, maintaining by unity of direction the unity of the Church itself." Then he spoke of Rome, destined by God to be the capital of the Catholic world, "but which the usurpers would proclaim the capital of Italy, or, as some say, the Brain of Italy." He invited the attention of the young men to the numerous dispositions which emanate from this Brain, to the aggravation of the people, and of the Church, even after having promised her liberty and independence. Alluding to their boasted wisdom in persecuting the Church from morn till eve, with true apostolic simplicity he stigmatized it as

"INFERNAL WISDOM."

The destruction of churches, the increasing immorality, the thefts, the suicides, were triumphs publicly permitted in the streets of Rome, by the "Brain of

Italy." He spoke too of the schismatical programme, for the election of the next Pope, and disposed of the subject in these words: "But these perfidious designs of Satan will be confounded by God." Before the final exhortation to perseverance in their vocation, he concluded: "Now, while I deplore all these attacks, which may be called sacrilegious, I shall never cease to repeat, that, in the actual order of Providence, THE TEMPORAL POWER IS NECESSARY TO THE HOLY SEE,

and I shall protest, with ever greater vigor, against the violations, repeatedly made against the Church, of her liberties, of her rights." This last is a forcible, and, it is to be hoped, an effectual extinguisher of a body of *concoilers* who are ever putting forth plans for a reconciliation, a political compromise, on the question of the occupation of Rome. But the speech of the Holy Father is just what his Master of old recommended: "Yea, yea, and no, no." Of precisely this tenor is his late Encyclical Letter to the Bishops of Brazil on the subject of the Freemasons, existing not only in that country, but also in all parts of the world. The Freemasons of Brazil had even introduced themselves into the religious confraternities and sodalities. And when the Holy Father, in his charity and benevolence, had removed the interdict from several churches and sodalities with which the Masonic sect was connected, they spread the report that the "Apostolic constitutions and condemnations, issued against perverse societies," were not to be applied to the Freemasons of Brazil. Here is the important paragraph in the Encyclical, and its tenor is equally important to Catholics north of the Gulf of Mexico: "But in order that in so grave a matter no doubt may subsist, and that no misunderstanding be introduced, we take this occasion to declare anew, and affirm, that the

MASONIC SOCIETIES,

as well those which exist in Brazil, as all the rest—concerning which many persons, either being deceived, or deceiving, go about saying that they are societies which only have the purpose of usefulness, progress, or mutual benevolence—are affected and proscribed by the Apostolic Constitutions in such a manner that all those who unfortunately have inscribed their names on the register of these sects, are subjected, *ipso facto*, to the Major Excommunication reserved to the Sovereign Pontiff."

In the same letter he deplores the abuse of power of the presidents of religious confraternities in Brazil, who arrogate to themselves the right of disposing of sacred persons and things, so that even parish priests are subject to their will. This is contrary to Canon Law and the order established by Jesus Christ. "For," continues the letter, "laymen were not established by Jesus Christ as the directors of ecclesiastical affairs; but, for their own benefit and salvation, they must submit to their legitimate pastors. It belongs to laymen to make themselves, according to their condition, the auxiliaries of the clergy, but not to meddle in matters confided by Jesus Christ Himself to the sacred pastors." He then makes known to the Bishops that

he has given instructions to the Cardinal Secretary of State to confer with the Government of Brazil on the means of removing this abuse. The departure, on the 27th, of

MGR. RONCETTI, APOSTOLIC NUNCIO TO THE IMPERIAL COURT OF BRAZIL,

is not foreign to this matter.

The election by popular suffrage of the successor to Pius IX continues to be talked about here. And thus far the aim of the Government has been obtained. The motto of the Italian Government is *dulciter, sed fortiter*. All they desire at present is to familiarize the people with the subject. As it is talked of now, especially invested with those phrases of "respect for the Apostolic See," (!) the independence thereof, and so on, it is apparently an innocent matter. But the poisonous adder lurks beneath, and it has the eyes and crafty instinct, coupled with the poisonous bite, of both Bismark and Mancini. The latter worthy has gone into solitude, being full of ecclesiastical meditations. The laws on the Pious Foundations of Italy, and "governmental surveillance over the action of the clergy on the people," will be brought to maturity before the vintage season is over, God against him and his abettors.

The Brief of the Holy Father to the people of Spain, of which I have spoken in a former letter, has aroused the old Catholic spirit of the Spanish people. A grand pilgrimage to the Eternal City is already organized, and unless something unforeseen occurs they will be here soon. The Italian "Liberals" accord a lofty condescension to these pilgrimages. Would you know the wherefore? They bring money into the country, for here all is vacuity and slow starvation.

ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

—Very Rev. Dom Isidore Robot, O. S. B., has been appointed Prefect Apostolic for the Indian Territory.

—The Archbishop of Goa will open the tomb of St. Francis Xavier in Goa on the third of December next, the festival of the Saint.

—An English version of Father Lacordaire's memorable address on "True Greatness" appears this week in our excellent contemporary, the *Morning Star*, of New Orleans.

—A Brief has been issued at Rome, in compliance with a petition of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Quebec, constituting the festival of St. Ann a feast of the first class, with an octave.

—Rev. Charles Barbier, late Pastor at Fort Jennings, Putnam County, Ohio, died at his residence, on Wednesday, August 23d, after a long and painful illness. He was a native of France. *Requiescat in pace.*

—A Mr. Actu, in Paris, has for a long time offered a reward of 100,000 francs (\$20,000) to anyone who is able to prove that the phenomena witnessed in the stigmatized virgin, Louise Lateau, in Bois d'Haine, are spurious. Notwithstanding the scurrilous

attacks of the Liberal papers, no one has up to the present claimed this reward.

—Prince Philip of Arenberg, a nephew of the late Duke, is now preparing for Holy Orders in a Seminary at Eichstatt, Bavaria, and this for no other reason than that at the present day the clergy are so violently persecuted by the German Government and that the priests prefer persecution and even prison and exile to denying their faith and violating their duty.

—It is a shameful fact, says the *Catholic Telegraph*, that there is not one Catholic chaplain in the Army. At certain posts Catholic priests attend to the wants of the Catholic soldiers, but there is not one commissioned by the Government. Even where the majority of the soldiers are Catholics, Protestant chaplains have been appointed, and every Sunday expound their belief of the past week, which exposition the Catholic soldiers are required to hear. Is not this state of affairs a shame and an outrage?

—Six women are at present Knights of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, namely: Mme. Dubar (Sister Victoire), Superior of the Convent of Esperance, in Nancy; Rosa Bonheur; Lady Pigolt, decorated by M. Thiers for her zeal in helping the wounded on the battle-fields in the late war; Miss Bertha Rocher, of Havre, who founded several charitable institutions and hospitals; the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, of Toulouse, who at the risk of her life saved many persons during the recent floods; and the Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Guadaloupe, who have labored for 40 years among the poor and sick in the French colonies.

—On the occasion of the solemn consecration of the Church of St. Paul, in the city of Bergen, Norway, "the Protestants themselves," says *Les Missions Catholiques*, "rivalled the Catholics in their zeal to give to the festival the character of a national rejoicing. They crowded to the national church, and in the evening they illuminated their houses and decorated their windows with flags and branches of trees. The consuls considered it at once an honor and a duty to assist at the ceremony in grand uniform. A foreigner witnessing this touching unanimity would scarcely have believed himself to be in a city the great majority of whose inhabitants are Protestants."

—Four faithful priests have lately been called to their heavenly reward in the diocese of Treves—the pastors Schlecht of Karlich, Klein of Dattenberg, Praemassing of Knettnach, and Daun of Hambach. The late Rev. Father Daun was one of the last Jesuits who had to fly from Switzerland in the persecution of 1847, which followed the Secessionist war in that country. He had to fly for his life, hunted like game in the forest. He fled from Italy in disguise and without a cent in his pocket to Austria, and from there to his native country. Swiss soldiers were on his track when he fled through the deep snows of the Alps. In Italy he was bound by a mob to a tree, and in Vienna the students threatened to storm his place of refuge. In 1857 he was appointed pastor in the Diocese of Treves.

—A touching ceremony took place recently in the Church of St. Andrew *delle Fratte*, in Rome, and at the altar of the Immaculate Virgin rendered famous by the miraculous conversion from Judaism of Father Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne in 1842. Two Jews, one a young man 23 years of age, and the other a young girl of 19, made their solemn abjuration in the presence of a large concourse of the faithful, before his Eminence Cardinal Franchi, Prefect of the Propaganda. Prince Giustiniani Bandini was the young man's godfather. The young girl had for godmother a highly respectable Roman lady. They took the names of Mark and Maria Laetitia. After the baptism, which, as prescribed by the Ritual, was conferred on them at the entrance to the church, the neophytes were conducted to the high altar and there the Cardinal-Prefect administered to them the Sacrament of Confirmation. He then blessed the marriage of Maria Laetitia. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up, and the neophytes made their First Communion.

—"I was formerly," writes a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, "a warm advocate of the free-school system, but my views have undergone a radical change. Argue about it as we may, the system is a gross injustice to the Catholics. The relation of the teacher and the scholar is far too sacred and delicate to be left to the manipulations of coarse and selfish politicians. I have studied the system critically for twenty-five years, and during that time I have seen so many unworthy teachers appointed and preferred, and so many good ones discouraged and driven from the profession, that I am well nigh disgusted with the whole thing. There are probably, in round numbers, 100,000 teachers in the United States. The office is essentially a political one. All the politicians want is to appoint their friends and favorites to these places, erect the school buildings, dictate the books, the course of study—in short, all the details; thus degrading the teacher to a mere machine. One can readily imagine how this army of officials, dependent upon a corrupt administration, might become a most formidable engine of injustice and oppression. To assist poor people in the education of their children is praiseworthy, but for the State to attempt to give a liberal education to all its citizens is too great a task. That we have too little education is self-evident, but we shall never get it in this country by compulsion. There is no reason why parents who are able should not provide for the education of their children the same as for their food and clothing. There is no justice in compelling others to do it for them."

New Publications.

—*The Manhattan Monthly* and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, for September, each with an inviting table of contents, are at hand; but up to the time of going to press we have not found leisure to read them.

—RECEIVED.—UNION RAPPORT 1875-76, par M. Alfred Larocque, Chevalier de l'Ordre de Pie IX.

—Sherman & Hyde's *Musical Review*, for August.

Obituary.

—REV. ANTONIUS MARIA GRUNDNER, a holy priest of the Servants of the Blessed Virgin, for the last sixteen years the beloved pastor of St. Alphonsus' (German) Church, Philadelphia, died at his residence on Sunday morning, August 13, after a long and painful illness. The lamented deceased was also Spiritual Director of the Sisters of St. Francis in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. From the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia we learn that Father Grundner was born in Austrian Tyrol, on the 17th of October, 1823, and entered the Order of the Servants of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1844, at the city of Innsbruck. He was ordained on the 25th of June, 1848, by the Bishop of Brixen, in the Tyrol, and came to America in 1852. For a year he was assistant at St. Francis' Church, West Thirty-first street, New York. For four years after leaving New York he was pastor of the church in Nippenose Valley, now in the diocese of Scranton. In 1857 he became Pastor of St. Mary's, Lebanon, and in 1860 he entered on his duties as Pastor of St. Alphonsus' Church, Philadelphia.

During the last sixteen years Father Grundner has been indefatigable in all the duties appertaining to a Pastor, both in the spiritual and in the temporal order. The church has been improved and beautified. The parochial schools, in which four hundred children are taught by the Franciscan Sisters, have received at all times his careful supervision. On the 29th of June, 1873, Father Grundner celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, when he made a short visit to his home in the Tyrol.

The funeral took place on Wednesday morning, the 16th of August. The Office commenced at 845 precisely, Rev. George Sniel, C. SS. R., of St. Peter's and St. Bonifacius' Church, was the celebrant, and the sermon was delivered by Rev. Hubert Schick, Pastor of Holy Trinity. After Mass, the procession moved from St. Alphonsus' Church, Fourth and Reed streets, to the Westchester depot, and the interment took place at the Convent of Our Lady of Angels, Glen Riddle, Delaware county.

Requiescat in pace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 26TH.

Letters received, 110; New members enrolled, 126. Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Restoration of health is asked for 60 persons and 1 family; Change of life and return to religious duties, for 20 persons and 2 families; Conversion to the faith, for 12 persons and 2 families; Perseverance for 5, and a happy death for 2 persons; Particular graces are asked for 4 priests and 12 religious; Temporal favors have been asked for 23 persons, 6 families, 2 communities and 2 schools; Spiritual favors for 18 persons, 6 families, 5 communities, 2 congregations, and 2 schools. The following intentions have been specified: The safety and conversion of a young officer in the United States army; Grace for a mother to educate her little

girl in the fear and love of God; Temporal assistance for several religious communities; Three little motherless children; A young Catholic lady, nearly twenty years of age, who has not yet made her First Communion, is recommended; A family of children whose parents are indifferent Catholics; The prevention of some intended marriages of Catholics with unbelievers; Several persons of both sexes married out of the Church,—one in particular; Some Catholic children left to the care of unbelieving parents after the death of their Catholic mothers; The just settlement of a widow's estate, which she is in danger of losing through dishonest proceedings on the part of unprincipled persons; The grace needed by a person to make a good general confession; Some obstinate and disobedient children.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

Among the many letters relating favors, the following is the most remarkable:

"Rev. Sir:—As a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, I visited a poor woman living in this city; her husband is out of work, and she herself has been laid up with running sores on the leg for several weeks, so that she could do nothing, not even go round the house. The children were small, and the situation altogether a pitiable one. Medicine had been of no service to the poor woman, and two weeks ago to-day I found her worse than usual. I asked her if she had ever tried the water of Lourdes; she said no, she had never heard of it. I explained to her, as well as I could in a few words, the apparition of the Blessed Virgin and the miraculous character of the water. The poor woman said she would send her little girl for a bottle of water in the morning; this was on Wednesday, and on Friday morning I called and found the woman in the yard, carrying a large tub of water and preparing to wash. She explained to me that, on the day before, she had sent for the water and used it, she had got relief at once, got up and walked around and was then able to attend to her work. The sores have now healed over, and, thanks to our Blessed Lady, she is able to attend to her household duties.

"Yours very respectfully, J. C."

We must defer the publication of accounts of other favors for want of space.

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. PATRICK MCGOVERN, of Helena, Montana Ter., who was drowned on the 8th of August. Mrs. R. H. KEITH, of Kansas City, Mo., died a few weeks since. Miss ELIZABETH ORTHOUSE, of Dorchester, Iowa. Miss MARGARET HALLORAN, of Minneapolis, Minn. JAMES MURPHY, MARTIN MURPHY, ELIZABETH MURPHY, the deceased children of Mrs. Martin Murphy, of Mountain View, Cal. Mr. — LAMBERT, who died recently at San Juan, Mines, Cal. Mr. PATRICK GORMAN, who departed this life on the 6th of August, at Georgetown, D. C., after a long life spent in works of charity, contributing largely to the works of the Holy Childhood, to the assistance of poor churches and to Sunday-school libraries. Mr. MICHAEL McDONOUGH, of Rome, N. Y., who died on the 19th of August. Mrs. MARY ANNE WYNNE, who departed this life on the 10th of August, at San Francisco, Cal., in the 70th year of her age. PATRICK O'TOOLE, who was called hence on the 6th of July, at San Rafael, Cal., in the 70th year of his age. May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

DONATIONS FOR THE TABERNACLE.—Mrs. Ellen Murray, Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; Mrs. Martin Murphy, Bay View Ranch, Cal., \$10.

Children's Department.

The Story of an Arm-Chair.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

The arm-chair of which you are going to hear was such an arm-chair as perhaps you never saw in your life. Are you surprised? Do you think that you have seen so many arm-chairs that you can scarcely be surprised by anything I can say of this one? Whatever you think, my good young reader, I can tell you some odd things of this arm-chair. First, it was not made by man. Secondly, it was canopied and ornamented with the loveliest green, and neither had that ever been made by the skill and labor of any human hand. It was often sat in. When a young friend of mine, called Arthur Lake, wished to learn his lessons quickly and well, he sat in this chair; when he wished to think steadily on any subject, he got into this chair; when he wanted silence and rest for body or mind, he sought peace and quietness in this chair, and I think he generally found it; and yet never, no never, had this chair been in a room or a house. No man could carry or lift it, and yet it was as good a chair as Arthur Lake ever desired to sit in, with a high back and arms for resting on; and he seldom missed sitting in it for some time every day.

And now what was the chair, and where was the chair? A story belonged to it, and I will tell it to you.

In Mr. Lake's garden there grew a mulberry-tree. It was an old tree. It had been there before the time of young Arthur's grandfather. It is the nature of a mulberry-tree, after it has passed its youth, to throw out branches in strange crooked forms; branches which, instead of being straight, turn aside, making elbows, and so the branches cross each other; and sometimes, when growing up, suddenly the shoots stop their upward growth, and turn aside sharply, in a variety of fantastic ways. And this had been the case of the old mulberry-tree in Mr. Lake's garden. However, there was a great peculiarity in this tree. The branches had crossed each other and made a seat, and struck off at the side till there was an elbow-chair, and grown up at the back till there was a firm interlacing of branches to lean against. It was, in fact, a very curious seat, and it was called Arthur's elbow chair. The boy liked the chair; for, as a very little child, his father used to lift him into it, having first folded up his coat and placed it on the seat to make him comfortable, and to prevent his little book or his playthings from falling on the ground.

Mr. Lake worked very hard in his garden. He

used to work in his shirt-sleeves, so he could spare his coat for his little boy. One of the first things Arthur could remember was the pleasure of watching his father from the arm-chair in the mulberry-tree. His father would be pruning the fruit trees on the wall, or picking the fruit from them when loaded with gold-colored apricots or downy peaches. For these purposes he had a short strong ladder, which he placed against the wall, and, as Arthur grew older, a great piece of fun and pleasure came last of all, when the time came for going into the house: his father would put the ladder against the tree, and teach Arthur how to get out of the tree, and come down the ladder all by himself to the ground.

Arthur was the delight of his father's heart. He was an only child, and his mother was dead. Mr. Lake had an old aunt—Mrs. Martha she was always called—who lived with him. Arthur had no remembrance of his mother, but he and his father used to pray for her every day. In this way the child knew that she was always in his father's heart, but Mr. Lake never spoke of her to make his child sad; he only used to say, "Now, my boy, pray for our Holy Father the Pope, and for our priests who have had the care of us, living and dead." And when Arthur had repeated his child's short prayer for these, his father would say, "For mother now;" and then they said together another prayer, and Arthur ended by repeating in a clear voice, very solemnly, the words we all know: "May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!"

Every day Mr. Lake spoke to his son of his Christian duties; and as Arthur grew up, and they walked about the meadows together, he would still speak to him of his duties, and always in so pleasant a way that the boy was delighted to find how wise and good his father was, and very thankful to be able to learn so much from his lips.

It is a great blessing to any child to have wise and good parents. When parents teach children, the children should thank God for it every day. Arthur did. As his father spoke he often thanked God in his heart, and doing so made him very happy.

Arthur went to school. Mrs. Martha cried to part with him. But she made him a cake, and she put clean covers on his favorite books which he was going to take with him, and she gave him a writing-case, with ink, paper, pens, and stamped envelopes, and Arthur thought it the prettiest thing he had ever possessed. The evening before he went away he went out to his elbow-chair. He felt very glad to go to school, and yet he felt a little sad about going away; he had many things to think about, and many good resolutions to ponder upon. He was a big boy now. He was twelve

years old. He knew his religion very well. He could serve Mass, and he did it with reverence. He had that morning been to Holy Communion, and he had that afternoon bade the priest, Father Francis, good-bye; so now he would sit in his arm-chair and think a little.

As he mounted the short ladder to get into the chair—for the ladder was necessary, and it was kept in a tool-house close by for his use—he thought in this way:

“When I was a little child, this seat seemed to be just big enough for me; and now I am a great boy, it is still large enough to be quite comfortable. As I grew the tree grew. We have just cut away a few twigs to keep the seat smooth and the sides straight, but the larger branches have all grown longer and longer as I grew bigger and bigger. When I come back in the holidays, I shall visit my chair as soon as I can. No doubt it will go on growing as I grow till I am a man, and too tall to keep my head up among the branches. How nice it will be to come back!”

As soon as he now was safe in his chair he collected his thoughts, and recalled many things his father had said to him in preparation for his going to school, and meeting many other boys in quite a world of their own. His good father had talked to him about his duty to God and his neighbor: “Keep your heart and conduct right on those two points, my son, and you will go through the world all straight, I promise you.”

Then he would question Arthur, and Arthur would answer: “My duty to God is to love Him with my whole heart, and above all things; and my duty to my neighbor is to love him as myself.”

“Now observe, my boy,” Mr. Lake would say, “you are to love God above all things, and with all your heart. You receive every good from God; your home, your health, your life, everything is His. If He were to take any of these things away, you should be ready to resign them to His will, because *above all things* you are to love Him, and with *all* your heart. But you love your neighbor as yourself. As you would do yourself good and take care of yourself, so you should be ready to do good to your neighbor and care for him. But the love you give him is not *above all things*; that greatest love you give only to God. You need not die for your neighbor, nor spend every penny you have for your neighbor; but if God demands of you your property, you must give it; if He asks your life, you must lay it down. And yet it has happened that people have laid down their lives for their neighbors for the love of God. You have read the histories of the missionary priests who risked their lives, and lost them too,

to say Mass and give people the Sacraments when by wicked laws the true religion was not allowed in this country. Well, that was martyrdom. You will think of that sometimes. It will help you to bear things which you may have to bear unjustly in this life. And you can't think of these things too soon.”

All these things Arthur thought of up in his arm-chair in the mulberry-tree.

Mr. Lake himself took his son to the school, where there were about thirty boys. Fifteen of these boys were of Arthur's age and older; and fifteen were much smaller. They occupied two different sides of the house, and the master lived in the middle between them. Arthur went through an examination to find how much he knew; and, to his father's great satisfaction, he took a very good place in the school.

The boy who had the lowest place in the division where Arthur was, he was pleased to find that he had known very well. He had known him when they were almost babies, but he had not seen him now for two or three years.

This boy had once lived close to Mr. Lake's house, and he and Arthur had played together as children, and been great friends for many years. The name of this boy was Timson. He had lost both father and mother, and he had been brought up by distant relations, who had not treated him with the wisdom and kindness that Arthur Lake had received. However, Arthur was very glad to see Timson. He felt less of a stranger from having in the house a boy whom he had known many years before; and Timson was very glad to see Arthur.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX is 257. Of those, 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 have been Romans, and 103 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen; 9 Greeks; 7 Germans; 5 Asiatics; 3 Africans; 3 Spaniards; 2 Dalmatians; 1 Hebrew; 1 Thracian; 1 Dutchman; 1 Portuguese; 1 Candiot, and 1 Englishman. The name most commonly borne has been John; the 23d and last was a Neapolitan, raised to the chair in 1410. Nine pontiffs have reigned less than one month; thirty less than one year, and eleven more than 20 years. Only five have occupied the Pontifical Chair over 23 years. These are St. Peter, who was Supreme Pastor 25 years, 2 months, 7 days; Sylvester I, 23 years, 10 months, 27 days; Adrian I, 23 years, 10 months, 14 days; Pius IX, who celebrated his 26th year in the Pontifical Chair, June 16th, 1873.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

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No. 38.

The Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin.

BY REV. JAMES AUGUSTINE STOTHERT, MISS. AP.

"But she said to them, call me not Noemi, that is beautiful, but call me Mara, that is bitter; for the Almighty hath filled me with bitterness."—Ruth, i, 20.

The language of this childless widow is adopted by the Church to express the anguish of the most Holy Virgin in her Seven Dolors, as they are called; the principal events of her life, in which the cross of her Son pressed most heavily on Mary's soul. They are the following:—1. When the aged Simeon predicted that her soul should be pierced by the sword of grief. 2. When Mary fled in the night to save her Son from the cruel edict of Herod. 3. When she lost Him for three days in Jerusalem; a remarkable type of the three days of darkness and dereliction that preceded the Resurrection. 4. When she met Him toiling under the weight of His Cross, up the hill of Calvary. 5. While the awful hours of His last agony wore away, and she stood by His Cross, and saw Him expire. 6. When the lance of the Roman soldier violated His sacred body. 7. When she saw His lifeless remains deposited in the tomb.

It is in virtue of the sorrows of the Holy Virgin that she bears the title of the Queen of Martyrs. For while she not only fulfilled every condition of martyrdom, she far surpassed the constancy of the most undaunted martyr. Her self-sacrifice exceeded that of every other in the length of her sufferings and in their intensity. The trial of the martyrs, for the most part, was short; a few hours, or even minutes, secured for them the palm of victory. A sharp conflict with the wild beasts, or the keener torture of the gridiron, or the boiling caldron; the rack, or, easiest of all, the sword, dismissed them to the joys of eternal life. But Mary's sufferings of compassion lasted as long as the life of her Child. From the moment when He shed the first drops of His Blood, the eighth day

after His birth, till the last were poured out at the foot of His Cross, Mary's was a daily wound, inflicted by the sword of prophecy, entering into her soul. Nor suppose that it pained not, because it was not a material sword. Heroic natures have often preferred to endure torture, rather than stand by to see it inflicted on one whom they loved. It was a refinement of cruelty that condemned the brave mother of seven heroes, whose story is related in the Maccabees,* to see them torn to pieces before her own turn came; and the sacred historian declares that she is "to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men, who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with a good courage, for the hope that she had in God . . . being filled with wisdom, and joining a man's heart to a woman's thought." † Sorrow of the same kind was Mary's, arising from evil which she could not avert from her Son. The years, as they passed, brought their own anguish; the persecution of the Infant Jesus by Herod, His hasty flight into Egypt, the loss of her Child at Jerusalem, His parting from her, when the time had come for His short ministry to begin. And, more terrible than all, the years, as they rolled on, brought nearer and more near the inevitable hour when she must give Him up to death who was the life of her life. The awful time was never absent from her thoughts for three-and-thirty years. Every new development of her Son's perfection, His growth in earthly wisdom and stature, reminded her maternal heart that another stage had been passed on the long road of sorrow which must one day bring her to Calvary. The dawn of every new day awakened her to the consciousness of her impending trial; the cherished sight of her beloved Child spoke to her of the future that lay before them both. Yet with calm deliberation she awaited the event;

* 2. Mac., vii.

† Ib., vii. 20-21.

she went about her household business, she made her journeys of necessity or devotion, bearing in her heart the sword of prolonged martyrdom, in silence and with acquiescent will. In the secrecy of her hours of prayer she nerved her soul for the event, drawing courage and the gift of endurance from Him who had accepted her early sacrifice. And when she pressed her Infant God to her heart, and yearned over Him as he slept, and anticipated His every wish, and looked into the depths of His Divine eye, O how the high resolve, the unflinching purpose of her soul grew and strengthened with the growing union of her heart and will with His! Thus if her martyrdom was long, so was her preparation long and complete; the time of its consummation arrived, and she was ready; and the length of her trial crowned her Queen of martyrs.

The intensity of her sufferings finds another claim of superiority over the martyrs, and this in two particulars: first, because what they endured in body only, she suffered in her soul: "Yea, a sword shall pierce thine own soul also"; and secondly, because she gave up, not her life only, in the complete sacrifice of her will to God's, but what she valued more than life, the precious existence of her Divine Son. While the martyrs were tortured, in every way that the wicked ingenuity of their enemies could devise, their souls were inwardly refreshed by supernatural consolations; so much so, that they often seemed unconscious of the torments that were inflicted upon them. As when the blessed Stephen "beheld the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God"; and as he gazed, his countenance appeared to his persecutors "as if it had been the face of an angel." Or as the intrepid Lawrence, from his fiery bed of pain, could jest with his tormentors. But the intimate sympathy of suffering which united Mary to her Son embraced her whole being. Her interior anguish was no less sharp than the weary toils which love imposed upon her body were heavy; than her journeys hither and thither in the service of her Lord were long and tedious. While she stood beside His Cross, she suffered no outward wound; but the drearier sorrow of her soul admitted no ray of comfort; the dark cloud that enveloped the Redeemer for a time, hiding the sensible presence of His Father from His humanity, intercepted the light of heaven also from His suffering Mother, oppressed her holy soul with a heavy weight of woe, far exceeding in painfulness the keenest bodily torments that leave the vision of the martyr's palm clear and untroubled.

Besides the pain of ordinary sympathy with the suffering of her beloved and only Son, Mary had, in addition, to bear the acute anguish which the

sight of injustice and wrong inflicts on a holy and most sensitive soul. She daily witnessed her God rejected and dishonored in her Son, by His own nation, and by the Gentiles; and lastly, given up to ignominy and death, with every circumstance of degradation that infuriated malice could devise. She well knew who and what He was of whom the Jews and the Roman soldiers were making a spectacle of scorn; she beheld the horrible impiety, with the full consciousness of its enormity, and without the ability to prevent it.

Again, Mary gave up Him whom she loved better than life. Hence her martyrdom cost her more than the martyr's sacrifice of life. When the sons of Jacob pleaded with Joseph for the release of their brother Benjamin, they urged the disastrous effect that his detention would produce on their aged father. "If I shall go to thy servant our father," said Juda, who spoke for the rest, "and the boy be wanting (whereas his life dependeth upon the life of him) and he shall see that he is not with us, he will die, and thy servants shall bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."* A faint image to us of the love which made Mary's sacrifice of her Son more painful, and therefore more precious, more completely exhausting all that she had to give, than the sacrifice of her own life would have been. Hence, in the intensity, as well as in the length of her sufferings, she is the Queen of martyrs.

The Dolors of the Blessed Virgin are annually commemorated on the third Sunday of September. The Friday after Passion Sunday, indeed, is devoted to the same purpose; but then the great sacrifice of our Blessed Lord too exclusively claims for itself the admiration and penitential remembrance of the Church; so that another day has been chosen for a more particular celebration of the share which His most holy Mother had in His Passion. Just as the anniversary of the institution of the Holy Eucharist is kept on Maundy Thursday, and again on the festival of Corpus Christi; because the gratitude and jubilation with which it fills the heart of the Church imperfectly accords with the tribute of penance and mourning due to the yearly recollection of His death; because it suits neither the grandeur of the one commemoration nor the stern solemnity of the other that they should occur together.

Does it seem strange to the ears of some to hear of a festival of the Seven Dolors, of the Five Wounds of Jesus, or of His Precious Blood? It might with justice be deemed strange to celebrate them in a yearly festival, if regard were had only to the sorrowful circumstances of the Passion it-

* Gen., xlv. 30.

self; they might be made, as in Holy Week, the occasion of penitential rather than of festal observance. But their consequences have issued in deliverance so inestimably great, in glory so infinite, that what was once painful and ignominious assumes another form to our eyes; the squalid accidents of the prison and the tomb are invested with the blessed light of heaven. For a similar reason the Cross itself, which to the imagination of an ancient Roman appeared a far more degraded instrument of punishment than the gibbet is to ours, inasmuch as no free-born Roman could be subjected to its infliction, the Cross itself is now a type of triumph; it is multiplied in a hundred varying and beautiful forms, expressive of the sanctifying grace and life that have issued from its once infamous wood. Let it, therefore, no longer surprise anyone that the Church of Christ should bless God for the Seven Dolors of the Holy Virgin; that they should be honored with a yearly festival. She wept and suffered: and her children, at the remembrance of her sorrow, weep also; but from her woes and their cause, namely, the vicarious sufferings of Jesus, came our redemption: they purchased the final extinction of sin, the fountain of unnumbered griefs; they procured the advent of the Comforter; they opened for mourners a passage to the place of rest and refreshment, where God wipeth away every tear from the eye.

Nor is the Church unmindful of the morning of joy that, in regard to Mary herself, succeeded to the night of weeping. While we commemorate her Sorrows, we celebrate the eventful glory which irradiates her royal head as she is seated now on the right hand of the Lamb. All heaven is jubilant in her praise; redeemed earth cannot be silent; our feeble voices solicit from afar the unmerited privilege of mingling our voices with the triumphant hymn of seraphim and saint, ascribing glory to God who hath thus wonderfully brought good out of evil, and made His strength perfect in human weakness, by raising His holy handmaid to a dignity next His own; by giving her "a crown of beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; a garment of praise for the spirit of grief." *

It was sin that cost Mary all her sorrow; not her own, but ours. For our disobedience, she painfully obeyed; for our wilful waywardness, Jesus and Mary suffered more than the pains of natural death. Who can continue in sin in sight of all this? Who can follow his own sinful will, remembering what it has involved?

Lastly, the remembrance of Mary's Sorrows consoles her children under their own. Hers were longer and keener than any that they have to bear;

and yet they had an end at last; sorrow and mourning are fled away forever from her glorified presence. We may also wait God's time; as Mary resembled Jesus in suffering, we will implore the grace of imitating both; and light and rest will be our portion at last. "For I reckon," says St. Paul, "that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed in us." *

* Rom., viii. 18.

Our Lady's Dolors.

As years pass on and on,
Our Lady's feasts come unto us in turn,
And each some tender lesson, deep and sweet,
Bringeth anew to learn.

Like little children we
Again, and yet again the lesson need,
Yet, with each coming year, in every feast
Some deeper wisdom read,

Of faith and hope divine,
Of love diviner still,—of patience crowned,
Of throned humility and poverty,
Where royal gifts abound.

We learn the bitterest woes
A broken heart can feel, and yet live on,
Were given as the tokens of His love
To Mary by her Son.

And so life's daily pains
We learn to know as love's appointed way,—
And see how griefs but draw us nearer God,
And make us watch and pray.

And in our chastened souls
The war and tumult of contention cease,
And meekly kneeling 'neath the Cross at last
We find unearthly peace.

R. V. R.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The days preceding the night of the ball were busy ones; Lady Margaret, who had yielded out of sheer good-nature, and sorely against her inclination, in the first instance, caught something of the young girl's excitement, and when the gala evening came she was almost as flurried and nervous as if this passing return to the gay world had been her first appearance there.

Major Fitzgerald came to dinner, and accompanied them to the ball. The cards of invitation said nine o'clock, but it was well known that the only chance of securing a seat with a good view of the Court was to be there at eight. Even then the Place du Carrousal was filled with carriages drawn

* Isa., lxi, 3.

up before the illuminated windows of the palace, and Lady Margaret's carriage had to go at a foot-pace for ten minutes before they alighted.

The opening scene was very brilliant; the velvet-carpeted hall was thronged with "fair women and brave men," dazzling with the light of jewels and the glory of stars and decorations belonging to every court in Europe; the dresses were beautiful, the uniforms splendid. The *Cent Gardes* were ranged in single file on either side of the noble staircase, a guard on every step; they were magnificent men, and stood as immovable as statues; not a muscle of their bodies, not a hair of their plumes stirred; breastplates and helmets flashed and shone under the floods of light poured down on them from the enormous chandeliers, but the men within them might have been stones, they stood like blue and silver giants, drawn up, not "in battle's magnificently stern array," but "in order serviceable," bright-harnessed heralds of some pageant of peace.

"Do you think they are alive? I should like to stick a pin in one and see," whispered Grace to her brother.

"Say, *Garde*, are you dead?" asked the Major, seizing the arm of the blue giant next to him, and giving it a shake; but the arm fell heavily by the man's side, as if it had been the limb of a dead body; you could see two eyes twinkling with laughter under the drooping lids, but not a muscle moved in the face.

"They frighten me!" said Grace; "let us run away!"

As she spoke, the clock struck: it was the hour to relieve the guard; the two men at the foot of the stairs started from their post as suddenly as if they had been dead bodies galvanized, and strode across the marble pavement, their iron heels ringing, their sabres clashing, all the metal of their regimentals going click! click! like two clocks set going by the touch of a spring. Early as the trio were, they found every spot taken in the *Salle des Maréchaux*; Major Fitzgerald got separated from them almost at once, and the two ladies pushed their way on till they got near enough to the *Porte de l'Empereur* to command a view of the Emperor and Empress when they entered the throne-room. On the benches in front of the space opposite the thrones, which stood on a raised platform carpeted with crimson velvet, sat the wives and daughters of those semi-gods, the high functionaries of the state—ministers, senators, general officers; the rich toilettes and the brilliant colors of the uniforms made the room as bright and gaudy as a flower-garden. Grace was enchanted; it was like a fairy tale; but Lady Margaret began to feel tired at the end of half an hour,

standing, squeezed against a pillar, with about a thousand wax-lights over her head. Suddenly some one from behind the pillar called her name; she started, and, looking round, beheld M. de St. George.

"Can I believe my eyes! You in such company, monsieur! what will Mme. de Couvigny say when she hears it!" exclaimed Lady Margaret.

"Need she hear it, madame? If I throw myself upon your generosity and discretion?" returned the gentleman, in a *sotto voce*.

"Fie! A man should have the courage of his opinions! But I will be discreet; I will not denounce you."

The conversation was cut short by a movement in the crowd, which announced the approach of the imperial hosts; the *Porte de l'Empereur* flew open, the Grand Chamberlain struck the ground with his gold wand, a loud voice cried "*l'Empereur!*" and their majesties advanced towards the thrones, followed by the diplomatic body, who ranged themselves on either side of the platform; an ambadress sat down on the steps at the Empress' feet; an old Pasha swathed in a delicious white blanket, with a turban like a jewelled snake coiled round his head, was singled out for the honor of shaking hands with the Emperor. After sitting for a little while, the imperial party rose, the Empress taking her husband's arm to make the tour of the room; the staff fell into rank, the Grand Chamberlain walking backwards and striking with his magician's wand as a signal for those behind him to clear the way; splendid court ladies and their lords followed on in a golden stream.

"Oh, can we not push on and get somewhere to have a good look at them! I would give my eyes to get close up to the Empress just for one minute!" said Grace, in high excitement, as the crowd swayed forward, and she was crushed against the pillar till she could hardly breathe.

"Do you think you could accomplish the feat, and make my young friend happy, M. de St. George?" said Lady Margaret.

M. de St. George declared he would do it or die; so, giving his arm to Grace, he charged bravely through the crowd.

"Don't be long away; I will stay here till you come back," Lady Margaret cried out after them; he made a sign of assent; in a moment the waves closed behind the pair, and they were lost to her view.

The throne-room soon cleared sufficiently to allow Lady Margaret to find a seat; she took the one nearest to her pillar, so as to be more readily found when her charge returned. There was enough to keep her amused, though she knew no one; the costumes were a wonder in themselves, and offered food for

study to a philosopher and an artist, and Lady Margaret fancied she was a little of both; then there were pretty little human comedies going on, enacted by the wearers of those dresses that were "fearfully and wonderfully made." Dowagers sat on the benches all around, and the scraps of their conversations furnished another source of amusement; the subjects under discussion were sometimes intimate, but this did not necessitate low tones; the speakers dissected aloud their friends' *toilettes*, wondered how much they cost, and how the bills were paid; they canvassed the merits of certain matrimonial candidates, were very enthusiastic about some, and equally opposed to others. Two elderly dames on the seats immediately behind Lady Margaret talked in such a high key that everybody in the neighborhood might have heard them; but most of the others were talking, and so did not; Lady Margaret could not help but listen, as she had no one to talk to.

"For my part I shall be sorry if he succeeds," said one; "he is a spendthrift, and an idler; he has eaten his father's money and his uncle's, and he will eat hers if he gets her."

"Bah! he is no worse than the rest," replied her companion; "and the pretty widow is rich enough to let him be extravagant without ruining her; and then think what a good old name his is! One cannot have everything."

"Hers is just as good."

"What does an American name signify!"

"Ah, you think so! But, as it happens, she is not American! she is English."

"Really! I thought she was American! then it is her husband who was American?"

"Not at all; he was Irish; he was a good deal older than her, and left a very large fortune."

"A marriage of *convenance*; all the more reason why she should now make one of inclination."

"She was deeply attached to him on the contrary; these English women seldom marry without affection; they are like the Americans; they want a heart in a husband."

"They are right, when they can get one."

"I don't believe there is one to be got in this case; that St. George has no heart but for himself."

"He is very intelligent; he will make the *belle Anglaise* believe he is in love with her; you will see if that marriage is not arranged before a week. The old lady has set her mind on it, and you know her marriages always succeed. Shall we go and have some supper? I begin to feel exhausted."

The dowagers moved off towards the supper-room. Lady Margaret looked after them; she thought she remembered having seen one of them, the one who patronized M. de St. George, at Mme. de Couvigny's. She felt inclined to laugh over the

absurdity of the whole thing, but just at that moment she caught sight of M. de St. George making towards the patronizing dowager, who took his arm and began to talk with great volubility. The idea that the *belle Anglaise* and her money, and his chances of securing both, were the theme of the discourse, fired Lady Margaret's pride and filled her with disgust and resentment. What, too, had this chivalrous aspirant to her hand done with the young lady she had intrusted to him? Could he have abandoned her in the supper-room and come off with a view to following up his opportunity near herself? She flushed angrily at the thought, and rose up in haste to go in search of Grace. This was no easy undertaking. None but those who have had experience of a Court mob would believe how closely it resembles a street mob; the raw materials are the same in both; the apparent refinement of the one is very often but a coat of varnish smeared over the same original substance, the same inborn selfishness, the same reckless struggle after personal convenience, disregardful of their neighbors' toes, and coats and dresses; fine ladies and gentlemen will elbow and push and snap just as porters and cooks and workmen do; there is nothing like a crowd—especially a crowd near a supper-table—for testing the quality of gentle breeding; if it be but so much veneration laid on the surface of the man or woman it soon gets scratched off, and shows the stuff that underlies it. The bejewelled, embroidered mob of the Tuileries was composed of mixed elements, some of gold, many of pinchbeck; on the whole it was a more good-humored gathering than an English one; a French crowd, whether high or low, is generally gay and good-tempered; it pushed and laughed its way vigorously towards the flesh-pots; only a certain number were admitted at a time, by one door, out by another; the ingoing stream flowed side by side with the outgoing, separated only by a crimson cordon with a *Cent garde* at either end. Lady Margaret found herself wedged in and carried along by the current. The remarks that she heard were amusing as a study of human nature.

"I commend to you the *paté de foie gras*; it is excellent; I am going to have another help," called out a lady from the river flowing out to a friend in the river flowing in.

"*Allons!* Let us all make for it before it disappears!" cried a state dignitary; and there was a fresh impetus given to the advancing movement, while everybody laughed and pushed.

Lady Margaret would not laugh, though she could not help but push; she was disgusted, and began to be out of temper with the whole thing. Where was Grace all this time? and what would Major Fitzgerald say when he found she had

handed the young girl over to a Frenchman and lost sight of her!

Major Fitzgerald, meantime, with Grace on his arm, was hunting for Lady Margaret in a like despair. He had met Grace in the ball-room when the Empress was passing through, and, thanking M. de St. George, had relieved him of his charge, after many compliments on both sides. Lady Margaret had promised not to stir from the place where Grace had left her, but, in her excitement at seeing the faithless knight alone, had forgotten all about it and rushed off after her.

"At last! Success comes always to those who persevere!" said Major Fitzgerald, when he came up with her after nearly an hour's chase. Then followed explanations and recriminations; why did Lady Margaret not stay where she promised? How could she sit still, not knowing where Grace was, or what had become of her?

"Well, now that you have turned up, account for yourself," said the chaperon; "have you been dancing?"

"Only one turn, just with him," said Grace, nodding at her brother; "but I have enjoyed it all immensely, Lady Margaret; it was so kind of you to come with me! I would not have missed it for the world!"

"That is a compensation; and now, are you tired? Do you feel inclined to come away? Don't say yes on my account; I will stay as long as you like."

But Grace knew that her friend said this in a spirit of self-sacrifice; she thought Lady Margaret looked tired too, and she had worked very hard herself, though it was a pleasant labor, so she declared that she would gladly go home, especially as there was no more chance of seeing the beautiful Empress and her diamonds again; it was past twelve, and royalty had retired from the vulgar gaze to its private apartments.

CHAPTER IX.

The summer had sailed in on golden wings, and held its revel amidst flowers and birds and sunbeams, and now it was departing, and all the sunshine of light-hearted Paris was departing with it. War was raging in the sunny harvest-fields; the sickle was not singing in the corn, the scythe of the reapers was rusting in the grange; other music echoed through the plains and valleys where the blessed fruits of the earth stood ripe and perfect under the vibrating sun. The roar of the *mitrailleuse* was drawing nearer and nearer to the capital. The people were making ready for the siege; mothers and wives bound up their breaking hearts while they helped their beloved ones to buckle on their swords and sally forth.

Lady Margaret still lingered on in Paris; she

had been detained, greatly against her will, by an accident which made it impossible for her to travel—a sprained ankle that kept her a prisoner on her sofa for two months; and now that she was well, and able to set out, she felt a strange reluctance to do so; she had got wrought up into sympathy with the intense excitement of the people around her, and she could not tear herself away from them; she thirsted as eagerly as any Frenchwoman to know everything that was going on, to have the last news from the frontiers, to hear from hour to hour of despatches that came in, the reports that were afloat—though few of these were trustworthy; if she went off to Connemara she would cut herself off from all this and be reduced to her daily newspaper for the latest intelligence. Things had now reached a point, however, when she felt it was imperative to leave; the siege had come to be considered imminent, and everybody who was not bound to remain, either by duty or self-devotion, had gone, or was preparing to go. Lady Margaret was busy writing some good-bye notes to friends in Paris one morning—it was Tuesday, and she was to leave on Thursday—when the door opened, and Burke announced

"The Reverend Mr. Ringwood!"

It was a welcome meeting on both sides.

"Where have you come from, and where are you going?" was Lady Margaret's enquiry, as soon as the first glad surprise of the greeting was over.

"I have just arrived from Rome, and was on my way to Switzerland, but my plans are suddenly changed; I am on the invalid list, the old trouble in my chest, and ordered to spend the winter out of England; my intention was to go to Pau on my return from the mountains, but I have determined now to attach myself to a regiment that is about to start for the north; I shall remain with it while my services are wanted, and when the war is over I shall go south somewhere, unless," he added, laughing, "a Prussian bullet sets me free before then."

"And that is what you call coming abroad for your health?"

He laughed. "The only thing I am under orders for is the climate; that is good everywhere just in the seat of war."

"But consider how the service will try your strength; think of the risk to your life!" said Lady Margaret.

"What better can I do with both than to lose them in such a cause?"

"What! The cause of the French against the Germans? Are your political sympathies so strong as all that?"

"If I have any political bias at all it is rather the other way; I was indignant with the French

for going to war; and I quite expected—I will not say hoped—that they might get the worst of it at first; since the tide has set so overpoweringly against them, however, I have veered round to their side, though not to the extent of exalting them and vituperating the Germans. No; the cause that I am enlisting in is neither French nor German, it is the cause of souls: I am going to help the wounded and the dying; I hope to be of use to a good many.”

“But is there not a chaplain attached to every regiment?”

“Yes; but what is one amongst so many! On a field of battle there may be a hundred dying men all in want of him; at such times an extra priest is an immense mercy to the soldiers; and if I am only the means of saving one soul, if I come in time to absolve one poor sinner, that will be worth the risk ten times over.”

There was a quick ring of exultation in Mr. Ringwood's voice as he uttered the last sentence, raising his hand with a sudden movement and letting it drop quickly; Lady Margaret looked at him in puzzled admiration. They were a singular race of men, these Catholic priests; here was a refined, studious man, possessed of an independent income, quite sufficient to supply all his moderate wants and comforts, suddenly starting off of his own accord to expose his life, and in all probability ruin his health—for what? For the chance of giving absolution to a fellow-creature at his death-hour! What faith he must have in his own priestly power!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINES.

[Continued.]

We had concluded that since it was so intensely disagreeable for Rosine and Adeline to see people passing their house, they might make remarks to M. Niels which might be calculated to make him a little impatient with us, and that therefore it would be better for us to abstain from going to Bois d'Haine again before Friday; but we suddenly remembered that although in granting the permission M. le Curé had named the hour, he had not told the place of rendezvous. Since one would be obliged to pass by, all three might as well commit the offence; so we started on our double errand, a walk for health and pleasure and a visit to the church. As we passed the Lateau cottage we heard an animated conversation, and we saw a priest peering through the white curtains; thus when we reached the parish house we

were not surprised to hear that M. Niels had gone to see Louise Lateau. After our devotions were finished, and we were returning to Fayt, we met M. le Curé, who accosted us with a reproof for passing so often by Louise's house.

“Her sisters tell me that you are continually passing and repassing; you mustn't do that; it annoys them.”

“M. le Curé,” was the reply, “we passed her house when we came to apply for admission, again when you sent us to the Hotel de la Poste, and then again twice by coming to visit the Blessed Sacrament yesterday afternoon. You know that in Fayt the church is closed in the afternoon.”

In the estimation of M. Niels, or of any European pastor, a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament is so essential an act of any ordinary Christian life that he would as soon have thought of telling us to omit our morning or evening prayers out of deference to any particular person's prejudice, as to tell us that since it annoyed Louise's sisters we would have done much better to have refrained from the performance of this devotion; therefore his manner changed completely the moment that he received the answer quoted.

M. le Curé was then informed of our version of the little adventure of the preceding evening, and how violently the woman slammed the door, as if she feared that we would force our entrance.

“That was one of Louise's sisters,” said M. Niels; “she told me that you would have entered had she not shut the door; but you did not wish to do so, did you?”

To the question as to where we would meet him on the following day, he said:

“At Louise's door; stand in front of the house until I bid you enter. It will be very crowded to-morrow, besides which there will be many whom I shall be obliged to send away. I wonder how I shall manage it all! I had no intention of admitting you. I would not have done so if Monseigneur had not said that about really wishing it; but he said, ‘*Je le desire vivement.*’”

With this characteristic speech on his lips, M. Niels lifted his broad-brimmed hat and bade us good evening, and we returned to Fayt to find ourselves just in time for the supper at the *table-d'hôte*.

In Belgium the word *table-d'hôte* has not lost its original signification of “the landlord's own table,” although among the other nations on the Continent it means the formal full meals served according to set rule in several courses, over which the landlord may or may not preside, but of which he never partakes. But in Belgium the traveller sits down to the same bountiful repast

that is spread before mine host, his wife and their older children; and all those who are thus partaking of the *table-d'hôte* are expected to join freely in general conversation. In the larger towns, a party, especially when composed chiefly of ladies, may without giving offence secure an agreeable privacy by choosing another hour and a more simple repast, but in small places like Fayt such an act would be regarded as a direct insult to the family of the landlord and to the other lodgers.

On this particular evening we found the usual number of persons at the table augmented by several invited guests, and, in addition, the *élite* of the neighborhood began to assemble in the dining-room. From their conversation we discovered that the young gentlemen of the vicinity are in the habit of coming every Thursday evening to the Hotel de la Poste to inspect those who are going to visit Louise, and then they all make it a point to loiter around the railway station at Menage every Friday afternoon in order to listen to the conversation of those who leave immediately after witnessing her ecstasy. Naturally, after an hour thus spent in watching the course of that astonishing miracle, the nervous system will be too overwrought for the lips to be very guarded in their utterance. Thus by listening repeatedly on these occasions, the young men of Fayt hope ultimately to solve the problem which is agitating the minds of those living near Bois d'Haine.

This puzzling problem is not any of the supernatural phases of the subject; for all of these, the young men of Fayt and Menage quietly accept as positive facts, which they have not the slightest inclination to doubt; and which, although the casual observer of their conduct might not readily infer, are a source of grace to them. Neither did they concern themselves with any of the metaphysical questions arising from one style of considering the matter, though they were probably as capable of discussing abstruse subjects as many who flood the popular journals with enigmatical writing. Their problem is purely natural, and its terms are comprehensible to the most ordinary mind; namely: How may a person gain admittance to the cottage of Louise Lateau? As yet it remained unsolved; but the young men, and some too who had arrived at an age supposed to be more discreet, were very busy fastening the links in the chain of evidence by which they hoped to arrive at a definite conclusion; but much remained open questions. Was the sacerdotal character the "open sesame"? By no means; every week priests were refused and laymen accepted, though belonging to the laity was not infallible admission, nor were priests always ex-

cluded. Was it riches? was it poverty? Often the rich were sent away and the poor admitted, or the rich had freedom to enter and the poor were told to wait. Recommendations were often required; but, even when these came from the highest quarters, M. Niels could disregard them, and grant the request of those having no introduction whatever. The length of the journey taken by the person in order to reach Bois d'Haine seemed to make no impression on its pastor; neither was the plea of a long residence in the neighborhood of any avail.

The discussion of this problem drew forth many anecdotes which demonstrated that M. Niels did not possess that delicate, sensitive frame of mind and temperament that would render it keen torture to come in constant contact with the rough natures by which he was surrounded and of which poor Mme. Lateau and her two older daughters were prominent examples. At the conclusion of tales which showed that M. Niels knew how to unite a certain degree of physical force to moral suasion in defending Louise from unwelcome intrusion, the strangers would gaze around the company, hoping to read in the faces of some a denial, at least in part; but although the older ones might look reprovingly at the thoughtless youth who had been lacking in that perfect reverence considered so important by all American Catholics, still they would answer the look of inquiry with the words, *C'est vrai*.

In the midst of this discussion, the landlady, who had been absent a few moments, re-entered the room, saying in a low voice: "Here is a doctor who will be permitted to see Louise all day to-morrow."

As she finished these words, a young man, apparently just beginning the third decade of his life, entered the room. Gracefully acknowledging the presence of those already seated at the table, and taking the place allotted him by the landlady, a few introductory words from her placed him on speaking terms with all of the company assembled. It took but a glance for us to see from the scrupulous attention to dress, the carefully brushed hair, parted, as we would say, like a lady's, that here was one who did not take what the Puritan band of Plymouth Rock would have called "a truly serious view of life." But all traces of puritanical notions on matters of apparel had been rather well effaced from our minds, and there was no special prejudice to prevent us from reading in his face the indelible marks of the Sacraments, and the countless other effects of the steady practices of a Christian life without affectation. By this time we had thoroughly learned that—of course with the exception of very peculiar vocations—true re-

ligion does not destroy all the sources of joy in the human heart, neither does she ruthlessly uproot what the world calls foibles, for these are generally qualities which only need a little training, a little pruning in order to grow into means of grace and salvation. Why, for example, eradicate the love of adventure, which when well directed will sustain the explorer in his laudable task of seeking to enrich the stores of man's acquired knowledge; or, to ascend still higher, that which may be one of the sparks to kindle the zeal of the missionary? At the same time that we received these lessons, we were also made to understand that there is more humility in an apparent frivolity than in endeavoring to appear old beyond one's years; and thus we were not as scandalized as some might have been at the light manner in which the gentlemen of Fayt had spoken of Bois d'Haine, for we were sure that in the depth of their hearts was hidden the germ which could bring forth fair fruit in due season, and that grace would do her work with greater facility because there was no hollow pretence of perfection. Perhaps the young doctor was a fairer type of the Catholic youth of Europe, who, not always precisely frivolous, have not enough of absurd pride to wish to seem above harmless imperfection, and who had so little of what is truly harmful on their consciences. Had he not been thoroughly pious he would have been tempted to consider his chances of witnessing the miraculous condition of Louise Lateau in the light of the great adventure of his life; as it was, he was overcome by excitement, which found an escape-valve in voluble conversation. In a very short time we all knew that by a special recommendation from Dr. Lefebvre he had obtained the fullest privileges ever granted to medical inquiry; and that already, in the company of M. Niels, he had visited Louise in her cottage.

"But isn't she ugly though!" was the exclamation that terminated the torrent of speech with which he had inundated us. This remark was received by complete silence, and the doctor's face expressed great astonishment when he found that this sentiment was not echoed by anyone.

"You are all no doubt familiar with her ordinary appearance," said he, after a little pause, "but I was disappointed; I expected to find something—some pleasant expression to redeem plain features, but I saw in her nothing but a Flemish peasant maid. M. Niels and I entered the cottage, and I saw two peasant girls—just nothing but peasants—sitting together and chatting in a very lively manner, and M. Niels said:

"Now, which of these two girls do you take to be Louise?"

"Neither one nor the other, M. le Curé," said I, very confidently.

"Nevertheless," said he, "one of them is Louise."

"I was puzzled, I assure you; finally I recollected that Louise always wears half-mittens to conceal the slight marks of the Stigmata, and that was my only clue. You who live in the neighborhood must see her very often?"

"Oh, we never are admitted; no one present has even seen her since her present condition," replied one gentleman.

"You are awaiting your turn to witness the miracle—I understand that; but you must sometimes meet her in the street, or on the road?"

"Oh, never!" was the universal exclamation; "not now; in former times we may have often seen her; but who thought anything about Louise Lateau, the sewing-girl? Now she seems to be animated by an intense desire to hide herself from all strangers, and that means everyone not a resident of Bois d'Haine. We of Fayt are as much strangers to her as people from America; when we meet her by accident in Bois d'Haine, she runs into the nearest house, and everyone in the hamlet helps her willingly to conceal herself; so we never catch more than a glimpse of her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Marpingen, Rhenish Prussia.

Some weeks ago our German exchanges brought reports of an apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Marpingen, in the diocese of Treves. As, hitherto, the accounts of the apparition had not been endorsed by any positive authority, we concluded to defer mention of them in our columns. But the shadows of doubt are gradually disappearing, and according to the latest reports we have no further need to withhold a statement of the interesting facts from the readers of the AVE MARIA. They are principally as follows:

On Monday, 3rd July, the day after the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, three little girls about eight years old, named respectively Susanna Leist, Catherine Hubertus, and Margaret Kunz, went in the evening into the pine wood, near the village of Marpingen, to gather whortleberries. Suddenly Susanna Leist screamed out and called the two other children to her. All three then ran home in a state of great fright, declaring that they had seen a white lady. Their parents laughed at them and reproved them for talking such nonsense, but the children adhered firmly to their story. Next day they were taken by their parents, accompanied by some other grown up persons, to the place indi-

cated by them. Full of respect, and a certain fear, the children knelt down when they came to within about thirty paces of where they said they had seen the apparition. They began to recite the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," and when they had repeated these prayers three or four times, suddenly Catharine and Margaret exclaimed they saw the lady. Susanna got up and knelt in front of the other two, but she never saw the apparition after the first evening. By direction of their elders the children asked who she was. The answer was: "I am the Immaculate Conception." The children then asked what were they to do. The answer was: "Pray much." Still prompted by their elders, the children inquired what the Vision desired. The answer was that a chapel should be built on the spot. They asked if sick persons might be brought to the place, and they received an affirmative answer. The apparition then slowly withdrew from their sight. The people remained on the spot for a considerable time, reciting the Rosary and other prayers. The next afternoon a similar scene took place, with the same questions and answers, and a greater concourse of people. The parish priest, who had been absent, returned home that night, and next morning after Mass sent for the children. He examined them very closely and at great length, but found their story most coherent. He dismissed them, saying that the advice to "pray much" was a very good one, and that they would do well to follow it. From first to last, neither he nor any of the neighboring clergy expressed any opinion publicly on the matter. He described his own position very clearly. Had there been a regularly recognized episcopal authority in the diocese, he would at once have applied for instructions. But the See of Treves is vacant, and, on account of the May Laws, there is no publicly recognized administrator of the diocese. "If this was from men, the movement would soon cease; if it came from God He would know how to work out His will without me." Such were his words. But as soon as public controversy arose, he did not hesitate to express his own private belief in the genuineness of the occurrences, and he has written to the *Germania* an account of a singular cure which was connected with them.

The following testimony may lessen the doubts upon the authenticity of the apparition. The first is that of a widow lady whose child was miraculously cured; the second is from the parish priest of Marpingen, himself, testifying to the miraculous cure of another child. The testimony of the latter is so much the more important as the infidel newspapers and the civil authorities on this occasion did all in their power to bring the clergy into

discredit, notwithstanding the cautiousness of their proceedings.

The *Saur Zeitung* publishes the following card:

"To the Honor of the Mother of God, and in gratitude for favors received, I hereby publish the miraculous cure of my son Jacob.

"My child, two years of age, was hitherto unable to walk, or even to stand alone. After drinking three times of the water issuing from the place where the Mother of God has appeared, in Marpingen, the child was able to stand alone, without assistance from anyone—also to walk, and even to run about, so that all who had known my child before acknowledged the event to be a real miracle. All the inhabitants of Eirweiler can testify to the truth of this event.

"(Signed) WIDOW MARGARETTA.

"EIRWEILER, July 31st."

The testimony of Rev. Father Neureuter Schultz, Pastor of Marpingen, as published in the *Berlin Germania*, is as follows:

"Among the many miracles that have been wrought here, I will for the present select one for publication. Magdalena Kirsch, aged seven years and a half, had been confined to her bed for twenty-five weeks, suffering from consumption. On the 23d of April, the first Sunday after Easter, I administered Extreme Unction, and I surely thought the child would die the next day. I told her parents that they need not send for a physician, since it would be a useless expense; the child would become a beautiful angel in heaven, etc., etc. I was astonished, week after week, to see that the child was still able to live. She could not retain any food, and vomited whatever meats or drinks she took. With it came coughing and expectoration, and during four weeks a constant hemorrhage; in short, all the signs of consumption. The child seemed nothing but skin and bones. Thursday, the 6th of July, the first day on which sick people had been carried to the place of the apparition, somebody asked the mother of the suffering child if she would not carry her also to the miraculous spot. The woman told me that she found this suggestion rather strange, since she could not think of anything possible that could make her child well again. After returning home, the little sufferer told her that she had said several 'Our Fathers' that she might also be carried to the spot. This aroused, at last, the confidence of the mother, who took her child in her arms about eight in the evening and carried her to the place of the apparition and back again. She then laid the child in her bed. She told me that she could not believe her own eyes, when, after returning from an errand in the forenoon of the following day (July 7th), she found her daughter walking about the house. She had put on her own dress, which she had been unable to do before. When the bed was formerly being made during the child's sickness, and she lifted out of it, she had to take hold of a chair and could hardly stand thus a few moments on account of her great weakness. On the following afternoon she asked her mother to take her to the *Marienbrunnen* (St. Mary's Spring) an old place of pilgrimage about twenty yards from the house.

When they had walked about half way thither, the mother took the child again in her arms. She told me that she did not think it possible that the child could walk the entire distance without help. The child, however, walked alone while returning home.

"On the following day (Saturday, July 8th) she found her child carrying her little brother in her arms; he was a heavy, bouncing little fellow, about one year old. In the evening she swept the room, in order that her father, who is a miner, would find everything in good trim on his return home, after a week's absence. On the day following (Sunday, the 9th.) she took care of a flock of geese. When I came to the house and asked for the child, her mother told me that she was playing with the other children. I called the little girl, who walked in, her face beaming with joy, and said: 'The people had thought I must die, but the Mother of God has made me well again.' Since Thursday evening (July 6th) the cough had entirely disappeared. The child is entirely well, and does all kinds of housework suitable for a healthy girl of her age, such as carrying water, etc., etc. The mother told me also that she had been summoned to appear with her daughter before the Government Commission; the *Kreisphysicus* (county physician) had examined the child very closely, and told the *Regierungs President* (District Governor) that no symptoms of sickness and no fever could be noticed. They had been dismissed without molestation and without any notice being taken. The parents of the child are poor. A few days since, a strange gentleman visited the house. After he had been convinced of the truth, he offered money to the mother, but she refused to take it. I have just sent for the mother and her child, to both of whom I have read the above notice, to be convinced of having made no mistakes. The mother told me that all I had written was entirely true."

As soon as the reports of the miracles went abroad, crowds of persons flocked to the wood. But there was no disorder. They recited the Rosary, the Litanies, and sang hymns. But the Liberal papers of the Rhine province began to notice these proceedings, and to speak of them in a shameful and even blasphemous manner. They represented the apparition as a "swindle of the priests," got up to arouse an Ultramontane insurrectionary movement. Under the pretext of danger to the public peace, a company of soldiers was sent to Marpingen. They found over 1,500 persons assembled in the wood, all praying. The captain ordered them to disperse, and their movements were hastened by rather rough treatment. Some were beaten with the butt-ends of the muskets, one man received a bayonet-wound. All assemblages there are now forbidden, and the soldiers are billeted in the district around. One of the clergymen of the neighborhood, who was an inspector of schools, having declined to express his belief that it was all a "swindle," has been dismissed with great contumely, and has been for-

bidden to set his foot inside any school in the province.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, August 18, 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—The Senators and members of Parliament have evacuated the city, and are now preaching politics in the provincial cities and towns. There is to be a general election of new members of Parliament in the fall, and the party which is just going through its novitiate of power is making desperate efforts to remain master of the field. One would imagine, then, that the attention of our enemies was so occupied with purely political matters, and their own temporal interests, that they would not have time to bestow a thought upon the Church. If ever we harbored the belief, that, with the summer vacation, there would be, at least, a temporary suspension of hostilities against us and our Church, a late

DECREE OF THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

has most summarily undeceived us. The decree affects religious processions in the streets, and ecclesiastical functions of any kind outside of the churches. It is to this effect: that although the Government has assumed the obligation of protecting and maintaining the free exercise of religion, it is also bound to maintain public order. And, whereas, religious processions have been the occasion of serious disorders more or less destructive of the general tranquillity; whereas the interests of the public health also demand that such ecclesiastical functions be regulated, and considering divers laws and ministerial instructions, it is ordained that religious processions, and all other functions celebrated outside of the churches, are forbidden. Those who violate this disposition are made amenable to the immediate operations of the police, and to divers penalties sanctioned in the Penal Code. Instead of commenting upon the flagrant inconsistency apparent even in the decree, I will subjoin a fact or two. It is a notorious fact that almost simultaneously with the publication of the above decree the Jews in the Ghetto had a procession, the first of the kind ever seen in Rome. It is a still more notorious fact that hardly a week passes by in which the Freemasons, or the Republicans, or other ruffians, do not have solemn processions in the Eternal City. Certainly, the first *whereas* brought forward by the minister in favor of the prohibition of Catholic processions does not militate against Masonic or Republican processions, inasmuch as the connivance of the Government in their regard amounts to positive protection. On the other hand, were the Catholics of Italy disposed to pluck up a spirit and give the blasphemers of God, of His mysteries and saints, the reception in public which they deserve, that body of equitable sages called Parliament would at once feel it incumbent to adopt exceptional measures or the Catholics would destroy the Liberal institutions of the land. Liberty and Justice are one-sided creatures here, and limp atrociously. Titius is at full liberty to slap a

priest or a monk in the face; but the same priest or monk would offend liberty and justice outrageously were he to give the sacrilegious striker a sound thrashing. I remember well the hue and cry that was raised against a good Irish Dominican some five years ago, when he inflicted summary chastisement upon a lordly Italian snob who insulted him. The friar, while taking his afternoon walk, happened to pass a *café*, outside of which a number of worthless dandies used to assemble for the patriotic purpose of

INSULTING RELIGIOUS AND STUDENTS,

and when these did not appear they devoted their attention to trying to appear manly for the admiration of the women folk who passed that way. Just as the monk came up, the emasculated patriots tittered, and one of them, to whom the appellation of effeminate would be too great an honor, evinced the nature of his old viper father in Eden and spat at him. The Irish blood of the old man boiled on the instant. He stopped suddenly. The Italian made a quick and significant motion as if he would take up one of the cups on the small table. But before his hand touched the cup a powerful hand caught him by the throat and hauled him out into the middle of the street. The sight of a friar shaking their brother patriot as if he were a doll, literally stupefied the bystanders. The incident did not last long. In his excitement the old priest lost his balance, and he fell on the manikin, and "flattened him out," as the saying goes in pugilistic circles. He got up and quietly pursued his walk, while the prostrate hero was carried into the *café*, when it was judged necessary, in addition to the inward application of restoratives, to rub him down, for he was badly bruised. Father D. weighed about 235 lbs. avoidupois. He was never insulted after. To conclude with this—let me trust—pardonable digression, though I do not advocate the application of the principles of Tom Sayers & Co. as being the only argument the Italian Liberals can understand with profit to themselves and peace to the unoffending, still I recollect having read in the Scriptures that our infinitely loving, infinitely tender, infinitely forbearing Lord, Jesus, whipped the buyers and sellers from the Temple, because they had made of it a den of thieves. But is not this Eternal City the City of God? Is it not His Temple? And have not those who are our reproach made of it worse than a den of thieves, a den of foul-mouthed scoffers and blasphemers of God and His Christ?

I pass to a consideration of the second *whereas* which the Minister of the Interior brings forward in defence of the suppression of religious processions. Public health? Nonsense. It is not summer all the year round. Besides, if the public health be so dear to the heart of the Minister of the Interior, he should forbid Republican and Masonic processions, the celebration of the king's birthday, the festival of the *Statuto*; he should interdict hundreds of public gatherings too numerous for recapitulation here. Enough of the Minister of the Interior.

On the 7th inst. His Holiness received a deputation of Frenchmen who in the name of the *Univers* brought

a considerable sum of money which was collected in France for the

GARCIA MORENO MONUMENT,

which is to be erected in Rome. The monument will stand in the *cortile* of a new college to be constructed for the students of South America, when the authorities drive them from the Novitiate of *Sant' Andrea al Quirinale*. It is supposed that the Novitiate will be converted into a residence for the supernumeraries attendant on the palace of the king. The room of St. Stanislaus is in this Novitiate. On the morning of the same day, the Sacred Consulters held a preparatory Congregation in the Vatican, *coram Cardinalibus*, on the life and virtues of

FATERE POMPILIO PIROTTI,

of the Scuole Pie. He is called the Thaumaturgus and Apostle of the Neapolitan provinces.

Apropos of canonization, Cardinal Donnet has addressed a long and earnest letter to the Pope, begging him to introduce before the Sacred Congregation of Rites the

CAUSE OF COLUMBUS,

per modum exceptionalem. After commenting on the silence and contempt with which the memory of Columbus was covered, he says that God raised up one of the most illustrious French writers, Count Roselly de Lorgues, to defend His servant. Of the labors of the Count, the Cardinal writes: "Urged by a secret inspiration from above, and by the kind sympathy of your Holiness, he has given us a new history of Columbus, which reduces to nothing all the calumnies of his predecessors, and proves to an evidence that the discovery of the New World was above all things the work of God; he makes us admire in Christopher Columbus a providential man, a messenger of Heaven prepared by extraordinary graces for the discharge of his wonderful mission. Hence all Europe and America have been moved by these historical revelations, which make the celebrated navigator to shine forth with an entirely supernatural light. The facts and documents upon which he rests are so convincing that they have obtained the adherence of writers separated from Catholic unity, of writers who are hostile to religion, but who are guided by the love of the truth." He then adds that the general conviction of the sanctity of Columbus was so strong that many of the Fathers of the Vatican Council subscribed to the petition that the cause be introduced, and they would have given a solemn manifestation to their desires had not the political events of 1870 disturbed the labors of that august assembly. New studies in France and Italy have thrown new light upon the life of Columbus, and rekindled the hopes of good Catholics that the cause will be brought before the Congregation of Consulters. The last public act of Columbus was to make his sons and heirs promise him that they would place their substance and even their lives at the disposal of the Roman Pontiff, if the Holy See were attacked in its spiritual or temporal prerogatives.

The Catholic Societies of Italy are making extensive preparations to celebrate

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF OUR HOLY FATHER.

It will fall on the 21st of May, 1877. It is proposed to inaugurate on that day, in the Vatican Palace, a grand exposition of objects of art belonging to the Catholic worship. The Exposition is to be ecumenical in character, that is to say, artists of all nationalities are invited to send in their productions. On the same anniversary, a grand monumental altar, which is also to serve as a receptacle for the Chains of St. Peter, will be consecrated in the Basilica of St. Peter in Chains. The corner stone of this altar was laid on the 8th inst. by His Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, who was deputed to perform the ceremony by His Holiness himself.

ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

—We are under many obligations to the Rev. Fathers Croke and Cassin, of San Rafael, Cal., for their generous efforts in behalf of the AVE MARIA.

—Died, on the 31st ult., at the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., Sister Borgia Watson, aged 36 years, professed 12. *Requiescat in pace.*

—On Friday, 1st of September, at Maryville Convent of the Sacred Heart, South Saint Louis, Mo., Miss Angela Donnelly, of Saint Louis, Mo., and Miss McNulty, of Alton, Ill., received the white veil and religious habit.

—The Fathers of Our Lady of Mount Carmel have just finished a spacious monastery at Pittsburgh, Pa. It was solemnly blessed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, on Sunday, the 27th of August. The new house possesses three priests, one lay-brother and four students.

—A beautiful marble tablet, of Gothic design, has been placed upon the wall just east of the sanctuary of the new St. Patrick's Church, Hartford, Conn; in memory of the late Bishop O'Reilly. The inscription reads; "Of your charity pray for the soul of Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D. second Bishop of Hartford."

—A solemn pontifical Mass of Requiem for the repose of the soul of the lamented Archbishop of Halifax was celebrated at the Cathedral of St. John, N. B., on the 29th ultimo. His Lordship the Bishop of St. John officiated, assisted by Rev. James Quinn, Rev. Mr. Doyle, and Rev. Mr. Chapman. Many clergymen from different places were present. An impressive and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Father Ouellett, of St. John.

—The report of the death of Bernadette Soubirous (Sister Mary Bernard) is false. Her health has been in a deplorable state during the past year; she is subject to very acute sufferings, which she bears with admirable patience and resignation, but she has some weeks of relief from these pains, and then she resumes her usual gaiety of disposition. Sister Mary Bernard is now 32 years old. She is in a convent at Nevers, living an humble and very retired life. Her Superiors have, at her own request, shielded her from public curiosity as much as possible. Her father and mother are dead; her sister is married in Lourdes; her brother, about fifteen years of age, is in a college at Garaison, studying for the Priesthood.

—Last year, on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, the Catholics of Mishawaka, Ind., with their zealous pastor, Rev. A. B. Oechtering, made a pilgrimage to the new Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, and we hear with pleasure that a pilgrimage will also be made this year on the same festival, but on a much larger scale and with greater solemnity. It is expected that the congregation of Mishawaka will be joined by that of Laporte and perhaps other cities of Northern Indiana. Such public manifestations of faith and devotion cannot be too much encouraged. They inspire Catholics with a new spirit and do much to counteract the chilling influences of Protestantism and Infidelity. The beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame is destined, we hope, to become a famous American shrine. The credit of inaugurating the first pilgrimage is due to the zeal of Rev. F. Oechtering.

—We learn from the New York *Freeman's Journal* that the third annual convention of the St. Cecilia Society was opened at Baltimore on Tuesday, the 22d of August, as previously announced. On Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, solemn High Mass was celebrated for the deceased members of the Society, and at 10 o'clock Right Rev. Bishop Becker pontificated in the Cathedral, Most Rev. Archbishop Bayley, Right Rev. Bishops Lynch, Kane and Seidenbusch, and many priests from all parts of the country being present. The Mass sung was Dr. Witt's *In Honorem Concilii Ecumenici Vaticani*, in six parts, without organ accompaniment. At the conclusion of Mass, Rev. John J. Keane, of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., welcomed the Society in the name of Most Rev. Archbishop Bayley, whom ill health alone prevented from addressing them in person, as he took a great interest in the work in which they were engaged, the reform of church music, and which he desired to see established in every parish of his diocese. In this he was united with all the hierarchy throughout the world, who desired that the music in the churches should be more worthy of its sacred character, and the Holy Father himself had shown his sympathy with the movement by giving the Society his special blessing. Father Keane's sermon was a most eloquent one; the importance of the cause in which he spoke seemed to have evoked the most ardent feelings, and his words were but the expression of the sentiments of his heart. In the afternoon of Wednesday, the 23d, during one of the meetings of the Society, in response to a cable despatch sent to the Holy Father, an answer was received from Cardinal Antonelli stating that the Pope cordially bestowed his blessing upon the organization. This announcement was received with cheers. In the evening the second concert took place at St. James'. Two High Masses were celebrated on the morning of the 24th, in St. Alphonsus' and St. Michael's, then followed a public rehearsal, after which another meeting closed the Convention. At one of the meetings the Secretary, Rev. J. Young, reported that there are now 1,680 members, against 983 last year; 48 parish choirs, against 28 last year; and 33 honorary members, among whom are His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Most

Rev. Archbishops Purcell, Bayley, Wood and Williams; Right Rev. Bishops Lynch, Becker, Ryan, Dwenger, Borgess, Kane, and others. It is truly gratifying to notice that the work of church music reform inaugurated by the Society some years ago is making such steady and rapid strides, and we hope ere long to see it universally adopted.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 2D.

Letters received, 92. New members enrolled, 202. Applications for prayers have been made as follows: For 1 particular intention; Restoration of health for 83 persons and 2 families; Change of life for 28 persons and 8 families; Conversion to the faith for 24 persons and 10 families; Perseverance for 6, and a happy death for 3 persons; Particular graces are asked for 3 priests and 7 religious; Temporal favors have been asked for 38 persons, 5 families 6 communities, 6 schools; Spiritual favors for 39 persons, 4 families, 6 communities, 6 schools, 3 congregations. The grace of a religious vocation is asked for 9 persons. Among the intentions that have been specified, are: The removal of obstacles to a religious vocation; The removal of scandal and slander in two localities; The reconciliation of an ungrateful daughter and of an adopted child to their parents—both having fled from home; A happy journey and safe return of several friends of Associates; Grace for a child of weak intellect who is a great burden to her parents; Success in business and other matters; Some intemperate young men; Resources and situations for several families and persons; The reformation of several intemperate persons. As we receive very many letters asking prayers to obtain temporal relief, work, situations, etc., we would solicit the Associates to offer special prayers for these intentions.

We are obliged for want of space to leave out the usual notice of favors received.

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. J. A. C. JERNINGHAM, of Baltimore, Md., a life-subscriber to the AVE MARIA, who died recently, after receiving the last rites of the Church. Mrs. ANN DUGGAN, of Ware, Mass., who died on the 11th of January, and her daughter, MARY DUGGAN, who died on the 8th of August. Mr. MICHAEL McDONOUGH, of Rome, N. Y., who departed this life on the 19th of August. MARGARET and JOHN ENGLISH, of New Haven, Conn. GEORGE and MICHAEL REYNOLDS, of San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. MARY MCGIVENY, who died in County Longford, Ireland. SISTER M. ALPHONSUS, of the Convent of Mercy, Newport, R. I. Mr. MILES JENKINS, of Evansville, Ind., who died on the 28th of July.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

DONATION FOR THE TABERNACLE.—Miss Mary J. Kernan, New York, \$10.

Children's Department.

The Story of an Arm-Chair.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

(Concluded.)

I must tell you that the boy Timson was a very ignorant boy; he had not been taught his religion thoroughly; and he was a very cowardly boy, easily frightened by other people's threats, running away and pretending he did not hear, when he had reason to suppose he was going to be corrected; and, I am sorry to say, very ready to tell a falsehood to screen himself when he had been in fault.

When Arthur found out that his friend had these faults, he felt greatly grieved. He determined at last to speak to him. So he began in this way:

"Timson, when our master called after you the other day, because you had left the garden-gate open, you ran on, and pretended not to hear."

"I know that," said Timson. "You shut the gate."

"Yes; I did. But you pretended not to hear, and you *did* hear all the time. That was a mean trick; why could you not have stopped like a man when the master called, and turned round and said, 'Yes, sir'?"

"Because he would have given me some hard words for not shutting the gate, and I did not want them."

"What you deserve, you ought to be ready to suffer," said Arthur. "I wish you would try not to be such a coward, skulking off and pretending you don't hear, and so getting yourself despised. It is conduct quite unworthy of a good Catholic."

"I was never taught to be a good Catholic," said Timson, in a surly voice.

"Then teach yourself," said Arthur. "I suppose you could teach yourself to eat or to play, for the good of your body; so you could teach yourself to behave well, for the good of your soul. And what is more, if you have been taught enough to hear Mass properly, and go to the Sacraments, you are bound to *look after yourself*, and you can't honestly plead ignorance. Don't be a sneaking, mean fellow, Timson; it vexes me," said Arthur; "why, you even tell lies."

"I only tell a lie to save myself from punishment. I hate being punished; I can't bear it. And if I can get off by a lie, I do. And I can't help it," said Timson; "and if you had been struck and abused as much as I have been, you would tell lies too."

Then Timson began to cry. And Arthur was so distressed he could not tell at first what next to say.

It was really true that Timson had been very often unjustly and even cruelly used. This had had a very bad effect on a naturally timid character. He used to be very sorry over his faults; but he was such a coward that he committed them again and again, and he had become quite despised in the school. But Arthur was liked; everybody liked him. He was steady, industrious, and straightforward. He was a kind-hearted boy, and very civil in his manners and correct in his behaviour. Every boy saw that he had been well brought

up, and that he did credit to his careful teaching. When it was found that he took notice of Timson, and chose him for his friend, the other boys began to be more respectful to the cowardly boy; they thought that Timson must have more good in him than they had found out, because Arthur seemed so fond of him.

This change did Timson good. He began to hold up his head, and show more strength of character; and he was encouraged in doing right by Arthur's example. But, however, he had a great many mean ways, and the great fault of falsehood was still committed, so that Arthur grew quite unhappy about him; and he used to talk to him, and do all in his power to improve him.

For a time it really seemed as if Arthur was succeeding. Even the master said that his influence was very good; and Timson lost his bad name in the school, and got quite friendly with many boys who, a short time before, would scarcely speak to him.

Now one of the things that made Arthur and Timson friends was the fact that Timson remembered all about Arthur's home. He could talk about the house, the meadows, the stream of water where the fish were, the cows and calves, the cocks and hens; but, above all, he could tell the boys of the garden and the wall-fruit, the flowers and the bee-hives; and of the mulberry-tree, and Arthur's arm-chair.

Timson could talk very well, and tell many very amusing tales. The boys were greatly interested in hearing about Arthur's home. They were never tired of asking questions about it. But the thing they best liked to hear about was the arm-chair in the mulberry-tree. A great many of the boys were full of curiosity about it. Was it all Nature's work? How much had been done to help Nature? Had it been cut a great deal, or only pruned a little, so as to get rid of the small twigs and make it comfortable? Even Arthur was surprised at Timson's perfect recollection of their sitting there together; and he was very much gratified, for Timson said that the best and happiest parts of his life were those which had been spent with him at his father's place.

At last the masters heard of the arm-chair in the mulberry-tree; and they too would hear all about it. Arthur, who felt modest and shy about speaking in praise of his own things, would say, "O, Timson can describe it best, and he remembers it very well."

Then Timson would once more give an account of this wonderful arm-chair.

So one day the master who had the charge of the younger boys said that an idea had come into his head. Why should not the boys cut a chair in an old yew-tree which grew in an orchard where they went sometimes, and which was situated near an old cottage, in which now two old women lived rent-free by the kindness of the master of the school?

This yew-tree was very thick in its foliage, and full of small and large branches. It had been, many years ago, cut into the form of a great pillar; and then into the shape of a tower, with battlements and a flag-staff. But it had been injured in a storm, and the clever old gardener who used to cut it had long been dead; and now, if the boys liked to try their cleverness on it, they could; and surely a very large arm-chair, and even a ladder

by which to get up into it, might be cut, if any one was clever enough to do it.

They went out—quite a large party of them—to see the tree; and Arthur, Timson, and two or three others declared that, if they were provided with the necessary tools, they believed they could do it.

The interest in the work was great. All the boys, big and little, were interested; and after a few days the work was begun.

First they began with cutting out what was to be the ladder. In the middle of the tree, at the top of the ladder, they saw a place where they felt sure they could cut out the chair. There were plenty of clever workers, but Arthur and Timson were the great authorities, because they had had the advantage of sitting in the arm-chair in the mulberry-tree; and what they knew from experience the others had only heard of. The masters were amused and pleased, and often watched the boys at work. The smaller boys were never tired of gazing; and as every scrap that was cut out had to be cut with deliberation, there was much discussion often as to whether this branch or that should be allowed to remain, or should be judiciously cut away.

In this school of thirty boys there were two or three who had been badly instructed; and they used always, on certain days, to go to the head-master's room for holy teaching. Timson was one of these. But after Arthur made a friend of him he got on so well, and seemed to be so much improved in the practice of his religion, that the master thanked Arthur.

"You are doing a good work," he said. "You are making that boy, who has been ill-used and neglected, into a practical Christian. Arthur Lake," he said, "your father has been a very good father to you; he has educated you well, and he has set you a good example. But remember this—more will be expected of you. Where I might forgive a boy neglected as Timson has been, I should, for the same fault, be severe with a boy who had had your advantages."

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, "that would be right; but I hope you may never have any cause to be severe with me."

These few words made Arthur work harder than ever to make Timson really good. The greatest difficulty that came in his way was Timson's cowardice. If Timson thought he might get blamed for anything he had done, though it might have been but a little thing, he was so afraid of being corrected that he still told a lie directly, and said he had not done it.

It used to trouble Arthur very much, and it troubled him all the more because it had so happened that no one but himself had found Timson out of late. Timson seemed to have got rid of the character of falsehood-teller which he had when Arthur first found him at school. Arthur's good example had cured him—so the other boys thought—but this was not true. It had so happened that Timson had not been found out, and Arthur had drawn attention away from him and shielded him very often; but really poor Timson was still a lying, cowardly boy.

Now, while the pleasant work of cutting out the arm-chair in the yew-tree was going on, there came a holiday of obligation. No boy worked at the tree on that day. They went to Mass, and had a

delightful walk, and quite a concert in the evening, but there was no manual labor done. However, when the time for working at the arm-chair came the next day, they went, and bitter was the disappointment. Somebody had been up in the tree, and the principal branch, on the strength and position of which everything had depended—the important branch that was to make the seat of the chair—was cut away. There could never be any seat, there could never be any chair; some of the little boys hid their faces in the sleeves of their jackets and cried—they could not help it; the big boys were sorry and vexed; but all with one accord demanded, “Who has done this?”

After much talk and much private examination, conducted by the masters, it was declared that the two old women who lived at the cottage had seen a boy hard at work in the tree, in a working-jacket, on the holyday of obligation, that they had watched for some time and then called to him, and that this boy was Arthur Lake.

Another person said he had seen Arthur Lake running home under the shelter of a hedge, keeping out of sight, and that they knew him to be Arthur, for he had on the very jacket in which he used always to work.

Then Arthur went to Timson and got him alone in their bedroom. He said, “Timson, you are the boy; you did this.”

Timson, said, “Don’t tell upon me; I shall be flogged. I shall die; I’ll run away; I’ll do anything. I did not intend to cut that branch; it was all a mistake; I cut a wrong one. I wanted to surprise the boys, and make them believe I had got up early and done the work before breakfast. I so wanted to get the seat done; I was so tempted I got off from the walk, and took your jacket and worked in it.”

“Now tell me,” said Arthur, “have you denied that you did it?”

“Yes,” said Timson.

“Have you let people believe that *I* did it?”

“I only said that *I did not see you* do it.”

“Anything else?”

“I said I saw some one in a jacket like yours running home from the tree. And the women at the cottage declared it was you. And you and I were the only ones who did not take the long walk. And I said that I had been with the white rabbits, and several people saw me with the rabbits, and so they believed it was you.” Then Timson rolled on the ground in an agony of terror, and said he *could not* tell the truth; he thought he would run away, but then he was afraid of being caught; and O, the punishment—the punishment! The boy was in an agony of terror and cowardice; it was dreadful to see him.

“Do you love me, Timson?” asked Arthur.

“I don’t know—I can’t tell. I wish you had never come! I hate the tree and the chair and everything—O, I wish I could run away!” He was still lying on the floor in such distress that Arthur felt frightened.

“If I were to promise you that you should be saved from punishment this time, would you try to cure yourself of lying?”

“Yes; I would never tell a lie again.”

“Yes, you would,” said Arthur. “All I ask is for you to try to cure yourself by the only way—by taking your sin to confession steadily, and getting

grace to make you strong enough to get rid of the sin. Would you try to cure yourself in *that* way if you were saved this punishment?”

“Yes, I would,” said Timson.

“Then stay here till you are sent for,” said Arthur. He left the room, intending to go to the master, tell him the whole truth, and beg for Timson’s forgiveness. But just as he got into the passage, he met the master of the smaller boys, who said, very gravely:

“You must come with me now to the school-room.”

So Arthur went to the school-room without a word, and there was the master and about a dozen of the biggest boys.

“Arthur Lake,” said the master, “I am sorry to tell you that we consider you to be convicted of working at the yew-tree on the holyday of obligation which we all kept yesterday, of disobeying the rules of the school, and giving scandal on a very important point. Have you anything to say against receiving the punishment due to the offence?”

“I have nothing to say, sir,” said Arthur, holding down his head, and getting red with shame, and then pale again with distress.

“You must receive five strokes from this cane,” said the master, whose voice trembled, for he was very sorry, “on your bare shoulders. Remove your clothes.” Arthur did as he was bid. He folded his arms and bowed his head upon them, offering his young innocent shoulders to the master’s cane.

“Can you willingly receive your punishment in that way? You may if you like, but I shall strike hard.”

“I don’t want to be held,” gasped Arthur; “I’ll take it so.”

Down came the cane, everybody gave a gasp, and Arthur jumped with the pain. But he raised himself and stood steadily for the next stroke. Again down came the cane, and now the cry of a boy was heard, and Timson rushed in and fell on his face by Arthur’s side.

“O, stop!” he cried; “I did it; I did it.”

“Take that boy away,” said the master; for now that he told the truth nobody believed him. Three boys carried him down the school-room.

“He is so fond of Arthur,” they said, “he would rather tell a lie than see him punished. There,” they said to him, as they got him into the open air, “it is all over by this time. But however much you may love Arthur, you ought not to tell a lie for him.” It came to Timson with a dreadful pang, that now, when he told the truth, he was not believed; that he had lost the power of helping Arthur: when he thought of this, he fell back like one dead. He had fainted.

But that night Timson stood by Arthur’s bedside, and he insisted on telling the truth once more; and the boys fetched the master, and at last he was believed. The next day the master sent for Mr. Lake, and told him the whole story. Arthur also told his father everything, as his father commanded him to do. Then Mr. Lake drove both of the boys back to his house; and soon after they got home they were up in the mulberry-tree. They had many talks there, for many days together. And one day Timson said to Mrs. Martha, “I know now that Arthur not only loved me as his friend; but that he had another and higher reason for suffering for me.”

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

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No. 39.

Assisi and its Associations.

That "one may learn a great many lessons from the life of St. Francis by seeing Assisi," as was remarked last week in the article on Louise Latéau, may be taken for granted; "often in the summer evening, watching from the height of Perugia the sunset glow fade away from the green valleys of the Tiber, had we learned something new about Cherubim and Seraphim; we knew not how, but it seemed to be just by gazing at the time-stained walls of Assisi, gilded by the parting light of day. . . . Assisi told us the real meaning of that blessed word predestination; explained how all of us, free to win eternal life, were yet each one called to win it differently, because predestined not only to different choirs but to different places, places which it will be our everlasting glory to win, or our *own* everlasting shame to lose."

Yes, the life of St. Francis is well calculated to teach us all a lesson; rich and poor can alike find in it food for thought, motives for action, and it should therefore be familiar to all. And as on Thursday next the Church commemorates the Stigmata of St. Francis, the following article on Assisi, from the *Catholic World* for September, may not be inappropriate, and will no doubt prove doubly interesting to those who have read the Life of St. Francis:

Think of being taken into Umbria—preternatural Umbria, where every olive-sandalled mountain is full of mysterious influences, and every leaf and flower of the smiling valleys seems to breathe out some sweet old Franciscan legend—by a steam-engine bearing the name of Fulton! It was hard. Not but we have the highest respect for—nay, a certain pride in—that great inventor; still it seemed a positive grievance to find anything modern in what was to us a world of poetry and medieval tradition. We wished, if not to gird ourselves

humbly with the cord, like Dante, at least to put ourselves in harmony with one of the most delicious regions in the world, where at every step the lover of the classic, of art, or of the higher mystic lore, finds so much to suit his turn. The name of Fulton sounds well along the Hudson, but to hear the shriek of an engine awaken the echoes of the Apennines, and see it go plunging insensibly through the very heart of poetical Umbria, along the shores of "reedy Thrasimene," through "the defiles fatal to Roman rashness," was a blow difficult to recover from. It required the overpowering influence of this enchanting region, as everyone will believe, to restore our equanimity.

Umbria is a mountainous region of the Ecclesiastical States that gradually ascends from the Tiber towards the Apennines, now called the Duchy of Spoleto. It is full of sweet, sunny valleys enclosed among majestic mountains, with a range of temperature that produces great variety of vegetation, from the pine and the oak to the orange and aloe, the olive and the vine. Its cliffs are crowned with sanctuaries which are resonant night and day with prayer and psalmody; or old towns, each with the remembrance of some saint whose shrine it guards with jealous care, or some artist or poet whose works have made it renowned, or some venerable classical recollection that clings to it like the vine which gives so much grace and freshness to the landscape. There is Spoleto, whose gates closed against Hannibal; Arezzo, where Petrarch was born; Cortona, with its "diadem of towers" and its legend of St. Margaret; *Perugia dolente*, which Totila only took after seven years' siege, and which Charlemagne placed under the sweet yoke of the Papacy; Montefalco, like a falcon's nest on the crest of the mountain, famous for its virgin Saint and its frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli; and picturesque Narni, where the blessed Lucy when a child played with the Christorello. We pass Orvieto, with its wonderful proofs of past cultivation;

the lake of Bolsena, with its isle where a queen died of hunger, and its shores verdant with the glorious pines sung by Virgil, at the foot of which Leo X, when a guest at the Farnese villa, used to gather around him the artists and poets of the day, to indulge in intellectual converse till "the azure gloom of an Italian night" gathered around them with hues that spoke of heaven.

But over all hovers especially the grand memory of St. Francis, with which the whole of this beautiful region is embalmed. Along its valleys and mountain paths he used to go with Fra Pacifico, the poet laureate of Frederick II, singing their hymns of praise, calling themselves God's minstrels, who desired no other reward from those who gathered around them but the sincere repentance of their sins. There is the lake of Perugia, where he spent forty days alone on an island among the sad olives, fasting in imitation of our Saviour, in continual communion with God and the angels—a spot now marked by a convent whose foundations are washed by the waters of the lake. There is the blue lake of Rieti, to which in his compassion for God's creatures he restored the fish alive, with the four Franciscan convents on the hills that enclose it. There is Gubbio, with the legend of the fierce wolf he tamed, to which the people erected a statue—an unquestionable proof of its truth. There is the

"Hard Rock

"Twixt Arno and the Tiber,"

where

"He from Christ

Took the last signet which his limbs two years
Did carry."

Above all, there is Assisi with his tomb, one of the most glorious in the world after that of Christ, around which centred all the poetry and art of the thirteenth century. We caught our first glimpse of it at Spello—Spello, on its spur of red limestone—where we were shown the house of Propertius, "the poet of delicate pleasures," in full sight of Assisi, where was born one who sang of a higher love. Assisi stands on an eminence overlooking the whole country around, and we could not take our eyes off it all the way from Spello, till, glancing towards the valley below, we saw the towers and dome of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*, which encloses the sacred Porziuncula. We were now in the very "land of wonder, of miracle, and mysterious influences," the first glimpse of which one can never forget. Think of a railway-station close by the Porziuncula! We went directly there on descending from the cars.

St. Mary of the Angels is a vast church that stands almost solitary in the plain. It is modern also, and out of keeping with the venerable tradi-

tions of the place, which was a disappointment. The old church was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1854. The present one is of noble proportions, however, and has been compared to the garments of a queen that now clothe the humble sanctuary of the Porziuncula, which stands beneath the dome, the first thing to strike the eye on entering the church. We hastened towards it at once, to pray where St. Francis so often wept and prayed, and where so many generations since have wept, and prayed, and found grace before God. It was here Picca, his mother, often came to pray before he was born, and where his birth was announced by mysterious songs attributed to the angels. St. Francis loved this spot above all places in the world; for it was here he was called to embrace the sublime folly of the Cross, and where he laid the foundations of the Seraphic Order. It was here, in the year 1222, he beheld Christ and His Holy Mother surrounded by a multitude of angels, and prayed that all who should henceforth visit this chapel with hearts purified by contrition and confession might obtain full pardon and indulgence for all their sins. This was the origin of the Porziuncula, which the grave Bourdaloue regarded as one of the most authentic in the Church, because granted directly by Christ Himself. The treasures of the Church were not dealt out so generously in those days as now, and thousands came hither from all parts of Christendom, in the Middle Ages, to gain this wonderful indulgence. When St. Bernardine of Siena came in the fourteenth century, he found two hundred thousand pilgrims encamped in the valley around. St. Bridget spent the whole night of one 1st of August praying in the Porziuncula; and still, when the great day of the *Perdono* comes (it lasts from the Vespers of the 1st of August till the Vespers of the following day), thousands flock down from the mountains and come up from the extremity of southern Italy. The highway is lined with booths where eatables and religious objects are sold. Processions come with chants and prayer. The great bell of *Predicazione*, originally cast for Fra Elias, is heard all over the valley from the *Sagro Convento*, announcing the indulgence. When the church doors open, an overwhelming crowd pours in, with cries, and invocations, and *vivas* for the Madonna and St. Francis with true Italian exuberance of devotion.

The Porziuncula has wisely been left in its primitive simplicity, with the exception of the front, on which Overbeck, in 1830, painted the above-mentioned vision of St. Francis with true pre-Raphaelite simplicity. The remainder is just as it was in the time of the saint; only its rough walls have been polished by the kisses of pilgrims,

and hung with pious offerings. Lamps burn continually therein as if it were a shrine.

Back of the Porziuncula is the low, dark cell St. Francis inhabited, and where he ended his days. It was here, while he was dying, two of the friars sang the Hymn of the Sun, which breathes so fully his love for everything created. And when they ceased, he himself took up the strain, to sing the sweetness of death, which he called his "sister, terrible and beautiful," in the spirit of Job, who said to corruption: Thou art my father; to the worm: Thou art my mother and my sister.

Then we were taken into the recess where St. Francis so often chastised his body, which he regarded as his beast of burden that it behooved him to beat daily and to lead around with a halter. When dying, he is said to have begged pardon of this old companion of the way for inflicting so many stripes on it for the good of his soul. There is also the *Cappella delle Rose*, with the *Spineto*—a little court once filled with coarse brambles, but now aflush with roses. Here St. Francis being tempted to renounce a life in which he was consumed with watchings and prayers, for his only reply threw himself among the thorns, which, tinged with his blood, were immediately changed into roses. They bloom here still, but without thorns, and their petals are stained as with blood. If transplanted elsewhere, the stains are said to fade away and the thorns to come forth again. It was twelve of these roses, six red and six white, the saint bore with him into the Porziuncula when the great *Perdono* of the 2d of August was granted—roses that will forever embalm the Church, and that have been immortalized by artists all over Italy and Spain.

The immense convent of Observantine friars adjoining is now solitary and desolate. The Italian Government has turned the inmates out of this cradle of their Order, with the exception of two or three, who are left as guardians of the church. The hundreds of poor once fed at their gates in time of need, now take revenge on the passing traveller, and fasten themselves on him with pertinacious grasp. But who can refuse a dole where St. Francis has made Poverty forever glorious?

From St. Mary of the Angels we went winding up the hill to Assisi. Its base is clothed with the olive, the vine, and the fig, but its sides are as nude and destitute as the Bride of St. Francis. Above, on the right, rises the tall campanile of *Santa Chiara*, over the tomb of St. Clare. At the left is the fortress-like edifice of the *Sagro Convento* on the Hill of Paradise, once known as the *Colle d'Inferno*, where St. Francis desired to be buried among malefactors. This monastery against the mountain side stands on a long line

of double arches that seem hewn out of the very cliff. It is one of the most imposing and most interesting monuments in Italy, and astonishes the eye by its bold, massive, and picturesque appearance, quite in harmony with the old mediæval city. It has been called the *Sagro Convento* ever since its consecration by Pope Innocent IV, in 1243—the Sacred Convent, *par excellence*. *Santa Chiara* and this convent of St. Francis seem like two strongholds at the extremities of the town to protect it from danger. Between them it rises in terraces, crowned by a ruined old citadel of feudal times. The declining sun lighted up its domes and towers and venerable gray walls as we ascended, and made it seem to our enraptured eyes a scaphic city indeed.

Half way up the hill we came to the *Spedaliccio*—the ancient 'Spital where St. Francis so often came to take care of the lepers. It was here, as he was borne on a litter to the Porziuncula by the friars, a few days before his death, he begged them to stop and turn him around, and not to take a last look at the city he loved—for the eyes that had wept so many tears were now blind—but to bless it with uplifted hands, in solemn, tender words that have been graven over one of the gates:—*Benedicta tu civitas a Domino, quia per te multæ animæ salvabuntur, et in te multi servi Altissimi habitabunt, et de te multi eligentur ad regnum æternum.*—A city blessed of the Lord art thou, because by thee many souls shall be saved, and in thee shall dwell many servants of the Most High, and from thee many shall be chosen to reign forever and ever!

With what emotion one enters its gates! . . . We drove through old, narrow, ascending streets, silent and monastic, named after the saints; past old rock-built houses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, with the holy names of Jesus and Mary over every door; flower-pots with pinks and gillyflowers in all the windows, even the poorest, or on ledges, or set in rings projecting from the walls; and women spinning under the old archways, like St. Clare, who, we are told, even when wasted and enfeebled by her austerities, sat up in bed and spun linen of marvellous fineness.

Our hotel was close to the *Sagro Convento*, and, though extremely fatigued, we at once hastened to the church, not to examine its treasures of art, but to pray and find repose of heart overburdened by the flood of memories that come over one in such a place as Assisi. Then we returned to our room, and sat at the window, looking off at the setting sun and golden sky, and the shining dome of St. Mary of the Angels, and the broad plain where was held the famous Chapter of Mats in St. Francis' time, with its narrow river winding through it. It was like the page of a beautiful

poem laid open before us. St. Francis loved these hills clothed with the pale olive, this valley covered with harvests and the vine, the free air and azure heavens, the running stream, a fine prospect; and we sat long after the rich, glorious convent bells rang out the "*Ave Maria*," gazing at the fair scene before us. Purple shadows began to creep up the rugged sides of the hill, the golden light faded away in the west, the dome over the Porziuncula grew dim, and the valley was covered with the rising mists. It was time to close the window.

We spent most of the following day in the church. It is the very inflorescence of Christian art, a great epic poem in honor of St. Francis. A Pope laid the corner-stone. All Christendom sent its offerings. The most celebrated architects and painters of the time lent the aid of their genius. One would think it had grown out of the hill against which it is built. Its azure vaults starred with gold, its ribbed arches that bend low like the boughs of a gloomy forest, the delicacy of its carvings, its marble pavement, its windows with their jewelled panes, and above all its walls covered with mystic paintings that read like the very poetry of religion, need almost the tongue of angels to describe them. M. Taine says: "No one, till he has seen this unrivalled edifice, can have any idea of the art and genius of the Middle Ages. Taken in connection with Dante and the *Fioretti* of St. Francis, it is the masterpiece of mystic Christianity." It was the first Gothic church erected in Italy.* It is built in the form of a cross, in memory of the mysterious crucifixion of St. Francis. Its walls are of white marble, in honor of the Immaculate Virgin; and there are twelve towers of red marble, in memory of the blood shed by the Holy Apostles. It consists of two churches, one above the other, and a crypt beneath, where lies the body of St. Francis. The upper church is entered from a grassy terrace on the top of the Hill of Paradise. The lower church opens at the side into an immense court surrounded by an arcade. This under church, with its low Byzantine arches, full of the mysterious gloom and solemnity so favorable to pensive contemplation and prayer, has often been supposed typical of the self-abasement and mortified life of St. Francis. Its delicious chapels, with their struggling light, are well calculated to excite sadness, penitence, and tears. The crypt beneath, with its horrible darkness, its damp walls and death-like stillness, and its one tomb in the centre awaiting the Resurrection, is a veritable limbo; while the upper church, with its lofty,

graceful, upspringing arches, all light and joy, is symbolic of the transfigured soul of the seraphic Francis in the beatitude of eternal glory.

But how can we go peering around this museum of Christian art, as if in a picture-gallery? It would be positively wicked. The knee instinctively bends before the saintly forms that people the twilight solemnity of the lower church. It was thus we gazed up at Giotto's matchless frescoes of the monastic virtues on the arches over the high altar, which stands directly above the tomb of St. Francis—Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience—fit crown indeed for that "meek man of God." We remember seeing them during the Forty Hours' Devotion, when the candles lit them up wondrously; the figures came out in startling relief; the angels seemed actually hovering over the Divine Host below. The most celebrated of these paintings is the *Sposalizio*, sung by Dante—the mystic espousals of St. Francis with Poverty, the lady of his choice.

"A Dame to whom none openeth pleasure's gate
More than to death, was, 'gainst his father's will,
His stripling choice: and he did make her his
Before the spiritual court by nuptial bonds."

This was not an original conception of Giotto's or Dante's. They only gave a more artistic expression to the popular belief. There was not a cottage in Umbria that did not believe in these espousals of St. Francis with Lady Poverty, who had, says the Divine Poet, lived more than a thousand years bereft of her first bridegroom, Christ; and it was from the lips of the poor and lowly they gathered the significant allegory. It was also before their time St. Bonaventura wrote: "St. Francis, journeying to Siena, in the broad plain between Campiglia and San Quirico was encountered by three maidens in poor raiment, exactly resembling each other in age and appearance, who saluted him with the words: 'Welcome, Lady Poverty,' and suddenly disappeared. The brethren not irrationally concluded that this apparition imported some mystery pertaining to St. Francis, and that by the three poor maidens were signified Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, the sum and beauty of evangelical perfection, all of which shone with equal and consummate lustre in the man of God, though he made the privilege of poverty his chief glory."

Dante, with all his pride, and Giotto with his repugnance to poverty, even when consecrated by religion, chose one of the most democratic of subjects when they depicted these sacred espousals of St. Francis; for it was the people he identified himself with in this union. He wedded for better and worse the sorrows and misery, the misfortunes and groans of Italy, and, when dying,

* The upper church is of the Gothic style; the lower one, Lombard; and the crypt, Grecian.

"To his brotherhood,
As their just heritage, he gave in charge
His dearest Lady, and enjoined their love
And faith to her."

The Church teaches that the poor are Christ's suffering members; that it is He who is hungered and athirst in the sick and destitute; to Him is every alms given. St. Francis gave his whole being to Poverty thus identified with Christ—a bride chosen only by a few elect souls in these days of luxury and self-indulgence, but in whom the Christian philosophers of the Middle Ages found an infinite charm. Plato represents Love with bare feet and tattered, disordered garments, to signify the forgetfulness of self that gives all and reserves nothing. It is in this sense the choice of evangelical poverty is one of the highest expressions of love to God in the Catholic Church.

"O hidden riches! O prolific good!" exclaims Dante. And no one ever understood its value more than St. Francis, the *glorioso poverello di Christo*, who was, says Bossuet, "perhaps the most desperate lover of poverty ever known in the Church."

"O Lord Jesus!" cried St. Francis, "show me the way of Thy dear Poverty. . . . Take pity on me and my lady Poverty whom I love with so much ardor. Without her I can find no peace. And it is Thou, O my God! who hast inspired this great love. She is seated in the dust of the highway, and her friends pass her by with contempt. Thou seest the abasement of this queen, O Lord Jesus! who didst descend from heaven to make her Thy spouse, and through her to beget children worthy of Thee, who art perfect. She was in the humility of Thy Mother's womb. She was at the Manger. She had her part in the great combat Thou didst fight for our redemption. In Thy Passion she alone did not abandon Thee. Mary, Thy Mother, remained at the foot of the Cross, but Poverty ascended it with Thee. She clung more closely than ever to Thy breast. It was she who lovingly prepared the rude nails that pierced Thy hands and feet; she who didst present Thee with the gall when Thou wast suffering with thirst. . . . Thou didst die in her loving embrace. . . . And even then his faithful spouse did not forsake Thee. She wrapped Thy cold limbs in the tomb, and with her Thou didst come forth glorious. Therefore Thou hast crowned her in heaven, and chosen her to mark Thy elect with the sign of redemption. Oh! who would not choose Lady Poverty above all other brides? O Jesus! who for our sakes didst become poor, the grace I beg of Thee is the privilege of sharing Thy poverty. I ardently desire to be enriched with this treasure. I pray Thee that I and mine

may never possess anything of our own in the world, for the glory of Thy name, but that we may only subsist, during this miserable life, on that which is given us in alms."

How foreign this seems to the spirit of our age; and yet it is the science of the Cross, of which we need an infusion to counterbalance the general worship of Mammon. Coleridge seems to have caught a glimpse of the beauty and dignity of poverty when he wrote:

"It is a noble doctrine that teaches how slight a thing is Poverty; what riches, nay, treasures untold, a man may possess in the midst of it, if he does but seek them aright; how much of the fiend's apparent bulk is but a vapor of the sickly and sophisticated mind. It is a noble endeavor that would bring men to tread the fear of this phantom under their firm feet, and dare to be poor!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Ave Maria.]

Moral of the Golden Ciborium.

[BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.]

Once in the dark and troubled days
When France was filled with woe,
And sacrilegious hands, blood-stained,
The holiest of spots profaned,
And laid the altars low;

A saintly *curé*, full of fear,
His trembling taper lit,
And drew the Sacred Host divine
(Alone at midnight) from its shrine,
Where angels worshipped It.

And in a glass ciborium,
An humble crystal vase,
With reverential hands concealed
The Hidden God; then safely sealed
The fragile resting-place.

Deep in a dark sequestered nook
Behind the chapel gray,
The holy priest, in grief profound,
Buried the Treasure in the ground,
And went, in tears, away.

The days rolled on: and with them fled
The clouds of sin and sorrow;
On desecrated altars shone
The light of Peace; a rosete dawn
Bespoke a bright to-morrow.

Then stole the humble *curé* forth,
With heaven in his eyes,
And, where the grass grew thick and tall,
Concealed behind the old church wall,
He sought his buried Prize.

With eager, trembling hands he casts
The precious earth about;
The joyous tears run down his face—
He stoops above the holy place—
And draws the Treasure out!

Oh! moving miracle of love!
(Praise to the Holy Ghost!)

*The glass ciborium of old
Is changed to one of shining gold,
And blood-red is the Host!*

The living touch of Christ's pure Flesh
Hath wrought this marvel strange!
Oh! come, my soul, and humbly bow
Before thy God, and weep that thou
Hast felt no kindred change.

How oft thy heart hath been a closed
Ciborium wherein reposed
The same Almighty Lord:
Alas! poor thing, as frail and weak
As was that crystal cup antique
That held th' Incarnate Word.

And have I carried fire here
Deep in my frozen breast,
Nor felt my garments burn and glow?
—Ah! let it be no longer so,
My sweet, celestial Guest!

Give me a faith so strong and fresh,
That at the touch of Thy pure Flesh,
My soul may be transformed;
My heart, no longer cold and numb,
Changed to a fair ciborium
By Thy dear Presence warmed!

And when Thy mighty Hand shall snatch
My ashes from the mould,
Ah! may the Sacred Host outshine
From this glad risen heart of mine,
And change its dust to gold!

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

"How long do you remain in Paris?" enquired Lady Margaret.

"Until my regiment starts; they are a band of raw recruits,—mere boys some of them, who are hardly strong enough to handle their musket; I have just been assisting at their drill; it is a very sad spectacle."

"It is abominable; it is butchery! I am glad I am going!" said Lady Margaret, impetuously. "How did you find me out? at the Embassy?"

"No; I never should have thought of enquiring; I did not know you were here; it was Crampton who told me. I met him this morning at Galignano's; you are one of his flock, are you not?"

"I suppose so."

"You only suppose it? The sheep should know their shepherd, should they not?" said Mr. Ringwood, smiling; "he spoke of you with great interest at any rate, and seemed glad that you were going, although he observed it was a pity, as you were so spirited, that you should not stay and see it out."

Lady Margaret laughed.

"Does he intend to stay and see it out himself?"

"I should think so from the way he spoke, but we only exchanged a few words in a hurry."

"Why, the man is mad if he stops, with his wife and ten children, in a besieged city!" exclaimed Lady Margaret.

"Ten children! Good gracious, is Crampton at the head of such a family as that! He must find it hard enough to provide for them in times of peace; but how he expects to do it during a siege I cannot conceive. He is an exceedingly good fellow; he and I used to be great allies in the old days at Oxford."

Just at this moment there was a ring at the hall-door, and Mr. Crampton made his appearance in person.

"You have come to speed me on my way," said Lady Margaret; "but is it true that you remain here yourself?"

"Certainly; it is my duty to do so," said the clergyman, a slight accent of resentment piercing through the emphatic tone of his reply.

"And your wife and children? Is there no question of a duty to them?"

"My first duty is to my flock," he replied. "I am thankful to say my wife understands that, and is anxious to help instead of hindering me; she remains here to share whatever sufferings and perils may be in store for me; the children leave to-morrow for Scotland, where they will stay with some relations of hers."

"Do you expect to have many English here during the siege, since there is to be a siege?" said Mr. Ringwood. "I thought the whole colony had taken flight."

"All those who could, have done so; but those who cannot are just the ones who will be most in need of me; governesses, servants and tradespeople; they are likely to have a cruel time of it, and the least I may do is to stay and help them with what consolation is in my power."

"And Mr. Watkins? does he stay?" asked Lady Margaret.

"Yes; I met him yesterday bringing up biscuits and macaroni and other provisions."

"It is not so heroic in him as in you; he has nobody but himself to think of; he has no wife and children, I believe."

"He has a daughter, and he finds it hard work, I suspect, to hold out against her; she is quite

wrapped up in him, poor child, and is in a frantic state of mind about his staying; she will not hear of leaving him, and her health is very delicate, so that Watkins is terrified at the risk it will be for her; it is quite pitiable to see them both; she cries all day, and I dare say all night, and he looks as if he had not slept for a twelvemonth."

"Well, it is very praiseworthy in both of you," said Lady Margaret; "you see, Mr. Ringwood, our priests are capable of self-sacrifice too," she added, with some pride in the conduct of her own pastors; "and I am not sure if it is not more heroic in them than in you."

"It is a great deal more so," replied Mr. Ringwood; "there is no question of heroism at all in the matter for us; we are simply doing our duty."

"We would say the same thing," said Mr. Crampton; "we are only doing our duty."

"In a certain sense, yes; but there is no choice left to us, you see," said Mr. Ringwood; "there are no conflicting calls; we have no wives or daughters to consider; the Catholic priest has no ties of any description; his flock are his family; it is easier for us to give ourselves up because we do not belong to anyone, not even to ourselves; from the moment we are ordained we have, properly speaking, no home; we become cosmopolitan pilgrims," he added, laughing.

"There is something in that, no doubt," said Mr. Crampton, turning the signet-ring on his finger, with a musing air; "but I assure you that any minister of the Church of England who deserted his post at a crisis like the present would be branded as a renegade and a traitor; we take precisely the same view of our duty in this case as you do."

"I vote you all heroes," said Lady Margaret; "it is merely a question of degree."

"No; I maintain the heroism is absent on our side," persisted Mr. Ringwood; "the man who only does his duty is no hero; he must do something more."

"What more can any man do?" demanded Lady Margaret.

"His neighbor's duty. For instance, there is no heroism in your cook cooking your dinner to-day, although the heat is tremendous, and it must be very trying to her to have to bend over a hot furnace and steam her face over saucepans of boiling water; but suppose you took compassion on the poor woman and made her come in here and sit down quietly in the shade of this delightful *salon*, while you went to the kitchen and cooked the dinner—that would be heroic on your part."

"Most decidedly!" cried Mr. Crampton.

"You are laughing at me," said Lady Margaret; "I will discuss with you no more."

Mr. Crampton rose to take leave.

"God speed you," he said to Mr. Ringwood; "I hope we may meet before long, 'in better weather,' as the sailors say." He shook hands with Lady Margaret, and went; Mr. Ringwood was about to follow, but she detained him.

"I feel as if I were a deserter," she said, "going off and leaving all you brave people here behind me; as to you, I confess you bewilder me completely; Mr. Crampton has after all a distinct duty to keep him here; but there is not the shadow of an obligation on your side; you are in fact carrying out your own comical illustration of just now, and going to cook the dinner that it is somebody else's business to prepare."

"No; the parallel does not do; where there are souls to be saved, the priest—who is *free* to go and suffer and work for them—has no choice but to do it."

"But they are such a good-for-nothing set, those French! They have no religion of any sort, most of them!"

"I hope and believe that you are mistaken," said Mr. Ringwood; "but even supposing them as bad as you think, that would only be an additional claim on me: the worse they are, the more need they have of being helped."

"I suppose I am one of the born blind, for I cannot see it," said Lady Margaret, with a sigh. Then abruptly changing the subject, she asked him what he thought of Paris, and if he found it greatly altered since he had been there last.

"That is about eighteen years ago," he replied, just after the *coup d'état*; I see a remarkable change both in the place and the people; luxury has made enormous strides, the increase of wealth seems prodigious; material property has flourished in every direction, and as far as I can judge there is a proportionate decay in better things; I have talked a great deal to all sorts of people during this fortnight that I have been here—priests, and *savans*, and shopkeepers, and a few old personal friends—and the impression I have gathered from one and all is the same; there has been a downward moral march corresponding to this ascending scale of property; one cannot help being struck by the moral poverty of the people generally; individual interest is everything, no one seems to care for the general good; it is a question of personal loss or gain with all, high and low; I think this is a very alarming symptom."

"The same thing has struck me again and again during these several months that I have been in Paris," said Lady Margaret; "the people, the Parisians at any rate, seemed literally soaked

through with materialism; they worship no god but what my poor Kevin used to call the god Comfort."

"How can one wonder, then, at the result of this war?" exclaimed the priest, "when a people have come to that,—when they set up their body as an idol, and sacrifice the nobler and better part of themselves to it, the result is inevitable; the body, like the pampered slave it is, turns on its master and refuses to do his bidding."

"How is it to end?"

"As it has always ended; when a people forfeit their moral dignity and manliness, and cease to be capable of self-government, they end by falling into license and servitude; we see it in the history of nations from the beginning."

"I should be very sorry to think such a fate was in store for France," said Lady Margaret.

"So should I; but it is not a question of what one would be glad or sorry for; it is a matter of facts; one must look at the facts; the fate of a nation in a crisis like the present may be pretty accurately predicted from her past and present condition; now there must be an evil fate in store for a nation which sacrifices everything to material results, and that is what France has been doing these last twenty years; the Empire has been a race for wealth, a universal national orgy; while it lasted, corruption grew apace, in the state, in the army, in letters, in art, in every sphere of labor and enterprise; the entire country got weakened and debased by the fever of material success; luxury grew in all ranks and classes with the rapidity of weeds in a tropical soil, but a blight was at work under the fair surface. The history of the Empire does not read like a chapter in the life of a Christian state, it sounds like a page in the history of the Sybarites; 'Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die'; that was its motto, and we see what it has brought them to."

"And yet there is immense good in the French!" said Lady Margaret, deprecatingly; "they have some splendid qualities."

"Of course they have, and that is just what makes them more guilty than others. They cannot plead ignorance, and they are a magnificently endowed people; but look here,"—and Mr. Ringwood lifted his hand impressively,—"no people, just as no individual, can violate with impunity the law that constitutes the groundwork of human redemption, of all true progress, of all true life—the law of suffering, of expiation; there is no escape from it but at the cost of death or degradation; now, for the last nearly a quarter of a century all the efforts of France have been concentrated in fighting against this law, in trying to elude it, to overturn it, to abolish it; it is

not to be done; it may seem for a period as if the struggle succeeded, but sooner or later the Cross has the victory and avenges itself. The French used to be the standard-bearers of the Cross; there are thousands of devoted disciples of it amongst them still,—look at the missionaries they send all over the world!—but the great bulk of the people are in armed rebellion against it; they have unlearned the art of suffering. Why, the old Greek philosophers had more of the Christian in them than the French philosophers of the Empire! they at least were enamored of the lofty creed of self-denial, of poverty, of independence, of heroic endurance; the Stoics had more of the Christian instinct than these modern Sybarites."

"Then you expect France to perish completely,—to die out altogether, like the Greeks and the Sybarites?" said Lady Margaret.

"No: that is not God's way; He does not let His seed perish; His delight is rather to save and to resuscitate; do we not see Him constantly causing victory to grow out of the discovery of failure? Look at the history of the world! Abel did not come until Adam had sinned and was cast out of Paradise; Noah only came when the earth had grown full of violence; the coming of the Messiah was delayed until paganism was rampant and everywhere triumphant; the same law runs through nature; spring comes after the darkness and death of winter, day comes after night; all development, whether in nature or in the soul, or in those masses of men that we call nations, is a law of progress, a growth through conflicts and failures and violence and decay, a warfare working out an appointed end through the balance of opposing forces. We must pass through death before we attain to immortality. No: I foresee a glorious resurrection for France after this tremendous humiliation and downfall. She will return like the prodigal, and be pardoned and saved."

"God grant it!" said Lady Margaret, who had listened with emotion to the fervent outpouring of her companion, although she scarcely held the clue to his argument; "I envy those who can look at life from so high and consoling a standpoint; for my own part, it always seems to me—"

But she was not to give him the benefit of her views: the door again opened, and Burke called out, in his best-French accent,

"Madame la Countess de Couvigny!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE smiles of the world, says St. Augustine, are more to be dreaded than its frowns, and its wiles and flatteries more to be feared than its enmity and persecution.

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[Continued.]

Then followed various explanations of this strange conduct, which may be condensed thus. There have been occasions on which Louise has been accosted on the highway by persons unknown to her,—among which, the reader will regret to hear, have been those of her own sex,—who have loaded her with abuse, giving a most vile explanation of her sufferings, and accusing her of wishing by a shameful fraud “to stir up the people.” Thus do the unbelieving help to heighten the resemblance between her and her Divine Master. Added to this, her sisters are always watching strangers, and putting unamiable interpretations on their actions, and Louise necessarily must be influenced by their ill-natured conversation, although it may not meet with her approval. Is it so very surprising, after all, that the recollection of these insults should cause her to fear and shun everyone of whose friendship she is not positively certain?

“I never have seen Louise yet, although M. le Curé has assured me that my turn will soon arrive,” said a gentleman whom we had met at every meal at the Hotel de la Poste—one of the “iron men” of the neighborhood. “You know,” said he, appealing to the landlord, “how very often my business obliges me to pass through Bois d’Haine; two and three times daily. Now, very often I pass through the village so intent on my duties that I do not think of Louise; you know, considering the nature of those duties, that could well be. Sometimes, before I have even thought ‘I am in Bois d’Haine,’ I see a black figure hastily disappearing in a house, then I know that I have seen Louise, whom I would not otherwise have remarked.”

“Well, well,” said the young doctor, “her condition has given her a notoriety so far from agreeable in many particulars, that I, for my part, do not wonder that she wishes to conceal herself from curious eyes, and that she shrinks from everyone save her old friends.”

“As far as I have read,” said our mother, “it is you doctors who torment her, with all your investigations. There is but one experiment that you have failed to make: you have not sent her on an ocean voyage, to discover if, since she does not eat, it would be possible for her to be sea-sick. Had she a perfect horror of all doctors, I could readily comprehend the reason.”

The young man blushed as he replied, in a low voice: “Madame, what you say is but too true.”

“As to this matter of her not eating,” said the landlord, who, having been denied access to her cottage, took every opportunity to express a peevish incredulity, “I don’t believe it at all. Why,” added he, helping himself to an enormous slice of cold roast, “it is perfectly impossible.”

The doctor, whose own appetite had been sharpened by the journey from Louvain, as well as by excitement, and under whose knife and fork the viands were disappearing as rapidly as was consistent with gentlemanly manners, regarded mine host for an instant with a look of keen amusement before replying, laughingly:

“Certainly for you, and for me.”

“That is what I find so incredible,” said the gentleman before quoted; “I can understand the Stigmata; that is a miracle, it is true, but still comprehensible; but how is it possible for anyone to exist without eating?”

“Let me tell you,” said the doctor, gently, “that of all the conditions under which Louise exists, the only one that is totally inexplicable by the laws of science is this miracle of the Stigmata; for there are decided marks separating it entirely from the cases to which those unlearned in medicine might think it parallel. Whereas, save that nowhere in the annals of medicine has the duration of sleeplessness, existence without food, etc., been so extended as in the present example, there are cases on record where, in individuals, life has been sustained for long intervals without these generally indispensable aids. So if you believe in the Stigmata all else should be easily credited.”

When the doctor had perceived that the people of the neighborhood were so utterly excluded from the wonders operated in their midst, he had from polite motives refrained in continuing the account of his call at Louise’s cottage; but when asked for other particulars, he gave them freely, mixing them with an occasional exclamation at her lack of beauty. We could not help being greatly amused at the *naïve* manner with which he expressed his surprise at this, and we thought that, for him, it was very well that when the Almighty had so adorned her soul that He had not added earthly beauty, for his religious sentiments would have had still greater difficulty in overcoming his strong inclination to regard his present opportunities as a startling adventure.

When he was introduced to her by M. Niels, Louise treated him with a great deal of confidence, and answered all his questions with the utmost frankness. To the question did she really live without nourishment? she replied:

“It is a very long time since I have felt the need of food; and now I am permitted, since I do not feel any desire for food, to abstain from taking any.”

"Do you never desire it?" asked the doctor. "Now, I hear that you often cook for the others: don't you wish for it when you are preparing it?"

"Never," answered she; "no more than if I had just eaten a hearty meal."

"And are you strong and well, in spite of this extraordinary fact?" asked he.

To her response in the affirmative he enquired if it was true that she could carry her sewing-machine, without assistance, to any part of the house.

"Oh, yes," she replied,—and, suiting the action to the word, she lifted the heavy tailor's machine and carried it with ease to another part of the room—a task which the doctor himself would have found extremely difficult. He then asked to see her hands, and she removed her mittens, showing hands roughened by work, and very slightly scarred by what appeared to have been a wound extending from the palm to the upper surface.

"And as I saw her well and strong," said he, "so she is every day of the week, with the exception of Friday. To-morrow morning I accompany M. le Curé when he goes to administer the Holy Communion to her as Viaticum; I must own that I am anxious to see the change."

From this as well as from that which has been stated in the sketch of her life, the reader will see that Louise does not, like the Tyrolese ecstasica, Maria Mörl, or like St. Lidwina, belong to that class of helpless sufferers who have their means of sanctification increased by the opportunities for the exercise of patience in enduring the caprices of those on whom their suffering condition renders them entirely dependent. Shortly after our own visit to Bois d'Haine a report was in circulation in America that Louise, who was therein represented as a constant invalid, had been prevented by her sisters from receiving Holy Communion, and that in consequence the stigmatization had ceased and that she was thus restored to health and strength, of which she made use to escape the vigilance of her friends in order to receive Holy Communion, which brought back her bedridden condition, which last was repeatedly cured by the system of preventing her reception of the Sacraments. Is it reasonable to suppose that one who six days out of seven is capable of performing tasks much beyond the strength of a gentleman, can be prevented on those days, by two women, from receiving Holy Communion, if she desires to do so? Were this possible, it would be by no means probable that the miracle of the Stigmata would cease, for the reader will remember that Louise was only a weekly communicant when the miracle first made its appearance. If the miracle is now dependent on the daily reception of the Eucharist,

and if God wills that the miracle should continue in the spiritual condition or rather in the degree at which Louise has arrived, she could receive Holy Communion without human intervention, as the friends of God have frequently done, for example St. Stanislaus Kostka, and at the present day, Palma d'Oria.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* The perusal of Section VI, Book IV, of Faber's work on the "Blessed Sacrament" will throw a great deal of light on prolonged abstinence and miraculous Communions. From this admirable chapter one may see that to deprive Louise Lateau of the Blessed Eucharist would make her ill instead of restoring her to health, for it would be in effect a course of starvation.

The Convent of Jesus-Mary, Canada, and a Sketch of the Religious Order from which it takes its Name.

The origin of the Congregation of the Religious of Jesus-Marie does not lose itself, as so many others, in the night of ages, since it dates no further back than 1816; but if it cannot evoke antique souvenirs, it shows nevertheless in its modest annals evident and manifest proofs of Divine protection. It is but of yesterday, and already Europe, Asia and America possess several of its establishments. The Institute of Jesus-Marie took birth at Lyons, France, the city of great works, the cradle of the Propagation of the Faith. At first it appeared but like a little mustard-seed, which a few pious ladies had the happy inspiration of sowing in the field of the Father of the household, but the modest plant soon assumed vast proportions, until to-day it has become a great tree and spreads its boughs over several quarters of the world. Canada possesses many of its shoots. It was in 1855 that the first convent of the Congregation of Jesus-Marie was founded in the parish of St. Joseph of Levis, by a colony of French nuns from the mother-house at Lyons. The Reverend Father Routhier, then pastor of St. Joseph, had long been desirous of endowing his parish with a good educational establishment. God, who had inspired him with this pious desire, furnished him the means of seeing it realized. Seconded by the generosity of his good parishioners, he soon had the consolation of seeing arise that blessed shelter of which he would forever bear the title of founder and of father. To people this holy retreat, the zealous pastor had many difficulties to encounter, but his active and intelligent zeal surmounted all obstacles, for he devoted himself to this beautiful work with all the powers of his grand soul. Providence at last afforded him the opportunity of re-

alizing his most sanguine expectations. Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal, a native of the parish of St. Joseph, was then leaving for France. This venerable Prelate interested himself deeply in the pious project which Rev. F. Routhier had communicated to him, and promised to second it with all his endeavors. Having reached Lyons, the worthy Bishop would not quit that city without having previously paid his homage to Our Lady of Fourvières. He ascended the holy mount, and after having finished his devotions in the venerated sanctuary which bears evidence of so many prodigies, he made some few excursions around, and found sheltered under the Immaculate Virgin's mantle a community bearing the name of "Jesus-Marie."

Evidently the Holy Virgin had guided his steps, for this was an educational institute, and he did not doubt for an instant that his proposal would meet with a favorable answer. His previsions did not deceive him, for after deliberate examination it was decided that the religious would respond to the Divine will, made manifest by His worthy minister, and would go and unfold the noble banner of Jesus-Marie on distant and unknown shores.

Some time after, eight French nuns sailed for the New World, for that beautiful Canada which is French both at heart and in its origin. At their head was the reverend Mother St. Cyprian, worthy *emule* of Marguerite Bourgeois and Marie de l'Incarnation, and to whom nothing was wanting but the trials of those first years of colonization to show forth the wonders of courage and devotedness concealed within this great soul. However, crosses of all descriptions were the portion of the venerated foundress, for they are the stamp of Divine works; but the worthy Superioress always proved equal to the sublimity of her mission.

It was on the 21st of November, 1855, that, under the auspices of Mary, the sweet Star of the Sea, these dear missionaries bade adieu to their fatherland. The crossing was long and perilous, but the benignant Virgin conducted them at last to their port of destination.

When they saluted from afar that land which was to become for them a second country, they felt a strange ardor enkindled in their hearts. It was for God they had parted with all they had held most dear, and God was already consoling them with the hopeful perspective of the good they were called upon to achieve in the education of youth. Their arrival at St. Joseph of Levis was a regular ovation; the good parishioners welcomed them with transports of joy, and the venerable Father Routhier showed them an affection and an interest truly paternal.

After a few days, the nuns took possession of the establishment destined for them. The *pensionnat* was opened on the 2d of January, 1856, as were also the day-classes of the poor-schools, and soon a joyful swarm of young girls came and grouped themselves around those who had so generously quitted the land of their birth to become their teachers and their mothers. God blessed the work founded in His name and for His glory; the Canadian population, so full of faith, so true appreciators of real merit, gave the most cordial encouragement to the rising institution, and shortly the building was too small to contain the great number of pupils and subjects desirous of sharing the noble labor of the French *religieuses*. A new appeal to the liberality of charitable souls was heard—so strongly have good works the power of moving Canadian hearts—and in a short time the house attained the proportions it now has. The locality is one of the most pleasant in the neighborhood of Point Levis, on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence. Vast grounds, diversified by hill and dale, and deeply shaded, afford young persons the enjoyment of charming promenades, and of out-door exercises. From the heights about the place can be enjoyed one of the most extensive and splendid prospects in all Canada. A superb panorama unfolds itself to the gaze of the spectator. On one side, Quebec, with its immense harbor, its formidable citadel, its ramparts and bulwarks. Closer to us, Notre Dame de Levis with its elegant villas, its oasis of foliage, its abrupt elevations. On the opposite shore, Beauport, whose dazzling white cottages coquettishly reflect themselves in the waters of the grand river; the Island of Orleans, which the St. Lawrence seems to surround in its embrace; and Montmorency with its sparkling *Nafade*. The eye also follows with delight the peaceful and majestic course of the gigantic stream, furrowed in all directions with light skiffs, graceful chaloupes with their white sails, swift moving steamboats, and superb steamers gliding over the waters like seagulls on the wing. To the north, the horizon is bounded by the Laurentides, which form the background as it were of this magnificent tableau.

Besides the establishment at Point-Levis, the *religieuses* of Jesus-Mary have also missions in different parishes. Some few scions detached from the main stem have been implanted in various localities; thus were founded at different periods the convents of St. Gervais, St. Anselm, St. Michael, Trois Pistoles, and quite recently the Academy of Sillery.

The religious of Jesus-Mary are organized in a Congregation, and each community is dependent on the mother-house at Lyons. In each house, the

choir-nuns are exclusively charged with the educational departments.

The object of the Congregation is to give a Christian education to young persons, no matter what the class of society to which they belong. In order to conform to the social position of each, they have *pensionnats*, where young ladies receive the most careful education as regards religious, social literary and domestic training, the children admitted into the day-schools having no communication whatever with the boarders. Since the month of January, 1876, the offices take place regularly every Sunday and Feast-day in the interior convent chapel, where the scholars receive instructions suitable to their wants. But this chapel being insufficient, on account of the great number of the religious and the increase of the pupils, the Rev. F. Fafard, Pastor of St. Joseph, a worthy successor to the Rev. F. Routhier, and a zealous continuator of his work, is at present erecting a chapel under the title of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This chapel measures 90 feet in length by 46 in breadth. The parishioners of St. Joseph and others assist at the conventual offices, in a gallery for their use, and there accomplish their pilgrimage in honor of the Sacred Heart. The benediction of the cornerstone took place on the 29th of June last, Monseigneur Cazeault, V. G., presiding at the solemn ceremonies.

Catholic Notes.

—The Holy Father has sent a letter to the Bishop of Poitiers congratulating him on his magnificent sermon at the recent celebration at Lourdes.

—Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, has been invited by Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, to deliver the sermon at the dedication of his magnificent cathedral in October.

—*El Consultor de los Parrocos*, a Spanish ecclesiastical review, states that it is in contemplation to found in Rome a Spanish college. Up to this date Spain has had no national college in Rome.

—The Sacred Congregation has decided that the *Benediction in articulo mortis* must be given to children who have attained the use of reason although considered too young to be admitted to Holy Communion.

—The Roman Catholic churches do not close during the summer. They maintain their services the year round. For this we give them due credit, and hope their summer's work has been satisfactory. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—We are obliged to leave out some notices of new publications on account of the crowded state of our present issue. The *Catholic Record*, the *Rosary Magazine*, and the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* for July are at hand.

—The secular priests of the diocese of Fort Wayne, with the Rt. Rev. Bishop, will meet at Notre Dame about the first of the month for their customary retreat. The distinguished Redemptorist, Rev. Father Wayrich, will conduct it.

—We have gratefully received, from the author and publisher, copies of "A Centennial Discourse," delivered July 4th, in St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, by Rev. Wm. F. Clarke, S. J. Published by Messrs P. F. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia.

—A curious confessional, of Italian workmanship, of the sixteenth century, and a forged iron pulpit of the same date, have just been added to the Cluny Museum. The pulpit, according to the *Chronique*, was obtained from a monastery in the department of Vaucluse, at the price of 22,000 fr.

—Col. W. H. C. Hosmer, the poet, during a recent severe illness, was received into the Church. Col. Hosmer has been for some time favorably inclined towards the Church, and has often employed his pen in composing lyrical pieces redolent with the true sentiment of Catholicity.

—The conflict between the Government of Brazil and the ecclesiastical authorities on the subject of the nomination of parish priests has been settled by Mgr. Macedo, Bishop of Para, to whom the Minister, M. José Beuto da Cunha e Figueiredo, has returned a conciliatory reply, leaving the matter for the present in the hands of the Bishops.

—Sister Stanislas Jones, of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., recently celebrated her golden jubilee. This venerable religious is a daughter of Commodore Jones, whose gallant deeds in the war of 1812 are recorded in history. Sister Stanislas had the happiness of renewing her vows in the hands of her nephew, who, like herself, is a convert to the faith.

—We (*Toronto Tribune*) are gratified to be able to state that His Grace Archbishop Bourget has greatly recovered from his severe illness, and is now sufficiently well to leave his room and attend for a few hours each day to business. His Grace has expressed great sympathy with the sufferers by the St. Hyacinthe fire, and has written to the Seminary of that city offering assistance. He is also able to partake of strengthening nourishment, and the best hopes are now entertained of his ultimate recovery.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Corrigan, of Newark, N. J., has been making strenuous efforts to have in his diocese a Catholic Protectorate and a House of the Good Shepherd, and his labors have not been fruitless. The institutions are in full operation, but means are required to pay the balance due upon them and to keep them going. To accomplish this the Rt. Rev. Bishop has addressed a letter to the clergy of his diocese which we hope will be the means of bringing him material assistance in his noble work of charity.

—Rev. A. J. Cullen, formerly assistant pastor at St. Joseph's Church, San Francisco, Cal., where his learning and zealous labors for the salvation of souls had made him so well and favorably known, is at pres-

ent pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Tomales, Sonoma Co., Cal., with St. Teresa's at Bodega, St. Rose's at Santa Rosa, St. John the Baptist's at Healdsburg, and Cloverdale, as stations. Rev. Father Cullen seems to be only one of many among the priests of California who have their hands full, and the progress of Catholicity in that far western State amply testifies to the fruit of their labors.

—The great solemnity of the inauguration of Our Lady of the Scashore (*Notre Dame des Dunes*) at Poitiers, surpassed in splendor all expectations. Brittany, Touraine, Anjou, Aquitaine and Limousin sent their inhabitants to Poitou to witness the homage there rendered to the Queen of Heaven. The ceremonies of the day were really imposing. The solemn procession took place at 4 p. m., the Right Rev. Bishop presiding. An eloquent sermon was preached at the foot of the statue, after which the monument was solemnly blessed. Then followed Solemn Benediction in the Cathedral, to which the procession had returned.

—The venerable Archbishop McHale, of Tuam, is the senior Archbishop in the world, and at the Ecumenical Council ranked next to the Patriarchs. His Grace preserves his mental and physical vigor unimpaired, and is at the present time engaged in giving Confirmation throughout his extensive diocese, which covers the largest area in Ireland, comprising the greater part of the two counties of Mayo and Galway. His Grace continues to celebrate Mass in the Cathedral every morning at eight o'clock, preaches in both Irish and English to his flock on Sunday, and it was but the other day we read his eloquent reply to an address from the people of Ballinasloe, in the diocese of Clonfert, on his passing through that town to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the parish of Moore, an isolated portion of his diocese.

—His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, in a circular to his clergy in reference to the Feast of the Assumption, said: "As we are living in times when the Church and her pious children are suffering great trials and persecutions, and threatened on every side—when the Vicar of Christ himself is a prisoner in the hands of unscrupulous and perverse enemies, and irreligion and socialism, and a dangerous spirit of revolution, are spreading ruin and desolation through the world, it is meet that all the true children of the Church should fervently implore the protection of Heaven, and beg of the Mother of God, the sweet and clement Virgin Mary, the Help of Christians, to present their petitions to her Divine Son, and to obtain for them His protection. May the prayers of the faithful secure for us all her powerful patronage, and may she mercifully guide us in safety through our mortal pilgrimage to the regions of eternal bliss."

—Prussia, although school attendance from the sixth to the fourteenth year is as much obligatory as military service, counts whole villages in which not one child learns to read and write. Quite recently such a village was pointed out to the Government's attention, viz., Steinkrug, near Köln, in the province of Prus-

sia, where sixty children have for years been growing up without any instruction whatever. The want of teachers has really become a calamity in Prussia; it is partly the result of the Kultur-Kampf, but it is also owing to the miserable salary given to village schoolmasters. At the present moment there are more than 11,000 teachers in Prussia who receive less—and many much less—than £35 per annum. Schools, too, decline in character and efficiency. Schoolboys of fifteen years of age challenge each other, talk of interesting love adventures, and scorn religion and modest behavior. In some places, the upper classes of gymnasiums (grammar schools) have certain days in the week fixed to them by their directors for visiting ale-houses to drink and smoke with official permission, in company, or, as I was told, under the surveillance, of a master. According to this arrangement attending beer-houses enters into the plan of public instruction!—*German Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 10TH.

Number of letters received, 115; of new members enrolled, 102. The following applications have been made: Recovery of health is asked for 82 persons, 2 families; Change of life, for 22 persons and 1 family; Conversion to the faith, for 25 persons and 2 families. Particular graces have been asked for 6 priests, 10 religious, and for 5 lay persons desiring a religious vocation; Temporal favors have been solicited for 41 persons, 12 families, 5 communities, 8 schools, 3 congregations, also for 5 colleges directed by religious; Spiritual favors for 20 persons, 13 families, 8 communities, 8 schools, and 6 colleges. Also, 1 particular intention. The following are among the specified intentions: The deliverance of several persons unjustly accused; Two converts who have not persevered; A lady holding erroneous opinions; The recovery of certain property without going to law; Tidings of certain lost relatives; Some persons wishing to enter the married state; Some dissipated young men who have caused much grief to their mothers; The safety of several married ladies; Readmission of an ecclesiastical student into a seminary; That a suspicion, liable to bring an innocent party into danger, may be removed; Protection for several persons travelling or otherwise exposed to corporal dangers; The conversion of a father of two motherless children; Two of three temporal favors, which were for years despaired of, one of which was at length obtained by making a novena to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and promising to have them recorded in her journal if received; All Catholic schools now reopened, especially those conducted by religious; The prevention of scandals.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following extracts are from letters received. The first of these is from a Rev. clergyman: "May our Blessed Mother henceforth and by all generations be called blessed, and may the honor, love and devotion due to her increase day by day amongst all Chris-

tian people. Not long since, I attended a girl whom I might pronounce actually dying; indeed her friends were telegraphed to come for her remains. It was the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption. I called, to give her the last absolution, and brought her some of the water of Lourdes. She became suddenly a little better and in a few days was enabled to return to her home and friends in Vermont." . . . "Mrs. M. received the water and medal all safe; her baby is now almost well. Rev. Father, this child's recovery is a real miracle. On the 15th of August, in the morning, the doctor called there and said there were no hopes. In the forenoon the little boy went into spasms, his breathing ceased, and he could not swallow anything. About one o'clock I went to see the child, and the blessed candle was burning. I asked his cousin why they did not give him the miraculous water I had sent them. She said it was of no use, since he could not swallow it. I insisted upon a trial; the child, swallowed some, and no spasms had appeared since, thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother." . . . "I wish to return thanks to our Blessed Lady for recovery from an indisposition which I feared might prove serious. I took some of the water of Lourdes, promising to return thanks through the AVE MARIA, and in a short time I was well again. I also feared serious consequences from a very obstinate complaint. After trying physicians' remedies for three or four weeks, I commenced a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, taking a few drops of the water daily, and on the first or second day found relief." . . . "I am happy to inform you that the devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is prospering among our children. She is invoked at the commencement of every class under her sweet title, and should anyone forget the little invocation, the smallest of the girls would exclaim: 'Ah, Sister! you have forgotten Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.'" . . . "For the Holy water of Lourdes I must give special and most grateful thanks; it brings with it a renewal of faith and a truer love of our Holy Mother. I see its good effect on four persons, and my Protestant friend received a share reverently." . . . "Please return thanks to our Lady for obtaining me the situation for which I requested your prayers not long since." . . . "Return thanks to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary for the following favors: The happy death of a father of a family; the success of a journey; the conversion and happy death of a Protestant lady who became a Catholic on her death-bed." . . . "I applied the blessed water to the sore on my head, and it is going away, thanks to God and our Blessed Lady." . . . "I thank you for the blessed water of Lourdes you sent me for my little boy's shoulder; it is now as well as ever, and the little fellow is able to walk around the chair." . . . "A lady about whom I wrote, long ago, as being out of the Church for a great many years, has returned. I know it was a miracle from our Blessed Mother. The converted lady died about a month ago."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. PATRICK EGAN, of Chicago, Ill., who died recently in that city,

after a long illness. MARGARET, aged 18 years and 8 months, who died August 5th; JOHN, aged 12 years and 2 months, who died on the 26th of the same month, the only remaining children of Mrs. Julia English, New Haven, Conn. Mr. EDMUND MCKENNA, of Dubuque, Iowa, who departed this life on the 22nd of December, 1875. JAMES MCGOVERN, of Palo Alto, Pa., who departed this life on the 22d of August, after having received all the consolations of our holy religion. His humility, his charity, his fervent zeal in whatever tended to the greater glory of God, and his kindness to all, were matters of edification to everyone who had the pleasure of knowing him.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Obituary.

—Mr. JOHN DONOHOE, a life-subscriber to the "AVE MARIA," departed this life on the 24th of August, at Keokuk, Iowa, in the 76th year of his age. Although he had suffered very much, Mr. Donohoe was always resigned to the Divine will, and died as he had lived, a model of patience, occupied in continual prayer during his last sickness.

—REV. HENRY MEURS, of Jefferson City, died on Friday morning, August 26th, after an illness of ten days, of typhoid fever. During Friday his remains were laid out in the parlor of the parochial residence, where they were visited by almost two thousand people. Before dying he requested that a vault be sunk in the middle aisle of the church, immediately in front of the altar, where his mortal remains should be interred. The funeral ceremonies were presided over by Rev. F. Vandersanden, of St. Mary's Church, St. Louis, Chancellor of this diocese. After High Mass was celebrated, Father Walsh, of St. Bridget's Church, St. Louis, delivered an eloquent sermon in English. After the sermon in English, Rev. Father Müller, of St. Charles, delivered one in German. The following clergymen were present: Father John Meurs, of Prairie du Chien, Wis., (brother of the deceased). Fathers Walsh, Brady and Vandersanden, of St. Louis; Father Hillner, of Tipton; Father Stutz, of California; Father Hoffmann, of Booneville; Father Graham of Sedalia; Father Hennessey, of Germantown; Father Dalton, of Kansas City; Father Haza, of Loose Creek; Father Hoerling, of Westphalia; Fathers Bada and Victor, of Hermann; Fathers Kueper, of St. Thomas, and Müller of St. Charles. Father Meurs was a young man, being only thirty-eight years old. He was born on the third of September, 1838, in Platte County, Missouri. He studied for a short time at Atchison, Kansas. He then entered the seminary at Milwaukee, Wis., and finally completed his ecclesiastical course at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, in 1866. During the ten years of his priesthood, he was first at Glasgow, Howard Co., then at Booneville, and finally presided as pastor of the Catholic church here during the last year. His loss is severely felt by his congregation.—*Western Watchman.*

—We regret to announce the demise of CAPTAIN MULLIN, of Davenport, Iowa, who died after a few

hours' sickness on Wednesday, August 16th, near Winona, Minn., aged forty-two years. The deceased was one of the early settlers of Davenport, and was much respected by a large circle of acquaintances. He had been employed on the Mississippi River for nearly twenty five years. The funeral obsequies took place at St. Margaret's Church, Davenport, on the 19th, at which a large number of relatives and friends attended. A beautiful and touching funeral sermon was preached by Rev. F. Cosgrove. Captain Mullin leaves an aged mother, four sisters, a wife and child to mourn his loss.

—The pastor of the Bohemian Catholic Church in Milwaukee, REV. GELASIUS KUBA, died suddenly in Chicago on the 1st inst., after a few hours' illness. The reverend gentleman had been attending a meeting of the Bohemian priests in this country, and was apparently in excellent health. He was buried in Chicago on Friday, a large number of clergymen and friends being present. A Requiem Mass was sung in St. Hedwige's Church on the Saturday following. Father Kuba was one of the most generous and warm-hearted men we ever knew, and his charity was boundless. His spiritual children speak of him as the kindest of fathers and the most devoted of friends, and offer up many an earnest prayer for the repose of his soul.

Requiescant in pace.

Children's Department.

The Story of the Little Boy who wrote a Letter to St. Raphael.

There were three little girls at the convent, called Mary, Agatha, and Anne. They were day-boarders, and they had two little brothers, at home. One was called Bobby, and the other—the baby—was called Johnnie.

Agatha, the second little girl, was ten years old; Bobby was just three; and Johnnie was a baby. What were the ages of the others? Well, I don't know, and it doesn't much matter, because you won't hear of them again in this story.

One fine morning the little girls went out for a walk. They didn't come home in time for breakfast, and mamma got quite anxious about them. She sent out the servants to look for them, and couldn't eat anything while they were away. About eleven o'clock she saw some men carrying home something on a hurdle. When they approached the house, one of them ran on in front. She felt sure that he was going to bring her bad news.

Before he could speak she began—

“What has happened?”

“An accident!” said he, and then he paused.

“Tell me, at once, which of them you are carrying home.”

“Agatha; she fell over the cliff.”

They brought her into the house. She could neither speak nor move. Poor pale child! Would thought and life ever come back to her?

The doctor was sent for, of course. Not that doctors are always of much use, but it is the usual thing to do, to send for them.

He came. He shook his head gravely. After a bit he asked papa to send for another doctor. So papa sent; and by-and-by the other doctor came, and he also shook his head. It is a bad sign when doctors shake their heads.

“Concussion of the brain.” “Fracture of the spine.”

Both doctors shook their heads now.

Bobby was sitting, perched up in his high chair in mamma's drawing-room. Papa and mamma came in.

“Is there no hope?” said mamma.

“None,” said papa, “except in St. Raphael. When Father John gives her the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, St. Raphael may perhaps give her back to us.”

They both left the room, not thinking about Bobby a bit.

Now I am sorry to have to own that Bobby was what is commonly called a mischievous little boy. He was never happy except when he was doing something that he ought not to do. One thing he was very fond of was getting hold of a pencil—or, better still, pen and ink—and writing letters. That is, pretending letters, you know, because of course he couldn't really write; and he would write these pretending letters not only on paper, but also in books and on pictures; and one day he wrote a letter in mamma's best copy of Father Faber's Hymns, all over the beautiful picture of

Bobby had written none of his letters since that day. But what was he to do now? Papa had gone away, and said that there was no hope for poor little Agatha, unless St. Raphael gave her back to them. Then she must be with St. Raphael! Well then, he must write to St. Raphael for her. No sooner thought than done. This was most certainly an emergency, and Bobby was fortunately equal to any emergency.

He got down from his high chair, and made the best of his way to mamma's writing-table. He took one of her sheets of crested note-paper (of course he couldn't write to an Angel on common paper), dipped her gold pen in the ink, and began.

None of you, my children, would have been able to make out a single word of his writing; but that doesn't matter. Bobby wasn't writing to you, but to St. Raphael, and Angels can read anybody's writing, even if it's as bad as a Prime Minister's.

So Bobby began:—

"MY DEAR ST. RAPHAEL:—Poor little Agatha—that's my favorite sister—has tumbled down over the cliff. I suppose you caught her, because I heard papa tell mamma that you could give her back to us. Please do so, and I will try and be a very good boy always.

"From your loving little BOBBY."

When he had written this, he took a stamped envelope out of the writing-case, and put the letter in it and addressed it—"St. Raphael in Heaven." Now how was he to get to the post? The door was shut, and he couldn't open it, and he was afraid to ring the bell, as the servants would want to know what it was for. Nothing to be done except wait till somebody came. So Bobby curled himself upon the sofa, and hid the letter under the pillow. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

In the mean time Father John came and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction to little Agatha, who was quite insensible.

I must now go back and tell you what happened to little Agatha when she fell over the cliff. First there was a terrible blow on the head, which took away all sensation, and then she somehow understood that she was falling—falling—falling! What a long fall it was! She had no idea that the cliff was so high! If she didn't stop soon the fall would kill her! Oh, if somebody would only catch her!

Somebody had caught her at last, and was hold-

haven't got
comes from their forms such as fell on little Agatha from this glorious Angel. He saw how puzzled and astonished she looked.

"I am Raphael,"—he said,—“the consoler, the healer, and the guide. You are safe, my child, in my arms.”

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Agatha, very naturally.

They were now in the drawing-room at home. How did they get there? Agatha didn't know, yet it seemed not a bit strange. There was Bobby on the sofa fast asleep, and Agatha saw his Guardian Angel watching over him, and that didn't seem a bit strange either. The Angel took a letter from

under the sofa-pillow, and handed it to St. Raphael. He opened it, and showed it to Agatha. Why, she could read it quite plainly, although she never before could make any sense out of Bobby's marks and scrawls.

"Am I alive," she asked, "or dead?"

"You are neither alive nor dead," said St. Raphael.

"Where am I, then?"

"With me."

They were now in Agatha's bedroom, though how they had got there she didn't understand. Why, there she was herself, lying on the little bed, quite cold and stiff—dead, surely! And there was her Guardian Angel, keeping watch over her body.

Presently the door opened, and in came mamma. Poor mamma! how wan, and pale, and ill she looked! No tears—her grief was far too great for tears!

She came and knelt down by little Agatha's bedside. Her Guardian Angel was with her. Agatha could see that, of course, because she could see Angels now.

Mamma began to pray.

"Holy Mary, by the sword that pierced thy heart, ask Jesus to send me back my child.

"Saints Monica and Augustine, get me back my child.

"My Guardian Angel, leave me, and don't come back without my child."

Mamma's Guardian Angel approached St. Raphael.

"Take her," he said.

What a commotion and disturbance there was in the house when the news was spread that little Agatha was not dead, but alive! Servants kept on running about wildly, not knowing what they were doing: and bells were rung, and doors slammed, and nobody seemed to know what he or she was about.

The doctors were sent for again, of course.

"A most singular case!" said the old one with the snuff-box and gold-headed cane. "One of those very singular cases which can't be accounted for on recognized principles until medical science is further advanced. Probably a case of suspended animation."

"Suspended animation!" echoed the young one.

"A miracle!" said all the simple-minded country people.

Bobby laughed at them all to himself. He knew very well that it was neither a case of suspended animation nor a miracle; it was only St. Raphael's answer to his letter. But he wasn't going to say anything about that, for fear papa should carry out his threat.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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THE HOLY ROSARY.

A Combination of Vocal and Mental Prayer.

As the Church of Christ, in its public and collective character, even more than in its individual members, owes so much to Mary's protection, it is only just that its homage should be also public, and that it should encourage by every means, and foster devotion to her among its children. She is honored daily in the divine office, at the beginning and the end of each canonical hour, in the varying anthem of each returning season. There are twenty festivals dedicated to her memory; votive Masses without number are offered to God in thanksgiving for what He has accomplished through her; every Saturday not occupied by a festival is devoted to her. The sun never sets on her praises; while the Complin office ceases in one land, the *Matin Ave* is resumed in another. The devotion of the Rosary is never intermitted, by night or by day, throughout the lapse of ages.

As it is now in daily observance all over the Church, it is due to St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century; but the method of counting prayers by beads, or little pebbles, is much older; it is traced back as early as the holy fathers of the desert. It must not be forgotten that, for very many ages, there were no printed books in the world; Christianity had been preached for more than 1,400 years before the means of multiplying such books was discovered. Before that time all the books that existed were written with the hand; they were, for the most part, large and unwieldy, and, in price, far beyond the reach of any private persons, except the very wealthy. A few expensive prayer-books there were, in the oratories of kings and noble persons; but the mass of the people had neither money enough to pay for them nor education enough to use them, if they could have purchased

them. Besides this, they had a peculiar pleasure in repeating the form of prayer sanctioned by our Blessed Lord Himself, like the *Lord's Prayer*, or by the ancient saints, and by the universal adoption of the Church, like the *Hail Mary* and the *Creed*. When they could not procure or use a prayer-book, they said these prayers, many times over, to express new desires of their hearts. And to preserve order and uniformity, they were accustomed, in very early times indeed, to count the number of prayers by dropping or laying aside a certain number of pebbles, so that, without distracting their thoughts from what they were doing, they could know exactly when they had come to the end of the prescribed devotion. This is the simple history of the beads, which are now hung upon a string, and made to slip through the fingers as the prayers are said.

The Psalms have always been a favorite part of public and private devotion in the Church. The daily Office said by the clergy and the religious orders is, in great part, composed of them. But it was, at one time, very difficult to get copies of them, before the invention of printing. Hence the thought was suggested to St. Dominic to prepare a form of devotion that might represent the Psalms to those who could not read; for this purpose he made the Rosary consist of as many times *Hail Mary* as there are psalms in the Psalter, that is of 150. For this reason, it is sometimes called the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin.

In the Psalms, there is an infinite variety of subjects; sometimes the language is plaintive, and expressive of contrition and of mourning; in another place it is triumphant, returning high praise to God for mercies granted, for deliverance obtained through His powerful assistance. In like manner, that the attention might be kept alive by a similar variety, St. Dominic proposed a series of subjects for meditation, during the repetition of the prayers of the Rosary. These sub-

jects are called its Fifteen Mysteries. They are chosen from the life and history of our Lord and His Blessed Mother; and proceed, with ever varying and growing interest, from the joyful event of His Annunciation, through His Birth and Presentation in the Temple, and the sorrowful scenes of His Passion and Death, to the glorious commemoration of His Resurrection and Ascension, the coming of the Holy Spirit, the decease and Assumption of His Virgin Mother, and her eternal union with Him in heaven. Each successive mystery gives a new meaning to the vocal prayer that accompanies it; though the form of that prayer is the same throughout. It is taken in greater part from holy Scripture. The beginning, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," is the language of the Angel Gabriel, when addressing the Blessed Virgin, and delivering his message of the Annunciation. "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," is the inspired utterance of the pious Elizabeth, when, filled with the Holy Ghost, she returned the salutation of Mary. The conclusion is the ardent prayer of the Church, that she who is so replenished with grace, so blessed in herself, and in her union with Him who is over all, God, blessed for ever, would not forget the children of her adoption, but would assist them now, in the trials and sorrows of life, its rough ways and changeful events; and, above all, when earthly support shall fail, in the solemn hour when their spirits shall return to God, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, and to have their eternal destiny fixed.

This is the prayer which accompanies each mystery of the Rosary. It is short and simple, but it contains much more than a careless glance would discover. It is a monument of an event whose importance has never been surpassed in the history of the world; when an angelic messenger first announced to one of the human family that the Son of God should become her Son. St. Paul, when transported into the third heaven, heard language which it was not lawful to repeat among men; here is the language of a prince of the heavenly hierarchy, inspired by the sight of her whom God had honored above the highest of His peers, and now become the familiar expression of the love and the filial confidence of children, and of sinful, repentant men. Again, this form of prayer, in its second part, contains a record of the homage paid to Mary, and to Mary's Son and God, by a saint of the human family, by her aged cousin Elizabeth. It is usual for the young to venerate the old, who, in return, love and protect them, and accept of their deference as a tribute due to years and experience. But the common course of nature was reversed in the

visit of Mary to Elizabeth. The aged relative regarded it as an honor, far beyond the measure of her deserts, that the youthful mother of her Lord should come to her. She looked up, with the reverend weight of years upon her, to one hardly emerged from childhood; she saluted her, and pronounced her blessed because of the blessedness of the fruit of her womb, Jesus.

And if the first and second parts of this prayer are full of meaning, as records of past events, it is increased manifold by the issue of those events, by the consideration of the changes that have attended the unfolding of the designs of Providence. If Mary was "full of grace," and "blessed among women," before her Divine Son was born, how much more so now that He hath finished the work assigned to Him by His heavenly Father, that He hath triumphed over the enemy of all good, and hath "entered into His glory"! If the Angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth thus emphatically proclaimed the honor of Mary in the beginning of her course, in the dawn of her propitious day, far more eloquently does this language sound in our lips, as the expression of her glory in the progress and consummation of her union with Jesus, in the light of the "perfect day" in which she lives and reigns. We have witnessed the end of what was seen only in prophetic vision, when the inspired language of this prayer was first heard from the lips of Archangel and Saint; prophecy has given place to history, hope to fulfilment, the first blossom of promise to the fruit of a mature and abundant harvest.

A great excellence and peculiarity in the Rosary is the combination of vocal and mental prayer, or meditation; while the lips pronounce the Angelical Salutation, the thoughts connect its language with the successive mysteries of the life of Jesus and His Blessed Mother. Hence arises an endless variety in the expression of that language; for its application to the circumstances of one mystery imparts to it a meaning widely different from what belongs to it in connection with another. Thus, for instance, while we are meditating on the joyful mystery of the Annunciation, "full of grace" may be taken to mean the peculiar adaptation of the endowments of the Blessed Virgin to the marvellous honor in store for her; the rich spiritual treasure already hers, to prepare her for still more precious favors. But a far different meaning is expressed by the same words, when, in the meditation on the mystery of the Ascension, for instance, they are applied to her as if present at that spectacle of glory. "Full of grace" then implies an overflowing abundance of spiritual riches, a position next to the summit of the lofty eminence to which opportunities and

graces, improved and co-operated with, have raised the once lowly mother of Nazareth. And so of the rest. In like manner the other parts of this prayer are susceptible of a corresponding change in their meaning, as the subject of each meditation is varied.

In addition to this variety in the first and second parts of the *Angelical Salutation*, a corresponding change in the application of its third and last part is produced by devoting the prayer of each mystery to obtain some special grace, connected, more or less, with the mystery under review. Thus it is the custom of many to pray for the grace of humility, or of purity, while meditating on the Annunciation; for the grace of charity while meditating on the Visitation; for the love of poverty, on the Nativity, etc.; "pray for us" then signifies, obtain for us by thy all-prevailing prayers the grace of charity, of love of poverty, or of humility.

The excellence of this form of prayer would take long fully to unfold. It is very dear to the hearts of the simple and unlearned children of the Church, who have a profounder instinct in spiritual things than belongs to many who are their intellectual superiors. Though the Rosary is much esteemed by pious people who are unable to read—and there are many hundreds of such, who yet know enough to save their souls—it is also in frequent use among others who are not so dependent. Books will fatigue at last even the most diligent student; there are moments of exhaustion, when the mind refuses to fix its attention on the thoughts of others. Circumstances, too, make it sometimes impossible to use books of prayers; as when one is on a journey; or is kept awake in the night by pain, or while waiting upon others. At such times, the devotion of the Rosary recommends itself as an easily available method of prayer. But, above all other reasons its own incomparable excellence makes it a daily practice of thousands upon thousands, throughout the limits of the Church; an excellence which has been further enhanced by the numerous Indulgences attached to its use, by many Sovereign Pontiffs.

His Rosary is therefore very precious to every Catholic. It is a holy bond that unites him with his brethren all over the world; in distant countries, which he will never visit; of strange speech, which would keep him separate from them, if he lived among them. But, day by day, all the children of Mary who use the Rosary assemble at the foot of her throne, to express their faith in her Divine Son, their devotion to her for His dear sake; their charity towards each other, for hers. How many trials are borne with constancy un-

known to natural fortitude, through grace obtained by this simple means; how many illuminations in the path of duty; how many objects of the heart's cherished desire! If the secrets of many hearts could be revealed, the triumphs of the Rosary, now, would bear comparison with those of former ages; Mary is still "*Our Lady of Victory*."

We are taught also to reflect, as we use our beads, upon the generations that are gone before us, professing the Catholic faith, who took leave of this world murmuring the names of JESUS and MARY. Perhaps we have known some, who as life was ebbing, still kept the crucified form of their Lord before their eyes, and the Rosary in their feeble hands. Their piety attaches us to what they valued so highly: we refuse to regard the contempt which the children of the world are apt to throw upon this beautiful devotion, as a vain superstition, or, at best, fit only for the illiterate. In the school of Jesus and of Mary, ignorance and knowledge have a meaning very different from that affixed to them in the schools of the world. Wisdom in that school of the saints profits for eternal salvation.

It is necessary, however, to beware of making our Rosary an empty form, by the hasty or unthinking repetition of words, without devotion. "This people," says God, "honor Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me." This is not the method of prayer which He approves, unless the heart accompanies the expression of the lips; it is not the method of sovereign virtue in drawing heaven near to our daily concerns; it is not the method which saints have endeared to us by their use. While we pray, we must fix the eye of our soul on those realities, which we cannot see, indeed, but which are not therefore far from us. And as we travel over and over again, in devout thought, the scenes of our Redeemer's life and Passion, the desire of imitating Him ought to grow within us; the desire of suffering with Him, that we may reign with Him; till we finally arrive at the glorious mysteries which will crown our perseverance; our own resurrection and union with Him in heaven.

WHATEVER course we may take, no matter how we act, there are persons whose censure cannot be eluded. "John came neither eating nor drinking; and they say, he hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say: Behold a man that is a glutton, and a wine drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners." One who is truly wise and despises the opinion of men acts as he ought, and leaves people to speak as they like.

[For the Ave Maria.]

The Sister of Mercy's Change of Dress.

BY MARIE.

"O Spouse of Christ, and Virgin Bride of Heaven!
Arise! arise! the Master calleth thee!
Put on the robes undimmed by worldly leaven,
The nuptial robes of immortality!"

Ah! swift she speeds, that welcome call obeying,
Beyond the golden portals of the East,—
And freshly clad in fadeless Life's arraying,
She meets the King and shares the Bridal Feast.
But the worn raiment whence her soul hath risen,
The cast-off garb of Earth's too fragile clay,
Rests, deeply hidden in its dreary prison,
The "narrow home" of darkness and decay;
Yet not for aye—that mortal robe forsaken
Shall claim Life's boon of beauty ever new,
And, to its spirit's dear embrace re-taken,
Lo! flower and stem shall "gladden in Love's view!"
O willing heart, that gave its pure oblation,
Of ev'ry throb to Love's sweet service blest!
O faithful hands, in Mercy's ministration
Fore'er unwearied, for a season rest!
O steadfast feet! the narrow pathway heeding,
Rest, till ye tread the fields of fadeless calm!
O voice once raised in pure and potent pleading!
Peace! thou shalt join in Love's eternal psalm!

Dear Earth-companion of the Bride of Heaven!
Securely rest! the King shall summon thee!
Thou, too, shalt wear, unstained by earthly leaven,
The nuptial robe of immortality!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

The voluble little Frenchwoman broke in like a discord on the earnest talk, but Lady Margaret greeted her affectionately.

"My dear Marguerite! what a mercy to find you are not yet gone! You said you were going this morning, and I—"

"No, madame, I never intended—"

"Oh, it is the luckiest thing you were delayed! what should I have done! I was to have gone on Saturday, you know, with Madame de Vaudemont to Geneva; you know I refused your adorably kind invitation to Barrymore because I had promised to join her! Well, she suddenly changed her mind, and decided on starting this morning; she only sent me word late last night. My people packed up as fast as they could, but one cannot perform impossibilities; I was up at all hours; but I was late for the train! and now what is to become of me if you will not take me with you, *ma petite*?"

"I shall be delighted, dear Mme. de Couvigny,"

said Lady Margaret, kissing the excited old lady and placing her in a chair; "it is quite a piece of good fortune for me your being late for Mme. de Vaudemont."

"Ah! that is your goodness, my dear Marguerite. M. l'Abbé, she is an angel! but as for me, I am like St. Thomas, I am always late."

"Let us hope, madame, that your mishap will in this instance work a good result, as St. Thomas's coming late did," said Mr. Ringwood.

"How so? Ah! yes; if he had been in time *we* should not have been called blessed for believing without seeing; that is very true."

"But that is only once," said Lady Margaret, amused to see the Countess seize the interpretation so promptly in the midst of her agonies of excitement; "it is not fair to quote St. Thomas as a type of unpunctuality for being late once, is it?"

"It happened more than once," said Mr. Ringwood; "and we have reason to bless him for it; he was late to see our Blessed Lady on her deathbed."

"What is that legend? I never heard it," said Lady Margaret.

"Tradition tells us,"—said Mr. Ringwood—"that when 'the Mother of the Master,' as the Apostles styled her, was about to die, they were all warned of it by angels in order that they might hasten to see her and receive her last blessing; they were scattered far and wide over the world, preaching the Gospel, but all hurried to Ephesus, many borne by angels over seas and mountains; and all arrived in time—except St. Thomas; we are not told what delayed him; but he reached Ephesus when all was over; our Lady was not only dead, but already entombed."

"That must have been a grievous disappointment to him," said Lady Margaret; "and I fail to see how it was any gain to us."

"Listen to the end; he was inconsolable, and entreated St. Peter and the other Apostles to let the sepulchre be opened that he might at least look once more upon the face of the beloved Mother; this was no light request, for the tomb was solidly walled in and sealed after the manner of the Jews; but the sight of his tears prevailed, and they went with him to the spot and opened it, and lo! in the place of her whom they had laid there they beheld an empty shroud, and a profusion of snow-white lilies springing up from the coffin, filling the tomb with a celestial fragrance; St. Thomas never beheld Mary in this life again, but he was God's instrument in proclaiming to the world the glorious mystery of her Assumption."

"Ah! dear St. Thomas! How we should thank him!" exclaimed Madame de Couvigny, her eyes filling, with a Catholic's quick response to the tender and beautiful.

"It is an exquisite legend," said Lady Margaret, conscious of more emotion than her Protestant soul approved; "is that the origin of your Church adopting lilies as the emblem of innocence?"

"It may be," replied Mr. Ringwood; "I cannot say; but the use of them as such remounts to the earliest ages." Then he added, abruptly, "So it is settled that you leave on Thursday, mesdames?"

"Yes; unless something unforeseen occurs to detain us," said Lady Margaret.

"If Mme. la Comtesse should be late, for instance?"

"Ah, that is wicked of M. l'Abbé, to mock me!" said the old lady; "no, I will not be late; I will no more resemble St. Thomas."

"You might do worse," said Lady Margaret; "St. Thomas, after all, remained a saint and an Apostle, and no doubt has a very good place in heaven, though he was not a model of punctuality."

"You start by the mid-day train?" said Mr. Ringwood; "I shall be at the station to see you off in case I can be of any use."

"Thank you; that will be very kind, and it will be doing us a great service," said Lady Margaret; "Burke is Irish, and I am the most forlorn of mortals in the midst of my luggage."

"Alas! and my Jacques will be like a baby, he is so inexperienced. He has been with me forty years, and during that time we have never gone beyond Versailles. Never, Monsieur l'Abbé; I who so longed to travel have been all my life nailed to one place," said the Countess, addressing Mr. Ringwood with a certain pathetic emphasis.

"Your health has been very delicate, madame?" observed the latter, in a tone of kind enquiry.

"No; my health has always been excellent."

"Ah! Then it has been the health of those who depended on you, no doubt, which made it difficult."

"No one depends on me; I have been alone and perfectly free for nearly thirty years."

Lady Margaret was trying to make a face at Mr. Ringwood, and stop further questions, but he kept looking perseveringly the other way.

"No," resumed the Countess, "it was not my health or my family's health, it was my furniture that kept me in bondage all my life; you know the *meuble bleu* of my *salon*, Marguerite: it is all in woolen velvet, and it would have been eaten if I had left it for six months; but now I must leave it, the moths will devour it, and I shall find nothing when I come back. Ah! what a terrible thing war is, Monsieur l'Abbé!"

Thursday came, and found Mr. Ringwood punctually waiting for the travellers at the station. The crowd was so great that some time elapsed before they found each other. Then Mr.

Ringwood went to get the tickets, while Lady Margaret settled Mme. de Couvigny in the train and secured places for herself and the maids in the same carriage by piling up bags and bundles on the seats, and now began the scuffle with the luggage; Jacques mounted guard over his mistress's, and presented a pitiable sight in the midst of the piles of boxes, sending forth agonizing appeals to everybody in general to come and weigh them and carry them to the train. Burke, who stood in command of Lady Margaret's belongings, made a stouter fight for it; his indignation with the porters, who rushed about on other people's business instead of at once attending to his, was too big for words, for English words at any rate, so he dashed into Irish, and hurled the most forcible epithets he possessed in that tongue at the heads of the offending functionaries, interspersing them with the small stock of French at his command.

"Holloa! Monseer! Parley frang say milady's luggage, will ye? Bad manners to ye, with yer jabberin' lingo? why can't you spake in a Christian tongue?" and he would seize a porter and shake him as if he expected that process to bring out some intelligible answer.

"For goodness' sake, be quiet!" said Lady Margaret, "the man will strike you; you must have patience, Burke!"

"Patience with them Frinch chaps, milady! Sorra bit of good it does; it ony makes 'em more impirent. Allong dong! Monseer! Come, none o' yer 'too sweet' wid me! You attend to milady's luggage, or by the piper that played before Moses I'll—"

"Hold your tongue!" repeated Lady Margaret, in serious alarm lest his fist clenched in the Frenchman's face, should provoke something worse than a war of words; "why should I be attended to before anybody else? the man says he will see to our luggage immediately; *tout de suite* means immediately!"

"Does it now, milady! Sure I thought the rascals was making game of me, shouting out 'too sweet!' every time I called at them."

Mr. Ringwood was all this time pushing his way on with the crowd that besieged the ticket-office; he was still a long way off from the wicket when to his suprise he saw Mr. Crampton hastening back from it, with tickets in his hand. He called out to him.

"Holloa, Ringwood!" cried the other; "I had expected to meet you here; of course it was madness to think of staying on after the news this morning; my wife packed up what we could in an hour, and here we are; Watkins and his daughter are here too, so we all start in the same

boat. Do you go straight on, or do you make any stay at Boulogne?"

"I am not going at all; I came to see Lady Margaret Blake off; it is for her I am taking tickets."

"What! you persevere in that quixotic notion of serving as chaplain to the troops?"

"Yes."

"You are mad, Ringwood."

"You thought me sane enough yesterday."

"Because I was a little mad myself; it would be nothing short of suicide and murder to remain here with my wife through the siege; it is going to be an awful time!"

"No doubt; but I have no wife, you see; that alters my view of the matter."

"Just so; well, God be with you wherever you are!" said Crampton, waving his hand, and the crowd shoved on, and eventually landed Mr. Ringwood at the wicket.

When he emerged from the railed alley with the tickets, he found the place so thronged with travellers and porters, screaming and bustling amongst mountains of luggage, that he despaired of ever finding Lady Margaret; children were thrown down, mothers were shrieking, men were vociferating and shouting to them to get out of the way. One scream which shot up from the crowd made Mr. Ringwood start and plunge violently in the direction from which it came.

"She is killed!" cried some one, and the crowd swayed suddenly back to make room for whoever it was; a porter seized the opportunity to charge through with a Noah's ark on his back, and Mr. Ringwood rushed on behind him.

"Oh! sir, come, will you! milady is 'urt!" exclaimed Wells, the maid, catching him by the sleeve in great excitement; "one of them trucks ran against her and threw her down, and she's 'urt her foot dreadfully!"

The first thing to be done was to have Lady Margaret carried to the waiting-room and laid on the sofa; the next to send for a doctor.

"It is the same foot that I sprained three months ago," she said; "I suspect this is worse than a sprain; the pain is agonizing; I fear it is out of the question my going to-day."

"By this train certainly," said Mr. Ringwood; "but when the doctor comes he may do something to relieve you and enable you to go by a later one."

"Have you seen Mme. de Couvigny?" inquired Lady Margaret. "Wells, you know the number of the carriage; run off and tell her what has happened; if she prefers to go on at once, let her stop at the Hotel X—, at Boulogne, and I shall rejoin her as soon as I am able, and we will go

on together to England; tell her, if she decides to go, not to mind coming to speak to me now; her place may be taken."

But Mme. de Couvigny came at once, and after declaring how desolate she was, how inconsolable, she embraced Lady Margaret, and consented to start, and wait for her at Boulogne.

The doctor arrived just as the bell was ringing the train out of the station; he pronounced the accident to be a very serious feature; there could be no question of travelling that day, nor for many days to come; while he was occupied binding and dressing the injured foot, Mr. Ringwood went to dispose of the tickets, and to see after the luggage, which Burke by a superhuman effort had succeeded in dragging from the porter whom he had bullied so hard to take it. Mr. Ringwood and the medical man both accompanied Lady Margaret home; she was very calm, and hardly spoke a word all the way; it was easy to see by the contraction of her face that she was suffering, but not a moan, not a sigh, escaped her. She was carried upstairs, and laid on the sofa; then the doctor took leave, saying he would call again that evening.

"He evidently thinks it serious," said Lady Margaret, as soon as he was gone; "there is an end of my leaving Paris now; I am condemned to see it out, as Mr. Crampton said, whether I will or not. That reminds me: will you let him know what has happened? he will never think of calling otherwise; we must keep each other company as much as we can; I am so thankful that he is staying! he is the only person left whom I know."

"I am sorry to tell you he is not here," said Mr. Ringwood; "I met him just now taking his tickets; he and his wife left by the train you have missed."

"Gone!" repeated Lady Margaret, in amazement; then, after a pause, she added, with a little scornful laugh, "so much for *his* heroics! Are you going too?"

"To the frontier, yes, or wherever my regiment goes. I am under orders to be ready to march this evening."

"And so my brave shepherd has run away! I dare say you are inwardly exulting in the fact, as illustrating the difference between the true shepherd and the hireling," she remarked, with the same bitter laugh.

"God forbid I should exult in any man's weakness!" said the priest, in a tone of pained rebuke; "I see strong motives for excusing him, on the contrary; he had a wife and ten children to think of; God, who is more merciful than we are, will take that into account."

"I see what you mean: our parsons are not priests; we have no right to expect them to behave as such; we should take it as a matter of course when they turn tail, and run away, and leave their flock to the mercy of the wolf."

"You have no right to expect men who have the ties and duties of ordinary men to behave as if they had renounced them, and were free and unfettered to devote themselves to you," said Mr. Ringwood.

"Then they should not take on themselves the double duties if they are not strong enough for both," she retorted, unconsciously arguing on the side of the enemy; "Mr. Crampton talked very grandly about the contempt he would deserve if he abandoned his post; he has earned it, and proved himself, as he said, a traitor and a renegade!"

"My dear Lady Margaret, you are too hard on him," said Mr. Ringwood; "he has proved himself a man, a tender-hearted husband and father, neither more nor less."

"You despise him too much to blame him; you are right; he is not worth exciting oneself about. And you," she continued in an altered tone, "you leave at once? I wish it had been your choice to remain and help the poor people in Paris, instead of going to the frontier. Is it quite too late to change your mind?"

"Not if any more pressing claim presented itself," he replied; "but I do not foresee anything of the sort occurring before this evening; there are plenty of priests in Paris, and I fear they are scarce enough outside."

"I shall feel so utterly abandoned; lying here helpless and without a soul I know to come and see me!" said Lady Margaret; she said it in a pitying tone; more as if speaking to herself than to him.

Mr. Ringwood almost wished at that moment that his first impulse had been to remain in Paris. "There must be clergymen of your Church still here," he said, presently; "I will go to the Embassy and make enquiries, and if I can find one out I will tell him to come and see you."

"No; you need not give yourself that trouble; I do not want him. "Oh, my God!" she cried, with a sudden outburst of indignant scorn, "what a pitiful race they are, these parsons! you cannot count on them in life or death; they are busy with their wives or their hounds when you want them most!"

She was thinking of Mr. Wilkinson in his hunting-gear, while her husband lay dying upstairs; and now here she lay herself, maimed and captive in a besieged city, and there was not one of the ministers of her Church to help her; she

might go mad for want of a word of sympathy or advice; she might die like a dog without anyone to pray beside her; the painful memory, the desolate prospect, together with the excitement of the day and the physical pain she was suffering, all combined to overpower her; her pride broke down, and she burst into tears, hiding her face in her hands and sobbing aloud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINES.

[Continued.]

Every report concerning Louise Lateau should be carefully compared with the authentic accounts of her life, and her condition, and if there is any startling discrepancy between the report and these accounts, American Catholics will do better not to pay attention to remarks which may perhaps be drawn originally from sources opposed to the cause of religion. It is true that in all the years that have elapsed since Louise Lateau has been leading this remarkable life, that there have been some Fridays, few in number, on which no Stigmatization took place, but these exceptions were apparently without cause, for they occurred when nothing had been done to separate Louise from external influences.

This Thursday evening our landlady had just commenced to superintend the removal of the dishes, when there came another representative of the upper circles of Fayt and Menage, a gentleman whose careful toilet showed how affectionately he clung to the youth of which his apparel was the only relic. After responding to the welcome given him by his acquaintances, he bestowed a hasty glance at the doctor and at ourselves.

"Well," said he, as he seated himself, "last Friday there were here to see Louise Lateau thirty persons, of whom fifteen went as they came. Among these last was an English gentleman and his lady, who had brought a letter from their own Archbishop, whose personal friends they are, to our Archbishop, who gave them a recommendation to M. Niels. Thus doubly fortified, they presented themselves at Bois d'Haine and—M. le Curé refused them unconditionally! It seems that the lady endeavored to expostulate, and M. le Curé showed them the door, saying: 'I told you no; go away.' I saw them at the railway; the lady is extremely well-bred, excessively well-bred,—and that they should have been thus treated!"

"What! refuse Mgr. Declamps!" exclaimed one of his hearers.

"Oh, that is nothing," said another; "he has

done that many a time; and he is ready to do it at any time; but to tell a lady, '*allez vous-en*'!"

"And such a lady!" said the gentleman who had related the incident, and on whom the good breeding of the Englishwoman had made a profound impression. "I am very sure it is the first time that she was told to take herself out of a house."

"So he refused Mgr. Dechamps!" said a third; "I hear that these ladies are admitted at the request of Mgr. de Tournay; has M. Niels ever refused Mgr. Dumont?"

"Ah, but Mgr. Dumont's come but rarely! perhaps M. Niels knows that," said one of the first speakers.

"I'll tell you," said the landlord, "whose recommendation he won't refuse, and that is money. Let your Englishman give him a hundred francs, and then he may enter."

"You know better than that," said the full chorus of voices; "what does M. Niels care for donations? they come without his troubling himself to change his course of action."

"Yes," said one, "you know that M. — did offer him a hundred francs, and M. Niels threw it back at him. I would not like to be the man to couple my request to enter with a sum of money."

"We all can see," said another, "that fully one half of those who gain admittance are not persons capable of making large donations, and we do know that the wealthy men of the iron-works here, to whom a couple of hundred francs would be as nothing, compared with their desire to see Louise, are forced to wait indefinitely for their turn to arrive."

Leaving, as we then did, this self-constituted council to solve the problem, to which they probably have not as yet found the slightest clue, a few of the results of our own observation will be added as a conclusion of the subject.

Doubtless M. Niels, like Gedeon, has some simple covenant with himself by which he decides whom to accept and whom to reject. It is not improbable that the multitude who were ordered to return to their homes were as much bewildered by the seemingly arbitrary selection made by their leader as those whom M. Niels tells to go away are when they see those whom he selects. The terms of this covenant may be few or many, but from all that we heard we are tolerably certain that no one who pays a guide to conduct him to the parish house of Bois d'Haine will receive the desired permit. In our own case, M. Niels was very particular in his inquiries of how the way had been found. As far as donations are concerned, M. Niels receives so many that he is callous to their influence, not but that if anyone made him a hand-

some present for the church M. Niels would not sooner or later give a permit, but the gift must not assume the nature of a bribe; therefore let those who are accustomed to work their way to prominence and influential position on account of large donations be very, very cautious how they approach M. Niels. If your means have barely sufficed to bring you to Bois d'Haine, but the vicinity of so great a miracle fills your heart with a pious desire to contribute to the monument that will perpetuate its memory, do not be ashamed to offer the little that you can spare to M. le Curé, for his is a disposition that will regard far more the *good will of the giver* than the *size of the gift*. He will not estimate the length of your purse by the length of your journey; there is no class of men more ready to allow you to judge of your own pecuniary resources than the clergy of Europe, and M. Niels would not know how to make himself an exception. Such as he, on whom the lesson of the widow's mite is not lost, often despise the ostentatious gifts of wealth, while they welcome the simple offering of the poor, which brings most surely a blessing, perhaps a miracle of multiplication.

Not the faintest tinge of dawn had appeared in the east when we were aroused by our landlady's voice, as, tapping on the doctor's door, she added the words:

"Doctor, it is five o'clock."

"Yes, madame."

A few moments later, quick springing footsteps descended the stairway, soon to be followed by the sound of the street-door closing softly, leaving the house to darkness and silence. This was all, but it chased sleep from our eyelids, and mentally we followed the doctor as hastening along the highway he scarcely heeded either the darkness or the raw misty air. We saw him accompanying M. Niels into the church, still filled with the gloomy shadow of night; faintly their tapers glimmered for an instant around the tabernacle, and then, vested in surplice and stole, the priest issued from the gothic portal, followed by the doctor bearing in one hand a votive light, in the other a warning-bell—for, thank Heaven, this was a Christian land, and when God leaves His home in the tabernacle to visit the dying and the bed-ridden, the sick and the suffering, He is not obliged to hide Himself from contempt and insult.

Where these two were going we might not enter, but the variously-worded descriptions of those who have been thus privileged unite to form but one distinct picture; and so we knew what greeted the eyes of this pair as they entered Louise's chamber. Gradually since midnight the wounds, one by one, had opened, and now all the marks of the physical sufferings of the Passion

were visible. Have you ever seen the four celebrated *Ecce Homo* of the Corsini gallery in Rome, the works of four among the greatest artists that Italy has produced? They are no marble fictions; but color has lent its powerful aid to make man realize the awful consequence of sin, and nothing is omitted; there are the bloody thorns, the shabby purple mantle, and the livid wounds caused by the brutal stripes, and each of these paintings is the more perfect in proportion as it approaches more nearly the ideals of the Tyrolese artists whose realistic representations so shock the sensitive minds of the majority of tourists. Have you ever seen Albrecht Dürer's "*Christ the Imploer of Souls?*" How the blood streams from that thorn-crowned head! and those frightful gashes in the clasped hands stretched forth in mute entreaty! Ah, that we had a few more of such productions of art! perhaps then there would be more to exclaim, as we have heard those whose souls were touched by the grace dwelling in works such as these, "That was the way it really was!"

All such representations united, so those who have seen Louise at this hour tell us, barely succeed in producing the same profound impression as that produced by witnessing Louise's condition when she received the Holy Viaticum. Motionless, she kneels erect, insensible of all save pain; the blood flows from every wound, and drips from the marks of the invisible crown, upon the linen cloth spread upon her hands, on the hand of the priest, perhaps on the Host Itself. Watch her as long as you may, each moment will bring the evidence of some previously unnoticed torture, and—"that was the way it really was!"

Oh, no; it is not barbarous; these representations are not the result of a savage taste, neither are they calculated to foster it. The share that man had in the original scene was barbarous; the torments were inflicted by men rendered savage through malice and sin; the cause of these torments is still more savage, still more barbarous; and most barbarous of all is the manner in which we shrink from anything that will remind us of that which a God made man suffered for our salvation. We do not like to see the dreadful effects of our own sinful love of ease and pleasure pictured so forcibly to our eye; we wish to figure the Passion of Christ to ourselves in some dim, shadowy, poetic style that will not agitate our feelings so severely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WE must know how to descend before men in order to ascend before God.

Assisi and its Associations.

(Continued.)

Giotto represents St. Francis receiving his bride from the hands of Christ Himself. Her head is crowned with roses and light, but her feet are bleeding from the thorns of the rough way. Her cheeks are hollow and pale, but her eyes are full of fire. Her garments are worn and in tatters, but she is beautiful with modesty and love. Hers is the tempered spiritual beauty of one who has been chastened by misfortune, but there is nothing of the degradation of human passion. It is the poverty of country life, free, modest, unabashed, but ennobled by an expression that religion alone can give. Worldlings attack her with blows; and a dog, that last friend of the poor, is barking at her with fury. Angels, beaming with joy and admiration, encircle these mysterious nuptials. Below, in one corner, the vices of the times are personified—the rapacity of the nobility, and the greed of monks who have become unmindful of their obligations. At the left is the youthful Francis sharing his mantle with a beggar, while an angel above is ascending with the garment to heaven. The central figure in the painting is the radiant form of Him who took upon Himself the likeness of the poor, on whose condition He now confers fresh dignity by perpetuating a love of poverty in the person of Francis and his Order. Over all are angels of sacrifice offering to God the riches that have been abandoned for the love of Him.

Philosophy, poetry, and religion are all in this wonderful allegory, which has shone here nearly six hundred years as a memorial and a perpetual admonition to the followers of St. Francis.

Chastity is represented under the veiled form of a maiden who has taken refuge in the tower of a fortress, defended by a triple wall, and guarded by Innocence and Fortitude. She is kneeling in the attitude of prayer, while angels bring her a crown and a palm. Before the castle gates are depicted the divine means of purifying the human soul—Baptism, with the cardinal virtues in attendance, and an angel bearing the robe of innocence; Penance in her hood and garb of serge, or, as some say, St. Francis receiving new members into his fold, among whom may be seen Dante, in the habit of the Third Order; and angels of Expiation consigning unseemly vices to the purifying flames of a yawning gulf.

Sancta Obedientia, the least pleasing of these paintings, is represented by the monastic yoke placed on the shoulders of a novice. Prudence and Humility are at his side; the former, entrenched behind a barrier with mirror and compass, has two faces, one examining the past and the other considering the future. [Humility is

bearing a torch. The old Adam of the human heart, under the form of a centaur, is put to flight by these virtues.*

In the midst of these three jewels is represented St. Francis, radiant with holiness, in a rich deacon's dress, on a throne of gold, and surrounded by angels who hymn his praise. Never was mortal more glorified on earth than the humble St. Francis, out of whose tomb has grown the richest flower of mediæval art.

On the wall of the left transept is a sublime painting of the Crucifixion by Pietro Cavallini, one of the most important monuments of the school of Giotto, who was one of the first to soften the representations of the awful sufferings of Christ by an expression of divine resignation and beauty of form. The Byzantine type of the twelfth century, still scrupulously adhered to, was repulsive, and expressive only of the lowest stage of human suffering, as all know who have seen the green, livid figures of Christ on the cross by Margaritone, who died of grief at seeing his standard of excellence set aside and despised. Cavallini, whose piety was so fervent that he was regarded as a saint, had scruples, however, about condemning as an artist what he had knelt before in prayer, though he widely departed from the old school. Nothing could be more beautiful or pathetic than the angels in this picture, who are weeping and wringing their hands with anguish around the dying Saviour. . . . Among the figures below is that of Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens, then (in 1342) at the head of the Florentine republic, for whom this picture was painted. He is on horseback, with a jewelled cap, clothed in rich robes, and, strange to say, with a nimbus around his head, which seems to have been a symbol of power as well as sanctity in those days.

It was one of Cavallini's Christs † that spoke to St. Bridget at St. Paul's without the walls of Rome; and he was the architect of the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor at Westminster Abbey.

At the foot of the altar beneath the Crucifixion is buried Mary of Savoy, granddaughter of Philip II of Spain, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, who often came here to venerate his tomb and seek counsel of St. Joseph of Cupertino, then an inmate of the *Sagro Convento*.

All the chapels of this lower church are famous for their frescoes by noted artists. Simone Memmi, the friend of Petrarch, and painter of Laura, has covered one with the life of St. Martin, who, like St. Francis after him, divided his cloak with a beggar, remaining forever a symbol of the Divine words:

"I was naked and ye clothed Me." The Maddalena Chapel is covered with the legend of the

"Redeemed Magdalene,

And that Egyptian penitent whose tears

Fretted the rock, and moistened round her cave

The thirsty desert,"

by Puccio Capana, who became so attached to Assisi that he settled there for life.

The melancholy Giottino adorned the chapel of St. Nicholas with his usual harmony of color. On the arches of the chapel of St. Louis of France, a Franciscan tertiary, Adone Doni, painted the beautiful Sibyls which Raphael admired and imitated at *Santa Maria della Pace* in Rome. Taddeo Gaddi, the godson and favorite pupil of Giotto, has also left here many touching and beautiful paintings. In fact, all the renowned artists of the day seemed to vie with each other in adorning this monument to the memory of St. Francis, and some of their works were offerings of love and gratitude. To the artistic eye they are models worthy of study, but to us pilgrims, so many visions of beauty and holiness.

In the sacristy is the most authentic portrait of St. Francis in existence, by Giunta Pisano—a lank, wasted form that by no means reflects the charm the saint most certainly had to attract so many disciples around him, to say nothing of his power over the beasts of the earth and the birds of the air. Two marble staircases lead down to the sepulchral chamber where lies the body of St. Francis. This crypt, or third church, as it is sometimes called, is of recent construction, and, though not in harmony with the upper churches, is a prodigious achievement, dug as it is out of the rock on which the whole edifice rests. It is of the Doric order, and in the form of a Greek cross, and lined with precious marbles. It is dark and tomb-like, being lighted only with lamps around the bronze shrine which stands in the very centre. The body of St. Francis had lain nearly six hundred years in the heart of the mountain, shrouded in a mystery that had given rise to many popular legends. When brought here in 1230, it was still flexible as when he was alive, and the mysterious stigmata distinctly visible. This was four years after his death. It was then shown to the people in its cypress coffin, amid the flourish of trumpets, and the shouts of the multitude, and put on a magnificent car drawn by oxen which were covered with purple draperies sent by the Emperor of Constantinople and escorted by a long procession of friars with palms and torches in their hands, chanting hymns composed by Pope Gregory IX himself. Legates, Bishops, and a multitude of clergy followed. But the car was guarded by the magistrates of Assisi, and so fearful were

* In this allegory we have followed, in part, the interpretation of M. Ozanam. † This is carved.

the people lest the body of their saint should be taken from them that, when it arrived at the *Colle d'Inferno*, they would not allow the clergy to take possession of it, but buried it themselves in the very bowels of the earth. Hence a certain mystery that always hung over the tomb.

It is related that the third night after his burial the mountain was shaken by an earthquake and surrounded by an unearthly light. The friars, hastening to the place where they knew their patriarch lay hidden, found the rock rent asunder and the saint standing on his tomb with transfigured face and eyes raised to heaven. Gregory IX is said to have come to witness the prodigy, and left this inscription on the wall: *Ante obitum mortuus; post obitum vivens*.—Before his death, dead; after death, living.

It became a popular belief that this body, which bore the impress of the Passion of Christ, would never see corruption, and that he would remain thus, ever living and praying, in the depths of his inaccessible tomb.

In 1818 Pius VII authorized the Franciscans to search for the body of their founder. After continual excavations in the rock for fifty-two days, or rather nights (for they worked in the silence and secrecy of the night), they came to an iron grate that protected the narrow recess where lay the saint. It was then the crypt was constructed to receive the sacred body. The same old grate is before the present shrine, and the sacristan thrust his torch through the bars, that we might catch a glimpse of the remains of one

“Whose marvellous life deservedly was sung
In heights empyreal.”

Around this glorious tomb all the Franciscans of Assisi, before they were suppressed by the present Italian Government, used to gather every Saturday at the Vesper hour, to chant, with lighted tapers in hand, the psalm *Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi*, sung by St. Francis when he was dying. It has been set to music by one of the friars, in a grand air known as the *Transito*, because it celebrates the transit of the saint to a higher life. This became one of the attractions of the place, which kings and princes considered it a favor to hear, but of course it is no longer sung. Let us hope that this forced suspension is only transitory.

At the door of the crypt are the statues of Pius VII, in whose pontificate it was constructed, and of Pius IX, a member of the Third Order, who has surrounded it with twelve bass-reliefs, representing the life of the saint.

A long flight of stone steps leads from the lower court to the terrace before the upper church, which is grassy and starred with daisies. This church is as lofty and brilliant with light as the

other is gloomy and low-browed. Cimabue and Giotto adorned its walls with paintings that are now sadly defaced, but they have a fascination no modern artist can inspire, and we linger over them as over the remembrance of some half-forgotten dream, hoping to catch a clearer view before they fade forever away. Above are scenes from the Holy Scriptures—a glorious *Biblia Pauperum*, indeed, it must have been when fresh from the artist's hands; and this is especially the church of the people, as the lower one is that of the friars. Below is the wondrous life of St. Francis, a poem in twenty-eight cantos, by Giotto, the painter of St. Francis *par excellence*, who never seemed weary of his favorite subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letter from Rome.

ROME, September 2, 1876.

DEAR “AVE MARIA”.—In this age when demonstrations against the Catholic Church have become, so to speak, the *ordre du jour*, it affords us no small satisfaction when we behold a demonstration in favor of our dear Mother. Now, a religious demonstration does one good. It warms the fibres of our faith, makes them throb with new life, expels fear, introduces courage, hope, constancy, and a great many other virtues which I'd rather have than describe. And, after all,

RELIGIOUS DEMONSTRATIONS

are the most natural occurrences in the world, if you only consider the constitution of the Church for a moment. She is a visible body, composed of us men and women, who, I may safely aver, are visible bodies, and, being such, we require, as the Apostle has it, to be drawn through sensible things to the invisible things of God. Take a religious procession for instance—say a procession of the Most Holy Sacrament. It gives one's faith a warming. It makes one forget the sophisms and sneers of the unbelieving world, and you feel as if you didn't care a pin whether you could refute them categorically or not. You feel like offering to every objection the stout “I believe” of our forefathers and and mothers in the faith, of the first, second, and third centuries; so there's an end of it. Religious processions are splendid and telling exponents of religious belief, and it is no small tribute to the Church, if the whys and wherefores be considered, to say that she is not afraid to parade her belief. Her enemies know this too well, hence a detachment of them, who have taken up their headquarters in her very sanctuaries, have forbidden religious processions, under divers penalties which figure in the penal code of that part of the Kingdom of Darkness called the kingdom of Italy. Practically, religious processions have been abolished here in Rome since 1870. Considering that the quintessence of unbelief and hatred of religion is located here, and that the insults offered to sacred things would be proportionately great, the ecclesiastical authorities have wisely refrained from all other demonstrations outside of the churches save those which were

judged necessary, such as the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in procession to the sick and dying. The late prohibition of processions affects the carrying of the Viaticum through the streets. And now it is only permitted in a modest form, without the ringing of bells, or the chanting of psalms and litanies. Our enemies would be our masters of ceremonies *in sacris*. The people of the provinces, however, have not given a complimentary reception to the circular of the minister, Nicotera. They are decidedly and emphatically opposed to it, and the most singular and amusing feature in the opposition is that it comes chiefly from the women. On the

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

the women of Frosinone seized the flags and banners which were formerly used in the processions of the *Annunziata*, and which stood in the corner of the parish-church, and despite the remonstrances of the clergy, and in utter contempt of the riot act, which the syndic attempted to read, paraded the streets in a most orderly and decorous manner. Never before was there such a demand for wax tapers. They rushed into the shops where they were sold, and bought them, and forced them upon the men, who stood idle but amused spectators of the novel scene. In the town of Teano, farther down towards Naples, the young girls carried the statue of St. Roch in solemn procession, regardless of the authorities, civil and military. Similar scenes were witnessed in divers other provincial towns. At Frascati, however, a company of soldiers met the priest who was carrying the Viaticum to a dying person, and who was followed by hundreds of the faithful, and ordered him back into the church or take the other alternative of being fired upon. The people were highly incensed, and, retiring into the church, a rather strange demonstration took place. The men portion of the assembly went on their knees and intoned the *Miserere*. But the women stood up and shouted, *Evviva Gesù! abbasso Nicotera!*—"Live Jesus! down with Nicotera!" Who can blame them? Their indignation is most just; for their most sacred liberty, that of conscience, is cruelly trampled upon.

Nowhere save in Prussia, a Protestant land, do we read of such outrages. Even the Italian Republic of 1802 honored religion, and, far from suppressing religious processions, gave particular instructions to the military authorities as to how they should comport themselves in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. It is sufficient to quote the introductory paragraph of a circular addressed to the military commandants by the Vice-President of the Republic: "No. 30—Military honors to be rendered to the exterior acts of the Catholic worship, April 6, 1802. The Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion being, in virtue of the first article of the Constitution, the religion of the State, the military force must honor the exterior acts of the Catholic worship." Here follow instructions as to the honors to be paid to the Most Holy Sacrament when passing through the streets. How different nowadays, and yet the same article figures in the constitution of the State. What evil might arise to the "actual order of things," or wherein the *public health* might suffer in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the

wildest fanatic of Liberalism is unable to tell. To this people may be said, as Christ said in the prophetic threnodies to the stiffnecked Jews, "*Popule mi! Quid feci tibi? Aut in quo contristavi tibi?*"—My people, what have I done to thee? Or wherein have I saddened thee?

The Holy Father has addressed a tender little Brief to the poor Carlists who are in exile at Anjou. The French papers tell us that many of these brave fellows nearly perished from hunger and the exhaustion consequent on their long march across the mountains. Yet in their misery they did not forget to send a letter of congratulation to His Holiness on his 30th anniversary. The following is his reply: "Pius IX, Pope. Beloved Sons: Health and Apostolic Benediction. Your homage was most acceptable to us, dear sons, not only because we are pleased to see in it a pledge of your union with the Holy See, of your devotion and filial piety, but also, because, even amid the sorrows of life, we behold you remaining so faithful to religion that you feel a lively apprehension at the idea of the danger to which Catholic unity is exposed in your country. But that God who sustains the faith in you will also know how to preserve it in a nation whose glory it is never to have gone away from it. He permits this trial, to bring her back to the glory of her religion. And certainly if that comes to pass, peace and prosperity will flourish in your country, for piety is useful to all. This is the wish we entertain for you, and for your country; and as a pledge of the Divine favor, and in attestation of our paternal benevolence, we affectionately give our Apostolic Benediction to all. Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, the thirty-first day of July, 1876, in the thirtieth year of our Pontificate. PIUS IX, Pope. To the Spanish soldiers retired at Anjou."

Since my last communication, several ecclesiastical appointments have been published. The Rev. Abbé Coulié, Ordinary Canon of Paris, has been nominated Coadjutor to Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. The Armenian Monks of St. Lazarus, at Venice, concerning whose attachment to the Holy See serious doubts were entertained here in Rome, especially after the part taken by some of their Order in the expulsion from his See of the Armenian Patriarch, Mgr. Hassun, have made a formal submission, according to the formula of Pope Urban VIII, to the Holy Father. After the death of their late Abbot, Mgr. Georgio Hürmüz, Archbishop of Sirmia, the monks petitioned His Holiness for permission to assemble the chapter and elect a successor. The Pope thought this a favorable opportunity to dispel the suspicions which had rested on the community, and he invited them to make the profession of Pope Urban, and also add an explicit condemnation of the schismatics at Constantinople. They readily complied, and forwarded a general profession of faith, a particular act of submission to the person of His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, and a formal recognition of Mgr. Hassun as the only and legitimate Patriarch of the Armenian Catholic Church. In view of this declaration the Pope gave the required authorization, and on the 2d inst., in the presence of Cardinal Trevisanato, Pa-

triarch of Venice, the Chapter assembled, and elected as abbot, Father Ignatius Ghiurek. The abbot elect immediately forwarded to His Holiness a new and personal act of submission, and a similar declaration to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. The Holy Father is rejoiced at this happy occurrence, and hopes that it will go far to unite the Armenians, who are now unhappily divided by a schism.

No new act of pretension on the part of Bismark can surprise us. So the announcement that the Government has taken upon itself the appointment of the teachers who shall also give Catholic religious instruction to the youth, is not overwhelming. The good Bishop of Paderborn, who is actually in prison, has tried to make the best of this evil, and has conceived the idea of exacting from these teachers, appointed solely by the Government, an act of submission and obedience to the Church. The idea has so pleased the Holy Father that he has addressed an apposite Brief to the Confessor, in which, after comparing his situation with that of the early Christians who suffered for the faith, he writes: "Hence we prefer to congratulate you on your lot rather than pity you; and so much the more so, because you not only preserve your own dignity and that of your functions, but you continue to have a care of the flock intrusted to you. We rejoice in this, that you gather abundant fruits from it, in the fidelity and love of your clergy and of your people, in the joy with which they support persecution; above all, that they prefer the purity of their faith and the preservation of unity. We see an admirable proof of it in the solicitude with which your clergy unite with you for the education of the youth, and in the plan conceived and approved by you, according to which the teachers, nominated exclusively by the secular power, shall prove their obedience towards the Church, and teach by word and example. To effect this plan a more than natural force is required, and equal firmness to overcome the difficulties which will be opposed. But God, who inspired this plan, will without doubt give the necessary force to realize it entirely."

Of the movements of the enemy in their own camp I would rather be silent for the present. They are fighting among themselves, and, as the *Voce della Verità* well remarks, we can afford to laugh at them. The recriminations and charges which they hurl against each other are too foul to appear in the columns of the *Ave*. I shall only quote the last saying of Pietro della Gattina, a luminary in United Italy, concerning Garibaldi. "Garibaldi," he says, "has become a gross prebendary, who cures his rheumatics, and swallows 100,000 frs. without indigestion." How many canonries and benefices were not stolen to feed that "gross prebendary" of Caprera!

ARTHUR.

PRAY continually for the welfare and freedom of the Church, particularly in the countries where she is most threatened. A Christian ought not merely to care for his own personal salvation, but for that of his brethren, and should ever be solicitous for the destinies of the Church.—*Lacordaire*.

Catholic Notes.

—We are very glad to hear from reliable sources that the health of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey is somewhat improved.

—The *Weekly Visitor*, of Providence, R. I., announces that nearly one hundred Protestants have become Catholics in that city since January.

—The relics of St. Marcellinus, which have been presented to the city of Cazeres, were translated to that place in solemn procession on the 4th of September.

—A band of Paulist Fathers, with Rev. Father Elliott as superior, are engaged in giving missions throughout the diocese of St. Paul. These missions are attended with great success.

—We are pained to have to announce the death of the saintly Father Perrone, the eminent theologian of the Society of Jesus, in Rome. Our Roman correspondent will not fail to send full particulars in due time.

—We regret that a great press of matter has forced us to exclude the Children's Department this week. We will, however, try to give the young folks some extra space in our next number to make up for this loss.

—We regret exceedingly to announce the death of the Right Rev. Mgr. Tate, President of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, England, which took place on the 25th ult. The deceased Prelate had attained his 76th year.—*R. I. P.*

—We are informed by the *N. O. Morning Star* that the Bishops of that Province lately assembled to select names to be forwarded to Rome for the See of Natchitoches, made vacant by the death of the lamented Bishop Martin.

—Rev. Father de Bruycker, of Willimantic, Conn., arrived home from Europe on the 11th instant, and was enthusiastically welcomed by his parishioners and friends. Father de Bruycker is one of the most respected priests in the diocese.

—Ireland's gifted son, Father Tom Burke, has returned to his native land after a long visit to the Eternal City. He was delayed in France, preaching to crowded and delighted audiences, and is now fast regaining his wonted vigor and vivacity.

—A pilgrimage to Rome of the Catholics of Savoy is announced. Mgr. Magnin, Bishop of Annecy, will lead in person the descendants of those who had St. Francis de Sales for pastor. The pilgrimage of the Spanish Catholics is expected to take place in October.

—Rev. T. P. Thorpe, at present pastor of the Cathedral, Cleveland, and the accomplished editor of the *Catholic Universe*, was made the recipient of some handsome presents a short time ago, by his former parishioners of the Immaculate Conception, by whom he was much beloved.

—A historical work has been undertaken by the

Fathers of the London Oratory, at the instance of Cardinal Manning. It is to be entitled "Documents Concerning the History of the Church in England during the Times of Persecution," the period thus designated being the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

—The *Covington (Ky.) Journal* says: "The rapid growth of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of Covington is indicated by the fact that eight young priests have been ordained within the past twelve months, and are now laboring within its bounds, while twenty students are preparing themselves for the priesthood."

—Several French chaplains have notified the Government that they will remain at their posts notwithstanding the discontinuance of salary by the National Assembly. Two Bishops have also paid a visit to the Secretary of War and formally signified their intention of maintaining at their posts the military chaplains whom the Chamber has deprived of their salaries.

—Another religious order has been recently introduced into the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Two Sisters of the Order of Poor Clares have been authorized to establish a house in West Philadelphia. The Order of Poor Clares is a cloistered and contemplative Order, under the strict rule of St. Francis, and is subject to the Superior-General of the Franciscans at Rome.

—The Methodist Bishop Sampson, in a sermon preached at the dedication of a meeting-house in Indiana the other day, is reported to have traced the progress of Christianity from the time of the Apostles down to the present day. Unless he drew on his imagination for history, says the *Catholic Columbian*, he must have been puzzled to find any Methodism to adorn his sketch.

—The Association of the Holy Childhood, which the Prussian Government declared suppressed throughout the kingdom a few years ago, is living, in spite of the absurd prohibition, and more flourishing than ever. In the year 1871 the collections made by the Association amounted to 198,434 marks; in 1875, they reached nearly double that sum, viz. 343,847 marks, of which 60,000 marks were contributed by Prussian children.

—The ancient Church of S. Francesco, at Urbino, was reopened last March. Researches into its history have lately been made by Prof. Borgononi, and an old Gothic chapel beneath the campanile has been carefully restored. On the walls of this chapel, underneath numerous coats of whitewash, a fine fresco has been found representing Christ disputing with the doctors, and figures of SS. Peter, Paul, and Catherine. Traces of colored ornamentation have also been found on the outside walls.

—We understand that Rev. J. C. Carrier, C. S. C., formerly professor of the natural and physical sciences in the University of Notre Dame, Ind., has been appointed Professor in St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati. Father Carrier is a member of the American Science

Association, being a deep student of Nature's laws. To every scientific student of Notre Dame the name of Father Carrier is synonymous with intellectual labor. We congratulate the scientific circles of Cincinnati. —*Catholic Columbian*.

—The following young gentlemen received the habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the Chapel of the Novitiate at Notre Dame, Ind., on the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary: Martin Brennan (Br. Romanus), Patrick Brennan (Br. Athanasius), Michael McAuliffe (Br. Angelus), Jos. McVeigh (Br. Benignus), Jas. Hawley (Br. Prosper), Chas. Smith (Br. Elias), Chas. Flynn (Br. Florian), Micael Bree (Br. Callistus), John Buchart (Br. Nicholas), Daniel McCarthy (Br. Martial).

—A meeting of the Hungarian Bishops was lately held in Pesth, to adopt measures for the organization of suitable school-boards in the different parishes of the Roman and Greek Catholic rites. It is said that each school-board will be composed of the pastor and his assistants, of a representative from the teachers, a delegate of the patron (feudal landlord), and a number of members elected in proportion to the population of each district. The parish priest is to be president of this board, the vice-president to be elected by the members.

—A correspondent of the *Catholic Universe*, writing from London, states that in 1858 five members of the Passionist Order entered into possession of a house at Highgate, one room of which was fitted up as a chapel. This would hardly hold three dozen people, but it was amply sufficient, as the Catholic population of the district at that time consisted of only two persons—a tailor and his wife! In 1862, the present spacious church was erected and opened for public worship. At the present time, the congregation comprises 1200 Catholics, 800 of whom are converts. The community itself has been increased, and will soon number 20 members, for whose accommodation a new monastery has been built, and was dedicated recently by Cardinal Manning.

—One of the greatest bibliographic treasures in the world is in the collection of the Prince de Ligue, France. The title of the book is *Liber Passionis Domini nostri Jesu Christi cum characteribus nulla materia compositis*. This book is neither written nor printed, but all the letters have been carefully cut out from the finest parchment and pasted upon blue paper. The text is as legible as the best print. The patience and endurance evinced by the artist at the work must have been extraordinary, especially when the small size of the letters, of which the beauty is really marvellous, is considered. The German Emperor Rudolph the Second offered 11,000 ducats for it, an enormous sum in his time. A very remarkable feature of this book is that it bears the English coat of arms although it has never been known that it came from England or that it ever has been there.

—The *Saar Zeitung* of the 17th of August publishes the following testimonial to a recent miracle at Marpingen: "I, signing my name, Peter Dörr, miner in

Humes, do hereby testify that my child, Jacob Dörr, aged four years, had been sick from March to October, 1875. His limbs became distorted, and he could neither stand nor walk. The pains caused by his sufferings were intense, and all medical aid proved of no avail. On the 15th of July last the child was carried to the place where the Blessed Virgin appeared, and was cured after being laid on the very spot of the apparition, whereon the feet of the Blessed Virgin had rested. He is now able to stand and to walk, which he could not do before. My child was much rejoiced by this miraculous cure, and did not cease to praise our Blessed Mother on our return home, ascribing to her his miraculous cure. Besides this, my child asserts that he twice saw the Apparition, dressed in white.

PETER DÖRR.

"HUMES, August 10, 1876."

—Bishop Galberry, says the *Hartford Post*, is proving himself a worthy successor to Bishop McFarland, and evidently has the Catholic interests of the State well in hand. Though a quiet, modest man in appearance, he is able, industrious, and a great organizer, as already shown by his work. He is visiting constantly every part of the State, organizing schools and churches, and has courage to make radical changes in men and measures, to suit localities. He is a direct practical preacher, without any attempt at show, but evidently in earnest, and sincerely devoted to his Church; and unless we misunderstand Catholic sentiment he has a following that will be sure to give him great success. Through his influence a Catholic paper has been successfully established, and we understand that as soon as the debt upon St. Peter's Church is paid, and for this purpose it has been made temporarily the pro-Cathedral, he is to go forward with the large Cathedral on Farmington Avenue. This is to be a costly structure. Many of our best citizens outside of his Church have called upon the Bishop and universally express themselves greatly pleased with his views, spirit and cordiality.

—Count Ladislaus Plater, writing to the *Germania* from the Brölberg, near Zurich, says:—"The condition of the Polish priests who were banished to Siberia is now somewhat improved, thanks to the assistance which has been rendered them. The number, however, of these exiles is great, and is constantly augmenting; besides, there are many so enfeebled by age and sickness that they are unable to procure a livelihood by their labor. Hence our work needs the continuous help of Catholics. In order to form a notion of the afflictions to which these confessors are exposed, we must remember that the persecution follows them even beyond the grave. The poor victims are deprived of Catholic interment. Their companions in misery bear them to the grave, but Russian priests recite the burial service. Such Catholic churches and chapels as exist are in most places closed; priests are forbidden to say Mass, and it is only in secret that they can celebrate the Divine Mysteries. They are under continual surveillance, and are never permitted to absent themselves from the place assigned to them. The moderate offerings received

for their assistance up to June 23d amounted to little more than 16,905 francs."

—We have already spoken of the great progress our holy religion is making in California. The ground blessed as the scene of the labors of Venerable Father Serra, and watered by the blood of his disciples, cannot fail to bear good fruit. From a private letter of a traveller in the Golden State, we learn that Mr. Walker, a generous citizen of Sebastopol, Sonoma County, and a Protestant, has recently given Rev. Father Cullen seven acres of land, about a quarter of a mile distant from the town, as a site for a church and cemetery. We understand that Father Cullen shortly intends commencing the erection of churches at Sebastopol, Timber Cove, Duncan's Mills, Bloomfield, and Cloverdale, around which places a Catholic population is rapidly settling. From the same letter we learn that St. Vincent's Church, Petaluma, recently built, is a very handsome structure, and an ornament to the town—and, better still, that it is already beginning to prove too small for the large congregation gathered there by the zealous labors of the pastor and his worthy assistant, Rev. Fathers James Cleary and Patrick Ward. These priests have also charge of the congregations of St. Francis Solano, Sonoma, and St. Mary's at Nicassia. The church at Petaluma when finished inside will cost about \$25,000. The population of the town is estimated at 5,000.

—The *Wahrheitsfreund*, in an interesting editorial of several columns, mentions the reasons for the apostasy of Dr. Döllinger. We clip the following remarkable passage: "It is, finally, a marked feature in all heresiarchs that they have discarded, and are even opposed to, the devotion to the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of Our Lord, practiced from time immemorial in the Church, and that these heretics have no relish for and no understanding of the deep meaning and importance attributed to Mary in the great work of man's redemption. And it is but natural that the Blessed Virgin Mary and heresy can never agree in the least. "*Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo.*" What stand has, then, the new heresiarch taken in relation to the devotion to our Blessed Mother? Such as has been taken by all tainted with the poison of heresy; this devotion leaves Dr. Döllinger cold to his heart's core. The following passage from his 'Janus' will illustrate the fact. After the intended declaration of a dogma that the Blessed Virgin Mary was taken up body and soul into heaven, he continues that he had more than enough with the Immaculate Conception of Mary being solemnly raised by Pius IX to a divinely inspired and revealed truth of faith, but to the intended new resolution of the Council, treating of the infallibility of the Pope, the announced new dogma of Mary's Assumption would be quite harmless, except that it proved again the entire character of the Jesuits, who despised old ecclesiastical traditions and whose appetite when the first object was reached, was always wont to increase. If the unhappy old man had only saved a spark of devotion to our Blessed Mother out of his ruined faith, there might be a ray of hope that

a miracle of grace would reclaim him to the right way.

Obituary.

—REV. THOMAS F. MOORE, late Pastor of the Catholic Church at Dunlap, Iowa, died at his residence on the 4th inst., of congestion of the brain. Father Moore was formerly attached to St. Raphael's Cathedral, Dubuque. His late mission covered a considerable extent of country, as from Dunlap he attended the outlying missions of Missouri Valley, and Magnolia, in Harrison County, and Denison, in Crawford County.—*New York Freeman's Journal*.

—Departed this life, on Monday, August 21st, at St. Joseph's Academy, McSherrystown, Pa., MOTHER M. MAGDALEN WEAVER, aged 67 years. The deceased was of German parentage, but was herself a native of Pennsylvania. In the year 1841 she was admitted as a postulant in the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at St. Louis, Mo., where she labored with great zeal until she came to McSherrystown, in 1858. Being installed Mother Superior here, she felt impressed with a lively sense of the great responsibility of the charge she had undertaken, and no one, we believe, could have devoted herself more conscientiously to the performance of its solemn duties. By gentle reproof and salutary advice she won the affection and confidence of her community, who always found in her life and conversation a bright example of the precepts she delighted to inculcate. Amiable, unassuming, affable and polite, she could not fail to acquire the esteem of all who knew her. But amongst all the virtues that adorned her character, her charity shone conspicuous. She has fallen beneath the relentless stroke of death, but we trust it was to rise to a yet higher and brighter life: For I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. At 9 o'clock, on Friday morning, the 25th, a solemn High Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of Mother M. Magdalen, the Right Rev. Bishop Shanahan officiating, Rev. Father McBride being deacon, and Rev. Father McKenna sub-deacon. At the conclusion of the Mass the Right Rev. Bishop delivered an eloquent and touching discourse, in the course of which he paid a beautiful tribute to the virtues of the deceased. After the absolution, which was given by the Bishop, the casket was gently lifted and borne to the grave, followed by the weeping community and the heartfelt prayers of the sorrowing multitude; the convent bell, meanwhile, which oft had summoned her to prayer and holy meditation, tolling a last farewell.

J. E. G.

Requiescant in pace.

HE who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love.—*St. Basil*.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 16TH.

Number of letters received, 120; of new members enrolled, 91. The following applications have been made: Recovery of health for 81 persons, and 20 families; Change of life for 25 persons, 2 families; Conversion to the faith for 23 persons, and 5 families; The grace of perseverance has been asked for 108, and that of a happy death for 105 persons; Particular graces have been asked for 9 priests, 9 religious, and for 2 lay-persons desiring a religious vocation; Temporal favors have been solicited for 29 persons, 15 families, 5 communities, 2 congregations, 6 schools; Spiritual favors, for 122 persons, 12 families, 6 communities, 2 congregations, 6 schools, 1 seminary, 10 orphan asylums, and 2 novitiates. The following intentions have been specified: The virtue of temperance and amendment of life for several persons; Success in business for a young man; Deliverance from scruples for some pious persons; A young man with a bad temper; Reconciliation and peace between some families; The restoration of a good name and regaining of a situation, both lost by calumny; The just settlement of a certain estate; The removal of a pending trouble; That God may remove a person of bad influence from a father of a family; Some persons in great difficulties; The securing of a situation by a teacher.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following extracts are from letters lately received: "A friend of mine shared the water of Lourdes you kindly sent with a neighbor who has been in very ill health for years and who has derived so much benefit from its use that her friends are all astonished at the great change." "Please say a Mass of thanksgiving for a favor obtained. My sister had a congestive chill, and was dying; her husband gave her some of the Lourdes water, and, kneeling down, he promised this Mass if Our Lady of the Sacred Heart would cure her. She recovered, although she did not take any medicine, and has not had another chill; the water has saved her life three times." "Some time ago my husband procured for me some water of Lourdes that I might be cured of a peculiar disease, of which I am now entirely free."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. JANE LYNCH, HENRY MACKIN, BERNARD CONLIN, all of Columbus, Wis., and who died some time ago. THOS. MANGAN, Sr., and THOS. MANGAN, Jr., of Omaha, Nebraska. Miss ROSE LEONARD, of Reedville, Mass. Miss BRIDGET GARLAND and PATRICK KEELY, of Philadelphia. Miss BRIDGET KEIGHRAN, of San Francisco, Cal., who departed this life on the 4th of September. Miss ELLEN MONAGHAN, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose death occurred on the 8th of September. WM. T. McNAMARA of Lynchburgh, Va. FLORENCE SHERIDAN, who died at Sebastopol, Cal., some time ago, in the 55th year of his age.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., OCTOBER 7, 1876.

No. 41.

Assisi and its Associations.

(Concluded.)

There are over one hundred stalls in the choir, delicately carved by Sanseverino, with curious intarsia-work, representing the Popes, doctors, and saints of the Franciscan Order.

The beautiful lancet windows of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are "suffused with lessons sweet of heavenly lore," glorious in color, which give marvellous hues to Cimabue's angels who hover in the arches with "varied plume and changeful vest." The lower church is that of poor mortals who struggle with earth and grope for the light. This one depicts the glory of the saints, and is a symbol of Paradise.

Connected with the church is the *Sagro Convento*, which is entered by an arched passage lined with portraits of distinguished Franciscans. There are four large cloisters, now solitary but for the ascetic forms painted on the walls, and the silent tombs of the dead friars. Long corridors, lined with saints of the Order, lead to the narrow cells intended for the living. Two refectories were shown us, one large enough to contain two hundred and fifty persons, with *Silentium*, in great letters on the wall over the fine *Cenacolo* by Solimena. Opposite the latter is a Crucifixion by Adone Doni, with Jerusalem and Assisi in the background, and SS. Francis and Clare at the foot of the Cross. Narrow tables extended around the room, with seats against the wall, on which the *Benedicite* is carved.

But the most striking feature of this vast monastery is the immense gallery on the western side, like an arcade on the brink of a precipice, with a torrent in the depths below. This was constructed by Sixtus IV, whose statue is at one end. It affords a grand view over the whole Umbrian valley. Montefalco, Spello, and Perugia are in full sight; below is the Porziuncula; in the dis-

tance the purple Apennines, with the glorious Italian sky over all. One needs no better book of devotion than this page of nature.

On the other side of the monastery the windows look down on the garden of the friars with charming walks on the side of the mountain amid olives and cypresses.

It was not till the second morning we began to explore Assisi. What queer old lanes, up and down hill, we passed along, the walls covered with moss and ferns, out of which green lizards darted. The streets were grassy and noiseless, being mostly inaccessible to carriages. Coats-of-arms are sculptured over many of the massive old portals, accompanied, perhaps, with some religious symbol. On one was *Viva Gesu e Maria*. Another had *Ubi Deus, ibi pax*. Every few moments we came to a lovely fresco of the Madonna—too beautiful a flower to bloom on the rough highways of life. Everything was old and quaint, and in harmony with the traditions of the place—everything redolent of the middle ages and of the memory of St. Francis. Assisi is full of monuments that perpetuate some incident of his life. There is *San Francesco il Piccolo*—Little St. Francis—an oratory on the site of the stable where he was born, with the inscription:

Hoc oratorium fuit bovis et asini estabulum

In quo natus est Franciscus mundi speculum;

—This chapel was the stable of an ox and ass, wherein was born Francis, the mirror of the world.*

The *Chiesa Nuova*—the New Church, but over two hundred and sixty years old—was built by Philip III, of Spain, on the site of the house of Pietro Bernardone, the father of St. Francis, and

* Several other saints have had the happiness of being born in a stable, as St. Joseph de Copertino, and Camillo de Lellis—the latter from a pious wish of his mother that he might come into the world like the Son of God.

has always been under the protection of the Spanish crown. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with five domes in memory of the five mystic wounds of the saint. Over the entrance are graven the arms of Spain. A flock of white pigeons was around the door. A young friar with mild, pleasant eyes, came forward in his brown habit to show us the church. Some portions of the original house of Bernardone have been preserved; among others a low, round arch, and an old door held together by iron clamps. And at the left is the low cell in which St. Francis was confined for three days by his father for selling some of his goods to repair San Damiano. In it is a statue of the saint, kneeling with folded hands, before which we found flowers and a burning lamp. Around the central dome are statues of celebrated Franciscans—St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Clare, St. Diego, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary. In the presbytery is shown St. Francis' chamber.

In the Bishop's palace is the room where St. Francis stripped off his garments in the presence of his father, and the Bishop covered him with his mantle. It contains a painting of the scene.

There is an oratory where once dwelt Bernard de Quintavalle, the first disciple of Francis. Here he saw the saint upon his knees all night, weeping and exclaiming, *Deus meus et omnia*—My God and my all! and conceived such a veneration for him that he

“Did bare his feet, and in pursuit of peace,
So heavenly, ran, yet deemed his footing slow.”

The Church of St. Nicholas is where they consulted the Gospel to know what manner of life they should lead.

On our way to all these places, so touching to the heart of a Catholic, we passed the theatre named for Metastasio, who was enrolled among the citizens of Assisi, and whose father was a native of the place. We visited likewise the portico of the temple of Minerva, now a church, which is one of the finest specimens of Greek art in Italy. Goethe stopped at Assisi on purpose to visit it, but, like our own Hawthorne after him, passed by the marvels of art around the tomb of St. Francis.

A steep mountain path through the woods leads north of Assisi to the *Eremo delle Carcere*, composed of a cluster of houses among the ilex-trees, and five or six cells hollowed in the cliffs, to which St. Francis and his first disciples used to retire when they wished to give themselves up to the bliss of uninterrupted contemplation. No place could be more favorable for such a purpose. The wooded mountain, the wild ravine, the profound silence, the solitary paths, the sky of Italy, and—God. What more did they need? There is the

cave of St. Francis, with the crucifix, carved with skill and expression, which he used to carry with him in his evangelical rounds, and the couch of stone on which he took his slight repose. Near by is the evergreen oak where the birds, who once received his blessing, still sing the praises of God. A place is pointed out where the demon who had tempted him cast himself despairingly into the abyss; and below is the *Fosco delle Carcere*, where flowed the turbulent stream which so disturbed the hermits in their devotions that St. Francis prayed its course might be stayed; and for six hundred years it has only flowed before some special disaster to the land. As may be supposed, it has not failed, as we are assured, to flow in abundance ever since the day Victor Emmanuel set his foot in the Pontifical States.

Every branch of the Franciscan Order has a house at Assisi, but most of these communities have been dispersed by the Italian Government. People are at liberty to dress in purple and fine linen, and indulge in every earthly pleasure; but to do penance, to put on sandals and a brown habit, and “clothe one's self in good St. Francis' girdle,” is quite another affair. Besides, the Franciscans are traditionally the friends of the people, and the influence they once exerted against the German Emperors who oppressed Italy may not be forgotten. Frederick the Second's ministers said the Minor Friars were a more formidable obstacle to encounter than a large army. The tertiaries of the middle ages exercised great influence in the moral and political world. They created institutions of mutual credit in the thirteenth century. At the voice of St. Rose, who belonged to the Third Order, Viterbo rose up against Frederick II.

This branch of the seraphic Order embraced all classes of society. One hundred and thirty-four emperors, queens and princesses are said to have belonged to it, among whom were Louis IX of France, the Emperor Charles V of Germany, Maria Theresa of Austria, etc. Christopher Columbus, Raphael, and Michael Angelo were also tertiaries. Princes assumed the cord on their arms, like Francis I, Duke of Brittany, who added the motto: *Plus qu'autre*, as if he, more than any one, revered the saint whose name he bore. Giotto has painted a Franciscan ascending to heaven by means of his girdle, and Lope de Vega makes use of the same image in his ode to St. Francis:

“Vuestra cordon es la scala
De Jacob, pues hemos visto
Por les nudos de sus passos
Subir sobre el cielo empireo
No gigantes, sino humildes.” *

* Your cord is the ladder of Jacob; we have seen, not

The Magnificat.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord; my spirit
Exults in God my Saviour, for He hath
The low estate regarded of His servant,
For now from henceforth all shall call me blessed.
He that is great hath done great things for me,
And holy is His Name, whose mercy rests
From generation unto generation
Upon all those who fear Him. He hath wrought
Strength by His arm; hath scattered forth the proud
In the imagination of their hearts;
He hath pulled down the mighty from their seats,
The humble hath exalted; He hath filled
The hungry with good things and sent the rich
Away in emptiness; and as He spake
Unto our fathers, Israel His Child
He has laid hold of, remember mercy
To Abraham and his Seed for evermore."—*The Month.*

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Ringwood was greatly moved; he thought he saw deeper than she did into the causes of her emotion; he let her weep on for a few moments undisturbed, and then he said, speaking earnestly but very quietly:

"Lady Margaret, this is a solemn moment for both of us; you are arrested on your way, and by God's will forced to remain here alone, to go through a painful, perhaps a terrible experience, while I am going forth—I humbly trust in obedience to the same Divine will—to face death, with many chances of meeting it. I may therefore claim the privilege of a dying man, and speak to you boldly and frankly. This accident is come as a message of mercy to you; take care that you profit by it; God's dispensations always hold a purpose; it is mostly hidden from us; but sometimes it reveals itself; I see as distinctly as if it were written in a book that this dispensation is one on which some momentous result to your soul depends; ask for light that you may understand this, and that you may accomplish God's will when it is made clear to you. Say one *Pater noster* every day for this intention; will you promise me?"

"I will," she answered, subdued into unwonted docility, "and will you do the same for me? you told me once that you prayed for me before you ever saw me."

"And I have continued to do so ever since I have known you,"

"What do you ask for, for me?"

"The grace to receive the faith."

the mighty, but the lowly of heart, mount up by its knots to the empyreal heaven.

"You think I am refusing it?"

"God alone can answer that; you do not perhaps know yourself whether you are or not; but this I can tell, you have had immense graces granted to you: you witnessed a mercy to your husband as great as any that God, omnipotent as He is, can bestow on any soul. Colonel Blake was a Catholic, and lost his faith; it was no doubt in part owing to personal infidelity, but it was also the result in a great measure of your influence; he would have remained nominally a Catholic, in all probability, if it had not been for his desire to please you; he must have suffered terrible remorse at times under his outward indifference, but on his death-bed the grace of repentance and reconciliation was granted to him; it was a stupendous grace, little short of a miracle, as the circumstances were related to me."

She was weeping afresh, but the tears flowed softly now.

"Forgive me if I seem to lay my hand roughly on that wound; I know how tender it is still," continued Mr. Ringwood, very gently; "you must bear with my boldness as from a dying man. I heard how you behaved on that occasion; how promptly you obeyed his wish, sending in haste for the priest, never thinking of yourself, of pride, or human respect or prejudice. I heard it all, and from that moment, Lady Margaret, I felt certain you were safe, that your husband would obtain the faith for you as a reward for that act of charity to his soul. But beware of trifling with God. He offers His gifts—once, and a hundred times, a thousand times; but there comes at last an hour when the offer is final, and the rejection irreparable—when He goes away, and we cannot call Him back. Beware lest this be your case. For the love of Jesus Christ who died for you, for the sake of your own immortal soul, by the hope that you have of one day meeting your husband in heaven, do not close your heart against Divine grace."

"I am not! I do not!" said Lady Margaret, her eyes dilated with terror at the solemn appeal. "What can I do? what do you want me to do? you would not have me become a Catholic without conviction!"

"God forbid! But conviction is the work of grace and prayer; it comes to us much oftener through the heart than through the head,—it came so to St. Paul, to St. Augustin; it comes so to innumerable souls every day. Ask for it humbly, with simplicity and fervor, and it will come to you."

"I will! I promise you I will!" she answered, earnestly.

"Thank God! that promise will lighten many a dark hour that is before me," he said, and, ris-

ing, held out his hand, which Lady Margaret pressed in silence.

Mr. Ringwood drew out his pocket-book and wrote something on a card.

"If you are in want of a friend, it does not matter in what way, send to this address," he said, giving her the card; it bore the name of a priest whom he knew very intimately.

"Thank you; this then is good-bye? I shall not see you again before you start?" she said.

"I fear not; if I can I will run in for a moment later in the afternoon. But you must cheer up now, and show them here what stuff English-women are made of!" he said, cheerfully; "after all, the siege may turn out to be a bottle of smoke; at this moment there are numbers who think it will. All the same, you had better get in a good supply of provisions immediately. If they turn out not to be wanted you will have a good laugh over the cowards who ran away."

"And, who knows?" she replied, smiling; "I may find, like St. Thomas, that the coming late was a greater gain than being in time."

"God grant it! and God bless you."

CHAPTER X.

We all know the history of the siege; there is no need to describe in detail Lady Margaret's experience of that terrible time; it was the same story for everyone; rich and poor shared in common, though at first in different proportions, the dangers, the horrors, the privations that ensued. They were all intensified to her for the first three months by the additional suffering of her accident; she was not able to put her foot to the ground until Christmas eve, when she began to limp about the house, leaning on Wells. This point once reached, her recovery was rapid; but her general health had been too severely tried by the events of the past months to rally as she had expected immediately on regaining the use of her injured limb. Food was growing scarcer and coarser every day; the scanty supply her servants had laid in in the first days was long since exhausted, and it became more and more difficult to replace it as the siege lasted. Regrets were unavailing; and reproaches, whether of herself or others, could mend nothing; but at times it was more than Lady Margaret could do not to indulge in them; if they had, one and all of them, but followed the dictates of prudence and common sense, and bought up a proper store of all that was to be had in the beginning; above all, if they had laid in a store of fuel! This was the heaviest trial of all, and the one that was telling most severely on her delicately nurtured frame. She did not mind starving, one got used to it; but the perishing was awful. She went to bed early, to try and warm herself, but

night after night the experiment proved a failure, and she got up as cold as she had lain down. Isolation, added to all the material miseries, made them harder to bear, by depriving her of the moral support of sympathy and the stimulus of example and mutual encouragement. She had no books even to cheer the lonely days and long evenings, so, for want of any better, she took to reading her Bible for hours together. She had never been a pious woman; but she believed devoutly, absolutely in the Bible, and hitherto the sacred text, old and new, had been all-sufficing to her; but though she had never brought so eager and recollected a mind to its perusal as at the present time, somehow she did not find it as sufficing and comforting as of yore. Voices came out of the silent oracle that seemed to put questions rather than to answer them; she pondered over the texts, and searched, and wondered, but the words did not expound themselves in the old, decided way; they puzzled her more frequently than they explained or soothed. There were moments when the confusion of her mind amounted to keen distress, and when she felt driven wild for some one to come and speak to her with the authority of a teacher, to tell her what to believe and what to do; at such moments she longed to go and throw herself at the feet of a Catholic priest and ask him to take her soul from her and guide it—when to be able to fling all those doubts and shrinkings and wavering apprehensions at the feet of a confessor would have been the greatest boon that Heaven could have granted her. But she could not bring herself to do it. Many a night when she lay awake, stiff and petrified with cold, her spirit restless and feverish, she made the resolution to go the next day and see the priest whose address Mr. Ringwood had left her; but when the dawn broke it seemed as if her courage had been one of the shadows of the night and fled with it; she wrapt herself again in her pride, and tried to laugh away the fears and longings as a part of the darkness—a weakness to be fought against and overcome. It was so true what Mr. Ringwood said, that hers was a nature to be subdued rather through the heart than through the head; she was in a vague way conscious of this herself, though she would have scorned to admit it. A chord not stronger as yet than her will, but stronger than her reason, was drawing her towards the Catholic Church; she longed to be taken to the great Mother's heart, to be warmed by her charity, pitied by her compassion, illuminated by her faith. She could not give a reason for her reluctance to obey this attraction which drew her so powerfully that it required all the force of her pride and her will combined to resist it. When she was brought sometimes face to face with her own

conscience she tried to appease it by saying that the dogma of the infallibility of the Church and the secondary value attached to the written word of God were the stumbling-blocks which justified her repugnance. No doubt this feeling was at the root of it. The Bible had been her Church, her sacrifice, her everything; and now it was failing her; she could not tell why, but the inspired teacher had lost the power to calm and satisfy her. Lady Margaret did not consider that she had never until now seriously put its power to the test; she had accepted its authority as a law of nature, without question or challenge; now that other voices had spoken, that the mysterious power of another teacher had partially revealed itself to her, the old, familiar one was silent; it could not appease the tumult of doubt and of unrest that had suddenly risen within her. She lay awake one night, a prey to these unquiet musings, when the image of Mr. Ringwood came suddenly before her as she had seen him last, with grave countenance and solemn voice, appealing to her to pray for light. It always seemed to Lady Margaret as if spiritual gifts must come in some visible form; she did not understand yet the silent ways of grace, but was always expecting it to manifest itself outwardly, by a voice, or a sign—like a natural agency. The idea struck her that she would get up and open her Bible, and that perhaps she might light on some text that would sound like an answer; some word that would revive her faith in the Scripture as being the absolute and complete teacher appointed by God. She struck a light, and before going to fetch her Testament in the drawing-room, the recollection of Mr. Ringwood prompted her to kneel down and say the "Our Father" as she had promised; then she went in, and, closing her eyes, opened the book at hazard, keeping her finger on the place where it fell; it was at the third Epistle of St. Peter, where he quotes: "Our beloved brother Paul," who, speaking of his epistles, says "there are in them some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction." A sort of supernatural shudder ran through Lady Margaret; she read the passage again; she read it several times, until the words seemed to sound aloud like a warning and a menace. The guns were firing from the ramparts, the boom of the cannon from the distant forts made the house vibrate as if an earthquake were rumbling below, but the words of that silent page rang louder than the roar of the artillery: "Things hard to be understood . . . unto our own destruction." . . . Who was there, then, to interpret them for those who, like her, being unlearned, might use them to their own destruction? Had

Christ left His creatures these hard things without instituting an unerring tribunal to explain them? She walked rapidly up and down the room, trying to make her blood circulate a little and also to aid her thoughts to adjust themselves by the help of physical motion. She went to the window and drew the curtain and looked out: the night was beautiful, the sky was clear, and multitudes of stars were moving in calm glory along the heavens; how peaceful that far-off starry world looked! and yet it had been the scene of a strife more terrible than any war that ever waged on earth. "St. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels with him." Was it a legend, or a reality? or was it not rather the type of that warfare which is going on perpetually in human souls when the powers of light and the powers of darkness, the good spirits and the evil, forever wrestle, and in fierce and deadly conflict, striving for the mastery?

But, good heavens! what is that! A noise like thunder broke upwards from the street, making the house rock like a cradle, and flinging Lady Margaret on her knees, while a deafening crash filled the room all around her; it was over in an instant, but the shock was so great that it kept her rooted to the ground for some minutes, and she was only roused by the servants rushing in, terrified, to see what had occurred; hurrying back to her room, she beheld the cause of the uproar: a shell had burst in the street, quite close to the house; one window of the bedroom was shattered to bits, the glass strewn about like powder, and a large rent in the wall showed where a projectile had struck, dashing the fragments all over the room, one large brick being on the pillow where her head had been resting a few minutes before, and which must have killed her on the spot had she been there when it fell. Her first impulse was to kneel down and give God thanks for her safety.

"Some good soul's prayers have saved me, probably," she thought, and she resolved on the instant that to-morrow should not pass without her going to see Mr. Ringwood's friend, the Abbé —.

Nor did it. She went off at an early hour to the church, and asked if she could speak with him. The sacristan said M. l'Abbé was in the confessional; the second to the right; if Madame did not wish to see him there, she could come and speak with him in the sacristy as soon as he had finished confessing. She thanked the man, and without making any direct answer went towards the confessional he pointed out, and sat down at some little distance; she fully meant, or thought she meant, to follow the Abbé when he came out; but as she sat waiting for him she began to reflect

that she did not know what to say to him, that she had no positive questions to put, and that it was on the whole an awkward position in which she was going to place herself. "Am I prepared to ask him to receive me into the Catholic Church?" she said to herself; and some one answered promptly, "No!" "Then what right have I to come here to take up the time of a man whose time is so precious?" queried the coward; and the day was lost again. She did not rise at once and run away, however; she sat there observing what was going on around her; there seemed to be a great many going to confession; Mass was being celebrated at several altars; without being crowded, the church was well filled, chiefly with women and children, although there was a sprinkling of old men here and there; the majority of the people were in black, and Lady Margaret could see that many were crying; some silently, others sobbing unrestrainedly; her attention was attracted by a group of figures kneeling in a recess to the left; she got up and stole quietly to the spot; it was the Calvary chapel; a large, life-size crucifix reared its solemn presence in the midst of the worshippers, who reminded her of those she had seen once at Barrymore; they prayed as if they were alone with the Crucified One, whose thorn-crowned head was bowed upon His breast, yearning towards them in infinite pity and an anguish mightier than theirs; mothers and wives lifted up their faces to it, with hands clasped in passionate human supplication; words bursting from them half aloud, with sobs; they seemed as one heart throbbing with one pain, clinging together in one hope. Amidst all the sad, pale faces, there was one that rivetted Lady Margaret's attention: it was that of a lady who knelt close up by the Cross, so close that she leaned her head against the feet; she was not weeping, her eyes looked as if they had exhausted that last balm of a broken heart; when she moved away many followed her with reverent looks; she was a widow, and had a day or two before lost her youngest and last remaining son, frozen to death on the ramparts; there were no secrets; everyone knew of everybody else's affliction, and wept for each other as members of one family; if a bit of good news came to one it was spread quickly on all sides; letters from the frontier and the battle-field were carried to church and handed round; a sense of common anguish and fear had thawed the ice of formalism and melted hearts, drawing them together in a bond of brotherhood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Copyright Secured.]

Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINE.

[Continued.]

With us, as we waited that morning for daylight to arrive, the vicinity of Louise Lateau gave our meditations a most realistic tendency and a species of involuntary nature; for suggestions seemed to come rather from without than from within, and as we thought of Calvary itself, not an incident that could add to the suffering or to the ignominy seemed to escape us; the flaunting banners, the gay military trappings, were all there; the expressions of the triumph of a foreign power over the Son of David, which was as deep an abyss of ignominy as the gibes of those who pass by; and when He was laid to rest by gentle, loving hands, there were gaping wounds that would not close, but seemed like mouths that will not be mute, crying aloud, to the end of time: "Oh, My people!" To frame to ourselves other ideals more consonant with our own notions of the dignity and majesty of the Divinity would be imitating the Jews in their rejection of Our Lord because He did not accord with their preconceived ideas. We cannot regard the Passion of Our Lord in a poetical light; there is no poetry in it save in its own inherent sublimity—that sublimity which never even in *Isaias* reaches a height so lofty as when he describes the Man of Sorrows as utterly without comeliness and beauty, possessing nothing that could make us desirous of Him. "Despised, and the most abject of men," so He appeared on Calvary, and so we must accept Him, for we have no right to make false gods to ourselves by imagining the mystery of the Redemption to have been accomplished, in the slightest degree, differently from "the way in which it really was." Had there been a better, a more sublime, a nobler method, it would have been chosen by the Eternal Wisdom. With sentiments other than these it might be dangerous to approach Bois d'Haine, for in no place could false sensitiveness receive so severe a shock as by contemplating this very realistic portrayal of the Mysteries of Calvary, and unless we are accustomed to think rightly concerning the Passion of Christ it would be well nigh impossible for us to learn the reasons why God chooses to have some of its phases so frequently repeated.

When the tardy daylight at length appeared, we were glad to rise and hasten to Mass, in which we would find refuge from the whirlwind of thought which was carrying us hither and thither. The morning hours rolled by slowly, for we could not read, neither did we care for conversation, as we were experiencing that dreadful feeling of

"Seven hours to books, to pleasant slumbers seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven."

unrest which is the result of expectation. Towards noon our landlady appeared at our door in a state of angry excitement, but we could discern that we were not the objects of her ire. She addressed us very pleasantly, bidding us come to our dinner.

"It won't be very palatable," said she, "for I failed to find any fish in the market; I have done my best with vegetables, eggs, and sardines."

"I'll show them that that can't be done here," she muttered, between her teeth; 'privacy,' indeed! 'in a great hurry!' so are these; the same reason for haste in both cases."

We followed her to the dining-room, scarcely understanding these last remarks; but as she opened the door for us, we saw a group whose appearance partially explained the displeasure of our hostess. Evidently this party, a blonde gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, had wished to secure privacy by means of an early dinner, not knowing that this would constitute a first-class insult to the innkeepers and to their guests. A more quiet and unobtrusive pair than this fair-haired gentleman and the tall lady in mourning, whom we supposed might be his wife, are scarcely ever seen; but the lady who was with them was greatly elated at being in their society, and she lavished polite attentions on them, treating the gentleman with a deference only bestowed on those of royal descent. We did not altogether fancy the position in which our landlady had placed us, but we had no alternative but to take the places which she assigned us opposite the offending group, at whom she darted an angry glance. The gentleman wore a large seal-ring which he concealed as soon as he perceived that it had attracted our attention, but not before we had detected the *fleur de lys* among other specimens of heraldic zoölogy and botany. Hearing us speak to one another, he told the lady who seemed to be the companion of the one whom we supposed to be his wife, to address us in our native language, perhaps to give us a polite warning that we would be understood. The lady spoke very fluently, with rather a harsh accent, but like one who feels at home in the use of foreign idioms. The lady in mourning, so she told us, had once before witnessed the miracle of Bois d'Haine; Dr. Lefebvre had been present, and he had tested the wounds in Louise's hands and had proved that the wounds really penetrated the palm. The lady companion questioned us very closely concerning the doctor, expressing great disappointment because Dr. Lefebvre would not be present. All this time that she was conversing with us she did not pause in the least in her attentions to the gentleman, whom she served to whatever was lacking on his plate before he had time to express

any desire for it, and her deferential conduct differed greatly from the manner of the American hostess, begging her guests to take another cup of tea, etc., etc. It annoyed the gentleman in no slight degree, for his present aim was to ignore his rank as much as possible; and as American travellers have on the Continent the reputation of, even at the risk of offending the rules of politeness, making their republican notions but too apparent whenever the slightest occasion affords them the chance of so doing, his annoyance was by no means lessened by our presence. We on our part wished, as heartily as they could have done, that the landlady had respected their demands for privacy, for we had no desire to intrude ourselves upon persons whose rules of etiquette differed so widely from those which govern a republican society. We learned in this short half hour to appreciate in some degree the feelings of the "help" at a gentleman's country residence, who, in sitting at table with those whom she serves, finds herself unexpectedly surrounded by the manners and appliances of a life at complete variance with that by which she has always been surrounded. In the lady companion we probably saw the descendant of one who had been a faithful friend of some ancestor of the house of which the gentleman was a member. Admiration of a ruler, and personal friendship for him, when bequeathed as a legacy to posterity, unite to form the quality of unswerving loyalty in his descendants; and even the most intense republican that ever stood on American soil could not deny that it would be unjust and cruel to deprive this lady of a quality which afforded her such genuine happiness. In one of her endeavors to show her devotion she overturned the castor, and its mingled contents streamed into the box of sardines, making a most loathsome compound; as sardines were our principal article of food, that accident destroyed their dinner. The poor lady was utterly dismayed, and, to console her, the gentleman helped himself to a sardine, saying very pleasantly: "Friday at Bois d'Haine, one should be willing to do penance."

"Penance need not go to that extreme," observed our mother; "there are sardines enough for all in our portion."

In obedience to this suggestion, one of us passed our supply to the lady, that she might repair the results of her awkwardness; in her excitement she forgot to utter one word of thanks; but the gentleman, who never for a moment seemed to lose sight of the idea that he had no especial claim to the respect of the inhabitants of a republic, reminded her instantly of her neglect.

"You must thank the young lady; how does one say *merci* in English?"

"Thank you," *n'est-ce pas?*" said the lady in mourning, and he repeated the words after her.

They then conversed among themselves in French, the subjects being abstinence on Friday and the Lenten fast, and we could perceive that the lady in mourning adhered to the most strict manner of observing them—that thoroughly fish and vegetable rule which never comes north of the Alps and the Pyrenees, and which in fact is only compatible with a mild climate and an early supply of native vegetables.

As this party arose to leave, the door behind us opened and we heard slow footsteps approaching the table.

"Good-day, ladies!" said the doctor's voice; and as we turned to respond to the greeting, we saw a very different being from the young exquisite of the evening before, and as he seated himself at the table there was not the slightest trace of the excitement with which he had begun his investigations. He was followed by an elderly gentleman, also a doctor, who was accompanied by his son, a youth of about twenty; the father had been already admitted upon the same footing as the other doctor; and the son, like ourselves, awaited the hour of ecstasy. This doctor seemed inclined to converse upon the events of the morning, but our acquaintance replied with an evident reluctance, very different from his previous manner.

"One regrets to leave for a single moment," remarked the old gentleman, at one stage of the conversation.

"I should not have left," replied the other, "had not M. le Curé insisted that I should come to my dinner."

We looked at him as he ate slowly and with that peculiarly deliberate manner which betokens how very far away thought is from that which is entering the mouth, and it seemed to us a miracle greater than Louise's total abstinence that the body should be so thoroughly dependent on food as to oblige, not only us who were expecting to witness the miracle of which we had so vivid an idea, but also those who had been witnessing more than we expected to see, to take that nourishment whose operations, after all the explanation that men of science can give, are so mysterious and incomprehensible.

Reluctant as the young doctor was to enter into any conversation whatever, much less to touch upon any of the events of the morning, the older physician could not forbear uttering his thoughts aloud.

"Well, it is true," said he; "all that we are told is just so, and there is nothing like it in all

the annals of medicine; it is not we who have to deal with such matters, is it?"

Instead of replying to him, the young doctor turned to us, and, speaking with an earnestness and a depth of reverential feeling which some persons would have been surprised to see a young man of his character exhibit, he exclaimed:

"Oh, madame, it is just as we read; only more wonderful! more wonderful! for it is impossible for any pen to describe all so accurately as to produce an impression sufficiently exalted."

And indeed this was not difficult to believe, for he had come to Bois d'Haine thoroughly understanding all the details of the case as far as it was in the power of written descriptions to impart knowledge, and yet this knowledge had failed to produce any visible change in him at all comparable to that effected by actually seeing the miracle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To-Day and To-Morrow.

Small need have those who love romance
On battle-fields to court her,
When cannons boom, where chargers prance
The roads of strife are shorter;
Each man that earns his daily bread
Has enemies past number;
Hope's dying feelings, crushed or dead,
His onward march encumber.
Still bravely join Life's fiery fray,
And sternly cope with Sorrow;
The man that bears his cross to-day
Will have a chance to-morrow.

Hopes, fears, desires, in myriads crowd
Our mortal pathway ever;
The spirit pure persecutions cloud,
And clog sublime endeavor;
Grief, shame, remorse and fierce despair
Bring legions to confound us—
Such are the dangers we must dare,
Such are the shells around us!
Yet lift thy shield with courage gay,
And hurl thy lance at Sorrow,
The man who steels his nerves to-day
Can face the foe to-morrow.

Steer, pilot, for some glorious end,
Though late in port arriving;
Heaven's grace, like manna, will descend,
And sanctify the striving;
Good for thyself resolve to do,
And Evil shall avoid thee;
Doubt may have made thy pulse untrue—
Sloth may have misemployed thee—
Crush out these attributes of clay,
Stamp on the neck of Sorrow!
The man that perseveres to-day
Will meet success to-morrow.

The Famous Belgian Shrine—The Convent of Oostaker.

We take the following interesting description of the miraculous shrine at Oostaker, in Belgium, from the *London Tablet*:

The convent sanctuary of Oostaker having on account of sundry recent events acquired a certain notoriety, a few words of history and description by one who has had occasion to visit it frequently during the last few months will perhaps be acceptable to English readers. I shall confine my relation to what I have either myself seen or heard from the lips of eye-witnesses or others whose testimony is above suspicion, such as the clergy of the parish and the noble founders of the grotto, my object being to give a sketch that shall be strictly accurate. The history of this sanctuary, which promises to become quickly famous, is simple but very striking. In the words of the lady who has had the honor of being instrumental in its establishment, "the Blessed Virgin has done everything"; nothing on the part of anyone else is at all adequate to explain the result achieved. The facts are these. There is in the pleasure-grounds of Mme. la Marquise de Courtebourne a small hill or hillock of artificial origin, but old enough to be covered with trees of fair size, and though not more than twelve feet high yet presenting an elevation not usual in this flat country. The idea presented itself of taking advantage of this to construct an artificial grotto, the construction being also designed to find work for laborers during a hard season. As there are no caverns in Flanders to copy, a photograph of Lourdes was shown to the overseer of the work to give him some sort of an idea, and this further suggested that a little niche should be made for a small statue of Our Lady. Beyond this there was nothing religious intended. The place was to be a sort of summer-house, and was in fact fitted up as an aquarium. When all was ready, somebody proposed that it would be well to have the statue which was to fill the niche blessed by the parish priest, and he in his turn suggested that the occasion might be improved in favor of the devotion of his parishioners by performing the ceremony on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul and connecting it specially with prayer for the Holy Father. He accordingly obtained permission—the place being strictly private—for as many of his parishioners as might choose to attend the benediction. He was much surprised to find himself escorted by about 2,000. The ceremony (which took place June 29th, 1873) seems to have been exceedingly devotional, and made a great impression upon the good peasants who took part in it, and they, speak-

ing of it at home, infused into those who had been unable to come a great wish to see the grotto of which they heard so much. There was no way of reaching it except through the garden and past the front door of Mme. de Courtebourne's chateau, and the applications for admission presently became so numerous as to be troublesome. It was therefore announced that those who wished to enter must do so on Sunday afternoons, from one o'clock to nine, when the approach would be free. But this did not stay the tide. First there were applications for admission during nine days running, for one reason and then for another. Next the rumor got about that unusual graces had been received and cures wrought at the grotto, the first authenticated cure of the latter seeming to date from October. With this the concourse increased vastly, and it became clear that something must be done to provide those who wished to come with the means of doing so. A road was accordingly cut which left the inhabitants of the house a certain privacy, and the public were privileged to come and go as they pleased. This was about Easter, 1874. What the after-history has been we see to-day.

The number of pilgrims (I am told on the spot) averages 1,500 a day on week days, and on Sundays almost as many thousands. Omnibuses ply constantly from Ghent, cabs and carriages and country wagons troop in on every road, parishes and towns come in procession, and a large church is rapidly rising. I have been there often myself at very various hours. I have never found less than twenty persons, and very seldom so few. There are generally more than fifty, and some times nearly two hundred; this on common week days. A certain number of cripples and invalids are always found who have come in the hope of being healed. The liveliness of their faith sufficiently attests that they at least believe in the favors which are said to have been vouchsafed to their fellows. As to the cures mentioned as having been wrought, an account of the best attested ones, with a history of the shrine, will be published, I hear, in a few days, by Pœlman, of Ghent; it is from the pen of the Vicair of Oostaker, and has the approval of the Bishop. Unfortunately for all but local purposes, it is in Flemish. I will succinctly give one instance, perhaps it is the most striking instance, as yet of the sort of history to which the neighborhood is beginning to grow accustomed. A poor man's leg had been broken between two trees in such sort that the bone did not again set, despite the treatment of four or five surgeons. There was in fact a distance of two centimetres between the fractured pieces. Despite the remonstrances of his friends, and es-

pecially of his wife, he resolved to come to Oostaker, which he did on the 6th of April this year. The limb was horribly swollen, the part below the fracture swung loose, and could be twisted round independently of the knee; in making his way on crutches, the short distance between the omnibus and the grotto, he left tracks of blood upon the road. He came away perfectly healed, leaving his crutches, behind him; the bone firmly set; the limb reduced to its proper size; and the dressings and bandages which had been round it hanging loose like a sack. The next day he was at work in the fields, and his little children, who had never seen him without crutches, would not believe that he was their father. And this is not the last cure. Since then two cures at least have made a noise. A blind lady, wife of a doctor of Thovrou, recovered her sight also in April, and on the last day of May a paralysis of twenty years standing was cured. The place itself tells some of its history in the trophies and ex-votos with which it is adorned. About twenty crutches and sticks are hung up about the door; the little wax images of limbs and the like, so common in Belgium, cannot number here less than three thousand, and a bath chair stands in front, left by a lady of Courtrai, a perfect cripple, unable to stand, cured last year at the shrine. And now a word of description as to the place. Here, as in the rest of the history, it is manifestly true that there is nothing human to explain what we see. The grotto is in fact a very plain and very unpretending structure, and it does not even pretend to be a copy of that of Lourdes. A facing of stone-work twenty or twenty-five yards long by fourteen feet high, against one end of the mound, has in its centre a little cave eight yards or so wide, three or four deep, and some eight feet high. At the mouth is the little niche with a very unpretending colored statue of the apparition. There is a well somewhere near, and its waters are made to trickle through the stonework into a little trough. A few drops of Lourdes water are mixed with this every day, and by its use many of the cures have been wrought. Inside the cave a number of votive tapers are always burning, and various inscriptions are hung up, recording, some the pilgrimage of a parish or guild, others a favor received from Heaven. There are also some straps and trusses, memorials, I suppose, of cures. All is exceedingly plain and simple. There is nothing to take the eye, nothing to strike the imagination, except the tale of what has been done, and the devotion of the good people, who pray with a simple heartiness quite in keeping with the place, many of them in their native fashion, with arms outstretched in the form of a cross. This is all;

and when all is said, we must agree with the founders that what has been done is not man's doing.

Catholic Notes.

—We are under many obligations to the Rev. Father Smyth, of Iowa City, for his zealous efforts to extend the circulation of the AVE MARIA in his parish.

—The venerable Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, Rev. J. A. Baile, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on the 4th inst. The clergy and the pupils of M. Baile are cordially invited to be present at the celebration.

—A Franciscan monastery was recently dedicated at Chester, England, which is the finest building of the kind erected in that part of England since the Reformation. Its cost was only some \$12,000, which was nearly all raised by subscription. The monastery contains seventeen cells.

—The *Gazzetta di Napoli* announces that—"Monsignor di Giacomo, Bishop of Piedmonte d'Alife, has written a letter of submission to the Pope. He implores the Holy Father's pardon for a grave fault he committed in taking part lately in the labors of the Senate of the Kingdom."

—The report of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith shows the receipts for last year amount fully to \$6,000,000, gold, of which America furnished only about \$35,000, whilst France, noble France, great even in misfortune, contributed over \$800,000.

—The famous ruins of the Isle of Iona, Scotland, are being very carefully restored by their owner, the Duke of Argyle. These remains of Catholic times are exceedingly remarkable, and consist of a cathedral and a famous monastery, built in the year 735, in honor of St. Columba.

—We learn from the *Gazeta Polska Katolicka* that on the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady—"Jasna Góra," at Czenstochowo, in Poland, was overcrowded with multitudes of devout pilgrims. Six thousand persons came from the city of Warsaw alone, and many others from neighboring and foreign countries.

—We understand that congregational singing is to be introduced at the University of Notre Dame. This is certainly a move in the right direction. When properly conducted, nothing is more edifying than to see a congregation divided into choirs alternately singing the praises of God. We heartily wish the movement success.

—The cross of St. James' Church, Montreal, was placed in position on the steeple on the 25th of August, in the presence of a large concourse of people, who appeared to take much interest in the proceeding. The steeple is claimed to be the highest in the Dominion, being 270 feet high, while with the cross and weather-cock the height reached is 286 feet.

—The Rev. Thomas N. Adams, the assistant pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's Church, in North Sixth street,

Williamsburgh, N. Y., has received from the Life-Saving Benevolent Association of New York a valuable gold hunting-case watch in token of his gallant rescue of a poor woman who attempted suicide in February last by jumping from a Houston-street ferry boat. Father Adams was knighted for acts of bravery while he was a student in a Jesuit college in Spain.

—With reference to the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia, it is stated that of the eleven Prussian Roman Catholic dioceses, only the four of Ermland, Culm, Osnabruck and Limburg are still administered in a regular way. Those of Fulda and Treves have lost their Bishops through death; the Bishops of Breslau, Paderborn, Munster and Cologne have been deposed, and the Bishop of Hildesheim has left the country.

—A fine new bell, weighing 1,000 pounds, for St. Joseph's Church, Lowell, Ind., was solemnly blessed, and dedicated to the service of religion, on Sunday, Sept. 24th, the Feast of Our Lady of Ransom. The ceremony, which attracted a large concourse of people, was performed by Very Rev. Father Granger, C. S. C., Superior of Notre Dame, assisted by Rev. Julius Frère and other priests from the College. Two sermons were preached, one by Rev. F. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, in German, the other by Rev. Father Colovin, President of the University of Notre Dame. We congratulate the Rev. pastor of St. Joseph's on his splendid new bell.

—Among the American Domestic Prelates of the Pope may be mentioned the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati; Archbishops Bayley, of Baltimore; Kenrick, of St. Louis; Alemany, of San Francisco; Perch , of New Orleans; Henni, of Milwaukee; Wood, of Philadelphia; Williams, of Boston; Loughlin, of Brooklyn; Domenec, of Allegheny; Amat, of Monterey; De Goesbriand, of Burlington; Lynch, of Charleston, S. C.; Elder, of Natchez; Grace, of St. Paul; Quinlan, of Mobile; Rosecrans, of Columbus; Dubuis, of Galveston; Conroy, of Albany; and Persico, formerly of Savannah.

—The pilgrimage to the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, inaugurated last year under the management of the zealous pastor of Mishawaka, assumed even grander proportions this year, on the Feast of the holy Rosary. Last year, some five or six hundred persons joined in the procession, which started from Mishawaka immediately after Mass, under the direction of Father Oechtering, making the journey on foot, and reciting the Rosary as they went. This year the pilgrimage started with perhaps no less than fifteen hundred persons. Arriving at Lowell, they received accessions from there and South Bend, the school-children and societies falling into the line of procession with flags and banners, and by the time they had reached the Church of Our Lady at Notre Dame the ranks had swelled to such an extent that the large edifice was scarcely able to contain them. There were probably between eighteen hundred and two thousand persons present. Some of the young sodalists of Rev. Father Oechtering's parish bore an

immense candle, some six or eight feet long, which, being brought into the sanctuary, was placed before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and lighted, shortly after which solemn High Mass was commenced, Rev. L. J. Letourneau, C. S. C., celebrant, Revs. P. Lauth and J. O'Keefe, C. S. C., deacon and subdeacon. The Mass chosen was from the repertory of the St. Cecilia Society and sung by the choir of St. Joseph's Church, one of the best in Indiana, having been for some time under the training of Prof. Singenberger, the President of the Society. An eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Father Oechtering. After Mass the pilgrims visited the chapel of Our Lady of the Angels, the Sepulchre of our Lord on the Scholasticate grounds, and the Chapel of Loretto at St. Mary's Academy, about a mile distant. At half-past three the tolling of the great bell summoned the pilgrims to Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which all joined in the grand German *Te Deum*, "*Grosser Gott wir loben Dich!*" The pilgrims then returned to their homes saying the beads, the church-bells in Lowell and South Bend greeting them with joyous peals as they passed.

New Publications.

PIUS CALENDER FÜR STADT UND LAND, FÜR 1877. Cologne: P. Bachems.

This is the third number of an excellent little annual which we take pleasure in recommending to those of our readers acquainted with the German language.

—The *Periodische Blätter*, Nos. 6 and 7. New York: F. Pustet. The current numbers of this excellent publication are varied and full of interest. The editor, Dr. Schubert, is to German Catholic literature what the lamented Dr. Brownson was to our own.

—RECEIVED.—The *Catholic World* for October. The *Crusader*, the *Young Catholic*, the *Messenger of Sacred Heart*, &c., &c.,

Obituary.

—Died, on Sept. 2d, at St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame, Ind., after a protracted illness, SISTER MARY OF ST. ROSALIA, in the 47th year of her age and the 19th year of her religious life.

—The sad news of the death of Mrs. NICHOLAS OHMER, of Dayton, Ohio, which took place at Washington, D. C., on the 16th inst., was communicated to us a few days ago. The deceased was a most estimable Catholic lady, and her sudden death, for which, however, she was well prepared by a pious and exemplary life, is a severe blow to her bereaved husband and children, to whom we offer our most heartfelt sympathy. Mrs. Ohmer had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments, and died peacefully, surrounded by loving friends. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church, Dayton, Rev. Fathers Cary, Hogan and Gately

officiating, and the remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery. We request the prayers of the readers of the "AVE MARIA" for this estimable lady, that our Blessed Lord, whom she honored in the person of the poor, will speedily welcome her to His Kingdom, prepared for such from the foundation of the world.

—Died, on Saturday, the 16th inst., at 8.15 a. m., Rev. J. B. LANGLOIS, Rector of the Cathedral of this city. The above reverend Father was a native of Canada, attached to the diocese of Montreal. Last September he resigned the pastorship of St. Hubert, to assume the position of Professor of Theology at Pio Nono College. He remained at the College till last March, when he was given the charge of the Church at Milledgeville—where, as in other previous positions, he won all hearts. On Rt. Rev. Dr. Gross leaving for Europe, last May, he was made rector of the new cathedral. It is needless here to speak of how he had fulfilled the expectations of the Bishop in the wisdom of his selection, his sincere piety, his zeal, his devotion, and his laborious and continuous labors in the care and watchfulness of the charges imposed upon him. When the present scourge first presented itself among us, he immediately sought to arrest the anger of God by imploring Our Lady of Perpetual Help, His Blessed Mother, to intercede for our stricken city; he exhorted the faithful to prepare themselves by going to their duties, by uniting with him in beseeching the Almighty that He might allay this dreadful punishment through the intercession of His own sweet Mother. During the summer he had by a holy retreat prepared himself anew for his ministry, for his charge, that if he should be called to render an account of his stewardship he would be found ready and prepared. On the first appearance of the fever, he immediately attended the first sick calls, and insisted upon taking his *week* with the rest of the priests. He died as he had lived—a holy priest; maintaining to the end the knowledge of his situation, the recognition of all to the last moment. He died, indeed, a martyr to his zeal, and the diocese and the people of Savannah sustain a loss that cannot be forgotten.—*Southern Cross, Savannah, Ga.*

Requiescant in pace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24TH.

Letters received, 84; new members enrolled, 87; Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Restoration of health for 68 persons and 2 families; Change of life for 34 persons and 3 families; Conversion to the faith for 66 persons and 51 families; Perseverance for 10, and a happy death for 18 persons; Particular graces are asked for 14 priests and 25 religious; Temporal favors for 33 persons, 9 families, 5 communities, 4 schools and 4 congregations; Spiritual favors for 36 persons, 9 families, 8 communities, 6 schools, and 5 congregations; The grace of a religious vocation for 12 persons. Among the intentions specified are: The

banishment of the grasshoppers from our Western States; A happy issue of some pending lawsuits; Conversion to the faith for several families in a certain district; Several intentions of —, Ills., to be prayed for for the rest of the year; Relief for a very poor widow; A religious vocation for a youth dedicated by his pious mother to God's service from his infancy; The cessation of a great scandal; Several priests in poor health; A Superior of several religious houses; The conversion of the people in two localities; The spiritual and temporal welfare of several non-Catholic families, friends and benefactors of a religious order; The success of a retreat for the priests of a certain diocese; Reformation of a young man from intemperate habits who is the only support of his orphan brothers and sisters.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following accounts from letters received: "Please return thanks to our Blessed Lady for favors received. My husband obtained a situation and the means of support for his family. Thank her also for spiritual favors since I joined the Association." ... "I have obtained a situation, thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart." ... "The use of the water of Lourdes has cured in a miraculous manner my little nephew's eyes, which had been burned in such a manner as to endanger his sight. Immediately on receiving the accident, the little fellow called for the water of Lourdes. His mother applied it a few times to his eyes; by degrees they got better, and are now as bright and healthy as before. The doctors pronounce the cure a miracle." ... "I am glad to inform you that a French lady in ill health for a number of years has been perfectly restored by the water of Lourdes. Two more persons were also cured, one a gentleman who suffered very much from rheumatism."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Association are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. SUSAN STANLEY, of Oil City, Pa., who departed this life July 6th. Mrs. ANN M. SIMMS, who died in Springfield, Ky., January 14th. Mr. MICHAEL DOWD, of Watertown, Wis. Miss MARY FARRELL, who died in the bloom of youth, at Jamestown, Minn., September 5th. Mr. WILLIAM T. McNAMARA, of Lynchburgh, Va. Mr. DANIEL DRISCOLL, of Mobile, Ala., who died some months ago, after a lingering sickness of three years. Mr. PATRICK DOLAN and Miss ELEN MALONEY, of Chester, Pa.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

NOTE.—Persons enrolled as members of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will find on the ticket of admission all information needed. The names of persons in whom we have an interest can be entered without their knowledge, in order thus to place them under the all-powerful protection of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

FOR THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. Dennis Gleason and family, Waltham, Mass, \$10.00; Mrs. Julia Gleason, of the same place, \$10.00.

Children's Department.

The Story of St. Bernard.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM'S CRUCIFIX, AND OTHER TALES," ETC.

There was a time when a great evil seemed to be threatening the Church of Christ, when the love of wealth, and ease, and luxury, was beginning to creep into the cloister among the friends and servants of God who had promised to follow Him in meekness and poverty. It was then that the Almighty raised up St. Bernard, whose holy life should have even a stronger and more widespread influence in promoting the love of the Cross than his sweet persuasive eloquence of speech, who should restore the practice of austerity which had been falling into disuse in so many of the old monasteries.

Bernard was born in the little village of Fontaine, nere Dijon, and he had a most devoted and pious mother, whose heart was turned to God, and who desired nothing for her children but that they should truly love and serve Him. Many holy lessons were taught him in those early days, especially that tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin which distinguished his entire life; and when he was old enough to leave home he was sent to the college connected with the church of Chatillon, to study. From the age of fifteen, Bernard practised constant self-denial, and thus avoided many of the sins and follies of the young, for he never forgot that his mother had consecrated him to the service of the Church, and he desired to prepare himself as much as possible for the life of a religious. On one occasion he recollected himself at the very moment when he was gazing upon the beauty of a creature with pleasure, and so horrified was he at finding he could have any other thought than the beauty of his crucified Saviour, that he rushed into a pool of water which was more then half-frozen, remaining in it until all human feeling was utterly subdued. Soon after Bernard's studies were completed and he had returned home, his good mother died at the Castle of Fontaine, to his great grief, and after this event he endured many temptations before he could resolve to become a monk. At length he overcame all the hindrances which the evil spirit suggested to him, and not only conquered himself but won over an uncle and several of his own brothers to devote their lives to God, and so the little company presented themselves before the abbot of a monastery in the forest of Citeaux, and, kneeling at his feet, begged to be admitted as novices. This was in the year 1113, and

about two years later the abbey became so overcrowded that Bernard was appointed to found another monastery. His abbot chose from the brothers twelve monks, representing the twelve Apostles, with Bernard for their leader going first, cross in hand, as representing Christ, and thus they left the monastery and heard its doors close behind them, while they had to wander out into the world, trusting in God to direct their steps.

They journeyed on until they reached a wilderness called the Valley of Wormwood, and there, at his bidding, was commenced the since famous Abbey of Clairvaux, and we may picture to ourselves the white-habited monks scattered in that lonely place, felling the trees, building huts to shelter them until their monastery was ready, tilling and sowing the ground, until it became a land of vines and corn instead of a wilderness.

In a very few years the name of Bernard of Clairvaux rang through the Christian world as a model of sanctity and austerity; and yet he was sweet, loving, and wise also. Lords appealed to him in differences and disagreements, and he made peace; those ecclesiastics who needed difficult theological questions decided came to Bernard, and were convinced by his judgment; because he was doing God's work, in humble dependence upon Divine strength, he was successful in all his undertakings.

He had sought the life of a monk that he might die to the world and sanctify himself in seclusion, but God's providence forced him into this prominent post that he might save from many calamities the world he had renounced.

Pope Eugenius IV commanded St. Bernard to preach a second Crusade, so that Christians might be roused to fight for the holy places consecrated by the life and death of Christ, and although he was at that time suffering from sickness he at once prepared to obey.

From town to town he passed in company with two of his monks, preaching to immense multitudes in the churches, working many miracles, exhorting all who could to enroll themselves as the soldiers of Christ. During this journey he entered the Cathedral of Spires in the company of the Emperor Conrad and many nobles, and there, in the presence of all, he approached the altar, reciting the beautiful "*Salve Regina*." At the words "*O clemens!*" he fell upon his knees, then rising, exclaimed, "*O pia!*" and knelt again, and once more, as he uttered "*O Dulcis Virgo Maria!*" he knelt in humble worship of the Blessed Mother of God. In memory of this incident, these words were inscribed upon the pavement where it took place.

After this hymn, the Saint preached a sermon

so eloquent and so appealing that it led the Emperor himself to ask for the badge of the red cross, and numbers were impelled to start for the wars in Palestine. But the Crusade was not successful; of the multitudes who joined it, few returned, and, sad to relate, they soon forgot the holy purpose for which they had been gathered together, and great sins prevailed in the camp; the army never reached Jerusalem, and had to retreat with shame and defeat.

It was a great sorrow to St. Bernard to witness the disgrace which the Christians had brought upon themselves, and, besides this, he had to bear the anger of the people, who were enraged because they deemed him a false prophet; but this feeling soon gave place to sorrow and shame when St. Bernard denounced their sins, and said they had not deserved the protection of Heaven.

The health of this great Saint soon became very feeble, yet he employed himself constantly in writing those homilies and letters which have been prized by the Church in all succeeding ages, and many times visions of his Blessed Mother were granted to console him in suffering and to inspire his pen.

There is a beautiful old story, which tells that once when the holy Abbot of Clairvaux was engaged in study, Mary appeared to him, and, as he knelt in loving devotion, she uncovered her bosom and caused a stream of milk to fall upon his lips, so that from that time they should be endowed with such persuasive sweetness that none who heard it could resist his appeals as he spoke of the sufferings of Jesus and the love of His Mother.

While he dwelt at Clairvaux, the sister of St. Bernard, who was the wife of a rich nobleman, came to pay him a visit, attended by a large number of servants; but he was so annoyed by this pomp and display, that he refused to see her. Then Humbeline asked for another of her brothers, who was a monk there, but he, following the example of Bernard, refused also. Upon this the lady burst into tears, and, falling on her knees, entreated that the Saint would instruct her as to what was her duty; and at this humble supplication Bernard appeared at a side-gate and told her to return home and imitate her mother. It was a great humiliation for Humbeline, but it did a work in her soul which no long and affectionate interview could have wrought, and she afterwards became as humble and pious as she had before been proud and worldly, and gave herself entirely to God.

The long and austere penances of this holy monk, united with his labors, broke down his health, and after many years of weakness and

suffering, he died, in the sixty-third year of his age, surrounded by his brethren, at peace with God and man. His anxieties, his labors, were over then, and he was at rest in that "dear, dear country" of his desire, those many mansions of which he sang so sweetly, for the possession of which he had been ready to toil and wait until God stilled the busy pen, and silenced the eloquent tongue, and called St. Bernard home.

Bertha's Three Fingers.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

I am going to tell you a story about little Bertha Blake, and, as you see, I have called it *Bertha's Three Fingers*. Her three fingers, of which you are now to hear something, were the forefinger, the middle finger, and the third finger of her right hand. She had other fingers, just as you have. But my story has to do with those three particular fingers, and no others. I think, and indeed I hope, that, having heard all I have to say of Bertha's fingers, you will sometimes remember her story when you are living your own life, and using your own hands and fingers, in the way that may be appointed to you.

My young friend Bertha Blake was ten years old. She was healthy and well-grown. She was an only daughter. Her mother was a poor widow; she was very poor, for she had to earn her own living, and support a son, Bertha's only brother, who had become a cripple through an accident, and was a great invalid, and not likely to live to be a man. It was of course Bertha's duty to help her mother; and she had a great mind to go out into service. So her mother, though her eyes filled with tears when she thought of parting with her only little girl, went to her friend Mrs. Bartlet, who was the housekeeper at Allanby Park, and spoke to her about getting Bertha a place.

"She is too young to come here," said Mrs. Bartlet. "We keep three young servants under the others; one in the kitchen, one in the house, and one in the laundry; but none under seventeen. And I would rather not have *them*. But somebody *must* take the girls, if we would not have everybody go to destruction."

"O Mrs. Bartlet, I don't consider all girls so troublesome."

"Wait till you know as much as I do," said Mrs. Bartlet, shaking her head.

"What is the reason of it, then?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"There are many reasons, no doubt. One reason is that their mothers and fathers, their friends

and relations, don't make them thoroughly understand that the Christian teaching which they get is to be all acted out by themselves after the teaching is over. I say to a child, often and often: 'Can you *say* your Catechism?' 'O yes,' she says. Then I answer her with these words: 'What you *say* in the schoolroom go out in the world and *do*.'

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Blake. "I try to bring up Bertha on that principle."

"Then I hope you will be rewarded," said Mrs. Bartlet; "and I'll inquire for a place for Bertha, and if I hear of one I'll let you know."

About a week after this conversation, Mrs. Blake, sitting at tea with Bertha, young Alfred being propped up with cushions in a chair in the corner, saw Mrs. Bartlet walking up the white pebbled path that led through the little flower-garden to the house.

Bertha felt her heart give a great jump.

She knew of her mother's visit to Allanby Park, and she had heard all that Mrs. Bartlet had said. She was a little afraid that Mrs. Bartlet was a very severe person, and that she disliked young people, and so she thought that she herself might be disliked. And as Bertha had never had anything about her but love and tender care, she dreaded severe judgment, and went to open the door to her mother's friend with tears in her eyes.

"O!" said Mrs. Bartlet, who was tall and stout, and who was dressed in black, with a very good shawl on, a black bonnet and veil, and a pair of spectacles, "O!"

On "O!" being said for the second time, and on the gray eyes behind the spectacles looking decidedly kind, Bertha said, very steadily: "If you please, ma'am, will you walk in?"

"Yes, yes; I'll walk in. Are you Bertha? O! then show me the way."

Bertha walked in front of Mrs. Bartlet, stopped at the open sitting-room door, and said, "There's the mother; she is lifting up Alfred; he had slipped too low in his chair, just as you came through the gate."

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Bartlet. "Here, let me help you. Dear me, that's a cross! May the Lord bless you, my dear boy! I'll see to your having an easier chair than that."

Poor Alfred's face was very sad. It hurt him to have his pillows pulled up. But then it hurt him more to let them stay in disorder. He could with difficulty keep the tears out of his eyes. But he had learnt the lesson of self-command; so he now tried to smile, and he said, with as steady a voice as he could manage:

"Mother is a beautiful nurse, and I give her a great deal of trouble."

"And what is Bertha?" Mrs. Bartlet asked quickly, looking at Alfred with a merry smile.

Alfred felt quite cheerful again, the pain of moving being passed; so he answered Mrs. Bartlet's merry glance with a laugh, and said,

"Bertha is my best friend, next to mother. Bertha is a capital girl."

"And what shall you do without her?"

Bertha could not help being amused at Alfred and Mrs. Bartlet making friends so quickly; and now she knew that Mrs. Bartlet had got her a place.

"What shall you do without her?" said their new friend.

Alfred said bravely, "The best I can. And what that is, I don't know till I've tried. But Bertha ought to have a better place than waiting on me."

"I don't know that there is anything better in all the world than doing the works of mercy; and waiting on the sick is one of them. So you need not grieve for her, young man. But I have scarcely spoken to your mother."

Then the two women spoke together for a minute or two, after which Mrs. Bartlet said,

"Now I am going to talk to the young ones again. I was always fond of children."

Bertha felt surprised, but pleased. She put a chair for Mrs. Bartlet, and then they all sat down.

"Bertha, do you like cocks, and hens, and chickens?" said Mrs. Bartlet.

"O yes!" laughing at the thought. "O yes; very much."

"And pigs—very little pigs; and calves young enough to require to be fed out of a bucket?"

"O yes! O, how nice!"

"I have got you a place with my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Bartlet; and John Bartlet has a lovely farm, and they want a well-conducted girl to work with their daughter Emily, and to be like one of the family. They have only one daughter, and they have five sons."

"I should like it better than anything else," said Bertha softly; for she could not be *very* glad. However pleasant the prospect of the farm might be, she would have to leave her mother and Alfred, and she would have to go among strangers; so she said, tremblingly,

"I hope I shall suit: I hope I shall be liked; I hope I shall be able to do the work."

"You have your health, your limbs, and your senses; of course you can do the work. But as to being liked, that's another question."

"Won't they like me?" Bertha thought it would be very hard *not* to be liked. In the bottom of her heart she had a feeling that she was rather a nice

little girl, and that she ought to be liked. It was, no doubt, quite a different question from that which related to her ability to work. But what a difficult thing it would be to go on every day doing her best, and working well, if she wasn't liked! "If I work well, I suppose I shall be liked," she said.

"One of the hardest-working girls we ever had at the Park was disliked by everybody," said Mrs. Bartlet, looking steadily at Bertha, to see how her words would be taken.

Bertha looked at Mrs. Bartlet. "She was disliked?" she said, with a sigh.

"Yes."

"Why?" asked Bertha.

"Because she never practised *prudence*," replied Bertha's friend; "and I tell you, my dear, that to people who have to stand by themselves, working for honest bread in this bad world, *prudence* is a most necessary virtue. Now, listen to me, once for all. The first steps in life are often wrong for want of prudence. Prudence is the result of a right judgment and a good strong will."

"But, if you please, ma'am," said Bertha softly, "mother has always taught me never to judge anybody."

Mrs. Bartlet and Mrs. Blake looked at each other and smiled; Alfred leaned forward, greatly interested in this little conversation; and Bertha waited for an answer.

"Dear child, I mean that you are to judge *yourself*, not other people; and to judge *your own conduct* too. Now try to understand this. Up to this time, supposing that you are now going to leave home, you have been accustomed to go to your mother with questions; you say to her, shall I do this? Had I better say that? What must we think as to such a thing? Then *her* knowledge and *her* prudence have been *your* guides. But now you must learn to practise prudence, and form a judgment for yourself. Now, *hold up three fingers.*"

This order came so unexpectedly that Bertha burst out laughing. But Alfred, who had been eagerly listening, said "Hold them up, Bertha!" On which, looking very merry, Bertha held up three fingers, and looked into Mrs. Bartlet's pleasant face, to know what was to happen next.

Mrs. Bartlet said very steadily, "Now, Bertha! prudence has three parts in it. The first is *consideration*. What is the meaning of that word?"

"If I consider, I do things with thought; not in a hurry, but carefully."

"Very well said; that forefinger is *consideration*. Go down, finger. Let the middle finger stand up alone."

The forefinger went down under Mrs. Bartlet's gentle knock, and Bertha, with a broad smile on

her listening face, stood with her middle finger up in the air.

"The second thing is *judgment*. What do you mean by judgment in your daily life?"

"By using my judgment I know right from wrong, wise ways from foolish ones."

"Very good, indeed," said Mrs. Bartlet. "Now if you *consider* a thing and, after consideration, form your *judgment*, there remains but one thing more to do. Put up your third finger and name the thing; you can find it out for yourself."

Up went the third finger, and Bertha with a grave face said: "I suppose that the third thing must be my own power over my own good-will, so that the thing which my judgment has told me is right my own good-will shall make me do."

"Yes, you have answered properly," said Mrs. Bartlet; then she went on: "Bertha, you are going to make your first step out in life by yourself. What you have answered to me tells me plainly that you have been well taught. Your first step must be taken *now* upon your entrance into the world; but, my dear child, there will be a *last* step one day, and your last step will be a leaving of this world by a holy death. We have all of us to make this last step. Be a prudent girl and a prudent woman. Guide your life, every step of it, with prudence, and *pray*."

When Mrs. Bartlet said the word *pray*, she looked at Bertha with a very sweet and gentle smile upon her kind, good face, and an answering smile spread over Bertha's face, for she knew quite well what that word meant. It meant that no prudence of our own can take us through an active life to a holy death unless we have the help of God's grace, which comes to those who ask for it—those who pray.

"I will try never to forget the lessons you have taught me on my three fingers, and I am very much obliged to you," said Bertha.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere in daily life the things that illustrate the word of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out without a light. Throw open your lattice in the evening, and look out: you will see what seem to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of sandals as the late traveller hastens along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot to make his step a safe one. In an instant the words come to your memory, spoken in that same city three thousand years ago: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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The Dignity of the Mother of God.*

In the commencement of the fifth century, a man named Nestorius ascended the See of Constantinople; his faith not being suspected, he ruled for some time the church still guided by the sainted memories of a Gregory Nazianzen and the sublime Chrysostom. Assuming a system of private interpretation, his faith was wrecked on the rock of pride; he moved from doubt to error, and finally nerved his conscience for the fatal plunge into open heresy. The people of Constantinople crowded one bright Sunday morning into the majestic basilica erected by St. Chrysostom. They were astounded to hear Nestorius tell them it was not lawful to call Mary *the Mother of God*.

They heard this announcement with consternation; the whole city became alarmed and excited as in a time of public calamity. The report of the outrage offered to Catholic faith was carried abroad; the whole Christian world was disturbed. Africa, with the great Cyril of Alexandria, sends forth its cry of condemnation; Asia and Europe respond with loud expressions of protest against the new doctrine. Pope Celestine called the Bishops together; a General Council is held at Ephesus; over two hundred Bishops assembled from all parts of the then known world; with unanimous voice they condemned the false teaching of Nestorius and deposed him from his See.

The assembly did not separate until night had far advanced, but such was the fervor of those early

times, that the people had gathered in thousands around the church door, impatiently awaiting the decision of the Fathers. At length the doors were thrown open; St. Cyril, at the head of the two hundred Bishops, acting as delegate of the Holy See, announced the condemnation of the heresiarch; immediately the city resounded with acclamations of joy; the fathers are led to their homes in triumph; beacon fires were kindled on every hill, and by a species of preconcerted telegraphy the decision of the Council rolled from mountain to mountain, until the whole Catholic world sent a mighty hymn of joy and congratulation to the throne of its Queen. It was on this occasion the Church added to the Angelical Salutation the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death." In this decision of the Council of Ephesus we find a plea for the Catholic practice of honoring the Queen of Heaven. We believe that Mary is the Mother of God. Here is the keystone of the arc that supports the altar of Christianity. Here is the explanation of all our enthusiastic praise; of the pomp and solemnity of her festivals; of her exalted position in the love and confidence of angels and men.

We must grasp the dignity of the Son to tell that of the Mother. The prophet says: "*He weighs the waters of the ocean in the palms of His Hands; the earth is His foot-stool and the pillars of heaven tremble at His beck.*"

Stand in fancy on the arc of the rainbow that spans the heavens when the sun has banished the storm-cloud; look up at the myriads of worlds that bespangle the great, unfathomable vault; remember that, away, far away beyond the vision and even beyond the ken of the highest intellectual grasp, there is another, and another, and then another interminable vista of revolving worlds. The scale of the heavens is measured by light, which travels at the rate of twelve millions of miles a minute. Since the discovery of the astral parallax, we find

* This eloquent tribute to our Blessed Lady, with some few immaterial changes, is the substance of a sermon preached last year on the Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, the gifted author of "The Martyrs of the Coliseum," "The Victims of the Mamertine," etc., and published in the *Montreal True Witness* by request of the proprietor of that paper.

there are stars whose light takes six thousand years to reach the earth. If you were to travel on a beam of light at the enormous speed of twelve millions of miles a minute for one hundred thousand years, perhaps you will have then passed the confines of utilized space, and beneath you perhaps would lie, as seen by angels, the vast ocean of creation. No: after travelling twelve millions of miles a minute for one hundred thousand years, you have but arrived in the heart of the universe; there is Arcturus on the north, there is Orion on the east, the brilliant constellation Hercules is studding the azure vault above you, and the myriad worlds of the Milky-Way burst on your startled vision as a brilliant congress of revolving spheres of clustered stars and gigantic suns. Firmaments are spread out like maps unrolled through space; for every star we see in the heavens, there is a universe behind it. Mighty worlds of thousands of miles in diameter, orbs fifty times larger than our sun, roll their stupendous masses like gilded atoms through immeasurable space. Scanning the motions, the revolutions, the mechanics of the heavens; enveloped in the ocean of light bursting from millions of burning centres; ravished with the brilliant panorama of Creation, man must read in the entire work the greatness, the omnipotence of God. That God became man; His Mother was the humble Virgin of Nazareth. The united intellects of men and angels could not conceive a higher dignity; no created tongue could express a higher eulogium.

Thus we can understand the rapturous addresses of the saints which have been termed enthusiastic. Let the gifted pen of Ephrem dictate the burning sentiments of his fervid spirit, and style her the unspotted, brighter than the rays of the sun and the lightning, more honored than the Seraphim, more holy than the Cherubim; let Cyprian call her the living and immortal temple of the Divinity; let Chrysostom pour forth the golden flood of his eloquence, and salute her as the brightest color in the rainbow of the modern Covenant; let Augustine dogmatically assert that the great flood of primeval guilt, which crminated the whole human race, found the barrier of an impassable decree in her immaculate soul; higher and grander than these patristic effusions, let an archangel come direct from the bright court of heaven and, pondering in his transit through space on the sublime message entrusted to him, burst suddenly into the presence of his Queen, and cry out in language of awe and veneration: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee,"—the vessel that is full cannot hold any more; the expression, "The Lord is with thee" was an old Hebrew benediction, to intimate the closest union of the Creator

with the creature, such as when an object is caught in the light cast from a strong reflector; let, in fine, everything grand or magnificent that has been said of her from the commencement, be poured out in one thrilling flood of eloquence, it would fail to tell the dignity of the Mother of God.

In vain would we fly on the wings of thought above the cold atmosphere of earth, and penetrate the distant glories of the starry firmament—in vain we scan the bright galaxy of heaven's saints, and seek a standard of comparison amongst the peerless spirits that chant the endless alleluias around the throne of the Eternal—we must mount higher than the Seraphim, higher than the Cherubim, higher than the Archangels, and if there be anything in creation, as the illustrious St. Basil has said, more brilliant, more perfect than these, it would still fail, in comparison, to tell the least of Mary's glories. Looking up from the valley of our nothingness, we contemplate with love and awe the noblest work of the Creator's hands enveloped in the rays of glory that burst from the bosom of the Omnipotent. "O sacred and immaculate Virgin," cries out St. Augustine, "with what praises to extol thee, I know not, for thou hast borne in thy womb Him whom the heavens cannot contain."

Yet Mary is not God. She is as far from God as heaven from earth;—as far as the Creator from the creature—as the finite from the infinite. She is first in the order of creation, and as such we recognize her as our Queen,—“for so shall she be honored whom the King hath a mind to honor.”

But you will agree her lofty position demands our admiration and respect. Should we not stop here and remain in passive admiration of her dignity, without bringing her into such active co-operation in the work of grace.

At the time the tribunes seized the reins of government in the ancient commonwealth of Rome, they banished from the city a great general whose pride became obnoxious. He took refuge in a neighboring hostile state; at once he was placed at the head of a large army and supplied with the means of revenge on his countrymen. He marched through the Roman territory with devastation and pillage; he was already encamped beneath the walls of the city before the people knew of their danger. When the news reached them they were terrified, and ran to and fro in the greatest consternation; they knew the skill of the great general who had led them on to victory, now marshalled in battle array against them; they knew his haughty spirit would never brook an insult, until he had steeped his sword in the blood of the offender; seeing it was impossible to stay his triumphant march, they wailed over the threatened

doom of their beautiful city, which soon they expected would be a smoking mass of unsightly ruins. The wisest and best met in council and agreed to send a deputation to appeal to his mercy; to that sentiment of patriotism which is found in the most depraved heart; to remind him it was in their city he first drew the breath of life, and that he was about to reek his sword with the blood of the companions of his youth. But the haughty conqueror was inexorable, and in the triumph of his revenge he told them that in a few hours he would destroy Rome. They sent another and another deputation to him; the patricians and nobles went out in mourning costume, making the most splendid offers if he would let them live to serve him; they met the same stern repulse; he bade them tell their citizens that the cry of a perishing people, mingled with the crash of their public monuments, would be the music of his revenge.

There was one ray of hope in the dark cloud that was gathering around them; it was his mother: they justly hoped the entreaties of an aged parent, whom they knew he loved, might bend his cruel resolve to destroy Rome. She went. No sooner did she appear before Coriolanus, than the tears of the sturdy warrior fell thick and fast on his mailclad bosom; the haughty impulse of ambition and revenge were hushed in the sobs of the grateful child. He descended from his seat, approached to embrace his mother, crying out from the depths of his softened heart, "O mother, you have saved Rome, but ruined your son!" He withdrew his army and in a few days was murdered for his treachery by the Volscians.

There is no tie so sacred, so solemn as that of the parent to the child; twining with the existence of the soul, it is, like it, indestructible and immortal; it follows the soul beyond the tomb, and will be its characteristics in eternity. When the Son of God became man, he chose His Mother from the maidens of earth; He participated in all the feelings of human nature, He gave her all the privileges of a mother. Here is the secret of our confidence in the intercession of Mary. In the sublime prerogative of the communion of Saints, who more powerful than the Mother of Jesus?

Will He not hear her prayer who made the sun stand still in the heavens at the prayer of a Josue; who opened the waters of the Red Sea and gave a dry passage through its unseen depths to the people of Israel at the prayer of Moses; who checked the fire in the furnace for the children of Babylon; and heard the prayer of Daniel in the lions' den: will He not hear the petition of His own Immaculate Mother? Penetrated with a deep sense of our ingratitude, fearing the glance of our of-

fended God, we seek her intervention. In her there is nothing harsh, nothing austere; the thunders of Divine wrath, which must ever ring in the ears of the sinner, are hushed in the sweet murmurs of her intercessory prayer. That prayer is more powerful than an army set in battle array; it was the secret agent that sunk the Mussulman in the waters of Lepanto. When we have shaken off the mortal coil and appear on the shores of eternity, many a fortunate child of Eve will look up and recognize as the instrument of his salvation the prayer of her who crushed the serpent's head.

Vision of the Wounds.

Two Hands have haunted me for days—
Two Hands of slender shape—
All crushed and torn, as in the press
Is bruised the purple grape.
At work or meals, at prayer or play,
Those mangled palms I see;
And a plaintive voice keeps whispering:
"These Hands were pierced for thee.
For me, sweet Lord, for me?
"Yea, even so, ungrateful thing,
These Hands were pierced for thee."

Through tolls and dangers pressing on,
As through a fiery flood,
Two slender Feet, beside my own,
Mark every step with blood.
The swollen veins, so rent with nails,
It breaks my heart to see,
While the same sad voice cries out afresh:
"These Feet were pierced for thee."
For me, dear Christ, for me?
"Yea, even so, rebellious flesh,
These Feet were pierced for thee."

As on they journey to the close
These wounded Feet and mine,
Distincter still the Vision grows,
And more and more divine;
For in my Guide's wide-open Side
The cloven Heart I see,
And the tender voice sobs like a psalm:
"This Heart was pierced for thee."
For me, great God, for me?
"Yea, enter in, My love, My lamb,
This Heart was pierced for thee."

The Battle of Connemara.

CHAPTER X.—(CONCLUSION.)

Lady Margaret was affected to tears by the spectacle that was thus quietly unfolding itself around her; she saw the penitents coming one by one from the confessionals, and a strange longing seized her to go and put her ear to the little grated window and learn the secret of this sacramental

power that brought men and women, high-born women of the world like herself, on their knees at the feet of a man, telling their secret miseries, laying bare their soul to him, and rising up comforted. The tinkling of a bell at the high altar recalled her in that direction; there was a downward movement among the congregation, every head bent low over the *prie-dieu*, then a deep silence followed, and one by one they rose and approached the rails of the sanctuary and knelt down. Lady Margaret looked on spell-bound; she felt she ought to go away—that it was all too mysterious and sacred for mere curiosity to contemplate, but she could not tear herself away until the priest gave the last blessing and prepared to descend from the altar. Just as she rose to go, the Abbé X—came out of his confessional; Lady Margaret stepped hurriedly forward to arrest him; the Abbé, thinking she wanted him in the confessional, turned back and was unlocking the door when an inarticulate exclamation caused him to look round.

“I beg your pardon, M. l’Abbé; I made a mistake.” The Abbé bowed, drew out his key, and went on to the sacristy. Lady Margaret hurried out of the church, with the feeling that she had missed an opportunity and escaped a danger.

After this she was conscious of a recoil; it was in one sense a relief, and yet she could not shake off a certain lingering regret, which was not strong enough however to gain the victory, for she never ventured again into that church. There’s no need to dwell on the interval that followed until the dreaded and yet longed-for day of the capitulation. It came to Lady Margaret as a blessed deliverance; for, strong as her sympathies were for the French, she could not share the patriotic despair which animated many in the besieged city, and made the surrender more bitter than death. In spite of her desire to set out for England immediately, she was compelled to wait some days until the rails were laid down, and travelling became, if not comfortable, at least possible. In the mean time she visited all the environs, and beheld the smouldering fires of the siege, the still smoking ruins of St. Cloud, the pretty villages laid waste, the plundered harvest-fields, the shorn woods; it was a melancholy spectacle. And yet the fresh country air and the verdure of the fields, were delightful and reviving after the long captivity amidst the smoke of canons and explosive shells and all the stifling pandemonium of the siege. The woods of Montmorency had fewer traces of the enemy’s presence than most of the surrounding ones; there were here and there large waste patches where the timber had been cut down for encampments, or

for burning, but this partial mutilation was not enough to destroy the old beauty of the place; everywhere the undergrowth of the brushwood was fresh and luxuriant, and the trees were as beautiful in this young spring foliage as if war had never come near them; the day had been warm as a summer’s day, but now in the late afternoon it was cool, a breeze had sprung up, and the birds were singing and hopping from branch to branch in the shade, and waking up all the sweet voices of the spring. They had left the carriage at the entrance of the wood, and Lady Margaret wandered on on foot, Burke lagging behind, with a camp-stool in case she wished to sit down. After winding about the glade where the gloom was deepest for some time, she descried through the trees a narrow stone monument, which in the distance resembled a gothic doorway, but on coming nearer proved to be a shrine with a statue of Our Lady in it; it was quite neglected, the statue covered with dust and stained by rain and snow, and the space around filled with quantities of leaves and twigs, the accumulation of winter and spring decay. There is something always pathetic in the aspect of a forsaken shrine: it touches a chord of pity in us; Lady Margaret felt moved to some such feeling at the sight of the forlorn Madonna, hid away in the silence of the forest. She waited till Burke came up, and then bade him get some branches of trees and clean away the rubbish from the niche, and make it as tidy as he could, while she gathered a few wild flowers to put in the stone vase at the foot of the statue. Burke was a little surprised at the order, but obeyed willingly enough. There was no profusion of flowers to choose from; nothing but some rare wild violets, and pale-eyed forget-me-nots, hiding away like gems in moist spots here and there where the tall ferns flapped their plumes gently in the breeze like a flock of green-feathered birds. When she had culled her bouquet she came back and sent Burke to fill the vase with water from a little rill that was dropping musically on a pebbly hollow under a neighboring tree; she placed the flowers herself at the foot of the statue, and as she looked up it seemed to her that the stained and mutilated face looked down at her with a mute *merci*. Lady Margaret had often regretted that the Catholic worship of the Mother of the Redeemer was not allowable to a Protestant; it made a beautiful link in the chain of our Redemption, she thought, and appealed strongly to one’s religious instincts. “I wish I could pray to her,” she said, mentally, looking up at the statue; “I feel as if she would help me if she could—the spotless Maid of Nazareth, the Virgin Mother of the Messiah, ‘our tainted

nature's solitary boast'; it is a pity the Evangelists have said nothing that might justify one in honoring her as the Catholics do."

As this thought crossed her mind, she became aware of some half-obliterated words carved along the border of the shrine; she looked closer, and spelt out the sentence in Latin:

ECCE ENIM EX HOC BEATAM ME DICENT OMNES
GENERATIONES.

The force of the coincidence was too palpable not to strike her, coming as it did like a direct answer to her thoughts. She had read the sentence thousands of times in the *Magnificat*, but it came to her now charged with a new meaning and full of a new light. Surely this was in itself an authority to honor Mary with a reverence transcending all except that which we give to her Son; then, the Angel had hailed her as full of grace and called her "blessed amongst women." Lady Margaret stood gazing on the words, pondering this new revelation in her mind, until, almost unconsciously, the prayer rose to her lips, "Blessed amongst women, pray for me!" She turned slowly away, and they went out of the wood; but all the way home the spell of the incident was upon her, and she seemed to hear the words sounding audibly in her ears: "BEHOLD, ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED!"

She little knew to what she had committed herself by that chance act of courtesy to Mary.

The next morning she went off once again to the church where she had seen the Abbé X—; but this time she walked boldly into the sacristy and asked for him. He had left Paris the day before; he had been seriously ill for some weeks past, and was ordered change of air without delay. Lady Margaret felt her heart sink, and a pang shot through her; she thought of Mr. Ringwood's words: "An hour comes when the offer of grace is final, and the rejection irreparable; God has gone away and we cannot call Him back. Had this supreme hour come and gone for her? Her whole soul was stirred to its depths, and filled with a kind of dreary despair. She walked in silence from the sacristy door, mechanically knelt down in the nearest side-chapel, where a pillar concealed her from view; there she burst into tears, and cried out for the lost light to come back. When she raised her head and looked up, the first object that met her eyes was a marble statue of the Madonna, almost similar to the one she had seen the day before in the wood; the coincidence appeared like a promise and a pledge. She murmured again, but this time with a distinct act of faith: "Blessed amongst women, pray for me!" So the gates of the citadel were forced open by the sweet touch of Mary's hand.

It seemed decreed, however, that the battle which had begun at Connemara should end there, and that the little roadside chapel which had witnessed the first blow at the enemy should be the scene of the victory and the surrender. Lady Margaret made immediate enquiries concerning Mr. Ringwood, and learned to her great joy that he was safe and well, and had already returned to England. She wrote at once, telling him that she was just setting out for Connemara, and entreating him to join her there as soon as possible, that she might have the consolation of making her abjuration into his hands, since she regarded him as God's instrument in leading her to the faith.

That was a glad day when the loyal-hearted people of Barrymore assembled in the chapel to witness the reception of their mistress into the fold. The place was scarcely recognizable, so changed was it by cleanliness, and flowers, and lights, and starry silken vestments; this was all that could be done in the short interval; but soon a greater change took place; a new building, worthier of being called a church, arose near the old one; but the little consecrated barn was allowed to stand; Lady Margaret would not have it thrown down; she had the roof repaired, and the walls whitewashed, and kept the deserted altar freshly decked with flowers; she loved to go there of an evening in the summer-time and meditate on the mercy that had stirred her soul with the first whispers of Divine grace there, and pursued her so indefatigably, and waited for her so patiently ever since, and brought her back at last a happy captive in the golden chains of the Conqueror.

So it is in this pilgrimage of ours. We travel on in darkness, scared by shadows which are but veils hung between us and the light, tenderly shading our weak eyes from the radiance they could not bear; we are dismayed by comings-late which are but the wiles of a Divine Providence bent on saving us against our will. For it is God's way to make stepping-stones of disappointments, and helps out of hindrances; with Him, sorrow is a dawn, and failure a victory, and death a resurrection; He makes separation work a higher and more perfect unity, and from tears and discord evolves gladness and everlasting harmony.

TRAVELLING through Switzerland, Napoleon was greeted with such enthusiasm that Bourrienne said to him, "It must be delightful to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration." "Pshaw!" replied Napoleon; "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

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Louise Latean.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[Continued.]

The next remarkable addition to our party was two theological students, who might at the utmost have attained the age of twenty; the decidedly triangular shape of their broad-brimmed hat, the graceful manner in which they wore the cloak and cassock, and the complete harmony of all the parts of their ecclesiastical costume, bespoke their peculiar right to be called Roman, and we were not surprised to hear that they were pursuing their studies at the Belgian College in Rome. They were now enjoying a vacation and a visit to their native land, and they had brought with them an introductory letter to M. Niels from the Prefect of the Propaganda,—a recommendation which had procured them admittance to the hour of ecstasy.*

The conversation now wandered away from the all-absorbing topic of interest, and assumed a character which Europeans love to style cosmopolite. This character is a natural consequence of the meeting of persons of different nations, and therefore is of frequent occurrence at hotel-tables and on the decks of steamers, whether these last be mere excursion-boats or regular ocean packets, and he who is unable to understand all the variations of French by means of which cosmopolite ideas are expressed, misses many an agreeable opportunity of acquiring useful information. On this occasion the Roman students acquitted themselves very handsomely, and, without any unbecoming boldness, showed themselves thoroughly conversant with all the questions of the day, and even capable of giving information concerning matters of interest. One half-hour in their society would be a most powerful argument against all the slurs cast upon the system of education employed by Rome; by what means they had obtained their intellectual development we are not prepared to state, but nowhere under the influence of that which the voice of Liberal reform calls enlightened institutions, do young men of nineteen and twenty show the same decided marks of mental culture.

"By the way," said the older doctor, during a pause in the conversation, "when you passed by

* In stating the facts concerning Louise's ecstasy, on page 521, No. 33 of the AVE MARIA, the writer omitted to say that the ecstasy, beginning after the hour of one o'clock p. m., occurs only on Friday.

Louise's house, was that English Archbishop still standing with his friends on the outside?"

The young students, who were the ones addressed, replied in the affirmative, and asked one or two questions concerning this party.

"Why, ladies, true enough! I have something to tell you!" said the young doctor; "you know that English gentleman and his lady, concerning whom there was some conversation last evening: who do you think it was that gave them that letter of introduction to Mgr. Dechamps? It was the Archbishop of Westminster,* Dr. Manning himself! They have returned to-day, and Mgr. Manning is with them; he has made it a personal request to M. Niels that this gentleman and his wife should be permitted to witness everything, but M. le Curé would not consent."

"Well," interrupted one of the gentlemen of Fayt, "M. Niels has shown before this that it is very little he cares for Bishops or Archbishops, especially since he has been vested with indisputable authority in this matter."

"But," said the doctor, "it is not every Archbishop who is the Archbishop of Westminster, and not every Archbishop of Westminster has been a Dr. Manning! However, M. le Curé treats *him* with the utmost respect, offering *him* every opportunity of investigation, but he will not admit his friends on those same conditions."

"But you know," said the older doctor, "that M. Niels finally consented to allow the gentleman and his wife to be present at the hour of ecstasy—each one half hour in turn—and that was a great concession, for the number of those permitted to enter is unusually large to-day."

"Yes, but they refused that," replied the other; "and Mgr. Manning will not enter at all unless he can secure to his friends precisely the same privilege which he enjoys. Now these three are in the meadow opposite Louise's house, and they intend to watch all the afternoon and see what class of people are admitted, how it is all conducted, etc. It is certainly very noble for Archbishop Manning to stand by his friends so firmly."

"But how polite and kind M. le Curé is to us!" said the older gentleman; "and is it not wonderful to observe the instant change when he addresses some one with whom he *chooses* to be displeased?"

"Each time," replied his young colleague, "I congratulate myself on our singular luck, and I make a resolution to be still more circumspect in

* At that time, although Dr. Manning's elevation to the Cardinalate was confidently expected, it was not an accomplished fact.

my conduct towards him. I should not enjoy that style of treatment."

There is nothing like the vicinity of holy places to promote a rapid acquaintance, to cause people to realize the bonds of union created by a common participation of the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, and to throw down what may be called the uncharitable restraints of society; therefore when we all arose from the table it would have occasioned surprise in the casual observer to learn that the acquaintance had been of so recent an origin. As the doctors left the room they said very pleasantly to those admitted to the hour of ecstasy:

"Au revoir chez Louise."

There had been no farther conversation concerning Cardinal Manning and his friends, but among ourselves we discussed the affair more freely. Perhaps of all those then assembled at Bois d'Haine we best understood the situation which was occasioned by the meeting of two systems differing entirely one from the other. We remembered the close relations existing between clergy and laity in our own land—relations resulting in great part from the extreme dependence of a Church disunited from the State on the laity in general, and we now know that where this dependence did not exist certain bonds of union between pastor and people were not only severed but were also not in the least understood. M. Niels probably is one of those who cannot comprehend any of the good resulting from our system; thus he could not believe that it was of any importance that lay-persons should have the same opportunity of giving testimony to religious facts as the clergy. Were he told that there is a class of English-speaking Catholics to whom the voice of a layman would, in some things, carry more conviction than the word of an ecclesiastic, the good man would be horror-stricken, and certainly would do all in his power to thwart any plans of concessions to such persons. But there is certainly much that is beautiful in the relations which have subsisted between priest and people in lands where the Church exists without temporal assistance; much to tempt minds even greater than Montalembert's to consider the severance of Church from State as a superior system; and did not the Church herself point to its evils and dangers they might escape our notice. For us it is well as it is, since it is so that God gives it to us, and when He chooses to give the "second best" we must take it submissively and work accordingly, never neglecting, however, to pay the due tribute of praise to that which is better. Thus it is that with us, although M. Niels would not be able to understand it immediately, the clergy may accept

the help of the laity in a greater degree than in some other lands—for our good, kind God will in these cases give the grace of a peculiar vocation, which He withholds where such assistance is unnecessary. Five years' acquaintance with European journalism, upon whose pages Cardinal Manning is a prominent figure, had made us familiar with many lovely traits in his character, as well as with the power of his intellect, which enables him to be so great a defender of the Church. Certainly not less than his logical eloquence does this unfailing gentleness and loveliness win souls to God; and even the enemies of the Church could cease a moment from their violent abuse of religion to tell with admiration of the manner in which the Archbishop of Westminster was known alike in cottage and manor-house, reproving, advising, consoling, entering into the joys and sufferings of all, irrespective of rank or condition. In him the world can behold the perfect fulfilment of a vocation most necessary where the Church is regulated as it seems to please God that it shall be for the present among us who use the English tongue. In other lands, where the temporal affairs of the Church depend only on the State, the clergy are not obliged to mingle so freely with the people, and they may if they wish follow all the wise counsels of St. Philip Neri, and retire completely from the world, knowing it only through the misery which it is their vocation to alleviate, speaking to it only through the confessional and the pulpit, or at the bedside of the sick and the dying. Free from many of the cares which our system entails, they are at leisure to give themselves to study, to a life of progressive piety, and to devote their energies to devising all manner of means for the salvation of souls, means of guiding more surely those already on the road to perfection, and means of attracting those enslaved by the allurements of sinful pleasures to the path of virtue. This last was the system which M. Niels would understand, and it would take an intellect more powerful than even Cardinal Manning's to convince him that there was anything trustworthy in that which is decidedly its opposite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE earliest patrons of Caxton, the first printer in England, were Thomas Milling, Bishop of Hereford and the Abbot of Westminster Abbey, and it was in Westminster Abbey that he established his first printing office. It was by the aid of the Bishop of Holun that Mathieson was enabled to introduce printing into Iceland.

The Blessed Virgin's Tunic at Chartres.

This precious relic was the object of the millennial feast celebrated on the 12th of September at Chartres. Sent from the Orient to Charlemagne by the Empress Irene, this sacred garment was bestowed on the Church of Chartres by Charles the Bald in 876. Its authenticity is beyond question. Without going into long details, it may suffice that an illustrious and well-known *savant* who was consulted, at the period of the Revolution, by men who would least be suspected of favoring public credulity, and who looked for quite a contrary decision, returned the remarkable answer: "That the stuff submitted for his examination, and the origin of which had not been told him, had more than a thousand years of existence, and that it was part of a veil used by women in the Oriental countries."

This precious tunic of the Mother of God, has been at all times a visible protection to the city of Chartres. Like the palladium of old, it routed the ferocious Rollo and his bands of fierce Norsemen, who hitherto had not been conquered by any mortal foe; and so it has continued to our days. When in 1832 it was carried through the streets, it instantly arrested the ravages of the plague or cholera.

Long before the millennial feast, the most extensive preparations had been made. The ladies of the city attended to the decorations with admirable zeal. Among the many Prelates present on the occasion was his Excellency Monsignor Meglia, Archbishop of Damascus *in partibus*, and Apostolic Nuncio at Paris.

By order of the Right Reverend Bishop, the holy relic was, for the first time, fully exposed to the public for veneration on the 12th of September. The veil of the Blessed Virgin, instead of remaining folded in its usual shrine, was spread out in a new monstrance made expressly for the occasion by artists of note. This plan, which received the approval of the Bishop, is due to several generous persons in Paris, who had the new reliquary made at their own expense.

"Extend," said Ruth, the gentle girl of Moab, to Booz, "extend your cloak over your servant, because you are of our own kindred." So we may also say to Our Lady of Chartres, our Blessed Mother: *Expande pallium tuum super famulam tuam quia propinqua es.*

A Strange Incident.

Many of the residents of this city will remember Father Thomas, the Chinese priest, sometime stationed here as missionary among his countrymen. He is at present located in the interior of

China, and has succeeded in gathering around him a large number of converted heathens, who, with great sacrifices, have erected a chapel in which to worship, and which is proved to be a centre of life and light to the whole region round about. Father Thomas and his poor congregation had done their best and, behold, their little sanctuary was unfurnished; but devout Catholics are not the kind to despair; their faith teaches them to pray with absolute confidence that they will be heard. In fact their whole lives are but one ceaseless petition, according to the command to pray always; and these did pray. One form of their supplication was a letter to Mr. M. Flood, the bookseller, of this city, requesting aid in procuring a monstrance, that He who is ever present on our altars should fitly, in the sublime mystery of the ever blessed Eucharist, extend His blessed benediction upon faithful hearts. Mr. Flood read the touching letter of the faithful missionary to a few friends, and the sum of \$100 was at once raised, and the monstrance, an elegant and valuable work of art, was forwarded to China by the ill-fated steamer Japan, accompanied by the prayers of both the intended recipients and the donors.

In due time the news came that the Japan had been destroyed by fire in mid-ocean, off the coast of China. The wreck was total. Neither an ounce of cargo nor a dollar of the immense treasure on board was saved; so the only thing to be done was to replace the lost monstrance. Before this could be done, a letter was received from Father Thomas saying that his beautiful piece of altar-furniture had come to hand amidst the joyful anticipations of his people! It appears that an officer of the unfortunate steamer, on escaping into a life-boat, bethought himself that he might save something, and so snatching the first parcel that came to hand, he rushed from the doomed vessel, and finally delivered it at the agency in Hong Kong, without the slightest knowledge of its contents. Was it "mere chance," or was that monstrance insured in heaven?—*San Francisco Monitor.*

Catholic Notes.

—Rev. Father Van Den Dreissche, of Connor's Creek, Michigan, lately received seven persons into the Catholic Church.

—The Religious of Jesus and Mary, of Lauzon, C. E., have thankfully received a contribution for their new chapel from "A Child of Mary."

—The Catholics of England and Scotland have in two years increased the number of their clergy from 1,893 to 2,024, and their churches from 1,253 to 1,294.

—One of the principal objects of attention among works of Catholic art at the Centennial is the beauti-

ful Gothic altar for the new church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. It is admired by all. We hear that it will be used for the first time on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

—General John A. Newton, whose name is prominently before the public as the engineer of the Hell-Gate explosion, is a devout Catholic, and a convert. The success of this unprecedented triumph of engineering, which will make its author famous as a public benefactor, was piously placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and occurred on one of her festivals.

—Rev. Father Van Laar, the zealous and beloved pastor of Baltic, Conn., left on Saturday last for Lachine, Canada, to enter the novitiate of the Oblate Fathers. We believe the poor people of that once happy and flourishing village, now all but ruined by the failure of the Spragues, the dull times, and the destroying freshet of last March, will find in Rev. Father Vandenhooft, late of Davidsonville, as prudent a guide, as loving and devoted a father, as pious, as disinterested, as energetic a priest, as they have lost in the humble and self-sacrificing Father Van Laar.

—The learned Father Marcellino da Civesza is laboring zealously to promote the canonization of Christopher Columbus. One of the difficulties he had to encounter was the statement that Columbus had a natural son, called Ferdinand. This obstacle is now triumphantly removed and the calumny refuted by the discovery in the library of the University of Valencia of a copy of a very rare work, entitled *Primera parte de las noticias historiales de las conquistas de tierra firme en las Indias occidentales*. This book, was written by "Padre Fray Pedro Simon di Parrilla," and was printed at Cuenca in 1627 by order of the Catholic King.

—An officer of the palace guard at the Vatican, Mr. Pietro Cantagallo, who is also a very skilful artist, has lately presented to the Holy Father a magnificent statue made from a composition of plaster and paper carton. The statue is solid, and its face, members and drapery are nicely painted in natural colors, representing the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the invocation Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. It is of colossal size, and has been executed after the design lately approved by the Pope. The Virgin is represented crushing the infernal dragon under her heel; in her arms, reclining on her breast, is the Divine Infant Jesus, extending His little hands, whilst she points to His Divine Heart. The splendor of the gilding, the brightness of the colors, and, above all, the touching expression in the features of the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son, make this work a masterpiece of art.

—The *Connecticut Catholic* puts the following contrast as showing how the faith grows from untoward beginnings, and how, even in that State, long the abode of stern Puritan bigotry, it is now irrepressible. The incidents related occurred in Hartford:

1854.—On a bleak December morning in 1854, Mr. John Kennedy—God rest his soul—was turned out of his humble dwelling in South Manchester, by a

bigoted landlord by the name of Stone, for permitting a Catholic priest—Father Brady—to celebrate the Sacrifice of the Mass for a few Catholics in his house. Mr. Kennedy died the death of the just, and his children and grandchildren now live in Manchester, honored and esteemed. Stone's name is lost in oblivion.

1876.—On the 13th of next month the handsome new Catholic church of South Manchester, built by the Catholics of that place, who constitute the majority of the population, will be dedicated by Bishop Galberry, with imposing ceremonies.

—The *Catholic Sunday Companion* is the title of an eight-page small quarto paper printed and published weekly by the boys of St. Mary's Industrial School, Carroll P. O., near Baltimore, Md., at \$1.50 a year. It is now in its fourth year. We commended it at its inception and would now again call attention to it, as the praiseworthy object of its publication entitles it to a claim upon the Catholic public, more especially, perhaps, upon the people of Maryland. All who know anything of Industrial Schools must be fully aware that, far from being remunerative, they are a heavy tax upon the charity and devotedness of those who conduct them; therefore when we see people self-sacrificing enough to undertake their charge for the good that may result to souls, we should by every means in our power aid them in the good work and thus become sharers in their merit. The *Sunday Companion* is published with the approbation of Most Rev. Archbishop Bayley, and young people will find in its pages much interesting reading-matter. We are glad to notice a gradual improvement in its printing, and hope soon to see it all that could be wished for in regard to typography and presswork. Business letters etc., should be addressed to Bro. Alexius, Director of St. Mary's Industrial School, Carroll, P. O., near Baltimore, Md.

—A Pastoral Letter from Archbishop Bourget has been read in all the churches of Quebec, announcing his retirement from the episcopate. His official title is hereafter to be Archbishop of Marianapolis. Monseigneur Fabre is henceforth invested with the entire charge of the diocese of Montreal. The *Toronto Globe*, a leading Protestant paper, says: "The Bishop's farewell pastoral is a very kindly, affectionate document. He reviews the past, contrasts the present condition of the diocese with what it was when he took charge of it in 1840, and augurs hopefully for the future. He asks his brethren to cling to the Holy See, to their Bishops and priests, to dwell in love among themselves, and to keep their churches in proper repair and properly ornamented. With such words of friendly entreaty, and prayerful anxiety for their future welfare, Bishop Bourget takes farewell of the people of his diocese, and descends into the quiet of private life. We have had occasion to differ from the Bishop often, and to express our difference in unmistakable language. But we should think it strange indeed if we could not most cordially bid good-bye to him on his withdrawal from public life; and if we could not express our best wishes that his most sanguine hopes of a peaceful evening of life, as

they are expressed in his valedictory, may be abundantly realized."

—Since a long time the Holy See has established a commission of learned men for the revision and republication of the liturgical books used by the United Greeks. Gregory XVI, of happy memory, paid much attention to this enterprise, but the commission was obliged to suspend for a long time their labors. His Eminence Cardinal Pitra, one of the most celebrated Hellenists, has just finished this work, one of the most remarkable of the age in regard to the ancient liturgy of the Church, and it will soon be published. The most perfect conservation of the Catholic doctrine can be noticed in these books, which the United Greeks have received from the schismatic Greeks, who in their turn received them from the ancient Greek Fathers of the Church. Only a few errors have crept in. By correcting these passages, easily known, the happy result is obtained—records of our faith, pure and intact, in documents which, during nine centuries, have been buried in oblivion, and nearly lost. These books, to the number of 22, will be published from the printing-office of the Propaganda. Already some other works have been printed there, among them the *Horologium Græcorum*, answering to our Catholic Breviary, and the "*Triodium*," or Quadragesimal Liturgy, which is in press. All these books will be adopted by the United Greeks of Italy and of other Christian countries.

—Rev. Father Alphonsus Maria Ratisbonne lately sent to a priest in the city of Paderborn an account of his congregations and missions in the Holy Land, which shows the most encouraging facts. The blessing of God evidently rests upon the pious undertakings of which Father Ratisbonne has been miraculously called to be the instrument. "My soul," he writes, "is grieved to death at the sight of the lamentable position in which so many Bishops, priests, and faithful Christians are now placed in Germany, and above all at the sight of the painful situation of our Holy Father in Rome. We in Jerusalem are for the present left in peace, but any day can throw us into the greatest danger. The Moslem heart is full of vengeance, and if the embers of fanaticism once become fanned to a flame we may dread from them the most cruel atrocities. It is said that the Russian Consul has taken the precaution to remove all Russian subjects under his control from Jerusalem. The Greeks have closed their seminaries, their hospital, and their other benevolent institutions, under the pretext that the means of subsistence are wanting—a kind of bankruptcy. In the mean while all our institutions are fairly progressing. We have now in our boarding-school of *Ecce Homo* forty young Israelites, from among the best families in Jerusalem. Remark that this institution, to which is joined an expiatory chapel, is built upon the very spot on which our Lord was exposed by Pilate to the Jewish rabble." Our readers will remember that Father Ratisbonne's conversion took place through a miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin, in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, at Rome, some years ago.

—It is now beyond a doubt that it will be the

task of the next Prussian Legislature to undo the work of persecution, *vulgo* the "*Culturkampf*." We have already made mention of a circular-letter issued by several prominent members of the Conservative party, in which the persecution is designated "a misfortune for country and people." The *Germania* published a very fine editorial on this circular, from which we give the following extract:

"When the founders of the new party are of the opinion that the entire controversy could be removed by vindicating the right of the Government to regulate by means of its sovereignty its relation to the Catholic Church, and when they maintain the right to support the Government against opposing claims of the Roman Court, they may take our assurance that in such a case the *Culturkampf* will never be brought to a conclusion. These gentlemen want no restriction of conscience, and no interference of civil legislature within the boundaries of the interior ecclesiastical life, but the cause of the resistance offered by the Prussian Catholics to the new laws was that they were in open contradiction to the rights of conscience of millions of citizens. These laws were enacted by men who were either ignorant of the Catholic conscience, or who, if they knew it, wished to oppress it by main force. If the subscribers of the Circular are not convinced that an undue interference has taken place, the only possible explanation of it may be that these gentlemen transferred their Protestant ideas of a Church to the Catholic Church, and believe that the relation of the Government to the Catholic Church should be exactly the same as that to their own. Should this happen, the prophecy of Bishop Ketteler would be fulfilled, namely that the entire realization of the May laws would gradually lead the Catholic Church in Prussia into Protestantism."

—There were 2,013 pagans baptized in the Vicariate Apostolic of Pondicherry during the last year. "This number," writes MONSEIGNEUR LAOUENAN, the Bishop Vicar-Apostolic, "added to that which we succeeded in obtaining last year (1,008), gives a total of 3,021 pagan baptisms for a period hardly exceeding a year. Indeed, the conversions which brought it up began in July 1874, and our calculation of numbers was closed the 1st September, 1875. At the last date the number of catechumens was 500 more. But I was obliged to advise my dear brother priests to admit no more till they received new directions, because our resources have been entirely exhausted. The conversion of pagans in this country is never gained without expense. All, or almost all, who seek to be baptized are poor, and have nothing to live on but their daily wages; we must, therefore, feed them whilst they are learning their prayers—that is to say, for at least a month. We must, besides, pay and support the catechists who instruct them; and as, in the present case, it is entire populations who embrace the faith, we are compelled to build chapels and huts for the missionaries; we have, therefore, to purchase plots of ground. Now, these purchases are not effected without some difficulty, nor without money; the pagans oppose them, either through dislike of our religion or from avarice;

so that to surmount the obstacles which arise, we are almost always compelled to slip some pieces of money into the hands of the chiefs. In short, our expenses for the conversion and baptism of these 3,000 neophytes cost us about 30 000 francs (£1,200), about 10 francs for each. Having never before to expend so large a sum, and having also our regular expenses to meet, which usually absorbed all our revenues, we have been taken short, and compelled to sacrifice all our savings. But this could not last long. So, to my great sorrow, we had to suspend the work, and to tell the poor people who, by hundreds, were still coming to seek to be baptized: 'Wait, we have no longer the means of keeping you whilst you are learning the prayers—Wait for six months: we are writing to Europe, and if, as we hope, they will send us some extraordinary means, we will recall you.'

—A correspondent of the Portland (Oregon) *Catholic Sentinel*, writing from Cowlitz Prairie, W. T., says: "It is very gratifying to communicate with you on occasions like the present. Adopting as a sacred duty and good work the recommendation of the good and great Catholic missionary of the Northwest, Rev. Father Weninger, D. D., "to pray daily to Almighty God for the conversion of these United States," we, as humble members of the Church militant on earth, offer up in the unity of faith and communion of saints our tribute of prayer and praise, and participate in the joy of the Church triumphant in heaven, on seeing in our midst the straying lambs and sheep entering noiselessly and steadily into the fold of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church of Christ. Of these conversions here I would mention Mr. Nathan Howe, embracing the cross in his hands, on his dying bed, last spring. Three young daughters of W. G. Morrow, of Lakamus Prairie; Miss A. Berry, an amiable and highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of Captain J. Berry, of Klickitat Prairie; the baptism of several young and adult Indians, and, most edifying and surprising of all, on the solemnity of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into heaven, the baptism, profession, and reception of Mrs Anna Maria Lane, a very respectable and enlightened lady, the oldest resident of Cutting's Prairie, in this neighborhood, a native of England, who after residing in this vicinity for about thirty years, under many vicissitudes of fickle fortune, and living to see her children around her to the fourth generation, deliberately and unostentatiously renounced the religious errors of the Church of England, in which she was born and bred, and now in her patriarchal old age humbly, faithfully, and solemnly seeks shelter and safety in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, out of which there is no salvation. It was not without profound feeling that I witnessed the transition from a long life of religious error to truth, nor was it without gratification that I shared in the convert's joy. On her return from church, after the ceremony, to the house of her son-in-law, Mr. J. M. MacDonald (having travelled twenty miles on that day), she was congratulated on the birth of another grandchild and future member of the Church. Coincidences like these are, I hope, ominous, and indicative of present and future good.

New Publications.

RECUEIL DE LECTURES; A L'USAGE DES ECOLES. Par Une Sœur de St. Joseph. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Teachers will find in this little text-book a valuable aid, especially for preparatory classes. It has been prepared for English-speaking pupils, and the instructions on pronunciation, etc., are given in English. It is printed in large type and substantially bound.

GUIDE TO CHURCH FURNISHING AND DECORATION. Chicago: A H. Andrews and Co.

This book contains much useful information about church architecture, furniture, etc. Price, 50 cents.

—In the September Number of the *Musical Review* we find among its excellent selections of music and reading-matter a story entitled "Taking the Veil," in which the heroine, after the death of her affianced, buries her grief in a convent. Thousands of fifth-rate novelists have harped on this subject, and have thus confirmed the Protestant notion that convents are a refuge for the unfortunate. Religious have a higher and holier motive for dedicating themselves to God than disappointment in love.

Obituary.

—Another devoted priest has gone to his reward in Georgia, where the yellow-fever is raging. Rev. FATHER CRADDOCK, of New York, while on a visit to Father McCafferty, administrator of the diocese, was taken sick at Macon, and died on the 20th inst., of yellow-fever, which he had contracted at Savannah.

—The following obituary notice was sent to us only a few days ago. We presume that the grief of the family caused the delay. It is not often that one finds so much edification in a few short lines. Mrs. CATHERINE CUNNINGHAM died at her residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 13th of August last, after lingering many years in great suffering. She bore with becoming patience for fifteen years the afflictions which God was pleased to send her. During the last ten years of her life she obtained rest and sleep by sitting upright in a chair, propped up with pillows. She always had great devotion to the Mother of God, and prayed to her earnestly for the grace of a happy death. Her prayers were heard, and her request was granted. She died as calmly and peacefully as her life had been pure and holy. The Rev. J. S. Duffy attended to her spiritual wants during her last illness. Whilst suffering the greatest pain, she never lost her naturally cheerful disposition, but greeted her friends and family with a pleasant smile. She instructed her children in the way in which they should go; it was a consolation for her to know that her lessons were heeded and her advice followed. One of her sons is an *attaché* of our much-esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Review*. The deceased was the wife of John Cunningham, in whose arms she

breathed forth her last sigh. She was a native of the city of Cork, Ireland, and came to this country in 1842. Her remains were followed to the cemetery of the Holy Cross by a large number of sympathizing friends, on the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 30TH.

Letters received, 120; New members enrolled, 96; Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Restoration of health for 94 persons and 2 families; Change of life for 20 persons, and 4 families; Conversion to the faith for 10 persons, and 6 families; Perseverance for 5, and a happy death for 3 persons; Particular graces are asked for 12 priests, and 9 religious; Temporal favors for 29 persons, 8 families, 4 communities, 4 schools, and 1 orphan asylum lately opened; Spiritual favors for 27 persons, 6 families, 6 communities, 6 schools, and 5 congregations; The grace of a religious vocation is asked for 5 persons. Among the intentions specified are: A change of business relations; Means to pay debts; Conversion of an apostate, and consolation for his good Catholic mother; Homes for several destitute persons and families; A situation for a devoted client of our Blessed Mother who is now unable to support his family; The non-Catholic families of a certain district in Minnesota; Safe journeys for several travelers; Perseverance for 1 religious; Good religious dispositions for several novices; Peace and harmony in several families; The success of a mission and a retreat; The conversion of a Protestant lady; Prayers for a young man about to be married to a non-Catholic; The conversion of a Catholic lady and her husband, married out of the Church; A Catholic young man who neglects his religious duties; Employment for, and conversion of, a Protestant gentleman.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following accounts from letters received: "I had the happiness some years ago of being enrolled in the society of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and have ever been desirous of recommending myself in a special manner to its prayers. I must now write to thank our Lady for a signal favor which has been obtained. It was the conversion of a dear uncle of mine, whose name I sent for enrollment three years ago, without his knowledge. During life, he had always appeared very indifferent to religion; in every other respect he was a model. In his last sickness, however, grace touched his heart, and he asked to be baptized; our good Pastor heard his confession, baptized him, and on the following day anointed him. Two days after, he died a calm, holy death. Oh, how I thank our sweet Lady!" ... "Please have a Mass of thanksgiving said for favors obtained. I would also mention a case that occurred some time ago. A Protestant lady was very sick. Four physicians pronounced her incurable, and her death near at hand. The lady's husband was also a physician. I asked if I might give her some blessed water; her husband told me to give it, and to use any ceremony

which I wished. I gave her some, and made the sign of the Cross on her forehead. It was on a Sunday evening. That night she slept nearly all night; the next morning she was better, and continued to improve, and is now as well as ever."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. HENRIETTA WEBB, who departed this life Sept. 20th, at Don Juan, Indiana. Mr. JOHN McCORMICK, who died in New York, on the 15th of September. Mrs. MARION WHITE, of Evansville, Ind., whose death occurred recently. Mrs. THOMAS MURRAY, of Philadelphia, Pa., died Aug. 26th. Mrs. ELIZABETH E. TONG, who went to her reward on the 29th of September, from South Bend, Ind., after a long and painful illness, fortified by all the consolations of our holy religion. MARGARET WHELAN, FRANCIS FALVEY, PATRICK MINIHAN.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

Bertha's Three Fingers.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

(Concluded.)

A few days after this visit from Mrs. Bartlet there drove up to the door of the cottage, where our young friend Bertha Blake lived, a man in a smart spring-cart, drawn by such a wise-looking, gray pony. The pony stopped and put its ears forward in a surprised sort of manner, as much as to say, "Well, I never was at this garden-gate before, and I wonder who lives here?" A girl of fifteen, tall and slight, and very pleasant-looking, jumped down from the cart and ran forward. She met Bertha in the garden path, and put her arms round her and kissed her.

"I am Emily," said this happy-faced girl. "I am so glad you are coming to us. It will be so much nicer than having another old Peggy. Peggy keeps us all in such order, and scolds all day. I said I would work from morning till night if I could only have some one to love and read with, and talk to. Then my aunt spoke of you, and what I had said half in fun is to come to pass in real earnest. The girl who has left us was older than I am, and as big as both of us put together. We shall have to do all her work between us. Have you ever worked hard? What a dear little cottage yours is! Who's that?"

"That is my mother," said Bertha; "and I have worked very hard. I have gone out to work, washing and scrubbing, though I am so young. I have had to work very hard, I assure you, and I will do my best at the farm."

"That's right," said Emily. "Are you all ready to go?"

"Yes, my bundle is in the house; I have only to put on my bonnet and cloak and bid them good-bye."

Bertha choked herself almost trying not to sob; but Emily said:

"Never mind crying; it does good when it comes at the right time. No mother would like a girl to leave home without tears."

"Ah, and there's Alfred too," cried Bertha.

"Our carpenter is making a chair for Alfred. My aunt sent one for a pattern, and the blacksmith is making some old wheels of ours to fit it. He ought to come and visit us, and learn how to guide his chair on the garden walks. Will you come?"

Emily had walked into the kitchen, and she asked this last question of Alfred himself.

"Yes, I'll come, if you are good to Bertha," said the boy.

"My father and mother are good to everybody," said Emily; "and we young ones must be good to ourselves."

"Bertha makes her good resolutions by the help of her three fingers," said Alfred.

"Then I am sure my aunt taught her," answered Emily. On which they began to laugh very merrily, and say what a good kind friend Mrs. Bartlet was.

In a very short time Mrs. Blake had finished her conversation with Mr. John Bartlet, then she came in and tied on Bertha's hat, and saw that she had got all her things safe, and then the parting came. Of course it was not pleasant to say good-bye; but John Bartlet had told Mrs. Blake to come over and spend a day with them in a week or two, and looking forward to this made it easier for Bertha to go away. Soon she was really gone. Mrs. Blake looked sadly at Bertha's empty chair, but Bertha was recovering from her grief in the enjoyment of this summer-evening drive. She got to the farm, and was pleasantly received by Mrs. John Bartlet. Even Peggy said she looked like a good girl; and so, happy in the feeling that people approved of her, Bertha helped to wash up the tea-things, and after wiping them carefully and putting them away, joined the family in their night-prayers and went to bed.

She worked hard for Peggy all the next day. "She is a capital girl!" said Peggy. She had a long walk with Emily in the evening, and played with the young white pigs, and picked a great handful of flowers for Father Francis at the chapel-house. "O, she is a delightful girl!" said Emily. She was up by cock-crow with Mrs. John in the dairy, and Mrs. John said, "She is an

active, stirring, willing child, and I like her very much."

But in the evening she was horribly tired, and "O I feel as if my back was broke!" said Bertha. This kind of thing went on for a few days, and then Bertha found that she was very ill, and by her bedside stood the doctor.

Peggy said, "No wonder she's ill; you've all worked her too hard. Anybody would think you believed her to be a camel. Girls like that can't work like ten men."

Emily said: "But she declared she was not tired; she said she could walk five miles with me in the evening, and she never walked more than three."

"Well," said Mrs. John Bartlet, "if she can't get up to work in the mornings she can't stay here, and we had better send her home."

Bertha heard, and cried till her head felt bursting with heat and pain. Then she looked up, and there stood her friend the housekeeper from Allanby Park.

"You have not been prudent," she said, as she stooped down and kissed her; "but when you are well enough to hear, I can explain it to you, if you like."

"It will do me good. Kiss me again," said Bertha. "Talk to me, if you please. I did not think my illness had anything to do with my three fingers." She gave a droll smile when she said this, and she smiled once more when Mrs. Bartlet said:

"O, but it had, though. If you had remembered your three fingers you would never have been ill."

"Do tell me about it!" said Bertha.

"Well, this is it: you have been imprudent in the way in which you have indulged yourself. It is not true that you were over-worked. You rose early; there is no harm in that. You worked diligently; there is no harm in that either. You were fed punctually as to time, and you had an hour for rest in the middle of the day."

"I played with the pigs and the calves then," said Bertha; "such calves! all spotted brown and white! I ran races with them through the meadows. They followed me, because they thought I should open the gate, and take them to Peggy and the milk-bucket."

"Of course all this, in the burning sun, tired you." Bertha looked rather silly. "When you had done your afternoon work, you had time given you in the evening in which you could have rested. Did you take it?"

"No. I have walked several miles every evening. O, it was so pretty in the lanes, and Emily is so good and pleasant!"

"It was your duty to do your work," said Mrs. Bartlet.

"Yes," said Bertha.

"Now, put your three fingers into my hand, dear child." Bertha laughed a little now, though she still felt very weak. Consideration would have made you think, before you gave yourself up to fatiguing pleasures, that you had no right idly to waste strength which you ought to have kept for honest work. Then judgment"—touching the fingers as she spoke—"judgment would have kept you to the wise ways of taking rest when you were told to rest, and kept you from the foolish ways of tiring out your body with too much pleasure in too long a walk every night. Having so seen what was right, your good judgment would have come to your help, and made you deny yourself the gratification of the moment in order that your whole day might be more perfect."

"Yes," said Bertha; "I can see now how heedless and imprudent I have been, and I have paid for my imprudence by an illness."

"Yes, you have," said Mrs. Bartlet. Bertha thought that those three words had been spoken very coldly by her good friend. She was generally full of kindness and sympathy, but now she said, "Yes, you have," as if she had very little sympathy, if any; and this vexed Bertha, who said rather proudly,

"Well, I suppose it is a good thing that I only hurt myself."

Mrs. Bartlet dropped her work into her lap, and gave Bertha a sort of searching look over her spectacles, which Bertha received with rather a self-satisfied smile.

"Who paid the doctor's bill?" asked Mrs. Bartlet, in a gentle voice, taking up her work, and going on very diligently with her mending.

Bertha's voice shook a little, but she said what was quite true,

"O, Mrs. Bartlet, I heard the doctor tell Mr. John, when he offered to pay him, that he would not take anything."

"That was truly kind. But my brother is a man who succeeds in his business, and he can afford to pay. So he accepted the doctor's kindness in a way of his own. He said he must be allowed to give him one of those pretty white pigs. Now that pig was worth sixteen shillings, and for that John could have sold it in the market."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Bartlet," said Bertha, blushing.

"O, stop," said her friend, a smile hovering on her lips. "Not so fast; when your mother heard of it also, she said that Alfred should do without

his chair. The blacksmith's work which my brother was going to pay for was valued at fifteen shillings, and your mother said that if her girl had been an expense to him, her boy must not expect his present. Alfred said the same. So for your imprudence your poor brother has had to suffer. Now, can you say again that you have only hurt yourself?"

"No, I can't," said Bertha, and she burst out crying; "and now," she went on, "I shall have to go home, for I am sure I shall not be fit to work again for three months."

This was a sad thought, but Mrs. Bartlet comforted her.

"Don't trouble over that," said this good friend; "our family are all gone to the sea-side, and I have got leave to take you to the Park for a visit. You will get well there. I intend to tie you by the leg, or keep you without shoes, or sew you up in a sack—I don't know what I shall do to you, if I see you inclined to forget yourself."

Bertha began to laugh once more; and as she was well enough now to be moved she bade her friends at the farm good-bye, and went to Allanby Park with Mrs. Bartlet. Everybody was very kind.

"We blame ourselves for not correcting you," said the farmer.

Emily cried so much she couldn't speak; and Peggy said:

"I'll tell you what, my girl, you've put us to great inconvenience. I don't know where we shall get another girl good enough to please our missis, so I shall have to do your work and my own too."

This made Bertha feel ashamed. She did not know what to answer, so she wisely held her tongue.

After a few days at the Park, Bertha was sitting under a walnut-tree by Mrs. Bartlet's side. They had been very happy together all day, and now they were enjoying the shade, and the beautiful view, and feeling it quite a holiday, though their hands were steadily employed hemming some towels.

"I wish you would talk," said Bertha, in a pleasant voice—"talk about my duties."

"Our duties," said Mrs. Bartlet. "I have as much need to watch and pray as you have. We are going the same way through this life to the life eternal; we are both intending to do our duty—to love and serve God in this life, and to live with Him forever in the next. But intention is not enough."

"O, no," said Bertha. "And I am thinking of my self-indulgence at the farm, and how I hurt so many people besides myself."

"It is often so," said Mrs. Bartlet. "It is very seldom that when people are imprudent they only hurt themselves. But I should like you to observe *one* thing. Suppose that, instead of being imprudent in giving yourself more pleasure than the strength of your body could bear, you had been one of those who risk, by going into bad company, the health of the soul. It often happens that a girl is tempted, after her day's work is done, to go for her pleasure to some dangerous amusement—perhaps she goes just for once; perhaps she goes again, and gets corrupted. Other girls see her go; they argue in this way: "If that girl goes, then we may go"; and so her bad example leads other souls astray. She, you observe, is hurting other people and losing the health of her soul, just as you lost the health of your body. Do you understand me, my dear?"

"Yes, I understand," said Bertha.

"Now think about prudence. If a girl so tempted had used *consideration*"—Bertha, with a smile, though the tears were in her eyes, put up her forefinger—"she would not have been led away in a thoughtless hurry; by thought and consideration she would have formed a right *judgment*, and said; "No, I will not go with you—I will never go"; and by her GOOD-WILL so strengthened, she would have been faithful to her determination—that is, she would have practised prudence. She would have neither hurt herself nor hurt others."

"Thank you," said Bertha, for this child knew perfectly well what a good lesson Mrs. Bartlet desired to teach her.

After a few weeks Bertha went back to the farm. She enjoyed her life now, because she had learnt to enjoy things in the right way. Peggy forgave her, Emily loved her, and the farmer and his wife praised her often. She never forgot to practise prudence for her soul's good health, keeping herself away from bad company, and trying to rule her own heart rightly.

You will be glad to know that Alfred got his chair. Mr. Bartlet paid the blacksmith, and everybody was pleased.

Our Guardian Angels.

Will not the readers of the Children's Department of the "AVE MARIA" welcome a few words about the blessed angels whom this sweet messenger has so constantly taught them to love and invoke? As the month of the dear Angels is quickly passing, these extracts, taken from reliable sources, will help perhaps to root still deeper the reverence and child-like confidence one should entertain for his Guardian Angel; for, dear children, the pleasant

October month will soon have made way for gloomy winter, yet this loving guardian of your tender years will cling to your footsteps closer than ever. Indeed the spring of youth does not last long, as many among you have found out already, no doubt; warm summer will claim its due, to fall back in its turn on cool autumn for shade and the comforts it keeps in store; but even then will winter come and snatch with its frigid grasp the genial enjoyments of that season of life. Yet, with all these changes, death, and death alone, will ever part you from the old and faithful friend who watched with anxious longings for your first breath, and treasured with a jealous care the first beatings of a soul created after its Maker's own image, and cleansed and made lovely by the waters of Baptism. May this final parting with our heavenly friend be but for a moment, dear readers; for who can doubt that on our gratitude to this sweet companion of our exile, proved by our devotion and respect for the holy presence of our Guardian Angel, will, in a great measure, depend the godspeed and safety of our last voyage, and our prompt admittance to the ever-desirable presence of the Lord of Hosts and Our Lady of the Angels.

THE ANGELS AND THE VENERABLE BENOITE.

Benoite Sencurel, a simple and holy shepherdess, founded the Pilgrimage of *Notre Dame du Laus*, in the department of the Hautes Alpes (Dauphiné) county of St. Etienne d'Avançon, France. This village is situated in a smiling valley on the little river Veine. It is a celebrated place of pilgrimage, where each year a countless number of pilgrims come to honor the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Laus. This pilgrimage was founded in 1664, under the inspiration of the Blessed Virgin, who since that period bestows on the spot innumerable favors, thanks to the intercession of Benoite Sencurel. The Queen of Heaven had made of the simple peasant girl a friend and confidant, and appeared to her frequently from 1664 to 1718. A fine church has since been erected on the spot of the apparitions of the *tout belle Dame* (most lovely Lady), and contains within its sanctuary the tomb of Benoite Sencurel. It is said to have been visited in less than fifty years by more than five millions of pilgrims.

Benoite, to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared during the course of her whole life, was in so close an intimacy with the angels that one can only judge of it by the incidents we are going to relate. The blessed spirits would assume various forms to manifest themselves to her. Having obtained from God the privilege of suffering for

the expiation of the sins of the world, she was followed by the Evil Spirit and tormented by him in the most horrible manner. But an angel would draw her out of the inaccessible places where the devil had carried her; an angel cleared her a passage through the thickets, all saturated with dew, or covered with hoar-frost; an angel led her back from unknown spots to the right road. Did the feet of their sister, benumbed by the cold, torn by the rugged and icy ground, refuse their support, they sustained her; did a torrent bar her way, they would help her to ford it; was the night obscure, they would become luminous to enlighten her path. More than twenty times was Benoite transported to the roof of Our Lady of the Maples; an angel would go and assist her descent. If it rained, he would open for her the chapel door, and, to while away the time, would recite the Rosary with her. Then he would guide her back to the village by his heavenly light, and frequently as far as her cell. Once, on a trip of this kind, he rested on the most prominent point of the coast, whence the pilgrim can behold at a glance the basin of Laus, and let his sister go alone. For himself, becoming radiant with light, he stood there as a beacon, enlightening all the valley, until the maiden had reached the village. The sufferings of this humble victim became so heroic that angels under novel shapes came to be witnesses of it, not so much to give her succor as to admire her spirit of self-sacrifice. They were transformed into little birds that would sing, pray, and perfume the air while she was undergoing the most intense anguish. When she would return from the mountain, all languid, and ready to expire, they would gather as in a crown around her head and accompany her along without breaking their ranks; as they were luminous, from time to time she would glance upwards to look at them.

That the patient might not forget that her sufferings bore some mystic relations to the Passion of Jesus Christ, the birds would sing the Litany of the Passion, as they went along with her: "Jesus scourged, have mercy on us!" At other times they would strike up the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, and, for this purpose, they would form in two choirs like the assembly of the faithful. One choir sang the verses, and the other responded. Thus while singing, praying, embalming the air, and illumining the darkness, they followed the virgin's tottering footsteps from the desert to her cell. One night they entered in such numbers and sent forth such ecstatic strains that the maiden believed herself in heaven.

The angels who gave to Benoite the sweet name of sister were of the Court of Mary, as the shepherdess learned while conversing with them. Seeing how much she was beloved by their Sovereign, they could not help loving her in their turn; besides which she led a most angelic life. They would accordingly conduct themselves towards her as real brothers. And so, if the evil spirit held her on the mountain, they would keep her cell. At her return they would enquire about her wounds and heal them. If they had drawn her from some precipice, they would not quit her until she dismissed them herself. More than once on entering the village she said to her celestial companion: "It is far enough; thank you, dear angel; adieu." The lovely angel became terrible

at times. Frequently did he level to the earth, not without a struggle, however, the form of the prince of darkness, who in his fury attempted to take away the life of the innocent victim.

The angel would contrive for his sister many a delightful surprise. One night that she returned faint and weary from the desert, as she was resting on a stone, her hand felt something; it was a beautiful rosary that the angel, having happened to find, had laid there on purpose to comfort her, for she was very fond of fine chaplets, this dear child of Mary.

Benoite, however did not fail to honor the divine messengers in every way. If they recited the Rosary together, the angel began the prayer and Benoite concluded it. She always recognized in him the servant of the Queen of Heaven; and in a thousand instances she noticed with what affectionate eagerness he occupied himself about the altar of Mary. One day he reverently picked up from the ground a Host that a priest had unconsciously dropped when giving Communion, and replaced it in the pyx, unnoticed.

It was the Feast of Our Lady of the Angels. "This is a great festival," said her companion to her; "do you not wish to receive?"

"How can I do so?" replied Benoite; "there is nobody to hear my confession."

It was in the time of the Jansenists; and Pierre Gaillard, her father-director, was at Gap. The angel observed to her that the good state of her conscience dispensed her from confession.

"Since it is so," said the shepherdess, "it would indeed make me very happy, beautiful angel, to receive Holy Communion."

She immediately lighted two tapers, went up to the holy table, recited the "*Confiteor*," and, the tabernacle opening of itself, the angel took the pyx and made the pious child of Mary communicate, whilst a second angel, with his hands devoutly clasped, knelt at the foot of the altar.

The angel honored Benoite in his turn; indeed how could it be otherwise, when he beheld her suffering in behalf of sinners through love for Jesus Christ. On one occasion, in admiration of her magnanimity, he slept around her neck, while she slept, a superb necklace of precious stones, making it go several times round. In over a hundred instances says her biographer, did heavenly spirits make the air resound with ecstatic concerts for her consolation.

This mutual consideration did not harm in the least the winning and graceful ease of their friendly intercourse of private life. Benoite confided everything to her angel; she consulted him in every difficulty, and was not afraid to question him about things of the other world. In his turn, the angel watched over his sister with a tender solicitude; he was on the look-out in her stead, and would carry off her instruments of penance if she became indiscreet in the use of them; he helped her on all occasions, and in order to furnish her a new means of exercising charity towards her fellow-creatures, even went so far as to teach her how to cure ailments of all kinds with those plants that are trodden under foot. Let us conclude by saying that these facts, as well as all the other marvels contained in the story of this admirable maiden, are proved by historical critics; it suffices to read the book of the Abbé Prou to see how incontestable is their authenticity.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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SS. Peter and Paul.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

To know what St. Peter is to Christendom, one must come to Rome. We may talk about the feast of St. Philip Neri, or of St. Aloysius, in Rome. They are very wonderful, certainly; but the feast of SS. Peter and Paul as kept in the basilica of St. Peter completely absorbs that of all other saints; stands above them in the very same way in which St. Peter stands above them as the Prince of the Apostles. One comprehends on the 29th of June in Rome how St. Paul could say: "I condescended not to flesh and blood. Neither went I to Jerusalem to the Apostles who were before me; but I went to Arabia, and again I returned to Damascus. Then, after three years, I went to Jerusalem to see Peter." To see Peter as the head of that visible Church against which the "gates of hell should not prevail!" All these things had a new reality about them as we drove towards St. Peter's a little after five o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th of June, to attend the first Vespers of the feast of the morrow. There was something contagious, too, in the enthusiasm of this crowd setting steadily towards Ponto S. Angelo, then growing denser and denser as it surged through the two narrow streets leading to S. Pietro, until the crowd emerged on the great square. Once there, how full the air was of light and of sound! The sky was almost cloudless and the sunshine, always so powerful in Italy, lighted the fountains sending up their white spray till it seemed to touch the sky. Then the splash and play of these powerful fountains, the chimes of the bells in the tower, the roll of carriages over the pavement, filled the ear with sounds harmonious and so continual that they reminded one of eternity. Amid all this light and sound moved the multitudes, the thousands on thousands of the children of St. Peter,

permitted to keep his festival in his own basilica. Nowhere in the world can such a crowd be gathered as in this piazza and in this basilica. We stood to watch them. Crowds on foot; crowds in carriages, crowds in omnibuses; old and young, even to infants in arms; rich and poor, literally from the prince to the beggar. Priests in Roman hat and soutane; Benedictine monks; every shade and variety of sandalled, bare-headed Franciscans, in their brown or black habits, bearded as Capuchins or closely shaven; Dominicans, in the white habit and black cloak of the preaching friars; Carmelites in white cloaks; Passionists, Redemptorists; Sisters of Charity, and Sisters in all sorts of white bonnets and black bonnets, quilled-frills and veils; long lines of seminarians in red, purple, black, and all these divisions divided and subdivided by sashes and stripes of red or blue braid to distinguish their several colleges; while here and there the tall pillar-shaped *barretta* of an Armenian, and the Albanese costume or peaked hat of a son of the Campagna, would be seen. Nowhere but in Rome, and nowhere in Rome but at St. Peter's, could such a various multitude pass before the eye. The wonder of it all increased the longer we watched these shifting thousands, moving towards the door of the portico to pass so quietly under the garlands of box and then disappear within the largest basilica in the world.

As we lifted the heavy curtains at the door we heard the pulsations of the organs in the prelude for vespers, and were in time to catch—not the first crash of a chorus of a hundred voices, but the clear sweetness of one voice in the first antiphon. To this antiphon succeeded the psalm, its verses sung by alternate choirs, in the high, wonderful harmony of voices giving forth celestial canticles; voices which seem to have been fed on an "ampler ether, a diviner air," than those of other mortals. No matter how high those voices might soar, they were sure to float in those upper regions, nor did

they ever lose the sweetness of their natural warble.

But where were the thousands on thousands who who had entered St. Peter's while we stood to watch them? They were all within, and so were the thousands they found there before them; but there was no jostling, no crowding, no hurry. There were no seats either; and just as great a variety as we had seen enter might be seen perched on the bases of the great columns, or on the steps of altars and confessionals, or, in numbers not to be counted, standing, patiently, for hours, between the two chairs and before the sanctuary in front of St. Peter's Chair, where were the Cardinal with his readers and cantors, and all the canons of the Basilica. Hundreds, too, were kneeling around the confession of SS. Peter and Paul, adorned, as it was with immense bouquets and garlands of natural flowers and tall wax candles towering above the lamps. On the floor of the confession, too, was laid one of those tapestry carpets, in which the arms of Pope Sixtus V are to be seen. Then another multitude gathered around St. Peter as he sat in his chair, dressed in his mitre and cope, in all the glory of the Chief Bishop; while on the hand raised in blessing was the ring of his high office. Another multitude could be seen before the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where the music of the choirs was to be heard, perhaps finer than anywhere else, softened, as it was, by distance, and changed from a mortal song into one which angels might have sung. But it was not for this reason that this multitude lingered where they were. Absorbed in adoration, the music was only a part of the inspiration which urged them to send up their whole souls in prayer to God; while something akin to this was to be seen all along down the grand nave and in the side-chapels, until we came to the chapel of the Mother of Dolours, to see before that most sorrowful image a few heads bent to the ground in supplication.

And yet, to all came the music of the first Vespers. Walking, sitting, kneeling; groups talking here and there; but above all, and over all, floated the calm music of the cantors. No one disturbed, no one interrupted, no one was capable of drowning the least of those clear tones. People came and went, and other thousands were coming up the steps as we went slowly down, but the Vespers went on. Never had we seen St. Peter's so grand as on that evening. Never had we seen the gold ceiling above St. Peter's Chair come out in the full beauty of its reliefs as in the level rays of that afternoon sun; and there we read the story of the two martyrdoms, one by crucifixion, the other by the sword, as the music rose up into the great dome

and floated down the nave and the aisles. Never had we seen the façade with all its statues, nor the dome in all its perfection of form and proportion, so beautiful as on that evening. Never had we seen the sun linger so long on the obelisk in the square, and never had we seen the spray catch so long the beams of the sun. And yet this was only the prelude to the feast of to-morrow,—only the opening act of that drama in which the Church celebrates the victory of her two great champions, SS. Peter and Paul, in the basilica of him who had kept his place as Prince of the Apostles and the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth.

It is impossible on a great festival like that of SS. Peter and Paul to forgive the Romans for having opened their gates to another king than the Sovereign Pontiff. On that day Rome uncrowned herself. Since that day all which made her distinctive glory has been shorn of its splendors. No procession gives beauty to her streets, for to the eyes of the Roman people, accustomed to the dignity of religious processions in which the Vicar of Christ bore a part, none of the secular pageants on the streets of Rome can be looked upon as processions. And so it was that from the first Vespers on the evening of the 28th of June to the second Vespers of the evening of the 29th, everyone felt how incomplete was the day. There is no Cardinal who must not be eclipsed, dwarfed utterly, when he is compelled to take the part of celebrant where the Holy Father of right belongs. No matter how many kings or leaders may plant themselves in Rome, the Pope alone can give back to Rome her beautiful days and her festivals. It was with this thought working in our minds that we saw the sun go down in Rome on the 29th of June, 1876. The long twilight prolonged the day, just as it did eighteen hundred and thirty-four years ago, when it set over the Janiculum, whose golden sands had been wet by the blood of St. Peter crucified with his head downwards, and over the green knoll of the Campagna from which had gushed three fountains as the head of "St. Paul, Apostle and Doctor of the Gentiles," touched the thick June sward. The stars, too, came out and lighted the spot where the pious Lucina gave his precious relics burial and where his basilica stands. The eye of God, as well as the stars, looked down that night, eighteen hundred and thirty-four years ago, on the city which he had chosen for Himself. There was comfort in this thought; for just as He then put His everlasting arm under the Infant Church, in the hour of her greatest bereavement, so might we hope that He had done now, when the infidelity of her children has wounded her heart more than the deadliest malice of her enemies could ever do.

Mother of God—Our Mother.

There was a Maid in Israël, whom God,
 Before the fall of proud ungrateful man,
 Had pre-ordain'd to be the sacred Temple,
 Wherein the Word made Flesh should be enshrin'd,
 Until His hour of birth to mortal life
 And wo. She was a Virgin, yet espous'd
 To one who foster'd tenderly her youth—
 When now behold the Heavenly Messenger
 Came down to visit and to greet the Maid;
 And with the look an Angel hath alone,
 With voice no mortal may assume, and words
 Pour'd out as liquid from a silver chalice,
 Which man ne'er utter'd, nor could imitate,
 The kneeling Gabriel announc'd his charge,
 And, stilling her surprise and modest doubt,
 Delivered his commission.

At the appointed time the Babe was born,
 The Infant Jesus—yet the Eternal Son;
 The helpless child—and yet the Mighty God;
 The outcast stranger—yet the King of Heaven,
 The man of sorrows—yet the Sole-begotten
 Wisdom of the Eternal Father.
 O Mary! if the God of Heaven
 And Lord of earth, who said, and lo!
 The world with all its varied multitude of creatures,
 Its matter, animate, inanimate, unseen
 And visible—from darkness issued forth,
 And grew into existence; if this God
 Of might omnipotent, uncomprehended
 Within the utmost verge of man's frail mind,
 Deign'd to reside within thy sacred womb,
 That the Creator was as if created,
 Surely we little ones may safely turn
 Our ardent gaze and earnest supplications
 Towards thy dwelling-place; and with the eye
 Of Faith beholding thee, a Queen enthron'd
 Above the Angels, and almost within
 The circle of the Deity itself,
 May claim thy care, sweet Mother, and implore
 Thy never-failing aid. Then hear us now,
 Hear us, thy suppliant children, while we pour
 Our griefs before thee; weary of our woes
 And weight of sin and worldliness, we crave
 Thy gracious succor; lay before thy Son
 Our every need: give Him our love and service,
 And win His pitying smile upon us now.
 Oh! holy Mary, brightest Star of Heaven,
 Shed o'er thy children thy benignant rays,
 And ever hear us, ever pray for us.

THE love of our neighbor springs from the love of God; the love of kindred, the love of friends, the love of all about us is a part of the love of God. As radiance is a part of light, so the love of mankind flows in a direct stream from the love of God.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Last Novice in Andechs.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE
 GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

The day was already sinking, on Christmas Eve in the year 1802, when a youth stood at the door of the Benedictine Abbey which crowns the holy mountain of Andechs in Upper Bavaria. His hand had already laid hold of the bell-pull, and had held it a considerable time, yet the door-bell emitted no sound. Three and four times had his hand made a spasmodic movement—at length he pulled it downwards, and the bell rang. The youth shuddered at the sharp, shrill sound. Perhaps the frosty air had pierced him through, for the east wind swept over the isolated conical mountain, and its breath had ornamented the windows of the abbey with thick-spreading flowers of ice which glittered in the sunbeams now so devoid of warmth. As the youth drew back his bare hand from the bell he became aware that ice adhered to it; then he listened, with his head bowed forward towards the massive oaken door. Several minutes elapsed. He who was waiting heard nothing but the rattling of the wind in the vane on the church-tower and the beating of his own heart. At last the sound of light footsteps was heard. To the listener at the door it seemed as if his own heart were beating on the boards. Then the bolt was drawn back with a loud noise, a little door within the great door opened, and "Praise be to Jesus Christ!" was the greeting, in monotone, of the brother door-keeper, a man already advanced in years, who bore an appearance of suffering. He had drawn his hood over his head as far as his dimly-twinkling eyes.

"Throughout eternity, Amen!" answered the youth, raising his hat; and his voice trembled. In the partially darkened porch a shudder floated down to him from the bare cold walls. "I wish to speak with the Right Reverend Abbot," said he, tremblingly, and looking beseechingly at the lay-brother. His whole attitude bespoke humility.

The door-keeper seemed to observe this with satisfaction, for he answered him, in a sympathizing tone: "You want to request a Viaticum of him? His Grace the Lord Abbot is still at Vespers—besides, the father-steward sees to the Viaticums;—meantime, come and have some refreshment."

With these words he closed the little door, and then silently pursued his way through the passage to the interior of the monastery, rightly conjecturing that the stranger would follow without further invitation. They both strode through a second

hall, with a stone pavement for a floor, on which the tread of the youth fell with a loud echo, until they came to a postern gate where stood the door-keeper's cell.

"So, seat yourself at the table. The collation will soon be ready," said the monk, in the same monotonous tones.

Instead of following this direction, the youth spoken to again took up the word: "May God reward you, brother door-keeper, for your good intention, but I am not asking alms. I have something of much more importance to speak to the Right Reverend Lord Prelate about."

And the youth looked so beseechingly at the monk, and with such an open-hearted expression, as if confident of meeting with a spark of sympathy from him, that the brother door-keeper again scanned the petitioner with a searching glance, this time longer than the former one, and it seemed as if he were contented with the result of his observation. At least he pushed back his hood, and said, as he went away: "I'll try and announce you. I hear steps,—Vespers is out; rather a bad time for coming—Christmas Eve—Compline will be said two hours before the usual time. . . . I will see, but I can promise nothing."

The youth answered only by a beseeching look, and—as it seemed to the door-keeper—a tear glistened in his eye. The brother went out with a soft tread. And he had not been deceived; as soon as the brother left him, large heavy tears rolled down the cheeks of the youth; but the brother was a tolerably long time gone, and the tears were dried before he returned. Meantime the youth looked round the cell. A great crucifix hung in the middle of the long wall, under which was inscribed, in large letters:

"HE WHO FOLLOWETH ME, WALKETH NOT IN DARKNESS."

He read these words, and read them again and again. And whether it was the warmth of the apartment or the consolation that lay in the words, the youth felt every minute more comfortable.

At length the brother door-keeper came back. "Come up with me," said he.

The young man's heart began to beat again, and this time stronger than before, as behind his leader he ascended the broad brown waxed stairway which led to the apartments of the prelate; at every step he mounted his breath became shorter, and as he came into the anteroom he felt as if some one was tying a rope round his neck. In this place the door-keeper bade him wait before a folding-door of nutwood, and himself went sideways through an open door which appeared to lead through a passage. The floor of the anteroom was dry rubbed with wax; the

apartment was roomy, and adorned with a well-carved crucifix of Carrara marble, the figure of the Saviour as large as life. On both sides stood beautiful cypresses in large pots. Before the crucifix hung from the carved ceiling a lamp of gothic shape, the wick of which burned in a colored glass from which purple and violet rays of light streamed out upon the Crucified One. To these were added a death-like stillness and the dusky gloom of departing daylight. A solemn sensation took possession of the youth waiting there. Upon the wall, over the crucifix, there was again an inscription; he went nearer and read:

"DENY THYSELF, TAKE UP THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME. OR DOST THOU THINK TO FLEE FROM THE CROSS, FROM WHICH NOT ONE MORTAL HATH EVER YET ESCAPED?"

He could not turn his eyes away from these words. He felt their truth in his young heart. By degrees the tight feeling about his heart was loosed. Involuntarily he bent his knees before the image of the Crucified, and a wonderful sensation came over him. Such a sensation he had felt formerly, but that was a long while ago, when as a boy he had stood, in the dawn of the morning, on the hill beside his home, and looked down into the valley, where the Main, like a dulled mirror, lay, long and winding, in the morning fog. Then, behind the dark fir-trees of Castle Hill, came forth the sun, at first dark red, and flat as a large disk, which continually drew its edge inwards, until, rising higher and higher, it had rounded itself to a fiery ball. Then golden rays poured themselves forth, rending apart the web of mists which encircled hill and valley. Then came a waking up, an out-breaking, a smile on the face of nature. The dulled mirror now shone as silver, and the vane on the church-tower below sparkled like gold. The fir-trees rustled, the birds chirped, at first softly, then ringing out their joy-notes in full glee, while the bells were summoning the human family to the "*Ave Maria*." The breath of God was upon all things. Then the boy might well take off his cap and whisper: "Hail Mary, full of grace,"—and his little heart became filled with great delight. But, grown to manhood, it was long since he had witnessed the waking up of nature. The boy became a young man, and his heart had felt no more those pure joys. Only now, in that gloomy anteroom of the old abbey, was the feeling of peace like that of the time of childhood suddenly reawakened; he prayed in very truth: "*Ave Maria*."

"Come!" and the door-keeper tapped him on the shoulder; he looked around, and, to his own astonishment, found that he was on his knees be-

fore the crucifix. Confused, he arose quickly. There between the nut-wood folding-doors stood the tall figure of a monk. The young man's heart throbbed violently—a darkness overspread his eyes.

"What do you wish?" These words must have come from a loving human heart, for they struck deeply, warmly, like sounds from a parent's lips, on the spirit of the anguished youth, and restored him to his natural, unconstrained bearing. He bowed low; and then, first timidly, but soon with more steadfastness, ventured to raise his gaze to the features of the Benedictine. What a venerable countenance!

"How can I assist you?" asked the prelate, once more. "I wish—I beg—your grace—in an important matter," stammered the youth. Away was the finely-prepared discourse, studied for so many days. His memory was as if fairly blown into the air. He had conned his sermon as for an austere man, and here before him was a priest on whose forehead dignity sat enthroned, and from whose lips flowed heartfelt goodness; without circumlocution he now replied:

"I wish to become a Benedictine monk, your grace."

The abbot looked at the speaker with astonishment, then an amiable smile played about his lips. "You wish to become a Benedictine monk?" he repeated, in a friendly manner, like one who scarcely believes what he hears. "Well, that is not altogether impossible," he continued, "provided you have a vocation to lead a monk's life." Again a shadow of mirthfulness overspread his earnest countenance as he examined the petitioner.

The outward aspect of the young man was, in fact, in direct contradiction to his wishes. He wore, after the fashion of students, a thickly-wadded velvet coat, with standing collar and a great deal of lacework on the breast and back. Over the coat-collar was laid a bluish-white shirt-collar. The trousers were trimmed as far as the knees with buckskin. And the candidate had a head of hair as thick as a lion's mane, that fell in chestnut-brown locks, in natural curls, over his shoulders; a budding beard of yet uncertain color was sprouting on his upper lip and chin, while blue eyes full of mirth sparkled over cheeks blooming with health.

"How old are you, my son?"

"Twenty years old, your grace."

"But only twenty, and already you would renounce life?" asked the still doubting Prelate.

"I will not renounce life, your grace; I will now first begin to live." These words, spoken with glistening eyes and an appealing tone, made a decidedly good impression on the abbot.

"You mean then, my son, you have lived thoughtlessly until now, and feel the need of growing better. Well, now, you are a student! perhaps you have learnt nothing,"—a good-humored smile sweetened the bitter words; "you have squandered your father's money and led a loose and extravagant life."

"You know it all, your grace!" answered the candidate, in a feeble voice, with eyes cast down—working hard, meantime, at the flaps of his felt hat.

The abbot observed the student with a keen glance. But he calmly looked up at the abbot, and replied, while a deep red color spread over his cheeks: "Pardon me, your grace: I am as worthless as students in general; I acknowledge it for a fact, I look back with shame on my student years. I drank, played truant, spent my father's money, caused my mother numberless tears—and—and—never thought of God! But I am tired of this useless life. I WILL work; I WILL learn; I WILL again learn to pray, in order to master the tempests in my disposition. Your grace, all that is true. Out there in the world, ruin stares me in the face. Under your protection—I do not know how I know it—I shall learn to do better."

He had spoken with increasing warmth; his glistening eyes, his glowing cheeks became him well. After a slight pause, as the abbot did not answer, and only watched him attentively, he resumed the discourse: "My father's house is not closed against me, your grace. Although I have some debts,"—he spoke this in an undertone, and became very red in saying it—"my good father will pay them, even if he should suffer himself. No! it was not hunger, not dislike of work, that drove me to the door of this monastery, but an indescribable something which I feel, but cannot describe with words."

The young man paused. But the abbot appeared to him to look down into the depths of his heart. He did not lower his eyes, and he had spoken so freely and fluently that he had awakened conviction of his good intentions in the abbot's mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I am delighted," writes Lacordaire to a friend "that you begin to relish the 'Lives of the Saints.' They were the really great men of the human race, the loving hearts *par excellence*; all our romances are cold in comparison with them. One surprising thing that strikes us in reading their lives is the prodigious variety we find there in spite of the general resemblance of ideas and sentiments. They are the *Thousand and One Nights of Truth.*"

Two Pictures.

Longfellow gives us vivid pictures of two opposite methods adopted to convert the Indians—one by the Protestant Pilgrim Fathers, the other by the Jesuit missionaries. Here is one picture, from "Miles Standish":

"Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the captain continued:

'Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted,

High on the roof of the church—a preacher who speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.'

The other picture is found in "Evangeline":

"Thither they turned their steeds, and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,

Saw the tents of Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,

Knelt the Black-Robe Chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High in the trunk of a tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it."

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Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[Continued.]

At half-past one o'clock we at length felt ourselves at liberty to repair to Louise's house, and we walked slowly through the streets of Fayt, slowly over the stony highway leading to Bois d'Haine. Just the day before, the Holy Church throughout the earth had said that when the world was growing cold the Lord Jesus Christ, desiring to inflame our hearts with the fire of His love, had renewed the Sacred Stigmata of the Passion in the body of Blessed Francis, and had shown forth in him in various ways the wonderful mysteries of the Cross. (Roman Missal, Sept. 17). That very day, in showing the virtues of the seraphic Joseph of Cupertino, she had declared that God ordained that His only begotten Son should be lifted upon

the Cross, so that all things might be drawn unto Himself (Roman Missal, Sept. 18). As the day before had told us to learn the lessons of bearing our afflictions with patience, and making the Cross our sure defence, so this day itself bade us to raise our minds above all earthly desires, so as to be able to come into the presence of the Court of Heaven. To all this, the events of that Friday at Bois d'Haine were sounding a grand *Amen*, grander than the most beautiful *finale* ever composed by Palestrina, Cherubini, or any of the great masters of religious music; and as there are certain sounds in nature that range either too high or too low for the ordinary ear, so there are certain things, which, making but slight impressions on the world at large, are yet distinctly audible to the ear of the willing soul; so it was that day that we heard the seeming discords melting into harmony, and proclaiming the glory of the Cross of Christ.

It seemed, indeed, like a sanctuary, that little cottage around which expectant groups were gathered on the afternoon of that bright September day, for there was that atmosphere of quiet and peace which always rests over the scene of a holy action, and which extends its influence even over the unbeliever. Among those assembled before Louise's door there were many whom we had not as yet seen, for those who had received permission by letter had just arrived on the noonday train. Among these were two German ladies accompanied by a priest whom from his dress and general appearance we judged to be a personage of no slight importance in his native place. There was also a *religieuse* of one of the uncloistered orders, and several Belgian clergymen. The others were women of the middle classes, remarkable neither for age nor for any other qualification which one might suppose desirable for admittance to Louise Lateau's cottage.

Never, even under the influence of the most solemn surroundings, do we lose our individual peculiarities, the stamp of personal identity; and we are never more ourselves than when we are face to face with serious facts, for then we forget the self-possession with which we are accustomed to veil—not to control—the operations of our character. At Louise's door there was not that uniformity of action which the American Catholic would expect, but each one followed a different impulse; some withdrew from their companions, to wait in silence, perhaps to pray; while others gathered in groups, to speak in low tones of their expectations or else to discuss Cardinal Manning and his friends.

"An Archbishop, that!" exclaimed one of the women; "why, he is dressed quite like a layman;

and you say he is a famous Prelate! They do strangely in England."

We looked at Cardinal Manning, who stood at some little distance, talking with an elegant English gentleman beside whom stood a lady who did answer precisely to the description of "excessively well-bred." We could not forbear a smile as we wondered where the good woman had ever seen a layman wearing a closely-buttoned frock coat of such extreme length, or if the gentlemen of Belgium wore black cloth gaiters reaching nearly to the knee, which were such excellent substitutes for the knee-breeches and black stockings of a certain class of Italian ecclesiastics. To us, this costume, far less laymanlike than the street-dress of our own priests, and as near an approach to the clerical street-dress of Rome as would be prudent in the clergy of a country like England, seemed a yearning for the true ecclesiastical garb, a sentiment which exists in the heart of every faithful pious priest who is condemned to disguise himself in lay apparel.

But having once seen Cardinal Manning's face, who can waste further thought on his garments? His is one of those wonderful countenances where gentleness and purity unite to give that appearance of perpetual youth which masks the evidences of study and learning from those who see strength of character and traces of deep thought in the ravages made by worldly cares and the turmoil of passion. There is the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove, in those bright blue eyes so expressive of keen penetration and of a charity kindled by the flame of Divine love; and the fairness of complexion, more than Saxon in its perfection, that sparkling countenance, rendering so easy belief in the luminous features of Moses, seemed to tell us that not to Louise alone, of all in our day and generation, is the Blessed Eucharist drink and meat indeed, for it was an idea more incredible than the miracle which we were about to see, that ordinary nourishment could resolve itself into forms so full of spiritual loveliness. If there was any ignominy in being thrust away from the scene of the miracle, if it was painful to stand and watch the successful, the unpleasantness must have been greatly tempered by the fact of being accompanied and supported by so illustrious a personage, and we felt that even we could have endured all patiently had we heard those firm, clear tones telling us: "Don't go away. I shall stay by you; I will stand with you."

A few moments before two o'clock, M. le Curé arrived, with a Franciscan monk and the gentleman and the two ladies whom our hostess had obliged to submit to the public dinner. As they

approached the cottage by the winding road leading from Bois d'Haine, the dress of M. le Curé, cloak, cassock, and broad-brimmed hat, as well as the more conspicuous costume of the Franciscan, his worn and faded brown gown, the olive-seed rosary at his side, his hempen girdle and brown cloak and cowl, his bare sandalled feet and uncovered head, gave the group a picturesque and religious character which accorded well with the scene and occasion, and we felt that the presence of a son of St. Francis, a member of that Order to whom the devotion to the Sacred Stigmata is a special legacy, a peculiar right, was singularly appropriate.

M. le Curé addressed all present, in a low but distinct voice, saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, at the very earliest moment that it will be possible to enter I shall apprise you of the fact." He then entered Louise's house, leaving his companions among those in waiting.

One accompaniment of Louise's condition is an incomprehensible feeling of humiliation at being seen by any stranger when she is in her state of stigmatization, which feeling is attributed by many to a special grace, the guardian of her humility, designed by God to prevent any spiritual pride. Although she tries to conquer these emotions of what may be termed a miraculous shame, this effort causes her a torture which it is impossible for her to conceal, and the family will not allow this suffering to be inflicted on her; therefore it is only during her moments of insensibility that such as we are permitted to see her. Doctors and the higher order of clergy the family welcome at all hours, because they cherish a lingering hope that some one among them will reverse the hitherto universal verdict of *non est in naturâ*. The Church not only respects the rights of the household, and the family, but she is also their jealous defender; and in a matter like this the pastor may use his influence to procure concessions, but he cannot command anything. So it was that in terming the instant that Louise's ecstasy would render her unconscious of all around her, "as soon as it would be possible to enter," M. Niels referred to the concessions which he has succeeded in obtaining, not to any arbitrary arrangement dependent on his own whims.

At length the eagerly-expected moment arrived; M. le Curé opened the door, motioned to the blonde gentleman and the ladies accompanying him to enter, and then, giving a quick glance, searching for Mgr. Dumont's friends, he beckoned to our party, at the same speaking to all, bidding them to come in. In spite of M. le Curé's

attention we soon found ourselves jostled to the rear by all the rest, each one of whom betrayed the greatest eagerness. As the second door opened we came into the best room, a sewing-room evidently, for there were two sewing-machines, before one of which sat Adeline Lateau, preparing work. Around the room were scattered several piles of half-finished work, principally the undershirts sold by the establishments of ready-made ladies' wear in France and Belgium. In this room the gentlemen left their hats and canes, and some of the ladies their shawls, and we laid aside our round hats, merely retaining our veils as more appropriate, and less likely to obstruct the vision of others. Adeline acted in all respects as if the famous army of spectres had entered, giving no recognition whatever of our existence, until a lady, placing a shawl where perhaps it would inconvenience the family, Adeline indicated by an abrupt gesture where it might be placed.

The doctor came hurriedly into the room to meet us. No longer a gay and careless youth, but a man sobered and aged by all that he had witnessed. As we glanced at his countenance we saw an awe-struck expression that even the most skeptical could not but ascribe to the holiest influences. Amid the matted locks of hair no longer glossy black, but tangled and drenched by the crowds of thoughts, and by vivid impressions that had passed through his brain, we could discern the threads of silver. It seemed as if eternity had been so near him that it had invested him with a reflection of its own unbeginning age. All his adventurous spirit had died away, and his manner as he addressed us was as if we in days remote had been the companions of a far-off childhood, as if we had grown into old age together, and now, on the boundaries of another world where all the foibles of humanity cease, he wished to tell us of the wonders of that region into which he had been the first to penetrate.

"Oh, madame!" he whispered, as he led us forward, "it is far more wonderful than all that we are told of her. M. le Curé says that to-day her sufferings have been greater than usual. Just but a moment since she was conversing with us, and now she is perfectly insensible to everything around her."

The kitchen, a tiny place, was next entered, and connecting with it was another little room, perfectly destitute of furniture; a half window, which was open, admitted light and air. This was Louise's own room, and it was crowded,—twenty-one persons, the two doctors not included, having been admitted,—and as we were the last to come in we scarcely found space enough to follow the

impulse to kneel when we beheld Louise; and we might not have had so much space had it not been for the civility of the doctor's son and of the gentleman with whose party we had dined. Indicating, more by gesture than by words, where we might place ourselves advantageously, they drew more closely to the wall, whispering softly, "We can stand behind you very conveniently."

Thus we knelt beside Louise, at her left; M. le Curé and the Franciscan were at her right hand, while the others stood just before her, almost touching her garments.

The Stigmatica was poised rather than seated on the edge of a simple straw chair, appearing not really to require its aid in retaining her posture, and her gaze was fixed upward, slightly to the right. All traces of the crown of thorns had disappeared, save a few drops of blood on the left temple; but her hair was still damp, for her sisters had carefully washed her head as soon as the crown had ceased to shed blood. This however had failed to remove all the blood-stains, and wherever her hair was not hidden by her black cap, the red marks, faded into pink, were distinctly visible. Between the hour of noon and 2 o'clock p. m. the blood gradually stops issuing from all her wounds, excepting those in her hands. Evidently her sisters had taken all possible pains to prevent us from seeing the full extent of the miracle; already her feet had been washed, and covered with stockings and soft felt shoes, and her simple peasant garb, a plain sacque and skirt of black cashmere, was very neatly arranged and carefully cleansed. On the floor, however, lay several pieces of white cotton covered with clear red blood, and upon Louise's lap was spread a similar white kerchief drenched with the blood that was streaming from her uplifted hands. It had been, as the doctor said, a day of unusual suffering for her, and thus the wounds in her hands had not even begun to abate their bleeding. Every sinew in the little hands seemed to be racked with pain, though the entranced expression of the shining countenance told that to this sufferer was vouchsafed that relief of which our Lord on the Cross deprived Himself. The fingers were waxen white, and drawn and cramped to the utmost capacity of suffering, and from the wounds that penetrated the palms through and through, the red arterial blood flowed or rather sprang in frequent jets. The young doctor fulfilled his mission mechanically, convinced of the supernatural character of these phenomena; he was nevertheless pledged to Dr. Lefebvre to submit everything to the test of science. Once, in performing his allotted duties, he turned Louise's hand in such a manner that

we were enabled to see clearly the exact shape of the wound. Not round, but rather square, seemingly made by a nail bearing the same proportion to her size as the Holy Nail preserved in the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, in Rome, does to the traditional stature of our Lord.

The other doctor made no attempt at science: appalled by the miracle, he took his place quietly among the other spectators, in no way differing from them, excepting that he could with more positive confidence say: *Non est in natrâ.* As soon as order had been established in the little room, the rustling of garments and the inaudible whispers were replaced by a profound silence; some recited the Rosary, some moved their lips as they repeated familiar prayers, and all watched. Louise was immovable—her gaze always upwards; sometimes her features wore an almost joyous expression, then again it became intense sadness, mingled with fear and surprise, but never pain; and though the tears once rolled from her eyes, they were the tears of compassion, not of personal suffering. Once she appeared very much startled, and she then fell upon her knees as one does when meeting in the street the Holy Viaticum, carried openly as it is in Catholic countries. After remaining in this posture a few seconds she resumed her seat. The manner of motion, or rather the lack of motion, was truly remarkable; she seemed to change her position by a simple act of volition; she was on her knees, she was reseated without appearing to rest for the smallest fraction of a second in the intervening space, or to make the intermediate motions. It would be difficult to find in material language terms adequate to describe the change of place; flying is too sluggish, too unwieldy.

As we knelt beside Louise we seemed to have left time, and to be dwelling in eternity—so many, so vivid were our impressions; each second was filled to overflowing with ideas that it would take volumes to explain. How much of both doctrine and Scripture became clear to our spiritual vision! Isaac bearing his burden along the slopes of Moriah; Jephthe's daughter; and the Sacrifice of Calvary, with its awful darkening of the sun and its last fearful "*Consummatum est!*" How often in closing the pages of the Sacred Volume had we been grateful to the kind cautions of the Church when she prevents us from exercising our own weak, erring judgment upon the inscrutable ways of God, and from using our one-sided, circumscribed conceptions to interpret the actions of the Infinite and All-knowing. The Spirit of the Lord came upon Jephthe and he made a vow unto the Lord (Judges xi, 29-30).* Dare we impute rashness to that which was the fruit of inspiration?

and yet did not that vow involve the horrible crime of human sacrifice? How grateful we had been that we were placed in this world to effect our salvation and not to give decisions on the actions of our Creator! how we had thanked God that He only asked us to know, love, and serve Him, without requiring of us that we should understand Him! and how easy we found the salutation of many wearying problems!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* See the commentary on verse 31 of this chapter—Douay Bible.

Monsignor Capel and the London "Times."

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Capel has addressed the following important letter to the *London Times* in reply to an offensive article about the miracles of Lourdes which appeared lately in that paper:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

"SIR,—On my arrival here I had the opportunity of reading a leading article on the Sanctuary of Lourdes, which appeared in *The Times* of the 2nd Inst. Being on the spot, I have endeavored to seek a reply to some of the questions raised by the article. It is computed that in the week just ended some 20,000 pilgrims have been here. They came in organized bands, under the direction of committees composed of priests and laymen, from Belgium, Angoulême, Perpignan, Nîmes, Sancerre, St. Clar, Dijon, Marseilles, and the districts about Lourdes. The variety of persons and of localities whence they came, as well as the facilities one had of mixing freely and intimately with the crowd, enables one to pass a fair judgment on the general run of the pilgrims who visit the Grotto of Lourdes. As there was much in your leading article to wound and offend Catholics, I trust you will allow me, after being an eye-witness of the events of the past week, to take exception to the statements made by the article.

"1. The apparition at Lourdes has not, as is asserted, 'a claim upon the faith of the whole Catholic world.' A man may be an excellent Catholic, and yet believe neither in the apparition nor in the miracles stated to occur. It is held by all Catholics that miraculous power is manifested in the Church, and that visions do occur; but the belief in a single vision or miracle rests upon the evidence to be adduced in its favor. To this, Lourdes is no exception. With one of the writers who has carefully examined and written on the claims of this sanctuary, each believer may say, '*Credidi quia vidi, propter quod locutus sum.*'

"2. It is impossible to take part in the exercises of the pilgrims without being immediately struck by their honest conviction of the truth of the apparition, by their fervent devotion, and by their earnest wish to worship God in very truth. At considerable sacrifice of time, money, and comfort do they undertake the pious journey. After a night spent in a

crowded railway carriage, they are to be seen, not having broken their fast, hurrying to the altar to receive Holy Communion. As late as eleven o'clock have many to wait before touching a morsel of food. Throughout the day the Basilica and the Grotto are crowded by these pilgrims, persevering in fervent prayer.

"3. Among the townspeople, I have made the most careful inquiry concerning their belief in the apparition. Soldiers, workmen, shopkeepers, railway officials, servants, and priests have, with rare exceptions, expressed a firm conviction of the truth of the vision. They indignantly deny the truth of the words in the leading article, 'the people of Lourdes, it is well known, make no secret of their belief that the whole thing is an imposture;' and they invite you to come on any 15th of August—the day whereon they go in procession to the Grotto—and judge of their belief.

"4. As to the miraculous cures which are effected, I would refer your readers to the calm, judicious work, 'La Grotte de Lourdes,' written by Dr. Dozous, an eminent resident practitioner, inspector of epidemic diseases for the district, and medical assistant of the Court of Justice. He prefaces a number of detailed cases of miraculous cure, which he says he has studied with great care and perseverance, with these words:—'I declare that these cures effected at the Sanctuary of Lourdes by means of the water of the fountain have established their supernatural character in the eyes of men of good faith. I ought to confess that, without these cures, my mind, little prone to listen to miraculous explanations of any kind, would have had great difficulty in accepting even this fact (the apparition), remarkable as it is from so many points of view. But the cures of which I have been so often ocular witness have given to my mind a light which does not permit me to ignore the importance of the visits of Bernadette to the Grotto and the reality of the apparitions with which she was favored.' The testimony of a distinguished medical man, who has carefully watched from the beginning Bernadette and the miraculous cures at the Grotto, is, at least, worthy of respectful consideration.

"I may add that the vast number of those who come to the Grotto to do so to repent of their sins, to increase their piety, to pray for the regeneration of their country, to profess publicly their belief in the Son of God and His Immaculate Mother. Many come to be cured of bodily ailments, and, on the testimony of eye-witnesses, several return home freed from their sickness. To upraid with non-belief, as does your article, those who use also the waters of the Pyrenees, is as reasonable as to charge with unbelief the magistrates who inflict punishment on the Peculiar People for neglecting to have medical aid.

"5. Health obliged me to pass the winters of 1860 to 1867 at Pau. This gave me the opportunity of making a most minute inquiry into the apparition at Lourdes. After frequent and lengthened examinations of Bernadette, and of some of the miracles effected, I am convinced that if facts are to be received on human testimony, then has the apparition at Lourdes every claim to be received as an undeniable fact. It is, however,

no part of Catholic faith, and may be accepted or rejected by any Catholic without the least praise or condemnation. Apologizing for trespassing to such a length on your space, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. J. CAPEL.

"LOURDES, SEP. 11."

Catholic Notes.

—PERSONAL.—Mrs. Ellen Reilly, of Brookyn, will please accept our thanks.

—There is a Franciscan convent and a monastery of the same Order at Cross Villages, Michigan, the monks and nuns in both being Indian converts.

—Rev. John Prat departed this life at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 16th of September, in the 30th year of his age and the 4th of his ordination. *Requiescat in pace.*

—Two more priests have died of the yellow-fever in Georgia, Rev. Stephen Bedyagh and Rev. Dom. Gabriel Bergier, O. S. B. *Majorem charitatem nemo habet.*

—We regret that no Roman Letter had reached us up to the time of going to press. We fear sickness on the part of our correspondent may be the cause, as we have received but one letter this month.

—Our much esteemed contemporary the *Catholic Standard*, of Philadelphia, contains an admirable series of articles on St. Bernard and his times, by J. F. L., D.D. We hope they may afterwards appear in book-form.

—Anyone wishing the services of an excellent printer can hear of such by applying to us. The person referred to is fully competent to take charge of a general printing office, being a first-class pressman, compositor and proof-reader.

—Bro. Augustine, a venerable religious of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, departed this life at Notre Dame, Ind., Oct. 12th, in the 83d year of his age and the 28th of his religious life, closing a beautiful and edifying life by a holy death. May he rest in peace.

—Last week we gave the conclusion of "The Battle of Connemara," one of the best stories that has ever appeared in the AVE MARIA. Only one fault could be found with it—that it was not longer. A new story is begun in the present number which we think will be equally interesting.

—Sister Carlotta Letizia Buonaparte, daughter of Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, born in Bologna in 1823, died lately in the Sacro Cuore Convent at the Villa Lante, Italy. Her funeral obsequies were celebrated at the convent church, in which she had assumed the veil several years ago, and were attended by Cardinal Buonaparte, Princess Gabrielle, and Countess Primolo, relatives of the deceased.

—We learn from the most authentic sources, says the *Western Watchman*, that, in his late audience with His Holiness, the Bishop of Savannah was asked, immediately after receiving the Papal Benediction,

"Have you Catholic schools in your diocese?" That such should be the first question put to a Bishop paying his first visit to the Holy Father is a sign of the interest taken in the subject of Christian education at Rome.

—Some pieces of very ancient money have been found lately near Jerusalem and were purchased by a Scottish gentleman, Mr. John Lornie. These pieces represent shekels and half shekels of Judea, and are the most interesting specimens of ancient coin in existence. They are of silver, and were coined by the High Priest Simon Machabæus. The letters, and the date, which is the first year of Simon's pontificate, are in Hebrew characters, and are still in a good state of preservation.

—The Holy Father has in his garden a grotto representing exactly the one at Lourdes. At the foot of this grotto is a little basin, full of water sent from Lourdes. Pius IX takes daily a little glass out of this basin on his daily promenades. Lately it happened that a French pilgrim, who had the honor to be admitted to the daily promenade of His Holiness, having noticed that this little reservoir was nearly dry, wrote to the missionary Fathers at Lourdes for a new supply. His Holiness was very much pleased with this act of kind attention, and expressed his gratitude in an autograph letter to the pilgrim.

—Rev. Mr. Newman, the Methodist chaplain of the White House, says that while he was abroad he once waited several hours at the staircase of the Vatican to get an opportunity to give the Pope a Bible. Indeed!! Where does Mr. Newman think the Bible came from, and whose property does he consider it? He should know that original manuscripts of the Sacred Scriptures are in the Vatican Library, and were there a long time before the world ever heard of John Wesley. Mr. Newman would do well to keep his Bible and read it; but he'll be reading it a long time before he finds anything in it about Methodism.

—The new church at Mendocino City, California, a place of 1,500 inhabitants, is now completed, and is really a credit to the enterprise and zeal of its pastor, Rev. J. D. Sheridan, and the Catholic inhabitants. There is, also, a pretty little church, under the invocation of St. Mary Star of the Sea, at Cuffey's Cove, romantically situated at a point commanding a fine view of the Pacific; it may be seen from a long distance at sea. The ground on which the church and cemetery stand was donated by Mr. James Kenney, a wealthy and generous Catholic gentleman of the place. We understand that Mr. John Cotter intends giving a tract of land at Point Arenas for the erection of a church and the purposes of a cemetery.

—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* relates the following incident, pertaining to one of the most beautiful customs to be met with in Catholic countries: "A few days before leaving Baie St. Paul, (near Quebec, Canada), we were standing upon the upper gallery, when we were attracted to the street by the tinkling of a bell, and looking down saw a novel sight. Some one in the village was dying, and over the bridge came a priest, walking bareheaded, carry-

ing the Host. In front of him walked an acolyte swinging a censer and ringing the bell. The priest was hastening to the bedside of the departing to administer the last Sacrament of the Church. As they passed along everyone knelt wherever the priest met them, along the dusty road or in their houses. My companions were all good Catholics, so they knelt in a reverential group, but I think no one was more impressed by it than I."

—The Bishop of Grenoble has published an eloquent Pastoral on the occasion of the 30th anniversary of the Apparition of Our Lady of La Salette. In the course of his remarks, Mgr. Fava says that although apparitions of the Blessed Virgin have occurred in every age of the Church—the greater number of the founders of religious orders having been visibly and personally encouraged by her—yet that the number of such celestial visits has been greater in the present day than at any other time. The reason, the Bishop thinks, is that as a mother is most solicitous about her children at moments when danger threatens, so the Blessed Virgin comes to warn Catholics, who are her children, against the dangers of the flood of error and of enmity against God that is overspreading the world, and to protect them against the persecutions which the powers of evil are endeavoring to stir up against the Church. The Bishop calls upon Catholics to remember and practice the admonitions and warnings given by the Blessed Virgin on La Salette.

—A church which for years has been rebuilding and refitting was dedicated last month in Martinsberg, Hungary. This little village is most probably the native city of Saint Martin, and for centuries a celebrated Benedictine monastery has stood within its walls. His Eminence the Cardinal Primate and the Archduke Joseph, Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian Landwehr (militia), were both present on the occasion. The Archduke represented the Emperor, and Mr. Perizee the Minister of State. The spacious church was too small to hold the number of visitors, most of whom were of the Hungarian gentry in the neighborhood, and crowds had to stand outside of the doors. After the ceremony of dedication was finished, a splendid banquet was served, at the end of which the Archduke Joseph proposed a complimentary toast to the Benedictines, that illustrious Order which has rendered so great service to the Fatherland; then he added: "I feel proud and happy to have been educated by the Fathers of this Order, and I shall send my sons to their college in order that they may become true men and good Hungarian patriots." This toast of a prince very popular in Hungary, and representing the monarch, created a great impression, and even the infidel press had nothing but words of approbation for such a grateful act. An illumination and torchlight procession in the evening concluded the festivity.

—A Protestant exchange furnishes the following interesting statistics of St. Louis: "There are to-day in St. Louis thirty-four parish churches, twenty-seven parish schools, five Catholic hospitals, six convents,

three Catholic colleges, seven Catholic orphan asylums, and three female protectories and reformatories. There are about sixty-seven secular priests and forty-five priests belonging to orders, all actively at work. There are thirteen female religious orders and seven male religious orders, each according to its institute doing the work of God. There are twenty-four Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, numbering eleven hundred active members, and distributing each year, in systematic and judicious charity, fully twenty thousand, dollars. And there is a Catholic population of one hundred and fifty thousand, at least. There is a not a form of human misery, not an ill that flesh is heir to, that does not find relief in the Catholic Church of St. Louis. The orphan, the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the insane, the fallen woman, the widow, helpless infancy and helpless old age—for all these, there is health and comfort, and more than friendship (for the love of Christ) in the religious Orders of St. Louis."

New Publications.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for October, received too late for more than a brief notice, presents a very attractive table of contents. The leading article, by Father Thebaud, on "The Church and the People," is of unusual interest, and, like the author's former contributions, is characterized by comprehensive grasp, deep research, and philosophical acumen. "What the Church and the Popes have done for the Science of Geography" is the title of a learned and very interesting paper by Mr. John Gilmary Shea on a subject peculiarly his own. Rev. Henry Formby contributes an article entitled "The Past and the Present Indissolubly United in Religion," which is maintained by striking and overwhelming proofs. "A Plan for the Proposed Catholic University," by Bishop Becker, is full of wise suggestions and points out the deficiencies of higher education, with the means for remedying them. Next follow "The Nine Days' Queen," by S. M.; "Who is to blame for the Little Big Horn Disaster?" by Rev. Edward Jacker, whose interesting article on the "Catholic Indians of the Northwest," in the July number, our readers may remember. The concluding article—and one of the best, we think—on the question as to "How shall we Meet the Scientific Heresies of the Day?" is answered by C. S. P. The *American Catholic Review*, the first volume of which is now completed, has reached a standard of excellence far above the expectations of its warmest friends. It remains for the Catholic public to yield it a generous support.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR A NOVENA IN HONOR OF THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. From the Italian. Philadelphia, Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth St.

This little work of 96 pages, 48mo., may very well serve not only the purpose of assisting devotion in a Novena to the Holy Angel Guardians, but also as a manual of general devotion for October, the Month of the Holy Angels. We are glad to see it issued so op-

portunately. We trust that all the readers of the AVE MARIA will during this month practice some little devotion that will especially endear them to the beautiful spirits appointed as their companions and protectors. These bright spirits are ever with us, by day and by night, and "always," as our Lord says, "see the face of His Father who is in Heaven." Abraham invoked them in behalf of his servant, and his petition was granted; Tobias, in behalf of his son, and his expectations were more than realized; Judas Machabeus, and he obtained a victory; Agar in the wilderness, Elias in his flight from Jezabel, Daniel in the lions' den, Ananias, Mizael and Azarias in the fiery furnace, and all experienced consolation through these holy messengers. So also St. Peter in prison, St. Frances of Rome, St. Martin, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Stanislaus, and many other saints, who enjoyed a great familiarity with their Guardian Angels. The great St. Augustine, St. Pelagia, St. Margaret of Cortona, and a host of others who from great sinners became great saints, by the aid of the blessed spirits found smooth and even the road to perfection which before seemed so impassable. All Christians should therefore practice devotion to the Guardian Angels.

—RECEIVED—The "*Rosary Magazine* for October," "*Catholic Book News*," "*The Young Crusader*," etc.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7TH.

Number of letters received, 92; new members enrolled, 470. Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Restoration of health for 65 persons and 5 families; Change of life for 36 persons and 6 families; Conversion to the Faith for 29 persons and 6 families; Perseverance for 6 and a happy death for 5 persons; Particular graces are asked for 6 priests and 5 religious; Temporal favors for 24 persons, 5 families, 4 communities, 4 schools, and 5 congregations; Spiritual favors for 25 persons, 7 families, 5 communities, 5 schools and 4 congregations; The grace of a religious vocation has been asked for 8 persons. Among the intentions specified are: Conversion of several Protestants favorably inclined towards our holy religion; Choice of a state of life for several persons; A young man now in an insane asylum, who formerly was the consolation and comfort of his aged parents; Several motherless children, left to careless and infidel fathers; The sale of certain pieces of real estate; The obtaining of a good spiritual director; 8 very particular intentions; A young lady dying with consumption, and who is very obstinate in her apostasy, refusing to receive the Sacraments; Removal of opposition to and obstacles thrown in the way of some charitable ladies who are doing much good for the poor; The removal of bad influence from several persons; Several fathers of families; The intemperate persons in a certain locality.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following accounts from letters received: "I wrote you some time ago asking the

prayers of the Association for my son. Since then he has gone to confession twice, and last Sunday he received Holy Communion. He is with my sister, near —, and she says he is one of the best of boys." . . . "I am happy to inform you that Mrs. C. is ever so much better. She has been an invalid for years, but can now walk about the house; her friends feel very much surprised at the change." . . . "The last vials of the water of Lourdes which you sent did very much good; one of my sisters was suffering from a severe cold and another from a very sore eye, and both are entirely cured. I return thanks to God who has restored my health. May God continue to bless us and keep our children, who have been educated at Notre Dame, in the path of holiness and virtue." . . . "We also give thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the recovery of Mrs. W., who was partially insane."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. MARIA DEELY, of Tarrytown, N. Y., whose death occurred on the 15th of September. Mr. AUGUSTINE BREHANY, of Galena, Ill., who, although called away quite unexpectedly, had time to make a good confession before his death. JOHN and CATHERINE McVESTNEY, of Xenia, Ohio. MATTHEW, MARY, MICHAEL and CATHERINE GERAGHTY. JOHN, THOMAS, CATHERINE and FRANCIS FEIGAN, and several whose names have not been given.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Correspondents should remember that the Director of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is not the Editor of the "AVE MARIA."

Children's Department.

Child-Martys of Japan.—(No. III.)

MARTYRDOM OF TWO CHILDREN.

On the 11th of September, 1622, two children, one of whom was named Francis, the other Peter, were beheaded, for their faith in Jesus Christ. Francis was the son of a martyr named Peter Côme, who, three years previously, had been burnt alive for his fidelity to his religion. After his death his son was taken to a town called Firando, where a Japanese gentleman, a Christian also, adopted the boy, and was bringing him up in the expectation of inheriting his property. God destined the child for a far more noble inheritance. An edict was published condemning to death the children of all those who had been themselves condemned for the faith, the persecuting Government hoping thus to extirpate Christianity in the Japanese Empire. Francis was denounced, traced to the place where he had found a refuge and had dwelt in peace for three years, and was hurried to the place of execution.

He was but a child still, not twelve years old, but he had the spirit of a man—and, even more, the brave heart of a true Christian. We are not told if he had made his First Communion, but we know he did not fail of keeping his baptismal vows in a manner in which few indeed have the privilege granted to them. He bared his neck, presented himself generously to the executioner, and received without flinching the stroke of death.

The other child, Peter, was a still more striking example of the courage true faith can inspire and the aids vouchsafed to those who are willing to lay down their lives for that faith. He was the son of Bartholomew Cavano, whom he had, only the day before, accompanied to the place of martyrdom, and whom he had seen suffer with many others. It was intended the boy himself should be put to death, in pursuance of the policy of extirpating Christianity, by destroying even the babe at the breast. Peter was hardly more than a babe; he was under seven years of age. In the confusion occasioned by the carnage of so great a number of martyrs, this tiny little martyr was overlooked and forgotten. Seeing no one had anything to say to him, the little man trotted home—to the home desolate and lone, for he alone was left. But when, the butchery over, the executioners came to number up the bloody heads, one little head was missed from the heap. Notice being given to the magistrates, he was sought for, and, of course, easily traced to his home. He was asked how he had dared to take himself off, and how he had evaded the guards? With infantine simplicity the little boy told them: "On his feet; that as nobody said a word to him, he thought they did not want him, and so he ran away, as fast as his legs would carry him." There was something so very engaging in the artless little fellow that the barbarians would fain have saved him from death. They threatened him, therefore, with all kinds of cruelties if he would not renounce his religion. There was One with him, feeble child as he was, in whose might he was mightier in strength and wisdom than the stalwart men around him. He only looked in their faces, in innocent wonder at the torments they said he should suffer, and repeated the simple formula of Christian faith he had been taught. Hopeless of moving him, he was at last condemned anew to death.

It was a touching sight to behold this fair child, his little hand clasped in that of one of his guards, tripping merrily through the streets, as gay and bright as if being led to some diversion. He related, on the way, to the archers who conducted him, how he had seen some Jesuit Fathers, whom he named, and whose faces he described,

seated in the shade of a great tree, and how, drawing near to them, he had found himself inspired to answer his judges in the way he had done. He told all this in his childish language, to the astonished pagans, who did not know what to make of it. It was a vision the boy had—given to him to enable him to go to death with all the courage a man could exhibit. The bodies of these two children were burnt with the others, and their ashes cast into the sea.

FRUITS OF COURAGE IN SEVERAL CHILDREN.

There were child-confessors, as well as child-martyrs among this brave and high-minded people. Two children, fourteen years of age, made a compact with each other, trusting in God's grace to be able to fulfil it, that they would suffer torments of every kind, and death itself in the most painful form, rather than fail in the fidelity to God their baptismal vows required of them; and that, to honor Him, they would be strictly obedient to their fathers and mothers, in all things not contrary to the Divine law; such a compact as this was assuredly conceived in the very spirit of "true devotion," which Blessed John Berchmans defines to be "nothing more than a generous promptitude of the will in all that regards the service of God," and which perhaps if it did not lead to martyrdom, nevertheless caused the names of these boys to be enrolled in that vast and glorious roll of "unknown saints" of whom Blessed Berchmans is the leader, after dear St. Joseph. The lads drew up this promise in regular form, and signed it with their blood, drawn from their shoulders by strokes of the discipline. What was their lot afterwards was not recorded.

One of the guards of the Governor of Arima met a little boy in one of the public roads who happened to have his rosary-beads around his neck. The soldier seized the boy roughly, and ordered him to deliver the beads into his keeping. The child replied it was not lawful for a Christian to give up sacred objects to pagans, and firmly refused to take the chaplet from his neck.

"I will kill you, if you don't," threatened the soldier.

"Ah, yes—kill me, kill me—it is what I desire!" was the response that was given to the astonished pagan; and the boy fell on his knees, bared his throat, and, folding his hands, waited eagerly for the expected blow that would open heaven for him. The Japanese are a people full of appreciation for bravery in danger. The soldier, in spite of his hatred of Christianity, was too full of admiration for the unflinching courage of the child to execute his threat, and, after keeping the boy in suspense as to his intention for some minutes, he suddenly caught him up into his arms, gave him

a hearty hug, and went off, leaving the disappointed little fellow a true martyr in will but not in deed.

Nor was fidelity unto death for the faith a characteristic of the Japanese boys alone. Their little sisters, when occasion was given, exhibited the same noble contempt for the life of the body when the salvation of the soul was in question. A little girl, eight years old, showed singular intelligence, as well as heroic courage in time of danger, and a spirit of the truest filial piety. According to a known custom among the Japanese, a cross had been cast down on the ground, in a place where, as many people had to pass, Christians would be detected by avoiding to trample on it. One Christian gentleman, a high-hearted and very devout man, not only refused to pass over the sacred emblem, but, raising it out of the mire, bore it away, protesting to the officers, who were set to watch for concealed Christians, that whoever attempted to take the cross from him must take the risk of the consequences, for he would defend it to death. He took it home with him, but, being of course traced by the guards, it was apparent enough his own life would be the price for this act of daring devotion. He remarked to his wife, looking at their little daughter: "There is only one thing that gives me trouble: what is to become of that little creature?—who will take care that she is brought up in the true faith after my death?"

Nestling to his side, and looking into his anxious face, brightly the little one responded: "Oh, you need not be worried about me, papa dear; I'll tell you what to do, not to be uneasy; when the men come to kill you, just coax them to kill me first, then you can die quite happy, you see!" Whether the little maid's proposition was carried out is not related—one cannot help hoping such a sweet bud was indeed gathered for heaven, and that her brave father found the only reward meet for his devotion to the holy Cross, a glorious martyrdom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of the Little Girl who Prayed to St. Uriel.

Sister Theresa had been holding a Confirmation-class, the last before the Bishop was to come and confirm the little girls who went to the convent school. And when she had finished teaching them everything that Holy Church lays down about this Sacrament as necessary for belief, she shut up her book and looked at them all very kindly, and said: "My dear little children, I have now explained to

you, as well as I can, all that you ought to know before you receive the holy Sacrament of Confirmation; that is to say, I have told you what you must believe, as of faith, before you can be properly prepared for it. But besides matters of faith there are, as you all know, pious beliefs in the Church, and edifying legends, which you may like to hear about, and cannot do you any harm to listen to. A great many holy men and women, some of whom have been made Saints, tell us that each of the seven Sacraments is guarded by one of the seven Angels who stand before the throne of Almighty God. And there is a beautiful legend about our Blessed Lady, showing how this came to be so. You all know that when she died the Apostles put her pure body in a tomb, while her soul was with our Lord in heaven. And that three days afterwards she rose again from the dead, like our Lord, and was taken up by Him into heaven, body and soul. Well, the legend is this—"When our Lady's body was placed in the tomb, Almighty God sent down the seven Angels who stand before His Throne, to guard it from all assaults of the devil and wicked men. And when Holy Mary was taken up into heaven on the third day, and was crowned Queen of Angels by the Holy Trinity, and given power over all created things, these seven Angels asked her for a reward; so she gave to each of them the special care of one of the Sacraments, and of those of her children on earth who should receive them. To St. Gabriel, who came to ask her consent to the Incarnation, she gave the Sacrament of Baptism; to St. Jehudiel, the Sacrament of Penance; to St. Michael, the Holy Eucharist; to St. Uriel, Confirmation; Holy Orders to St. Sealtiel; Matrimony to St. Barachiel, and Extreme Unction to St. Raphael." And now, my dear little children, I beg of you, before you go to bed to-night, to pray to St. Uriel, the Angel of Confirmation, to obtain for you a special grace when you receive this Sacrament to-morrow.

Sister Theresa ceased speaking, and quietly went her way, and the little girls went theirs also; some, who were day-boarders, had to go home, and the others, who lived at the convent altogether, had things to do which took them to different parts of it. And as I am now telling you the story of one little girl in particular, I need not try and find out what the others did, or were thinking about.

I haven't told you this little girl's name, have I? Well, suppose we call her Gertrude: that is a beautiful name, and a great Saint was called by it many years ago. Little Gertrude was not a strong child at all, and the good nuns were very anxious about her health. So she didn't sleep

with the other girls, but in a little room that led out of Sister Theresa's, because Sister Theresa was so fond of her and liked to take care of her. When Gertrude went to her room that evening and had undressed herself and said her prayers and put out her candle, she suddenly noticed how brightly the moon was shining in at the window, and what a clear silvery light it shed over the country. She thought that she had never seen anything so beautiful before in her life, and she sat down on the foot of her bed for a minute or two to look at the moon. And she began to wonder whether anything could possibly be so lovely as moonlight. And then she remembered that the light of the holy Angels was far more lovely and much sweeter. For Sister Theresa had once told her of a holy woman who had seen an Angel and would have died of joy from so beautiful a sight if Almighty God had not kept her alive. And then it struck her that she had forgotten to pray to St. Uriel, when she had said her night prayers. So she made the sign of the Cross and said, "St. Uriel, pray for me." And in a moment, as by a flash of lightning, every corner of the room was filled with so bright and glorious a light, that little Gertrude felt quite dazed and half-frightened, but at the same time so happy that she did not know where she was or what was going to happen to her. And from the midst of this light a voice seemed to come to her—but it was not exactly like a voice, it was more like sweet music (much sweeter, however, than the tones of the convent organ when Sister Theresa played it in chapel)—and the voice said:—

"Dear little one, be not afraid of me. I am Uriel, the Strong Companion, one of the seven who stand before God's throne day and night. You have prayed to me and I am with you. What do you want of me?"

And Gertrude, though frightened, managed to answer, and stammered out "Holy Angel, I am going to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation to-morrow. Pray for me that I may have grace to receive it worthily."

The voice came again to her, "My child, you cannot ever pray to the holy Angels without receiving an answer to your prayers. All children, as soon as they are confirmed, become objects of my especial care. To-morrow I shall be with you, I and the Angels whom our Queen has appointed to have charge of this great Sacrament. Have you nothing else to ask of me?"

Now I must tell you that Gertrude was a good, pious little girl, not much tempted to ordinary sins. She was not passionate, like some little girls I know, or sulky like others, or jealous of her companions when she found out that they

were cleverer than she was. But one day Sister Theresa had been speaking of the dying, and she had said that however good people might have been all their lives, there was one crowning grace, one last mercy of God, which He gave at the end, without which all was lost—the grace of final perseverance—for which we should all pray, *every day*. And since then Gertrude had had a great fear overhanging her life, like a dark cloud, lest she should not have this last great grace. And she had become quite melancholy about it, and hardly ever thought of anything else, even at her prayers. And now she cried out from the fulness of her overburdened heart, “O St. Uriel, tell me, do you know if I shall have the gift of final perseverance?”

The voice came back to her again, sweet indeed as before, but so sad and plaintive, “O my child! mine to-morrow by the great grace of God, to guard and cherish through the long pilgrimage of earthly life, you do not indeed know what you are asking. We Angels, though it is given us to watch over you from the time you are born till the hour when God calls you to Himself for judgment, we only know about you what He wills us to know. Were it otherwise, not even our angelic strength could bear that burden of human sorrow and human sin which weighed on Him so heavily in His Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani. Even our Queen, she to whom all power over Creation has been given, knows no more of the future than He has been pleased to reveal to her, though none can tell but she how great His revelation has been, is, and will ever be. I cannot tell you, my dear little one, what graces He has in store for you, with what temptations He may be pleased to try you. But I can tell you this much. To-morrow is the Feast of the Nativity of our Queen, and of one of the many little children to whom the Sacrament of Confirmation will be then administered, she has given me especial charge. There is one little girl, who was dedicated to her from her birth, who has striven to imitate her in purity of life, and prayed to her for help and guidance in all troubles and temptations; whom she has ordered me to watch over and assist and shield from the attacks of all her enemies. This child will have great grace, but great temptations, a high vocation, but great difficulties to persevere in it, many obstacles to overcome, and much suffering to go through before she can win that crown which our Lord has appointed for her in heaven. But I shall be with her in the hour of death if she does not forget to call on our Queen to assist her then against the last assaults of the devil.”

The sweet voice ceased, but the light shone

bright as ever, and little Gertrude's heart was beating so fast that she almost thought it would burst. She cried out, “O dear Angel! do tell me who this little girl is, and where she lives, and how I can find her. I will gladly go and live all my life with her, and pray for her at the hour of her death, so that she may win her crown, and then she will help me to win mine and meet her again in heaven.”

But no voice came back to her now; only the beautiful bright light that filled the room seemed to get stronger, and to give her new strength and fresh life. And she got courage to raise her eyes, and lifted them up, but—oh! the light was more than she could bear and—

She awoke.

She was sitting still on the foot of her bed, and now it was broad daylight and the sun had risen and was pouring his floods of light over hill and field and dale. Gertrude got up and walked quietly to the door of the room leading into Sister Theresa's and opened it cautiously. She saw that Sister Theresa was dressed, and was making her meditation, kneeling down before her crucifix. But she looked up and beckoned her in, and then little Gertrude went and told her all about her dream and St. Uriel. Sister Theresa looked very grave at first, and waited a little time, with her face buried in her hands; and then she got up and told Gertrude to dress herself and go and make her confession to Father John, the confessor of the nuns.

So Gertrude went off and made her confession, and what she said to Father John, of course I don't know, nor what he said to her, but I somehow fancy that he must have told her that if she were always a good little girl and prayed to St. Uriel, she would some day find out who the little girl was that he had told her of in her dream. And then Gertrude had to get ready for Confirmation. So my story ends.

In the year 1833 a priest in Nassau, Germany, was travelling on the high road, wearing surplice and stole, carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person. He was preceded by the sexton. Suddenly a handsome carriage drawn by four horses came up in the opposite direction. When the inmates of this carriage noticed the priest, they ordered their coachman to stop. The priest, as he passed, saw the Duke of Nassau, bareheaded, standing upright in the carriage, his hands reverently folded. At his side knelt devoutly the Count of Waldersdorf. The Duke of Nassau is a Protestant, but, like many others, his goodness of heart prompts him to honor our holy religion.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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Queen of All Saints.

"In My Father's house," says Jesus Christ, "there are many mansions";* and of each of these mansions it can be said that "eye hath not seen, . . . nor hath it entered into the heart of man"† to conceive anything comparable to it. The saints, therefore, who occupy even the lowest of these mansions enjoy a glory surpassing all that it is possible for the imagination to conceive. What, then, are we to think of the glory of the saints and angelic spirits that approach nearest to God? And, above all, what of that of the Most Blessed Virgin? "Since the human mind," says St. Bernard, "cannot comprehend the immense glory that God has prepared in Heaven for those who love Him, who can conceive the glory given that spotless Virgin of whom He chose to be born, and who loved Him with a most perfect love?"

Between the highest of the Seraphim and God there is an infinity of degrees, in which that Sovereign Master could have placed innumerable creatures, far superior to the angels; now, everything tells us that it is at the highest of these degrees that the glorious Mary is enthroned; everything confirms the truth of those words of Gerson: "The Virgin Mary is more distinct, in dignity and glory, from the Seraphim, than the Seraphim are from the Cherubim, and from the whole heavenly host. Thus she constitutes, of herself alone, a hierarchy, which comes immediately after the Supreme Trinity of God."

Has she not been the first of all creatures, and most profusely adorned with Divine gifts? Could it, then, be that, after her death and assumption, she should not have the rank she held during life, nay from life's very beginning?

Conceived without sin, through a privilege not shared by any other of the children of Adam; endowed with a plenitude of graces; adorned with the splendors of the Holy Ghost, residing within her; the object of the complacency of the Father; most holy, from the first moment of her existence, than the greatest saints at the close of their lives, and never ceasing to advance in holiness during more than sixty-three years, how could it be that she should not occupy the highest throne in the mansions of the saints? If the angels paid her homage on earth, saying to her, through one of their number, "Hail, full of grace!"‡ how much more homage must they render in Heaven, where God gives glory in proportion to the degree of grace?

The Apostle, wishing to express the greatness of Jesus Christ, says He is as much elevated above the angels "as He hath inherited a more excellent name than they; for to which of the angels hath He said at any time: 'Thou art My Son'?"§ But could we not add: To which of the angels hath God said: "Thou art My Mother"? Mary is as much elevated above the angels as the name of "Mother of God" is more excellent than that of "Messenger of God."

"O Mary," says St. Anselm, addressing her, "you have been exalted above the angelic choirs; you triumph in the joys and glories of Heaven, whence you give your protection to those who honor you, and, by humble supplications, invoke your ever-blessed name."

Heavenly glory is the reward of virtue; but is not Mary the most perfect model of every virtue? Who has ever practiced, as she, the love of God and our neighbor; humility, meekness, purity, obedience, and detachment from creatures? Who has ever been more just than she who reflected, as a faithful mirror, the very justice of God?

* St. John, xiv, 2.

† I Cor., ii, 9.

‡ St. Luke, i, 28.

§ Hebrews, i, 4.

If the stewards who made good use of the talents intrusted to them received a double amount, what must she not have received, in Heaven, on whom God lavished His graces without measure, and who never permitted a single one to remain unproductive, but from all brought forth all the fruit that they ought to have produced.

"Good measure," says Jesus Christ, "and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall they give into your bosom"; || but to whom do these words so exactly apply as to Mary, who never ceased to offer to God a measure of fidelity and love full and pressed down? Our Divine Saviour, also, says that a cup of cold water given in His name shall not lose its reward. Ah! what, then, must He have reserved for her who gave Him, with a devotion unequalled, and springing from the purest motives, all that she had and all that she was? To whom are those consoling words of the Sovereign Judge that open the gates of Heaven to the just so applicable as to Mary: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, . . . for I was hungry and you gave Me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink." *

It is manifest, therefore, from the very words of Holy Scripture, that Mary occupies the highest place of glory in Heaven, as unanimously taught by all the Doctors of the Church.

"God alone," says St. Andrew of Crete, "can worthily pronounce the eulogy of Mary, for human language is incapable of praising her who is 'clothed with the sun, who has the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars, and the brightness of whose glory dazzles even the inhabitants of the heavenly Jerusalem.'" "There is no greatness," says St. Chrysostom, "like to that of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary; neither the prophets, nor the apostles, nor the martyrs, nor the patriarchs, nor the angels, nor the thrones, nor the dominations, nor the cherubim, nor anything created, can reach the excellence of her who is the Mother of God."

"O prodigy," exclaims St. Anselm, "at what an immeasurable height do I perceive the throne of Mary! No, there is nothing higher than Mary except God. You are greater in dignity, O my Queen, and more powerful, than the apostles, the martyrs, the confessors, and virgins. You are Queen of all saints and of all the angelic host, because you are Mother of our Redeemer and Spouse of God Himself."

"It is becoming," says St. John Damascene, "that whatever the Son possesses the Mother should also possess. Such, therefore, is the glory that she possesses, that it surpasses all which the most

sublime intelligences can conceive: Heaven will forever admire it, but will never comprehend it."

Moreover, the Church proclaims, in a thousand ways, the glory of the Most Blessed Mother of God, whom she honors with a devotion of a higher rank than that which she gives to the angels and saints, and whom she invokes under the titles of "Queen of angels," "Queen of all saints," "Queen of heaven."

Let us give thanks to God for the glory of Mary in Heaven. Let us exalt His Holy Name for honoring His humble handmaid, for the recompense He has given to her who was the most perfect image of the Divine Master, and, next to Him, the most complete model of the elect.

Let us rejoice that Mary is placed so near the throne of God, at the right hand of her Divine Son, who delights in lavishing on her the infinite treasures of His goodness. Let us consider that, if she is exalted, it was because she was ever docile to the inspirations of Divine grace, and practiced all the virtues in a manner the most perfect. Let us then strive to imitate her, if we desire to participate in her glory. Like Mary, let us be humble, and the Lord, regarding our humility, will raise us from the midst of our destitution, and rank us with princes, "with the princes of His people." † Let us be pure, and Jesus Christ has assured us "we shall see God"; ‡ let our hearts be detached from the things of this world, and the Sovereign Master will bestow on us the riches of Heaven, of whose value there is nothing on earth that can give us any conception. Let us never forget, if we wish to share in the glory of Mary, that we must endeavor to practice the virtues that Mary practiced; that it is by following in the footsteps of our good Mother that we shall reach those happy mansions where she awaits us, and where we shall join in the chorus of angels and saints in celebrating her greatness.

† Ps. cxii, 8.

‡ St. Matt., v, 8.

"THE Catholic believes that the Church alone is able to interpret Holy Scripture, and that without her guidance men may wrest God's very word unto their own destruction, that the written Word requires some infallible interpreter before we can rely upon its meaning as infallible, since the Scriptures, though infallible, inspire not every reader with their own infallibility. The common run of Protestants receive their Bible as if it had been printed and handed down from heaven in the language, form, and printing with which they are familiar. They forget that, after all, it is a translation, and as liable to corruption as any other text in the hands of a translator."

* St. Luke, vi, 38.

† St. Matt., xxv, 34, 35.

[For the Ave Maria.]

Pray for the Dead.

(FOR ALL SOUL'S DAY.)

Dear Christians, in mercy, to-day
For the souls of your brethren pray;
That angels may go
To their prison below,
And bear them to Heaven away.

Oh! call on the one saving Name!
A share of God's clemency claim
For those who now cry
As in anguish they lie,
Enveloped in pitiless flame.

Those souls, though in sorrow, are blest;
But they pine for the One they love best;
How long seems each day
That they tarry away
From Him in whom, only, is rest!

Oh! then, on His Holy Name call,
And pray that His graces may fall
On that drear abode;
That the mercy of God,
May comfort those blessed ones all.

Pray, pray, for the souls that are gone!
Cease not till your prayers have won
Their longed-for release;
Till the Angel of Peace
Shall give unto Heaven Its own!

ELIZA M. V. BULGER.

The Last Novice in Andechs.

[Continued.]

"Well, we will see about it," said the abbot, kindness and benignity beaming from his countenance. "Remain with us awhile as our guest; you will thus have an opportunity of seeing the order of our house, of observing closely our manner of living and acting. If after that you persevere in your resolution of wearing the habit of St. Benedict, then I will lay it before the members of the Chapter, my brothers in the order, and I think it might please them to comply with your wish." With a smile full of benignity, he now slightly nodded to the student, who, bowing low, stepped back into the ante-chamber. Then a sound of the bell was heard through the silent apartments, and immediately signs of life appeared. Doors were unlatched, and footsteps heard. But no sound of a human voice caught the ear. Monks, grave and serious, walked obliquely across the place where the student was standing, and vanished through a door opposite to the one which led to the passage. They almost all carried thick books, bound in leather,

with gold borders, and they passed the young man by without notice, or, at most, glanced at him with a look of indifference. He, on the other hand, observed the passers by with intense interest.

How will you look in a dress of the order?—In a monk's clothes? At the very thought the blood rushed in hot streams to his cheeks.

And now, one came to him—the brother door-keeper. He whispered the unvarying "Come," almost without moving his pale lips. He whom he addressed followed him into the passage out of which the monks had just come. The passage was long and gloomy. On the walls hung oil-paintings representing monks alone. The footsteps of the two sounded hollow on the floor, and the young man was glad that he was not alone. A cold shudder ran through his veins; he felt almost afraid. They passed by many doors, and at length the door-keeper stopped at one of these, saying as he opened it: "Here, this is your room as our guest." As the student entered, the monk shut the door behind him and went away.

Our guest then stood in his room, at the door, and examined the apartment. A bed, a table, a chair, a prayer-stool (*prie-dieu*) made of oak, a little clothes-box; on one of the walls a crucifix of plaster of Paris, on the door-sill a holy-water stoup of porcelain; that was all the furniture of the very long but narrow room. There was no curtain before the window to hinder the sun's rays from falling there in an unmerciful dazzling brightness. The bare, lofty, gray-colored walls made a freezing impression on our hero; and in fact it was really cold in the apartment. The large Dutch-tiled stove was indeed crackling with heat, but a damp, musty smell made it evident that the fire had not been lighted for a long time before—perhaps not even for months.

After the guest had examined his room, without gaining courage from the survey, he stepped to the window. He heard the tread of his own steps echoed back to him from the bare walls. The window looked onto a yard, in the middle of which stood a pump and a mournful, solitary stump of a tree. Nothing besides. There on the opposite side stood a whole row of naked windows with the panes dulled by age. No living being was in sight; no human, nay, no sound of animal life was there. Only the snow-storm made the high windows rattle. Only the wind blew through all the registers as if on organ-pipes. The tones of the door-bells, sharply pulled, sounded here and there through the building, like the gasping scream of a person dying. The guest felt a sadness steal upon his spirit, a sad

ness beyond expression. He sat down on a chair—it creaked. He leaned his arms on the table—that creaked too. Nothing but a weird and mystic vacancy seemed to meet his gaze wherever he cast his eye. The thick Dutch-tiled stove alone purred and rustled like a lazy tom-cat. Then, as if in search of some consolation, he lifted his eyes to the crucifix, and, seized with a sudden thought, drew the prayer-stool before it, and prayed long and fervently. His sorrowing heart became calmer, and at last, lulled by the warmth, the silence, the darkness, which continually increased, the solitary watcher yielded to the fatigue of his spirit and fell into a deep sleep. As his bodily eye closed, that of his soul opened to the world of dreams. He dreamed that his mother blessed him for his resolve to begin a new, a pious life. A good hour might have passed of that invisible ocean which we call time, when a loud rap alarmed the sleeper. He did not readily find the use of his tongue, and the knock was repeated, still louder than before. "Come in," he made an effort to call out, and immediately was obliged to cover his eyes, which were dazzled by the light of a tallow candle.

"*Benedicite!*" whispered a dark form which stood by the side of the light. "Will you come to the refectory to collation? the choir is just out."

Just at that moment the inner bell of the cloister began to summon the inmates to the evening meal. "Come quickly," urged the monk on the but half-awakened youth, who, hardly knowing whether he was dreaming or waking, groped after the figure with the light.

He soon found himself in a large apartment; on three sides of it were placed rows of tables which formed in fact but one long table. On it stood plates and jugs. His guide led the youth in silence to the lower end of one of these tables. The room was bare. Only on the upper wall was placed a gilded crucifix of gigantic dimensions, and opposite to it was a painting in fresco, representing the Last Supper of the Saviour in the midst of His disciples.

He had scarcely finished his observations when the monks entered the refectory by two and two; they pushed back their hoods from their heads and with grave deportment arranged themselves in rows before the tables. They all had the forepart of their arms crossed over the breast, beneath their scapulars. At last a tall majestic figure appears. On his breast, outside his black scapular, glitters a golden cross on a golden chain. His hood falls back. It is the abbot. He places himself in the vacant space in the middle of the upper row that crossed the others, where three seats stood, and now all three rows are complete;

on the lower side, which was open, a monk walked up the middle, opposite to where the abbot sat, and looked enquiringly at his master. He, having glanced down the ranks on all sides, to see if anywhere a vacancy occurred, nodded to the monk in a scarcely perceptible manner. At this sign the monk bowed to the abbot, and said "*Jube, domne, benedicere!*" At this request the abbot said the Latin grace, which all the monks answered with an emphatic "*Amen.*" Then the ranks relaxed and the members seated themselves at table—all being done in silence and with great solemnity of manner.

The guest was the only one who remained standing, and felt somewhat embarrassed, but at a sign from the abbot a waiter showed the young man his place, near the lowest monk with white neckbands. Thus he is the last on the long-sided table to the right. The long side to the left was occupied by the lay-brothers.

When all were seated, the abbot touched a little bell which stood beside his plate. The monks pulled their hoods over their heads, and at the signal a monk who meanwhile had mounted the pulpit began to read aloud: "The Old Testament, Genesis, chapter xii, verse 1: 'And the Lord said to Abraham: Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee.'"

Again the abbot rang the bell. Another monk immediately stepped up before him, bowed and removed the cover from the soup-tureen which stood before the abbot. Nothing that took place in the room escaped our guest; what he saw excited his curiosity. When the abbot had ladled out a portion for himself, the waiter on the table took the soup-dish and placed it before the prior, who sat on the right hand of the abbot, then before the sub-prior, who sat on the left, and thence he carried it through the ranks from one father to another.

The reader continued to read of the going forth of Father Abraham. Meantime, a simple, clean basket, formed of osier twigs peeled white, came to the guest. Within lay a white loaf and a knife. Every monk had cut from the bread as large a slice as he desired, and then passed the basket on to his neighbor. The guest also cut off a slice for himself; it looked so pretty and smelt so nice that the knife went in somewhat deeply, and cut off a slice that was unseemly large.

At last the tureen came round to him: it was dumpling* soup, his favorite dish, yet in spite of

* *Knödel* soup, or noodle soup, is untranslatable, though an excellent dish.

this he helped himself to a very slight portion. He had hardly begun to eat before the bell rang again. Then the monks' hoods fell back, the reader shut up his Bible, and began anew in another book: "From the writings of the Venerable Alphonsus Rodriguez on the Practice of Christian Virtues and Spiritual Perfection. On Prayer."

The soup-dish was now come a second time to the guest: he would willingly have helped himself again, but he thought he would not spoil his appetite for other dishes yet to come. A waiter now brought a copper can before the abbot, who blessed the contents by making the sign of the Cross over it.

Before each one seated at the table stood a porcelain cup, and two small jugs. Of these latter one was filled with water, the other stood empty. The monk who was waiter now poured beer from the large can into the empty jugs, one after another as they stood, each in its turn, and to his astonishment the guest perceived that the monks poured the beer from the jug into the porcelain cup. He was now curious to make an experiment himself on this new method of drinking; he found it good, but the beer better still. Only he would not drink too much upon his soup: for he was still expecting other dishes to make their appearance. The youth thought: "It is probably a long way to the kitchen, and it is more healthy to wait awhile after eating soup."

At length the bell rang again; the abbot seems to make a respectful pause,—the reader lays his Rodriguez away, and then begins anew: "From the Rule of our holy Father Benedict,—11th chapter—On the Obedience of Monks."

With dismay the young man remarked that everyone at table was folding up his table-napkin. He then concluded that no other dishes were at hand, and secretly reproached himself for having slighted the good dish of dumpling-soup so much. Fearing he might lose his beer also, he poured some hastily into a cup, and would have liked to drink it all off at one draught, so good was the barley juice and so greedy his appetite; but good manners forbade, so he drank it at several times, and had scarcely emptied his first cup when the reader announced the "*Missarum ordo in crastinum diem*" (the order to be observed in the Mass on the following day). A few seconds more and the reader leaves the pulpit, stations himself in the middle of the lower side of the refectory, opposite the abbot, and with loud voice, says: "*Benedicamus Domino!*"

"*Deo Gratias!*" is echoed through the hall; the stools are shoved under the tables, the monks arranged themselves in rank and file before these, and the prayer after meals is offered up. This

lasts a tolerably long time. The deceased brethren of the Order and the benefactors of the cloister are alike remembered. The young man had immediately placed himself in the rank, and conscientiously followed every movement, whether in bowing or in making the Sign of the Cross. He was deeply moved when the deep voices of some seventy men resounded through the hall, thanking God for the simple meal they had just partaken of.

When everyone except the abbot had left the refectory, the latter stepped up to him and whispered: "You can hardly have appeased your appetite; at least drink your beer in peace." Then giving the waiter a sign, he immediately followed the brethren.

"Sit down again," was the advice of the waiter. "Here is bread, eat and drink," he added, in a subdued voice; "the evening soup lasts but a quarter of an hour, and those who are not accustomed to eating and drinking quickly will go away hungry."

The guest now finished his meal, during which the reader and the two waiters also ate, in silence and dignity. In about a quarter of an hour a lay-brother with a lighted taper came, and said in a low voice: "I am to light you to bed." The youth followed him, not however before wishing the others, almost too cheerfully: "Good night." They answered in grave tones: "*Benedicite.*"

Perplexed, he followed his guide. The snow-storm was shaking all the windows, so that they rattled. The cold wind blew through the numerous chinks, and made the taper flicker so much that the pictures of the old monks on the walls of the corridor appeared to be moving. Their faded countenances looked spectre-like in the dim light. His guide lighted the taper on the night table, and departed, leaving behind him only a pious "*Benedicite.*"

"*Benedicite!*" murmured the guest to himself, and it went to his heart. That one little word appeared to block him out effectually from the earthly world and its noisy pleasures. Anxiety, deep anxiety took possession of him. His bed—he could not think of it without a shudder, as fearing it but too probable that a night of torment was before him. Formerly, yesterday even, he could not undress himself quickly enough. How gaily he had said "good night" and how cheering was the tenfold echo which had sent back his good night from a whole circle of friends.

Now it seemed as if there were no more "good nights" for him. It was while making these reflections that he undressed himself. One more anxious glance around the cell, the light extinguished, in a twinkling he was in bed, and buried beneath the woollen coverlet. But by the last

flicker of the taper he had seen the crucifix of Paris plaster, for one moment only, and then the dark waves of night had flowed over the image, but his faithful memory recalled in a friendly manner to the eyes of his soul the words: "HE WHO FOLLOWETH ME WALKETH NOT IN DARKNESS," and consolation fell on the spirit of the youth, and sleep came gently down and sat benignly on his eyelids.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINNE.

[Continued.]

Error is twofold: it consists of distortions of truth and negations of necessary principles; and the most harmful of all its distortions, the most ingenious device that Satan has ever invented to bring contempt upon the mystery of Redemption, is the manner in which idolatry deals with human sacrifice. Modern heresy adheres strictly to the system of negations, while idolatry consists of a series of frightful misapplications and usurpations. Thus the human blood shed to appease Baal, Moloch, or Woden; or that crimsoned the hundred steps of the Mexican teocalis; which flowed so freely in honor of the false deities of civilized, intellectual, but pagan Rome; or that to-day reddens the sands of southern Africa, is but a terrible misinterpretation of the sublime principles involved in Redemption and salvation, ideas of which will always be found implanted in the heart of man; those principles which were enunciated by the Royal Prophet when he declared that a sacrifice to God was an afflicted spirit. How human affliction can be an agreeable offering to our Heavenly Father is often a difficult matter for the finite brain to comprehend; but although God does not see fit to explain this subject to us in all its bearings, still from time to time He brings forth some part thereof in such striking relief, shedding such clear and brilliant light upon it, that belief in the whole becomes an easy possibility to those not too blinded by sin, whose effect is to make us misunderstand revelation and hate God. For it is hating God to hate that which He has revealed of Himself, and we cannot escape this imputation by loving a God whom we have invested with attributes more agreeable to our sin-degraded nature. If the judgments of God, the requirements of revealed religion, appear harsh and cruel to you, examine well the record of your conscience, and try to cancel the guilt of that unrepented sin which is blinding

and trammelling your soul. If we wish to seek one of the many examples of the manner in which God has enveloped sorrow with a peculiar halo, let us consider the effect of suffering upon the human soul, and even upon the human features; how many become gentle, saintly, and beautiful under its holy influence! Grace is often neglected, it is true, and some do allow their hearts to grow bitter under affliction, and their faces to assume a habitual expression of hopeless weariness; but in general those who meet death with that perennial youth which they have carried into old age, are the ones upon whom the Hand of the Lord has rested most heavily.

When we view human sacrifice in its true light, the light afforded by the history of Christianity, we see that it must be accomplished very differently from the requirements of the diabolical rites of paganism. The holocaust must be a self-oblation, and as God does not wish that our hearts should be torn by physical force from the yet living body, the victim must await His will. When holy kings and Bishops in times of pestilence or famine have offered their lives for those of their people, there was no sacrificial knife, no fire kindled by human hands, for the same Lord who has said, "vengeance is Mine," will also in the words of Abraham find the victim and the holocaust, and He will send down the fire from heaven upon the acceptable sacrifice. And whether this fire shall come in the form of swift and violent death, or long and lingering painful disease, or whether the heart shall be afflicted by losses or bereavements, or the body receive the very marks and endure the sufferings of the Passion of our Lord, it is not for man to demand, nor human power to put anything of all this into execution.

And we were in the presence of one of these acceptable victims, before one of whom it might be said that God had laid upon her the burden of our sins, one that was suffering that the glory of God might be made manifest in her; and as all these ideas rolled rapidly through our minds we never once thought that in our own native land we would ever hear from the lips of those calling themselves sincere Catholics any expressions of wonder concerning the end and object of these sufferings. One of the many-changing forms of heresy declares that it is blasphemous to suppose that the sufferings of a being purely human can be in any manner rendered available to eternal salvation, either for himself or for others, because the sufferings of Christ were both necessary and all-sufficient. Necessary they were, and all-sufficient too, had not God willed otherwise; for, in His eternal wisdom, He has decreed that we ourselves shall win the prize, although the means of

earning it, as well as the prize itself, come from Him. He allows us, He wishes, us to go to Him of our own free will, by our own exertion; in the words of St. Augustine, "God, who made you without you, will not save you without you"; and not only this, but God also allows us, wishes us to assist one another, and to receive help from one another. In accordance with this, the Church teaches—and we must hearken to her voice, and not allow ourselves to be infected with the leaven of the heresy rampant around us—that the sufferings of Christ opened heaven to those who *co-operate* with the graces which His Passion obtained for mankind; that His Precious Blood hallows all our good deeds, all our penitential acts, all our patient endurance of pain and sorrow, so that they become acceptable offerings to God, for ourselves and for our neighbor. Without Its all-sanctifying influence no good deeds, no penance, no endurance, would be of any avail before God; but through Its redeeming powers we are entitled to present ourselves and our own meritorious acts before the throne of God; and these works may plead not only for ourselves, but, if we have had the happiness to do more than win our place in heaven, we may thereby obtain graces for others. And in confirmation of this consoling doctrine rises up the history of the establishment of Christianity. Had God willed that the Passion of Our Lord should found and foster the Church without the co-operation of human suffering, there would have been no need for the blood of martyrs to prepare the soil of every land for the planting of the Gospel. Even in the light of mere human reason the belief of the Catholic Church is more consistent with the conditions that surround us; to agree with the ideas condemned by the Church, man ought to have been restored by the Redemption to the primitive state of Adam, to enjoy the same freedom from original sin, and all its penalties, pain and affliction included. But pain and affliction remain with man, and those who question the utility of Louise's sufferings ought also to ask why do these ills continue? for what good?

Admitting, as every Christian must, the justice of the punishment of original sin—and the most ordinary intellect can understand, if it only will, that since God intended to justify the whole human race in consequence of one man's obedience, it is but proper that the results of Adam's fall should be imposed upon all mankind—it then becomes easy of comprehension why some should be able to suffer for sins in which they have no part. Since we suffer the penalties of transmitted sin, which we did not personally commit, why should we not be capable of performing expiation

for any sin no matter where committed, no matter who the offender may be? And when the innocent thus suffer for the guilty, vengeance becomes mercy, for thereby the sinner obtains grace sufficient for repentance and for a reunion with the merits of the Precious Blood. Admitting the doctrine of mutual expiation under the law of the Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ, it is no longer difficult to understand how it is that God has a right to claim not only a certain number of prayers and good works from a city, province, or country, but also a certain amount of repentance and expiation, and that if these four expressions of homage and fealty are neglected by one portion of the community, the faithful must redouble their efforts, and prevent this spiritual tribute from being in the least diminished; and as, although He never really forces, God often assists man in his efforts to serve Him, so He Himself, in His infinite wisdom, often selects, among the *willing*, suitable victims of an expiation neglected by the sinner himself.

For those who really believe all, all that the Church teaches, what a glorious world of consoling thought, concerning sorrow and pain, does she spread before the eyes of the soul! Then we are no longer isolated identities, living each for himself; our trials, our sufferings are no longer fruitless, terminating in ourselves and dying with us, but they are a bond between us and the whole human family. Then we behold how all Christians are united in cancelling the common debt incurred by original sin, the debt which rests equally on us all, and yet the penalties of which are laid more heavily on souls most fortified by grace, just as the work of a household is seldom equally divided, the stronger fulfilling the tasks of the weaker.

Invalids, who see yourselves condemned to years of hopeless pain, and helpless dependence on others, you are the strong, you are doing the noblest work, performing the most difficult task, doing for those who wait on your bodily weakness that which perhaps they are incapable of doing for themselves, winning for them graces from which perhaps they have been so far removed that they did not even feel the need of them. How these thoughts ennoble pain! what a source of endless consolation, and of patience, and of fortitude! You watch the busy steps of the rest of your family as they are engaged in household duties, but you know that although chained to your bed you are not idle, that your sufferings are all your own, and more precious than gold and silver, for with them you may purchase graces and blessings without number for those upon whom you are apparently but a worthless burden.

And perhaps that very temporal happiness and complete prosperity which your sufferings seem to mar depend upon just this affliction; perhaps God has chosen you as the expiation of that portion of the debt of inherited sin resting on your family, thereby making you the shield to defend your dear ones from sorrow and disappointment.

Mothers, who see your little infants washed by baptism from every stain of aught that could render them displeasing to God, struggling with pain which you cannot assuage, dying in the midst of torture more keen than that inflicted by Herod's cruel soldiery, what meagre consolation do you find in the truisms which tell you "that it is all done in love," "all the work of a merciful Hand," without giving you a single ray of light by which your tear-stained eyes might see this love and mercy. But when our tender Mother the Church assumes the task of condolence she utters no trite platitudes, but, turning like a careful householder to her inexhaustible treasure-house, the Sacred Scriptures, she brings forth the martyrdom of the Holy Innocents, and, showing the glorious fruits of their death, she bids you see the like beautiful results of the sufferings of your little ones. As these blessed infants, by their violent end, not only received higher places in the dwellings of everlasting joy, but also thereby atoned for the sin of inhospitality towards the Holy Family, and obtained that the blessing of a constant and perfect communion with the Church of Christ, already granted to Bethlehem by being the birth-place of the Redeemer, should be confirmed and continued to the end of time, so yours, having through their sickness and pain, within a short space fulfilled all the suffering and woe of a long life, without any of its sin (Wisdom iv, 13), not only arrive at their destined places in heaven, but also, through their innocence and suffering, atone for the faults of the family, and obtain for their parents, their brothers and their sisters, priceless blessings without number.* It is by meditations such as these that the Church endeavors to teach

* "Ce petit enfant qui souffre est peut-être une victime expiatoire pour les fautes qui pèsent sur toute une famille . . . au lieu de venger les droits de la justice sur toute cette famille coupable, si Dieu se contente d'une innocente victime pour épargner les autres: n'est-ce point de sa part une acte de la miséricorde? . . . si grâce à ce sacrifice cet enfant comme un ange du ciel doit retrouver plus tard dans le bonheur et dans la gloire, le père et la mère dont il aura été comme le sauveur, ne sera-ce-point pour tous une généreuse et magnifique compensation?"—*Souffrances et Consolations, par M. l'Abbé A. Riche, prêtre de la Congrégation de St. Sulpice, Paris.*

resignation. Only resignation, for to literally turn mourning into rejoicing would frustrate the holy aim of affliction; but it is only because meditation can never equal revelation that to be resigned alone is the result of these consoling ideas. Had the vast amount of grace procured for generation unto generation by the martyrdom of their children been revealed to your predecessors in woe, the mothers of Bethlehem, the voice of lamentation heard in Rama would have been hushed by an ecstasy of joy.

When we find ourselves bound by what the world terms inexorable fate, but which Christians know as Divine Providence, to a round of duties which weary us with their incessant sameness, dishearten us by their lack of importance, may we not find relief in the thought that while we are patiently fulfilling these seemingly trivial tasks we are perhaps storing up more graces than our spiritual needs demand, and thus rendering ourselves capable of assisting some weary soul somewhere on the surface of the earth; perhaps, if even only ever so little, we are helping to strengthen the heart of the missionary in savage lands, or we may be giving the final grace necessary for the following of some holy vocation. And when eternity shall annihilate time and space, perhaps one of the sweet surprises will be to find how closely we have been connected with those who dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth.

Sufferings like Louise's, ah! those are a perpetual fountain of grace springing up before the throne of God and falling in refreshing showers upon the parched world! For what good? Let not those ask who have received spiritual favors beyond that which they have sought to merit. Why have so many of those dear to you entered the Church of Christ? why has the favor of death-bed repentance been so often unexpectedly granted to members of your family, after perhaps years of an unchristian life? Is it owing to your midnight vigils, your penances? is it because you have spent hours before the Blessed Sacrament, seeking for mercy from the morning watch until night? Ask yourselves if it is not more probable that it is all the work of some of these willing victims of reparation, of those who, unselfishly, with no other thought than the love of God, offer up without ceasing all their actions, all their sufferings, for the conversion of sinners, not caring who these sinners may be or to what nation they may belong, only asking that the offence to God may cease; only that souls, redeemed by the Precious Blood of Christ, may not become the prey of the most Wicked One.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letter from Rome.

ROME, September 29, 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—How much truth there was in the report bruited abroad to the effect that the suppressed religious Orders of Italy still continued to receive novices, who made solemn vows, and that some of the Superiors gave orders to their subjects to return to their convents, I know not. But I *do* know that there was a great deal of untruth in the story, and this leads me to suspect that the Government is just as responsible for the report as it is for the cruel circular, just fresh from the ministry of the Interior, which purports to put a stop to the "abuses of the religious Orders" in connection with the law of suppression. It is utterly false that the Generals of the suppressed Orders had commanded the dispersed religious to return to their convents. But the ministerial circular assumes it as a truth, and hence warmly exhorts all the prefects to interpose with the law, in every instance of the kind, to defend the subject, and punish the Superior. With regard to novices, the circular implores the prefects, for the sake of humanity, to prevent the emission of vows, and, above all, to see that no influence, either moral or otherwise, be exercised to induce young people to embrace the religious life. Really, the consideration of the minister of the Interior is inexpressibly tender. But his fell purpose proclaims itself in a few explanatory remarks: to wit, that, taking into consideration the

HOSTILITIES WHICH EXIST AT PRESENT BETWEEN
CHURCH AND STATE,

and which are constantly assuming more aggravating proportions, considering furthermore, quoth Nicotera, that the religious Orders are absolutely dependent upon, and kept in complete abeyance by, their Superiors, and these are the sworn enemies of the Government, hence religious Orders cannot but be regarded as institutions, not only disaffected to the Government, but positively tending to destroy the "actual order of things."

Another circular from the prefect of Milan removes from the parish priests the faculty they have hitherto enjoyed of distributing the alms of the charitable confraternities, which in origin are ecclesiastical institutions. These however have been more or less secularized during the last few years, and all that was left of their ecclesiastical character was the faculty alluded to. But the laws on the *Opere pie*, which in all probability will be discussed this fall, will convert all these institutions into State charities; or, to come nearer the truth, they will all be swallowed up in the vortex into which the

FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS TAKEN FROM THE CHURCH
SINCE 1867

were plunged. These charities, as I mentioned before, amount to a no less stupendous sum than twelve hundred millions. Yet, while the Government is trying every possible means of annihilating forever the religious Orders, while it is bent upon secularizing Catholic charitable institutions, it connives most cul-

pably at the reunions of the Internationalists and Socialists, while not a word of explanation has been offered to the people of Italy concerning the

TWENTY MILLIONS OF THE PUBLIC MONEY WHICH
WERE STOLEN

in divers departments, during the first three months of the year 1876. And let it be borne in mind that twenty millions is very nearly the average sum which makes a quarterly disappearance from the public funds. I might enlarge upon this subject, but enough has been said in former letters about exorbitant taxes, strange forgeries, and robberies, to prove the truth of the adage of our Catholic ancestors, "Bad luck follows what is stolen from the Church."

THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF THE INDEX

held a discussion on the 4th inst., which resulted in the formal condemnation of several works. I shall mention one in particular. It is a work written in Spanish, and published in Madrid, entitled "The Conflict Between Science and Religion," by J. W. Draper, Professor in the University of New York. Very probably the author will publish an English edition of the work. But there is a note appended to the condemnation of the work in these terms, "*Quocumque idiomate*," which renders the book prohibited in any language.

Contraries, they say, are potent agents in the association of ideas. The conflict descanted upon by Mr. Draper suggests to me the harmony which, it is given us to understand here, a certain Cardinal, deputed by the Pope, would establish between the Government of Prussia and the Church. The Pope is to make several important concessions, says the report, and Bismark is disposed to accept them. There is not one word of truth in the story, and the *Osservatore Romano*, the semi-official organ of the Vatican, has been authorized to make a declaration to that effect.

For many years it has been the continued complaint of Catholic pilgrims to the Holy Land that the condition of the Catholics there is deplorable in the extreme, while, on the contrary, the influence of the schismatics, and even of the Protestant missions, is fast increasing. In fact the schismatics have founded there hospices, schools, orphanages and industrial establishments, in all of which they have been well rivalled by the Protestant missionaries. Numerous caravans of schismatics and Protestants visit the Holy Places yearly and bring untold resources to their co-religionists; while the number of Catholic caravans is comparatively small, and the few Catholic institutions established there have a hard struggle with poverty. The Catholic inhabitants are under the necessity of asking labor and assistance from the schismatics and Protestants, which is most willingly accorded, especially by the latter, to the no small loss of Catholicity. A Catholic civil engineer, Signor Pierotti, who has been in the Holy Land for the last twenty-two years, and has been the witness of what I have related, moved with a spirit not unlike that which sent Peter the Hermit into Europe to rouse the Catholics to a sense of duty, has conceived the idea of establishing the Catholics of Palestine in a more independent position,

of rendering the Catholic influence there as powerful, at least, if not more so, than that of the schismatics. The first step to the desired end is to facilitate and increase Catholic pilgrimages to Jerusalem. With this view he has conceived the project of building a magnificent port at Jaffa, and of constructing a railway thence to Jerusalem. In addition to this he has in mind to purchase extensive lands, and found Catholic colonies. The fertility of the soil and the abundance of the crops leave no doubt as to the success of this part of the enterprise. For the means of realizing his noble design he appeals to the charity of all Catholics. But for the purchase of the lands he appeals to *one hundred wealthy Catholics*, who will buy a certain number of shares. Subscription offices will be opened in the principal cities of every country. For the present, subscriptions will be taken up by the

BANKER TERWAGNE, NO. 173 CORSO, ROME,

and by the Editor of the illustrious French journal called, "*Terre-Sainte*," No 12. Rue Vavin, Paris. Before publishing the foregoing, Signor Pierotti submitted his project to the Holy Father, who gave it his most cordial approval, and, as a testimony of his personal interest in the enterprise, presented him with a large silver medal. But apposite elucidations and instructions on the enterprise will be published in a general circular which will be diffused in all countries of the globe. This matter comes under our attention in the light of a Crusade. It is sad to think, that, on the very spot whence Jesus Christ preached His eternal unchangeable doctrine, there the slaves of every wind of doctrinal error are the rulers, and poor Catholics, true and earnest and reverent believers of Christ's faith, are very like the Jews, who were compelled, while in banishment, to pay a price to the invader for the privilege of visiting their own city and praying in their own Temple. It should not be thus.

Well, the children of St. Francis de Sales have come and gone. Indeed there was a sweetness about those

THREE HUNDRED SAVOYARDS,

who were received by the Pope on the 17th, which made us all want to re-read the life of the "Saint of sweetness." They were led by the Archbishop of Chambéry and the Bishop of Annecy, each of whom delivered an address at the reception. As is his wont, the Holy Father was scriptural in his similitudes. He spoke of the prevarication of the Jews, of their ingratitude (which, he says, is also the sin of to-day), which was punished by the plague of the fiery serpents. The Church to-day receives many a venomous bite. "Venomous bites," said he, "are the spoliation of the Church; venomous bites are the humiliations inflicted, the hindrances placed upon the Church; venomous bites are her rights taken from her, or despised; venomous bites are certain circulars come to light in these days, which tyrannically ordain *no more processions, no more monastic unions, no more charities dispensed by the hand of a priest*. And while in a few days (on the 20th of September) a noisy procession will be permitted to solemnize a crime (the violent occupation of Rome), it is forbidden to carry through the streets the Divine Redeemer, Most Holy Mary, and

the Saints, and the triumphs of these dare not be celebrated. All these are venomous bites against the Church of Jesus Christ." His concluding prayer was tender in the extreme: "May God bless Savoy, that under the shadow of St. Francis of Sales, she may always remember the examples and teachings of that Saint, who was the saint of zeal and charity. May He bless France, and give her light and comfort in her difficult position. May He bless, in fine, this miserable Italy, that she may no longer be exposed to the attacks of a sect which is animated by the spirit of Antichrist."

Shortly after the departure of the Savoyards a little band of pilgrims, about fifty in number, arrived from the diocese of Tarbes, in France. They were conducted by one of the canons of the cathedral church.

The Spanish pilgrims are expected towards the end of the month. The pilgrimage promises to be a stupendous demonstration, and will count many of the principal grandees of Spain. The Italian railway companies have refused to make any reduction in the fares in favor of the Spaniards. The ministry of Italy are justly charged with this odious distinction. But the pilgrims will come for all that. Nothing less than a formal prohibition will hinder them.

To the glory of God, the honor of St. Januarius, and our edification, advices from Naples have informed us that the liquefaction of the blood of that Saint took place on the 21st inst., eight minutes after the sacred phial was brought in contact with the head of the martyr. Well may we repeat with St. Paul: "*Non erubescio evangelium*"—(I am not ashamed of the Gospel). It is the fashion among a certain class of philosophers and would-be savans of our day to laugh at miracles, and deride them. Yet they themselves are miracles of stupidity, blindness of heart and perversity, not to perceive a greater miracle than the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius going on daily about them, the existence of the Catholic Church, a triumphal existence in the midst of a very hell of elements which are aiming at her destruction. Materialism, Atheism, Rationalism, Liberalism (worst of all), Internationalism and Cæsarism are the elements alluded to, the representatives of which sneer at the idea of a miracle. Have they forgotten the unanswerable dilemma proposed by St. Augustine to a pagan sophist: Either the Catholic Church was founded by preaching, corroborated by miracles, or you must admit the still greater miracle that without miracles she conquered the whole pagan and hostile world, and established an influence therein second to none recorded in history.

ARTHUR.

AN ancient writer has styled the poor "the receivers of Christ's rents." "The poor receive at our hands the rights and duties belonging unto God." And the mother of the Chevalier Bayard, in her advice to him, says, "Be bountiful of the goods that God shall give you, to the poor and needy, for to give for His honor's sake, never made any man poor; and the alms that you shall dispense will greatly profit both your body and soul."

Catholic Notes.

—The MS. of a work on "The Blessed Eucharist," by St. Francis de Sales, has lately been discovered at Lyons. It will be soon published.

—Rev. Father Durbin, the oldest priest in Kentucky, recently celebrated the fifty-fourth anniversary of his ordination at St. Joseph's Church, Bardstown, where he was ordained.

—We have received from an old friend of the "AVE MARIA" in California an interesting letter about the recent centennial celebration at San Francisco. It will appear next week, having come too late for the present issue.

—Mr. George Homer Thompson, late of the U. S. Surveyor General's office, St. Paul, now of Santa Fe, New Mexico, was baptized and confirmed by Rt. Rev. John Ireland, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul, on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

—A "Life of Frederick Ozanam," by Grace Ramsay, author of the "Life of Dr. Grant," "The Bells of the Sanctuary," "The Battle of Connemara," just concluded in the "AVE MARIA," and other Catholic works, will be published next month by Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh.

—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the title of "Our Lady of Perpetual Succor" is spreading very fast, thanks to the zeal of the disciples of St. Alphonsus. A new Archconfraternity has recently been established in France. "Its object," says the decree of approbation, "is to assure the perpetuity of Mary's maternal succor."

—The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in the United States has lost a devoted member in the death of Brother Frederick (William Roeder), which occurred at New Orleans on the 6th of October. The deceased was a native of Germany but came to the United States when a child. He was not quite thirty years of age at the time of his death. *R. I. P.*

—We regret that through some mistake on the train between here and San Francisco many of our subscribers at the latter place did not receive No. 39. The bag of mail left our post-office addressed as usual, and we are unable to say how it miscarried. Ere this, we trust, all our friends in San Francisco have received the lost number. It is hoped such a mishap may not occur again.

—Even the Greek schismatics respect the Holy Word of God enough to look upon that travesty of it known as "the Protestant Bible" as a sacrilege. According to the *Armonia*, the Greek Government, in response to the demand of the synod of Greek Bishops separated from the Holy See, has excluded from its public schools more than forty text-books contrary to religion and morals. Amongst them is the Bible translated into modern Greek by the Protestant Bible Society of London.—*Catholic Review*.

—The devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes is spreading rapidly in Italy. A splendid statue has been lately blessed by Mgr. Spaccapietra, Primate of Asia and Archbishop of Smyrna. The church was crowded to excess. Rev. Father Altaville, S. J., preached a

most eloquent sermon on the frequent apparitions of the Blessed Virgin in our days, which deeply affected the audience. On the following day a triduum of thanksgiving was commenced and was numerously attended by all classes of the people.

—An infidel journal reports the following from Munich: "Döllinger, the Nestor of the German Professors, the old and celebrated Theologian, whose large lecture hall in former times was insufficient to contain the number of his hearers, has been compelled to suspend his course of lectures for want of an audience. No Catholic clerical student was permitted to attend his lectures, and the attendance from other sources was daily on the decrease, so that at last the far-famed professor found nothing but unoccupied seats in his lecture hall."

—Literary circles in Paris were much surprised lately to hear of the conversion to the Catholic faith of Paul Feval, the celebrated sensational novelist. He is, after Dumas, the most prolific of French romancers, and had begun his career as a novel-writer thirty years ago, with the "Mysteries of London"; he has been known to keep four different serial stories going at once in as many different newspapers, and published seventy-eight volumes in the two years from 1856 to 1858. M. Feval's letter announcing his profession of faith appeared on the 26th of August, and was addressed to the Rev. Father Superior of the Chaplains of Montmartre on the occasion of a pilgrimage performed by the parish of St. Ferdinand to the new chapel of the Sacred Heart.

—There is perhaps no State where the Church is making more rapid progress than in California. New churches, schools, hospitals, etc., are springing up everywhere. A magnificent brick church has lately been built at Vallejo, where Rev. Father Daniel, O. P., and Father McGovern are pastors. It has elegant pews and, with one exception, the largest bell in the State. Not far distant is a large convent, a new building also, which with the church and pastoral residence occupies a whole square. The situation is on a hill overlooking the town and bay. The population is about 6,000, mostly Irish Catholics. Vallejo may well rejoice in the possession of two such zealous priests as Fathers Daniel and McGovern, whose efforts to promote the welfare and happiness of their flock are untiring.

—Heine, the well-known German poet, in one of his works, "Confession of a Poet of New Germany," makes the following candid avowal: "As a thinking man, I could never withhold my admiration of the moral and religious system called the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church. I can also glory in the fact of never having assailed her dogmas with sarcasm. Too much honor, and too much dishonor, has been done to me by being called a relative spirit to Voltaire. I have always been a poet, a true poet, and for this reason the poetical lustre blooming and radiant in the symbols and dogmas of the Catholic Church revealed itself to me much clearer than to others. I also have in my youth often felt inspired by the infinitely lovely charms of this spiritual

poesy, and the heart-thrilling joy of a better life beyond the grave predominating in it has often made me tremble with emotion. I also have an enthusiasm for the Immaculate Queen of heaven; I have repeated the legends of her loveliness and boundless mercy in verse, and the first collection of my poems contains many stanzas on the beautiful Madonna."

—The *Celestial Empire* gives the following additional particulars of the late massacre in China: "We published a rumor some few days back of a terrible onslaught upon the Catholic Christians at Ning-kuoh Fu, in the province of Ngnan-hwuy, when a crowd of about a thousand soldiers and ruffians, under the guidance of officials, burst into a chapel during service and brained numbers of the congregation. This, we deeply regret to say, has been since confirmed. Our authority is a gentleman to whom the horrible details were recounted by one of the French priests. It seems that the men entered the chapel, of course interrupting the service, forced the officiating priest upon his knees, and demanded that he should cease promulgating the doctrines of the Tien-chu sect. The priest naturally declined to promise anything of the sort, whereupon a scene of indescribable uproar ensued, during which the most frightful outrages occurred. The priest was tortured, and eventually put to death, being hacked to pieces; a little child whom he had adopted was torn limb from limb, and the corpse of another Father, who had died previously, was taken from its grave and brutally ill-used. The members of the Inland Mission have all left the neighborhood, and the Catholics have now a guard round their houses. The origin of this truly diabolical outrage is fixed upon a military mandarin named Wu, who has openly expressed his malignant hatred of the religion of Christ. We understand that three other priests are missing."

—Our readers will bear in mind, says the *Nation*, that, on a recent occasion, when the beloved Archbishop of Tuam was passing through Ballinasloe, the inhabitants of that town presented his Grace with an address, most eloquently expressive of their love and veneration, and of the gladness which his presence diffused amongst them. In order to procure a permanent record of the event, the address was put into the hands of Mr. Thomas Lynch, who, it is not too much to say, has produced a gem. The words of the address are presented in a beautiful text on the middle of a sheet of ample size, and the borders are occupied by a number of designs, most appropriate to the sentiments contained in the address itself, and also to the life and deeds of the venerable Prelate, as well as the general history of the country. St. Jarlath's College and the Tuam Cathedral—both memorials of the great Archbishop—are prominently represented, and there are also drawings of St. Patrick and St. Brigid, of a Bishop, of a nun, of a stately round tower and a grand old Celtic Cross. But by far the most striking pictures are two, larger than the others, placed above and beneath the text of the address. The former shows a bust of the Archbishop—in episcopal purple, which, together with the white hair, throws the features into fine relief—and no one who has ever

looked on the face of John of Tuam can fail to be struck agreeably by the eloquent fidelity of this likeness. The figure is surrounded by books and other emblems of the Archbishop's abounding labors in patriotism and literature. The picture beneath the text shows Erin, leaning over her harp, with an Irish wolf-dog *couchant* in the foreground, and to one side a view of Mount Nephin, the birthplace of the Archbishop, with a sunburst rising over placid waters. This poetical thought of the artist typifies, by one happy stroke, the whole life of John of Tuam, who has been, indeed, a light to the Irish race. It will be seen that the emblematic surroundings of the address are both various in suggestion and ingenious in design, and although it is also true that they are rich in tones of color, yet, so delicately has the management of the whole been poised and balanced, that the writing in the centre is not obscured or overloaded by incidentals, but rather stands out before the eye in bold and simple contrast with the lavish wealth of ornament around.

New Publications.

—The *Catholic Record* for October is full of good reading. There is a charming description of "dear old Monte Cassino" by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, a poem by Marie, suggested by an incident in the life of St. Louis Bertrand; also a memoir of Padre Stanislas Mattei, the great musician, besides several other articles of perhaps equal interest and merit. The *Record* is an excellent magazine and should have a wide circulation among Catholic readers.

—The *Cæcilia* for October contains addresses delivered at the late Convention of the St. Cæcilia Society in Baltimore by Rev. P. Anwander, C. S. R., Father Keane, of Washington, Rev. P. Mayer, O. C. C., of Niagara Falls; also the conclusion of an article on "Church Music and the Liturgy." The music is the first four of a series of Vesper Hymns for the liturgical year, composed by Prof. J. Singenberger and dedicated to Most Rev. Archbishop Bayley.

—RECEIVED.—*The Angelus* for October, *The Lamp-Manhattan Monthly*, etc.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14TH.

Number of letters received, 92; of new members enrolled, 76. The following applications for prayers have been made: Recovery of health for 72 persons, among whom are several religious; change of life for 19 persons; conversion to the faith for 25 persons and 6 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 4, and that of a happy death for 5 persons; particular graces have been asked for 8 priests, 8 religious, 2 families, and for 14 ecclesiastical students and persons aspiring to the religious state; temporal favors have been solicited for 40 persons, 4 families, 6 communities, 4 congregations, and 6 schools; spiritual favors for 44 persons, 6 families, 5 communities, 4 congregations, and 6 schools; religious vocations,

for 3 persons. The following intentions have been specified: relief for several persons threatened with insanity; grace for a devout child of Mary to submit to God's holy will and to treat kindly those who injure her; the conversion of a young Protestant lady who has a great devotion to our Blessed Mother; the success of an undertaking in favor of a parochial school, and several other undertakings of this kind; very particular intentions of a Bishop and a priest; success in studies and examination; employment for several young men; several clerical students who are in doubt regarding their vocation; some persons inclined to intemperance; several Catholic children attending the public schools; increase of members and fervor for 8 sodalities; several young persons who are losing their father; grace to know God's holy will under certain trying circumstances; success of a new invention; a Reverend friend returns thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for many graces received, also asks the conversion of some persons in his parish who have lost the faith, and the conversion of some outsiders favorably inclined but under the influence of passions; pecuniary resources for a religious community in a southern city; the conversion of an indifferent Catholic lady; change of life for a certain person.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following extracts from letters received: "I asked prayers for the conversion of my beloved father, which, I am happy to inform you, were answered. Two years ago he was baptized and made his first Communion, and on the 10th of last April he died a most fervent Catholic; he was 76 years old at the time of his death." "How can I ever thank you for forwarding so promptly the water of Lourdes! On the 29th of September, my little brother, aged 9 years, fell from the street-cars, and injured his arm so badly as to necessitate amputation at the shoulder. Before the operation I gave him a few drops of the water of Lourdes; after it was over his senses returned and he was enabled to make his first and last confession. His act of contrition was made without a mistake, which it was impossible for him to do before the accident. He died fourteen hours after it happened, without suffering any pain." "Three years ago I lay at the point of death with erysipelas; my sister wrote to you for some water of Lourdes. You sent it, and had asked the prayers of the Associates in my behalf. Glory be to God, and honor forever to the sweet Refuge of afflicted sinners, I have never felt the slightest symptoms of the disease since, and my health never was so good before."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: ELIZABETH RUNYON, of Springfield, Ill., who was called away in the 12th year of her age, on the 3rd of September after having received the last Sacraments of the Church; Mr. THOMAS MURRAY, of New York Junction, Philadelphia, Pa., who died August 28th, aged, 55 years. The following deceased persons of St. Patrick's Congregation, Daviess Co., Ind.: PATRICK FEATHERSTONE, MRS. MARGARET KELLY, THOMAS

DOWNEY, HUGH McDONALD, ELIZABETH and MATTHEW DONNELLY. JOHN, ELLEN and MARY JANE McALEE, of North Lee, Mass. DR. WILLIAM PATTERSON. PATRICK and ELIZABETH LOWE. REV. EMMANUEL THIENPONT, REV. GABRIEL VOLSHCARD, REV. HENRY LANGE, MARY NORTON, CATHERINE HINLEY. MRS. MARY MALONE, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who died the death of the just, September 10th. And several persons whose names have not been given.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Obituary.

—On the 10th of Sept., MRS. MARY MALONE departed this life in Pittsburgh, Pa., leaving a husband and five small children, in whose behalf the prayers of the reader are urgently requested. It is not easy, in a short sketch like the present, to do justice to one who sought no earthly reward, and whose constant aim was to perform well her duty to God, to her family, and her neighbor. She sought to form the hearts of her little ones to virtue, guiding their prayers and reciting with them daily the Rosary. Her cross included trials visible and invisible,—physical pain, varied by mental anxiety,—all borne with cheerful resignation. Her delight was to assist at the daily Sacrifice of the Altar, often toiling with feeble steps to the church when human prudence demanded care and repose. From this source, and the habit of prayer, and, above all, from a frequent reception of the Bread of Life, did she derive the strength and patience so conspicuous in her character. The Church and the poor have cause to remember her; occupied with domestic duties, she was seldom seen in public; her friends were obliged to seek her in the retirement of her home, attracted by her simple goodness, her innocent gaiety, and that native charm of person and manner of which she seemed unconscious. From childhood she was formed to virtue by pious parents. One point may give an idea of the regularity and devotion of her paternal home: On the day on which any member of the family was admitted to Holy Communion, no company was invited, lest the sanctity of so great a privilege might be forgotten. Her father, Mr. Matthew Reed, was remarkable for mental gifts and a pure spirit of unworldliness. His charities endeared him to the destitute, while his fine social qualities and sterling worth secured him numerous friends—among them, the late lamented Bishop Baraga. Her widowed mother, who still resides in Cleveland, O., is a distant relative of the two Archbishops who have made the name of Kenrick illustrious. To the writer of this imperfect sketch, Mrs. Malone was a loved and valued friend, whose endearing traits are now a precious memory. In the last interview, when no one supposed her end was so near, the trials of the past were incidentally touched upon, when she remarked that now they were followed and counterbalanced by a peace which was a rich reward. "Peace" was her last remembered word; may the peace of the Heavenly Sion be her portion forever! Oct. 11th, 1876. M. C. R.

Children's Department.

Child-Martyrs of Japan.—(No. IV.)

MARTYRDOM OF MARTHA, AND HER TWO GRANDSONS, JUSTUS AND JAMES.

In the town of Arima there was a Catholic family of distinguished piety who all, three generations, became martyrs in one day. The head of this family was an aged woman named Martha. She was condemned to death, as also were her two grandsons—Justus, a boy of eleven years old, and James, two years younger. The children had probably not been told of their fate until the hour of execution was come. Their grandmother undertook to prepare them for it, anxious, no doubt, that they might not be tempted to deny their religion by the dread of death.

"Children," she said, drawing them close, with an arm about each, "you know your father is dead, and died a martyr, as did also your uncle, for the love of Jesus Christ—now I too am to die for the same cause, and you are to keep me company. Will you not be glad to go and rejoin your dear father in heaven, where he awaits you?"

The children, without seeming in the least startled by the suddenness of the announcement, declared "they wished it above all things," and merely desired to know if their death was really decided on, and when it was to be?"

"Immediately," answered Martha. "Go and bid good-bye to your mother, and get ready to die."

With faces radiant with delight at the prospect of martyrdom, the boys hastened to do as she bade them; they made presents to their nurses, for keepsakes, and divided their playthings among their little companions, and then hastened to their mother.

Martha meanwhile was putting on a dress of fine white material adorned as if for a festival, and hastily preparing two similar ones for the boys; then she too went to seek Justine, her daughter-in-law, and the last survivor of this family. Justine was also a Christian, and a zealous one, as it appears, but for some unknown reason had been excepted, so far, from the edict condemning the rest of her family to death. Poor woman! her heart was torn with conflicting emotions—of exultation in seeing so many of her family chosen for the glory of martyrdom, and of regret that she was not considered worthy of it herself, but was to be left alone in the world. Her mother-in-law strove to console her by representing the merit she could gain by enduring with fortitude and resignation the cruel isolation of her lot, and

by encouraging her to hope a martyr's crown might yet be her portion, and at no distant date. Justine could only respond by tears and sobs.

But she felt as if she must die of sorrow when her two pretty boys, arrayed in their brilliant white robes, came to ask her blessing and give her their last innocent kisses.

"Adieu, my own dear good mother," said James. "We are to die, brother and I; we are to be the little martyrs of Jesus Christ."

Justine strove to hush her sobs and dry her tears, not to dishonor religion in the sight of her artless children, who had been taught that it was the greatest of graces to be permitted to die for the faith. But the mother's heart would assert itself as she clasped first one and then the other in her arms. The Christian however triumphed over the mother, and she compelled herself to make the sacrifice required of her with courage and magnanimity.

"Go: yes go, my boys, and die steadfastly for your religion," she said; "be worthy sons of your father, and when you stand face to face with death, meet it as he did, undauntedly. Joyfully barter earth for heaven, and a miserable passing life for one of unutterable delight, to endure everlastingly. From the dwelling of their glory, your father and your uncle beckon to you to follow; angels are waiting, with the crowns ready for you in their hands. Jesus—Jesus—calls to you to come unto Him, to enter into the joys He has prepared for you. Go, my boys—go to paradise. Go, rejoicing to die for Him who has died for you!"

Then, after a moment's silence, as if she was seeing in spirit the scene, she said: "As soon as you come to the place where you are to die, kneel down instantly, loosen the collars of your dresses, and offer your throats to the sword; fold your hands, and say to your last breath 'Jesus! Mary!'" she broke down at last, and, with the cry, "O miserable me! left alone, and not allowed to die with you!" wept torrents of tears over the children.

The guards, who by this time had arrived, were themselves so deeply moved that they feared they might not have courage to execute the sentence if this scene was prolonged; they therefore hastily snatched the children from their mother's arms, and hurrying them into a cart with their grandmother, they set out for the place of execution. On the way, Martha prayed aloud, the boys repeating, after her, the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and other prayers.

All the people of Arima were collected, and followed the cart to witness the martyrdom. Arrived at the place of execution, the two boys descended nimbly from the vehicle, their grandmother more slowly, only because of her age. The

throng of people curiously regarding the victim did not dismay them; on the contrary they looked eagerly around in search of their executioner. Having recognized him by his naked sword, of their own accord they approached him, knelt down unbidden—that is, the two boys—and with innocent simplicity, in obedience to their mother's instructions, loosened the collars from their soft, fair, slender throats, and waited the stroke of death. There was something so touching in the lamblike gentleness and guilelessness of the two little ones, that all the crowd of people were moved by one impulse, and tears and cries suddenly burst from all, and they surged hither and thither, as if one mighty sob swayed them all at once. The children alone were silent and tranquil. The executioner was apparently paralyzed, and could not lift his arm.

At last James, the younger of the boys, who had been in advance a step or two, when they left the cart, and was therefore nearest to the headsman, lifted his clear eyes in surprise, and said aloud, three times: "Jesus, Mary"; and, as if a spell had been taken off him, the man lifted his glittering sword, and with the last word from the lips of the boy his head fell, at one stroke, and, with the features still quivering, rested directly beneath the eyes of Justus. Far from shrinking in horror and fear, the elder lad seemed inspired with a yet more heroic courage at this sight. Fortified by the grace of God, with uplifted eyes regarding the now crimsoned sword, he too said "Jesus, Mary," but only once, for a passionate outburst of cries from the people made the executioner dread a rescue, and with a rapid stroke the second childish head was severed, and rolled in the dust beside that of James. Full of joy at the perseverance and faith of the children, Martha also knelt, and in a few minutes the aged head reposed with the two little ones, and rejoined in paradise the souls of her sons and grandsons. Whether poor Justine had the happiness to follow soon we do not know.

This Once.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

There are two little words which are often in the mouth of a coward. These words are, *This once*.

People who are too cowardly to resist temptation when they find themselves in bad company, say they will do a thing which they ought not to do, just *that once*. They want to shut people's mouths, and so they consent to be in the company of evil-doers just *that once*. They intend never to

do it again. But, to stop importunity, they consent, and say they will do it *this once*. I am going to tell you a story about *this once*, and what came of it.

A brother and sister, called George and Amy Merrett, were the younger children of Mr. and Mrs. Merrett, who kept a small dairy and, having a large well-kept garden, supplied their neighbors with milk and vegetables. The whole family worked well, and knew how to work: and these two younger ones had been placed at service in a town about ten miles away from their native village. They had, both of them, got praises and prizes in the Catholic school, and there was no reason to doubt that they would succeed in life. George was to be the second groom in the establishment of Mr. Manners, who was a wealthy banker; and Amy was to be in the kitchen in the house of Mrs. Darby, who was Mr. Manners' sister. The two families lived in the same town, not far off from each other, with pleasant gardens and shrubberies; and at the back of Mrs. Darby's house there was a meadow which sloped down to the river-side, where there was a walk, and a row of tall elm-trees. Amy thought she might get time for a walk by the river-side sometimes. She was so glad to find that there was something better than streets and houses. It reminded her of the pasture and the cows and the large garden at home; she saw her new home with great pleasure, and hoped to be happy in it.

George also was satisfied with his place at Mr. Manners'. He had a small room of his own, inside a larger one, which was occupied by an elderly man who was the coachman. The coachman was called Vincent; he was very pleasant in his manner to George, and George liked him. Vincent was not a Catholic. But Mr. Manners had married a Catholic lady; and his sister, Mrs. Darby, was a convert, and married to a very good Catholic, who was greatly respected by all who knew him.

Before George was engaged in his new place, Mrs. Manners had driven over to his father's house to see him. She had already heard a very good account of the whole family from the priest; and now she had something to say to George, and she had come to say it. This is what she said:

"You will be expected to practice Christian courage, George, if you come to live with us. I cannot promise you freedom from temptation. We have a large house, and many servants. Christian courage is the virtue you will have oftenest to practise. Without meaning to do you harm in their ignorant kindness, you may be tempted by your fellow-servants to leave off good habits, or to take up a bad one. Now *I know* you have been

well taught, and *I expect* you to decide between right and wrong; to distinguish between that which is advisable and that which is *not* advisable, and always to take courageously the right way, and keep to it in spite of example and temptation. Your prayers must be for *strength*. You must remember those words in the Bible—the written word of God—which give to us exactly the advice which you will require: *Watch; stand fast in the faith; do manfully, and be strengthened*. Do you think you can *do manfully*, George?"

George smiled, and said, "I will try, ma'am."

"Then, when you are tempted in some unwary moment, will you recall what we have now been saying, and be strong, and *do manfully*?"

And again George said, "Yes, ma'am; I will try."

"Then I shall ask Mr. Manners to engage you," the lady said; and she walked away down the garden to the green grass-plot where the clothes-lines were, for there she saw her sister talking to Amy.

George watched Mrs. Manners as she walked away, and he thought that through all his life he should remember what she had just said: "Watch; stand fast in the faith; do manfully."

"Ah, yes; do manfully; I like those words, they seem to make a man of me while I say them—do manfully, and be strengthened."

George took his hat off, and there under the blue sky of that fine spring day, he prayed this prayer: "Lord, give me strength to do manfully all my life; and make me persevere to the end."

It was a good prayer, well said from an honest heart.

He turned back into the house, and went through to the road where Mrs. Manners' carriage was waiting; and there he stood talking to Vincent.

George knew Vincent very well. He had taken cream, fresh eggs, and butter every week to Mrs. Manners', and George and his family had a very good name there, because the things they sold were always fresh and good, and to be depended upon.

Mrs. Darby talked to Amy in this way:

"I have heard a good character of you, and I am told you are a steady-minded girl. I have fixed rules in my house, and your duty will be to obey them. We are all Catholics, so there ought to be mutual help and good-will. But of course you will find some trials. There are trials of patience, trials of temper, and trials which come to us from the mortification of our self-love. You are not to think that trials are bad. They are very good for perfecting the Christian character. *Be a good Catholic*; then all will come right. Can I depend on you to be steady, obedient, and ready to learn? for though you have had a good home, you will have to learn many things before you can become a really good and responsible servant."

"Indeed, ma'am, I will do my very best; and I hope I shall please you," said Amy. And so Amy was engaged to go to Mrs. Darby's on the very day on which George was to go to his place under Vincent, the coachman at Mr. Manners'.

The morning of the day on which they left home, their father and mother went with them to Holy Communion. George served Mass. In this excellent way these parents sent their two children into the world to begin life for themselves. They went happy in the prayers and blessings of a good father and mother, and strong in their own good resolutions.

The first day or two in their places were spent by both of them in doing the work placed before them, and in making their minds clear on the subject of the duties which they had to discharge.

Amy said that she should find her duties very easy. As to the housework, she knew it; as to not running out, or idling away her time, she had never idled nor gossiped; as to punctuality and neatness, civility and scrupulous cleanliness, those were things which she delighted in. It was quite clear to Amy that she was going to be good and happy, with scarcely the power to be anything else.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Blindness of Passion.

Fish, which forms their chief nourishment, and which the bears procure for themselves in the rivers, were once very scarce in Kamtschatka. A great famine consequently existed among them, and instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter, and even came in the streets of the town of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a kettle of boiling water in the court; the bear went up to it, smelt, and burned his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented his fury upon the kettle, hugged it with all his might to crush it, burning himself still more. Hearing his growls of rage and pain, the people ran to the spot, and soon dispatched poor bruin. Hence, when anyone injures himself by his own violence, the people say he is "the bear with the tea-kettle."

STAPLETON tells us that Sir Thomas More (who was Chancellor of England, and who died on account of his firmness in supporting the Catholic religion), entertained such high respect for his parents that he never left his house, even in the days of his power and great influence, without having first asked, on his knees, the blessing of his aged father.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

No. 45.

A Pilgrimage to Alt-Oetting.

BY ELIZABETH SETON.

The dulness of the scenery as the cars sped across the vast plain which stretches around Munich, combined with the dust and heat of a June morning, had soon set most of the occupants of our compartment asleep; even my usually vigilant companion, Madame von S., was dozing, and the terrier-dog which she had managed to smuggle into the train was uncommonly quiet. After a few hours' ride we saw a succession of breezy lakes, and knew that we were fast approaching the mountains. Now, here we are at Frauenstein, where we must leave the train and perform the rest of our journey on foot. As it was already 4 p. m. we allowed ourselves only half an hour to take a cup of coffee and a little rest before setting out for Our Lady's shrine, in the manner, as we thought, of true pilgrims. Alt-Oetting lay over thirty miles off, and in order to get there before the Feast of the Sacred Heart it was necessary to start without further delay; therefore, taking up our modest baggage and carrying stout umbrellas instead of alpine staves, we proceeded on our way.

At a little distance from the town, we entered a sombre pine forest, and began to recite the Rosary; the few peasants whom we met returning from their work, doffed their caps and wished us God-speed. With alternate prayer and pious converse, the shades of evening fell imperceptibly upon us, and it was eight o'clock when we reached Stein, where we intended passing the night. Here our good-natured hostess threw up her hands in amazement that two unprotected females—city-folks—should have trusted themselves so late along such a lonely road; and indeed, had this been the age of that notorious robber-knight, Hans von Stein, who used to levy black-mail on all

passers-by, we would not have ventured on the scene; but as there was nothing of the old Baron left but a name and the empty caves in which his victims were tortured, we enjoyed our supper, and slept not the less peacefully for lodging beneath the shadow of his crumbling stronghold, through the gaps in which the moon was visible when we retired. We were in good spirits the next morning to continue our journey, and ere four o'clock the grating bolt was drawn back for us from the inn-door and we stepped out on our way amid the song of the larks in a neighboring field and the twittering of swallows among the castle ruins. This early walk was delightful. Everything around was full of the joy and blessedness of Nature, yet the ruined castles and deserted monasteries on every hill, told the tale of a fierce storm which, sweeping by, had left its mark of desolation.

We reached Frostberg, literally the "Hill of Comfort," at six o'clock. The beautiful church was built upon a terrace, which raised it still higher—as was right for God's-house—above the surrounding dwellings; and just as we entered a narrow street that led to it the bells began a sweet chime for the Octave of Corpus Christi. Going in we heard Mass and received Benediction, then after breakfast and a short rest at the inn, started off again. Our next stopping place was Wiesmuhl, where we dined on very simple fare seasoned with a well-earned appetite. At four o'clock we resumed our journey, and soon entered a dense forest through which the road ran for about an hour. We heard no sound of human life; the squirrels sported along the trunks and branches of the trees, and here and there the sun broke through the foliage, making pretty patches of light upon the wild-flowers and moss. Suddenly we saw by the side of the road a mound of earth in which a black cross was planted, and nailed to the foot was a wooden tablet on which was painted in red letters a short account of a cruel murder on

this very spot. My good companion had dropped her Rosary on the way; but we said together some *Paters* and *Aves* for the souls in Purgatory. Our journey was almost ended, for we were gradually descending into the valley of the Inn, in which the spire of a church lit up by the rays of the setting sun rose above the houses of a town only a few miles off. We increased our pace, knowing that it was dear Alt-Oetting that we saw. Trudging along, we went over its history together, and nearer we came and nearer. There the Romans had built a fortress and erected a temple to the God of War; there the Margrave Otto towards the end of the VIIIth century had renounced paganism and humbled himself before the God of Peace: a shrine of the Blessed Virgin was then formed, which was visited by the pious Charlemagne; later it became a favorite of the Bavarian Crusaders; and in the XVIIth century brave and devout Tilly fulfilled a vow to Our Lady of Alt-Oetting before entering upon his great campaign against Gustavus Adolphus, who called himself the champion of Protestantism and was saluted by his heretical allies as the Roaring Lion of the North.

It was twilight when we reached our destination; and, finding the chapel closed for the night, we were obliged to say our evening prayers kneeling outside of the blessed portals. Next day, Friday, was the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and we went to confession and Holy Communion in the church formerly served by the Redemptorists, since, owing to the smallness of the chapel of Our Lady which is on the other side of the street, only a few pilgrims at a time, who have given notice and obtained the privilege beforehand, are admitted to the altar-railing of the shrine itself. After thanksgiving we crossed over, and into the chapel, where Masses were being said every half hour. The nucleus of the present building is the pentagonal Roman temple of Mars, which, after being purified and consecrated to the service of the true religion, was enlarged about one thousand years ago by the addition of an outer chapel. The inner chapel, or shrine proper, is ebon black from the smoke of the tapers and lamps which are kept perpetually burning before the figure of the Virgin and Child. Here the hearts of the princes of the House of Wittelsbach, which is the reigning family of Bavaria, are preserved after death in silver urns in public attestation of their devotion to Our Lady of Alt-Oetting. Hundreds of *ex-votos*, of the utmost variety for beauty and richness, are suspended around the walls; and in the treasury annexed to the parish church many more testimonials of the piety of pilgrims are preserved. They are shown on application, and many of them are very curious. Numbers of pilgrims came, some

in congregations, some in small bands; many in twos and threes, and others singly. We were much interested in a young peasant girl who arrived without any companion. She was barefooted, and carried a pair of coarse shoes suspended at her waist. She dragged upon her shoulders a pretty heavy-looking cross which we observed her deposit beside a number of other crosses in a certain corner of the chapel, after which she went out to put on her shoes and arrange her dress before re-entering the sacred edifice. All day long the chapel was thronged with old folks and children, praying so fervently that they seemed oblivious of the world outside: and from the open windows came with every puff of air a fragrant shower of acacia blossoms to mingle their perfume with the odors of the incense.

We spent another night in Alt-Oetting, and most solemn was the appearance of the moonlit square and outlines of the chapel as we looked out upon the scene for the last time, attracted by the clanking of a ponderous cross which a man was dragging after him in the performance of some possibly self-imposed penance; he was chanting, and above the otherwise still air of the place we caught verses of the *Miserere*.

Echo to Mary.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Who gently dries grief's falling tear?

Maria.

Of fairy flowers which fairest blows?

The Rose.

What seekest thou, poor plaining dove?

My Love.

Rejoice, thou mourning Dove!

Earth's peerless Rose, without a thorn,

Unfolds its bloom this natal morn—

Maria, Rose of Love!

What craves the heart of storms the sport?

A Port.

And what the fevered patient's quest?

Calm Rest.

What ray to cheer when shadows slope?

Hope.

O Mary, Mother blest!

Through nights of gloom, through days of fear,

Thy love the ray by which to steer,

Bright hope! to Port of Rest.

Desponding heart what gift will please?

Heart of Ease.

What scent reminds of a hidden saint?

Jasmine Faint.

What caught its hue from the azure sky?

Violet's Eye.

O Mary, peerless dower!

A balm to soothe, love's odor sweet,
A glimpse of heaven in thee we greet—
Heartsease, Jasmine, Violet flower!

Of Mary's love who most secure?

The Pure.

What lamp diffuses light afar?

A Star.

When is light-winged zephyr born?

At Morn.

My eyes, with watching worn,
Will vigil keep till day returns;
To see thy light my spirit yearns,
Mary Pure, Star of Morn!

What name most sweet to dying ear?

Maria.

On heavenly hosts who smiles serene?

Their Queen.

What joy is perfected above?

Love.

Welcome, thou spotless Dove!
Awake, my soul, celestial mirth!
This day brings purest joy to earth!
Maria, Queen of Love.

—*Catholic World.*

NOTE.—The above is a free translation from a beautiful short Spanish poem which lately appeared in the *Revista Catolica*, published by the Jesuit Fathers at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPECTRE IN THE LIBRARY.

The young man might have slept some hours when he was awakened by a loud noise. The interior convent bell struck in short broken strokes as if it were itself but half awake. Between the strokes, a kind of hollow sound was heard, as if some one was hammering at the doors. Sometimes the hammering ceased, and then the hoarse voice of a man sounded in the passages. The first thought of so unpleasant an awakening was that this was an alarm of fire. With one jump, springing out of bed, our hero saw that the opposite window was illuminated. No doubt of it, the monastery was in flames: terrified, he groped around in the dark—there was nothing to strike a light with; he felt for his clothes, but could not find them; he groped for the door, but came in violent contact with the stove instead. Meantime the noises in the cloister became louder and louder, the appearance of fire became more vivid. Hurrying steps were heard in the corridor, the bell whimpered more complainingly, more warningly. He would have called, but anxiety lamed

his tongue; then three thundering strokes were made on the door of his cell, and a voice called out: "*Benedicamus Domino!*"

No answer came from within, and the voice repeated more forcibly:

"*Benedicamus Domino!*"

"*Deo gratias!*" screamed the anxious young man: he had found it, the mystic word he needed, for the door opened and the pale face of the brother door-keeper showed itself; he held in one hand a stick to strike with, in the other a lighted taper.

"For God's sake, tell me, is the house on fire?" asked the young man, in nervous anxiety.

"No! I am waking everybody up to Christmas Matins.

He dressed himself with a lightened heart as soon as the brother had retired, which he did when he had lighted his candle for him. He was scarcely in his clothes, when every bell in the building was ringing matins for Christmas. He blew the light out and hastened through the dimly-lighted passages to the church. It was bitterly cold. When somewhat more than half way, he turned back to fetch his cloak. His luggage had been brought from the hotel the night before, a matter which, to say the truth, did not give much trouble. In his hurry back, he stepped one step too high without remarking it, and opened the third door in the right wing of the building. This was the position of his cell—he had taken particular notice of the fact.

He stepped in, but was frightened when he found himself in a large room. By the many-grated book-cases along the wall he knew that he had wandered into the cloister library, and was already leaving it when he heard footsteps in the passage outside. Without taking time to reflect, he sprang behind the book-cases. An inexplicable feeling seemed to warn him not to let himself be caught here.

Two figures in long cloaks entered the room. The one had a dark-lantern, and by its light the young man could see that neither of them wore a monk's dress. As the book-cases were latticed with wire before and behind, one could peep out between the books; our hidden friend, whose curiosity mastered his fright, cautiously shoved his hand through the lattice, which luckily had large loops, then he held it between two books: through this peep-hole he could conveniently observe what was passing.

"We were lucky enough! not a soul in the road!" said the figure who carried the lantern.

"Why that of course!" returned the other; "the black cows have all marched to church."

A creaking noise was heard. Startled, the two

clung to each other as if their evil consciences had spoken.

The young man had laid himself down close to the book-case, and in doing so had made the old piece of furniture groan.

"What was that? It won't really walk round! Friend, what do you think? are there really such things?"

"Shame on you, for growing pale when an old worm-eaten cupboard creaks. Ghosts indeed! stupid stuff!"

"I hope you are right! A companion like you and this one"—he drew out a little stone bottle from the inside of his cloak—"give one courage."

A kind of gulping sound, as if liquor was running out of a bottle, was now heard.

"Ah, friend, that's something like rum! as fiery as red-hot iron. I am 'all right now. He! he! I have courage enough to make a contract with the devil himself. He! he!"

Slowly, with a hollow sound, twelve strokes from the high tower struck the hour of midnight. Some bats, attracted by the light, were flying round and bouncing against the windows; a shiver ran through the frame of our youthful friend.

"Chatterbox," said the second man, "proceed to business. Where does the volume stand?"

"In the second case. Take the lantern and look it out. You see better than I. It is a magnificent folio, in parchment, with brass clasps, on the third shelf from the top. At least it stood there when I saw it to-day at noon."

The watcher was now standing just behind this identical book-case, and, if he saw right, the book described formed by accident one of the walls of his observatory. "The rogues mean to steal this," thought he; "now, if I could but snatch it away from their thievish hands!" Then came the next idea, which gave him a fright, that he should be discovered directly, at least so soon as they examined the book-case with a lantern. So he removed his hand hastily from the grating, in order to slide back behind the nearest barrier, but what a fright he had! first a low cracking sound, then a loud rumbling was heard—he had torn away the rotten grating by drawing back his arm. His heart ceased to beat, he believed himself inevitably discovered.

"What was that?" whispered the thieves to one another. While the one who had drunk so much rum, and had declared himself ready to enter into a contract with the devil, stood there with his knees knocking together in his fright, his comrade, recovering himself more quickly, immediately drew out a long knife from beneath

his cloak and resolutely went up to the book-case. The threatening danger drove the youth to action. He quickly stooped down to the very ground, where a thick darkness concealed him, for the lower shelves of the case were filled with large folios standing close to each other and forming a paper wall. He did not venture to breathe, but his heart beat so loud that it seemed to him as if it could be heard through the whole room. The man with the knife tore the case open and held up his light to look in.

"The grating is broken out behind; the lumber is rotten through, and probably has been wedged out of its joints by the pressure of the books. A heap of volumes is fallen down."

"Possibly!" answered the other; "but take your book and let's be off; this business makes me shiver all over. I feel as if the place were haunted; besides, we have no time to lose."

"Get it yourself!" growled the first speaker, angrily; "can't you see that the rows of books that stood behind on the three upper shelves have fallen out! So the volume must be lying behind; we will go there and look."

The man at this held up his lantern, so that the young watcher could see the books which had fallen on the floor. The very volume the men were after lay almost at the top of the heap; he seized it, and crept away as quickly and as softly as he could.

"Thanks be to God!" said he in his heart, and drew a deep breath. A joyful "*Gloria*" pealed up from the church, so as to be distinctly heard there. "Yes, it is a night of grace."

"Confound it!" growled the thief who was turning over the heap of books; "the book is not there! is the devil playing us a trick?"

He was answered by a shriek of terror from his comrade. With one jump he sprang up from behind the book-case. Another shriek; the lantern falls rattling to the ground; the thieves ran away gasping for breath. A thick darkness and the silence of the grave filled the air. Softly the young man raises himself from the ground with the book he had saved from the clutch of the thief. The sudden flight of the robbers and their shriek of affright had filled him with a new anxiety lest a fresh adventure awaited him. He now thought he heard footsteps, and crept noiselessly back to the book-case he had left, whence he could see through the whole apartment.

He saw . . . and his hair stood on end and a cold shudder ran through the marrow of his bones; was it reality, or a mad freak of fancy what he saw?

A gigantic figure, in the white light of the new moon, fleshless, with bare skull, hollow eyes like

a death's head, strode slowly across the room; it was wrapped in a white sheet. His footfall was not heard. It was the witching hour of ghosts.

"Do the dead rise again, and do they go their rounds here at night?" asked the candidate of himself, his knees knocking together. The wandering dead one came at length to a standstill just before the book-case behind which our hero was concealed, then slowly approached the book-case, and opened it. The young man was near losing his senses when he saw the horrible skull of the spectre approach him so closely. But on the right side of the book-case, the spectre presses on and touches a hidden spring which clicks, and a secret compartment is opened in which lie rolls of parchment and a thin quarto volume. This the spectre takes out, turns over the leaves a while with his bony fingers, then lays it back in its resting place. Another click, the wall is shut once more, the figure closes the book-case, in such a manner that it echoes loud, then with measured steps moves away back in the direction in which he had come. It strikes one o'clock. The spectre has vanished.

The young man was in a fever of excitement. Was he awake, or dreaming? He could not decide which, but he distinctly heard the stroke of the bell, and soon after the tread of many feet in the corridors. He concluded that the Christmas Matins were over. And, gaining courage by the fact that living beings were near him, he hastily left his hiding-place, and happily reached his cell, slipped into bed and was asleep the minute after.

And the young man continued to sleep till morning prayers were over and he was called to breakfast in the refectory. There he took his coffee and roll in the company of a friendly monk. He breakfasted in haste and hurried to his lonely cell, for there lay the fateful book. Just as he was about to open it, he received a visit from one of the fathers, who introduced himself as guestmaster, and explained that it was his peculiar province to attend to the guests; he would therefore accompany his young guest for a walk awhile outside the monastery, if he wished it; besides which the cloister garden was open and free to him at any hour of the day in which he might desire to walk in it.

The young man thanked the father, and related to him at once the incidents of the preceding night,—keeping back, however, from prudent motives, the appearance of the spectre. The father, astonished beyond all measure, took up the folio, and begged the young man to come with him to the abbot. They did not go to those apartments of the prelate in which the abbot received the

visits of strangers, but to the cell where the abbot dwelt, and which lay behind the reception-rooms.

The father first closely examined the tablet which hung before the door then gave a modest knock, till from within a full-toned "*Deo gratias*" gave the required permission to enter.

"*Benedicite*," said the priest of the order, kneeling, while the youth bowed low before the abbot. The abbot blessed the one kneeling before him, who then rose from his knees and related what had happened to the young man in the foregoing night. The abbot listened with great interest, and then looking at the book, said:

"Ah! now it is clear to me who the thieves were and what they wanted to steal. They have misused our hospitality for the past week, on the pretext of wishing to pursue bibliographical studies. Probably they are speculating antiquarians, who hunt through old libraries, and find other means to possess themselves of what they want when they cannot purchase it. They went away to-day at early dawn; they must have foreseen that nothing good awaited them. Besides, I now remember that one of these fine gentlemen actually did express a wish to purchase this book when he saw it, offering however a most contemptible price. He must have supposed that we did not know how to value the book. But," continued he, turning to the young man, "this book that you saved with so much presence of mind is the first work printed by Guttenberg,—one of the few which are yet extant of his two-and-forty-lined Bibles in the Latin tongue. It might have been for sale perhaps for some thousands of gulden. Have you already looked into it, my son?"

"No, your grace, though I greatly wish."

"Take it to your cell again, if you wish to gratify your desire of knowledge, and count on the thanks of the whole convent. You have scarcely entered the house before you render us so great a service. Your future residence here will assuredly bring a blessing on yourself and us." The prelate bowed slightly; the young man and his conductor were dismissed.

"I congratulate you," said the latter of these; "you are as good as taken into the novitiate. Did you remark the last words of the lord abbot?"

The young man had done so, and had drawn favorable conclusions regarding his petition to be received into the monastery. Nevertheless he answered, modestly: "I thank your reverence for your good opinion; meantime the lord abbot has a good and encouraging word for everyone."

When the young man again entered his cell with the folio, he this time began immediately to turn over the leaves. It was with reverence that he read in this great master-work, which when

perfected had brought about a new era in civilization, and this the work of a simple man. But he was soon disturbed by a rap on the door. A Benedictine monk of grave demeanor announced himself as prior of the abbey, and began immediately to question him. The young man answered with some hesitation; especially was he annoyed by the inquiry why he wanted to enter the convent, a question so simple and natural in the mouth of a man belonging to a religious order, but it was exactly this question that it was difficult for him to answer. Even to himself, the feeling that drove him hither was too indistinct to enable him to clothe it in words. He himself did not know whether it was a call from God or a cowardly fear of the combat waged on that immense arena which we term life. Earnestly as he sought to penetrate his own inner self, he could bring forth only one clear thought from his contemplation; it was this: "It will be in the convent itself that I shall first discover if I have a vocation to a monk's life; the novitiate will decide it perforce."

This was what he said to the prior, who did not appear greatly edified by the declaration, nor indeed by the whole appearance of the candidate. But by degrees this latter lost his reserve, and began to speak with his native openness of heart and with gleaming eyes. Then he struck powerfully on sympathetic chords in the breast of the prior, and when he left the young man, that young man had gained in him one protector more in Andechs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[Continued.]

We had not been a long time in Louise's room when the shrill shriek of an engine-whistle aroused us from our meditations, and the heavy rumbling of a train laden with iron-ore shook the cottage to its very foundations. Everyone among us, excepting Louise, gave a start of surprise; she remained immovable; not a muscle relaxed; not a feature changed expression; there was not even the rigidity of self-control; too evidently Louise was totally insensible to the exterior world.

Shortly after this the priests began to read aloud the canonical office of the day and hour, in which they were joined by the two students from Rome. The low ceiling gave a peculiar resonance to their powerful voices, and the surrounding circumstances an additional solemnity to the inspira-

tions of the Holy Ghost. They must have all been well practiced in reading the canonical office in chorus, for they repeated it in perfect unison, in spite of marked differences in the method of pronouncing Latin; the Belgians transposing the sounds of the vowels, the Germans adhering strictly to the hard *g*, while the Roman students steadily persevered in the observance of every rule of the Italian school of pronunciation. To us it seemed like a type of the manner in which the Church can blend all nations, all rites, into one harmonious whole. As in all the cathedrals, and in many of the other churches of Europe, the canonical hours are either read or chaunted daily, it becomes a necessity for the laity to learn to carry out their individual private devotions undisturbed by the repetition of these psalms and lessons, therefore all the ladies still held their rosaries in their hands, and they might have continued to recite this form of prayers had not their attention been attracted by the extraordinary effect of the psalms and antiphons on Louise. Even without understanding the language in which these were read, their general tenor might have been gathered from the various expressions of awe, joy, sadness or compassion that flitted across her countenance. These changes of expression did not seem so much a voluntary contraction of any particular set of muscles, they were rather the effect of causes purely external; they were flashes of spiritual light, irradiating her features, or withdrawing to leave them in shadow, just as the sun having rested on the ripples of water and having turned every drop to molten silver, retreats behind a cloud and leaves the stream to its own glassy dulness.

"He shall drink of the torrent in the way." How, eagerly wistfully, sadly she gazed upward! Was it given to her to see in one swift vision the sad foliage of Gethsemani waving in the light of the Easter moon, the glare of the torchlight revealing the traitorous kiss of Judas; Cedron rolling in all its springtide violence over its stony bed amid the silent tombs of the Valley of Josaphat? Did she see Our Lord buffeted by the muddy waters as the executioners fling Him over the bridge of torture into "the torrent in the way?"* If so, it was quickly effaced by the triumph of the eternal glory celebrated in the doxology. Did the Psalm speak of the fear of the Lord, the shadow of an inexpressible awe rested on her face; did it promise an everlasting recompense to the just, a joyous smile seemed to part her lips; did it tell how beyond all praise is the exceeding glory of the Most Holy Trinity, her uplifted countenance reflected the bliss of the Seraphim; and always as

* See the vision of Catherine Emmerich.

each psalm drew near to its close did she anxiously await the *Gloria Patri*, which we could see greeted her ear like a strain of glorious music.

He hath had regard for the humility of His handmaid; He that is mighty hath done great things to me and holy is His Name. So sang, centuries ago, in the hill-country of Judea, a daughter of the royal house of David, the Virgin Mother of God; but Louise Lateau might well listen with joyful assent as the voice of the Church repeated these words beneath the lowly roof of her little cottage, for the same God who looked with complacency on the humility of her who was not only royal, but immaculate, had also loved the humility of the peasant maid, and, placing her as it were beneath the Cross of her Redeemer, beside His Blessed Mother, He has done great things to her, and holy is His Name.

And the voices of the readers rose and fell; now it was the clear high tones of the youths, and then came in the deep voices of the older priests; the Psalms began to refer more and more distinctly to the Passion of Christ, mingling the darkness of Calvary with the triumph of the Resurrection and the Ascension, in the sublime manner peculiar to these royal prophecies, and the flashes of expression on Louise's face changed their character still more rapidly, while the blood flowed with greater violence from her hands. As the beginning of the *Miserere* reached our ears we beheld Louise on her knees, to which position she had arrived by her own inexplicable method of motion. She remained kneeling during the first five verses of that grand appeal for mercy; and for whom was she imploring this mercy? Not for herself alone, for wherein could she have ever seriously offended God? Was it not for the world of sinners that she made her appeal? The uplifted hands of Moses were acceptable without those holy marks which Christ loved so well that, retaining them in His glorified body, He carried them with Him to the Right Hand of the Father. What oceans of grace hands thus marked with the seal of the Lamb must draw down upon those in whose behalf they are raised!

"A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit: a contrite and humble heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise" (Ps. 1, 19). "Burnt-offering and sin-offering Thou didst not require: then said I: Behold, I come" (Ps., xxxix, 7). These were the words that seemed to arouse most fully the spirit of expiation, especially the last-quoted verse. More rapidly than our minds could do it did her face translate the meaning of each line, and at the end of the verse she bent yet more forward, and the red stream burst afresh from the Stig-

mata of her hands, an echo, a response to "Behold I come"!

As we watched eagerly this living commentary, who was interpreting Scripture for us, not only more clearly than any verbal or printed explanation could do, but who also caused us to see, in certain passages, a meaning precisely opposite to that which we had, without much reflection, ascribed to them, our attention was attracted by one whose presence we had not at first remarked. Rosine Lateau, her eyes gleaming with an unearthly displeasure, sat in the corner behind her sister, engaged in sewing, her feet resting on the highest round of Louise's chair and being occasionally elevated as high as its seat. The door partially screened many of us from her view, but frequently she paused in her work to glance angrily around the room, even bending forward, so that she might not only see everyone of its occupants, but that she also might let us perceive how very unwelcome we all were. Certain analogies between her angry manner towards us, who were assembled in prayer around her suffering sister, and the conduct of the infuriated mob with regard to the faithful few who gathered around our Lord on Calvary, would creep into our minds every time that we were forced to observe the but half smothered rage visible in those terrible black eyes.

And if we thought of those without, who, not able to see that which we saw, personated as it were those "standing afar off," it was to regret for them that they had not accepted M. Niels' final offer. To be present, were it only for fifteen minutes, at the portion of the day's events embraced in this hour of ecstasy would be a greater favor than it would be possible for a person who has not seen this part of Louise's miraculous state to imagine. That which ordinary individuals are permitted to see is a very small part when considered in relation to the whole, but when compared with the merely natural events of life, it is a very great deal; were Louise's present condition restricted to the limits of this one hour, were the wonders of her life to consist but of the events which we witnessed, she would still be worthy of the notice of the whole world. That one hour is an ample proof of the verity of all that of which we are told, and it sets the seal of truth on every assertion made by Louise's biographers. And whenever our attention was turned for a second from Louise to the other occupants of the room, seeing the marked alternation in the doctor caused us to recollect with peculiar vividness one of the most beautiful passages in Henri Lasserre's work on Notre Dame de Lourdes, that famous remark of the Basque peasant who stood amidst a crowd that was watching Bernadette,

during one of the apparitions of Our Lady of Lourdes.

"In beholding Bernadette," said he, "who can doubt that the Blessed Virgin is present? In my native valley it is many hours after sunrise before we are able to see the sun itself, so high are our mountains, but there is one lofty peak west of our hamlet which catches the very first rays of the rising sun, and when we see its snow-capped summit brilliant with rosy tints, who among us could deny the existence, and the presence of the sun? and so it is with us and this child; while we are in the valley, she on the mountain top of celestial favors has her countenance illuminated by the glory of another world."

How wonderfully the reflection of that which, after all, is a mere shadow of the Passion, appeared in the manner and expression of this young man, who, not twenty-four hours before, had betrayed all the thoughtless though harmless gaiety of youth, and now—let the "Come, follow Me," be whispered ever so softly, at the very first syllable of the invitation he would have been ready to turn his back on all the fleeting pleasures of the world to enter upon the most severe monastic life. Of his subsequent conduct, we can, of course, know nothing, for our acquaintance ended in Louise's room; but of this we are sure, that if he has remained in the ordinary path of Christian life it is because such was the vocation assigned him by God, and as our Father in heaven also loves with an infinite love those whom He has appointed to form, by remaining in the world, the body of the faithful, He showers too upon them grace in infinite abundance. If it had been so astonishing to watch the effect of the whole course of this miracle upon the doctor, how glorious a privilege would it have been to see the same causes acting upon Cardinal Manning, to watch *his* countenance reflecting the glory of the wonderful works of God!

The office was finished, the voices of the readers were silent, and for a few minutes Louise was not subjected to any exterior influence; she was seated in the same position in which we found her, her gaze fixed upward, her senses closed to our material world; suddenly she was on her knees, perfectly straight and rigid, but at the same time inclining her whole person forward, so as to bring her head much in advance of her knees, and thus she remained for two or three minutes. By the laws of gravitation this posture is impossible to ordinary men and women, as those accustomed to kneeling can testify, and practised gymnasts, who have seen Louise during her ecstasy, have declared that according to natural laws no amount of training can enable anyone to retain this position longer than a second.

In assuming it, she had precipitated herself into the midst of the opposite group, consisting of the two ladies whom we had met at the hotel, the German priest and his two friends. The first-mentioned drew back, perhaps former experience had taught the lady in mourning to do so, but the Germans remained in the same place, their countenances expressing how great an honor they esteemed this close proximity. Suddenly a shrill angry voice broke the solemn silence:

"M. le Curé, they have taken some of her blood!" cried Rosine; and she added, with a look of triumphant superiority: "Here, that can't be done."

M. Niels, with one of his own inimitable looks of non-committal, began a seemingly vigilant search, but it was remarkably impossible for him to discover the offender.

"He did, I saw him; that one there!" exclaimed Rosine, indicating the German priest, by a rude, angry gesture.

"Let me see your handkerchief," said M. Niels, in the mildest tones.

As the German priest drew it forth, we understood why, when we had first entered, we had been told to keep our handkerchiefs in our pockets.

"It is all right, all right," whispered M. Niels, in Flemish, a dialect sufficiently resembling German for the priest to comprehend, but which is not spoken by the peasantry of Bois d'Haine, who use a corruption of French. Rosine had no alternative, save to accept M. Niel's act as decisive, and she resumed her sewing, comparing the effect of two different styles of trimming, while Louise again placed herself on the chair. That season some lady of Brussels purchased an underskirt for ten francs, never knowing its peculiar value.

This scene is always recalled to our minds whenever we hear American Catholics criticizing the pious customs of older nations, speaking contemptuously of practices that have had, not only the permission, but also the approval, the sanction, of everyone who has sat upon the Chair of Peter. And when we have heard these persons boasting that this or that "can never be done here," we make the same comparison between them and the objects of their scorn, as we then did between the illiterate peasant-woman and the elegant, highly-educated, perhaps even learned, gentleman whom she called "that one there."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE impious Luther frankly avowed that for a long time he was itching to attack the dogma of the Real Presence, but that he could not venture it with those unmistakable words before him: *This is My Body.*

Centennial Celebration of the Foundation of Mission Dolores, San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—On the 8th of October, 1876, the people of San Francisco had the happiness of celebrating the first centennial anniversary of the founding of their city. Although all the inhabitants took part in the celebration, still, as might be expected, the Catholic population took the most prominent part in it. This is not to be wondered at, for San Francisco was first founded by devout members of the Catholic Church, Franciscan friars, who evangelized the Indians and held pacific sway in California for at least three quarters of a century. It was, therefore, not without good reason that Hon. Judge Dwinelle, though a Protestant, paid such high tributes to our Church in his oration at the Pavilion.

As the 8th of October fell on Sunday this year, and as on this Sunday the Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin is celebrated, I was rejoiced at the happy coincidence, inasmuch as it gave additional solemnity to the Mass of our Blessed Lady; the words of the Epistle: "I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope,"* sung by a sonorous voice, struck pleasingly upon the ear and sunk deep into the heart. From early morning on the 8th, immense crowds of people might be seen wending their way to the Mission grounds, the various societies being *en route* under the direction of their marshals and headed by bands of music. When I reached there, at a quarter to ten o'clock, the surrounding grounds were crowded with spectators. At ten o'clock the procession of ecclesiastics started from the church towards the place where a temporary altar had been erected in the open air, the acolytes first, two by two, then the clergy, followed by Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, after whom came in order the ministers of the Mass, with Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell, the celebrant, closing the august procession. The Mass was celebrated in the open air, where a beautiful altar had been erected for the occasion under a gothic archway of snowy white relieved by graceful festoons of ivy and elematis interwoven with garlands of flowers. Within the railing, on the left, sat Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany; on the right sat the celebrant of the Mass, Right Rev. Eugene O'Connell, Bishop of Grass Valley, with his assistants, Very Rev. Thos. Gibney, V. G., assistant priest, Rev. Fathers Cassidy and Garriga, deacon and subdeacon. I could not ascertain the number of priests present, but there must have been more than forty, among them representatives from the various religious orders, Jesuits, Dominicans and Franciscans. Of the latter, the venerable Father Alvarez was the only one present. His gray habit and cord attracted universal attention, and his presence on this occasion forcibly reminded one of Fathers Palon and Cambon, the pioneer priests of the same Order, who, one hundred years before, planted the mission cross and blessed the foundation of Mission Dolores.

One hundred years! What a change has not been undergone here in that time! When the two Franciscan Fathers Palon and Cambon celebrated Mass here one hundred years ago they saw around them only a few Spanish soldiers and sailors, with their officers, and the wives and families of a few, now we see around us thousands of people, extending hence as far as the eye can reach, with hundreds of soldiers among them, and such distinguished visitors as Governor Irwin, Mayor Bryant, General Vernon and staff, General McComb and staff, the Consuls from Russia, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Chili and Costa Rica, the Chevalier Oliver, and a host of prominent citizens, giving *eclat* to the occasion.

It was with sorrow we only saw but one representative present of the Order that founded the place. On inquiring we were told there are but four Franciscan Fathers in California; of these, Rev. Father Sanchez, a zealous missionary who had travelled California from north to south in his zeal for souls, lay sick among his orphan *protegees* at Pajaro; the other two, Fathers Romo and Codina, could not leave the colleges over which they presided. Father Alvarez was the only one to represent the order, and a most fitting representative he was. An exile from Mexico, he had come from the same Apostolic College of San Fernando which, over one hundred years ago, sent to California Father Junipero Serra, the illustrious President of the Missions, and a number of other apostolic men who devoted themselves with an admirable spirit of self-sacrifice to the spiritual welfare of the Indians for over three quarters of a century, and who by their teaching and their example changed those wild children of the forest into industrious and peaceable followers of Christ. After such grand results from their labors, it is with sorrow that at this centennial celebration we hear of but four of the children of St. Francis in California, and two of these old and infirm. Let us hope that God, who has it in His power to raise from stones children to Abraham, may bless the seed and give to us again as of old the children of St. Francis; may they bless this region with their presence and their labors as long as the Cross they planted finds a follower in Upper California. But excuse me; thoughts of the days of old have taken possession and carried me away from my subject.

You are probably aware that Right Rev. Bishop Grace, of St. Paul, was to be here at the celebration and was to preach; but being prevented by indisposition from undertaking the journey, his place was supplied by Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany himself, who delivered a centennial discourse replete with interesting historical facts and full of sacred unction. The time and the circumstances were fitly represented, and in a manner that could not fail to impress every hearer with a due sense of the importance of the epoch they were then celebrating; he referred to some of the grand historical events connected with the memories of the early pioneers of the State, the Jesuits, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans; to the labors undergone and the fruits they had borne, and spoke in glowing terms of the magnanimous spirit actuating the

* Ecclus., xxiv, 24.

royal councils of Spain in the reign of Isabella the Catholic, whose last will relating to the welfare of the Indians deserved to be written in letters of gold. The rights of the poor aborigines were respected, their lands could not be unjustly wrested from them, and the Spaniards were forbidden to dwell in their towns or to sell them liquor, thus putting a check to their cupidity. He paid a fine tribute to the memory of the Franciscan Fathers, who had established a chain of Missions extending from San Diego to St. Francis Solano, and had so civilized the Indians that a traveller could pass from one end to the other without molestation, finding hospitality at the Missions as he journeyed. He prayed a continual blessing on the good Franciscans and their labors, and concluded his discourse by hoping that San Francisco might ever be favored with the benedictions of Heaven.

After the procession to the Pavilion, and the oration, the Archbishop returned to Mission Dolores to lay the corner-stone of a new church to commemorate this the first centennial of the Mission. A VISITOR.

Catholic Notes.

—We have received the *Catholic World* for November, the *Periodische Blätter*, the *Musical Review* for October, etc.

—One of our subscribers writes: "I send you with my subscription the name of a new subscriber. Enclosed please find a P. O. order for us both." Why could not other friends of the "AVE MARIA" do the same?

—Another remarkable cure is reported from Marpingen: "The subscriber, Matthias Schug, farmer in Wiesbach, hereby testifies that his daughter Catharina Schug, aged two and a half years, whose limbs were so weak that she was not able to walk, was completely cured at the miraculous spot at Marpingen, to which spot she had been carried. Since then she is able to walk without the assistance of anyone and can go to any distance. MATTHIAS SCHUG.

WIESBACH, August 15th, 1876.

—The Daughters of Zion, a religious community established by the Abbe Ratisbonne about twenty years ago, have now the following establishments in the Holy Land: At the Sanctuary of the *Ecce Homo*, a Convent, a female orphan asylum under the title of Our Lady of Zion, a medical dispensary at the Way of the Cross; also a boarding-school for the daughters of non-Catholics, and a day-school; at St. John on the Mountain, the female orphan asylum of Our Lady of Zion; besides other establishments in course of erection. The Abbé Ratisbonne has also founded a congregation of priests under the patronage of St. Peter, which has the following establishments: one on Mount Olivet, but for the time being in Jerusalem; St. Peter's Convent; Institute of Saint Peter for boys; and a farm-house and alms-house upon Mount Olivet.

—A prominent Catholic journal of Madrid lately exhorted Catholic Spaniards to organize a pilgrimage to Rome. This call has been received with great en-

thusiasm, and the number of pilgrims amounts to several thousands. Three bands set out in the first days of October from Madrid by land, taking the French and Italian railways. Besides this, four steamers have been chartered by the pilgrims, to convey four other bands by sea from Barcelona to Civita Vecchia. All these expeditions are led by as many Spanish Bishops. Those pilgrims travelling by land will make first a visit to Lourdes to render their homages to the Immaculate Mother of God, and to deposit their banners in that hallowed sanctuary. The pilgrims were received in Rome by the Holy Father on the 15th of October, the feast of St. Theresa, one of Spain's most glorious saints.

—The gates of the monastery of Notre Dame de la Trappe have just closed on a French nobleman of high rank, Charles de Courteilles, Marquis de Chavenev. This gentleman was one of the heroes of Reichshoffen. Wounded at Monsbrunn, he still rallied his troops, and continued to deal terrible sabrestrokes right and left. Weakened at last by the loss of blood, he fell from his horse and was left for dead on the field. He was about to be buried with his unhappy companions, when he was found. Led away prisoner, he afterwards made his escape and joined the army of the Loire. At the battle of Beaume la Rolande, he was again wounded and taken prisoner. After his return from captivity he heard of the death of his wife, who fell a victim to her devotion in the care of the sick and wounded.

—It should be remembered, remarks the *London Tablet*, that a general law of the Church forbids Catholics to take any part whatever in Protestant religious ceremonies. Daniel O'Connell set a noble example in this respect. When his friend Cobbett died, O'Connell was in London, and went to his funeral. But he stopped short at the cemetery gates, and declined participation in religious rites. The day afterward the *Times* had a furious leading article on the Catholic intolerance which compelled O'Connell, it said, to carry his religious antipathy to the very grave of his friend. But Daniel O'Connell responded to the attack of the *Times* by a most able letter, in which he nobly vindicated himself from personal obloquy and his Church from the charge of undue severity or intolerance. It is indeed a criminal folly for Catholics to disobey the wise laws of the Church, which, in a spirit of true charity, teaches her children that joining in heretical rites is sinful.

—The keeper of the inn near Czenstochowo, the famous shrine of the Blessed Virgin in Poland, was lately much surprised to find among his guests two members of a noble and wealthy Jewish family from St. Petersburg. He was still more astonished when he learnt that they had come to Czenstochowo to thank the Blessed Virgin for a favor received through her intercession. It seems that the beloved and only child of the guest had been dangerously ill, and though as many as thirty physicians were in attendance they were powerless to stay the progress of the disease. When the child was about to die, the nurse, a Polish Catholic fell to prayer, and made with a medal

of the Blessed Virgin the sign of the Cross over the little sufferer, who then grew better and was soon quite well. The afflicted parents were overjoyed. They felt that it was to the Mother of God they owed the life of their child, and determined to make a pilgrimage to Czenstochowo to thank her in her own shrine, where they remained for three days. May Our Lady of Czenstochowo obtain for this noble family a still greater favor by opening their eyes to the light of faith. The conduct of these *strangers* returning to give thanks reminds one of the lepers in the Gospel and puts to shame the many Catholics who forget to thank the Blessed Virgin for the favors which they receive through her hands.

—A Brother of the Christian Doctrine sent to a German exchange from Alexandria, Egypt, a very interesting correspondence, from which we take the following extract: "Religious instruction is given here in different tongues. At our place it is done by the Franciscan Fathers, chiefly on Sundays. The Arabs are very obstinate in their religious opinion, and this is the reason why we notice so few conversions, except those of negroes coming from Abyssinia and from the interior of Africa. Yet there are still Arabs here who have preserved their Catholic faith from primeval times (Uralten Zeiten). Besides our own churches, we have in Alexandria a Greek Catholic church. The schismatics also have a church; their priests are often seen assisting at our services, which they much admire. They are especially fond of our processions. Protestants and Jews have of course their meeting-houses, but there is not much unity among them. There is also here a Koph Nestorian Church, in which the tomb of St. Mark the Evangelist can be seen. The number of Sisters of Charity in Alexandria is 60. They have charge of an orphan asylum, a hospital, and a boarding-school. The Lazarist Fathers have 70 students in their college and boarding-schools. They have also a chapel of their own. There is a great dulness in trade and business owing to our recent war with Abyssinia and the revolutions in the Ottoman Empire."

Obituary.

DEATH OF REV. C. VAN DE MOERE.

—It appears that the fears of the friends of this reverend gentleman, that he was the Catholic priest referred to as having perished on the "Southern Belle" near Plaquemine, on the 9th inst., were well founded. No doubt as to the fact now exists, as he had, by letter, informed friends of his intention to come to the city on the ill-fated steamer that day, and as the description of the unfortunate priest, by the clerk of the boat, agrees perfectly with that of Father Van de Moere. Moreover, when the name was mentioned to the clerk he recollected it as that of the priest who had taken passage on the boat. Father Van de Moere was a Belgian by birth, and was about fifty years of age. He belonged to a very distinguished and influential family—one noted for the piety and

zeal of all its members. For a number of years he labored in the diocese of Natchez, at one time being stationed at Biloxi, Miss. During the last ten years he was pastor of the Church of St. Francis, at Point Coupee, in this State.—*N. O. Morning Star.*

—Just as we are going to press, says the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*, we receive the sad news of the death of REV. JAMES A. KELLY, formerly a resident of Manayunk, but more recently attached to the diocese of Savannah. Father Kelly has fallen a martyr to his zeal, having died from yellow fever, caught while ministering to the spiritual needs of the plague-stricken people of Savannah. He was an exemplary gentleman, and during his brief career in the priesthood gave great promise of future usefulness. His sudden death will be keenly felt by his many relatives and friends in this city, but more especially will he be missed and mourned by those who knew him and loved him as a priest.

—MRS. FELICITÉ DESILÉE STE. GEMME was born in the old French town of Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, on the 28th of October, 1802. In her youth she was distinguished for her great beauty and many lovely and amiable traits of character. She also possessed a fine mind, and extraordinary memory, the latter being the source of great pleasure and satisfaction to all who knew her, as she could give most interesting accounts of events of the past, reminiscences of days that had long gone by, and of families that passed into the shadow land and had left no traces behind them save in her wonderful memory. Very early in life she was married to Mr. Auguste Ste. Gemme, a worthy and devout Catholic. She became the mother of ten children, six of whom died in early childhood. Although surrounded by many cares, she reared a number of orphan children who shared alike with her family. Amid the various calls made on her time and patience she taught them the truths of our holy religion. It was a sight o'er which angels loved to hover, when, at evening's close, the kind father and mother, with their family and domestics, grouped around one common altar, offered up their heartfelt prayers for help and protection. When all had sought their rest, the good and anxious mother spent long hours in prayer for their welfare. Every day of her long life was marked by her attendance at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and every evening she made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Thrice a week, and sometimes oftener, she received Holy Communion. Even in her old age she continued her long and rigorous fasting. Late in life the good companion of her joys and sorrows was called from the fireside of this life to his well-earned rest in heaven. In the short space of two years her home was invaded by the King of Terrors, and two of her many sons were taken from her, while, following in quick succession, came the deaths of several others very dear to her. She became known by the sad name of "mother of many sorrows," yet with all these bereavements her faith remained firm and undimmed, nay, it grew stronger, until finally becoming so absorbed in her love to God, that, forgetting the world, she lived in almost per-

fect seclusion, spending her time in devotions. She had for many years been a member of numberless societies and confraternities, both in Europe and America, and never failed to attend to them all. She had amassed quite a library of religious works, and they plainly attest how the long hours of her life were spent; many of their pages are lined and interlined with her annotations. At last God was pleased to call His servant home. On the 25th of June, 1876, she was seized with a mortal illness which she bore with patience and humility. Retaining her mind to the last, she gave frequent evidences of her faith. Knowing that her death was at hand, she blessed her dear ones one by one as they came weeping to her bedside. After settling all her earthly affairs, she seemed to think of nothing more but the sweet hope of heaven. Calmly awaiting the call of the Bridegroom, she went to sleep with the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on her lips.

—The prayers of the readers of the "AVE MARIA" are requested for the repose of the soul of Mr. JOHN H. COLLINS, one of their number, who departed this life on the 10th of October, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21st.

Number of letters received, 89; of new members enrolled, 376. Applications for prayers have been made as follows: Recovery of health for 75 persons and 2 families; change of life for 98 persons and 8 families; conversion to the faith for 94 persons and 7 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 10, and that of a happy death for 15 persons; particular graces have been asked for 12 priests, 20 religious, 4 clerical students and 4 persons aspiring to the religious state; temporal favors for 72 persons, 12 families, 8 communities, 3 congregations and 10 schools; spiritual favors for 74 persons, 10 families, 10 communities, 3 congregations and 10 schools. The following intentions have been specified: All the sick in one congregation; peace in certain families; several young men exposed to temporal and spiritual dangers, also some persons and families on a journey; removal of obstacles to a conversion; for the scattered family of a poor widow, that they may obtain a home, also some other families; for several rich people unmindful of their duties as Catholics; a new academy and hospital just founded; resources for a charitable young lady, supporting an aged parent and 4 little orphans; a convert who has abandoned the practice of our holy religion; the recovery of a lost child by its distressed parent; the protection of a certain district, and in particular of the Catholic schools therein, from the smallpox. The prayers of the Association are asked for a safe voyage across the Atlantic of a family from Maryland.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

"Please return thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. My friend, who was deaf and had sore ears, is entirely well. She had such faith in our Blessed

Mother's intercession that she refused medical attendance, and she was rewarded for her confidence by being cured even before the water of Lourdes sent to her had arrived. I promised to send you word about my little boy's shoulder; it has got entirely well. I believe it would have become a white swelling only for the use of the water of Lourdes. The little fellow's shoulder was fearfully sore and swollen. After the use of the blessed water the pain seemed to leave, and, contrary to the doctor's expectations, it got entirely well." . . . "It is over a year ago that I obtained some Lourdes water from you, and I can thankfully say that I obtained almost immediate relief." . . . "My mother, who suffered very much from a fracture of the arm, was entirely cured by the use of the water of Lourdes." . . . "Please return thanks for the following cure: I had a painful tumor, which the doctors feared was a cancer. By making a novena and using the water of Lourdes, promising at the same time two Masses for the conversion of sinners, I soon found relief, and in a short time the tumor entirely disappeared."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. ALICE GUSCIV, of Vicksburg, Miss., whose death occurred July 19th. Mrs. BRIDGET BURKE, who died on the 11th of October, and Mr. JAMES BURKE, the 26th of April, both of Kaskaskia, Ill. JOSEPH G. GERAGHTY, of Hancock, Md., who died on the 14th of October, in Davenport, Iowa. Mr. PETER WOODS, whose death occurred at Hartford, Conn., on the 28th of Sept. JOHN EPPING, of Logansport, Ind. WM. BROWNE, Mrs. CATHERINE BROWNE, SARAH BUTLER, ELLEN MCGUIRE, JOHN FLANAGAN, CATHERINE LAUGHTON, who died some time ago and are recommended at the request of a friend. SISTER M. BORGIA of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum Hyde Park, Pa., who was called to her reward on the 20th of October, 1876. Mr. EDWARD C. C. CASH, of Lebanon, Ky.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

LATELY a Prussian prefect on his circuit passed by a little town of Louvain. The Mayor was of course obliged to do him honor. He visited with him a very antique church, the most remarkable curiosity in the place. He then showed him among other interesting things a rat in massive silver, a curious *ex-voto*, the history of which he related to the officer. "The country was a long time ago infested by a legion of rats that swarmed and devoured everything. After trying everything in vain to be delivered from such a scourge, the people placed in the church a silver rat. Immediately the *rongeeus* disappeared, and since then the country has been delivered from them." The Prussian functionary smiled and in a tone of compassionate superiority remarked: "And you have always believed in this superstition?" "Alas! No, monsieur," replied the Mayor; "if we still believed in the efficacy of this remedy we would ere this have taxed ourselves to offer in the church a *silver Prussian* as large as life."

Children's Department.

A Visit to Grandpapa Grey's.

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.

Once there lived in a pretty little town on the beautiful Ohio river some little boys and girls whose grandpapa and grandmamma lived in the country. There were three families of these little folks, who were all cousins, their papas being brothers, and they lived near each other, went to school together, and met at one or other of their homes every evening. These little children loved each other very much, and were raised by their good parents like one family of brothers and sisters.

Their good old grandpapa and grandmamma lived in a pleasant farm-house, around which the great lazy cows pastured in the green fields: the hens, the turkeys, geese and ducks roamed around it, the bees too buzzed here and there and made nice, rich honey. Altogether Grey Farm was a pleasant place, and the good old people always had a warm welcome for their sons and their little ones.

Now it was always at haying-time that Farmer Grey's children paid their yearly visit to their parents. They used to load the great wagons with presents for the old people, with boys and girls; and the fathers (who had all been farmers) would take their rakes and pitchforks, and the mammas their babes, and away to the old homestead they would all go in the happiest manner. It was very pleasant times, and grandpapa and grandmamma were always so glad to see so many flying about the great old house at one time.

To the children the sport was glorious. For the good old people always insisted that at this time they must do as they pleased. Then there were no locked-up parlors, no carpets too fine to walk on, no chairs or tables too nice for baby fingers to touch. All was liberty and fun at Grey Farm. The river was close by, where the boys could fish; berries and wild flowers were plenty for the little girls to gather. Then there were great hills to climb, grapevines to swing on, and they didn't have to keep out of the dirt any more than they pleased.

One bright summer day the children, as usual, were all taken to Grey Farm. This time they took all of their dolls, toys, and the beautiful little spotted kitten which belonged to Mary Grey, one of the little granddaughters. Kittie was a great favorite with all of the children, and they

were as much amused at her antics out in the pleasant fields and sweet-scented woods as anything else; the little creature seemed to enjoy herself very much, and grandmamma had a great saucer of nice new milk set on the grass night and morning for kittie's meal; this pleased the children, and they would laugh and jump and play, and kittie would run and frolic too as if she knew all about it, and she seemed to hate to go back to the smoky hot town as badly as the little ones did.

Well, after a time the nice visit came to an end, and papas and mammas gathered up their little flock and went home, amid tears and regrets.

Now this visit had spoiled the Grey children. They did not want to go to school, nor to mind their parents. They were restless and dissatisfied, and wanted to do all the year round as they had been allowed to do at Grey Farm. Of the little cousins, Mary Grey, the owner of the pretty spotted kitten, and Charles her brother, were the oldest, and they concluded themselves, and coaxed the little ones, to run away and go back to the farm. But they did not know the way. Still they thought, like all silly disobedient children, that they could find it. So they set out one morning when their parents thought they had gone to school. The spotted kitten saw them start, and followed along, although they drove her back; but of course children must not expect dumb brutes to mind, when they won't do it themselves. For a while, in the early part of the day, the children wandered along and did very well; but they soon found they were not on the right road, and the more they searched for it the worse it seemed to be; for when they left the public road they soon lost their way. The two smallest children, little Nellie and Willie, grew very tired and began to cry; the little mite of a pussy got weary and hungry and mewed and lay down on the dead leaves. Mary, her little mistress, caught her up in her arms, and shook and scolded her.

"Hush, you bad little kittie! why didn't you stay at home as I told you?"

The little girl forgot her own fault, far worse than pussy's.

By this time the day was nearly gone, and the children all grew hungry and weary; there were none of them large; and, to make it worse, great rain-drops began to fall.

"Oh! what shall we do?" cried one of the boys.

"Oh! what ever made us so naughty!" at last spoke Mary Grey, the one who first proposed the trip.

"You did! you did!" spoke half a dozen little voices, who were now willing to lay the blame on everybody but themselves.

Night was fast darkening the great gloomy woods. Now terribly frightened, the children cried and moaned. At length little Nellie Grey crept close to her sister, and amid sobs and tears said:

"Sister Mary, why don't you say your prayers and ask the Blessed Virgin, please to take us home."

"Yes, yes!" they all cried out; for the simple faith of the innocent child had cheered them all.

"O Charley, Nellie, Willie, Annie, all of you, do you forget how wicked we have been, and that God and the Blessed Virgin don't love bad children?" exclaimed Mary Grey, who felt she was not worthy of help from Heaven.

"But we will never, never do so any more," spoke Charley.

Then all of these cold, hungry, frightened children knelt down in the damp woods to ask God's forgiveness for their sin, and to beg the Blessed Virgin to care for them. "Hail Mary" after "Hail Mary" was said, and loudly the children's voices echoed afar. Just then lights were seen, and a large party of men came in sight. The children had been missed, and their parents had been in search of them all the evening. In wandering off the road they had turned homeward, and were in a wood almost in hearing of the town; as the men were on the road they heard the voices of the children at prayer, and knew where they were.

I am sure all the little boys and girls know how these little runaway children felt when they were taken home to their parents, and how unworthy they felt of the good warm supper and nice beds prepared for them. Their parents did not punish them, for they saw how sorry the children were for their fault, and knew they would never be so naughty again. Poor little Mary Grey was greatly punished for her fault by the loss of her favorite spotted kitten, who as she came home next morning was killed by a great dog she met on the way. Charley, Mary's brother, found the poor dead little thing as he went to school, and he carried her, mangled and bloody, to his sister, who wept sorely over the loss of her pet. Had little kittie stayed at home she would not have met such a fate; but, then, she only followed the example of her little mistress. And here let us tell our little readers who are Catholics, and know the evil of sin, that they should be very careful not to give bad example to their younger companions, and never to disobey their parents and teachers, as sin and sorrows, of which their tender young hearts now have no conception, will surely befall them.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is a Commandment of God's own giving, and should be remembered by all children.

This Once.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

[Continued.]

But George was not quite as sure of the easiness of *his* life. He was one among many. It did not affect him much that his mistress, and her three daughters, and the governess, were all Catholics.

There were only two Catholic women in the house—the nurse and the lady's-maid; and the butler, the footman, and the head-groom, with the other men and boys about the garden and the bank, were all Protestants. So really George was right in feeling that he was one among many. The head-groom, who was called Dixon, was married, and lived in a house at a short distance; his wife did the washing for Mrs. Manners; and they had three small children, and an orphan nephew, who was often in the stables, and whose name was Arden.

John Arden was about George Merrett's age, and he was a very pleasant youth. It seemed to come quite naturally that those two should become friends; but John had a bad habit of laughing at the Catholic faith.

George liked his little room inside Vincent's room and over the coach-house very much. He liked the look of his little bed and chest of drawers; and there was a looking-glass against the wall, and a washstand in the corner, and three chairs. But there was no table; so when George wanted to write, he had to ask Vincent to let him write in his room. Vincent looked kindly at him from under his gray bushy eyebrows, and he stroked his gray hair in a thoughtful way, as he answered, "Yes, young man; you can write at my table. Whom shall you write to?"

"Father and mother," said George.

And so he wrote his first letter home.

Vincent, this warm spring evening, stood by the open window attending to some plants he had got there. He had quite a garden in pots on the roof, and it was easy to reach them out of his casement window. The jonquils and polyanthus were in flower; and he had beautiful young plants of wall-flower and rose-colored Brompton stocks. Inside, in his room, he had geraniums; and he had now got a large brown-ware dish, like a milk-pan, which was full of earth, and in this he was carefully sowing seeds of annuals such as should all flower together in circles of different well-selected colors. There was a great tortoise-shell cat quietly purring in the rays of the sun. A very great favorite was pussy. The cat slept in the stables with the horses, and by day wandered about as it pleased. The horses knew pussy as

well as they knew Vincent and young John Arden.

It pleased George very much to see so much pleasantness about gray-haired Mr. Vincent. He had thought at first that he might be afraid of him, for he had rather a severe look, and his words were few. But George got to like him in a very few days, a good deal helped by the cat and the flowers. They proved to him that Vincent was kind and gentle; and as he found out directly that he was an excellent servant, and well learned in his profession, he began with great good-will to work under him and to obey him. And there was that little obligation about the table, which George was very glad of; for he had not only a short letter to write once a fortnight, but he had to keep up his arithmetic, and do a sum out of his ciphering-book sometimes, and also to read a few pages in a good book, which he liked doing by Vincent's sunny window when Vincent gave him leave.

One leisure evening when George was by Vincent's side, as he was attending to his flowers, Vincent said:

"Do you like your place, George?"

"Yes, very much."

"Do you like me?"

"Yes."

"Will you take a word of advice on a personal matter?"

"O, yes."

"Then I will say this: We are all in the house and at supper at nine o'clock. At half-past nine Mrs. Manners rings a bell."

"Yes; the prayer-bell. She reads night prayers in the schoolroom."

"I would not advise you to go. It is very well for those two young women—very good women they are—but it is different with you. It don't look manly for you to go up with the women."

"I don't only pray with the women," said George with a quiet smile, keeping his eyes on the whipcord he was twisting, plaiting, and knotting, making a lash of it. "I pray with the Holy Church universal throughout the whole world."

"What an old-fashioned answer!" exclaimed Vincent. "How old may you be, now—a hundred?"

George went on with his lash, and never looked up, but Vincent could see the boy was smiling.

"In my body and bones I am just upon sixteen; but in the faith which is the strength of the inner man I am more than eighteen hundred years old, that being the age of the Christianity which is the life of my immortal soul."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean, Mr. Vincent, that the Catholic Church comes straight down from our Lord Himself; and that if a bell rung at half-past nine at night calls

on me to profess my faith, I will make that profession, even in the face of all you men and women who are not Catholics; and there is my lash done. And could you have done it better yourself?" George laughed.

Mr. Vincent looked steadily at him for a moment, and then laughed too.

"You'll be different this day year," he said.

George made no answer.

Now George had hung up his crucifix in his room, and three pictures; they were of his Guardian Angel, his Patron Saint, and of the Blessed Virgin. A few days after this little conversation with Vincent, George was out on the roof putting some of Mr. Vincent's plants in the shade. He had promised to remember to do this, because Vincent was out with Mr. Manners, and the head-groom was riding with the young ladies. He saw, through the window of his own room, young John Arden rush into it, go up to the wall where his pictures were hung, and seize one.

"Stop, there! stop!" cried George.

But John rushed away with his prize. George rushed after him. John dashed through the stables. George, out of breath, was upon him. John threw the picture into a bucket of very dirty water which stood by a stall; and George laid hold of him. They were an even match in strength. But George was very quick. John began to hallow.

"Hold your tongue," said George, leaning over him. "There!" and he dipped John's head into the bucket. Up came his head, all wet and dirty; he was winking and spluttering. George put in his bare arm and brought up his picture. The frame was easily wiped dry; the picture was spoiled. John began to make a noise.

"I've got the stuff in my mouth and up my nose. Wipe my eyes."

"Wipe them yourself; there's a cloth," said George; and he went up to the room roof with his ruined picture. He was sorry, for it was his mother's gift; and he was angry, because of the dishonor done to his Patron Saint.

And now I must tell you that George was blessed with a very good temper and a firm courage; also with a reasoning mind, improved by education. He was not angry in a revengeful, evil way, but he was vexed at the ungenerous trick that a boy who had pretended to be his friend had played him. After washing his arm from the dirty contents of the bucket, he went out again to Vincent's flowers, and never intended to say any more. But John was furious. By the time Vincent had come back and Dixon had returned, everybody had been worked up into a rage against George; and Mr. Vincent was called on to be a judge in the matter.

After hearing all that the angry people had to say, he called George. "Now, George," he said, while all the men and many of the women stood by, "because we like you as a very respectable youth, I shall pass this over. You can't put people's heads in filthy horse-buckets here, you know. We shall pass it over—you are forgiven *this once*."

"If you please, Mr. Vincent, I must be allowed to speak," said George, in a steady voice. "I hate *this once*. *This once* is a coward. I am not afraid, for I am not in the wrong. *This once* is what I will have nothing to do with. If I did wrong, punish me. I'll bear my punishment; but I won't bear your *this once*; for I will let no boy insult my religion by insulting a holy picture; and, one way or another, I'll make that understood."

"Why, what did John Arden do?" asked somebody.

"Let John speak for himself," said George. And John, who admired what George had said, looked up and told the truth. "Thank you," said George.

"He was rightly served," said a laborer.

"You brought it on yourself, John," said the cook, kindly.

"Well," said Dixon, "I think my nephew had better say at once that he was in the wrong."

"That's right!" said several voices.

"*I was in the wrong*," said John Arden, bravely.

"Thank you, John," said George; and the two boys walked up to each other and shook hands.

"And don't you repent?" asked Dixon of George.

"Of what?" asked George. "O, Mr. Dixon should I be worth speaking to if I let anybody insult my religion just *this once*?"

"But perhaps he only meant to play you a trick; perhaps there was no religious feeling in it."

"It is not so," said George, leading the groom away; "he has been trying to vex me about my being a Catholic ever since I have been here. I did not care for things said of *myself*; but in this last venture he went too far."

I am glad to say that the next day the boys were better friends than they had ever been, and John became very fond of George's society; so that they took walks together in the long evenings sometimes, and, being able to sing, and both of them fond of music, they learnt several songs, and used to sing them together as duets very nicely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAZINESS grows on us; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

Youthful Holiness.

Holiness, as a rule, is the fruit of long years spent in God's service; but sometimes it has appeared as a sudden apparition in the lives of certain privileged children. Holiness, even in the child, supposes a series of combats generously sustained, and a series of victories courageously won. Heroism is one of its inherent qualities. The heroism of youthful holiness is one of the most striking manifestations of the power of divine grace. Grace acts with special energy in the virgin mind, undimmed by error, and in the pure young heart untouched by the taint of vice. The show of holiness in those of mature years is not always accompanied by the reality; but the child is almost ever what he appears. The heart of the holy child is like some exquisite piece of machinery, the workings of which we can study through a crystal disk encircling it. It is a transparency under our eyes. We can see at a glance that Divine grace is the motive power which quickens its thoughts into words full of wisdom, and its desires into actions full of merit. The contemplation of youthful holiness has a special power of drawing young souls to God; and when those of mature years consider what great things children have done for the divine glory, they must feel encouraged not to do less themselves.

Better Stop Playing than Offend God.

Many years ago there lived in Naples a little boy who always tried to please God. One day his companions began to amuse themselves with a play called the game of oranges. Alphonsus, for that was his name, was asked to join, but excused himself on the plea that he did not understand the game. However, he was urged so much that at last he consented. Fortune favored him, and he won thirty times in succession. His success made his playmates jealous, and one of them exclaimed, in a rage, "It was you who did not know the game, was it!" adding, in his fury, a very vulgar expression. Alphonsus was deeply hurt by this reproach, and turning to his companion, said, "How is this? Shall God be offended for the sake of a few miserable oranges? Take them all back again!" and throwing on the ground all that he won, he turned his back upon his companions and went to another part of the garden. When evening came, and the young people were about to return, he was nowhere to be found. They called him, but they called in vain; and as night was approaching, everyone went to seek him. What was their surprise, when they discovered him on his knees before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which he had brought with him and fastened to the branch of a tree. He was so absorbed in his prayers that it was some time before he became aware of the presence of his playmates.

One who witnessed the scene, told it to the Redemptorist Fathers many years after it happened, adding, with tears in his eyes, "Alphonsus was a saint even in his childhood."

Children, this little boy was the great St. Alphonsus whom we all love and honor so much.—*The Young Catholic.*

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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Prayer for the Dead.

One of the most consoling practices of Catholic devotion is prayer for the dead. We all feel the truth of those words of Holy Writ: *It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.* Even among non-Catholics we sometimes find expressions of that natural sentiment of the human heart which prompts it to pray for the departed. A Protestant paper relates of a lady who had recently lost her husband that when she was putting her child to bed on the night after the funeral, the little one, kneeling down as usual to say her prayers, stopped when she came to the point where she had been accustomed to pray for her father, and burst into tears. "How can I stop praying for papa," she cried; "if I can't say 'God bless him,' can't I just mention him and say 'thank God, I had a father once'?"

Nothing could better illustrate the utter impotence of heresy to satisfy the longings of the heart, and the truth of that beautiful saying: "The soul is naturally Catholic."

It is the Sacred Heart of Jesus which animates the Church, and whatever she communicates to her children is from that infinite treasury. God is charity, and charity it is which distinguishes the children of God. The love of God and the love of our neighbor are so intimately united that one cannot exist without the other. *He that loveth his neighbor, says St. Paul, hath fulfilled the law,* because no one can truly love his neighbor without loving God, and the fulfilment of the law is the love of God. Charity is most praiseworthy when it is exercised upon those who are in great distress, without being able to help themselves. The charity of the good Samaritan was the more commendable because its object was in great need and utterly helpless. This is precisely the case with the souls in purgatory; they are in dis-

ress, great distress, without being able to help themselves, for their time of meriting has passed. They are, so to speak, at our mercy. They are bound by the bonds of God's justice, which our prayers and good works can loosen. In prayer for the dead St. Francis de Sales recognized the thirteen works of mercy. "Is it not," he writes, "like visiting the sick when we engage the prayers of the faithful in behalf of the souls in purgatory? And so it is like giving drink to those that are thirsty when we draw the dew of blessed prayers on those who are burning with the desire of seeing God, and are suffering in those flames. Is it not as if we gave food to the hungry, when we help their deliverance through those means which faith places within our reach? And are we not purchasing the ransom of captives? Do we not clothe the naked when we help them to seek the garments of light in eternal glory? Can there be a nobler hospitality than to hasten their admittance into the celestial Jerusalem, and to make them the fellow-citizens of saints, and assistants at the throne of God in the Eternal Sion? Is it not by far a more opportune service to introduce souls into heaven than to bury the dead, and consign them to mother earth? Again, why can we not compare the merit of working in behalf of departed souls with that of the works of spiritual mercy, giving counsel to the simple, correcting the erring, teaching the ignorant, pardoning offences, patiently bearing injuries? And what comparison can there be between affording consolation to those who are in affliction in this life, and that exceedingly great comfort which is afforded to the poor souls that are suffering such terrible duration in purgatory?" We know from the words of our Blessed Lord Himself that our destiny on the last day will depend mainly upon our charity, and that what we do for our neighbor He accepts as done for Himself. Let us then be charitable to the poor

souls in purgatory and make it a rule of our life to offer every day some prayers in their behalf, and on the last day we shall hear from the lips of a merciful Judge: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." "Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

—♦—

To a Picture of the "Madonna,"

Which was in the Catholic Church at Warrenton,
Virginia, in 1863.

—♦—
BY ANDREW A. EGAN.

"The saint, the savage, and the sage"
In rosy or in icy clime—
The young, the old, and every age,
In Mary find a theme sublime.
God's angel glorified her name,
And will not mortals do the same?

Adorable, yet unadored;
Unsullied by the primal fall;
Mother of Heaven's eternal Word,
That bringeth peace and joy to all;
May I, though all unworthy, claim
The boon to praise thy blessed name.

How dead the creed, the faith how blind,
That hath to thee no honor given,
Though in thy blessed arms enshrined
Reposes all the power of Heaven;
God uncreated, at whose will
Worlds are convuls'd and storms are still.

Thy beauty is without a mar,
Thy purity without a stain—
Fairer than Heaven's heavenliest star,
Purer than the lily of the plain—
Nor song, nor painting can express
The marvel of thy loveliness.

Thine eyes, where is the magic power
Their depths of love can tell?
Those never-failing springs that shower
Their light on Him she loved so well;
Earth's only pilgrims undefiled,
The Virgin Mother and her Child.

Thou art Hope's star, on stormy sea,
To men despairing of the wreck;
A torch of love, pure, bright and free,
Morn without cloud, sun without speck;
The golden ladder in the dream—
Handmaid of the Lord, and prophets' theme.

Thou who, on earth, so oft hath pressed
His lips to thine in infancy;
Thou who on earth so oft caressed
Him—lives He not eternally?
Yes, yes; then deign for me one word,
Dear Mother, and it will be heard.

Dear Mother, while mine eyes have light,
Oh, may they never fail to turn
To where in dream, on painting bright,
Thine own with hallowed brightness burn;
And when the darkness gathers o'er,
Be thou my shield in that dread hour.

Dear Mother, while my voice is strong,
Oh, may I never fail to speak
Thy blessed name in word or song;
And when at last, it shall grow weak,
I ask, then, for my latest breath,
The grace to speak thy name in death.

—♦—
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Louise Lateau.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINE.

—♦—
[Continued.]

As soon as this little difficulty had been settled to the satisfaction of all, excepting Rosine, M. le Curé bade us observe how Louise was affected by the contact of blessed objects, and we did see that any article, no matter how it might refer to religion, was unnoticed by her, unless it had been previously blessed. Whatever was blessed caused her countenance to be illuminated by the wonderful smile already described, and she would endeavor to grasp an object to which she had exhibited the utmost indifference before it had received a blessing, which had been given without her knowledge. However, this phase of her condition was not shown to us in a manner perfectly satisfactory, but Louise had endured so much during the morning hours that it was not thought advisable to make very many experiments, as it is often very painful to her when the regular course of her visions is interrupted. The reader will readily conceive that to experiment freely would be irreverent; every pious heart would shrink from treating Louise just like a person under mesmeric influence, upon whom the audience may play a trick suggested by their love of the marvellous. The prayers of the Church are always a source of pleasure to Louise when she is in this condition, so M. le Curé asked the German priest to repeat either the Lord's Prayer or the "Hail Mary."

"You will see," said he, "that although it will be in his own language, she will understand, though she does not know either German or Flemish."

The German priest recited the Lord's Prayer, and the effect was similar to that produced by the psalms of the Office; each of seven petitions altered her expression, and at the close she bowed her head almost before the priest said "Amen."

Will you read the prayer in honor of the Five Wounds?" said M. le Curé to the Franciscan.

The monk opened his breviary, and from a sheet of letter-paper lying between its pages he read aloud in Latin a prayer to the Five Wounds of Our Lord, to the recital of which many indulgences are attached. At this Louise was again on her knees, her expression according completely with the spirit of the prayer. When it was concluded she resumed her seat, and after a few moments M. le Curé consulted his watch, remarking to the Franciscan that it was nearly three o'clock. Rather by signs than by words he then asked one of the Belgian priests to say the *Confiteor*; this was the second time that it had been repeated during that hour, but the *Confiteor* of the Complin had not been especially noticed by Louise; for this one she knelt, filled apparently with sentiments of the deepest contrition. We knew that the Papal blessing, and the absolution of the hour of death, is read over Louise every Friday afternoon by a priest having the authority from Rome, and we surmised that as the *Confiteor* is the preliminary to the Papal benediction that these were about to be read. Nor were we mistaken; the Franciscan again opened his book, and began the Latin formula of the blessing and absolution; there was no room to stand before Louise, so he retained his place beside M. le Curé. She remained on her knees, her face evincing the most childlike delight at every proposition contained in the blessing. The absolution began, and her joy seemed to know no bounds when she heard herself released from all the penalties of her sins, those which she had committed through ignorance, as well as those of which she was conscious. As the monk uttered the words "in virtue of the authority vested in me by the Holy See, I absolve thee," etc., etc., we saw that Louise, without rising from her knees, had altered her position swiftly, so as to kneel at his feet. Surprise choked his speech, and his uplifted hand trembled as he made the sign of the Cross over Louise's head.

After all that we had seen, there did not remain the slightest doubt in our minds as to the fact that Louise would, while in this ecstasy, understand the prayers of the Church, no matter in what language they were repeated. Those who have not witnessed this remarkable exemplification of the manner in which the discords of Babel are resolved into harmony in the other world, might be inclined to think that perhaps her ear had been accustomed to the sounds contained in those prayers, which are always recited in her cottage on Friday, but by our own experience we are convinced that it would require a degree of familiarity with Latin impossible for one otherwise without

education to be able by means purely natural to correspond so simultaneously, so accurately, with what is read in that tongue. The canonical Office, as every Catholic who takes an interest in the liturgy of the Church knows, is so variable that it would be extremely difficult for her to learn every portion of it so as to understand, as she evidently does, every verse of the psalms, every line of the antiphons. Naturally we had been obliged, during our sojourn in different lands, to accommodate our ear to various methods of pronouncing Latin; but often, had it not been for the assistance given us by Louise's varying expression, we could not have overcome the difficulties, the confusion, occasioned by the mixture of the different accents.

"Will you stand aside as much as possible?" whispered M. Niels to those who were opposite Louise. "When it is three o'clock she will fall on the floor, you know, and you must leave her sufficient space."

He was instantly obeyed, and we all awaited the culminating point in deep silence. With all the fleetness of the six wings of the Seraphim, Louise flew from her chair, forward, downward, her arms outstretched as if to greet an invisible crucifix. All that which in the life of St. Joseph of Cupertino appears so incredible, so unreal to the mind of the American Catholic, became to us in that moment living facts. So absorbed were we in wonder that we scarcely noticed Rosine's haste to secure the cloths covered with her sister's blood, hardly reflected upon what the enemies of the Church would style the incongruity of the ignorant preventing the educated and the learned from practising relic-worship. Our meditations were first interrupted by the anxiety which M. Niels betrayed; we do not know if it has been foretold to Louise that there will be a Friday on which she will complete the similarity between her sufferings and those of Our Lord, by dying on her invisible Cross; the fact of the absolution being read for her would point that way, and no less so the fear exhibited by her pastor.

"Who has the correct time?" said he, in a voice too full of agitation to be anything but a choked whisper.

"We have adjusted our watches from the time at the University of Louvain," replied several, among them the two doctors, "and it lacks several minutes of three o'clock."

"Doctor, will you see if her feet are crossed?" said M. le Curé.

When Louise prostrated herself thus at full length, her garments had clung closely to her figure in a perfectly graceful, modest manner, and now her feet were almost entirely concealed from view. Kneeling down and bending over, the

doctor ascertained that they were one or two inches apart, instead of being crossed as they are at the moment of completing the crucifixion.

"Will some one say the Lord's Prayer? Doctor, watch if her face betrays any recognition of the words," said M. Niels.

The doctor changed his position, and, kneeling at her head, he felt her wrist.

"Her pulse is beating," he remarked.

One of the priests repeated the Lord's Prayer, and Louise raised her forehead from the floor at the very first syllable, and as we heard "Amen" we could all see that she inclined her head.

"She heard it, M. le Curé; she heard it," said the doctor; "I read it in her face."

The older doctor still held his watch in his hand, and just as we saw that it was at length three o'clock Louise's feet drew together and crossed like those of a crucifix; her arms became more outstretched, although they curved decidedly, the left arm much more than the right, as if strained downward by her weight, while her head drooped towards her right side.

All was finished, and we knelt a few moments in silence and prayer, while Rosine stood beside her sister, her eyes full of a mute entreaty that we would now leave them alone with their great misfortune.

"Perhaps," said M. Niels, "it will be just as well to go now; there have been some occasions on which Louise has returned to entire consciousness after being in this position but a few moments, and you don't know how it would distress her to see you all here. Generally she remains there as you see her until after four o'clock; she then spends sometime between kneeling and sitting, just as you have seen, and by five o'clock all is past, her wounds are healed, she is restored to consciousness, she is able to resume her duties, and by to-morrow she will be in as good health as any one of us, much stronger and better than some of you."

We arose and passed into the sewing-room, where we found Adeline employed as we had left her; on seeing us, she laid aside her work, and, going to the outside door, she opened it and held it slightly ajar, so that but one person at a time could go out; this precaution was to prevent those who were standing outdoors from entering. As we replaced our bonnets, we remarked that all the Germans, the ladies as well as the priest, had secured some drops of Louise's blood on fine cambric handkerchiefs—a devout act which, as we have seen, had met with Rosine's profound disapprobation. If we ourselves had not desired to imitate this party, it was not because we shared in Rosine's un-Catholic sentiments; it was rever-

ence that so impelled us, not either indifference or contempt. It would be difficult to honor too highly blood issuing from the counterparts of the wounds received by Christ for our salvation, blood whose sole nourishment is the Blessed Eucharist.

While we were passing out one by one through the narrow aperture left by Adeline, an elderly lady who had been waiting on the outside endeavored to enter, apparently not knowing that this was not permitted. Adeline thrust her back with a violence that caused the old lady to totter and to turn pale; then, wishing to close the door, Adeline accelerated the movements of the one about to go out by a push that was gentle only by comparison, and the arm that pens these lines bore for many a day, in black and blue, the marks of that gentle push. The door was then shut with a vehemence not to be expressed otherwise than by the word slam, and had it not been for the solemn scenes through which the majority of those who saw the whole of this rude conduct had passed, indignant exclamations would have been general; as it was, the holy influences under which we had been, enabled us to conquer anger and to feel only a slight degree of amusement, expressed by a universal smile—a ghastly one it was. When the door was again opened M. Niels himself acted the porter, and as the last person came out the English lady stepped forward to ask him a question, but hardly had she said "M. le Curé" when he showed by an abrupt gesture that he had nothing to say to her, at least not there, and the door of Louise's cottage was once more closed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

It was now time to go to church. A flush of spiritual pride came over the candidate, as he took possession of the place appointed him in the beautifully-carved benches of the priests of the order. "*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem,*" sang the celebrating priest at the altar. Like a warning it fell on the young man's soul. "Lead us not into temptation" he prayed from the very depths of his heart. The Divine service soon gave another direction to his thoughts. The singing of the choir, and the incense, the many flickering waxlights, and the magnificent church robes of cloth of gold, took possession of his senses, and he passed into a condition as if he were dreaming with his eyes open. The venerable appearance of the lord abbot, now appearing still more venerable in his episcopal robes and insignia, reminded him of those ancient, saintly princes of the Church who

live in the pages of history. "Yes, in those times the Church could but triumph," thought he; but suddenly one of those little mischievous hobgoblins, of which the human heart is so full, introduced another picture: "What if you yourself had these garments on, and that sparkling crozier in your hand, the golden mitre on your head—and your mother saw you thus apparelled?" His eyes sparkled with delight.

He had not long returned to his cell before the bell gave signal for dinner. To-day this was somewhat more luxurious; as the abbot rose from table, the candidate for the first time uttered a hearty "*Deo gratias*" with the chorus around him. He had no sooner done this than a blush of shame flushed his countenance, and he wished himself miles away. A glance from the abbot had touched him deeply: it was a natural, even a kind glance, but withal a slight reproof lurked therein.

What will the abbot think of you? Yesterday, after your soup, you had not a word to thank God with, now you are roaring with delight. Or, properly considered, had your "*Deo gratias*" of to-day any better motive than the "*Gaudeamus igitur*" of a student's banquet? The abbot knew the motive well; oh! what a warning look!

He did not venture to look around again till everyone had left the refectory. Then he went to the cloister garden—a large inclosure, on the slope of the holy hill of Andechs, walled in and cut into terraces lined with beautiful rows of trees. On the side towards the Ammerlake it was skirted by a forest of fig-trees to which a little garden door gave entrance. A most charming prospect was visible from the upper terraces. But the fig-tree forest chained the young man's attention in a peculiar manner. The smooth stems had shot up, like gigantic waxlights, to an astonishing height, as if seeking light from above and desirous of stretching their dark-green tops to the very blue of heaven. As if in honor of the festival, they had powdered their heads thick with snow, on the ends of their branches hung long icicles, and the green needles were tipped with crystal points. All this shone and glittered in diamond-like beauty that must have given joy to the heavens, for they laughed in their purest blue, and not a single threatening cloud was visible in their whole circumference.

"Is not that a whole forest dressed out as Christmas-trees, your reverence?" cried the enraptured candidate to the guest-master, who just then came to him.

"As long as the sun shines," answered the person addressed; "but when it is covered with thick clouds the forest stands wrapt in gloom, and the

glittering snow-dress appears like a pale winding-sheet. Is it not so with men also? When peace dwells in our hearts, then the outward world shines also with a rosy, enchanting glitter; but how gloomily does everything grin at us when the soul, deprived of God's grace, is torn by the storms of passion! Young friend, it may often grow dark and stormy in your young heart, but never become faint-hearted: there always remains a powerful means of strength, prayer." The Father was called to the cloister, so the young man thought, when he had returned to his cell, where a bad enemy lay in wait for him. Loneliness, like a hundred-armed polypus, seized hold of him. At last he took up a book that had been given him years ago by his teacher in religion, and which he had never yet read. He now eagerly seized it, turned over its pages at first like one not much delighted with his reading matter, but soon he became deeply interested, and read on till the twilight cast a veil over the letters. Such a fullness of true wisdom he had never thought to find in the unpretentious little book. Now these divine consolations fell like dew upon his soul, and the most noble resolutions began to sprout up like fragrant violets from the soil when the sun of spring wakes them up from the rigidity of winter.

The book was from Thomas à Kempis; it was named "The Following of Christ."

CHAPTER III.

TAKING THE HABIT.

"Father Prior wishes to speak with you." These words were said one afternoon to the candidate by Brother Anselm, who acted as chamberlain, so to speak, to the Fathers, clerks, and novices. Our hero first blushed, then turned very pale—he foreboded something—and, without delay, proceeded immediately to the upper story to see the prior, who in few words announced to him: "To-morrow is St. Maurus' day, the festival of a Benedictine Saint. During the Community Mass, at six o'clock, you will be received as a novice: this is the command of the Right Reverend Lord Abbot."

The candidate bowed low, very low, that he might hide from the prior the tears which stood in his eyes. When he returned to his cell he found Brother Anselm busied in putting together the few articles he possessed. He looked at him inquiringly.

"You will now inhabit the cell of a novice; you are no longer a guest. I will go with you to have your hair cut off." This was like a stab in the young man's heart: with a sigh he stroked his brown locks caressingly.

They went down to the ground-floor, where sev-

eral lay-brothers were mending their shoes and one was working with the needle on a habit.

"I beg you to cut off my hair; I am to receive the habit," said the candidate, and he placed himself on a chair. The tailor laid the habit he had in hand gently down, and reached forward for a large pair of scissors.

"Farewell, world and vanity!" murmured the candidate; there was an oppression at his heart, and he shut his eyes. The comb rustled and the scissors clipped more and more, and soon a heap of hair lay at his feet. He cast one half-resentful, half-sorrowful glance at it; at last there was no more to cut off. He threw off the cloth which had been wrapped round him, and hastened to his cell.

"The toilet for the head is finished," said he to himself; "now I must begin to prepare that of the inner man, and do it immediately too."

"He knelt down to examine his conscience. His whole life was now reviewed, as far back as he could think. He could discern but few moments which he could contemplate with any degree of complacency. The rest was nothing but vain hopes, empty pleasures, worthless results. His earliest youth formed the only rosy background to the depressing picture.

"It is time to turn over a new leaf: to-morrow I will do so, must do so. The cloister will expiate the past, the cloister will determine my future."

He stood up, in order to repeat faithfully the results of the examination of conscience to the prior, who was also novice-master. The good priest heard him with much emotion, and as adviser of conscience gave him counsel and consolation—and as judge in the place of God, spoke him free from all his errors. How the inner contentment of the young penitent shone out in his face as he made the sign of the Cross, that sign which sealed his reconciliation with God and his own conscience! It was as another man that he returned to his cell; he was full of courage and inward peace. His pulse beat so freely, so lightly! and the doubts which for long years had hung over his soul like a thick poisonous mist had disappeared all at once.

The lay-brother brought him his habit with his collar, white neck-bands, and girdle, but not a scapular. He tried the clothes on eagerly: they fitted him exactly. On this night the candidate slept but little, and in the morning rose betimes. The bell rang. Full of expectation, vested in his habit, he went into the chapel, where the abbot was to celebrate the convent Mass. The middle space was but sparsely illumined by oil-lamps, a prayer-stool was placed there just before the altar: on this knelt the youth who was

to be clothed, while the monks were in their own places on both sides of the long chapel. The Mass began. After the Gospel one of the assistant clergy shoved a tabouret on the upper step of the altar; the abbot seated himself upon it, with his back to the altar, the mitre on his head, the crozier in his hand. The prior now stepped up to the young man, and whispered something in his ear, on which this latter stood up and approached a few steps forward towards the abbot, then prostrated himself the whole length of his body on the cold stone pavement at the feet of the abbot. Deep silence ensued. At length the abbot said solemnly:

"*Surge: quid petis, frater?*" ("Arise: what do you seek, my brother?")

The young man rose to his knees and answered, in a low voice: "*Animam salvare sub regula sanctissimi Patris Benedicti.*" ("To save my soul under the rule of the most saintly Father Benedict.")

Then the abbot, in the Latin language, and in an earnest and solemn manner, placed before him the hardships and duties of a true monk. Among other things he said: "The habit of St. Benedict is the symbol of renunciation, of poverty, of obedience, of chastity. Of all the joys the world can show, no one of them blooms for the monk. He has torn himself away from father, mother, brothers and sisters, from his home, from his every friend, in order to follow Christ. The narrow space enclosed by the walls of the cloister is his world, his home, which he never again may leave; neither in life nor in death. From intercourse with the outer world, he is shut out. All unheard by him, the world's echoes strike back from the door of the monastery; events from without remain unknown and unheeded; that door, like the grave, never opens to him again, when once he has passed it as a member of the Order. Of earthly goods, he may never possess any. 'Mine' and 'thine' are unknown in the cloister. Even the coarse garment which covers his body is not his own. He has no right to his own body, which the abbot disposes of; he has dispossessed himself of his own will, for which is substituted obedience, an obedience which must be unconditional. The body, which the abbot may chastise, he himself must discipline. Even the blessing of sleep is shortened for him. He lays down his tired body on a hard couch, and must arise just when sleep is the sweetest to him. His life must consist not in enjoyment, but in renunciation; it must be a continual preparation for death. Therefore for him is death no inexorable creditor who takes life itself away on account of the few enjoyments which that life has given: rather is it a redeemer

long hoped for, to free us from trouble and sorrow. For a monk has a claim only on the sorrows of the world. And with all this he knows that never again can he withdraw his neck from the yoke, and that it is a crime even to murmur at this. My son, you have now heard the law: impress its words upon your heart."

The young man trembled. Nevertheless, he persevered in his resolution, and answered the questions the abbot repeated many times to that effect. Then the abbot formally received him into the order, consecrated the scapular which the prior held up before him, and placed it upon the kneeling candidate, reaching out to him his closed hand for him to kiss the ring. This ended the ceremony of taking the habit; the Mass was resumed, with the sacrifice.

There he kneels, the new novice, alone on the lonely prayer-stool, with his hood drawn over his head down to his eyes. He too wishes to offer his life to God. The world he had already loosed himself from—forever? At the thought, a coldness as of death made him shiver in every limb. The monks were even now praying for the dead in the Psalm *Miserere mei, Deus*, the tones of which fell with so hollow a sound on his heart, so warm with life, that it seemed to him as if he heard the clods of earth falling upon his coffin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Franciscan's Chaplet.

A LEGEND OF THE ROSARY.

Rosary, in Latin *Rosarium*, signifies rose-tree in its first etymological meaning, and more remotely, a bouquet of roses. The name of Rosary has been metaphorically given to the fifteen decades composing that beautiful devotion of which the chaplet, commonly called the "the beads," is only the third part. The fifteen *Our Fathers* are like so many red roses, dyed in the Blood of Jesus, and the hundred and fifty *Hail Marys* are like so many white roses, bright and fragrant flowers which the Christian offers to the Virgin Immaculate, to her whom the Church calls the Mystical Rose.

Our pious readers know that the Rosary, in its actual form, comes to us from St. Dominic, who was the most ardent propagator of this devotion. Thus the Dominicans have painted in the cloister of their magnificent monastery in Rome, the Rosary in the form of a rose-tree surrounding the portrait of their glorious founder. "From the meditative heart of St. Dominic sprang up, as from blessed soil, a rose-tree fresh and vigorous,

with multiplied branches and innumerable leaves. On these stems opened and flourished, like roses, the fifteen Mysteries of the life of our Lord, in whose honor the Rosary was instituted."

St. John Capistran, a holy Franciscan of the fifteenth century, has given us the following exquisite legend of the Rosary. We must first remark, on this subject, that, although St. Dominic was the most zealous propagator of this devotion, many other holy persons were favored with heavenly visions, in which they were taught to recite the *Paters* and *Aves* in certain numbers, just as we now say the beads. This method of praying to Jesus and His Blessed Mother was well known before St. Dominic's time.

The legend in question we find related with charming simplicity in an old Latin work, printed in 1502, called the *Starry Crown of the Virgin Mary*.

A young man, full of devotion to the most holy Virgin, had the pious custom of decorating every day with flowers an image of that gracious Mother. His piety was rewarded. Mary blessed her faithful servant, and obtained for him from God the grace of a vocation to the cloister. The young man therefore renounced the world with all its attractions, took refuge in a monastery, and was invested with the robe of St. Francis.

Some time after his entrance into the religious state the young monk was assailed by a strange temptation. He regretted the little statue of Mary which ornamented his father's house; he sighed as he thought of the beautiful roses which he used to gather for its adornment, and a violent desire to quit the convent and return to his family took possession of his heart.

One day, more than usually tormented with these thoughts, the poor friar threw himself at the feet of the Holy Virgin enshrined in the cloister, and remained there a long time, weeping and praying in silence. Suddenly the statue seemed as if animated with life, and a voice, sweet and melodious, sounded in the ear of the suppliant monk.

"My son," said this voice, which was that of the Blessed Virgin,— "My son, give not thyself up to melancholy, because, prevented by thy rule, thou canst no longer gather beautiful flowers to offer to me. I am come to teach thee an art more agreeable to me. Instead of roses, offer to me the sublime prayer of the *Pater*, and the sweet words of the *Ave Maria*. Repeat them by tens, adding *Ave* to *Ave* as thou wouldst add flower to flower. As thy flowers, gathered and arranged, daily formed a nosegay, which was pleasant for me to receive, in like manner the *Paters* and *Aves* joined to each other will compose a beautiful

bouquet of prayers which will afford me delight. Make that each day, my child, and thy Mother, from the heights of heaven, will recompense thee."

The vision disappeared. The monk arose fortified and consoled. He put in practice the lesson of the most Holy Virgin, and was never again troubled by a wish to return to the world.

Many years after this event, two armed men, with fierce eyes and sinister aspect, broke through a thicket that bordered a gloomy road. They were robbers, waiting for prey. Night was falling when they perceived at the turn of the road two Franciscan monks, advancing slowly. They were praying as they walked on, knowing nothing of the danger that menaced them. The bandits posted themselves silently behind a cluster of bushes, resolved to attack these poor and unoffending religious. But at the moment they raised their weapons a strange spectacle struck their view and paralyzed their arms. The Franciscans, we have said, were praying: they were reciting together the Rosary, which had been taught by the Virgin herself to the younger one of them. It seemed to the robbers that a fair and majestic lady accompanied the two monks, and that she was occupied with weaving a crown of roses; each time that a religious recited an *Ave Maria*, a rose of the most brilliant colors sprang into her hands, and was quickly attached to the crown. When the rosary was finished the crown also was completed, and Mary—for she it was—placed upon her head that elegant wreath of flowers, emblem of her children's prayers; then, rising above the earth, she blessed her pious servants and soon disappeared.

But in mounting to the heavens the Virgin, Mother of mercy, had cast on the stupefied robbers a look of compassion and sadness. That glance of Mary went right to the hearts of the wretched men. Their souls were changed on the instant, and, darting from their ambush, they fell before the Franciscans, related the vision they had seen, confessed their criminal way of life, and asked to be allowed to do penance.

Not long afterwards these converted robbers entered a convent of St. Francis, and it is thus that the Rosary became more and more honored in the Order of Minor Friars. The admirable union that has always existed between the Dominicans and the Franciscans is well known. Perhaps these sweet ties of monastic fraternity may be attributed not only to the friendship which existed between St. Dominic and St. Francis, but still more to the common fervor with which their children delight in honoring the devotion to the holy Rosary.

M. L. M.

The Heavenly Choirs.

The Revelations of St. Gertrude afford us many glimpses into the angelic kingdom.

Once, when the Saint was assisting at Mass with fervor unusual even to her, her guardian angel was so pleased that he took her in his arms at the *Kyrie eleison*, and presented her to the Eternal Father, asking Him to "bless His child." This obtained for Gertrude the remission of all the sins she had committed against the Divine Omnipotence. The good angel next presented her to our Lord, with the words: "Bless Thy sister, O King of heaven!" and thus gained her a blessing that effaced all the sins of which she had been guilty against the Divine Wisdom. Lastly, offering her to the Holy Ghost, with the prayer; "O Lover of mankind, bless Thy spouse!" he obtained the pardon of all her faults committed against the Divine Goodness. What a picture this is of the office the Guardian Angel holds to the soul! How great is his love for it, how ingenious he is in promoting its interests, and how powerful his intercession is with God! In truth, the longer we reflect on this angelic guardianship, the more we shall be impressed with its dignity and power. It becomes evident to our minds that we have not yet even begun to form the faintest idea of that mysterious relationship which God has been pleased to establish between His bright courtiers and our earth-bound souls. Did we realize it, even in the smallest degree, how much better, braver, steadier, we should be.

As St. Gertrude was constantly receiving benefits from the holy angels, and could not worthily thank them, she once offered her Communion for this intention: "I offer Thee this august Sacrament, O most loving Lord, for Thy eternal glory, in honor of the princes of Thy kingdom, and for the increase of their felicity and beatitude." By this little artifice of gratitude she really repaid her celestial benefactors, for we are told that "our Lord drew this oblation to Himself in an ineffable manner, thereby causing the greatest joy to these angel spirits, who appeared even as if they never before experienced such blessedness and superabundance of delights." But as God will not allow Himself to be surpassed in generosity, neither will His servants in heaven or on earth passively receive favors. The several choirs, therefore, in succession bowed to the Saint, telling her that she had honored them by this oblation, and they would guard her with special care.

"We will guard thee night and day with ineffable joy," said the Guardian Angels, "and will prepare thee for thy Spouse with the utmost diligence."

The Archangels said to her: "O illustrious spouse of Christ, we will discover to you the Divine secrets, according to your capacity of receiving them."

The Virtues said: "We will assist you in your labors, writings, and meditations for the glory of God."

The Dominations in turn promised: "Since our Lord, the King of glory, takes pleasure in your soul, and you return Him love for love, we will offer for you the honor which you owe to His Sovereignty, to supply for your deficiencies."

The Principalities said: "We will present you to the King of kings, adorned according to His Heart."

And the Powers: "Since your Beloved is so blessedly united to you, we will continually remove every impediment, whether exterior or interior, which might interrupt His Divine communications, in imparting blessings to the Church, and rejoicing the heavenly court. For the prayers of one loving soul prevail more with God, both for the living and the dead, than the prayers of a thousand souls who love less."

On one Assumption-day the Saint had this vision. She saw all those who had prepared themselves very fervently for the celebration of this Feast, brought to our Blessed Lady by the angels, and they stood around her like so many beautiful young maidens surrounding a beloved mother. These souls were objects of delight to their angelic guardians, who zealously prompted them to acts of virtue, and defended them from the snares of evil spirits. St. Gertrude learned that the angels thus specially attended and protect all who devoutly invoke the protection of their glorious Queen.

The Saint often saw her guardian angel in the form of a magnificently attired prince, standing between herself and God. On one occasion she offered some special devotions in his honor, which he joyously accepted, and presented under the form of roses to the Most Blessed Trinity.

THE *Gloria in Excelsis* is called by ecclesiastical writers "The Angelical Hymn," and the "Greater Doxology." Its antiquity is very great, and dates from apostolic times, and a copy of it exists in the Alexandrian Codex, a very ancient Greek MS., originally written in Alexandria, in Egypt. This MS. is now in the British Museum, and is said to have been written by St. Thecla, the martyr, in the early part of the fourth century, and perhaps may be one of those copies written under the direction of Eusebius by the order of Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. The holy Pope St. Telesphorus (A. D. 129-139) is said to have been the author of the *Gloria*.

In Memoriam.

MRS. ELEANOR ELIZABETH TONG, who died Sept. 29th, Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, 1876. Inscribed, with most affectionate regard, to the esteemed family of the saintly departed.

I.

Her sleep is the sleep of the blest;
Of love all-divine she has died;
By the Cross that was laid on her breast,
All her treasures, her hopes, were implied.
O long were her loving eyes closed
To the world, to its folly and sin,
And, blind to its lights, she reposed
In the beauty that beams from within.
Her life was consumed: 'twas absorbed in the light
Of that day that shall never give place to the night.

II.

The virtues to flourish and spread
'Neath the charm of a true mother's care,
Weave a crown for the beautiful dead,
Her soul's brightest glory beams there.
Like a fruitful, a fair olive tree,
Exhaling rich fragrance and bloom,
Her mem'ry henceforward shall be
Embalmed in Faith's sweetest perfume.
Her sons and her daughters to bless her arise,
Their warm benedictions ascend to the skies.

III.

Her three youngest daughters she gave
To the service of God, as His right,
And her spirit so gentle, so brave,
Kept ever His glory in sight.
But our Lord—ah, He ne'er is outdone!—
In return for the gifts she has made,
Reward never-ending was won,
A bliss that no woes can invade.
Dear children, secluded from earth's fickle aims,
What joys will that mother receive in your names!

IV.

Another sweet home like her own,
Where Religion and Virtue preside,
Reflecting the light that alone
Can cherish, illumine, and guide,
Now honors her fostering care;
Her dear little grandchildren speak
In sweet, lisping accents, in prayer,
Of her influence mighty though meek.
O, blest Christian home! may each home in the land
Learn the lesson there taught, and its force understand.

V.

May her youngest, whose footsteps so light
Was the music her pulses to thrill,
Find in prayers that she breathed, day and night,
The magnet controlling his will;
Then the "Valley and shadow of Death,"
—Heaven guiding his earnest career,—
Shall be cheered by his deep, filial faith,
And the fruit of her love shall appear.
O, true Christian mother! thy influence unfolds
Through our lives. It dies not while Eternity rolls.

VI.

Thou daughter, the dearest, whose share
Was to pillow thy mother's loved head,

When her soul fled from Earth's tainted air,
 Who first pressed the brow of the dead,
 How sacred thy portion, dear child,
 To catch her last words, as they fell
 From her lips with an eloquence mild,
 And a value no language can tell!
 The mighty Archangel whose feast claimed the day,
 Gave the plaudits, "Well done!" as he bore her away.

VII.

Twin hands, ere the casket had hid
 The tranquil pure face from our view,
 Placed their tribute: then fell the cold lid
 O'er that bosom devoted and true.
 Ah, the fair twin tube-roses which pressed
 So near to that calm, pulseless heart,
 Were the types of her soul's peaceful rest,
 Of the influence her virtues impart.
 O, happy her life! but more blest the decline,
 Since 'twas merged in the Ocean of favor Divine.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, *Feast of St. Raphael.*

Catholic Notes.

—The *Catholic Family Almanac* for 1877, which will soon be ready for publication, will contain portraits of the lamented Dr. Brownson and Bishop Verot.

—Rev. Fathers Mulvill and Decarie, of Napa City, Cal., will please accept our thanks for kind favors. We are glad to hear that a new church is soon to be built at Napa City.

—Miss Sallie Vail Washington, of Newbern, North Carolina, a relative of the "Father of his Country," took the veil at the Ursuline Convent on Saturday last; she will be known in religion as Sister Anna.—*St. Louis Watchman.*

—We had the pleasure last week, of a visit from Mr. L. Kehoe, the gentlemanly and enterprising Agent of the Catholic Publication Society, of New York. We were glad to hear that the *Catholic World* has a good subscription list notwithstanding the hard times, though it is in reality but a fraction of what its merits entitle it to.

—The following postulants received the habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the Novitiate of the Order at Notre Dame, Indiana, on the Feast of All Saints: James J. Blake, ecclesiastical student; Francis Cunningham (Brother Jacob), Chas. Myers (Bro. Philemon), Henry Vallade (Bro. Augustine), John Heiser (Bro. Conrad).

—One of the most beautiful presents for Catholic children is "The First Christmas for our Dear Little Ones," by Miss Rosa Mulholland, approved by His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, of Dublin, Ireland. It contains fifteen very fine chromo xylographs in quarto and is solidly and handsomely bound. Price \$1.50, post free. For sale by all booksellers and news agents, also by the publisher, Fr. Pustet, 52 Barclay Street, New York, and 204 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

—A citizen of Bologna, Leopold Marzorati, pro-

poses the celebration of the eighth centennial of the event at Canossa on the 25th of January, 1077, which was one of the most memorable victories of civilization over barbarism, of spiritual over material force, of the Catholic Church over the infidel state, of the liberty of God's children over the despotism of man, that can be found recorded in the pages of history. It was on this day that Henry IV, Emperor of Germany, cast himself at the feet of the Pope, Gregory VII, then residing at Canossa, and made his solemn act of submission to the Holy See. The Catholic press universally approves the idea of the eight-hundredth anniversary celebration of this remarkable event.

—A grand solemnity was lately witnessed at the Trappist monastery of Igny, in France. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Rheims, four Bishops, ten mitred abbots and a great many of the secular clergy and regular clergy of the different Orders did honor to the occasion. The entire assembly, clergy and laity, numbered about 6,000 persons. The Rt. Rev. Abbot and founder of the Trappist monastery at Staoueli, Procurator-General of the Cistercian Order at Rome, said High Mass, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Vicar General, Very Rev. F. Le Tourneur. After High Mass the new church of Igny was solemnly dedicated. At 3 p. m. the translation of the remains of Blessed Gueric, Abbot of La Trappe, d'Igny, who lived about 800 years ago, took place. The crystal shrine was carried by mitred abbots. A sermon by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Rheims terminated the ceremony.

—In an article on "Wesleyanism," the *Church Review* argues warmly against the want of antiquity in that body. The writer thinks that its "ministers" must often be perplexed by questions which it is impossible to answer. "Who sent you?" is an awkward question. "The Conference." "And who sent the Conference?" "John Wesley." "And who is John Wesley?" "A great preacher who lived one hundred years ago." "And what did the world do before John Wesley—were they all heathens? 'I believe in Christ—I do not believe in Wesley. Jesus I know and Paul I know; but who are ye?'" Answers such as these must not unfrequently meet Wesleyan preachers, from shrewd-headed working men, and when they are addressed to honest men must excite grave thoughts." But precisely the same questions may be addressed to all Anglicans; and equally without possibility of answer. The Anglican Homilies have affirmed, with true Anglican infallibility, that "the whole world was sunk in the pit of damnable idolatry for the space of eight hundred years and more"; nor could Anglicanism have any "reason to be," except on that remarkable "hypothesis." Who sent Henry VIII? Who sent Luther? Who sent Queen Elizabeth?" "And what did the world do before them: were they all heathens?" are questions which no Anglican can answer more rationally or consistently than can Wesleyans. Indeed, the difficulty is far greater for Anglicans, since the assertion of Church authority, with the refusal of obedience, is a fallacy every Dissenter would ridicule.

—Rev. Father du Lac, S. J., celebrated by his libel suit against several Parisian journals, has been interviewed by a reporter of the *Liberté*, a journal the least susceptible of clerical tendencies. The reporter gives a flattering eulogy of this excellent religious. He says: "We speak daily in France of the '*Monita Secreta*' of the Jesuits, and yet all this may be implied in one simple term: 'Obedience.' Their institution is thoroughly military, and in this lies its force. The '*Sint aut sunt aut non sint*,' spoken by Rev. Father Ricci at the suppression of the Order, gives us to understand upon what stern rules this Society is built. In a religious point of view, the Fathers have wrought miracles in five continents by their glorious missions. As teachers, their benefit to our youth cannot be denied. The splendid generations of the 17th and 18th centuries were educated by them. Celebrated men have been brought out by the Order in every century since its origin." After bearing splendid testimony to the excellence of the school of St. Genevieve, he continues: "During our long conversation, I was the more charmed the longer I remained. Rev. Father du Lac is a perfect gentleman; his entire appearance bears the stamp of nobility and manliness. He is the worthy successor of Rev. Father Ducoudray, one of the lamented victims of the Commune. When I took leave he led me into the College parlor, and I shall never forget the sight I witnessed in this large hall. The walls are covered with pictures of all the pupils of the Jesuits who fell bravely in battle during the war, 92 in number. Everyone who has seen these noble figures will be convinced that the Jesuits are not the enemies of France, since they have given her so many noble warriors for the defence of her soil."

—An anonymous pamphlet lately published in Prague, Austria, created quite a sensation in Germany. The title of the little work is "Federalism and Absolutism," and its authorship is ascribed to the Prince of Hanau, son of the late Elector of Hesse. The author of this pamphlet boldly invites the German princes to league with Austria against Prussia, and to form a new German Confederation. The constitution of the German Empire and the policy of Bismark are both severely criticised. Against absolutism, which is not designated as a monarchical, self-willed and arbitrary régime, but as the constitution of absolute dominion under any form of government whatever, the author describes the principle of federalism in the following terms: "As nothing exists on earth to which an absolute power can be allowed, there remains nothing but to leave such power to God alone, and in the meanwhile to limit all human power to such a compass as finds a free recognition in the conscience of all concerned and which is approved by the solemn consent of all parties." In regard to the conflict between the Church and State (*Culturkampf*) in Germany, we find the following: "The main object of the struggle is whether the Church is to be allowed independence in the appointment of her ministry or not, because if this be not a question of the interior life of the Church, we may as well look for the line whence the dominion of the Church begins in the stars. There can hardly be

another meaning attached to it, and the *naïveté* shown by those who praise the *Culturkampf* in the interest of a Protestant empire with an obligatory National Church is a clear proof of the extent to which their minds are imbued with absolutism, the monstrous idea of State against Church, and how far wrong they are." The author, himself a Protestant, regrets deeply that in the Protestant camp only the little band of renitents in both the duchies of Hesse, and a few spasmodic evangelicals, are aware of the danger; whilst on the other hand, he sees only a very small number of deserters from the Catholic party joining the ranks of the infidel host.

—The *Catholic Universe* in a recent issue warns parents and guardians of youth against papers of immoral tendency which are so numerous in the United States. Many of them are ostensibly good family journals but on close examination are found to contain the grossest obscenities. The *Universe* says: "The weekly story papers that circulate by the hundred thousand in this country should be suppressed by law. Immoral fiction is their chief attraction for the perverted appetite of young America; but in the 'answers to correspondents' departments, to be found in nearly every one of them, lie evil advice and suggestions which are drunk in like water by the 'gents' and 'misses' of our day. This is not all. The press teems with vile advertisements. Patronized by the young and foolish, a medium is afforded those who would fatten on the ruin of their species, to advertise for the vilest purposes. One of these papers is the *Waverley Magazine*, a well known Boston weekly. It has all the appearance of a respectable ladies' literary and musical journal, and everything in it looks attractive and unobjectionable, except its advertisements on the inside pages, which are a perfect nest of the most unclean birds. These advertisements are with devilish cunning calculated to disseminate licentiousness and vice in every family to which a number of the *Waverley Magazine* finds admission. Anthony Comstock, United States Mail Agent, and representative of the Society for Suppressing Vice—a man who is doing good work for which he will be rewarded—has now in his hands letters from hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the unhappy boys and girls who have answered these unutterably foul advertisements from all parts of the United States and Canada. The publication of these letters, if he choose to publish them, would ruin their writers for life. The parent who admits any of these Satanic sheets into his house is a murderer. Yet there are numbers of copies sold to Catholics. And the Catholic press languishes for want of proper support! We fear that many will awaken to the import of our words when too late."

—The *Dundalk Democrat* publishes the following extract from a letter received by the Rev. Patrick McCulla, P. P. Dromiskeen, Co. Louth, from a gentleman at present on a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. The letter bears date the 27th Sep., and speaks for itself:—"I would not have written to you till my return but for a scene of which I was personally

a witness here this morning, and which I write fresh from the scene. Yesterday arrived here pilgrimages from Tulles, in Central France, and Angers, in Brittany, whose banner bore the inscription: *Bretons Catholiques toujours*. I was down at the grotto shortly before six o'clock, and early as was the hour there were thousands *en route* before me. By six o'clock I saw a poor peasant from Angers, formerly a mason by trade, a miserable object, carried down on a man's back to the *piscine*. For twenty-three years he had been deaf and dumb, paralyzed, unable to move hand or foot, stricken down in a thunderstorm. I saw him thus, an object from which one would involuntarily turn away. A few minutes after six o'clock I went to the basilica over here for the seven o'clock Mass, at the end of which Mrs. C— came to me to say that the man was prostrate in the grotto, rendering his thanksgiving, and by eight o'clock he walked up to the missionaries' house, leaning on two priests, feeble and weak, but yet cured. By nine o'clock I saw him in the refectory, and shook hands with him, and from his own lips I heard the story of his long illness and miserable existence, and it was most affecting and edifying to see the poor old fellow, as he passed along the corridor, embracing and kissing the feet of the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, like a child. The people present all joined in a hymn of thanksgiving. The fervor of the piety of the poor and under-middle classes made me think myself at home in poor dear old Ireland. I had never expected to have seen with my own eyes a miracle. I have seen one to-day as wonderful as those of old. I only wish you had been here to see and enjoy it, as you would have done."

Obituary.

—The prayers of the readers of the "AVE MARIA" are requested for the repose of the soul of Mr. MARK R. GILLIN, a life-subscriber, who departed this life at New Orleans, La., July 30th.

—Departed this life at Murray's Settlement, near Wauconda, Lake County, Ill., on the 16th of October, Mr. MICHAEL MURRAY, a life-subscriber to the "AVE MARIA," in the 70th year of his age.

—Of your charity pray for the soul of SARAH M. BROWNSON, only daughter of the late O. A. Brownsou, LL.D., and wife of William J. Tenney, of Elizabeth, N. J., who departed this life on Monday, October 30.

It is with feelings of sincere sorrow that we announce the death of this young and gifted lady, whose life was so full of fair promise, her brilliant talents and rare gifts of many kinds having won the admiration of all who knew her. Only a few months have passed since her illustrious father was called away from this world in which he had played so distinguished a part, and now the many friends of both hear with sorrowing surprise that the highly-endowed, the much-beloved daughter has followed to the unseen world the father of whom she was so justly proud. Few women of our day shone with greater lustre in the society in which she moved than Mrs.

Tenney, and many who knew her as the bright sparkling girl, the gifted young authoress, others as the devoted wife and mother, will mourn her death and breathe a prayer for a soul so early called from earth.—*N. T. Tablet*.

—Died at Davenport, Iowa, on Wednesday, Oct., 18th, in the 76th year of her age and fortified by the Sacraments of our Holy Church, Mrs. MARGUERITE LE CLAIRE, a life-subscriber to the "AVE MARIA."

Mrs. LE CLAIRE, as we learn from the local papers, was a most devout Catholic, and a lady of more than ordinary note. She was the daughter of M. Antoine Le Page, and granddaughter of Acoqua, one of the principal chiefs of the Sac Indians, and was born at Portage des Sioux, St. Charles Co., Mo., October 16th, 1802. Her early life was spent in her native village, where she received an excellent education from an Order of nuns established there. In 1820 she married Mr. Antoine Le Claire, of Peoria, who was then acting as interpreter between the Indians and the Government, and frequently accompanied him in his expeditions among the Indians. She could speak more than half a dozen different dialects and was of great service to her husband in his negotiations. It is said that after their marriage Mr. Le Claire officiated at no less than eight treaties with powerful tribes of Indians. In 1827 she went with him to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, where he formerly acted as interpreter under Capt. Davenport, and was present in 1832 when the treaty was made by which the United States purchased of the Sac and Fox tribes the territory west of the Mississippi River. So great was the esteem of the Indians for Mr. and Mrs. Le Claire that at this treaty the Indian Chief, Keokuk, made a reservation of a mile square of land, now in the heart of the city of Davenport, and donated it to Mrs. Le Claire, with the only condition that her husband should build his house on the spot then occupied by Gen. Scott's marquee. This fact is strongly significant, being in marked contradistinction to the feelings since and now entertained by the poor Indians towards the mercenary agents of the Government.

In 1833 Mr. and Mrs. Le Claire took up their abode in Davenport, where they continued to reside until the time of their death, Mr. Le Claire having thence passed to his reward on the 25th of September, 1861. During her residence here, Mrs. Le Claire made it a practice to visit her native town in Missouri once or twice a year, and before the advent of railroads and steamboats on the Upper Mississippi valley and river she went frequently on horseback or by river in a bark canoe. Delegations from the Sac and Fox Indians visited her fine mansion in Davenport every year, where they were always made welcome and entertained as long as they wished to remain; and, when leaving, they always took with them, as a free gift, whatever necessities they required, corn, flour, etc. These children of the forest will undoubtedly mourn her, as she was always to them a kind benefactor. Forbearing to the faults of friends, charitable in her expressions with regard to the acts of others, with a kind word for all, high or low, rich or poor, she passed away mourned by all, her last moments

soothed as far as possible by kind friends, and after receiving from the hands of her pastor, Rev. Father Cosgrove, the solemn rites of the Holy Church, of which she was an earnest and devoted member. The funeral rites took place at St. Marguerite's Church (built and furnished by her husband) at 9 o'clock on Friday morning, Oct. 20th, High Mass being offered up by Rev. Father Nierman, of St. Cunegunde's, and a funeral sermon preached by her pastor, Father Cosgrove. The Rosary Society, of which she was a member and the Catholic Societies generally, together with an immense concourse of citizens, attended the funeral.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 28TH.

Number of letters received, 120; of new members enrolled, 84. The following applications for prayers have been made: Recovery of health is asked for 120 persons and 3 families; change of life for 41 persons and 4 families; conversion to the faith, for 103 persons and 57 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 5 and that of a happy death for 8 persons; particular graces have been asked for 6 priests, 2 clerical students, 8 religious, and 3 lay persons desiring a religious vocation; temporal favors have been solicited for 35 persons, 14 families, 8 communities, 3 congregations, 6 schools, and 2 orphan asylums; spiritual favors for 128 persons, 21 families, 8 communities, 3 congregations, 6 schools, 2 orphan asylums; also, 36 particular intentions. The following intentions have been specified: The pardon of a father, and reconciliation of his family to his daughter; several Catholics who have fallen away from the faith and joined Secret Societies, and several other apostates of both sexes; a convert laboring under a strange religious delusion caused by mental aberration; deliverance from great temptations; a safe return of several persons who left their homes and friends years ago; safe journey to Europe for a lady and family; success in lawsuits and recovery of real estate; some changes in business; the aversion of a threatened loss of property, which would involve several families, among others the house and home of a poor man; thanksgiving for several favors; the spiritual and temporal welfare of the inmates of a new industrial school lately opened; success of two little churches about to be built; the return of some ungovernable youths, who are very disobedient, to their parents; choice of a state of life; particular, prayers for 5 days for all the poor souls in purgatory; means of completing a church, etc., under the care of the Franciscan Fathers in Dublin, Ireland; a certain district in Ill., where the scarlet fever is raging; vocation to the priesthood for a certain young man; the special prayers of the Associates are also asked for a family in great temporal distress, and that they may find a good purchaser for some mortgaged property.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following accounts from letters received: "Rev. Father, I am happy to be able to

inform you that my husband has given up drinking. I got a priest to come to the house to speak to him, and he induced him to take the pledge; he went to confession the next day. I hope you will continue to pray for him." . . . "The holy water which you sent me a year ago has been the sure cause of my sister's recovery from a severe spell of sickness, and since then her health has been improving." . . . "The last water of Lourdes I had I gave to a poor woman who used it on her child's sore eyes, since which time they are well." . . . "One of my children was badly burned in the feet and other parts of her body, some time ago, in a fire which was kindled outdoors. She crawled into it without being perceived and lay there until she was rescued by her mother, who very fortunately was close by at the time. After being taken out of the fire, the skin peeled off her toes; she was nearly frantic with pain, and we really thought she would go into fits. Her mother did all she could for her; when all had failed, she laid her down in the cradle and tried to rock her to sleep, but she might as well try to rock the dead to life. Unfortunately I had none of the blessed water of Lourdes at hand, but I had some of the empty vials, in which I had previously received some of the water from Notre Dame, and I thought that common water put into the vials that once contained the water of Lourdes would have the same blessed effect in relieving the pains of the suffering child. And, praise be to God and His Blessed Mother, I was not mistaken; I filled one of the vials with water from the well, and poured it on the burned parts of the screaming child; she immediately fell into a sound sleep, and when she awoke she was as free from pain as she was before it happened and was as happy as a child could be."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: JOHN KELLY, of Trenton, Wis., who departed this life on the 25th of last August. PATRICK GORMAN, who died July 7th; and DANIEL MCGINLEY, who died July 8th, both of Saukville, Wis. Miss JULIA NAVARRE, of Pittsburgh, Pa., a deaf mute. Mrs. MARGARET and Miss MATILDA COOPER. ANNE J. MCKINNEY, who died at Johnstown, Pa., on the 13th of October, after five weeks of dreadful suffering which was borne with angelic resignation. Also several whose names have not been given.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

"I know of two certain means to become poor," said the Curé d'Ars, viz.: "to steal, and to work on Sunday."

"MEN whose wants are great, value only great things. God, who is in want of nothing, values only greatness of heart. In the offerings which we make to Him, He regards not the hand but the heart; and if the heart be generous, the smallest gift acquires in His sight the value of a rich treasure."

Children's Department.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

There is a little golden blossom growing on many of the heaths and mountain sides of Germany, which the peasants call "Elizabeth's Flower," in memory of the Saint who dwelt in their land long ago, the child of Andrew, the pious King of Hungary, and his Queen, Gertrude.

These parents had been happy when God gave them this little daughter, but their joy increased as they heard her baby tongue first lisp the Names of Jesus and Mary, because they believed she would grow up to be a very holy servant of Christ.

Before Elizabeth was four years old, a rich prince asked her parents to promise her to his son Louis when she was of an age to marry, and though they grieved to part with her, they granted this request, because they thought it was for her good, giving her into the care of this German landgrave, who, with many nobles and ladies in attendance journeyed with her to Thuringia, which was to be her home. The young Prince Louis was then eleven years of age, and from that time they were brought up together, calling each other by the names of brother and sister.

The good landgrave tried to make the little stranger child happy, and chose out some of the noblest girls of her own age belonging to his court for her companions, one of whom stayed with her nearly all her life. This friend was named Guta, and she has told a great deal about the Saint's early days in Thuringia.

The little Elizabeth was very merry and fond of play, but she loved God so much that in the midst of her amusements she thought of Him, and often she would hop on one foot to the castle chapel, with her young friends hopping after her, and even if she found the door fastened she would kiss it, and kiss the lock and the walls, for the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament who dwelt there.

Before she was old enough to read, she would go to the altar steps, and putting a great open psalter before her, folded her tiny hands reverently, thinking of God, and praying to Him. At other times she would persuade the children to go with her to the cemetery, and offer up prayers for the souls of those persons who had been buried there. If a child loves Jesus so much she becomes very sweet and gentle, and thus Elizabeth's companions delighted to be with her, and they declared that the Holy Child Himself came frequently to play with her. She fixed

upon certain prayers to say every day, but if anything kept her from finishing all, she would pray quietly to God, as she lay in bed, while others supposed her to be sleeping.

Elizabeth began, even as a young child, to practice giving up her will every day in little trifling things, so that she might be imitating Jesus, and getting ready to make larger sacrifices for Him when she grew older. In the midst of a game, when she was enjoying herself the most, she would stop, saying,

"Now I am quite full of happiness—I will leave off for the love of God."

And in dancing, which she liked so much, she would cease when she had made one turn, exclaiming, "That will do for the world; the rest I will give up for Jesus Christ."

This gentle little Elizabeth had placed herself particularly under the protection of the Blessed Virgin; but she had so great a love for St. John the Evangelist that she chose him for her patron saint, and remained faithful in her devotion to him until the end of her life. From her infancy, Elizabeth had felt an intense love for the poor, and a great desire to relieve them, and, as she grew older, she gave away all the money which was allowed her, and would go through the passages and kitchens of the castle, seeking the scraps of meat and bread which were cast aside by the servants, but received so gratefully by the half-starved beggars who came to ask alms at the gate.

Thus, in prayers, and amusements, and good works, the time passed, until Elizabeth was nine years old, and then a great sorrow happened to her. Since she had been in Thuringia she had heard of the death of her own mother—now the good landgrave, the father of her future husband, was taken from her, to her very great grief, for he had loved her as dearly as if she had been his own child, and after he died the landgravine and the other ladies of the court turned against the little Elizabeth and treated her unkindly. All they complained of was the manner of life she led, her love of the poor, her desire for prayer; and they said she was unfit for a princess, and ought not to be the wife of Louis. But through all this, we are told that no angry or impatient words escaped her; the more harsh they were, so much the more did she fix her heart on God, whose love made up for all she suffered.

One year, upon the Feast of the Assumption, the landgravine desired Elizabeth and her own daughter Agnes to put on their richest dresses, and crowns of gold, and go with her to the large church in Eisenach to hear Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They obeyed, and accompanied

her to the city, and into the church, where places had been specially prepared for them; but at the sight of the crucifix Elizabeth forgot the landgravine's presence, and, taking off her golden crown, lay prostrate on the ground.

"What is this for, my Lady Elizabeth?" said the landgravine, angrily. "Cannot you behave better than an ill-brought-up child? Do you find your crown too heavy that you lie crouching there like a peasant girl?"

Then Elizabeth rose, and with great humility and sweetness answered, "Be not angry, dear lady. How can I wear gold and jewels when I see before me God my King adorned with sharp thorns? *My* crown would be a mockery of His!"

And she wept so bitterly, covering her eyes with the folds of her mantle, that the princesses could not help doing the same, and hiding their faces also, although in their hearts they were more than ever displeased with her.

But the dislike to Elizabeth grew with her growth, and some of the greatest counsellors urged the young landgrave to send her back to her father, while his mother would have wished to place her in a convent, so that she could never be his wife.

Elizabeth was often very sad when she heard such things said of her; she felt lonely in that foreign land, away from her home, and without any father's care; but God, her Father in heaven, had her in His keeping, and when she was most sorrowful she would kneel before her crucifix, and pour out her heart in prayer, and then, with fresh peace of mind, would return to her companions without a shadow upon her sweet face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

This Once.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

[Concluded.]

At last it happened many times that George did not find John at home; and on these occasions Mrs. Dixon used to seem very much vexed. "If you could teach him some of your industrious ways!" she said one day. "Here is work to be done, and John has gone off pleasuring."

"Where does he go?" asked George.

"To a place by no means respectable—after singing, and dancing, and acting; and those are among the pleasures that are apt to become dangerous, in consequence of bad company; and to please bad company they say and do bad things. And it's low life and vulgar," said Mrs. Dixon, wiping her eyes. "It's vulgar," she repeated, "it's

vulgar, if it's nothing worse; and I wish that boy had been brought up as you have been."

"My mother used to say that if sin walked into a house, it was vulgarity that in the beginning had opened the door. So you would agree with her, Mrs. Dixon." George said this very cheerfully, not liking to see Mrs. Dixon vexed.

"Ah, I should," she said. "And I do wish that you would go to that two-penny-theatre place and speak to John; you might bring him home perhaps. *Do* go, George; it need only be *this once*."

George could not help smiling at hearing those words. "No, I won't go," he said; "I don't see the force of *this once*. My mind is steadily set against that argument."

"Well, then, *your sister is gone with him*," said Mrs. Dixon, bursting out crying. "She comes here. She has made friends with those disagreeable girls, Sophy and Fanny Wild. They are all gone together. *Now* will you go? I'd give a sovereign to get the girl back. They are to blame to let her run out as they do." And Mrs. Dixon sat down and wiped her eyes on her apron.

George had scarcely heard to the end of her sobbing speech. He had rushed out of the house with the speed of lightning. In a minute he was running down the street in the direction of this infamous place of dangerous amusement. He overtook the party just in time to prevent their going in. He only spoke to Amy. "Sister! Amy! I want you." She looked frightened.

"Then you can't have her," said young Arden, saucily.

"She is out for the evening with us," said Fanny Wild, boldly.

"Amy, come to me."

"I can't, George. I am only going just *this once*."

But George saw that she was frightened, and like one who was *afraid* of coming back, being too cowardly to free herself from her bad company.

"Let go my sister's arm, John."

"I won't. You may go home."

"O, don't make such a noise, George," said Amy, half crying; "I said it should only be *this once*."

"Come, Amy; come, my dear," said George encouragingly. "You don't know a quarter of the wickedness you may learn to-night."

"It's very good fun," said Fanny, with a saucy toss of her head; "you had better come too. Come, I say; come with me."

"Keep off," said George. "I want my sister. Let her go, John."

George advanced closer to young Arden as he said this, and Fanny Wild said: "*We* should not

go to anything wrong. Why do you accuse us? And why do you look at John in that way? Are you going to fight?"

"I don't *wish* to fight," said George. "Now, Amy, come to me."

"John, let me go," said Amy, who was now crying and struggling.

George raised his hand and then dropped it gently on John's shoulder. "What can you mean by such unmanly conduct? Is it like a *man* to take young women to hear bad songs and bad jokes, to see a bad play and to hear bad words? Is it like a man to enjoy their shame and their fright if they are good, or to be pleased with their delight in sin if they are evil?"

"O, take me back, George!" cried Amy, with tears; "you are telling the exact truth."

"Very well," said Arden; "take your sister. I'll pay you for your interference to-morrow."

"You little cock-sparrow, don't crow so loud! You are going to be whipped and put to bed, you know, when you get home"; and so, having raised a laugh, George put his arm through Amy's and never let her go till he gave her into the hands of the cook at Mrs. Darby's. Then, bidding both "good-night," and leaving Amy to tell her own story and account for tears herself, he rushed back to Mr. Vincent.

Dixon had himself gone after his nephew. He was a very respectable man, and when he heard from his wife how John had neglected his work, and got into bad company, he took a very serious view of the matter. He had followed him into a concert-room of a very low kind, and brought him quietly home. What passed between them was never told; but the next afternoon Dixon came into Mr. Vincent's room to see him, for Vincent had got a very bad cold, and was keeping his room and taking care of himself.

George had been out with the carriage, and Dixon had driven; the carriage was cleaned and the horses were stabled. Dixon was paying Vincent a visit, and George was in and out, busy at various sorts of work.

"That's a very good kind of boy," said Dixon.

"Yes; and a very odd one. But I like him," said Vincent.

"He said a thing that greatly pleased my wife about disliking the excuse of *this once*," said Dixon.

"O, he can't bear '*this once*.' He says that neither father nor mother ever could bear it. He says there's no sense in it."

"No sense in it!" exclaimed Dixon; then he called out "George!" and George came. "What do you mean by saying there's no sense in *this once*? I like the idea of *this once* very well. It's a very

kind expression—when you forgive a person, for instance."

"This is what I mean: if it is a wrong thing, why do it *this once*? surely you ought not to do it at all; and if it is a good thing, why should it be only *this once*? you had better do a good thing as often as you have the opportunity."

"Oh!" said Dixon thoughtfully. And, "He's a funny fellow, now, isn't he?" said Vincent.

George was cleaning the groom's boot-tops. He used a mixture with oxalic acid in it for this purpose; and he had the bottle of acid, which is a strong poison, in his hand. Mr. Vincent was smoking a pipe and drinking some ginger-tea. George came up to him and said: "Does the ginger-tea do you good, sir?"

"Well, yes; I think it does."

"Let me put some oxalic acid into it."

"What!" Mr. Vincent spoke in horror. "It's poison!"

"Just *this once*," said George. Dixon burst out laughing. "Let me throw a few drops into your eyes," said George, advancing close to the chair.

"Be off! keep that fellow off!"

"Just *this once*," said George. Mr. Vincent could hardly help laughing; but he did not like it. "Or I will pour a small quantity into your ear—*just this once*!"

"Take away the bottle from him; he is dangerous," said Mr. Vincent, really frightened, and yet amused; while George came nearer and nearer, and "*Just this once*," and "*Only this once*," he exclaimed, till all three burst out laughing together.

"O, you won't!" said George, when he could speak steadily; "then why should one who is a member of God's HOLY—*Holy*, mind the word—Holy Catholic Church take poison into his soul just *this once*, or look on sin or listen to impurity just *for once*? Would you treat your soul worse than your body?"

From that day the people in that house left off tempting George Merrett. Of course temptations came; but he was too much respected, when once he was really understood, for careless people to attempt to lead him astray. Amy, knowing she had an example and a protector in George, became anxious to grow in wisdom, and to become discreet. She had been saved from bad company once—almost against her will, she had been saved. She never forgot to be grateful for her safety, and she respected her brother all her life.

HE who cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for everyone has need to be forgiven.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., NOVEMBER 18, 1876.

No. 47.

Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.

The ancient tradition regarding the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, at the age of three years, has been perpetuated in the Church by the festival commemorated on the 21st of November. In the Office of this day, the Church sings:

“O God, who didst will that the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, the dwelling of the Holy Ghost, should be presented in the temple on this day, grant, we beseech Thee, through her intercession, that we may be worthy to be presented in the temple of Thy glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

This prayer contains the full spirit of this beautiful festival, and is replete with instruction for every age and condition of life. In it we see the Immaculate Child destined to be the future Mother of God, dwelling in the peaceful shade of the sacred temple. There we behold the virgin daughter of Sion kneeling in her young innocence before the altar of the God of all holiness, devoting to Him her heart, that it may be ever pure and spotless in His sight.

The frail and tender child of Joachim and Anna bade adieu to her home in Nazareth. No more would her gentle mother print the good-night kiss at eventide upon her brow, nor lull her to sleep with the sweet, low, musical Jewish hymns. Mary renounced the joys of youth, the hopes and pleasures of the world, to consecrate herself forever to God. An eloquent writer* tells us that “those who looked no farther than outward appearance, beheld only a young child of transcending beauty and fervent piety, consecrated by her mother to God, who had bestowed her in recompense of that mother’s fasting and tears; but the angels of heaven, hovering over the sanc-

tuary, recognized in this delicate and lovely creature the Virgin of Isaias, the Spouse whose mystical hymn Solomon had chanted, the heavenly Eve, who came to blot out the transgression which the sinner Eve could not wash out with her tears.”

What was then passing in the soul of Mary? for, child as she was, the writings of the Fathers and the traditions of the Church teach us that her mind was matured in wisdom as her soul was also filled with grace. How lovingly at that moment of oblation did her heart expand to the breathings of the Holy Ghost in unalterable peace and pure love! With what holy bonds was she united to Him by whom she was preferred to the virgins and queens of all nations! This is a secret between herself and God. But all the Fathers of the Church unite in saying that the consecration of Mary was the most pleasing act of religion that man had, until then, paid to God.

“The saintly acts and virtues of Mary’s life fell like flakes of snow on the inaccessible summits of lofty mountains. Purity was added to purity, and whiteness to whiteness until there was formed one shining cone whereon the sun played, and which, like the sun, forced man to lower his eyes. To no other creature has it been granted to present before the Sovereign Judge a similar life.”

All that she possessed she surrendered to her Creator at the moment of her Presentation; and far from retracting the least part of her offering, the only study of her after-life was to prove the sincerity and perfection of her first oblation. We should possess the tongue of an angel to speak worthily of Mary’s life in the Temple. There, wholly absorbed in God, her soul enjoyed the purest delights of contemplation and love.

“O Immaculate Virgin! purer than the emblematic doves so often immolated in that Temple, obtain for us the grace to understand as perfectly as thou didst, that, having been bought with a

* Orsini.

great price, we belong no longer to ourselves, but to Him who died to purchase us."

Who can count the innumerable angelic choirs of every age, sex and rank, who have joyfully imitated our Blessed Lady's Presentation in the Temple? Who can follow the melody of their voices or the perfume of their virtues through all epochs of the Christian era, and in every portion of this land of exile? We find them by the bed of the sufferer, consoling and solacing the sick and the dying; in the depths of the deserts, and the solitude of the cloisters, praying, and doing penance for the sins of others; or out in the midst of the world, of which they form no part, instructing the ignorant, teaching little children to know and love God, and to love in Him all men, even their enemies. In every country we find apostolic priests evangelizing the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned; civilizing the barbarian, and bearing, even to the extremity of the world, with the love and practice of chastity, the name of God, of Jesus Christ His Son, and of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary. Overcoming nature, triumphing over the most violent passions, and by the practice of self-abnegation, patience and charity, they erect in all ages and in the midst of all nations, a standing monument of the truth and Divine origin of the Catholic faith,—the only religion which, by virginity, elevates man to the height of the angels and gives him a true likeness to God Himself. Of this precious virtue the Blessed Virgin, the masterpiece of the Divine Hand, gave the first example, and made the first vow in her Presentation. Jesus, her only Son, the Redeemer of the world, by His life and by His death, merited for those who followed in her steps the grace and strength of perseverance; and in perpetuating His immortal sacrifice they have immolated themselves, and will continue to immolate themselves until the end of ages, for the glory of God and the salvation of the world.

The knowledge and practice of the mystery taught in the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple is equally profitable to those who live amid the dangers of the world, and to those who are bound by the vows of religion, which, after all, are but the ratification of the engagements formed in Baptism, by which Christians promise to consecrate all their affections to the love of God and to direct all their actions for His greater glory.

All, then, who bear the name of Christian, should, in imitation of Mary's Presentation, make for themselves a little retreat within the interior of their dwellings, where they will love to rest with God by meditating on His holy law and the

mysteries of His life. In this Presentation they soon would enjoy the peace and delight of a pure conscience and a heart made for heaven and eternity. There, and only there, would they learn to know themselves, and to know God, and so become strengthened to raise themselves above all the transitory nothingness of this life.

Children of Mary, in imitation of your blessed model, consecrate your hearts, with all their faculties, to God on this day. The piety of children is the joy of the parent's heart. Happy, thrice happy, then, the parents who, like Joachim and Anna, place their youthful offspring at the foot of the altar of God, who says: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Salve, Flos Hungariæ!

Holy Church to-day doth honor,
Through the great world's length and breadth,
One of her most faithful children,
Gentle Saint Elizabeth!
Youthful wives, and widowed mothers,
May in her their pattern see,
Model of the sweet-home-virtues,
Was the Saint of Hungary.

To her well-beloved Louis,
She was sister, friend and spouse,
But unto the sweet Lord Jesus
Given were her heart's best vows.
Succoring the poor and wretched,
Gently calming angry strife,
Sweetly bearing griefs and insults,
So she spent her blessed life.

Courtly favors showered upon her
Failed her noble heart to move—
Paltry fame, and empty honor,
When compared with Jesus' love.
Dear to her the plain brown habit
Which the humble Francis wore,
Far above the costly raiment,
Which she freely gave the poor.

Louis in admiring wonder
Gazed upon his sweet young wife,
And attracted by her virtues,
Shared with joy her saintly life;
Till a sacred, solemn duty,
Called him from her blessed side,
And defending hallowed places
In the Eastern land he died.

How she mourned him! Yet rebellion
In her sorrow held no part;
More completely now to Jesus
Did she dedicate her heart;
Served Him in His suffering members,
Bore, like Him, with insults rude,
Smiled when'er her loving labors
Met with base ingratitude.

Sweetest Saint! be thou our teacher,
 As our Lady was thine own,
 All our selfishness deploring,
 We are prostrate at thy throne.
 Thou didst "understand concerning
 All the needy and the poor,"
 May we thy dear lessons learning,
 Charity's reward secure.

Pray that we, henceforth esteeming
 Earthly treasures as but dross,
 May like thee in joy or sorrow,
 Cling to Jesus and His Cross;
 And when He shall come to cheer us
 At the dreary hour of death,
 With His Mother stay thou near us,
 Amiable Elizabeth.

B. M. J. KERNAN.

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Louise Latean.

A VISIT TO BOIS D'HAINÉ.

[Conclusion.]

When our little party was again together, we hastened by a common impulse to the church of Bois d'Haine, to find in the tranquillizing presence of the Blessed Sacrament means of arranging the confused ideas filling our over-wrought minds. And so we parted from those who had been our companions during the most remarkable experience of our lives, each one going forward into the future to meet the cross whose weight would be better endured through the graces which the earnest contemplation of our Lord's Passion had procured,—the more cheerfully borne because of the recollections of the sufferings that day witnessed. For we believe that all those who are permitted by Divine Providence to see Louise are those whom affliction awaits; one who has written her life in a strain of the most touching piety left her presence to learn of the sudden death of a much-loved son; Father Majunke, whose account of Louise had guided our footsteps to her cottage door, when he returned to his native land after having visited Louise, was cast into a prison, there to spend weeks and months; and when we regained the shores of America we found our cross all prepared for us. Thanks to the lovely legends of the Franciscan Order which are always singing the praises of poverty in jubilant strains, thanks to a realizing sense of the poverty of the Holy Family, and of its thoroughly voluntary nature, which one is forced to learn in Palestine, we no longer considered the lack of riches in the light of anything save freedom from a very great responsibility. Sickness and pain are familiar acquaintances with

the generality of mortals, and it is comparatively easy to learn patient endurance with regard to them; but when we have learned to disregard these, God knows how to find a cross that will really be a cross, for He knows our vulnerable places and it is there that He tries us, in order to prove to us our weakness; and it is always well for us to discover where we are feeble. Now when our burdens grow very wearisome we call to mind all our companions of that hour; and we are certain that wherever they may be, unless death has released them from earth, and purgatory delivered their souls all cleansed from stain of sin, into paradise, that they are bearing a heavy cross all the more courageously because of Louise, and we feel that we are still united with them around her, still receiving the lessons which her presence imparted to us.

What practical instruction did we receive from seeing her? Had that question been asked as we left her cottage we would not have known how to reply. The knowledge obtained by the direct operations of grace differs in countless ways from that which we gain by mere mental effort; acquired information is at first exceedingly vivid, and we rejoice in its possession; but when it has been laid away in the storehouse of the mind it loses its first vigor, and although we are rarely conscious of the progress of its decay, we find, in the moment of need, that the knowledge on which we relied has ceased to be available. The instructions of grace are given far otherwise; when we receive them we are for the most part unconscious of the communication, at best there is nothing in our minds but a confused murmur like the sighing of the summer wind, or like the sound of distant waves dashing against the rock-bound coast; but as time rolls on, as the day of need approaches, grace-given knowledge becomes more and more defined, and by it we are enabled to accomplish the duties presented to us.

Of that which we learned from Louise, we can enumerate three distinct lessons; perhaps as the years go by, others may develop themselves. Although we had never been among those who condemn pilgrimage so freely, without pausing to reflect that the Church gives her best indulgences to this devotion, we had often been at a loss to find many arguments in favor of this custom. We had a vague idea that it would be very wilful and very disobedient to quote the words of even the holiest of men against the advice of an infallible Church, or for Catholics of all countries and all ages to appropriate to themselves a counsel given only to one century or to one province. We had quietly accepted the fact that God and the Church wish to reform the vices of this age by means of pilgrim-

age, and now at Bois d'Haine it seemed to please the Almighty to give us an insight into the manner by which pilgrimage will work this reform. By becoming a pilgrim you show a willingness to take up your cross; and an accepted pilgrimage, so the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre tell us, is always marked by trials and contradictions which often continue even after the devout act is accomplished. That that which involves Heaven-sent crosses can take away from holiness seems incredible, does it not? If we consider that self-knowledge is another grace which is the gift of shrines to impart, we may discover in this fact the origin of the idea that to visit a sanctuary of renown is more liable to retard our spiritual progress than to advance us on the road of Christian perfection. Often while we ought to be still under the sacred influence of these hallowed spots, or even while we are still resting in their very shadow, we are guilty of faults of which we deemed ourselves incapable, and we discover that which we really are—returning home not less holy than we left, but having learned that we are far less holy than we imagined ourselves to have been. It is useless to say that we can obtain just the same graces by remaining at home,—that is impossible; we may gain others, which will be all-sufficient for the exigences of our souls; for those graces, which fill the atmosphere of shrines may not be necessary for us; if they were, God would give us the opportunity of obtaining them, and this opportunity we would be obliged to embrace or else incur the penalty of the imputation of having neglected a Divine gift. Ought we, if we wish to obtain the full benefit of graces placed within our reach, to speak disparagingly of those which are beyond our power to acquire? Some may say that the Church does give just the same graces to those who never visit holy places, quoting in support of this the indulgences attached to the devotion of the Way of the Cross, but if we recall the first institution of this pious custom we will remember that the Church bestowed these indulgences in consideration of those who, having neither means nor opportunity, have yet an ardent desire to visit the scenes of our Lord's Passion. It cannot be repeated too often that it is by the means of frequent pilgrimages that the Christians of this century are to be purified from the evils that are corrupting all classes; and in this the Catholics of the United States cannot enroll themselves among the exceptional cases, for God has inspired some of His servants to erect in our midst, within the reach of a vast multitude, a sanctuary of pilgrimage dedicated to that devotion which embraces all the mysteries of religion that commemorates the Love that prompted the Incarnation

and the Redemption, and that honors the sweet influence of Mary over this Divine Love.

There are sinners all around us, and when we read the lives of those who have died martyrs while carrying the faith to pagan countries, our hearts begin to be fired with a zealous desire to do something for the salvation of our neighbor; but how can we reach him? "Oh," we often think, "if we could bring but one soul to God!" We can: each one of us can save one soul—his own; and that is also a soul created to the image and likeness of the Holy Trinity, a soul ransomed by the Blood of Christ; it is the one which God most particularly desires that each one shall bring to Him. Think of that! Is not that alone an inestimable privilege? should we not be very careful how we, even for that which we might imagine would bring salvation to another, put in peril the eternal welfare of that precious trust? But while we are effecting our own salvation can we not do something to assist in the rescue of others from everlasting perdition? Yes, certainly we can; without leaving her cottage, Louise through her sufferings reaches the whole world, bringing down fertilizing showers of grace on hearts rendered sterile by sin; in her we see as true a zeal for the conversion of sinners as that which filled the heart of St. Francis Xavier, and we learn that without endeavoring to employ weapons in the use of which we are not only unskilled, but which perhaps would endanger our own salvation, we can, by simply offering up to God the trials which He sends us, do a great deal for the spiritual welfare of others, without quitting that station in which God Himself has placed us. The zeal which these victims of expiation and the great apostles of the faith exhibit is always characterized by thorough disinterestedness; it is natural to desire the conversion of our friends, it is commendable, but after all it is only loving our neighbor as ourselves; to desire the repentance of all sinners throughout the whole world just because God created them to serve Him, just because Christ died to redeem them, is to love God above all things and our neighbor in Him and for His sake.

Can we leave Louise and not carry away a deep impression of the dignity of sorrow? do not her wounds send forth a glory that illuminates all the misfortunes of life, so that we can trace the Stigmata imprinted on every style of suffering? and when we have thus seen these sacred characters adorning affliction, can we ever fall into the pagan error of regarding the unfortunate as beings accursed by God and delivered over to the power of the devil? will we still consider that wherever the Church is persecuted it must be because there its members have proved recreant to their duty? will

we not learn that whenever the faithful are cast into prison or in any way deprived of religious liberty it is because God makes of them victims of expiation to atone for the neglect of other Christians? will not the trials of Christian nations recall to our minds the stripes and the imprisonment suffered by St. Paul, who declared that he refused all glory save that of the cross? Ever since the day on which the Passion of our Lord converted the Roman gibbet, the symbol of the lowest infamy, into the honored emblem of salvation, Calvary has set its royal seal of the Cross on every affliction that befalls the human race; and beneath this seal, if we examine closely, we will find the Stigmata—that is, some peculiar attribute of the Passion—more or less clearly defined. Bodily pain bears the Stigmata so visibly that all must therein acknowledge their presence; for example, who can suffer the racking torture of a headache and not recall the crown of thorns? In that class of suffering which afflicts our mind and our hearts we find the Stigmata even more deeply impressed. Are we undeservedly the victims of treacherous conduct—do our best friends desert us in our hour of need?—that is the shadow of Gethsemani, and Gethsemani is but Calvary anticipated. Does a curious complication of circumstances or a series of artful calumnies contrive to present you in a false light to your spiritual superiors, so that nothing but a miracle could enable you to remove the impression that has been produced, remember that here too you find the Stigmata. Christ was condemned to be delivered to the authorities as a criminal by the priests of a hierarchy established by His own Father. In how many ways the Church, the Spouse of Christ, has received the Stigmata! False accusations seem to be her portion; is it strange that men should dare to cast upon her the imputation of disturbing public peace, public order, when her Divine Spouse, the Creator of peace and order, was accused of arousing sedition among the people? when He by whose almighty power Cæsar held his dominions was called a foe to Cæsar's rights? Perhaps the tide of popular opinion brands you without reason as a malefactor, perhaps the angry multitude are clamorous for an unjust sentence to be pronounced upon you,—do you not hear the echo of “away with Him! crucify Him!” As to social degradation, there was enough of that both on Calvary and all along the weary road that led to it. The Passion was nothing but degradation from beginning to end, yet God the Father chose it for the Son, and the Word of God left the Bosom of the Father that He might add to the ocean of His own inapproachable glory by the means of this degradation, as St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi tells

us with the authority of the dying: “Know that the exercise of suffering is a thing so glorious and noble, that the Word, who found in the Bosom of His eternal Father the most abundant riches and joys of Paradise, because He was not decorated with the stole of suffering came on earth to seek this ornament, and He was God, who cannot be deceived.” There are none, except the very holy, who can resolve to seek humiliations, and God does not require that of us; but when He offers them to us, we can recognize the honor of being called at the Right Hand by a path similar to that which Christ chose for Himself. Could we ask for better than that which God chose for His only-begotten Son? is there any better way? “He was God, who cannot be deceived.” There is nothing save sin that is really debasing, though the world may tell us differently; but it is not to its maxims that Christians should hearken. Are you obliged to perform tasks beyond your strength, below your rank? He who, as man, was prince of a royal house—He for whose very sake the sceptre had been given to Juda—bore the weight of a huge Cross up a long ascent all the more fatiguing because imperceptible, and this burden had been hitherto laid only on the vilest of criminals. Poverty bears the Stigmata almost as visibly as ‘did her bridegroom, St. Francis, for she reigned supreme on that real Good Friday, and who can covet riches after our Lord denied Himself the right to bequeath even His garments to His Mother? when He made Himself so poor that, an outcast by virtue of the manner of His death from the tombs of His ancestors, He was dependent on the bounty of another for a tomb? And if, although we desire to be resigned, we sometimes cry aloud beneath the load of accumulated afflictions, we need not be disheartened; these exclamations only indicate that sorrow is performing its appointed task, and in this utter desolation of spirit we again find the Stigmata, for Christ on the Cross lamented aloud that He was forsaken by all, even by His Father.

Had we hoped to find oblivion in sleep when we retired to rest that night we would have discovered that our anticipations were vain; Louise was as distinctly before us as she had been while we were kneeling in her cottage. More clear than our dreams, totally distinct and separate from them, her figure never left our minds throughout the hours of that night, and many days had elapsed when this vision at last ceased to be ever present. It is now two full years since we saw Louise, but we can at will recall all the events of that scene; and whenever her name is mentioned we seem to see her as we saw her then.

No need of the slightest sound to arouse us the

next morning, and the first signs of daylight found us on the highway leading to Bois d'Haine. How earnestly we wished that neither Louise nor her sisters would notice us as we passed their house, for we hoped to conceal ourselves behind some pillar in the church so that we would not attract the attention of anyone, and thus secure a chance of seeing Louise approach the Holy Table when she was not aware of the presence of strangers. But these hopes were to be disappointed; just as we drew near to Louise's home, the door opened, and a little woman dressed in black, hurriedly tying her cap-strings with hands whose fingers could not be excelled in nimbleness, tripped down the steps, and we were face to face with Louise herself. No need to glance at the black mittens for the assurance of this fact: it was none other save the Stigmatica. She was pale, not with the pallor of sickness, but with the hue of one who dwells in another world; many have written of the unredeemed ugliness of Louise's countenance at ordinary times, and the doctor's impression had prepared us for just nothing but a peasant girl; but as she then appeared, her features, though ill-formed, were expressive of a certain dignity, and they were animated by a spiritual beauty not of this life. Can she ever really indulge in thoughtless merriment? was it not an amiable condescension that she was practising when the doctor first saw her? was it not an example of the manner in which the saints of God have often sought to screen the greatness of the heavenly favors which they receive, by commonplace actions?

Louise looked at us for a second, and, turning, she fled like a startled fawn in the direction of the railway. We had several times been told of her peculiar gait, and now we saw to full advantage how, with her whole person thrown forward, she appeared rather borne along by wings than by those quick springing footsteps that seemed scarcely to touch the ground. When she had almost reached the railway she met a peasant lad to whom she addressed some questions which we did not hear. The boy instantly bared his head, and had an angel descended from on high to greet him he could not have replied with more profound respect and awe. Passing over the railway tracks, Louise disappeared in the house of the family employed in guarding the crossing of the highway with the railroad, and we never saw her again. Not having witnessed her reception of Holy Communion, we find it difficult to believe the majority of those who have written concerning her when they tell us that it is wholly unmarked by ecstasy; and when we consider that all of them unite in saying that, although what is related of Louise is so beyond comprehension, there is much

that is wonderful of which we are told nothing, we are inclined to think that perhaps those who would really see Louise at the Holy Table would find her in ecstasy. Why she exhibited so much fear at meeting us seems inexplicable; perhaps it was merely the effect of the supernatural shame with which she is afflicted; perhaps her subsequent non-appearance at Mass, or at least her absence from the body of the church and from the Holy Table, might be explained by informing us that the presence of strangers in the church is allowed by a Divine dispensation, intended as a preservation of her humility, to hamper her devotions, to restrain her acts of thanksgiving, and deprive her of the consolations of ecstasy. This is but a surmise; if the readers can think of another more plausible solution of this little mystery they are certainly at liberty to prefer it. That morning we were in one sense disappointed, but we did see the evidences of Louise's health and strength in a manner which we had not expected, and we witnessed enough while at Bois d'Haine to be able to echo with all our hearts the words of one possessing an intellect greater than ours, who exclaimed, after visiting Maria Mörl: "I came, I saw, and—I believed."

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE NOVITIATE.

"Brother Hugo! I congratulate you from my heart!" With these words one monk after another came at breakfast-time to the half-an-hour old novice and shook him by the hand. Brother Hugo appeared quite happy. The coffee had warmed his frozen limbs, and peace had returned to his excited soul. After breakfast he went to the abbot to get his blessing.

As he looked at the tablet placed on the abbot's door, the peg was stuck in the rubric "*Apud Priorem*" (With the Prior). But the abbot soon came back, and bade the novice enter the cell with him.

"*Benedicite*," said this latter, for the first time kneeling before the abbot with profound emotion. It was a beautiful picture—the young man at the feet of the tall reverend prelate, both in the rich folds of the black habit of the order. As the abbot raised his hand to bless, the winter sun broke through the clouds, and a golden ray lighted on the head of the novice.

"God Himself blesses thee, Brother Hugo," said the abbot, quite encouraged at this sight. But also in the heart of the youth did light and warmth infuse themselves as the abbot proceeded

to show him the bright side of a monk's life, as in the chapel he had placed before him only the hardships.

"The poverty of the monk," said he, "is his riches. Who is so rich as the man who has everything he wishes for, and needs not trouble himself about the security of his property? Consider for a moment the man whom the world calls rich. If he has millions, he wishes to add other millions to it. Anxiety to increase his superfluity sits with him at table; fear of losing any of it goes with him to bed. He is a poor man when compared with the monk, who wishes for no more than he can use, and has as much as he needs. The simplicity of the cloister table preserves him from satiety, the short time allotted to sleep secures him against sleepless nights. In his hair-cloth raiment he learns to bear heat and cold. His hardened body is protected from a whole army of sicknesses. And if he renounces the joys of the world, he has on the other hand fewer of its sorrows to bear,—of hopes deceived, discontented ambition, wounded vanity, family dissensions, and the like. For most of the sorrows of men are self-made. And is there an untroubled earthly happiness? Does not jealousy maliciously lie in wait to disturb love, treason to sever friendship? does not envy seek to destroy fame? does not greed canker riches? Exemptions from these are, however, but the common privileges of a monk's condition. The other higher ones are of the spirit, are of a religious nature, and are better felt than described. I will name only one such privilege now, my son: but it is immeasurable, indescribable as the Godhead: it is PEACE: interior peace which gives us a foretaste of the joys of the eternal heaven."

The abbot paused, first looked earnestly at the blooming youth before him, who wished to renounce the world before he rightly knew what that world was, and then said, with much expression in his tone:

"Pay Particular attention, my son: convert yourself when the occasion to sin presents itself; for peace of the heart comes only through sacrifice. Only through renunciation can you attain PEACE. But that word *renounce*, means of one's own free will to renounce enjoyment when it attracts us. It is no renunciation, no sacrifice, when, having satiated ourselves to the full, having given such vent to the passions that they pour themselves out like a volcano—then, weary of satiety, to fall together like an ash-heap, with the marrow consumed, the heart reduced to a cinder, and with the senses deadened, to take refuge in a cloister. Such a one has lost his reward. The noble branch of the olive-tree does not take root in dry ground, and the burnt-

out heart will not be blessed by that peace of which the Lord says: "My peace I give unto you."

And now the prelate laid his hands tenderly on the shoulders of the young man, and his voice, which had been elevated, sank to a whisper as he said "*Pax tecum!*" ("Peace be with you.")

The young man now took himself up to the novice-master, in order to place himself under his authority. By him he was conducted from his cell to a roomy adjoining apartment, called the museum; in the middle of this room stood a table, and along the walls stood half a dozen of very simply made writing-tables. Three of these writing-tables were occupied with just that number of novices.

The prior introduced the new-comer, and appointed him a writing-table near the stove as his place; for all the novices were together during the day in this apartment, and only for sleeping and dressing used their cells, which, except in case of sickness, were never heated. Then the prior informed him of the daily ordo prescribed for the novices, which differed somewhat from that of the monks, and contained more restraints. He also gave him a copy of the Benedictine Breviary—four thick volumes, large octavo; to this was added a lecture on the obligation of the monks to celebrate in common the hours of prayer—on the number, significance, order and naming of these, to wit: Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline; and lastly, on the construction of the Breviary. Of the last, indeed, Brother Hugo comprehended little enough at first, but as to the rest he did as he saw the other novices do.

The first day of the novitiate is ended. Brother Hugo is kneeling in the solitary cell before the plaster crucifix. What he prayed and vowed there, God only knows.

Weeks passed away, then months. The student of former days has undergone a change. His spiritual life has deepened; his deportment is grave; his whole appearance bears witness to a nobility of soul torn by no wild passion. And yet temptations were not spared him.

Often when the novice stood on a sunny day at the high window and gazed out upon the beautiful landscape of the Bavarian Alps an indescribable woe slid into his young heart and his eyes would fix themselves on the blue walls of Alps which cross Europe and which stand on the very foundations of the earth; where the eternal mountains sit as watchers over the wall dividing north and south, using whole clouds to cap their shapeless heads and wearing immeasurable fig-tree forests as a dark-green beard. At such moments temptation often suggested, in its low-toned whis-

pers: "Fool that you are! the world is so beautiful! Will you pass your life in sadness behind the dark walls of a monastery?" but when he was already irresolute, the words of the abbot recurred to his memory and strengthened his soul: "Only through renunciation is peace to be attained."

Meantime his petition to the abbot for permission to take books from the cloister library; for the prosecution of his studies, had been granted. The librarian, a grey-headed old monk deeply versed in solid learning, soon became fond of the youth, and furnished him with what he needed from the valuable treasury of booklore which he presided over.

Bother Hugo was happy with his books. But his desire of knowledge did not make him neglect his religious duties, and he manifested a special skill in the fulfilment of his functions in the service of the altar. Once he found himself, for the first time since his adventure on Christmas night, with the librarian in the book-room. His remembrance of that event was so vividly awakened that he related it to the father, with the exception of the spectral apparition.

"In that Bible, you saved for us the treasure of our library," said the father; "formerly we possessed another even more costly. It was a written book, which had belonged to the last Count of Andechs. With this book, according to an old tradition, a very important secret was connected, but of what kind no one knows. The Chronicle there in the sixth case informs us that the book was found in the possession of the dead servant of the Count, who, returning from Palestine, was slain by robbers; it was taken up and preserved in Andechs. For the last Andechser had been a participator in the murder of the Emperor Philip, and had fled to Palestine. No one of us has ever seen the book; only old Father Benno, who has lived fifty years in Andechs, and was formerly librarian, may perhaps have known it. Probably that was also stolen."

"Father Benno?" asked the novice, eagerly; "who is he then? I have never heard anything of him."

"He is mentally sick; a man advanced in years: he never leaves his cell; and never speaks, even to his attendant."

"And Father Benno was once librarian?" asked the novice, even more eagerly than before, for he was thinking of the spectre.

"Until his mind gave way. I was not then in the monastery, yet I am now the oldest living father after him."

The novice was silent, but his eyes remained fixed on the well-remembered book-case. Just then the father was called away.

"Look yourself for what you want," said he, as he went away, "and write down what books you take away."

"So, not a ghost!" murmured Brother Hugo, when he was alone. "The feeble-minded old man—though there stands the book-case."

In the next moment he was opening the case, and fumbling with his hand on the right side inner wall for some object on which to press. He found nothing. He presses on every spot—nothing moves.

"Was I really dreaming?" Then by chance, as he was stretching out his fingers they hit on the under edge of the case: it cracked, the wall shook slightly under his hand; in the corner of the book-case a little metal knob becomes visible,—he presses it,—the secret compartment flies open, and therein lies the book. In the greatest excitement he seizes it; for its size it is wonderfully heavy. He was about to open it, but footsteps echo through the passage; startled, he lays the book again in its hiding place, and steps down from the book-shelves.

"Have you found what you want?" said the returning librarian, speaking as he entered the door.

He did not hear the snap in the book-case the spring shut itself, the secret compartment is closed.

"Yes! I will only take the Andechser Chronicle with me," answered the novice, and went to the sixth case to hide his embarrassment. Soon after both left the library. Brother Hugo carried a whole armful of chronicles away with him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword in a distant city of Ethiopia. St. Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been dragged through the streets of that city. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in the classic land of Greece. St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil, but escaping death by a miracle was banished to Patmos. St. Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downwards. St. James the Greater was beheaded at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Batholomew was flayed alive. St. Andrew was bound to a cross, and expired while preaching to his persecutors. St. Thomas was pierced through the body with a lance. St. Jude was shot to death with arrows, St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews of Salonica. St. Paul after various tortures and persecutions was at length beheaded at Rome by Nero.

Father Louis de Seille.

A MEMOIR OF THE FIRST RESIDENT MISSIONARY
AT NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

The first resident missionary in northern Indiana, and the founder of the settlement known as Notre Dame, was Father Louis de Seille, one of the most saintly priests ever sent to the American mission. He was a native of Belgium and a descendant of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in that country. The old mansion in which he was born is still standing, and is one of the most conspicuous in the neighborhood of Sleidinge. It is surrounded by stately trees, grown from nuts sent by Father de Seille from America. The little chapel where the future missionary used to retire to commune with God, and where in the bright morning of youth he made the generous sacrifice of all that is nearest and dearest to the human heart for His love, is preserved. The hallowed spot was lately visited by a priest of our acquaintance who had also the happiness of spending some hours with the noble family which cherishes with affectionate piety the memory of its apostolic son. We are told that the beautiful garden adjoining the residence of the De Seilles, and which is now a rendezvous of piety for the whole district of Sleidinge and neighboring villages, on account of a representation of the Grotto of Lourdes which it contains, was planned by Father de Seille himself.

The precise date when our missionary first came to Indiana is not known, but the period of his ministry is placed between the years 1832 and 1837. His mission embraced a portion of three States, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. A sick-call sixty or eighty miles away was a common occurrence in those days, when priests were few and far apart. Notre Dame, when Father de Seille came here, was the favorite camping-ground of the Pottawatomies, a large and powerful tribe of which the last chiefs have long since passed away. The record of the short but fruitful years of Father de Seille's ministry has not come down to us; the early missionaries were as humble as they were zealous; they never thought of perpetuating their memory by leaving in writing the history of their lives and labors, and the letters which they wrote to relatives and friends or to their religious superiors in Europe form the principal sources of the historian's information. Their good deeds are registered in heaven. The land which they watered with their tears, fertilized with their sweat, and sanctified with their blood, has brought forth an abundant harvest.

God blessed their labors more fully because of their humility and self-forgetfulness.

Father de Seille is described as a man of a grave and reserved manner. His long intercourse with the Indians imparted to him a tinge of their own deep melancholy. His face, though youthful, bore the trace of suffering and the marks of tears; abstinence was written on his brow, and his downcast eye accorded with his meek profession. But under that calm exterior beat the burning heart of an apostle whose every breath was for God. The love of the Indians for their black-robe was beyond expression; they loved him as their father, benefactor and friend—as "the good messenger of the good God."

The venerable priest who followed close in the footsteps of the saintly De Seille, arriving at the mission only a few years after his predecessor's death, tells us that no sooner did he set foot in his new home than he was invited to visit the grave of the departed missionary, so much was he venerated. The house in which he lived was still standing; it was a log shanty, divided into two apartments, one of which served as a chapel, the other as a sleeping-room. Everything remained much as the good Father had left it. There was his rude bed, his table, some books, and a few chairs. In the chapel was the little wooden altar where he daily said Mass. Its only ornament was a beautiful picture of the *Mater Dolorosa* after the Belgian design. Here Father de Seille was buried. Some years after, when a new church was built, the body was removed and placed in a vault under the main altar. A large cross now marks the spot where the little log cabin used to stand, and a row of evergreen trees forms an enclosure.

What a change has taken place in the years that have elapsed since the death of Father de Seille! The little mission is now the home of a numerous religious community, and the seat of a large and flourishing university which holds a first rank among Catholic institutions of learning in the United States. Instead of the rude log chapel may be seen one of the finest churches in the West. Across the beautiful lake, the banks of which were once dotted with the wigwams of the Indians, half-hidden in the trees is the Scholasticate, where many a young levite has prepared himself in silence and retirement for the service of the sanctuary—the realization, perhaps, of the missionary's prayer that God would send other laborers into His vineyard. Formerly the margin of the lake was graced by majestic oaks and hickories; only the stumps remain. Along the borders of this lake, then in its primeval beauty, Father de Seille often wandered, while reciting his breviary or telling his beads. Near by was the Indian camping ground.

It remains for us to tell how Father de Seille died. He had been at Pokegan, another village of the Pottawatomes, for two weeks. When taking leave he told them they would probably never see him again. They were deeply grieved at this sad announcement, for they loved him as a father. He seemed to allude to his approaching death, and yet he was in the prime of life and to all appearance full of vigor. The poor Indians, soon to be deprived of their beloved black-robe, crowded around him to ask the meaning of his words. "*I have a great journey to perform,*" he said; "*pray for me, and do not forget to say your beads for me.*" With this he left them, and started home on foot, a distance of about thirty-five miles, although he kept a horse for occasions when prompt attendance might be necessary to secure the salvation of a soul. That same day he reached Notre Dame, apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health. Next morning, however, he fell ill, and it was not without great effort that he was able to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Towards noon he declared to those around him that he should not live long, and told them it would be prudent to send for a priest, but no one could be persuaded that there was any immediate danger. Next morning he felt much worse, and gave orders to dispatch two messengers for a priest—one to Logansport, the other to Chicago, distant respectively sixty-six and eighty-six miles. He feared lest one of the priests might be absent on a sick call. It happened that both were ill, and unable to leave home. The messengers returned alone, after an absence of three days. Meanwhile the sick man had grown much worse, but the physicians were still confident of his recovery. Not so Father de Seille; he knew this illness was his last; and his disappointment, when he learned that no priest had arrived, may be imagined. That inestimable consolation which he had often undertaken long and painful journeys to secure for his dying penitents he himself cannot have. It was the will of Providence; he bowed his head in humble submission. His life had been one of self-denial—a sacrifice shall crown it. He prepared himself as best he could, for his strength was ebbing fast. The tender devotion which he always entertained for the Mother of God fortified and consoled him. She it must have been who prompted him to an act of saintlike devotion. Suddenly the dying priest made an effort to rise. He summoned his attendants, and asked to be carried to the adjoining chapel. Tenderly they raised him up and bore him to the foot of the altar. There he knelt for some moments supported in their arms. A significant glance at his surplice and stole told them his purpose. They hastened to vest him. He raised him-

self, and with trembling hand unlocked the tabernacle and drew forth the ciborium. He uncovers it and casts a long, loving, tender look at the Sacred Host. Then, humbly bending, he administered to himself the Holy Viaticum. Again he knelt for a long time in profound adoration. He was now prepared to die, and He whom he had loved so ardently and served so well was soon to receive him in an eternal embrace. The attendants were dumb with emotion. Fearing he would die in their arms, they conveyed him back to his room and placed him gently on the bed. He thanked them again and again. In less than half an hour, while invoking the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and with a calm smile on his countenance, he expired without a struggle. Thus died in the flower of his age Father Louis de Seille, one of the most devoted missionaries the Church has ever had in America. His life and his death are his best eulogy.

The sad news of Father de Seille's death was soon known to every one in the village. His parting words at Pokegan had sunk deep into the hearts of the poor Indians; what was to befall him, they thought; and what was it that made their hearts so heavy? After some time the suspense became insufferable, and they resolved to set out for Notre Dame. It happened as the missionary had foretold them: when they arrived, he was no more. It was a day of gloom for the poor Indians. They gathered in silent groups around the death-bed, and stood, like statues, gazing at the features of their beloved father. An Indian never cries, but the deepened shade of melancholy in their dusky faces told the anguish of their hearts. For three days the mourning continued, and no one thought of burying the corpse. It was only when the authorities of the nearest town ordered it to be done, that the Indians could resign themselves to perform the sad office. Poor Indians! they knew their loss. From him whom they now looked upon for the last time, they had received God's best gift—the Faith; he had instructed and baptized more than half of them, and his hands were ever extended to impart to them temporal and spiritual blessings.

It seems to have been the common belief of the whole tribe that Father de Seille possessed the gift of prophecy. Besides the announcement of his death, he foretold before a number of people that two of the wealthiest men in the neighborhood, both founders of towns, would die penniless, and so it happened, to the astonishment of all. On another occasion, when erecting a cross in presence of a large assembly, he declared that it would never be touched by fire; two or three times afterwards everything around it was consumed by the

destroying element, but the cross remained unjured.

When good Bishop Bruté heard of the illness of Father de Seille he sent word to the priest stationed at New Albany, Ind., to go at once to Logansport, to visit the priest there, and then to hasten to Father de Seille, for both were reported to be very ill. The venerable missionary to whom this message was sent is still living, and now resides at Notre Dame. We called on him one day before writing this sketch, hoping to learn some further particulars of Father de Seille. He was unwell at the time, but he drew up a chair near his own and kindly invited us to be seated. "Yes," he said, in answer to our first question, "I was stationed at New Albany at the time of Father de Seille's death: I remember it well. As soon as I received Bishop Bruté's letter I started at once for Logansport, where I found the poor priest of that mission very sick and in great misery. I remained with him some time, and then set out for Notre Dame. How I came, or where I crossed the river, I have no idea. It took me fully a week to make the journey. I stopped one night on the way at a farm-house, and there I met a stranger who inquired if I were not a priest, and going to Notre Dame. 'I come from there,' he said; 'Father de Seille is dead.' Next morning I continued my journey, and when I arrived at Notre Dame he was buried. I had hard work to keep the Indians from taking up the body again. I said Mass for Father de Seille and then returned home. The Indians were able to sing the Mass in Latin very well, and many of them spoke French." "Where are those Indians now?" we asked. "Father de Seille had not been dead long," continued the narrator, "when the Government obliged the Indians to give up their land and move farther west. They would not go, however, without a priest. As there was none that could be spared, Father Petit, then a sub-deacon, was ordained and started for Missouri with the Indians. He died shortly after, and was succeeded by a Jesuit Father." Our obliging informant then showed us a reliquary that belonged to Father de Seille: it contained a relic of St. Joseph. "I have also his chalice," he added; "both were given to me by Bishop Bruté." We pressed the reliquary to our lips, and, thanking our venerable friend for his kindness, arose to go. "Come to-morrow," he said; and I will give you that chalice; and, when I am dead, you shall have the reliquary." Next morning, at an early hour, the writer was knocking at the missionary's door to receive the precious chalice, of which he is now the happy possessor, and which he prizes more than words can tell. We expressed our gratitude

by promising to say Mass for our good friend in case he died before us. "You will have to say it soon," was the reply, "for I feel that I shall not last much longer. I have lived long enough." We hope we may not have occasion to say the promised Masses for many years yet.

But we are exceeding our limits of time and space. In conclusion it is perhaps needless to say that at Notre Dame, where our holy missionary lived and died, his memory is among the most cherished reminiscences of the past. In a vault under the sanctuary of the beautiful new church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart now reposes all that could die of Father Louis de Seille.

Catholic Notes.

—The beautiful new Church of St. Bernard, at Watertown, Wis., one of the finest in the State, was dedicated last Sunday with the usual ceremonies.

—The admirable article on "Louise Lateau," by Miss Howe, which, as someone remarked to us, was as good as a pilgrimage, is concluded this week. We are glad to announce that at some future time it will be issued in book-form.

—The three oldest priests in the United States are Father Keenan, of Lancaster, Pa; Father McElroy, S. J., who was chaplain to the United States army during the Mexican war; and Father Dominick Young, the Dominican.

—Rev. Dr. Morrison said at a recent Unitarian conference that the "Roman Catholicism of Great Britain has lately taken in some of the noblest minds and purest spirits that have lived in England for centuries," a fact which was to be "greatly deplored."

—A very successful mission by the Jesuit Fathers Coghlin and Neiderkorn, of Chicago, closed at Omaha, Neb., on the 5th inst. Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor administered Confirmation to two hundred and twenty-four persons on the same occasion. Over 2,000 persons received Holy Communion. On Monday evening following, Father Coghlin delivered an eloquent lecture on the subject: "Is one Church as good as another?" to a large audience at the Cathedral.

—The assumption of worldly people that they are wiser and more practical than those who try to save their souls is not the least of their conceits. The boy who ate his dinner in the morning so that his basket would be lighter while he was hunting nuts, did not think he was much sharper than the other one whom he saw enjoying his, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The five foolish virgins who slumbered and slept while the other five moped on the watch, did not feel wise at all when "at midnight, a cry arose; Lo, the Bridegroom cometh."—*Catholic Columbian*.

—A singular event happened lately in Leipsic Germany, which may justly be considered something more than a mere accident. A column 120 feet high had been erected in commemoration of the last glorious peace; at the top of this column, called *Friedenssäule* (Column of Peace) was an immodest statue of the heathen goddess Victoria. On the 6th of September a hurricane arose and threw the idol from the summit of the column, shivering it to atoms. Faithful Christians may see here the Finger of God, who would not permit the erection in Germany of new pagan idols which St. Boniface destroyed 1,000 years ago. Let us hope that the progress of modern paganism in Germany may also be checked in a similar way.

—A Catholic editor in Germany, who like many of his colleagues has suffered imprisonment by the Government, found opportunity and leisure during his captivity to make a collection of all the Catholic German papers in which the 30th anniversary of the Pope's coronation had been glorified either in prose or verse. This collection, making a portly volume, was presented, with an appropriate address, by the rector of the German Campo Santo to the Holy Father, who being exceedingly pleased with this present, said: "Formerly you had in Germany hardly five decent Catholic journals; but since the lash of persecution has come over you their number has increased to several hundred. Thus Divine Providence leads all to the best." The Holy Father then gave his blessing to the editor and to all contributors to the Catholic press. A reply to the address will also be sent by the Holy Father.

—The Philadelphia *Catholic Standard* of last week contains the following, which will be read with interest: "Rev. Father Byrne and two Dominican Fathers from New York commenced a ten days' Mission at Plymouth on Sunday, October 22d. There is a very large Irish Catholic population here, and the Mission will do an immensity of good, as it is the first held here. Father Toner, of Towanda, is the pastor of Plymouth, and he has been obliged to cancel all his engagements to deliver his lecture on "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland" in consequence of the hurt which he received on his knee when going to Washington to lecture. Since then he has received a large number of letters inquiring as to his health and prosperity. He is now well, and will soon resume his lectures. The Dominicans are very popular here, and that is one reason why Father Toner secured their services. They have had a 'warm corner' in the hearts of the people ever since Father Burke delivered his lectures on behalf of Ireland; they do not forget that he was of the world-famed Order of Preachers.

—A STATUE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN A PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The *Dundee Evening News* writes, in tones of deep despondency, thus: "It is lamentable to find Popery and Ritualism making fearful strides through this once Protestant land. A new monastery has just been opened in buildings formerly used as a defence for the coast, but surrendered by the Government to Lord Lovat, and presented by him to the Jesuits. Here and at Perth they have magnificent

buildings. The monastery at Perth has all the appearance of a palace, and is the most conspicuous object on approaching the 'fair citie.' You would be startled if you knew how many of the Scottish nobility have boldly 'gone over'; and the example of the Butes, the Lovats, Frasers, Stuarts, Dowager Duchesses of Argyll and Athole, Marchioness Lothian, Duchess of Buccleugh, etc., is awfully contagious. One of our royal princes has been visiting the Marquis of Bute last week! And as if there were not enough of images in the Roman and Scottish Episcopalian edifices, the fine old established Presbyterian Church in the centre of Dundee has had restored to the tower a statue of the Virgin Mary, holding her Infant Son, with His tiny hand raised, with the two fingers and thumb only exposed, after the Roman mode of imparting benediction."

—"Since the death of M. Dupont, the holy man of Tours," says the *Univers*, "an extraordinary devotional feeling has been manifested in his regard. The house of the holy man has been transformed into an oratory dedicated to the Sacred Face. We have been requested (adds the journal) to give publicity to the following note, which it is needless for us to recommend to the attention of all those who, during his long life, had any intercourse with this great servant of God:—'M. Dupont, the holy man of Tours, celebrated throughout the world for his devotion to the Sacred Face of our Saviour, expired on the 18th of last March. The Life of this great servant of God is now being prepared, and any persons who possess autograph letters from him or who are acquainted with any particulars respecting him which should be made public are requested to communicate with the Abbé Janvier, Dean of the Metropolitan Chapter, at Tours (Indre et Loire). It is on the formal request of the Archbishop of Tours that the Dean of the Metropolitan Chapter has undertaken this task. The Prelate regards it as a duty for which he is responsible, to bestow the most scrupulous care in the collection of the slightest details respecting the life of the admirable man who, during a long period of years, has, under the auspices of St. Martin, edified the city and the Diocese of Tours, by a constant practice, and an unequalled apostolate of prayer.'" A sketch of the life of M. Dupont will appear in the "AVE MARIA" next year.

—A friend travelling in California sends us some interesting and highly encouraging notes concerning the progress of Catholicity in Solano County. He says there is a handsome church at Suisun, and that owing to the increasing demand for more space the pastor intends enlarging the edifice next spring; our informant also reports nice churches at Dixon and Elmira, in the same county, under the respective invocations of St. Peter and St. John the Baptist, and that St. Joseph's Church at Rio Vista is to be enlarged in a few months. These churches are under the zealous pastoral care of Rev. Father McNaboe, and have not a penny of debt upon them. A large and handsome academy has lately been erected at Suisun through the princely liberality of Mr. Joseph Bruning, a wealthy citizen of that place. The Convent or

Academy is built upon his own land, generously donated for the purpose, and when completed will cost, furnished with all the modern improvements for academical purposes, no less than \$14,000, all paid by the generous donor. The building, four stories high and surmounted by a handsome cross, is situated on a hill overlooking the Sacramento River and the town of Suisun, and commands a fine view of the valley beneath. The Academy has been placed under the patronage of St. Gertrude, the patron Saint of Mrs. Bruning, and will be given in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, who are to move into it in a few weeks. As a general thing, boarding-schools and academies entail a heavy expense on their managers during the first years of their existence, hence Mr. Bruning has decided to support this establishment at his own expense for the first year, in order to give the Sisters an opportunity of getting the work fairly under way. The good works of this gentleman deserve the highest commendation, and we hope will be taken as an example by many others of our wealthy Catholics. He it was, also, we believe, who donated the site of St. Alphonsus' Church at Suisun, with several acres for a cemetery.

—The new cast-iron spire of the Cathedral at Rouen has just been completed. The *Semaine Religieuse* of that diocese publishes the following particulars relative to the comparative heights of the principal monuments of the globe, as contrasted with this new work. None of the structures raised by the hand of man has made so magnificent or so lofty a pedestal as the Christian Cross. The dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the model of modern art, thrown up to the skies by the genius of Bramante and Michael Angelo, has raised the emblem to 452 feet above the ground. Strasburg, the highest cathedral in all France, reaches, with its celebrated clock-tower, 465 feet; Amiens, 439 feet; Chartres, 399 feet; Notre Dame, at Paris, only 222 feet. The Paris Pantheon does not exceed 308 feet, the cross included. On another side, the highest Pyramid, that of Cheops, measures 478 feet according to some travellers, 465 feet according to others, and this latter calculation is the one generally adopted—a height which no known human construction has hitherto exceeded. The pyramid of Chephrem has 436 feet, that of Mycorenus 177 feet. Among more modern edifices the dome of St. Paul's, London, has 360 feet; that of Milan, 375 feet; the Hotel de Ville, of Brussels, 352 feet; the Square Tower of Asinelli (Italy) 351 feet; the dome of the Invalides, Paris, 344 feet. St. Sophia, at Constantinople, only rises 190 feet; the leaning tower of Pisa to 187 feet; the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, to 144 feet; the Pantheon of Agrippa to 141 feet; the Observatory of Paris to 88 feet. The dome of the Capitol at Washington, including its statue, reaches 307 feet in height; Trinity Church steeple 284 feet. From these figures, which are given in round numbers, it will be seen that the spire of Rouen, which has a height of 493 feet, is the most elevated monument in the world. The old one, commenced in 1544, on the plans of Robert Becquet, destroyed by the fire of Sept. 15, 1822, and which was justly considered one of the boldest and most perfect

works in existence, had a height of 433 feet; it was therefore 59 feet less than the present spire.

New Publications.

—We have been favored by Frederick Pustet, of New York and Cincinnati, with the current number of *Deutsche Hausschatz*, an excellent Catholic Magazine now in its third year. The volume comprises eighteen numbers, which are issued every three weeks. Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, Sebastian Brunner, Baroness Lina de Berlepsch, and other writers of celebrity, are among the contributors. The illustrations, of which there are eight in each number, are excellent. We take pleasure in recommending this magazine to those of our readers who are familiar with German. The price for single numbers is 20 cts.

—The *Rosary Magazine* for November has just been received from London. The table of contents is as follows; 1. Indulgences.—III; 2. The Fifth Sorrowful Mystery (Poetry); 3. History of Our Lady of Lourdes.—III; 4. The Fathers of the Desert.—III; 5. The Lamp of Ireland at Lourdes; 6. Mirabilia Dei; 7. Varieties; 8. Current Events.

—*Bibliographia Catholica Americana*. Addenda et Corrigenda.

A kind friend in Cincinnati has sent us this new appendix to Father Finotti's invaluable work.

—RECEIVED.—“The First Christmas for Our Dear Little Ones,” by Miss Rosa Mulholland. New York and Cincinnati: Fredrick Pustet. *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, etc.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4TH.

Number of letters received, 114; of new members enrolled, 160. Applications have been made as follows: Recovery of health for 73 persons and 3 families; change of life for 40 persons; conversion to the faith for 32 persons and 3 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 5, and that of a happy death for 16 persons; particular graces have been asked for 8 priests, 8 religious, 2 lay-persons desiring a religious vocation, and for 9 clerical students; temporal favors have been solicited for 38 persons, 18 families, 8 communities, 7 congregations, 8 schools; spiritual favors for 36 persons, 8 families, 8 communities, 7 congregations, 8 schools, and 1 orphan asylum. The following intentions have been specified: Some Catholics married out of the Church; resources for a family, threatened with entire loss of property, to redeem a mortgage, or for a profitable sale of the property; employment for a former student, and grace to overcome a certain vice; a Protestant lady, favorably inclined towards our holy religion, for conversion and relief from troubles both temporal and spiritual; certain districts ravaged by epidemic diseases; some dissipated young men who are a cause of much grief to their parents, also some ladies who suffer much afflic-

tion from their husbands; several Catholic families living at a distance from church; grace to forgive one's enemies; some persons travelling; employment and situations for several persons; a Catholic young man of good disposition deluded into a Secret Society; the removal of an evil in a certain parish; the cure of some scrupulous persons; a poor widow and her family solicit temporal and spiritual relief.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a zealous priest in Ohio: "On this occasion I wish to state and return thanks for the following favors obtained through the use of the water of Lourdes. About a month ago I procured a vial of the water for Mr. P. L. —. He applied it to a sore leg with which he had been afflicted for years past. The sores gradually healed up, and are now almost entirely cured. About two weeks ago, whilst his leg was gradually improving, his wife got a spell of a chronic disease to which she had been subject at times for the last ten or fifteen years. It consisted of a kind of oppression of the chest and heart, which rendered her breathing exceedingly difficult and painful. After such a spell, she was always very weak for several days. On this occasion she wanted to take, as usual, one of the powders kept on hand for the emergency by the advice of the doctor. These powders had sometimes given her a little relief,—say 20 minutes after she took them. Whilst getting the powder ready in the spoon, Mr. L., bethinking himself of the water of Lourdes, mixed two or three drops of it with the medicine, then brought the mixture in the spoon to his wife, who was wondering where he remained so long with her powder; and, giving it to her, he said: 'Just take this now in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' She had the mixture hardly in her mouth when she breathed freely and fully, and, much amazed, said to her husband: 'What did you give me?' 'Well, asked he, 'did it do you any good?' 'I am entirely cured,' she answered. When he told her what he had done, they both returned thanks for the manifest favor. As they both assured me, it went as if by lightning. In fact, she felt sudden relief the very instant she took the mixture. The taste was like that of a few drops of cold water. As to the powder, she did not taste it at all, and in fact most of the powder, if not all, remained sticking to the spoon. Mrs. L., after her instantaneous relief from oppressed breathing, did not feel weak at all, as usual after such spells, but was at once perfectly well and hearty, and has continued so ever since."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. SAMUEL J. CONLON, of New York City, who departed this life suddenly, yet fully fortified with the Sacraments of the Church, on the 9th of October. Mr. MICHAEL KEARNEY, of Philadelphia, Pa., who fell asleep in our Lord on the 19th of October, in the 32d year of his age. Mrs. ISIDORE KING, of Georgetown, who died in Washington, D. C., on the 25th of October, aged 29 years. Mr. JOSEPH McNALLY, who died suddenly of

hemorrhage, on the 25th ult., at Jericho, Ky. JULIA LUCK, of New London, Conn. MARY TIERNEY, of Philadelphia. HON. ROBERT R. HEATH, of Littleton, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM WHITE, of Pittsburgh. The departed Sisters of the Community of the Holy Child Jesus, whose mother-house is at Sharon Hall, Pa. Mr. MICHAEL MARTIN, who died in the 70th year of his age at Trenton, N. J., on the 20th of October.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Obituary.

—Departed this life recently at Bridgeport, Wis., Mr. DAVID FOX, for the last twelve years a subscriber to the "AVE MARIA" and one who ever took its interests kindly to heart, extending its circulation among his friends and acquaintances, whenever opportunity offered. We have had no particulars of his last moments, nor the time of his death, but we trust that she whose advocate he was in life consoled him in death and soothed his last moments with her benignant presence. "*Qui elucidant me, vitam eternam habebunt.*"

Requiescat in pace.

The Angelus Bell.

To the traveller in Spanish America, the striking of the "*Angelus*" exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an encounter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles lingering or passing into an expression of prayer; you would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America, at the tinkle of the *Angelus*, resembles the city in the "Arabian Nights" whose inhabitants are turned into stone. The magician here is the bell-ringer; but hardly has the vibration ceased when an universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hands meet hands, question seeks answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers sing, the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Children's Department.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

FROM "STORIES OF THE SAINTS," BY M. F. S.

Although so much was done to make Louis dislike his future wife, he never ceased to love her, and when he returned home after his short absences he would bring her some little gift as a proof of his affection. Once, however, he omitted doing this, which caused Elizabeth some pain, and one of the young nobles who had come with her from Hungary spoke to Louis, asking him if he meant to break his word, and let her return home to her father. The landgrave sprang to his feet, declaring he would never give her up, that he loved her more because of the piety which all condemned; and very soon afterwards his marriage with Elizabeth took place at the Castle of Wartburg, when he was twenty, and she about thirteen years old.

Louis of Thuringia was worthy to be the husband of the Saint, for he also loved God above all things, and they lived very happily together; but her affection for him never caused her to neglect her prayer, or the works of charity she had practised before. Constantly in the cold winter nights she would rise to meditate upon the birth of Jesus in the chilly darkness of the stable at Bethlehem; she would go away from rich banquets having eaten nothing but dry bread; and yet, though she was hard with herself, she was so happy and had such a bright, joyous countenance, that all felt peace and comfort in her presence.

It pleased God in return for her faithful love to show some wonderful signs of His grace upon her. Once she was sitting down alone to a meal of bread and water, when Louis happened to come in quite unexpectedly, and, raising his wife's cup to his lips, he found it full of a richer wine than he had ever before tasted. He asked the steward whence he had drawn it, but when he heard that Elizabeth's cup was never filled with anything but water, Louis said no more, for he saw now that it was the work of Almighty God in blessing for the love she gave to Him and His poor.

Although the dear Saint's gifts to the sick and suffering were so constant, she also waited upon them and visited them herself, no matter how keen the wind, or how rough and steep the road which led to their dwellings. She also obtained the landgrave's permission to build a hospital half-way upon the rock where the castle stood, so that about twenty-eight sick people might be

received there who were too weak to climb up the hill to the gate for relief. These she visited every day, carrying them food with her own hands, washing their sores and kissing their feet in the greatness of her charity.

It happened once that as Elizabeth, with her servant, was coming down a very steep path, she suddenly met her husband and a company of nobles returning from a day's hunting. She was almost bending beneath the weight of bread, meat, and eggs she was carrying to the poor, and, folding her cloak tightly round her, stood aside to let them pass by; but Louis insisted on knowing what she had with her, and opening her mantle, he saw with surprise that it was filled with the most beautiful red and white roses he had ever beheld, and it was the more astonishing because the season for such flowers was long since passed. But the dear Saint was so troubled by God's favors to her being thus made public, that Louis tried to soothe her; but he drew back with reverence as he saw the light of a glowing silvery crucifix appearing above her head, and, bidding her farewell, he rode homeward, musing over God's wonders, carrying with him one of the miraculous roses, which he wore near his heart to the day of his death. Meantime Elizabeth, with great simplicity, went on her way, and when she reached the homes of the sick and destitute, the roses had vanished, and the food for their relief was again visible.

As time passed on, the landgrave and his young wife had several children given them by God, and soon after the birth of each one the mother would take the new-born baby up the steep path to the Church of St. Catherine, and there offer it upon the altar, beseeching God with many tears to make the little one grow up His friend and servant.

While the life of Elizabeth was passed in these lovely deeds of charity and holiness, Germany was calling upon all her princely knights to gather together in a fresh crusade to wrest the holy sepulchre of Christ from the power of the infidel Turks. Louis of Thuringia joined the number, and received the cross worn by crusaders from the hands of the Bishop of Hildesheim. It was a terrible sorrow to the Saint when she heard that he was leaving her, and at first she cried bitterly, begging him to remain at home; but when he told her that he felt called by the love of Jesus Christ to undertake this holy cause, she ceased weeping, and, begging God to watch over him, bade him farewell. They never met on earth again, for the brave Louis was one of the first to be slain; he had gone for the love of God, and he died for that love willingly, without a murmur or regret.

Poor Elizabeth! Now, indeed, she was soli-

tary. "I have lost everything," she said. "Oh! my Jesus, strengthen my weakness." Just at first every one pitied her, but very soon the old dislike to her returned, all manner of evil things were spoken of her, and at last her cruel relations drove her from the castle with her little fatherless children, and not even those whom she had fed in their hunger would shelter her. From door to door she went, only to be turned away. Like Jesus, her Master, she "had not where to lay her head"; but at length she was admitted into a miserable little inn, and put to sleep in an out-house where pigs were usually kept. While resting there she heard the bell of the Franciscan church close by, and hastening to the friars, she begged that the "*Te Deum*" might be sung in thanksgiving for the humiliation and suffering God had sent her; and as the music rose up to heaven, peace and joy filled her sad heart, and never again left it. But though dear St. Elizabeth was glad to suffer, so as to be more like Christ when He was on earth, she could not bear to hear her little children crying with cold and hunger, therefore she resolved to bear the pain of sending them away from her, and some friend took them to places of safety.

But though every one forsook Elizabeth, God took care of her and gave her more and more wonderful proofs of His great love, allowing her many times to have beautiful visions of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, which comforted her in her great sufferings.

After a time the Landgravine Sophia and her sons were sorry for their treatment of the Saint and restored to her a great part of her property, so that her children were provided for, but Elizabeth chose for herself a life of continual poverty and hardship. Her coarse dress was patched with all shades and colors; she worked for her bread by preparing wool for spinning, and took part with her two companions, Isentrude and Guta, in the labor of their home.

It was God's will that Elizabeth should become quite perfect in suffering, so He even allowed the priest who was her confessor, and a very holy man, to be often severe and harsh with her, giving her difficult commands to obey, and humbling her by great penances which needed much patience and gentleness to bear; but through every trial the Saint drew nearer to God, setting all her love upon Him, never failing in obedience to her confessor, whom she regarded in the place of Jesus Christ. Even when he sent away her two early friends, and put in their places coarse, rough women, who were very unkind to her, she behaved with perfect sweetness and submission, although at first the parting with her beloved companions made her shed many tears.

Soon she was to receive her reward; for one night, at the close of the year 1231, as Elizabeth lay praying in her bed, she had a vision of our Lord in the midst of a golden brightness, who bade her prepare for her approaching death. She arose, and began very gladly to arrange for her burial, visit her poor friends, and divide the few things she possessed between them and her two companions; and after four days she felt the beginning of illness. For a fortnight she suffered from violent fever, but she was almost continually engaged in prayer, and was quite calm and happy. One evening, when Elizabeth seemed to be sleeping, the woman who watched her heard a sweet soft song coming from her lips, and afterwards she exclaimed: "Oh, madam, how beautifully you have been singing!"

"Did you hear it?" said the Saint. "I will tell you how it was. A little bird came and sang so sweetly to me that I could but sing with him, and he revealed to me that I shall die in three days."

From that moment she refused to see any visitors, desiring to keep herself alone with God; she made her confession to the Blessed Conrad, and afterwards talked with him of God and the joys of heaven; then, having heard Mass, she received the last Sacraments with a love only known to Jesus, and on the night of the 19th of November she died, having just reached the age of twenty-four years.

Those who came to look at her in death said that never before had she appeared so beautiful, for the glory of her wonderful holiness rested upon her sweet calm face, a fragrant perfume was observed in the room where her body was lying, and angel voices were heard singing above her.

Four years afterwards, when all the accounts of her life had been made known, the Pope declared Elizabeth a saint in heaven, whose name was to be honored in the Church on earth; and the tidings spread far and wide, so that pilgrims from all countries began to visit her shrine, to make prayers and offerings there. And now, in closing this story of Elizabeth's childish days, and the sweet suffering life she led when she grew older, we will put here a little prayer which has been addressed to the saint, begging her to get us grace to love and serve God as she did.

"Oh, dear St. Elizabeth, I honor thy pious childhood, I grieve for thy sufferings and persecutions. Why have I not passed my first years in holiness? why have I not borne my little sorrows patiently? I entreat thee, by thy blessed childhood, crush my childish wilfulness and sin, and by thy great patience obtain for me the pardon of all my faults." Amen.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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St. Walburge.

BY THE REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S. J.

If we steam up the Ribble from Blackpool, or journey by rail or road anywhere near Preston, the beautiful spire of Saint Walburge's meets our eyes. It stands out, among the tall chimneys of the cloth mills around it, like a memorial of the eternal world, in the midst of this passing world's bustle and strife. There it is, calmly tapering up into the air, while the furnaces are smoking, engines thumping, and looms whirling and deafening with their ceaseless din. Its "silent finger points to heaven," as though to say to all beholders: Whatever else you have to work at, work out your *salvation*. Do it while you have time; the night cometh, when none can work. *There, above*, is your bright reward; up beyond those clouds, up where no smoke from the tallest chimney has ever reeked; up above the blue sky itself. There, too, is the throne of your future Judge, who, while time lasts, will hear every lowly prayer, every sigh of contrition,—for "the prayer of him that humbleth himself pierces the clouds:" but who will soon come to judgment, and demand an account for opportunities neglected as well as for evil done. Therefore, watch and pray: therefore work, and make merchandise with grace: therefore resist, and persevere. "Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good." What a number of persuasive lessons for us, coming up from that tall and silent spire!

But the spire and Church of Saint Walburge's, in Preston, were erected in memory of special favors gained through her means. That gentle Abbess, who prayed so well on earth a thousand and one hundred years ago, has gone on interceding for her native England, even till now. And, besides the untold, unknown gifts obtained by her, which the Last Day will declare, favors

have been wrought in Preston, not long since, by means of her miraculous oil.

A miracle in Preston, in this nineteenth century! How would those, spiritually blind, who will not believe even what they might see, how would they scoff at this, if you were to say it! And yet, it is well known to you: or you may easily get at the facts, almost at your doors. I pass on, to sketch the outlines of Saint Walburge's life, and then to notice some particulars as to that same healing oil which God permits to flow from her sacred relics.

She was one of a family of saints. When parents do their duty towards their own souls and their children—would that all parents did so in their short day of trial!—they are likely to rear up some young citizens for the Kingdom of Heaven. A parent's hand is like the potter's, that can mould a vessel into this shape or that, while the clay is soft. Their account will be a heavy one if they neglect to employ this power for Him. Walburge had the blessing of a saintly father, Richard, king of one of the Saxon kingdoms in this island. His pious care of his children was rewarded in the sanctity of his daughter, and of her two brothers, Willibald and Winibald. One of those holy youths became a German Bishop, the other a German abbot, as Saint Walburge herself became a German abbess.

But how did they come to live in Germany, when they were English by birth? This was God's good providence, to spread the Gospel among that once heathen people. And thus it came to pass:

Saint Boniface, the Apostle of the German race, himself an Englishman, a native of Devonshire, was uncle to Saint Walburge and her brothers. He felt inspired by God to leave his English monastery (with full permission of his superiors, otherwise the step would have been sinful and unblest), to cross the German Ocean, and preach the truth among various heathen tribes on the conti-

ment. After many years of apostolic labor and success, being Archbishop of Mayence, and representing the Pope in those parts, he was martyred for the truth he preached. Such is always the true way of preaching: to endure, to suffer something for the sake of what we utter. And the more we so suffer, the more power goes out with our words, to move the hearts of others to our dear Lord, and to make them think in earnest of saving their souls.

Long before St. Boniface was martyred, however, he had met his nephew St. Winibald, in Rome. The saints were staunch Roman Catholics in those days, as ever both before and since: for the words of our Divine Master to St. Peter * have always pointed out where we are to look for guidance, blessing, and the well-spring of Priesthood and Sacraments. So Boniface was now in Rome, to kneel at the Pope's feet for a benediction on his labors in Germany; and Winibald was there on a pious pilgrimage. The uncle persuaded the nephew to come with him to the wild forests and marshy plains where his mission lay. He settled him at a place called Heidenheim,† where he be-

* "Thou art Peter (Rock), and on this Rock I will build My Church."—(St. Matt., xvi, 15-19.) It is a text which they who deny the Faith have been at much pains to explain away: but the meaning is too clear to allow of that. St. Peter had proclaimed our Lord to be the true Christ, or anointed: and, in reward, He proclaims His Apostle to be Cephas, Rock: and He adds the reason. He had called him Cephas before then; the first time that Simon came to him: because, all along, He designed him for the head of His Church under Himself. (St. John, i, 42.) It was, certainly, not an empty title that Simon gave his Master, in calling Him Christ: neither was it an empty title that the Lord gave to His servant, in calling him Rock. He was, indeed, to fall, to keep him ever humble; but he was to rise again, to keep the Church ever firm and unshaken. Not for his own sake only, but for ours, he was exalted to this sublime office; but in pity for the weakness and uncertainty of men's judgment, which needs an *infallible* guide in religion. "Simon, Simon," said our Lord, "behold, Satan hath desired to have *you* (all of you, My Apostles and Disciples), that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for *thee*, that *thy* faith fail not; and *thou* being once converted, confirm thy brethren." And again: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?—Feed My sheep—feed My lambs." So that, the more the saints have loved our Lord, the more intensely, of necessity, have they loved and venerated the See (*i. e.*, the Seat or Supreme Chair) of Peter: the deeper horror have they had of anything like schism, or separation from it.

† Heidenheim means, in English, the *Heathen's Home*: and the very name reminds us of the time

came abbot, ruling over several communities of monks. And then they both determined the best thing to do was to invite their relation Walburge from her Dorsetshire convent (Wimborne Minster), to come and infuse her own spirit, so gentle and pure, into the minds of the German women, young and old.

Neither Boniface nor any other Bishop could go in for "secular education," where better was to be had. So the Apostle of Germany called over four other noble English maidens, besides Walburge and her companions; and they afterwards became saintly abbesses. Meanwhile, she did not forget the Latin she had learnt in her quiet cell at Wimborne; and afterwards she wrote in that language the life of St. Winibald, and an account of St. Willibald's pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which she took down from his own lips at Heidenheim. It may interest us to know that never having an idle moment, in the intervals of the choir and her other duties, she was great at spinning and weaving. The good old English name for a maiden is *spinster*, because she is supposed to be much occupied in that useful employment. And it is very touching and instructive to see pictures in which Our Blessed Lady herself is represented as spinning in the humble cottage at Nazareth.

Walburge and her brother Winibald lived at Heidenheim for some ten years, in great union of heavenly love; he as abbot, and she as abbess. It reminds us of St. Benedict himself, the great founder of their order, and his sister, St. Scholastica, with their affectionate discourses on heavenly things. At the end of that time, Winibald went to his reward; and then his sister was appointed to govern his seven monasteries, together with her own community. But Saints are never altogether borne down by labors and cares, however weighty: both because they receive special help from our Lord, and because they work and govern, or work and obey, solely with Himself in view.

How, then, did St. Walburge come to Eichstadt, where her relics now repose? Thus it was. Her eldest brother, St. Willibald, had been made Bishop of that place by St. Boniface, to

when St. Boniface left his quiet cloister in the west of England, where the Name of our Blessed Lord was loved and adored, to go and preach It, at the peril of his life, to those who had never heard It. Let us, too, cultivate a great love for souls, whether actually heathen, or living unchristian lives nearer home. Let us pray for their conversion, with the earnestness of those who feel what is the bliss of gaining the possession of God forever, without fear of losing Him, and what is the horribleness of losing Him forever without hope of possessing Him.

whom the Pope seems to have committed the task of arranging dioceses and appointing Bishops among those German converts. And some years after St. Winibald's death, Bishop Willibald removed his brother's body to his cathedral city, Eichstadt. The sister came thither also, and about two years afterwards was gathered to the saints in glory and reunited to the brother whom she loved so tenderly in our Lord. She died on the 25th of February, 779 or 780.

Thus we have seen how this peaceful West-of-England family of saints came to live, die, and be buried, in Germany.* The saints have always been more attached to their heavenly country above, than to the particular land that gave them birth, ready at a moment's notice, to exchange one soil and one clime for another, when the call of God came to them. They have confessed themselves "strangers and pilgrims" on the earth; like Abraham, the man of faith, who left his kindred and his father's house, trusting to the Providence that bade him go forth, and not knowing whither. This is the true way to "inherit the earth" with the meek: for they who are indifferent as to where they are, if only they can serve God there, are sure to feel at home everywhere. St. Ignatius has said: "Everywhere in exile; and so everywhere at home."

We now come to the miraculous part of our short story—the "Oil of St. Walburge."

This miraculous oil flows from her tomb, at Eichstadt, in Bavaria. The relics of the Saint were translated, or removed, thither from her convent at Heidenheim. The translation, or solemn removal to Eichstadt, took place about the year 840, sixty years after her death. The condition in which they were found at Heidenheim on being exhumed (they had been only buried in the earth), is described by Philip, 39th Bishop of Eichstadt, who himself received a miraculous cure by means of the oil. He says that when the venerable body of this holy virgin was taken up, and laid on the earth, the limbs appeared to the bystanders as if moistened with a kind of heavenly dew that exhaled a most precious and wondrous fragrance. This was thirty years before her canonization: so we must excuse those who had simply buried her in the earth, with however great veneration, instead of placing the relics in a more fitting sepulchre. Even at Eichstadt, they laid her once more in the earth, until the year-893; when by direction of the then Bishop, her relics were taken

up again, to be placed by the high altar of the church which bears her name. When thus exposed, the relics were found still, as described above, bedewed with this supernatural moisture. And from that day, it has been oozing, at stated times, through the solid stone which was hollowed out to contain the relics. The stated times are, Oct. 12, the Feast of the Translation, to Feb. 25, the day of her death; on the Feast of St. Mark; on the day of her Canonization, May the 1st; and most especially when the holy sacrifice of Mass is offered at the altar where her relics repose. And one remarkable thing is, that when any sin is committed by those who carry or keep this oil in their possession—especially of cursing, swearing, or vicious acts, it vanishes away, and leaves the phial empty. This is like other of the Divine favors, which are often withdrawn from the unworthy.

God is "wonderful in His Saints," and has His own ways of causing them to be honored. If we had been set to guess, we should not perhaps have thought the most likely way would be, to cause miraculous oil to flow from their dry bones. Other miracles would have occurred to our minds sooner: for instance, that their dry bones, when touched, should restore the dead to life, as the bones of the prophet Eliseus did:—(4 Kings, xxi, 20, 21); or should restore the sick to health, as the dry and withered hand of Father Arrowsmith, in Lancashire, has done so often. But what are guesses worth, when Almighty God decrees? He best knows times and seasons, ways and means. He permits miracles or bids them cease, makes them more or fewer, causes them to happen in this manner or in that, according to the laws of His infinite wisdom, and the good pleasure of His will. "O man!" says the Apostle, "*who art thou, that repliest to God?*" The wise of this world may scoff, and prove to their own minds that miracles are impossible, at the very moment they are taking place. Unbelievers sneer, and meanwhile, by the power of our Lord, tears have flowed from sacred pictures, their eyes have moved, the expression of their feature has changed on the canvas, sinners have been converted, crowding multitudes have made their fervent acts of contrition at the sight.* And, to come back to our point, we could set down a list of two-and-twenty shrines and burial-places of Saints, in various parts of the world, where a similar miraculous oil has flowed from their sacred relics. The list begins with SS. Andrew and Matthew,

* We must not omit to say that St. Richard, their father, intending—as it seems—to make a pilgrimage to Rome, died at Lucca, in Italy, where miracles are said to have been wrought at his tomb.

* There is a village, two or three miles out of Stamford, named *Weeping Cross*, which most probably took its name from some occurrences of this kind in the old Catholic days.

Apostles, for men, and St. Catherine, for female saints.

At one of these shrines is an inscription, so applicable to the miracle of St. Walburge's oil, that it might even be carved on her tomb at Eichstadt. You can see it, if you journey so far, at Novara in Italy, over the relics of a certain St. Laurence and his companions, martyrs. It may be thus put into English:—

Behold this marble's hollow tomb secure;
Nor cleft therein, nor outlet, can ye find:
By way unknown, still drops of unction pure
Flow limpid from the sacred bones enshrined.
Take, an ye doubt it, from th' enclosing stone
The relics moist:—those healing dewes are gone!

St. Walburge's name was known and honored in England before the great destruction of religion here under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, three long hundred years ago. A phial of the miraculous oil from the Saint's shrine was sent, A. D. 1492, by the Bishop of Eichstadt to Henry VII, the last of our kings who died in Catholic England. This Henry Tudor claimed the honor of being descended from the sainted King Richard, father to St. Walburge and her holy brothers. Relics from the bodies of these four English Saints, together with the phial, reached their native shore, in the hands of the Canon of Eichstadt, who was charged by the Bishop to convey them hither. The king received them at Canterbury, in presence of the Archbishop, and the Bishop of Bath. He venerated and prized them greatly—especially, writes the Canon, that miraculous oil. And he promised that a Mass should be said daily in honor of these Saints, and also a solemn weekly office chanted, on that day in the week on which he had received the precious gifts.

Alas! before fifty years from that very day, his own son had falsified the promise. The relics of the Saints were scattered to the four winds; the offerings made at their shrines were swept into the king's treasury, to feed his costly pleasures, or were staked at dice between himself and the courtiers of his corrupt court. Religious men and women, grown grey in the service of God, were turned out of their houses of prayer. St. Thomas of Canterbury himself was summoned into the king's court, by a kind of hideous mockery, to "show cause why" he should be reckoned a Saint at all, or honored in the Cathedral. What became of the phial and relics of Walburge? No doubt they shared the general fate: and her name remained all but unknown in her native England, till restored liberty to the Church, and reawakened zeal in souls, have blessedly brought it to our lips again.

But, thanks be to God, the source itself of these

miraculous droppings, somewhat like the fountain of His own grace, is inexhaustible: it is ever freshly flowing. St. Walburge is indeed no longer honored in Canterbury. But she is honored in the Fylde of Lancashire. If things go from bad to worse in Germany, pious hands may be forced to make a fresh translation of St. Walburge's relics from Eichstadt.

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The novice was distracted the whole day. In the choir, at table, and in bed, he was thinking of the secret compartment with its mysterious contents. In this uneasy state of feeling, days and weeks passed by, without his finding any opportunity of being alone in the library. His conscience bade him inform the abbot, but his curiosity said: "There is plenty of time for that; perhaps there is something more to be found out yet."

At last it so happened that he had to fetch a volume of the Fathers of the Church from the library, for the master of novices. He went to the librarian, who was just then very busy, and replied: "Go yourself for it; you know very well where the Church Fathers stand."

With beating heart the novice hastened rather more quickly than the sedate step of the cloister permitted, and was soon in the library. He casts a scrutinizing glance around him, lest any witness should be there, then makes for the book-case; one step—one pressure—the compartment flies open—it is empty! He will not trust his eyes, and rubs his hand round and round the repository; nothing is there. The thought tingles through every fibre of his brain: "The feeble-minded Father Benno: no other can have taken it: then it is lost forever."

Dejected, he rummaged among the folios, found the right one, and took it away with him. His thoughts however were with the vanished book. "Perhaps the old man will bring it back to its former place: I will watch and see after it," so he consoled himself.

Just then the convent bell rang, at an unusual hour; what did that indicate?

As he came to the prior, this latter said to him: "Go immediately to the sacristy: Father Benno died a quarter of an hour ago." The novice shrank together as if struck. "You must assist the abbot at his being carried into the vault."

Perplexed, the novice went to the sacristy. "It is all over with the book! To-morrow I will tell the story to the abbot," he murmured, in a vexed tone.

The abbot and a novice, already vested in white

surplice, were waiting for him. He slipped quickly into a surplice, and, taking the censer, he, with the other novice, who was carrying the holy-water vessel, preceded the abbot. All the monks, with lighted tapers in their hands, joined them; the procession went to the cell of the deceased. Fully vested, the hood drawn over his forehead, he lay there on a bier, framed in a garland of box-twigs. The two novices, with the abbot between them, had to go up close to the body whilst it was being blest. One look, and Brother Hugo recognized the supposed spectre in Father Benno.

"Where is the book?" came again into his thoughts; and he was so distracted during the blessing of the corpse that more than once the abbot glanced at him reprovingly.

While the Penitential Psalms were being chanted the procession arrived at the vault of the abbey, where the corpse, borne by lay-brothers, without a coffin, was laid before an altar which stood therein and which was surrounded by tapers and lights. Some few paces behind it stood two prayer-stools, upon which two monks immediately knelt and began the dead-watch.

Frater Hugo had a bad night; he was tormented by horrible dreams. Old Father Benno stood before his bed as a naked skeleton grinning at him mockingly with his death's-head, and swinging the vanished book with his fleshless arm. How glad the novice was when the knock of the brother door-keeper awakened him! He jumped out of bed, with the firm resolution of laying the matter before the abbot without further delay. After breakfast he was already on his way for that purpose when Brother Anselm called him into Father Benno's cell, by command of the abbot, that he might lend a hand in assisting the librarian.

"Good that you have come," said this latter, in a friendly voice, to the novice; "good Father Benno has everything in such glorious confusion. Look at this wilderness of parchments! He brought all the old hand-writings of the whole library here together. We will see how we can re-arrange them and bring them back."

"What did he do with them then?" asked the novice.

"Nothing! nothing at all. All day long he would sit before such a handwriting and stare at it, immovable. In former times, before he lost his reason, he was much occupied with investigating the old German dialects. I remember yet how happy he was when he had discovered a new root to a word. This sort of learned people, the root-grubbers, are all strange odd fellows."

A new light struck on our novice. Assuredly the

missing book was a right old work in manuscript, which would probably be found under the heap of parchments and books. With unusual zeal, therefore, he set to work, helping the librarian dust, arrange and carry them back to their places. The heap was already considerably reduced, and still no trace discovered of the wished-for book. At every fresh manuscript which the novice took in hand, he thought: "Now! now, it will come." But he lifted the last piece, and it was not the right one.

The father librarian now departed, leaving him in charge to examine the furniture of the cell, in case any volume had been mislaid. This was very gratifying to the novice, because he still secretly hoped to find the book. A nameless something seemed to drive him on to seek it. Taught by his experience on Christmas night, he carefully examined the press in the cell, to see whether there was not a double wall to be found. But the press was clumsily put together with simple boards. The novice gave up all hope.

Now came the infirmarian, an aged lay-brother, and began to take away the bedstead. To see this through also, Brother Hugo began to converse with him, and asked him confidentially in what manner Father Benno had ended his life. Luckily the brother was fond of talking, so he related circumstantially that the departed father, in the deranged state of his intellect, had had all kinds of singular fancies, in which, as they were innocent, he had been indulged. For one thing, he had believed himself to be the guardian spirit of the library, and on that account went there about midnight, robed in the bedclothes. By day he remained in his cell, that he might not be seen by anyone, because that was the way with ghosts.

"Just so! But when was the last time he went to the library?" asked Frater Hugo, eagerly, much more eagerly than was pleasant to himself.

"I think the day before yesterday—in the night before the day on which he died."

Involuntarily the novice made a motion of surprise. The brother, busied with taking down the bed, did not see it.

"So, so," said Frater Hugo, apparently indifferent, while in reality he was burning with curiosity.

"In the three last days before he departed this life," related the brother,—this time without being asked,—"he was very weak, and his reverence the lord abbot bade me see to him day and night. He would take no medicine, nor would he have anything to do with doctors. He was a very peculiar man, was Father Benno. When he had once set his mind on anything it was no more use talking. But what was I going to say? About twelve o'clock at night, the day before

yesterday, he was out of bed when I came in. I went in again at one o'clock. The cell was then empty, the bedclothes gone; I waited a short time, and sure enough he came back dressed as a ghost. When he perceived me he quickly hid under his clothes a book which he must have taken from the library. It was bitter cold in the night: the next day I found him dead in his bed. He was completely dressed; even the hood he had drawn over himself. One might have thought he foresaw his last hour, and was expecting death. Such things have been. May our dear God comfort him!"

The bed was now taken to pieces. The novice had never turned his eyes away during the process. In order to be able to feel the pillows and coverings, he helped the brother to carry them out in the yard to air, and he carefully felt the straw-mattress. No trace of the book. Out of humor, he left the place. "Why should I trouble myself about the book? a book more or less in the cloister? I will say nothing about it to the abbot. The matter is too simple. I will put it out of my head."

With this resolution he went into the museum. Hardly had he set foot therein before a novice came to him and gave him the ordo for watching the dead. His hour to watch was from 12 to 1 o'clock in the coming night. He shuddered at the thought of spending the midnight hour beside a corpse under the ground, in a damp chilly atmosphere. For one moment he resolved to apply to have it altered, but a glance at the other novices made him change his purpose. He remembered the words of his beloved Thomas á Kempis: "He who strives to withdraw from obedience, withdraweth himself from grace. . . . He who doth not freely and willingly submit himself to his superior, it is a sign that his flesh is not as yet perfectly obedient to him. . . . Learn, then, to submit thyself readily to thy superior, if thou desire to subdue thy own flesh. For sooner is the exterior enemy overcome, if the inward man be not laid waste."

The whole day he was uneasy. To watch by the dead at midnight was to him no matter of indifference. "Strange!" he murmured, still dwelling on the secret compartment, "how this Father Benno meets me ever at this fated hour! once as I came first to the cloister, now when he himself departs from life. Let us hope that with this our meetings will cease forever."

CHAPTER V.

WATCHING BY THE DEAD.

Frater Hugo went to his cell after night-prayers and threw himself on the bed without undressing;

he did not sleep much, however. At a quarter to twelve he rose and drew his cloak over his habit, then went to the vault, which was under the choir of the abbey church. It had formerly been the burial-place of the Counts of Andechs, and had been enlarged when the abbey was founded. The rudely-chiselled stone altar, which had been made in the earliest days of Christianity in Germany, still stood there. A damp earthy fog struck his senses as the novice opened the door of the vault. The steps and passages were sparsely lighted. Tremblingly his steps echoed through this cellar of graves. He was freezing within and without. Slowly the twelve strokes of the clock droned out their sound from the church-tower, their hollow notes reverberating through the vault. With the last stroke of the clock he was at his appointed place. But his fellow-watcher was as yet not there. The two monks whom the novice came to relieve rose from their prayer-stools, and, greeting him with a "*Benedicite*," went away. Their receding steps by degrees ceased to be heard, the door above swung back and closed; at the noise it made, the novice shrank together; he was alone, the only living thing in the kingdom of corruption and decay. He had to summon the whole energy of his being to his assistance in order to preserve his composure. Both of the prayer-stools stood so that the persons kneeling upon them necessarily turned their face to the altar, and to the corpse lying on the bier before it. At first he avoided seeing these, by reading diligently in a prayer-book; but the light soon became glimmering, the letters danced before his eyes, he was compelled to look up. The lights were gloomily burning in the heavy atmosphere, glowing with red, rather than emitting flame; the wax tapers on the altar and around the corpse threw a pale bloodlike appearance over these. It seemed to him there was a twitching in the face of the dead man—for the tapers flickered—and the longer he gazed, the more life-like became the play on the countenance. The fog in the mouldering vault poured in its mists around his brain; phantasy took possession of him, illusions mystified his senses, and fear laid hold of him with her numberless arms. His fellow-watcher still delayed his coming. Frantic spectral forms danced round him, holding out to him their grinning skulls with their rattling long hands. The grave-holes in the wall opened of themselves, and worm-eaten skeletons in rusty armor and monks' clothing stepped out of them. These all mingled in the wild dance and sprang in such a manner that their clashing jaw-bones rattled drearily to the time they kept in their movements.

Half-past twelve! it was the church clock that

struck. In the lowest depths of his heart the sound trembled still. Unnerved by terror, a cold sweat bathed his forehead in pearly drops. He stood up, turned away from the corpse, and sought to regain his composure. He succeeded, and, again knelt down. As his glance again fell on the corpse, the book which had disappeared came more forcibly than ever to his remembrance, and in a daring tone he called out, loudly: "Good Father Benno! what did you do with the book?"

Crack! the corpse rolled rumbly to the ground, almost at the very feet of the novice, overturning half a dozen lights. The supports of the bier had given way.

Sheer terror paralyzed the young man. He would have called for help; his tongue could not move. But in critical moments he, young as he was, possessed the energy of a man. It was but for a moment that his spirit was overpowered by the unexpected event, he then recovered himself like a steel pen when the pressure is removed.

"A fitting punishment this for your insolence," said he aloud, that he might gain courage from hearing the sound of his own voice. "As for the rest, the matter is simple enough. The rotten old boards broke under the weight. I will take them away."

It might be that his pulse beat more quickly, that there was a buzzing in his ears as he put the boards away which had formed the scaffolding of the bier; and—with averted face—he took hold of the corpse by the breast, and, summoning all his strength, laid it on the ground before the altar. The physical exertion restored his fleeting courage. He replaced the fallen candlesticks around the body and lighted the extinguished tapers, then with renewed courage resumed his place at the prayer-stool. The time of relieving his watch drew near.

He now remarked that the clothing of the dead man was out of order, particularly on the breast. He went up to it, to arrange it properly; in doing so he felt something hard. "The book!" struck him like lightning through the soul. He felt it outside; whatever it was, the object really felt like a book. Trembling with excitement, he tore open the buttons of the robe on the breast of the deceased, and found a pocket on its inner side; he drew out the object from within—it was the book!

He became dizzy. The walls seemed to turn round him; he had to hold fast by the altar. The clock strikes. Then the rustling of footsteps. The relief is coming. The novice composes himself, hastily hides the book in his own bosom, and bends over the corpse. He is still occupied in arranging the dress which envelops it when the monks enter.

"What is the matter?" said one of these anxiously.

"The scaffolding broke," answered the novice, "and I have laid forth the body on the ground."

"But you are alone! where is your fellow-watcher?"

"No one came."

"And you remained here all alone?"

"Certainly! why not?"

The monks looked wonderingly at each other, at this proof of courage in their youngest novice, while he joyfully left the vault.

When arrived at his cell, he drew the book from beneath his robe. It was fastened with two metal clasps; he therefore concluded not to open it just then; besides which he was shaking with fever-chills. Therefore he concealed the book in his clothes-chest, under his effects, and then hastily got into bed and wrapped himself up as well as he could in the loose bedclothes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Late Cardinal Antonelli.

The following sketch of the life and character of this eminent Prelate, whose death is now mourned by the entire Catholic world, is republished from our excellent contemporary the *Catholic Record*, of Philadelphia:

One of the features of Rome before the year 1870 was the appearance in the streets of the splendid equipages of the Pope and Princes of the Church. There was much to interest the American spectator especially. Unaccustomed to the demonstrations of royalty, the great black horses in gilded trappings, the red coach, the pompous driver in the glory of patent leather pumps, white silk stockings, velveteens, rainbow coat, periwig and three-cornered hat, with the unsubduable footman behind in similar habiliments, formed a strange novelty in his democratic eyes. After a time his interest centred, not in the equipages, but in the occupant, clothed in scarlet, a Cardinal Prince of the Roman Catholic Church.

But there was one Cardinal, from whom the array of royalty could never divert the attention of the stranger, even on the first occasion of his witnessing the turnout just described. His gaze rested upon the face that was always looking out of the window, not at immediate objects, but at something distant. The stranger heeded not the red cap, nor the red mantle. He only saw the thin pale face, the square solid forehead, the black piercing eyes, the prominent nose, the thin lips slightly parted as if by mental excitement, and displaying a faultless array of white teeth, which

gave not so much a pleasant as a strangely fascinating expression to the mouth. It is a face that would make a lasting impression, even if seen amid multitudes. There are such faces. There is a light in every face which exercises an immediate influence upon us. But the influence is only momentary, and passes away. There are other faces which not only have light in them, but they are also alive with an indefinable power which we feel at once, and never forget after. The face at the carriage window is one of these, and no wonder that the stranger should ask, "Who is that?" The answer only rouses his interest the more, and he tries to get another glimpse at the Cardinal, but he is around the corner, exercising the same influence upon other beholders, and they too ask who it is, and are answered with laconic mystery—"Antonelli!" He need not be introduced. He is known the world over as the Secretary of State of Pope Pius IX—as the man who has coped with the wily diplomats of Europe for the last seven-and-twenty years.

He appeared upon the stage of Europe in '49, and has sustained a difficult role ever since, never faltering, never embarrassed by the tempests of disapprobation which have burst upon him from all quarters, never jubilant in that success which his conscience tells him he has achieved, which the present generation questions so vehemently. Posterity will take a more dispassionate view of him, and pronounce sentence accordingly. We do not purpose to give his biography. We could not if we would. But, premising a few necessary items of information regarding his birth, family and education, we will submit some considerations which may enable the reader to get a clearer view of the Cardinal in his public capacity. He is a Count by birth, and was born on the 2d of April, 1806, in Terracina, an ancient town on the southern confines of what was known, when might and intrigue were not acknowledged to be the constituent elements of right, as the States of the Church.

At the age of ten he was taken to Rome and placed in the Pontifical Seminary of Saint Apollinare, that nursery which has given to the Church some of the brightest lights of modern times. It suffices to mention the name of one man who cultivated in the Apollinare that intrepidity of ecclesiastical spirit which makes him to-day the admiration of the world, Pius IX. Young Antonelli left a record in the Apollinare which corresponds to a nicety with the character which we associate with him to-day. Tradition speaks of him as having been "*volto assai*"—very quick. He was not a hard student. He was never known to study hard save before the annual examinations, and

then the amount of matter which he reviewed was amazing. During the rest of the scholastic year he was immersed in contemporaneous history, and found nothing so interesting as the negotiations between the illustrious Cardinal Gonsalvi and the disingenuous Napoleon I. He saw the turn given to European affairs by the latter's conquests, was an intelligent witness to the beginnings of what is known now as the great Revolution of the nineteenth century; and the event has proved that he must have studied the monster profoundly, for he is still unvanquished. He left the Roman seminary without receiving major orders. But he loved the Church so dearly, that although he had a holy dread of receiving the sacred order of priesthood, he continued to wear the ecclesiastical habit and tonsure. From the days of Leo XII he was connected with the Vatican in the capacity of domestic prelate. The memory of Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State to Pius VII, was still fresh at the Vatican, and many of the old prelates there had been the friends of the great man. So young Antonelli became as familiar with his life and character as if he had known him. Add to this, that he was the personal friend of Cardinal Bernetti, Secretary of State, first to Leo XII, and afterwards to Gregory XVI. He was equally intimate with Cardinal Lambruschini, who was nominated Secretary of State on the death of Bernetti. Amid such associations, he advanced in age and experience. It is natural to suppose that one who took so warm an interest in current events, notwithstanding the restrictions of seminary life, would not remain indifferent when enjoying the friendship and confidence of those who represented the most important element in the events affecting the Holy See. He saw Mazzini in the infancy of his revolutionary career. He saw Garibaldi's first movements, and disagreed with many seers of the time, who said that the Nizzardo (Garibaldi) was a wild visionary, whose revolutionary ebullitions would subside when he grew older, or after he had made the acquaintance of confinement within the prison walls. He saw the forced abdication of Charles Albert in favor of Victor Emmanuel, and later on beheld Victor Emmanuel's *alter ego*, Cavour, rise up in the then insignificant parliament of Sardinia, and point towards Rome with a significance that few at the time could appreciate. He saw the spark thrown by Vincenzo Gioberti into the arena of Italy, in his book entitled the *Primacy of Italy*, and which became a very conflagration afterwards. The league of Italian youths, called *La Giovane Italia*—Young Italy—need not be described. Gioberti's original purpose was sincere and praiseworthy. He advocated the unity of

Italy, but placed as the foundation of her independence, and as the inseparable companion of her glory, the Catholic Church, with the Roman Pontiff as the natural and moral chief of all Italy. To the fervid imaginations of the Italians, Italy became at once the queen of nations, she marched before all the rest in the way of progress, recalled all Christian civilization, and went forth to Christianize and civilize the rest of the globe. "A dream," said Antonelli, and the abortive birth of *La Giovane Italia* proved him a sage. He was a quiet witness of the mad outburst of enthusiasm which greeted Pius IX when he mounted the pontifical throne, and remained quiet—very—when the patriotic Pontiff, with his heart all aglow for liberal reforms, explained his views on Italian independence. With the wealth of all this experience, and great talent, coupled with a strong yet prudent love of the Church, he was just the man to be one of the new Pope's counsellors, and in the Consistory, June 7th, 1847, he was created a Cardinal Deacon. The Holy Father disabused him of his scruples about receiving orders, and ordained him deacon. Beyond that he would not go. We are not writing a panegyric of him, but we think it a no insignificant tribute to his integrity that he consented to take upon himself the obligations of the priesthood, yet deprecated the honor.

The Revolution broke out in Rome, Count Rossi was assassinated, and the Pope obliged to fly from the city. Cardinal Antonelli was one of the first to join His Holiness in his exile at Gaeta, and he remained with him until after the discomfiture of Garibaldi, at the gate of San Pancratius, in Rome, and the consequent occupation of the city by the French troops. But before the return of His Holiness to his capital, and while he lived at Gaeta, with very little to hope for, he appointed Cardinal Antonelli as his Secretary of State. The office of Secretary of State to the Pope is at any time anything but an enviable sinecure. But in 1849 few men would have undertaken to discharge it. It is true that the interference of the French offered some hope of a lasting calm, but, in reality, it was only the sun struggling behind mountains of stormy clouds. The calm was only apparent. The sectaries of Italy were roused; they had tasted the inebriating sweets of exaggerated liberty, and though quieted for the nonce it was patent to the most unobserving that at the first opportunity they would rise again with more force than before. This were an evil great enough in itself to make the stoutest hearts quail.

But add to this the fact that the Government of Sardinia entered into a league with the revolutionists against the Holy See, and the importance

of the office just assigned to Cardinal Antonelli becomes most vital. He evinced no embarrassment, but set about his duties as if all went well, and to this day has comported himself in the same manner. In connection with the Secretary of State of His Holiness, we deem a few considerations on public men in general necessary. All public men, it matters not how unimpeachable their integrity, are slandered. For all public men, in the present order of things, in which the people have much to say and do, have enemies. Can we believe all that is said derogatory to the honor of Bismark, of Von Beust, of Gladstone, of Minghetti, of Victor Emanuel, of the Emperor of Austria, of the Emperor of Prussia, of the late unfortunate Emperor of the French? Certainly not all. We would show ourselves but very indifferent judges of human nature if we did.

They have maligned Antonelli, and continue to do so. Some charge him with having grown rich by his office, and of having enriched his relatives. Cardinal Antonelli was always rich, and his father was not "a count without a country." His brother Filippo, who was also Governor of Rome, was for many years the President of the Roman Bank.

It is not for us to enter into details, nor to refute slanders. We will only say, regarding scandalous reports which have been circulated against him, that if there was aught of truth in them they would take a positive form, sooner or later, in some public fact which would be beyond question. It is not in the order of things that a man should be a reprobate, and keep the matter concealed through two or three generations. It is possible that one may be a hypocrite and villain in his heart for a lifetime. But actions will speak in the end. There is but one argument with which we can meet these accusations, and it is that which Christ Himself left us, "*Perhibe testimonium de malo*"—Give testimony of the evil. It is unquestionable that many of the Romans were jealous of the confidence placed in the Cardinal by his Holiness and of the extent of his power. Besides, his brother Filippo was for many years Governor of the city. This feeling of jealousy found expression in pasquinade. When Pius IX was returning from his tour through the Pontifical States, some time after his return from Gaeta, the people gave him an ovation. The Flaminian Way, from the Porta del Popolo to the Milvian Bridge, was beautifully adorned with festoons, while at intervals were placed, facing each other, in pairs, statues of the Apostles, Peter Paul, Philip and James, and so on. Pasquin became irreverent in giving expression to his envy. He came out with a caricature represent-

ing a poor peasant, kneeling down before the statue of St. Peter, on the Flaminian Way, and begging the Saint to do him some favor or other. St. Peter answered him also in the name of St. Paul, "*No vi possiamo fare niente noi altri, bisogna audare da Giacomo (Cardinal Antonelli) e Filippo*" (Governor Antonelli)—We can do nothing for you; you must go to James and Philip (Antonelli).

Perhaps no better tribute can be paid to the personal merits of Cardinal Antonelli than to say that he is the intimate friend of Pius IX. From the day of his appointment to the office of Secretary of State, down to the present, during those long years of trial, he has been the counsellor of the venerable Pope. Every morning when his Holiness has said Mass, and taken his chocolate, he is closeted for an hour or more with Cardinal Antonelli, and no person is received during the day concerning whom his Holiness has not previously consulted the Cardinal as to how he shall be received and what shall be said to him. The man whom Pius IX designs to honor with his confidence and friendship, and to whose counsel he submits in matters of great importance, must needs be a man of great moral worth, and of no ordinary intellectual qualifications.

For twenty-seven years Cardinal Antonelli has navigated with the Vicar of Christ in a stormy sea of troubles such as never befell a Pontiff before him. During all that time he has been in constant communication with men whose highest ambition is—to use a diplomatic term—to checkmate an adversary. What adversary more hated, aye, and more feared, too, than, that represented by Cardinal Antonelli, the Holy See? He has negotiated with Napoleon III, with Von Beust, with Bismark, with Cavour, yet not a single instance can be adduced in which he compromised the Holy See. All these conspired against the Holy See, and while attacking its interests in concert, each strove to make an individual conquest of his own. Against these powerful allies Cardinal Antonelli remained, and is still, master of his situation. The Holy See has been robbed of all by brute force, but its honor, even as a temporality, is still preserved, and this is the situation which Cardinal Antonelli has defended against great odds. The Holy See has lost all, but saved its honor. The enemies and despoilers of the Holy See have gained all, but lost their honor. Of France, in our profound sympathy for her misfortunes, we shall say nothing—but this: had her ill-fated Emperor practiced but a mite of that stern honesty which is the foundation-stone of Cardinal Antonelli's diplomatic tact, she would not, probably, have been reduced to the sorrowful extremity of that city over which Jeremias wept—

paying tribute to an alien. Bismark has achieved much, but where is his honor? Gone in the startling revelations which have been made within the past few years. What is La Marmora's book "*Un po piu di luce*"—A little more light—and Arnim's correspondence, and his recent work "*Pro nihilo*," and many other publications, but the hecatomb of Bismark's honor? Truant papers and letters derogatory to the honor of Von Beust, and the power which he represented, have also come before the public. Regarding Cavour and his successors, it would seem as if they made it an honorable profession to be dishonorable.

O, those tell-tale diplomatic documents! How they start from their secrecy in all their naked meannesses, and lies, equivocations, and quibbles, and subterfuges, such as we would only associate with the most contemptible and unconscionable pettifoggers! But no document has ever been seen disparaging to the honor of Cardinal Antonelli, or the cause which he represents. If such a document existed at all, it would have been published eagerly long ago by men who scrupled not to invent the vilest calumnies against the Holy See. The "pretensions of the Vatican" are the subjects of pamphlets and newspaper articles without number, but in none of these are accusations substantiated by documents. Cardinal Antonelli has often been tempted, for there was a time, and that not long ago, when the proud potentates of the north thought it worth their while to make overtures to the Holy See. But in no instance has he yielded, and in this, too, he has shown uncommon acuteness. We have unwittingly fallen into a train of thought which we would have wished to avoid, for it is very uncomplimentary to the times we live in. We refer to the fact that the greatest tribute that could be paid to a statesman nowadays is to say that he has not lost his honor. We advocate this much, and more, for Cardinal Antonelli. We advocate honor for him, and the silence of his enemies bears us out. But he is a model churchman, too, for knowledge of the Church made him love the Church, and, loving the Church, he has been her champion in a capacity which cannot be filled by an ecclesiastic unless he have that justice which excludes fear.

ST. JEROME teaches that during the celebration of a Mass for a soul in purgatory, the fire, otherwise so devouring, suspends its action, and the soul ceases to suffer. The holy doctor affirms that at each Mass which is said many souls leave purgatory and enter into paradise.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.

BY PALESTRINA.

cœ - li por - ta ma - nes et

SOP.

Andante.

ALTO

Al - ma Re - dem - pto - ris ma - ter, quæ per - via cœ - li por - ta ma - nes et
ma - ter ma - nes et

TEN.

BASS.

cœ - li por - ta

cu - rat po - pu - lo.

stel - la ma - ris suc - cur - re ca - den - ti, sur - ge - re, qui cu - rat po - pu - lo. Tu quæ genui
cu - rat po - pu - lo.

sur - ge - re qui cu - rat po - pu - lo.

vir - go pri - us ac po - ste - ri - us, ac

sti na - tu - ra mi - ran - te tu - um sanctum ge - ni - to - rem vir - go pri - us ac po - ste -
vir - go pri - us ac

vir - go pri - us ac po - ste -

poste - ri - us,

ri - us, Gabri - e - lis ab o - re Sumens illud A - ve pec -
po - ste - ri - us, ab o - re pec -

ri - us, pec -
pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re re, pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re.

ca - to - rum mi - se - re re pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re.
ca - to - rum mi - se - re re, pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re.

ca - to - rum mi - se - re re, pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, Oct. 27, 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA:"—We have been meditating much on the universality of the Catholic Church for the last few days. We have just witnessed one of those grand religious demonstrations which as I said on another occasion, send the life-blood of faith tingling through our veins. Who talks of our faith being an abstraction, existing only so far as this or that state permits? It is a universal abstraction in the active sense, and it knows not the boundaries of any particular province, or kingdom, or empire. I grant that it is an abstraction, but with a distinction. It draws people away from the world, and brings them in love, and sympathy, and devotion, stronger than death, to the feet of an old man whom the world would destroy. And it seems to be an extraordinary providence of God, that with those nations where persecution against the Catholic Church is ripest, there the dormant spirit of the old Faith has been resuscitated, and incited to an energy which has completely dumbfounded the anti-Catholics of Europe, though they would fain conceal the fact.

IN GERMANY,

the Catholics have arisen up in their strength and numbers, and what with their Catholic Unions, their works of charity, their writings, and their pilgrimages to this city to assert their devotion to the See of Peter, they have given the lie to Bismark's declaration that "the Church is only a passive abstraction." Turn to France, where the spirit of the God-sneering Voltaire seems to have reproduced itself a millionfold and in an infinity of new and seductive forms. There, too, the Faith has manifested a vitality which has shaped the events of that nation since its great humiliation in 1870. Lourdes, La Salette, Lyons, Marseilles, and Paray-le-Monial are glorious attestations of this fact; and this old city and the old man who is its angel have been gladdened at the sight of the thousands of French pilgrims who have journeyed hither, just to prove, among other things, the vitality and the universality of our faith. Cross the Pyrenees, and behold Catholic Spain coping with the demons of unbelief, Liberalism, civil discord—and, newest of all, that sly, oily and insinuating agency of hell which is known as Religious Liberty. There too, the Catholics have sprung to their feet, and thence too they have come in thousands to the tomb of the Apostles, to prove that Spain is still Catholic with the faith of Pius and to add another luminous fact on the pile of evidence which has long ago proved that the Catholic Church is universal.

The Spanish pilgrimage to Rome was a great event. For more than a week previous to the 16th inst., the date of their reception, detachments of them poured into Rome from the north and south. Some landed at Naples, some at Civita Vecchia. Others again came by the overland route from Marseilles, via Genoa and Spezia, and others by the Mont Cenis Tunnel. When the party which was led by the Archbishop of Granada arrived at the Station of Rome, they sang the *Te Deum*. The Archbishop, before going to

any hotel, set out immediately for St. Peter's, and with hundreds of his followers prostrated himself at the tomb of the Apostles. So gigantic a demonstration as the reception of four thousand pilgrims should take place in an edifice worthy of the occasion, and the vast transept under the vastest dome in the world witnessed it. The doors of the Basilica remained shut to visitors on the morning of the 16th, and only those provided with a ticket could gain entrance. There were about eight thousand persons present when His Holiness came down into the church. How our hearts throbbed as we saw him kneeling before the tomb of the Apostles, as was his wont when our city was not *sub hostili dominatione constituta!* Seating himself on the throne which was raised in the chapel, over against the confession, he looked around upon the multitude with a smile of joy irradiating his countenance. Then he motioned to the Archbishop of Granada to speak. He smiled approvingly at certain passages of the Archbishop's address. When it was concluded, he arose and spoke in a strong, vigorous voice, which re-echoed from transept to nave, and back again. The sight of the pilgrims, he said, brought before his mind's eye the long array of saints who are the glory of Spain. "In this moment, whereas you are all assembled within this temple, you may recognize the images of some of those heroes who made your country so illustrious. Glance about these sacred walls. See Dominic; see Ignatius; see Joseph Calasanctius, John of God, Peter of Alcantara, and that heroine, the miracle of her sex, Theresa of Jesus." These images were mute, he continued, but they still speak in the works which their originals left after them. But to speak of the saints is very displeasing to the revolutionists, who are always trying to muzzle the truth by despoiling the Church and persecuting her ministers. The persecutors go on in their career, but they are not aware that they are made the instruments of Providence to separate the good grain from the cockle, to which they and their associates belong, and in the day established by God they will be all bound together, taken, and cast into the fire. Of what use is it to address to such men the maxim of St. Theresa, *God alone is sufficient?* They would only laugh at it. And why? "Because they who breathe in iniquity, who live in the dens of the wicked, who feed upon the onions of Egypt, who relish the husks which are so acceptable to unclean animals, they, no, they cannot taste the sweetness of religion, nor content themselves with God." Speaking of the times, he said they are critical; the enemies of the Church are numerous and strong, both on account of the position they occupy and the means they have constantly at their disposal. But it is also true, that, before union and concord among the very many good people, they must in the end retreat. And then he cited an incident connected with the bull-fights in Spain. In certain circumstances the bull is known to retreat and fly in terror from the arena, and it is when the men form themselves into a solid phalanx, and march, lance in hand, with a slow, measured pace towards the bull. "Oh! dear children, let us too be united under the standard of Jesus Christ. I see here

several banners. (He alluded to the flags and oriflammes brought by the pilgrims to be blessed, and which formed a canopy over his throne; among the flags was an old one which had been in the battle of Lepanto.) But let our principal banner be the Cross. With the Cross in our hands and in our hearts we can overcome our enemies, and, united together, we will make the bulls of the revolution retreat, even though they be *tauri pingues* (fat bulls), and we will see them overcome by the omnipotent arm of the Lord.

His benediction was tender and affectionate. After his address, he allowed many of the pilgrims to come forward and kiss his hand. But he looked fatigued, and the body of them remained gazing at him with a look of mingled reverence, love, and tenderness. When he came down into the Basilica first, nothing but the sanctity of the place prevented them from cheering loudly. He was carried back to his apartment in the *gestatorial chair*, which has not been used since the Italian invasion. It brought tears to the eyes of nearly all present, (except the optics of the reporter of the *Popolo Romano*, who escaped the vigilance of the guards,) to see the old man impart his benediction right and left from his throne, as he used to do long ago.

For nearly a week after, the Holy Father continued to receive different bodies of the pilgrims, who represented every province and every condition of life in Spain, from the titled lord down to the humblest and poorest farmer. And at the receptions given by Cardinal Borromeo, the Spanish countess in her silk robes and magnificent veil very frequently found herself beside the rude peasant woman in her heavy shoes, plain black tucker and colored handkerchief for a head-dress. The Bishop of Urgel, who was made a prisoner during the Carlist war, came as far as Florence, but remained there for motives of prudence. It was given out that he was arrested in pursuance of an order from the Spanish Government. But this is false, and is officially declared to be so by Signor Coells, Spanish Consul.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS

which assembled in Bologna on the 9th inst. held but one session. The mob of Bologna surrounded the church, and as the members came out subjected them to every species of contumely and insult. They even spat at them. After this they sent a deputation to the Prefect, and demanded of him the breaking up of the Congress. About the same time, another party surrounded the palace of Cardinal Morichini, uttering cries of "Down with the priests," "Death to Cardinal Morichini," "Down with the Clerical Congress," etc. The Prefect yielded at last to the clamors of the mob, and published a decree prohibiting the further session of the Congress, for the weak reason that it was the cause of disturbance. I shall not comment upon this outrage, but shall add the fact that a few weeks previous the Socialists held a Congress in the same city, and loudly proclaimed their intention of uprooting society as it actually exists, and reconstituting it on the basis of anarchy, declaring, at the same time, that the working man is necessarily *anti-authoritary*, and that his mission in the present day is to

oppose authority in every shape and form. And yet, the just Prefect of Bologna published no prohibitory decree, though not only the Government but even the existence of society was in jeopardy!

His Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski has addressed a strong and spirited protest from Albano to Prince Bismark, against the law passed in the German Parliament, June 7, 1876, which subjects the administration of Church property to the surveillance of the State. He says it is not only absurd but insolent to consider the Church, which has formed and educated human society, in the same condition as a minor who is incapable of administering his own property. He concludes thus: "Though I have little hope that the eminent Minister of State will give a benevolent hearing to the remonstrances of the Bishops, and give reason to their legitimate desires, I am forced however to present this protest to the eminent Minister, and this reservation of my rights. My duty as Bishop demands it, and I know that a power exists, superior to human power, which always gives in good time an efficacious sanction to the protests of the Church."

ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

—Monsignor d'Outremont, Bishop of Le Mans, France, is organizing a pilgrimage to Rome.

—A paralytic who had been confined to her bed almost constantly for seventeen years was miraculously cured at Marpingen not long since.

—On the 17th of October a very impressive ceremony took place in the new church of the Missions at Paris. Fifteen Sisters of Charity and ten Brothers of St. John of God heard Mass there for the last time previous to their departure for China, Cambodia and Japan. These courageous apostles of the faith will take care of the sick Europeans who not unfrequently fall victims to the climate in those countries. Some time ago two large hospitals were opened in Yokohama and Yeddo which will be placed in charge of these religious.

—An advertisement of the famous mineral springs at Waukesha, Wis., may be found elsewhere in the *Ave Maria*. No doubt some of our readers have already heard of the Bethesda water, which is justly celebrated for its curative powers in certain diseases very difficult of treatment. The discoverer and proprietor of the springs and his estimable wife, who lately paid us a visit, are excellent Catholics; they feel in duty bound to make known to those afflicted with Bright's disease and kindred diseases the curative properties of the Bethesda water.

—The Holy Father, in addressing the Pilgrims of Nantes, France, said: "If I should ask all who are not with us, I mean heretics, Protestants, schismatics, infidels, freethinkers and sectarians of all shades—in a word all who wage war against us, as also some evil-minded Catholics—whether they are united among themselves, they could only answer that they are united in one thing only: to blaspheme all that con-

cerns the Catholic Church, to hate and persecute her children. With this exception, all is a perfect Babel—such a confusion that if the illustrious author of the "History of the Variations" were again among the living, he would be obliged to add volumes in order to complete his work."

—The Rosary works wonders in Fo-Kien, a province of the Celestial Empire, as may be judged by the following extracts from a recent letter of a Dominican missionary, which we find in the last number of the *Rosary Magazine*. "The Christians of Aw-poa have just celebrated with great devotion the Novena of the Feast of the Rosary. There have been great numbers of confessions and Communions each day. On the Octave day of the Feast a magnificent procession was organized, which passed along the public roads. A great many pagans of the town of Chian-chin came to witness it, and amongst them were fifty proselytes of the Protestant mission. The Holy Queen of the Rosary touched the hearts of many of the latter, and no less than forty of them gave up their errors and asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith."

—The French General Banneau de Montray, delivering lately in Autun a remarkable speech, which is nothing less than a heroic confession of the Catholic faith, said: "We must adhere firmly and courageously to our holy religion. We must be Christians; but as the name of a Christian is not sufficient, we must also show ourselves to the world as Catholics—as Roman Catholics. We must submit not only our hearts, but also our deeds, to the commands of our Sovereign Pontiff, and we should not fear to be called 'Clericals.' I believe, and I glory in my faith. I hear Mass on Sundays; sometimes I kneel at the altar-rail to receive Holy Communion, and I am not ashamed to be seen saying my beads. We have to struggle for our religion, but we will be steady and courageous. The priests will use the weapons of their word and the power of the Sacraments in this struggle, and we, men of the world, should assist them by our good offices and console them by our fidelity. If necessary we will uphold our religion by the shedding of our blood."

—Tuesday, the 21st inst., was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. F. E. Boyle, a native of Baltimore, and pastor of St. Peter's Church, Washington, D. C., when he will, doubtless, be substantially remembered by his congregation and his countless friends of all denominations in the District. His first field of duty, after his ordination, was Rockville, Maryland, whence he was transferred to that city as assistant to the lamented Rev. Father E. A. Knight, then pastor of St. Peter's Church. After a short sojourn in that capacity, he was transferred as assistant pastor to St. Patrick's Church, where he remained a few years, and returned to St. Peter's as assistant, continuing as such until Father Knight's death, in 1872, when he became pastor. Since the commencement of his pastorate there, he has built a large and commodious parish school house, has made numerous improvements in the church, and by his zeal and energy in good works completely endeared himself to a large and most desirable circle of friends

outside the members of his immediate flock, by whom he has been beloved since the day of his coming among them.—*Catholic Mirror*.

—A miraculous cure took place on the 18th of September, in the Servite Convent at Munich, Bavaria. Madame Emmanuela Hayer, a professed member of the community, who had been ailing for a number of years and for two years past had been completely paralyzed in consequence of a disease of the spinal column, was given up as incurable by the doctors. When she wished to approach the Holy Table it was necessary to convey her to the Communion-rail in a chair with rollers, as was done on the very day of her miraculous cure. Carried back to her room, she felt even weaker and more feeble than before, so much so that she could not bear to be put in bed again, but asked the nurse to permit her a few moments rest in her chair. The latter then went out for a few minutes, and the patient made her thanksgiving. In her prayer-book which she used on this occasion was a little picture on which two pieces from the cassock of the Jesuit Father Olivaint, murdered by the Communists in 1871, were pasted, in the form of a cross. An interior voice urged her to swallow a fragment of this relic. By means of a pin, she loosened three threads and swallowed them. At the same moment she felt a singular movement in her back, and found herself able to move about freely: all her sickness had vanished in an instant; she at once fell on her knees, giving fervent thanks to God for her miraculous cure. Dr. Buckner, Professor of Medicine at the University of Munich, and who had attended to the patient during her illness, declares that nothing short of a miracle could effect such a cure.

—It is perhaps not well known that Pius IX is a very fine musician, says a contributor of the *Montreal Gazette*. As a young man he cultivated his taste for music very assiduously, and his voice was magnificent. Even now it is very sweet and powerful, and when His Holiness sings, all who hear him are struck by the superb manner in which he executes the difficult Gregorian chant. The Pope has always been a distinguished patron of music. Sometime ago he met Cappoci, the great composer of sacred music and leader of the choir of the Vatican. His Holiness congratulated the *maestro*, and taking a valuable ring from his finger presented it to him. At the same time he ordered that the name of Cappoci should be added to the list of Knights of the Grand Order St. Gregory the Great. Rossini was an intimate friend of Pius IX, and dedicated to him a march which bears his name. Gounod has also been frequently received by him, and he has given him several notable decorations. When the famous *prima donna* Carlotta Marchisio died, the Pope ordered that the members of his special choir should sing at the funeral Mass. The Pope is at present much interested in the great church-music question, which is so widely discussed in the musical world. He disapproves of the use of profane music in church, but recently expressed an opinion that, as a rule, what was usually called sacred music was dull and dreary. He thought that sacred music should be dramatic but not theatrical.

Ireland's Offerings to Our Lady of Lourdes.

We are indebted to our trans-Atlantic friend, *The London Weekly Register*, for the following summary of the beautiful discourse addressed by the Rev. Father Sempé, Superior of the Missionary Fathers at Lourdes, to the Irish pilgrims who formed the guard of honor of the magnificent lamp sent from Ireland last month:

DEAR PILGRIMS FROM CATHOLIC IRELAND,—Welcome, a hundred times welcome to this blessed Sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes! You Irish are a people of faith, a people of charity, a people who cherish and love the true liberty of the children of God. You are a people illustrious for your virtues and distinguished among the nations for your obedience to the doctrine preached by Jesus Christ to the world. You have preserved un tarnished the faith of St. Patrick; you have guarded it with jealous vigilance through ages of seduction and persecution. Your devoted missionary priests, inflamed with the love of God, and burning for the salvation of souls, have spread themselves over the world, and carried the religion of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth; and if flourishing churches, enriched by the fructifying streams that flow from sacred Hierarchies, are now to be seen in the United States of America, and in the far-away countries of Australasia, it is to the children of St. Patrick, under the fostering care of Divine Providence, that the Church of God must feel indebted for these blessings.

Oh, people of faith! Oh, people of charity! Oh, nation of martyrs for your unconquerable obedience through ages of persecution to the Vicar of Jesus Christ! truly may He say to you, as did the great Apostle of the Gentiles to the Thessalonians: "We ourselves glory in you in the churches of God for your patience and faith under all your persecutions and tribulations. . . for you are our glory and joy." But it is not to your clergy alone that all the merit, that all the honors are due. Has not your laity given to the world the great Moses of the nineteenth century in the person of your illustrious O'Connell, whose name is so dear to Catholic France and to all the oppressed peoples of the world? He was the great captain raised up by Almighty God to lead His people from slavery to freedom, and for this end he was endowed with such extraordinary gifts as have never been given to another man since the time of the great captain of the Jewish nation. He accomplished his high mission gloriously, and gloriously because without the cost of a drop of blood, without a wound to society, without even a momentary disorganization of the social life of the great empire of which his country formed a part. He was the great Apostle of Moral Force. He taught the doctrine to you, his compatriots, and through you to the nations of the world, that everything worth having, that everything worthy of rational beings, can and ought to be attained by means of Moral Force alone.

And, now, children of St. Patrick, compatriots of

O'Connell, you are come to Lourdes to prove that you are also the worthy successors of your sainted forefathers, who gained for your Ireland the glorious title of "Island of Saints." You are come here, over land and sea, in the name of your country and of your people, to offer a most precious lamp and a beautiful banner to the Immaculate Mother of God, in this blessed Sanctuary that she herself has deigned to come in human form from heaven to inaugurate for us in our own days. Not many months ago, another beautiful banner from your country was carried to Lourdes, and it now hangs suspended in the Basilica, over our heads. Your lamp and banner will bear it company in a few hours.

These offerings from Catholic Ireland cannot but be most acceptable to the Immaculate Virgin, not so much for their intrinsic value and artistic beauty, as for the burning love for Her and the unconquerable fidelity to Her Divine Son that have ever been the luminous characteristics of the Irish people, and they will rest here for ages to come as monuments of the devotion and reverence of yourselves and your people towards the great Queen of Heaven. She is the Patroness of innumerable churches, religious houses, and parishes throughout Ireland, and we know that Dublin, the capital of your country, glories in having the Mother of God as its special Patroness under one of her most endearing titles. The illustrious Cardinal-Archbishop, who has governed so happily for so many years the Metropolitan See of Ireland, has never ceased by word and pen to encourage the devotion of his people towards the Immaculate Mother of God.

And, now, dear Irish Pilgrims, I welcome you once more with all my heart, and in the name of Our Lady of Lourdes I thank you for your beautiful offerings, and I give you her blessing and the blessing of her Divine Son, Jesus Christ.

New Publications.

—An excellent magazine for Catholic boys and girls is the *Young Crusader*, the November number of which is on our table; it contains a pleasing variety of good reading. The *Crusader* is published in Boston, 15 Cornhill. The editor is Rev. Father Byrne, a zealous priest of the Archdiocese of Boston.

—*The Manhattan Monthly*. The current number of this excellent Magazine presents its readers with seventeen articles, many of them being of special interest, as follows: I, Grandmother's Story; II, Neapolitan Superstition; III, The Ship's Arrival; IV, Martin Guerre; or, Mistaken Identity; V, Tired of Life; VI, Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; VII, Death of Summer; VIII, Rose Duvivier; IX, The Penitent of La Trappe; X, Hope, Faith, Love; XI, Famous Memories of the Month; XII, United in Death; XIII, Lourdes; XIV, The words of a Friend; XV, Court Etiquette in Persia; XVI, The Soldier's Recipe; XVII, Miscellany.

—RECEIVED— The *Cecilia* for November; the *Angelus*, the *Catholic Record* and the *Lamp*, for November.

Obituary.

—Died, at his residence near Notre Dame, Ind. on the 27th of October, of typhoid fever and congestion of the liver, Mr. MICHAEL WALSH, a native of Illinois, in the 36th year of his age. The deceased left the home of his childhood in Illinois in order to be near the church at Notre Dame, and that his children might have the advantages of a Christian education. But his sunny hopes and bright anticipations were for the moment clouded by the approach of the fell destroyer, and the hand of Death separated him from his beloved family—only, we hope, one day to reunite them all for a happy eternity. "It is hard," he said, "to leave the family I love so well, but if it be God's holy will I am willing to go." Mr. Walsh leaves a wife and three small children to mourn their early bereavement. He was ever a loving husband and kind father. High Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and a funeral sermon preached, after which the remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery at Notre Dame. May his soul rest in peace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11TH.

Number of letters received, 105; of new members enrolled, 91. Applications have been made as follows: Recovery of health is asked for 134 persons and 2 families; change of life for 93 persons and 81 families; conversion to the faith for 88 persons and 3 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 10, and that of a happy death for 17 persons; particular graces have been asked for 5 priests, 81 clerical students, 8 religious, and 108 lay-persons desiring a religious vocation; temporal favors have been solicited for 66 persons, 11 families, 6 communities, 5 congregations, 14 schools, 1 hospital and 2 orphan asylums; spiritual favors for 56 persons, 8 families, 6 communities, 5 congregations, 1 hospital, 2 orphan asylums, and 1 sodality. The following intentions have been specified: Two very particular intentions of a devoted member of the Association; relief from grievous trouble, and light in a peculiar and critical case; a boy 14 years old who has not yet made his first confession and Communion; a safe and speedy return of a son to his father, and of several other persons to their friends; resources to pay debts; a wife wronged by her husband; a good Catholic education for several children; a novitiate of Sisters; conversion of several obstinate apostates who have abused the grace of a religious vocation; some obstinate children; resignation for an invalid; success in business for several families in great need; relief from intense mental sufferings for several persons; some persons subject to superstitious ideas; situations and employment; the speedy reformation of the widowed mother of a large family who is given to intemperance; 24 special private intentions for M. A. W., Va., to be prayed for especially during the coming month; the settlement of some

real estate; the schools conducted by the Sisters of Mercy in the United States; spiritual and temporal favors for Mrs. B. F. M., Boston; vocation to the faith for 2 families and 2 individuals; reform of life for a number of persons in a certain locality of a parish, and for 5 individuals; spiritual graces and other favors for 1 congregation, 2 religious communities, 5 societies; 5 sodalities, 8 persons; success and resources for, and more Catholic school accommodation in, a parish; recovery of health for a priest, for 1 lay-person, and 1 insane.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

Among the number of letters reporting signal favors obtained through the intercession of our Blessed Mother we choose the following for publication this week: "I must write and tell you of a most miraculous cure effected in this city by the holy water of Lourdes. A little boy, thirteen years old, was dying with lockjaw. He had received the last Sacraments; his physicians had given him up, and his family watched momentarily for his sufferings to end in death. I accidentally heard of his condition from his grandmother, who is our landlady. I took with me a bottle of the precious water; and, although I had never seen the child, I felt impelled by some strong attraction to go with his grandmother and persuade the boy to take it. I said the prayers to our Blessed Lady, and, as well as his locked jaws would permit, he joined me in them. I left some of the water with them, telling them its sacred value and urging them all to pray for the boy's recovery, and I felt sure he would not die. They did so, and the little fellow is now almost entirely well, and rapidly regaining his usual health. He is able to leave his room, and go about the house at will. His physicians say they cannot account for his recovery, but we know the cause of it."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. CATHERINE WHALEN, who died at Potosi, Mo., on the 30th of October. PATRICK RUSSEL, whose death occurred at Big Springs, Ky., on the 1st of September. Miss MATILDA YATES, and HENRY RAY, late members of St. Patrick's congregation, Meade Co., Ky. Mrs. ANNE GREENWELL, and Mrs. MARTINA CAMBRON, of Union Co., Ky., who were both called away suddenly, without having had the assistance of a priest. Mrs. HENRIETTA WEBB, formerly of Derby, Ind. GEORGE SPURK, of Peoria, Ill., who died in October last year. MICHAEL MURTHA, of Marysburg, Minn. JOHN D. WHEELER, of Philadelphia. Mrs. ELLEN CONWAY, of Providence, R. I., whose death occurred Sept. 13th. Mrs. MARY MCAULIFFE, who departed this life the 7th of September, at San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. CARROLL, who departed this life at Watson, Ark., on the 26th of September. BERNARD KERVIN, who died May, 25th, at Baltimore, Md. JOHN TORNEY, JOSEPH FERRALL, DOMINIC J. MAGUIRE, and several whose names have not been given, among whom are 159 persons recommended by a religious community.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, l., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., DECEMBER 2, 1876.

No. 49.

The Immaculate Conception.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MGR. GAUME.

On the 8th of December the Church celebrates the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. By the Immaculate Conception, we mean that the Blessed Virgin, from the moment on which her soul was united to her body, was preserved from original sin and from every stain.* The entire human race for the last six thousand years is under a curse inflicted by God in punishment of a great crime. The stain of sin accompanies the conception and birth of all those who are descended from him who first contracted the guilt. Original sin is an inheritance, but one which issues in sad results. It is transmitted from generation to generation, and so will it be as long as the blood of Adam flows in the veins of the human race.

This law, terrible, universal and incontestible, which causes us all to be born children of wrath, has been for once suspended, and this in favor of Mary. From the first moment of her existence the Virgin of Juda, the future Mother of the Man-God, was free from the smallest stain of sin. This is the miracle which the Church commemorates. This is the blessing for which she returns thanks to God on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Mary was conceived without sin. Before this truth passed into an article of belief, it was considered certain. The Church does not create new dogmas; what she believes to-day, she believed yesterday, and from the beginning. The only differ-

* Per conceptionem hic intelligitur: ipsa animæ infusio et unio cum corpore debitè organizato . . . quæ scilicet fit illo ipso instanti, quo rationalis anima corpori, omnibus membris ac suis organis constanti unitur. Bened. XIV., De Fest., p. 536. Beata Virgo in eo puncto, quo anima corpori unita est ab originali peccato munda fuit et immunis.—Id., id.

ence is that she renders her belief clearer, more explicit, more obligatory; in defining it by a solemn definition according to the requirements of the age.

With regard to the Immaculate Conception, all the Bishops of the Church were consulted, and through them was transmitted to the Sovereign Pontiff the belief of their respective dioceses upon this important point. The Sovereign Pontiff saw that this testimony was universal and in favor of the doctrine, and by an act of his supreme authority he defined that the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is a dogma of faith which can no longer be called in question without falling into heresy. The following are the words of the *Bulla Ineffabilis*: "Wherefore, to the honor of the Holy and undivided Trinity, to the glory of the Virgin, Mother of God, to the exaltation of the Catholic faith and the increase of the Catholic religion, by the authority of Jesus Christ our Lord, of the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, we declare, pronounce and define that the doctrine according to which the Blessed Virgin Mary, from the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of the All-Mighty God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved free from all stain of sin, has been revealed by God, and that, therefore, it should be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful. Wherefore if any shall presume, which God forbid, to think otherwise than as it has been defined by us, let them know and understand that, condemned by their private judgment, they have suffered shipwreck of the faith, that they have left the unity of the Church; and moreover that, if by writing or in any external way, they should dare to express the sentiments of their heart, they have *ipso facto* incurred the penalties established."

The infallible definition of the Vicar of Christ does not only rest upon the fact that this testimony is universal now, but likewise upon the fact that this testimony dates back from the primitive

times. In every age, we find the Immaculate Conception believed in a manner more or less explicit. This belief must have been very general and firmly rooted among the Christian people for the Mahometans themselves to enshrine it in the Koran. Who would imagine that they would be among the first to bear testimony to the original purity of the Virgin! * In the second century, Origen puts it forth indirectly; and in the fourth century, St. Augustine, the most brilliant light of the Church, makes an exception for Mary when he speaks of original sin. "It is," he says, "out of respect for Mary and on account of the honor which is due to her Divine Son, that we do not speak of her whenever there is question of sin." †

Thus the Council of Trent, resuming the tradition of all Christian time, says in its celebrated decree on original sin: "The Holy Council declares that it is not its intention to comprehend in this decree, where there is question of original sin, the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, but commands that the constitutions of Sixtus IV be followed upon this point under the penalties established in the same constitutions." ‡

In 1479, Sixtus IV had granted indulgences to all who would assist at the Offices and Mass of the Feast of the Conception. Four years later, this Pontiff in one of his constitutions forbade anyone to speak against this Feast or condemn the opinion of those who believed the conception of Mary to be immaculate. In 1622, the Holy See, through Pope Gregory XV, forbade anyone to maintain even in private conversation the position that Mary was not conceived without sin. And here reason confirms tradition and authority. Why should God not have wrought this miracle in favor of Mary? *It was in His power to do it, it was fitting that He should do it, therefore He has done it.* § This was the reasoning of a celebrated theologian of the middle ages, and all those who loved Mary concurred with the great Doctor.

In the first place, it was befitting the Eternal Father. She was destined to be the Mother of Jesus, and was always, in virtue of this divine adoption, considered by the Father as His beloved child. It behooved the Father then, for the honor of His Son, to preserve her soul from the smallest stain of sin. Moreover the Father had chosen her to be the one who should crush the head of the infernal serpent. And He therefore could not have permitted her to become its slave. Finally

Mary was destined to become the advocate of sinners, and would have to be exempt from all sin in order to present herself before God pure from every stain. "To appease a judge," says St. Gregory, "we do not send one who is or who has ever been his enemy; a messenger of this kind would only increase his anger."

In the second place it was befitting the Son. How could one believe that the Son of God, Sanctity Itself, who had it in His power to choose a mother immaculate, and one ever beloved of God, should have chosen a mother who even for a moment had been stained with sin and marked out as the object of His hatred? "Moreover," says St. Augustine, "the flesh of Jesus Christ is the flesh of Mary." The Son of God would have shrunk with horror from taking flesh from the womb of Saint Agnes, of Saint Gertrude, or Saint Theresa; because these virgins, all pure as they were, had been sullied with sin in their birth and conception. If this had been the case with Mary, the demon might have reproached our Lord for allowing that same flesh which He had assumed to become infected with his poison, for allowing His Mother, in whom He took such complacency, to have first been his own slave. There is something very offensive in the expression that Mary was at one time the slave of the demon; it sounds harshly in pious ears, and one would rather not hear it. St. Thomas says that she was preserved from all actual sin, even venial, for the simple reason that if this were not the case she would have been unworthy of God. But she would have been still more unworthy of God if she had been stained with original sin, which makes man an object of Divine wrath.

In the third place it was befitting the Holy Ghost. If a skilful painter was asked to choose a spouse beautiful or ugly according to the portrait which he should have made himself, he would assuredly endeavor to make the portrait as beautiful as he could. The Holy Spirit could not have acted otherwise. He could form His spouse just as He would wish her to be, and there is no doubt but that He has enriched her with all the various forms of beauty which He could give her, and which she should possess consistently with her exalted position. That He has done so is clear from the titles which He has conferred upon her.

First of all, He created her, and then with infinite complacency looked upon her as the masterpiece of His grace, saying: "Thou art all-beautiful, My love; and there is not a spot in thee. . . . There are young maidens without number, but one is My dove; My perfect one is but one; she is the only one of her mother, the chosen of her that

* Bergier, Mahomet.

† Lib. De Nat. et Grat., c. xxxvi, n. 42.

‡ Sess. v.

§ Potuit, de cui, ergo fecit. Scot., died in 1308.

bore her." * This means that all just souls are daughters of Divine grace, but that there is one amongst them that has merited the name of dove, because she is without stain; and has likewise merited the name of the only one, because she alone was conceived in grace.

Thus the Catholic world believed in the Immaculate Conception even before it was defined by the Church. This belief was founded on scriptural authority, the doctrine of the fathers, and upon the fitness of things. These fathers of the Church, these eminent theologians who centred in themselves the rays of religious knowledge, and who were the admiration of all succeeding ages, openly put forward the august prerogatives of Mary. Nor were they insincere in this manifestation of their belief. They were minds of colossal strength, and combined all that supernal grace and native energy could effect. Following in their turn were the universities of France, England, Spain and Italy, all those military orders who formally professed to believe in the Immaculate Conception and who bound themselves to defend the same by a solemn oath. Weak, puerile minds! they were no more so than that sublime and divinely gifted Bossuet, who said: "The belief in the Immaculate Conception has an indescribable power over pious souls. Apart from the articles of faith, there is nothing more certain. Accordingly I am not at all astonished the Parisian school of theologians obliges all her children to defend this doctrine As for me, I feel an unbounded pleasure in carrying out its views. I was fed with its milk, and I now willingly submit to its injunctions; the more so that it appears to me to be the desire of the Church. The Church has an exalted idea of the conception of Mary; she does not oblige us to believe her immaculate, but she gives us to understand that this belief is pleasing to her. There are certain things which she puts forward in the form of a command: to these we profess openly our obedience. There are other things which she puts forward only indirectly: to these we submit, prompted by the impulse of love. If we be true children of the Church, our piety would urge us to obey not merely her commands, but rouse ourselves at the slightest sign from so sweet and affectionate a mother." †

Who are the weak, puerile minds? those whose voices are heard in the streets clamoring, and rejecting what they know nothing about, simply because it does not agree with their foolish ideas or the vagaries of their vacillating reason. Perhaps they are led into a hostile attitude from motives of op-

position to the Catholic Church or from the evil promptings of a corrupted heart.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception justifies the words of Bossuet, and manifests in a lucid manner the sentiments of the Church on this point. In the East, the Feast of Mary Immaculate was already of ancient date in the seventh century. In the West, it dates back further than the twelfth. Celebrated at first by several particular churches, it was strongly maintained and propagated by St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1109. Two hundred years afterwards a council which was held in London made it obligatory. From Great Britain it passed to the continent, and spread rapidly in France, Spain, Italy, and in other parts of Christendom. Finally, in the fifteenth century, the council of Bale, and chiefly Pope Sixtus IV, extended it still further and established it upon a firmer basis by attaching to it certain indulgences.*

The institution of this Feast, which honors the most glorious privilege of Mary, was apparently long in being established. This leads us to make a few remarks which will apply equally to the establishment of other festivals. In the same manner as the Church has not decided all at once or from the beginning all the functions which may arise in the domain of dogma or morality, so neither has she established all at once all the different practices of devotion. She has followed the gradual progress of time, accommodating herself to the requirements of her children. It is an additional proof of her consummate wisdom.

In defining truths of faith which are impugned, and which before were not defined as such, the Church does not consider herself wiser on this account. She has only done what former councils would have done had they been placed in similar circumstances. So it is with regard to the increase in the number of festivals, confraternities, devotions, and other pious practices. They have not sprung into existence from a vain and unwarrantable presumption, just as if the Church of the present day pretended to know more than the Church of preceding ages. But as times change, manners change, and wants are multiplied. The Church knows these wants, and takes care to supply them; no one knows better than a mother what suits her children.

* Extravag. Comm. 1, 3; title, xii, c. 1.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SINCE Jesus Christ said indefinitely to St. Peter: "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep," we may conclude that whoever does not recognize St. Peter for his pastor is neither of the lambs nor of the sheep.

* Cant., iv, 7.

† Bossuet. His first sermon on the Conception.

[For the Ave Maria.]

To St. Mary Magdalen.

BY ELIZA M. V. BULGER.

O dear Saint Mary Magdalen,
 Would I could love my God like you!
 With such a burning, contrite heart,
 And a love so tender, deep, and true!
 Would I could kneel at Jesus' feet,
 And bathe them with my blinding tears,
 Till from my soul were washed away
 The stains of all these sinful years!

He pardoned you because He knew
 Your heart was loyal, strong, and brave;
 You went to Him with a single bound,
 Out of your dead past's dismal grave!
 You knelt, a sinner, at His feet,—
 Despised by earth, shut out from Heaven;
 You rose, a saint—a penitent,
 Beloved by Jesus, and forgiven!

Then pray for me, dear Magdalen!
 That He who loved and pitied you,
 May, through your intercession, deign
 To pity and forgive me too;
 O let me kneel at His dear feet,
 And plead for me as you pleaded when
 Of old you sought Him! He will still
 Listen to you as He listened then.

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Next morning neither bell nor hammer could awaken him. He slept until he waked of himself, bathed in sweat. But this happily cured him of the cold he had contracted in the vault. He felt only a little faint, and somewhat light-headed.

"I must have overslept myself," he thought, and dressed himself in haste. In fact it was striking half-past-six o'clock, and the signal for Terce was sounding. For this remissness a public penance awaited him, and this was the more displeasing to him from his having been till now excessively punctual. However, as there was no help for it, he hurried to the oratory. As the end of Sext drew near, he, with downcast eyes, like a poor sinner, left his place in the prayer-benches, knelt down in the open space before the altar, and, blushing with shame, laid himself flat on the ground, hiding his face in his scapular. Near him and behind him he heard a rustling as if he had companions in the act.

He laid there several minutes. The signal for departure was given. He arose quickly, much more quickly than he had laid down, and how

much was he astonished! close beside him rose the abbot from the floor, and whole rows of monks lay there. He became quite proud to find himself in a society so good and numerous. But on the way to the refectory he whispered to one of the novices. "Aye! aye! but that was a lazy night."

"The departed Father Benno has to answer for it!" was the answer. "It is no joke to watch by the dead, at night too, in the haunted vault. I was half frightened to death, and did not go."

"Very pretty of you," returned Frater Hugo, "to leave me all alone there. I won't forgive you for it for a fortnight."

He blushed scarlet as he uttered the lie: for he was glad to have been alone, on account of his discovery, which he wished to examine. But immediately after breakfast Father Benno was to be buried, and besides this it was Maundy-Thurs day. He went therefore at once to the sacristy, and helped the abbot to array himself in his sacerdotal vestments, and again they went to the vault; for there, in the presence of the corpse, was the Office for the Dead to be performed by the abbot on behalf of the brother who had gone home, and Frater Hugo was ministrant.

The sacrifice of the Mass is over. The abbot puts off the Mass vestments and is arrayed in the cope. Thus vested, he goes between his acolytes, accompanied by the whole community bearing lighted tapers in their hands, to the place where rests the body, that he may bless it for the last time. Then the procession moved on through a narrow passage where burial-places ranged in rows one above another were gaping open.

"In which of these stone gulfs will your body one day moulder away?" thought Frater Hugo, as he gazed upon them.

The procession stopped at the place where the open tombs joined those already closed. The body was shoved into one of the openings by the bearers, together with the boards on which it lay. The echoes of the prayers for the dead filled the hall. Instead of the usual three spoonfuls of earth, the abbot gave three small spoonfuls of ashes to the corpse, from a silver dish, and the last salutation for old Father Benno's long, long sleep is intoned: "*Requiescat in pace.*" Then the prior holds up a black cloth before the opening, one just large enough to cover it, fastens it with black wax on the four corners on the stone rim of the grave, and the abbot presses the seal of the abbey of Andechs upon it. The burial is ended. Then the abbot pronounced a short but forcible discourse. "Which of us will fill the next empty grave?" he said, among other things. "No one knows; therefore let us so live as if each of us

was to be the next successor to the brother we have buried to-day."

In solemn silence the monks left their future sleeping place. In the background of the vault, however, the masons were already standing prepared with the stone slab to close up the narrow tenement where Father Benno was to await the day of the resurrection.

After High Mass the abbot proceeded to the Epistle-side of the altar to the washing of the feet. The monks sat there in long rows, with the exception of the lay-brothers; the abbot approached them, in a violet cope richly embroidered with gold, followed by two levites, who carried a silver washbowl, with a can and linen cloth. The prelate, a truly apostolic figure, knelt down and washed every monk's feet. Frater Hugo, as the youngest novice, was the last in the row. Tears stood in his eyes as the abbot humbly performed this function.

Then the church was stripped of its ornaments; the altar-candlesticks were thrown down, the crucifix draped in black; organ-playing and ringing of bells were silenced; for three days silence was to reign supreme throughout the cloister; the commemoration of the sufferings and death of the Saviour of the world began. The monks remained in their cells, devoting themselves to spiritual contemplation.

Frater Hugo more than once felt a strong temptation to examine the newly-discovered book. But he resisted it, and kept himself in that pious frame of mind which the seriousness of the day had excited. Everything contributed to this end. At dinner the abbot served the tables as a waiter. If it had been an edifying spectacle to see the abbot wash the feet of his subjects, clothed in the gold-embroidered robes of the Church, it was now a touching one to see him wait on the monks, girt with the blue apron of the kitchen.

But the most powerful impression made on our novice was during the service in the abbey in the afternoon. It was a gloomy day. Even the blue heavens appeared to mourn, and had covered themselves with the darkest clouds. The feeble light of day was rendered yet more feeble by the mourning-curtains hung up before the windows. A dull glimmering half-darkness prevailed, in which the forms of the monks, with their hoods drawn over their heads, appeared like dark shadows on the high prayer-stools. Not a light was burning. At length a wail of melody poured forth its melancholy tones from an Æolian harp, and a choral of manly voices took up the strain, and the waves of sound swelled higher and higher till they filled the majestic building, waking up in the human breast thousands of sleeping emo-

tions of pain, yet of a pain sweet even in its sadness; it was the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremias which were thus wailed forth.

With bruised and contrite heart the novice drank in the tones; and as at length the choir of men increased in force and the harmonies reverberated from the high pillars as if in strains, he felt himself carried away in a maze of tones, lifted up to undreamed of heights of devotion, and he breathed joyfully, in full reliance on the Divine mercy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERY.

Easter Sunday of the year 1803 was a glorious, sunshiny day. Nature herself celebrated the Resurrection of the Lord. Winter was gone; the hedges and brushwood were putting forth their green; here and there a solitary daisy already peeped out on the green meadow-land. The time of penance and of mourning had passed away. The Church was singing *Hallelujah!* and the heart of the youngest novice was also warm with the sunshine of the festival day. After dinner, while the others were walking in the garden, he betook himself to his cell, at length to examine the discovered book.

He forced open the metal fastenings, opened the book, and an exclamation of joy escaped from his lips. On the costly purple-tinted parchment stood elegantly formed gold and silver letters with marvellous flourishes. Text and letters were gothic. He recognized this at the first glance, for, under the direction of the librarian, he had latterly devoted himself with great zeal to the study of the original dialects of the German language. He read, turned over the leaves, and read here and there. He could hardly keep himself from giving vent to his joy aloud.

Before him lay the oldest monument of German writing—the translation of the Bible by the Gothic Bishop Ulfila, who died in the year of our Lord 388. This volume indeed contained only the four Gospels, but it was nevertheless a priceless treasure when viewed with reference to its antiquarian value. By closer inspection the novice found that the book had not served exclusively as a book of the Gospels: for to the single chapters short prayers and meditations were added, in which heathenish views appeared considerably mixed up with Christian ones. This much was undoubtedly certain, on the one hand, that the manuscript was what we should term in modern parlance a sort of prayer-book; on the other hand that it dated from the earliest Christian times, namely from those days when the Goths, the noblest and most civilized of all the German tribes, had received the light of the Gospel from the East

but had not yet thoroughly enlightened the darkness of heathenism in their contemplations. As in those times books were excessively costly and rare, the volume now in the hand of the novice, in consideration of the extreme beauty of its finish, represented an immense value in gold, and could only have belonged to a rich and distinguished person. Now it was clear why Father Benno had watched this treasure so jealously that he did not wish to part from it even in death. In the joy of his heart Frater Hugo hastened to the abbot. He could not obtain admittance. A messenger on horseback had just come from the capital and was now with the abbot. The novice waited. Presently he saw the messenger, who was covered with dust from head to foot, come out of the prelate's apartment. And as he now entered the abbot's cell he found this latter with a letter open in his hand and apparently in considerable agitation.

"What do you bring, Frater Hugo?" he said, kindly. The novice related his history, and presented to him the volume.

"Wonderful!" whispered the abbot, as if talking to himself. He opened the book, read in it, casting sometimes a glance on the open countenance of the novice, sometimes one on the costly manuscript.

"A companion to the *codex-argenteus* in Upsala," said he, still but half aloud. "Wonderful dispensation!" He rubbed his hand over his face, like one absorbed in deep thought; soon after he raised his venerable countenance, which appeared radiant with goodness, and looked for a long time on the youth with indescribable benevolence, then in a melancholy yet calm tone, pointing to the book, said: "That at least shall not fall into the hands of the wretched Jews. To-day I have yet the power and right to make presents. I give this book to you, in virtue of my authority as mitred abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Andechs."

"Oh, in that case it will still remain in the abbey," answered the novice, with glistening eyes; "that is, if I am in due time esteemed worthy to pronounce my vows here."

"You will never take the vows in Andechs."

The novice turned pale. "Be comforted, my son; the blame is not yours. The monastery of Andechs is to be abolished. A like fate awaits every cloister in Bavaria which possesses earthly goods. The edict to effect this only awaits the signature of the electoral prince, Max. Joseph. Even the very next week the commissioners may take the rule into their own hands, and we, we must take up the walking-stick."

"And I, reverend Father,"—asked the novice, sobbing,—"what will become of me?"

"Of you?" answered the abbot, with emotion; "you will continue your studies in some university. You are now cleansed from the follies of youth. You will one day, as a man, fill the station worthily which Divine Providence has always assigned you. The time you have spent in Andechs will bring a blessing to you. It has been a stern school, from which you will return to the world as another man. He who is strong enough to renounce the world, should he not have strength enough to conquer its follies, its vanities? now go, my son, prepare thyself to leave Andechs as the last novice of this monastery; and, as a remembrance, take this costly manuscript; never part with it, during life."

The young man could not answer. He had only tears, large hot tears, more noble than the costliest pearls and stones. As he left the cell of the abbot, a smaller bell than usual resounded through the building. Its tone pealed mournfully in the young man's wounded heart. It was the little bell that was rung when an inmate of the cloister died, or when the abbot assembled the members of the council to chapter. Now it was summoning the monks to the chapter-room, that the abbot might announce to them the dissolution of the abbey; it now sounded like the knell of the whole community.

The novice went to his cell—his novitiate was at an end. There he wrote a long letter to his father. That increased his regrets. When he had finished writing, he took up his Gospel, and, opening it, he read, in the well-sounding, full-toned, strong and energetic tones which were peculiar to the German language in its earliest days, hitting by accident the passage in which Jesus speaks: "*I am the Light of the world. He who followeth Me walketh not in darkness.*" Thus read he; and, before these consoling words, sorrow disappeared from his heart, as the grey foggy clouds disappear before the golden rays of the sun. Stepping to the window, he looked out on the glorious panorama of Alps, over the mountain walls of which the king of day was pouring down a whole cataract of brilliant light. Then he heard the church bells ringing merrily for Easter Vespers. He went in, and perhaps never had he sang out from so full a heart as to-day: "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE archives of Monto Cassino contain forty thousand scrolls of parchment and four thousand manuscripts, all written out, painted and adorned by hand, the work of "lazy monks."

A Naples correspondent of the *London Tablet* writes as follows:—

"I will now faithfully keep that promise I made you of giving you an account of the miracle of St. Januarius which I had the happiness of seeing again under extraordinarily favorable circumstances. You remember about two years ago, when I first came to Naples, I sent you a hastily written account of this marvellous miracle, and told you of the impression it made on me at that time. Naturally, being again so near Naples when the Feast of St. Januarius came round, I made up my mind to go again and beg the favor of seeing the Miracle of the Liquefaction from a near distance. So on the 20th I started from Cava at 5 a. m., by express, and arrived at Naples about 7.45 a. m., and made my way at once to the Cathedral, and to the Chapel of the Treasury, as that dedicated to the Saint is called, which I found simply packed with people. I squeezed my way in as near to the altar as possible; but I soon found it would be useless to stay there, as I should see nothing, and hear more than enough to give me a splitting headache in a very short time. The old women, who are called, or call themselves, the 'Comari of St. Januarius,' had begun their prayers, and were singing and praying aloud, each one as her own devotion prompted, making an uproar and noise hardly bearable at times. Their harsh, loud, screaming voices, united with the rough Neapolitan dialect, and the simplicity of their prayers, involuntarily makes one smile; it is something so strange for us Englishmen to hear such a clamor and such a Babel of tongues in a church, and to hear the saint addressed in all manner of endearing terms at one moment, and in the next instant with almost a threat. But go near those poor people, and look into their faces, and you will not laugh then; for you will see that their whole souls are in their prayers, and earnestness and faith are visible in every feature of their sun-burnt countenances, whether it be of the younger girls or of the gray-haired, wrinkled old women who cling to the altar-rails and pour out a continual supplication to their saint, and turn round occasionally to cry out to the people to pray more earnestly for the miracle.

"These old women with their families come in to Naples from Pozzuoli every morning during the Octave to be present at the miracle, and to take their place at the altar-rails on the Gospel side, which they are allowed to have by traditional right, and which they take care always to secure.

"Well, leaving the old women to their devotions, I elbowed my way through the dense crowd, and, passing the sentry, was let through the gate into the sacristy. I happened to know the sacristan, a Neapolitan priest, who received me most kindly, and expressed himself only too delighted to allow me to see the miracle, and took me into the inner sacristy where I found some twenty or thirty more strangers waiting—several French priests, some Poles, Danes, and Germans, a party of Americans, and of course, some English. There were also two Spanish dons. A mixture of all nations and tongues.

"After waiting here for some time, one of the canons of the treasury who recognized me, although I did not know him, took me by the hand to give me, as he said, a good place to see the miracle, and conducted me into the sanctuary; for the outer sacristy was full of strangers, and there was quite a rush when the doors were opened. He placed me on the top step, just in front of where the priest would stand who was to hold the blood of the saint. So I was literally *kneeling at the feet* of the canon who held in his hand the reliquary; and thus had a better opportunity than any one else present of seeing all that passed, noting every circumstance, and of examining the inside of the reliquary and the two phials which contained the blood of the saint.

"The head of St. Januarius, enclosed in a silver-gilt bust, with the reliquary containing his blood, are preserved behind the altar in an iron tabernacle, built into the thick wall of the church. This tabernacle is fastened with two locks, of one of which the Archbishop holds the key, who sends every morning of the Octave a deputy priest with this key to open his lock. The key of the other is in the custody of six noblemen of Naples, one of whom is deputed on each day to bring it and open the lock, and to close it when the relics are again shut up.

"The canons of the chapel went in procession, and first brought out the head of the saint, and placed it on the altar on the Gospel side; on the bust, which as I said contains the head, they put the Bishop's mitre and a small red cope, and then round the neck a rich massive collar of precious stones, consisting principally of pearls and diamonds. Then the priest brought out the reliquary containing the blood, and, holding it in his hands, let us see that it was hard.

"You cannot imagine the cries and the almost shrieks and screams of the people that were going on all this time. And when the priest held it up and cried out '*E duro*,' '*It is hard*,' there was such a cry of '*San Gennaro, nostro protettore, nostro padrone! fate ci il miracolo*,' and they

began to weep and wail on all sides in the true Neapolitan style. The old women round the altars repeated again and again the *Pater noster*, *Credo*, and *Gloria Patri*, and then made a profession of faith the tenor of which was 'their belief in the Most Holy Trinity, in the holy Catholic faith, and in all that the Church commanded; and in San Gennaro, who could work the miracle if he would, and save them from many woes.'

"But for five, ten, fifteen minutes there was not the slightest sign of any liquefaction taking place. I had the greatest possible opportunities of examining the reliquary, for the canon held it just before my eyes several times for some seconds, whilst another priest held a lighted taper behind the glass to allow me to see plainly the bottles inside. The reliquary is an old-fashioned silver one of an oval shape, surmounted by a silver cross about four or five inches long, by which the priest holds it. Thick glass is let into the sides, so that you see the interior plainly when held up to the light; and to show you more clearly the bottles inside, a priest holds a small lighted taper behind, by aid of which you see two small 'ampullæ,' or cruetes, the larger one containing about an ounce and a half of some obscure congealed substance of a brownish tint, not unlike to that of clotted blood when it has been exposed a long time to the air. It is quite hard, for the priest reverses the reliquary and not the slightest motion is visible in the dark matter, which fills about two-thirds of the phial. The glass of this bottle is curious, not like ordinary glass, but with that peculiar tint and roughness of unpurified glass, resembling the bottles you see in the Roman museums, which have been taken from the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs.

"The other, and smaller phial, not unlike a small smelling-bottle, contains a mere stain of blood and some little pieces of black sticking to the sides, which have never been known to liquefy; these are supposed to be little pieces of sponge, or earth soaked with blood, sticking to the sides of the glass.

"Both bottles appeared to be hermetically sealed. Another little thing that caught my attention was, that resting on the outside of each bottle was that peculiar fine, thin dust which collects on objects even closed in cases, showing they must have been left undisturbed for a very long time. These phials appeared also to be resting on what appeared to me to be some wadding, dusty and discolored, and between the top of the reliquary inside and the phials there was another similar piece of dark wool or wadding. The reliquary itself is soldered up on all sides, and you must break it to open it. Now I did not make

these ex- [redacted] it I have so many [redacted] me for my account two years ago that I determined to notice every little circumstance, so that I might tell them freely and plainly what I saw. And indeed the canon gave me frequent opportunities of examining closely, putting the reliquary within four or five inches from my eyes, the other priest holding the taper behind to show me the inside plainly.

"Twenty minutes had passed away, and not the sign of any movement appeared; there was the dark brown substance filling up two-thirds of the phial, forming a straight line across it, still immovable. The groans, the cries, and the tears of the people were increased, their supplications and petitions became louder, and even the most indifferent of those around seemed to be moved. The priest laid the reliquary down on the altar, and began aloud the Apostles' Creed, and then an invocation to St. Januarius; and after that a prayer begging that God would allow the miracle for His greater honor and glory, and for the good of His people. He then once again took it in his hand and showed it to me, kneeling on the step, but it was the same as at first, not the slightest change having taken place.

He had taken it all round, had shown it to the many kneeling there, and had then lifted it up for the people outside to see, when he once more lowered it, and put it before my eyes. I was not certain, but it seemed to me that as he held the reliquary upside down the straight line which was formed across the bottle, was breaking on one side, and that the substance commenced to move slowly. I am sure my excited face and the paleness I felt coming over me must have shown the canon what had happened; for he looked at it, and said it had commenced, and then once more showed to me. Yes! there it was, slowly moving down on one side of the bottle, a few reddish-brown drops; he held it aloft to the people, and cried '*E squagliato*,' 'It is liquefied.' The organ immediately commenced the *Te Deum*, and the choir and the people taking up the alternate verses sang it with all their souls in thanksgiving to God that He had allowed yet once again this miracle. I joined too with all my heart, for I cannot express to you the strange feeling which crept over me when the canon again showed me the reliquary, and slowly turned it round. I saw the blood flowing inside the larger phial as freely as water:—there only remained a dark globule in the centre, which was not liquefied—all the rest in the phial was perfectly liquid. Perhaps this globule also became so; I however did not see it again, for when I had kissed the

reliquary the canon took it round to the others, that they might have a like happiness.

"As soon as the *Te Deum* was finished the people began a hymn of thanksgiving to San Gennaro, but I could not catch the words—the few I did catch were, "Hail St. Januarius, our father, and our holy protector."

"I was sorry to be obliged to go away, but I assure you I breathed a fervent prayer of thanks to God for the great favor He had granted me of seeing again this wonderful miracle; of seeing so closely the hard dry blood slowly liquefy, and even as fresh in the bottle as if spilt yesterday instead of 1600 years ago, (for St. Januarius was martyred at Pozzuoli A. D. 305.) I was glad too, and thanked God that He had given me the evidences of my senses to answer the objections of my Protestant friends."

"CAVA, near Salerno, Sept. 22nd, 1876.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, Nov. 3, 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA:"—In connection with the affair of the Archbishop of Granada, who was reported to have been arrested at Genoa by an order from the Government at Madrid, for his neglecting to pay his respects to the Spanish ambassador at the Quirinal, I have deemed it necessary to seek further information—principally, because telegrams from Genoa confirmed the rumor that he has not yet embarked for Spain. Here is the result of my investigations. The authorities at Madrid never pretended that the Spanish prelates who came to Rome with the pilgrims should visit Count Coello, the ambassador to the king of Italy. But they *did* pretend that those prelates should pay their respects to Sig. Cardenas, Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See. Signor Cardenas communicated this matter to the three prelates who accompanied the pilgrimage, viz., the Archbishop of Granada, and the Bishops of Vich and Oviedo. But the communication did not reach the former until after his departure from Rome. It was only when he was about to embark at Genoa, and he was politely requested by the Italian authorities to defer his departure, that the state of the case became known to him. He was invited into a princely carriage, and taken to the Villa Palavicini, where he was to remain until an explanation ensued. He was merely asked to write a note to Signor Cardenas, stating that the neglected visit was not intended as an offence to his official capacity, which the venerable prelate at once consented to do. By this time, I presume, the explanation has been received, and the Archbishop of Granada is again on his voyage. From this statement of simple facts it is evident that Count Coello, in his quality of ambassador to the Court of the Quirinal, had nothing whatever to do with the matter, albeit the Liberal papers here have stated that the Spanish Government

was piqued on account of an offence given to his official character. The whole affair redounds very little to the credit and consistency of the Government of Madrid, when we reflect upon the indifference, not to say disapproval, with which the pilgrimage was regarded in official quarters.

To continue with diplomatic news, M. de Courcelles, who for several years has been the French ambassador to the Holy See, has been removed, whether at his own request or by a Governmental *motu proprio* is not known. His attachment to the cause of the Church and to the person of Pius IX won for him the unlimited confidence of the Pontiff and the admiration of all good Catholics. No man more cordially than he deplored the guilty complicity of the French Empire in the base betrayal of Pius IX. When the *Orénoque* a vessel which was placed at the disposal of His Holiness, in the event of his being obliged to fly from Rome, was removed from the harbor of Civita Vecchia two years ago, in acquiescence to the petulant demands of the Italian Government, he felt that his own honor, with that of the French nation, was compromised, and he tendered his resignation forthwith. At the urgent request of the Holy Father, he withdrew it. This circumstance induces some to believe that his removal from Rome is official. He has been succeeded by M. de Mande, who has just arrived.

Cardinal Bizzarri is seriously ill, with very little hope of recovery. Cardinal Capalti has had a stroke of apoplexy, with partial paralysis of one side. In fact it would seem as if the Sacred Collège were marked out as a special field in which disease holds high carnival. We must bear in mind, however, that we are speaking of old men, very old men. But contemplate for a moment their Prince in years and by Divine ordinance. See the saintly Veteran of Truth and Justice, as he comes out of his apartment, towards the noon of every day, to gladden the hearts of the many assembled in the antechambers with the sweetly consoling conviction that there is a God in Israel, and that yonder old man is His prophet, nay, greater office still, His Vicar! Old age is faithfully represented by him; but ordinarily concomitant disease keeps aloof, as if fearful of touching that sacred person. Though it would only be enjoying its indisputable prerogative of touching all that is mortal, yet it evinces a reverence for that Patriarch which should bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the sacrilegious ruffians of Europe. Strangest of anomalies! Nature, weak and perishable, waives her claims upon him; death shrinks before him, permits him to see the hitherto unseen years of Peter, and yet the men of to-day lay violent hands upon him, and

PERISH IN COMPARATIVE BOYHOOD.

There seems to be a demon of no ordinary tact at work in the Eternal City, endeavoring by foul means at least to *modify* the attachment of the Romans to the Holy Father, and make them feel that, after all, politics as they exist at present and religion are not incompatible; with a boldness which stupefies even a moderate *Liberale*, he

FORGES A DECLARATION OF THE SACRED PENITENTIARY

to the effect that the Catholics of Italy may take part and compete for office in the coming political elections, provided they premise the parliamentary oath with a solemn asseveration that they will, in their deliberations and official acts, have constantly before their minds the *divine* and *ecclesiastical* statutes. His astute majesty, however, betrayed himself most stupidly. He reckoned without his host. Whether his mistake in the subscription of the name of the Grand Penitentiary be of ignorance innocent or preense, I know not. But to the document he attached the date of September 26th, and the name of *Cardinalis Antonius Maria Panebianco, Penitentiarius maior*. Both the date and the name of the Penitentiary betray the forgery, for on the 26th of September, 1876, Cardinal Panebianco was absent from Rome, and, during his absence, his office was discharged by Cardinal Monaco La-Valletta. This precious production appeared in the *Gazzetta di Colonia*: and the *Voce della Verità* affirms, in a tone which challenges contradiction, that the sum of *four thousand lire* was paid for it. An authentic document, however, identical in tenor and terms, is extant, and it is the famous declaration of Cardinal Cagliano de Azevedo, which was published in the year 1866, and which legitimized the participation of Catholics in the political elections, with the reservation in favor of the *divine* and *ecclesiastical* laws mentioned above. This document was published when the seat of the Italian Government was in Florence. Circumstances, however—and, much more so, *events*—alter cases. The relations of a Catholic citizen with the Italian Government have taken contrary positions since 1866. What was lawful then is positively unlawful now, and what was unlawful when the seat of Government was in Florence, may, with no great effort of logic, be demonstrated as lawful while the Italians keep violent possession of Rome. I forbear dwelling on the last assertion. *Verbum sap.*

THE EXORBITANCIES OF THE GOVERNMENT IN REGARD TO TAXES .

are fast exceeding all measure. The assessors have gone so far as to levy a tax on the eleemosynary contributions which the priest receives for saying Mass. When I add that a priest in Italy receives but the insignificant alms of one lira, or twenty cents, for each Mass, the meanness of the taxation, not to speak of its sacrilegious injustice, becomes unqualifiable in language.

If there be a Bishop in this unhappy land who seems destined to suffer in an especial manner for Christ's sake, it is Monsignor Martini, Bishop of Mantua. First of all, some schismatics of his diocese proposed popular suffrage as the legitimate means of appointing the pastors of the churches. They partially realized their nefarious purpose, owing to the support they received from the Government, and at present there are a few incumbencies in the diocese of Mantua which are occupied by schismatical priests. After this blow came another. He was driven from his episcopal palace, and deprived of his revenues, be-

cause he had faith enough in the successor of the Prince of the Apostles to accept from him, and exercise, the office of Bishop, without asking the permission of the Italian Government. Then Bonghi, the infamous, got upon his track, and, backed by the usual *legality* which legitimizes every outrage in Italy, ordered his Ecclesiastical Seminary to be closed. After his expulsion from the episcopal residence, the heroic confessor occupied two modest rooms in the Seminary, in his quality of rector. Not, even this asylum was left to him. He was driven forth, and compelled to seek shelter in the house of one of his priests. Since his revenues have been taken away from him he has lived on the charity of that best and tenderest of fathers, Pius IX, who has given him a yearly allowance sufficient to support him. How, after all this systematical persecution, the Italian Government could visit him with new grievances, would baffle an ordinary demon. But there are extraordinary incarnate demons in Italy, and the tax-agent is the most extraordinary of all. Maliciously presuming, despite the evidences of his senses, and the depositions of all Mantua, that the Bishop still enjoys his revenues, he presents a bill for income-tax of 1,500 lire. Protestations were useless, and the Bishop had not the wherewithal to pay. He had still left a few articles of value, and his carriage. These were taken. I conclude for the day, for its evil seems to be more than sufficient.

ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

—Our thanks are due to Rev. Father Kiser, of Woodland, Cal., and Rev. Father O'Donnell, of Colusa, for new subscribers.

—Rev. Father Bollig, S. J., who was recently appointed to the honorable position of Prefect of the Vatican Library by the Holy Father, is a worthy successor to the illustrious Cardinals Mai and Mezzofanti. It is said that he speaks fifty-two languages.

—According to the *Unità Cattolica* the Holy Father on All Souls' Day offered his Mass for the repose of the souls of all those who when living were "his enemies," and were "the most instrumental in afflicting him and bringing about his spoliation." It is thus that Pius IX takes revenge on his enemies.

—The ostensorium used every Saturday morning at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the college chapel at Notre Dame is a beautiful work of art. It is of solid silver, elegantly chased and burnished. It was presented with other articles to Rev. Father Carrier, C. S. C., by the ex-Empress Eugenie.

—The *National Baptist* quotes Mr. Smart, President of the Indiana Teachers' Association, as follows: "The moral tone of our young people is not as high as it was ten years ago; they have less respect for rightful authority and less regard for the rights of others; they care less for truth and honesty, and are more inclined to disregard the law of obedience to their parents; they are influenced less by their moral obligations and more by their passions and preju-

dices." Mr. Smart is evidently convinced that secular education, apart from moral training, is a lamentable failure.

—A colony of Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, whose mother-house is at Issoudun, France, has been established at Watertown, New York. This congregation was founded in 1854 and received the approval of the Holy See on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1874. The object of this society is primarily to propagate devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by missions, retreats, etc. The Congregation also conducts colleges and seminaries. Another good work to which the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart are devoted is the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We are happy to learn that the Fathers propose to erect a votive church dedicated to the Sacred Heart as a monument raised by America to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as a protestation against heresy, and as a reparation for the outrages which our Blessed Lord receives in the Sacrament of His Love. A handsome site for the church has been selected near the present residence of the Missionaries.

—An Episcopal throne has been erected in Christ Church, Oxford, at a cost of £1,000, as a memorial to Archbishop Wilberforce. "How Protestantism would be shocked," says the London *Univers*, "if anybody proposed to erect a throne in the same church in honor of the Blessed Virgin, or any of the saints! To have mementoes of holy men and women in our churches or in our streets would be an outrage to the minds of Protestants, but there may be any number of statues erected in those places to the memory of worldly kings or queens, or soldiers or sailors, or artists or travellers, or parliamentary ecclesiastics. Just look round London and into Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's for illustrations of what we refer to! That we are ashamed of Christianity must be the conclusion of every foreigner who comes to this country."

—Our excellent German exchange, the Ohio *Waisenfreund*, in answer to a correspondent, gives the following reply to the assertion "that it does not matter what religion one belongs to, as every religion is good, provided we only live up to it": "It is certainly true that it would be all the same what religion we belong to provided every religion were good, but every religion is *not* good. When people say that every religion is good we suppose they mean the different Christian denominations, excluding the Jewish, Mahometan and Pagan religions. If, then, we admit this so far as to say that only every religion calling itself Christian is good, it still remains a false assertion. Anybody maintaining it may with reason assert that yes and no are synonymous. The Catholic Church teaches that we must adore Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, whilst the Calvinist will say: 'Such an adoration is nothing but idolatry.' Is it not great folly to say both are good—the affirmation and the negation? We Catholics also believe that Christ is God: the Unitarians, however, say He is a mere creature. Can both be right? If every religion is good, there can be no heresy, and St. Paul the Apostle puts heresy on a level with murder and

adultery. If every religion is good, why does St. John the Apostle say: "If any man come to you and bring not *this* doctrine, receive him not into the house, nor say to him, God save you." (2 John, 1, 10.) If every religion is good, why did the Church take so much pains during all ages to preserve the old apostolic faith, and why have so many Catholics suffered imprisonment, torture and death, in defence of Catholic truth, against the assaults of the Sectaries? Finally if every religion is good, why are there so many Protestant preachers constantly reviling the Catholic religion?"

—A Lutheran minister in Germany thus eulogizes the Catholic clergy: "Gregory VII knew well what he was doing when with inexorable severity he enforced the law of celibacy among the clergy. The very life of the Roman Church is a continual struggle, and it is but natural that the priests have to bear the brunt of the battle. To what an extent soldiers who are not bound by the ties of wife and children surpass their married comrades in courage and disregard of death is well known. We have only to behold modern Roman priests to realize how well Gregory was acquainted with the nature of his Church and how skillfully he ruled it. The host of Catholic priests is a host of heroes. They are carrying on the struggle imposed on them by the exigencies of modern times with a valor and intrepidity that reminds us of the old Roman legions. The world looks aghast upon these men whom no power can move to do anything contrary to the law of their Church. They suffer themselves to be driven from office and livings, to be harassed by bailiffs, to be cast into prisons, but, unshaken, they persevere; and, driven away to-day, to-morrow they are again at their posts. They are priests, they are warriors, they are true men. It is not the least advantage of the Roman Church that so many true priests can be found within her fold. It may be six months now since we heard of the fearful disaster to a French ship which, being run through by a Spanish steamer, sank within ten minutes, with all on board. While the waves came streaming into the ship, and the unfortunate passengers and crew, roused from their berths, were running about on deck in wild confusion, some praying, others gazing about in dumb despair, others weeping, a Catholic priest was seen hurrying from one group to another, promising to all having a sincere sorrow the forgiveness of their sins in the name of that God before whose tribunal they were all so soon to appear. Glorious type of a true priest! Praise your generals who in the rage of battle expose their breasts to the enemy's bullets; praise your statesmen who calmly look at the pistol levelled at their head by the assassin. Before such a hero they must fade into insignificance. Where all have lost their senses, he alone remains calm. Where all are terrified by the presence of death, he, with a firm hand, points to heaven, offering life to the dying. Among one hundred clergymen of the Roman Church, ninety-nine can be found like this hero! Among a hundred clergymen of the Evangelical Church, perhaps one like such may be found. Yet we Evangelical pastors are great in words, and who

that would listen to our words spoken in private circles could have but the highest idea of our courage? Anyone present at our conferences would stare amazed at our devotedness. But if words are to be converted into actions—if we are called upon to shield with our bodies the standard which we have so proudly unfurled—we are prostrated, and our courage vanishes like smoke. There are wife and child and anxious friends imploring, holding us back. The Catholic clergyman knows that God has placed realities in his hands, but we have only to deal in words. Rhetoric has overgrown everything with us. We are preachers, but not priests. Many noble characters among us have been driven by this evident contradiction between the ideal of the Church and the clerical office, and the reality, into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Nor can we blame them."

New Publications.

—The *Dublin Review* for October has the following table of contents: I, Pomponio Leto on the Vatican Council; II, Gospel Narrative of the Resurrection; III, F. Baker's *Sancta Sophia*; IV, Anglicanism in Australia; V, Critical History of the Sonnet; VI, Mr. Tyndall and Contemporary Thought; VII, Life of the Earl of Stafford; VIII, The Impending War; IX, Notices of Books; X, Liberty of Conscience, by Professor St. George Mivart.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS; FOR OUR DEAR LITTLE ONES.
By Miss Rosa Mulholland, with fifteen pictures painted by L. Diefenbach and richly executed in Xylography by H. Kuöfler. F. Pustet, Ratisbon, New York and Cincinnati.

Xylography is defined by the dictionaries to be wood engravings, but such wood engravings as the fifteen spiritualized pictures in this charming children's book we have never before looked upon. The most wonderful story that this world has ever known is here told in the sweetest verse, accompanied with the most fascinating pictures. It is a child's book, but its charm is not for children alone. Instead of the Arabian Nights or stories of fairyland we beseech our friends to procure for the little ones this delightful Christmas story, and our word for it neither nor they nor the children will be sorry for the choice.

—The *Catholic World* for December is a bright and reasonable number. It opens with a searching review of the doings and sayings of the Unitarian Convention at Saratoga. It is followed by a charming paper on "Siena" and its great St. Catherine, whose name and fame belong to European history no less than to the Catholic Church. The serials, "Six Sunny Months," "Letters of a Young Irishwoman to her Sister," and "Sir Thomas More," are continued. A short story and a very good one is the "Devil's Christmas Gift." The article on Prof. Mivart's *Contemporary Evolution* gives an excellent idea of a work that has called for very general attention in religious and scientific circles. The paper on the "Catacombs" is one of the best written and most interesting in the number. "A

Trip to Ireland" in the present year is a very pleasing account of a flying visit to that land of many memories. "Aphasia" is a purely scientific paper, but will be found to repay perusal by the general reader. "A Review of 'Jean Ingelow's Poems'" is the closing article.

Obituary.

—REV. JAMES QUINN, a venerable priest who had exercised the ministry for forty years, died last week, after a short illness, in Newport, Ky. For a long time he has been superannuated, but occasionally assisted the pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Last Saturday a solemn Requiem Mass was sung over his remains by Rev. Mr. Moore, pastor of the above-named church, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Ennis, Bent, and Smith, of the diocese of Covington. Father Donoghue, of the Cathedral, Covington, preached on the occasion.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

—MOTHER ELEANOR HERTFORD, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, departed this life at St. Louis, Mo., on the 4th ult, after a long illness which was borne with exemplary meekness and resignation. The deceased was in the thirty-third year of her age and the twelfth of her religious life. Mother Hertford was a native of Ireland. Her family emigrated to this country when she was quite young, and settled at Chicago, where at the age of twenty-one she was received into the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. Mother Hertford was one of the council of five Sisters appointed by the Mother-House in France to administer the affairs of the community in the Western Province of the United States, in which office she displayed an unusual zeal and ability.

—We recommend to the prayers of the readers of the "AVE MARIA" the repose of the soul of Miss JOANNA BROSANHAM, a life-subscriber, who departed this life on the 19th of October, at Lawrence, Mass.

Requiescant in pace.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 18TH.

Number of letters received, 115; of new members enrolled, 211. Applications have been made as follows: Recovery of health for 86 persons and 3 families; change of life for 58 persons and 5 families; conversion to the faith for 50 persons and 3 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 12, and that of a happy death for 18 persons; particular graces have been asked for 8 priests, 3 clerical students, 10 religious, and 3 lay-persons aspiring to the religious state; temporal favors have been solicited for 26 persons, 12 families, 9 communities, 5 congregations, 7 schools, and 1 sodality; spiritual favors for 30 persons, 13 families, 10 communities, 6 congregations, 7 schools, and 1 sodality. The following intentions have been specified: Temporal and spiritual favors for a poor woman and her distressed family; conversion

of a negligent Catholic now in a dying condition; resources and employment for several families and persons; success of several missions; the removal of a person of dangerous behavior, probably insane; peace in several families; the removal of great evils caused by folly; light and guidance in spiritual trials for several persons; maintenance of house and home for several distressed families; the removal of a groundless suspicion between two relatives, and that they may forgive each other; settlement of some real estate; a very particular intention of a priest; the family of a zealous convert in great poverty and distress. We received, among others, the following appeal to our prayers: "Rev. Sir, my husband has been afflicted with insanity for 10 months; if it is the will of God that he should get well, our Blessed Lady will surely hearken to our prayers, and intercede for him. His five little children are offering their prayers daily for his recovery." Also, temporal and spiritual favors for 2 families; conversion to the faith for 1 family; and 1 other particular intention.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following extracts from letters speaking of favors received: "I will now tell you how much I have to thank our dear Lady of the Sacred Heart. On the Feast of All Saints I commenced a novena in her honor, recited the rosary and litany every day, at the same time using the water of Lourdes; from the bottom of my heart I thank our Lady and beg of you also to return thanks, because the disease of catarrh from which I have been suffering is nearly cured. For years I have been trying every remedy physicians could devise and they proved almost useless." "A Protestant lady came to my house, the other day, feeling very sad; she told me she was tempted sometimes to commit suicide. I gave her, to wear around her neck, a medal of the Immaculate Conception and also one of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. She called on me the next day and said she felt like a new person; and she herself attributed this to the wearing of the medals. I must also tell you what the blessed water, together with prayers, has done for myself. I was afflicted this last six years with a very troublesome disease, which had reduced me to a mere shadow, but now, thank God and our Blessed Mother, I am quite cured." "I must not forget to mention to you a miracle that occurred at Mrs. M.'s. You must certainly remember her grandson, A. P., of R., Wis., who, visiting here some time since, was taken ill with the typhoid fever, accompanied with hemorrhage of the bowels. The doctor pronounced him past recovery, when Mrs. M. concluded to give him the water of Lourdes. He recovered, much to the astonishment of the doctor, who communicated it to all of his medical friends. It is something entirely past their comprehension, as the case was considered entirely hopeless. One night last week our little daughter awoke in the middle of the night, crying with the ear-ache, which she is very much subject to; her mother did everything she could possibly think of to ease the pain, but nothing seemed to alleviate the suffering. I finally suggested the use of the water of Lourdes; we put a couple of

drops in the ear, the child repeating a short prayer to our Lady. I can truly say that the very moment it was in the ear and the prayer finished, the pain ceased; the little girl immediately went to sleep and has not been troubled since."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. DANIEL HOGAN, who died a happy death on the 26th of Oct., at his home near Marysville, Cal. Mr. MURPHY, who was drowned near Nicalous, Cal., some time ago. Mr. HENRY and Mrs. ELLEN O'SULLIVAN, who died some months ago. TERENCE GRATTAN, of Troy, N. Y., who departed this life on the 8th of November, after a lingering illness, in the 22nd year of his age, after receiving all the consolations of our holy religion and evincing that patience and resignation which only a true child of the Catholic Church can show at the hour of death. Mr. MATHIAS CUMMINGS, of Philadelphia, who had the grace of a beautiful and holy death, inherited by a truly Christian life, on the 11th of November. Mr. Cummings was during his life a most zealous apostle for the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; we received no less than 200 letters from him during the last three years. May our Blessed Mother reward him for his zeal and charity. Mrs. MARGUERITE MARTIN, who died in France on the 1st of October. Miss Joanna Brosanham, of Lawrence, Mass. And several whose names have not been given.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

—NOTE.—An unknown friend, Sandusky, Ohio. Your kind favor of the 17th is received and attended to.

—The tickets of the Association will in future be printed with a new design on the title-page, as recommended by the Holy Father. The design of the medals has not as yet been changed.

—Received from Miss Annie Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., \$5 for the new Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

THE saintly Curé of Ars relates that on a certain day he received two letters, one heaping insults upon him, the other calling him a saint. Showing the letters to his Daughters of Providence, he said: "See the danger of trusting to human feelings. This morning I should have lost the peace of my soul if I had paid any attention to the insults addressed to me, and this evening I should have been greatly tempted to pride if I had listened to all those compliments. Oh! how prudent is it not to dwell upon the vain opinions and discourse of men, nor to take any account of them!" On another occasion he said: "I received two letters by the same post; one said that I was a great saint, and the other that I was a great hypocrite and impostor. The first added nothing to me; and the second took nothing from me. We are what we are before God, and nothing more.

Children's Department.

Counselling the Doubtful; or, Belsie's First Mass.

By the Author of "Tyborne," "The Wise Nun of Eastonmere," etc.

Mary Ford and her little sister Nannie were going one day to Mass. Their mother could seldom go on a week day, having so many children and household duties to look after, but she taught her children to look on it as their greatest delight. They were also taught to behave well, and to make a low genuflection or bending of the knee before the altar where the Hidden God and Saviour abides.

Now just as Mary and Nannie were going up the church steps they noticed a poor girl looking wistfully through the open doors, as one who longed to enter but was held back by shame or fear; she seemed about Mary's own age, but very pale and thin, and her unwashed face and hands, her uncombed hair, tattered clothes and naked feet contrasted sadly with the neat appearance of the two happy children, each with her nice prayer-book.

The stranger's large dark eyes filled with tears as she looked on them, and as Nannie caught her tearful glance, the child's young heart was so touched with pity that, drawing Mary back, she whispered: "Mary, we have plenty of time to speak to her."

Mary did not need much prompting in the matter, for she too had noticed the poor child's wistful look, and overcoming by an effort her natural timidity, she thus addressed her: "Will you not come into church with us?"

"Na, na," was the answer; "I'm na fit for the likes of that, I reckon; but I likes to stand here and look inside, and it's pleasant o' days to listen to the music."

"But," said Mary, blushing, "are not you a Catholic, and don't you come to Mass on Sundays?"

"Na, na," answered the girl, with a bewildered look, "I niver goes to church nor chapel. I beant of no religion. I aint fit for the likes o' that."

"Oh," said Mary, "do come to church with us now, this morning."

"Sure," answered the child, "you wouldn't mane to be afther letting the likes of me stand by your side! Na, na; I would bring disgrace on ye, and dirty your nice clothes wid my poor rags."

"Oh, never mind that," said Mary; "you'll do us no harm."

"Do," said Nannie, coaxingly; "there's plenty of room for you in the bench where we sit."

And when the girl still sorrowfully hesitated, Mary took hold of her hand and drew her forward, while Nannie softly clapped her little palms and said: "Oh, Blessed Lady! I'm glad! I'm glad!"

Belsie sat still on the bench, gazing with wondering eyes at all the beauty she saw: the image of the Virgin Mother, the kind St. Joseph, the Angel Guardian, and, most of all, at the altar with its bright ornaments, large crucifix, and burning lamp. She did not know who dwelt there unseen.

Father Langton noticed the group of three children, and when he had unvested he came and asked Mary who the stranger was.

She explained, and then he bade them wait till he had finished his thanksgiving.

After that, he called all three children into the sacristy and asked the poor girl what was her name and where did she live.

"I live with Widow Beel's children, up Coalpit Lane, please sir; and my name's Belsie, please sir."

"Bessie; and what besides, my child?"

"Please, sir, I does na know; they always calls me Belsie."

"What was your mother's name?"

"I does na know, sir. She died afore ever I knew her, and my father too, and I have niver a father nor mother in the wide world"; and Bessie began to sob.

"Yes, my child, you have God for your Father and our Blessed Lady for your Mother."

"And where do they bide, sir?" said Bessie, drying her eyes. "I niver heerd tell on them afore."

The priest laid his hand on her head and blessed her, then told her to go home and he would come to see her,—and, giving his blessing also to the two little sisters, he dismissed the party.

"Sure and that's a beautiful gentleman," said Bessie, when they got outside the church; "and sure and it's joyful I'd be to kneel by your side again in that same place, if they does na force me to go a begging instead."

"But why do you beg?" asked Mary; "you are old enough to do something for yourself, though you don't look strong; but you might help to run on errands, or to nurse a child. Mother says even Nannie makes a good help in the house; and cousin Nelly, who doesn't look so tall as you do, gets her keep at service, and sixpence a week besides."

"And who do you think," said Bessie, "would be shamed wid the like of me about them, wid never a sole to my foot, and scant rags to cover me? Widow Beel says it's hard work to feed

her own children let alone me, and she gives them the good clothes while I use the rags."

Mary and Nannie began to cry.

"Don't cry," said Bessie; "for sure the kindness you've shown me this blessed day has been better to me than the best dinner I ever had in my life; so good-bye, and good luck to ye both"; and so saying, Bessie ran off.

When Mary and Nannie reached home they found their mother getting uneasy at their long absence. They told their story, and Mary added: "Mother, will you take this penny and keep it for I did so long to give it to Bessie till I remembered I owed it to you for the basin I broke, and I thought I'd better give it you as soon as I got home; for Bessie's thin, pale face and sad tale made me feel it was not safe in my pocket."

Mary's mother smiled as she took the money; and she said: "That's right, my girl; for though neither father nor I would have grudged giving the penny to the poor child ourselves, still right is right after all, and to give away what does not rightly belong to us is robbery and not charity; so mind that, Mary, when you go out to service, and never think dishonesty to one can be charity to another."

"Well said, mother," observed her husband; "but anyhow, if our children haven't had it in their power to *feed the hungry*, I'm thinking they've done a work of mercy, and *counselled the doubtful*; and mayhap they've set before that little one a feast of good things such as she didn't dream of."

And it was true.

Father Langton took Bessie from Widow Beel's and put her into St. Mary's Orphanage for two years. She learnt her religion—learnt also how to be a good, useful servant, and was able to earn her own bread; and many a time in after-years did she bless Mary and Nannie for the good deed they wrought when they gave her wise counsel in simple words and brought her into the sanctuary of Holy Church.

A Story About the Sign of the Cross.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The terrible wars of La Vendée, which were carried on with so much pertinacity by the inhabitants of the west of France against the National Convention which had beheaded Louis XVI and abolished the Catholic religion, gave occasion to frequent acts of cruelty, but were often marked by many actions of heroic virtue. Amongst these last we may place the following:

Pierre Bigoin, a farmer of the village of St.

Remy, in the department of Maine-et-Loire, which was in revolt against the Convention, had three sons. Two of these were killed in the ranks of the royalist army, and at the beginning of the year 1794 the youngest only survived. He was about fifteen years old, and on him his father had concentrated all his affections. He hardly suffered him out of his sight. If the child remained long absent, the poor father became uneasy, and went out in search of him, and when he had found him he brought him back to the house, half reproaching and half entreating him; threatening, while he embraced him, that he would never suffer him to leave the house again.

Benjamin, though tall enough for his age, and having the appearance of robust health, was, in reality, but a delicate lad. He had never entirely recovered from a fever which he had had some years before. On this account his father took especial care of him; he forbade him any fatiguing employments, and the only duty with which he was charged was to lead the flocks into the field, and to take care of them.

One day, when he was carelessly leaning against a willow-tree, pursuing his peaceful occupation, he saw a republican soldier, with his knapsack in his arms, who was hastening along the public road to deliver a dispatch by order of his chiefs. The sight of a "blue," an object of alarm in the provinces, caused no feeling of fear in young Benjamin; on the contrary, with childlike playfulness he pointed the great staff which he used in crossing ditches and passing through hedges, in the direction of the soldier, as if it had been a musket. The soldier, who was looking cautiously about him, seeing the lad, and believing his life to be in danger, presented his piece and pulled the trigger; the fire flashed, there was a loud cry, and Benjamin, struck in the chest, fell bleeding to the ground.

At the noise of the report and the cry of the lad, some laborers, at work in a neighboring field, ran at full speed to the spot; they seized the soldier, took from him his arms, and, after pinioning him, took him to St. Remy, where, for want of a prison, he was confined in a cellar from which it was impossible to escape, and which, for still greater precaution, was carefully guarded without.

We cannot attempt to describe the fearful surprise and sorrow of Pierre Bigoin when the body of his last son was brought to him on a litter. At first he could not believe his misfortune. So good and gentle a creature! vowed, too, from his very birth to the Blessed Virgin!—who could, have had the cruelty to take his life? But when he saw the horrible wound, extending from front to back, he broke into sobs and heart-rending cries, mixed

sometimes with imprecations against the cruel and cowardly murder of an inoffensive child.

The soldier appeared before the council of the parish on the following day. This was the only civil and criminal authority which existed in a village which recognized neither the government of the Convention, its laws nor its magistrates, and where the royal power had no representatives. Questioned about the murder of the young shepherd, he frankly owned himself guilty, and said, in his justification, that, travelling alone through an insurgent country, where he was exposed to danger on every side, and seeing a man leaning against a tree with something pointed towards him which he had not time to discover was not a musket, the instinct of self preservation made him seize his gun and anticipate the intention of the person he believed was about to take away his life. He added that unfortunately he had been too successful, and was full of bitter regret, but that he had only intended to prevent a danger which anyone else in his place would have believed to be a real one.

This mode of defence, the truth of which was confirmed by several witnesses, threw the honest and simple men who had constituted themselves judges of the murderer into the greatest perplexity. Their conscience told them that they could not condemn a solitary traveller who, believing in good faith that he was in danger of death, had saved his own life by sacrificing that of his intended murderer. On the other side, the blood of the inoffensive and excellent young man had been shed, the father of the victim cried loudly for vengeance, and not one of them could decide to pronounce the man guiltless, who had deprived him of his son. In their difficulty they came to a determination, which shows the extreme simplicity and ignorance of those who made it. They decided that the fate of the murderer should be left in the hands of Pierre Bigoin.

When the decision was made known to the unhappy father he thought they were mocking him, so extraordinary did it appear; but when he had been made to comprehend the truth, he asked for a gun, and ordered a grave to be dug. Then the republican soldier being brought before him, with his hands tied behind his back, he had to submit to a fresh interrogation.

"Unhappy man! why did you kill my son?"

"I have told the council that I thought he was going to kill me."

"But the lad had no arms but a staff."

"I did not know that; at a hundred paces distant I took the staff for a fire-arm."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I am an only son."

"Is your father still living?"

"Yes, but he is very old."

"Is he older than I am?"

"I should think about the same age."

"Are you his only child?"

"Yes, his only child."

"And in losing you he loses his only earthly support?"

"Entirely."

At this reply Pierre Bigoin looked down dejectedly, and said, in a low voice, "Alas! just like me." But all at once the remembrance of his son returned; he raised himself up, and, in a voice of thunder, he cried: "Assassin, prepare to die."

"When you please."

Meanwhile a grave had been dug at no great distance; Pierre Bigoin led the prisoner to the spot, had him placed on the edge of the pit which was to be his sepulchre, and then charged a gun, which was presented to him, with powder and two balls. The soldier interrupted him.

"I ask a favor," he said.

"What is it?"

"It is that I may be unbound, and die as on the battle-field."

"But you will escape?"

"I will not draw back a step; I swear it."

At a signal from Pierre the hands of the young soldier were unbound: he raised his face, pale and calm, and awaited death.

"Are you ready?" cried the old man, raising his piece.

"A moment," said the soldier, and he made the sign of the Cross.

At this act of religion a shudder passed through the old man, such as might be caused by a flash of lightning or a sudden peal of thunder. The weapon fell from his hands.

"No," he said to himself, "I cannot destroy one of God's creatures who has just formed on himself the sign of our Redemption."

And he discharged his weapon in the air. The soldier, who, expecting his death, fell as if he had been wounded, a surgeon who was present, opened a vein, and he soon recovered his senses. When he was quite himself, Pierre Bigoin approached. "Return thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ," he said, "who died upon the Cross; for it is He who saved your life. The sign you made just now reminded me that I am a Christian like yourself, and that I ought to pardon as He does. The evil spirit alone could inspire me for a moment with the idea of depriving an old man of his only son, and rendering him as miserable as I shall henceforth be. Give up, if you can, your present profession, return to your father, honor his grey hairs, and be his happiness and glory till the time when he shall be taken from you. Remember another old man, and sometimes pray for him."

The young soldier departed the next day, and Pierre Bigoin died of grief six months later.—*Western Watchman.*

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

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The Immaculate Conception.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MGR. GAUME.

[Conclusion.]

In fact we must form our judgment of the Church, *that permanent incarnation of Jesus Christ*, as we would of Christ Himself.* As the Child grew up, says the Gospel, speaking of Jesus, He "increased in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men."† Not indeed that the Eternal Wisdom, even though clothed in human flesh, could increase in science and holiness; but that the Son of God, obeying the laws which govern human nature, manifested daily more wisdom and sanctity according to His increasing age, although from the first moment of His conception He was possessed of both in all their plenitude.

"We can say the same of the Church," adds the celebrated Thomassin. "This Divine Spouse, in unfolding progressively the treasures of tradition, educates points of doctrine and devotional practices which had not been known explicitly before, because the time had not come for them to be explained or established. The Church is replenished with the fulness of the Holy Spirit; it has been so from the beginning, and will be so to the final close. Thus from the first moment of her foundation the Eternal Wisdom has resided in her midst, but she has only poured it forth according as the counsels of Divine Providence enjoined. This watchful providence infallibly attains its end at the same time that it disposes all its means with sweetness. It conducts the human race as one man, and each man as the human race, through succeeding ages, and progressively according to these different ages.‡

* Expression of the celebrated theologian Mähler, in his Symbolism, t. ii.

† Luke, i, 80, ii, 52.

‡ See Thomassin. De Fest., p. 217.

For a long time had the Catholic world desired to see their belief in the Immaculate Conception pass into the form of a dogma of faith. This belief was deeply cherished, because it tended so much to increase the glory of Mary. The Church knew this, but the Holy Spirit, which directs it, deferred the fulfilment of her children's wishes to that day which was marked out in the secrets of the Eternal. This auspicious day at length arrived.

On the 8th of December, 1854, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, in presence of two hundred Bishops assembled from all parts of the world, solemnly proclaimed in the Basilica of St. Peter the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. The Catholic portion of the world were filled with unbounded joy, while the evil raged with unexampled fury. Why this joy on one side and fury on the other? Why was this dogma which crowns the glories of Mary only defined in our day, while all ages past were denied this satisfaction? Why, again, was it not to be defined in some future age? What connection is there between this providential act and the necessities of our times?

God works out His plans with confidence in His own power and with full assurance as to the final result. There is no effect without a cause. To-day corruption has penetrated into the very heart of the world. The two great symptoms of this disease are rationalism and sensualism, pride and voluptuousness, such as the world has never seen since the establishment of Christianity. In a word, the evil is visible to all; the evil which is characteristic of the epoch in which we live is the twofold worship of reason and the flesh, and that conducted with a degree of ardor unsurpassed in any former age.

In this precise conjuncture, how is the proclamation of this dogma opportune? This dogma at once triumphs over rationalism and sensualism. Since the period of the Revival, rationalism has been un-

ceasing in its attacks upon Christian truths. It has warred against the faith as an army would against the citadel of the enemy, making charge after charge with an ever-increasing rage. It continued on denying one truth after another until it went so far as to deny the existence of God.

Now what were the results attendant upon the definition of the Immaculate Conception?

Rationalism set out with a fundamental negation: this dogma opposes it with a fundamental affirmation. The existence of God, the fall of man, the transmission of original sin, the necessity of a Redeemer, the Divinity of this Redeemer, the Son of Mary: all these articles of faith as well as those which are derived therefrom, Catholicity in all its entirety and grandeur, are affirmed by the sole dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.

If Rationalism of the present day takes up the war-cry of ancient paganism and urges the world to believe *nothing that Christianity teaches*, the dogma in question replies in the victorious cry of the martyrs: *Believe everything that Christianity teaches*. Thus Mary Immaculate crushes one of these heads of the infernal serpent.

With regard to the other head of the serpent, Sensualism: *Make thy flesh an object of adoration; satisfy all thy passions; reject as an evil, abhor as a degrading species of superstition all mortification and penance, as well as the practices and precepts of the Church, whose only object is to enslave the senses and keep the body in subjection. Give full scope to thy inclinations: this is thy only law, thy only religion, thy only happiness*. This is the teaching of that pagan sensualism which prevails in our day, and which is put forward by its advocates with more untiring ardor and persistence than ever before.

The spread of these doctrines would have a demoralizing effect upon the human race if permitted to go unopposed. They have encountered opposition, however, in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which attacks them by an affirmation diametrically to the contrary. It brings out into prominence and causes to shine with a new splendor the most exalted type of sanctity in a creature, our sister and our mother: *Here is our model. Be thou perfect, as Mary is perfect; holy as she is holy; pure and without the shadow of a stain. If thou canst not attain to a perfect resemblance, it is thy duty to aspire to it. This is the law of thy being, thy religion and thy happiness*.

Thus we see that to the twofold denial of Satan who has returned in triumph to the world, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception opposes two affirmations, precise, absolute and solemn. And, marvellous power of this dogma! a little Catholic

child has only to say: *I believe Mary to be conceived without sin*, to cast down with the breath of its mouth the lofty fabric of falsehood and deceit erected at the cost of four centuries of persevering labor by the followers of the evil spirit. No better remedy could be applied to the evil, nor applied at a more suitable time.

The establishment of a feast to recall to our minds the Immaculate Conception of Mary must have a beneficial effect upon society. Every year it invites the entire world to reflect upon the truth the importance of which we have shown above. The simple thought—without considering the matter further—that Mary is a rose whose bloom has never faded, a mirror whose glossy brightness has never been stained with the slightest breath, sanctifies the imagination by presenting to it the most graceful image of sweetness and purity. The infamous and degrading exemplar of pagan female perfection has vanished like dark night before the glory of the Christian sun, which displays to the world the only true and perfect ideal of female loveliness and sanctity. Mary has succeeded Venus. Between these two ideals there is an infinite abyss.

And now, treating the matter from a rational standpoint of view, why was the law which condemns every child of Adam to be born in sin suspended in favor of Mary? Why was this astounding miracle wrought? why this transcendent sanctity? Reason, taking its inspirations from history, discovers here a profound design of Providence for the restoration of man. From her conception, Mary enters upon those series of acts and events which compose her history, that is, the history of the Virgin of Juda, of the Mother of Emmanuel, of the Second Eve, of that creature who is like none other; in a word, of Mary, the sublime and exalted type of woman in the Christian world.

Mary is to be the daughter of Adam, but not as we are: we are stained with sin as soon as we are conceived; Mary will be pure and without stain from the first moment of her conception.

She will be born to this world of darkness and misery, but not as we are: Mary will be born under the benediction of the Most August Trinity, and be made even from the beginning the recipient of Its unutterable love.

She will live upon this earth of iniquity; but not as we, by turns the slave of wayward passion and the sport of sinful illusions; Mary will live a more angelic life than the purest of the Seraphim.

Mary will die, but not like us. We experience pain and anguish at the time of death: Mary will pass from this earthly scene painlessly, as one overcome with fatigue passes into a gentle slumber. Death will come upon her as light beams

upon the eyes of the blind, and will be as welcome as freedom to the captive in chains.

Mary will not only die in favor with God—this death is the lot of all true Christians; not only will she die out of pure love for God—this death is the lot of martyrs; but she will die yielding to the energy of divine love—this is the exclusive portion of the Mother of God.

Mary will be glorified in heaven, but not as we shall be glorified. We shall participate in the happiness of God Himself according to our merits, but Mary will be filled to overflowing with this happiness, as she was full of grace. Her throne will be beside her Son's; God alone will be above her: everything else will occupy an inferior position.

This is the divine type which religion presents to us in Mary. A model less perfect than the one above would have failed to inspire either the Church or individuals with respect for woman, so debased had she become in the ancient world, so debased is she still where this Second Eve is unknown. On that most auspicious day when the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed, all women were exhorted to regard the model presented to them and to shape their actions in accordance therewith. And countless graces are accorded to the young virgin, to the wife, to the mother, and to woman in all phases of her existence, in order that she may approach nearer to this sublime model; and countless virtues have germinated and bloomed like flowers under the virtuous influence of Mary. Woman is reintegrated, and in her turn has reintegrated the child, the family, and man himself in many things. She has spanned over the immense space which from the dawn of Christianity separated her from ancient paganism and which separates modern Christian people still from idolatrous nations, making her power felt beyond the limits of the sphere in which she moves.

Such is the salutary influence which a rational view of things leads us to perceive attaches to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. But this is not all. Faith comes to the aid of Reason, which is her handmaid, and shows us another advantage in this mystery. It tells us that Mary must needs be pure, because she is to become one day the Mother of God, because her chaste womb is to become the tabernacle of the Eternal Word. If the Ark of the Covenant was to be holy, to be covered with the purest gold, both inside and outside, because it was destined to contain the tablets upon which the law was written, Mary should be much more holy and pure to bear within her the Master of the law.

Under the enlightenment of faith, man under-

stands how Mary ought to be without spot, but asks himself: Is not the honor of receiving God personally reserved for me? Am I not in a manner associated with the Divine Maternity in Communion? Am I not obliged under pain of death to enter into this Communion? It is written: *Unless ye eat of the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, ye shall have no life in you.* Yes, I must communicate; but what is my degree of sanctity compared to the sanctity of Mary?

This thought makes him humble, fills him with a wholesome sorrow for sin, and breathes into his soul generous resolves. His conduct is brought under more restraint, and the sweet amenities of life are cultivated with more assiduity; an earnest devotion, a spirit of obedience is engendered and sustained, and in fact all the virtues which constitute the charm of life, the happiness of the family circle and the strength of society spring forth as if by magic at the remembrance of Mary conceived without sin because she was to receive her God. The senses, mind and heart are purified and acquire fresh vigor, and man moves one step onward in a true and heavenly direction, while the family and society find a new guarantee of peace and happiness.

To render as effective as possible the salutary influence of the divine type which this feast presents, the Church exhibits it under all its forms. She places it amid the most graceful surroundings, and in such a way as to expose for our study and imitation all its excellence to the utmost advantage.

Thus the Mass of the Conception represents to us Mary as impressed with every form of celestial splendor. In the Introit the august daughter of the kings of Juda chants the glory which surrounds her and which irradiates from God Himself, a glory which is beyond and above all others, and which raises her to the highest rank in the hierarchy of created beings. The Epistle shows us the Almighty as occupied with Mary from all eternity, and Mary as repeating in strains of inimitable poesy the great things that the Eternal Father had done for her. The Gospel speaks to us of the greatest of all the favors accorded to Mary and the most sublime of all her glories, namely the mystery of the Annunciation.

But all these graces are not exclusively for Mary. We are likewise called to participate in them. The simple thought of having a share in these great treasures ought to inspire us, the sons and daughters of Eve, with love, gratitude and joy. Mary was mingling with the thoughts of God even before the foundations of the earth were laid, before the morning stars praised Him, or His sons made to Him a joyful melody. She was an object of Divine complacency from all eternity.

She loosened the bonds wherewith the human race was bound. Her sanctified image was visible to prophets even through the haze of the distant future, and elicited from them exquisite strains of melody as the sacred symbols of their love for Mary and of their yearning after the unclouded appearance of that spiritual Morning Star. The descendants of Adam were tainted with sin; but Mary, amid this impure gross, shone forth as a gem of purest ray. She was radiant with the brilliancy of sanctity in its most perfect form among creatures, and bloomed with an unblemished whiteness as the lily among thorns, she who was the noble offspring of a long line of illustrious ancestors, for she came of the royal race of David. Such are the different points of view under which the Church presents to us that child who is conceived on this day. Now could there be a better means to excite within us sentiments of respect, confidence and love? Could the imagination be elevated or sanctified by purer or nobler images?

From what we have seen, we may easily understand what we should do in order to celebrate in a worthy manner the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Firstly, we should thank God for having preserved Mary from original sin. Secondly, we should rejoice with Mary on account of this glorious privilege. Thirdly, we should have the greatest confidence in this purest of virgins. The power which the saints have with God is in proportion to their sanctity. How great, then, must be the sanctity of Mary who is the holiest of all creatures! How ardent in her love of us! She is our sister, our mother, our advocate. These prerogatives have been given her for the welfare of man: she must make them redound to the glory of her Son, and the glory of her Son is the salvation of the human race. Fourthly, we should endeavor to acquire, as near as possible, the sanctity of Mary, since we are called to receive in our hearts that God by whose virtue she was sanctified. Moreover, we shall thus render ourselves agreeable to her. Fifthly, we should praise Mary by laying upon her altar a tribute of our filial tenderness and love; such might be some slight act of mortification or a short but fervent prayer. The following is one among others to which is attached a hundred days' indulgence, to be gained by those who recite it with devotion: *Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of Mary.**

PRAYER.

O my God, who art all love! I thank Thee for having preserved the Blessed Virgin from all stain of original sin; grant me grace to preserve to the

end of my life, or make no delay in recovering, my baptismal innocence. I am firmly resolved to love God above all things and my neighbor as myself; and in testimony of this love, I will recite every day three times "*Ave Maria*," in honor of the Immaculate Conception.

The Sacred Heart.

I.

O ye seraphs bright!
Full of love and light,
Come and teach our souls your tender art:
All aglow with zeal,
Round our Lord to kneel,
To adore and bless His SACRED HEART.
Source of ev'ry good,
Lo! the Precious Blood
Floweth ever from the depths thereof.
O most SACRED HEART!
To our souls impart
All the treasures of Thy grace and love!
Hail the HEART of JESUS!
Sweetest Gift of God!
Bid the joyous breezes
Bear Its praise abroad!
Ah! behold the Heart that has lov'd mankind
With the love of truest Friend;
Pain, reproach and scorn for our sakes has borne,
—Love us to the end!

II.

In this dwelling-place
Of the purest grace
Sits the glory of the King of kings.
From the golden shrine
Of this HEART DIVINE
Doubt and darkness flee, like evil things.
Here our sorest grief
Finds a sweet relief,
And the tried and tempted hide from sin;
Here the saints abound
In a peace profound,
And the weeping sinners pardon win.
Hail! the HEART OF JESUS!
Grandest Gift of God!
Bid the joyous breezes
Bear Its praise abroad!
Ah! beloved Heart, let Thy flaming dart
Burn and glow in ev'ry breast;
Lead us, Love Supreme! thro' life's troubled
dream
To etenal rest!
Praise the SACRED HEART
(Grateful souls adore,)
Love the SACRED HEART,
Now and evermore!

E. C. D.

HOPE everything from the mercy of God; it is as boundless as His power.—*St. Frances of Rome.*

* Rescript of our Holy Father Pope Pius VI, 21st, November, 1793.

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

When he went back to his cell he saw his book lying in the sun. Through the heat to which it had been thus exposed the outer parchment had become puffed out like a bladder; it was loosed from the real cover by the cracking of the paste in several places. Uneasy lest it should be injured, he examined the cover more closely and found that the parchment covering could easily be loosened. He thought it best then to take it quite off, in order to glue it anew on the binding. The old paste easily gave way, and the novice dared not trust his own vision. Perplexed, he wiped his eyes, and passed his finger over the cover. The cover was cold and smooth, and shone like silver. It was silver, pure, solid silver, set with glittering stones, green, blue and violet. "Am I reading a tale of the thousand-and-one-nights?" he called out, "or am I in a mad-house?" He sprang up and went to the window. "I still see this same beautiful scenery before me," he continued; "I can think as clearly as I could an hour ago. I am master of my senses, and yet"—he looked askance at the book on the table, which was sparkling in the sunshine. "It is no deception of the senses"; he said, and lifted the book up; it was bound in the most costly manner, with silver and jewels. "It was that which made it so heavy." And now his eyes fell on the inner side of the unloosed parchment: it was written all over. Excited by curiosity, he began to read, and the longer he read the more attentive he became. The document was a will of the last Count of Andechs, drawn up in the Latin language, which, translated, ran as follows:

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, we, Henry Count of Andechs, Duke in Austria, Krain and Meran, the last of this race; outlawed by the Emperor and the state, a fugitive, from the holy land of Palestine herewith make known and inform the noble and puissant knight, Lord Hartman of Harstein, Protector of the County of Andechs, formerly seneschal, that I am about to appear before the judgment-seat of God, and I confess to thee and to all men, that I, out of revenge for his seizure of the Austrian and Krain lands, devised evil towards Philip of Swabia. I and my cousin Eckbert gave every assistance in our power to Wittelsbacher to waylay Philip and to stab him. The evil deed was done, and retribution followed. Another Wittelsbacher obtained the sentence of outlawry against his own relative, his aiders and abettors. With an army he besieged Andechs, the proud fortress of my ancestors. It was taken and destroyed in spite of our valliant resistance. And, now on the brink of the grave, I acknowledge that injustice, how strong soever it may be, must yield when the arm

of God is raised against it. In that fearful night, while the soldiers of Louis, Duke of Bavaria, were climbing Andechs, I snatched up the ancient treasures of our house and bore them to our family vault, in order to conceal them there. Only old Theobald, my sword-bearer, was with me. I could have confided more than this to his fidelity. We cherished the hope that the enemy, satisfied with the riches of the fortress itself, would spare the mortuary chapel. Behind the old altar of the vault, there where the wall itself consists of the sheer rock 'on which our fortress for so many centuries stood enthroned queen of the surrounding region, in this rock is a fissure or cleft, so long and high that a man of gigantic stature, even standing erect, could not reach the end from above. This fissure begins some six spaces over the level, in the same line with the third altar-step; the cleft has been named the Ear of the Holy Mount of Andechs, because a roaring noise is heard therein when the ear is brought close to it. In aforesaid fissure I laid the treasure, together with information belonging to it, in a silver casket, as far as I could reach down with my right arm, and while I was doing it Theobald scraped off mortar from the walls of the vault and raked up sand from the ground, with which we covered the little chest in such a manner that no one without previous knowledge of what had occurred would be likely to discover it. By doing this I thought I was doing right, and the protection of God guided us to the Holy Land.

"Concerning these treasures themselves, a proper instruction regarding them is to be found in the document laid by their side. I, as the last of my race, now living in foreign lands, do hereby will that you use them as seemeth good to you. The principal jewel, however, you shall deliver to him who being himself a worthy man, is in a position to found anew in glory the German nation, as once did Charlemagne, so that the blessing which rests upon the jewel may at last be fulfilled. Should it, however, be in the counsels of God that this instrument of our last will and ordaining should remain unknown to you, so shall the person into whose hands and to whose knowledge this may come faithfully perform these behests, knowing that he will one day stand before the judgment-seat of God to answer to me for their fulfilment.

"I have had this my last will written down by a man skilled in writing, and with the parchment on which it is written have covered our ancient ancestral family Gospel-book, a volume which came to us from Hildegard, Charlemagne's former wife, who was a native of Andechs; and this I have done, that the costly book, thus enveloped, may not excite the cupidity of a stranger. And that the whole matter might be properly transacted I have sent my faithful servant Theobald, to whom for true service rendered to me you will not neglect to provide for to his dying day. My earthly duties are now performed, and for other cares I rely on the inexhaustible mercy of God. You, however, remember with affection your unhappy lord and friend.

"Given on the Feast of the Assumption of our dear

Lady, in the Holy City, as is written one thousand, two hundred and thirty, under my seal manual."

It was some time before the novice could recover from his astonishment. "How wondrously the threads of fate interweave themselves one with the other!" said he to himself. "A thin piece of parchment has hidden so important a secret for upwards of six hundred years, and it is just myself who has been selected to discover it. I will unearth it, I alone."

Several days passed before he found an opportunity to visit the vault. As soon as he could do so without being observed, he crept secretly behind the old altar, lighted the stump of a wax taper, for it was tolerably dark, and threw its rays upon the wall. It had been plastered over. No trace was left of the "Ear of the Holy Mount." That did not discourage him. He thought that without doubt the crevice in the rock had been walled up and plastered over at the renovation and enlarging of the vault when the abbey was in of course erection. He scratched the wall with an iron nail, and found it solid rock; he rapped on the wall here and there: here it rang with a clear tone, like stone; there, somewhat more hollow, like mortar and masonwork. He now followed these places outwardly, still rapping, and by their clear or hollow sound he learnt to know the direction of the walled-in crevice, the outline of which he drew by lines scratched on the surface of the wall. The opening of the crevice he intended to effect on the night following.

There was a great commotion in the monastery. Everyone was occupied with himself, as to what was to become him in the future, for the giving up of the cloister into the hands of the Government commissioners was definitely settled for the following day. It was not difficult for the novice to procure a strong iron chisel, a hammer and a lantern from the carpenters' workshop, and these objects he concealed in his clothes-chest.

Night came. He laid himself on his bed without undressing. Slowly the hours wore away. At length it struck eleven o'clock. He sprang from the bed, lighted the lantern, which he covered with his scapular, put felt shoes on his feet, and stuck the hammer and chisel into his girdle. Thus accoutred, he went on his way. It was as dark as pitch. With quick but light steps he passed through the passages, where at this hour there was no fear of meeting anyone. It was only on the ground-floor that there was any difficulty. He had to pass the enclosure; that is, he had to open the door which separated the interior of the convent from the vestibule before the gate, where the door-keeper lived. This door was fastened by a spring-lock, which sprang back when

the thumb pressed on the right spot. He pressed; the spring clicked very lightly; the door is open, he slides through, leaving it ajar, glides over the vestibule, and opens the opposite door into the vault. But this door creaks so heavily on its rusty hinges that he blanches with fear. He stands still and listens if the door-keeper is awakened, but he hears nothing save the howling of the wind, which had just began to blow.

"That is my faithful comrade to-day," he murmured, as he leaned against the door; then he took heart, drew his lantern from under his dress, and courageously went down the steps. Manfully he suppressed all feelings of terror, by looking neither to the right nor to the left. As he passed the burial-place of Father Benno he felt, however, as if his hair stood on end. Behind the altar he put the lantern on the ground and wiped the sweat from his brow; then he said, softly: "To work, then, in God's name: I am not a thief."

Kneeling on the ground, he set the chisel in the masonry and strove to drive it in by hammering, but it was only after several attempts that he found a groove where two stones joined: the strokes sounded hollow, but the wind deafened them. A few minutes more and the stone was loosed: and now one piece after another crumbled away without much difficulty. The opening was soon a foot long. He put his hand in, and felt mortar-rubbish, which he brought out, a handful at a time. But this sort of work was very tedious. It rubbed the skin off his hand till it bled, and numbed his fingers by blows. Twelve o'clock struck, and no sign of the casket. He began to lose confidence.

"What if it were already taken away? what if it were already discovered by those who walled in the crevice?" And he continued his work. "Perhaps I must go deeper down," occurred to him. "The knight had a long arm and a strong one—I do not doubt that."

Regardless of the injury to his dress, he pressed down the upper part of his body as close as he could to the opening, and reached a few inches further in. He then felt a cold smooth surface: "The casket!" With renewed hope he scratched the surroundings away, but felt that the smooth object was none other than a piece of a stone slab. Disappointed again. However, he grubs further yet, and remarks a thick layer of sand. Through this he thrusts his chisel till it meets with opposition. Quickly he scrapes the sand out, and then strikes his chisel against the side: a clear tone resounds. "That is no stone this time!" is the joyful feeling in his bosom. He digs with his hand, and—no doubt of it now—he feels the casket. A little more exertion—a stronger pull—

it is out!—faintly it glitters in the light of the lantern, as if astonished, after six hundred years, to be released from the darkness of interment.

He now rested some minutes. Then he threw hammer and chisel into the hole, and the rubbish he had drawn out of the opening, back to its former place, and took up the casket. It was heavy. Without being observed, he regained his cell.

When there, he examined the casket with greater attention. It was closed so securely that it could not be opened without sharp instruments, and of these he had none. Therefore he concealed it; having done this, he knelt down before his crucifix, and in solemn tones uttered these words: "I vow and promise herewith that, whatever it may contain, I will dispose of the casket according to the will of the last lawful possessor. May God so assist me at my last hour as I perform this." The wind had subsided, and the moon looked through the clouds with its full splendor, shedding its light on the crucifix. A refreshing sleep soon rewarded the young man for his unselfish resolution.

On the morning of the 15th of April, 1803, the assembled members of the Abbey of Andechs stood in a semicircle around the altar in the chapter-room of the monastery. A gloomy silence prevailed. The folding-doors were thrown open, and slowly, with solemn step, the abbot strides through the living street of monks to the altar, then turns his face to his brethren. All eyes are directed to the grey-headed prelate, who, after a pause, proceeds to speak:

"The Abbey of Andechs is abolished: its property is confiscated by a word of power from the Bavarian Government. This monastery has been in existence almost four hundred years. It was founded by the ancestors of the same prince whose evil advisers have now surrendered it to the avarice of his plenipotentiaries. Vainly have we appealed to those in power, saying to them: 'In your law-books have you decreed the severest punishments against theft and robbery. Why then, yourselves, ye lawgivers, lay your hands on the property of others? What divine or political right have you to the possessions of the cloister? And since you have not the shadow of a right to show, why do you deny to monks the justice you have sworn to maintain towards all your subjects?' But our voice has not been heard. We yield to force, while we leave to God and His Church the duration of this violation of our rights. We now shake the dust from off our feet, and leave perforce a place we had vowed never to abandon. Thus are we again thrust back into the world. But if for the future we may no longer live in community under the rule of our holy Father Benedict, yet no power on earth can prevent, if

only we ourselves desire to do it, that each one of us should follow this rule as his guide in the narrow path that leads to eternal life."

The abbot ceased speaking. Once again the bell summoned to prayer. For centuries had it—the iron tongue of the mountain—called by night and by day the worshippers to prayer. Even now the monks sank on their knees. Their last "Ave" was borne aloft through the blue ether by the last peal of the bell. The abbot rises. The monks in chorus, call out, "*Benedicite.*" The abbot spreads his hands out over the kneeling monks, and a large tear falls on his breast and hangs there glistening like a pearl on his black garment. After receiving the blessing, they all rose; they all wept, and yet these were men! With faltering step the prior steps up before the abbot, who embraces him, with the words: "*Pax tecum,*" and then, deeply moved, leaves the apartment. The superior stepped up to the prior, in order to receive the last embrace, the last wish of peace, and on his side to communicate both to the oldest monk. And so this proceeding was carried out, through the long, long chain of persons. The apartment becomes empty by degrees, till at length Frater Hugo is embraced by the one next in rank above him. But he had no one to embrace in his turn. He leaves at length the empty room. *He is the last novice of Andechs.*

Many gentlemen were standing in the cloister passages. They were speaking loud: moreover peals of laughter were heard; which the silent chambers, as if angry at the desecration, echoed in a hollow sound. They were the commissioners of the Elector, men in gold-embroidered uniforms, with noses red with wine, and with self-satisfied paunches.

Without deigning them a single glance, the young man passed by them to go to his cell, where in the next minute his robe fell down to the ground. Then from the inside of his trunk he took his leather-trimmed trowsers, his belaced velvet coat, and his felt hat. At last he sorrowfully straps on to his back the leather knapsack which contains his clothing together with the book and the casket: he casts one more devout glance on the crucifix of plaster of Paris, then, taking up his good knotty stick, leaves his cell at a rapid pace. As he was passing by the oratory a disagreeable sight stayed his footsteps for a moment. At the altar stood a man, apparently a son of Israel, examining a silver candlestick with the mien of a *connoisseur*.

"The silver is genuine, you Jew!" called out to him the enraged young man, and with prodigious strides he left the desecrated apartment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Majesty of Law.

Society, or a life of community regulated by law and order, is the natural state of man; for the wild man or unsociable being, as the first condition out of which in course of time, by one way or another, society was formed and the human race progressed to systematized government, is a figment of the imagination which infidels, indeed, delight to dwell upon, but which is contradicted by Scripture and the tradition of all people, in every part of the world, and at all times. There is subordination even among angels; and it was a grievous error of the early Donatists, and of many modern sects and writers, that all government originated in tyranny and usurpation. Brute force was never the foundation of legitimate government. There would have been law and government among men even if there had been no Fall: but it would have been merely the Law of Order, and the government of direction, not of coercion, in those who commanded, and of docility, not of compulsion, in those who obeyed. Examples of such well regulated communities have been found, notwithstanding original sin and its dire effects, among some of the early Christians, and in monastic houses during the first fervor of their establishment, when the governmental relations between superiors and inferiors were summed up on the part of the former by, "Command naught but what is proper"; and, on the part of the latter by, "Obey for conscience sake." So great, however, is the corruption of human nature that such a blissful condition of affairs can, generally, be produced only in an ideal Republic; and unfortunately, in the words of one of our greatest writers, "the founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia of human virtue and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a *prison*." (Hawthorne.) The pioneers of freedom who came to the New World to exercise their just rights, and in search of a larger liberty, made no exception to this stern rule of our nature.

The question of laws and of government has occupied the attention of some of the most renowned sages of antiquity and of the most celebrated men of modern times. Thus Plato and Aristotle among the Greeks, Cicero and St. Augustine among the Latins; of scholastics, St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez; in England, the Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More, and the President Montesquieu in France, not to mention other distinguished individuals, have left their imperishable

record upon a subject which is not only momentous in itself as involving the beginnings of our eternal destiny, but is intimately concerned with social well-being and public order on earth. Hence the Roman philosopher and consul, although a heathen, knew and taught that "No house, no city, not the human race, not the world itself can stand without government" (Cicero, *De Legibus*); and many parts of Scripture show us that God interferes in the politics of nations, although often only by the hidden ways of His inscrutable wisdom, and that there is a Providence which watches over the public affairs of people to direct them to the one great end of the Divine honor and glory which is the ultimate design of creation: "Counsel and equity are Mine; prudence is Mine; strength is Mine. By Me kings reign, and lawgivers decree just things. By Me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice" (Prov., viii, 14, 15, 16); and again: "The power of the earth is in the hand of God: and in His time He will raise up a profitable ruler over it." (Ecclesiasticus, x, 4.) Hence the eternal Law, or the Will of God directing His creature to wise ends and maintaining society, is the first of all laws, and the sufficient cause of all human enactments which protect liberty and repress license, so that men may dwell together in peace, and by mutual assistance foster the development of whatever is conducive to the happiness and comfort of the race. Law began in heaven: and the Law of God is the rule of morality, so that nothing which is opposed to this higher Law can be just, or legitimately claim the assent of the subject, for we must in all things obey God rather than men (Acts, iv, 19). How unreasonable, therefore, and consequently how criminal, are many of the principles now current in the world of politics, such, for instance as this maxim, "Stand by the country, right or wrong," which is so often heard among us, for "Justice exalteth a nation: but sin maketh nations miserable" (Prov., xiv, 34). There are many who would place the Government above Religion, as though temporal interests, which it is the duty of the state to protect, should be preferred to eternal happiness, which it is the privilege of the Church to guard; but they only prove the force of the old saying that patriotism is often the last refuge of a scoundrel. But this applies alone to laws manifestly unjust; because, in other cases, even when obedience is oppressive, we should bow before the majesty of the law, for in this miserable world an honest man will rather suffer patiently a while than risk greater evil in trying to better himself. We hope that respect and even reverence for the law, no matter by whom administered, will ever be a distinguishing trait of the American

character, for as an Englishman who wrote three hundred years ago has expressed it: "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." (Hooker.)

A Wonderful Crucifix.

A correspondent writing from Council Bluffs, Iowa, tells us that last week he had the pleasure of seeing a remarkable crucifix of which Major A. J. Dallas, U. S. A., is the possessor. The Major is a convert to the Church, and a real soldier-Christian.

The crucifix was presented to Major Dallas by the Rt. Rev. J. B. Salpointe, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Arizona. That Prelate received it from a Mexican woman on his entry into the country, she having discovered it among the ruins of an old Mission near Tucson. No doubt a part of its very venerable appearance may be owing to the exposure it had undergone before its discovery by the Mexican woman who gave it to Bishop Salpointe. The Missions of Arizona were abandoned very hastily about the time of the proclamation of the Mexican Republic, all the regular orders having been expelled the country. The long time intervening before the re-entry of any clergy into the territory was sufficient to leave many of the Missions in a deplorable and ruinous condition. That of Santa Niña, near Tucson, was not exempted from the common fate, and nothing now remains except a crumbling edifice of adobe, formerly used as a residence by the Fathers.

The crucifix is made of wood, and in five parts: the head, torso, lower extremities in one, and the arms. The wood is not an indigenous wood of Arizona, and its present possessor, valuing the relic too highly, will not allow it cut to ascertain its true nature.

The figure is sixteen inches from the crown of the head to the extremity of the feet, and eighteen inches from the hands where they are attached to the transverse portion of the cross to the feet. It is difficult to enter upon a description of this very wonderful and soul-stirring work of art. In most crucifixes having pretensions to more than ordinary value, the artist has, as in the well-known ivory crucifix in the Cathedral at Philadelphia, left much of the reality of the Crucifixion to the devotion of the spectator, relying for his effect

on the beauty of execution. In the Dallas crucifix, the artist, while not neglecting any of these aids to effect, has portrayed with wonderful and awful force the actual Crucifixion of our Divine Lord.

The body is first moulded or chiselled in exact conformity to the laws of anatomy. The swelling muscles and the distended cords are given with terrible truth and fidelity. The body having been, with the limbs and head, thus carefully made, the artist has inserted in bone or ivory the anatomy of the frame. Where the wounded flesh has been torn, there bones protrude or are exposed. Over all has been smoothed a fine and plastic cement, which at the wounded parts has been moulded to represent the torn and mangled flesh, colored to a brilliant blood color which time has in vain assailed, the brilliancy remaining now as vivid and life-like as when first put on.

Commencing with the Head. There has been evidently no permanent crown of thorns. The Head is inclined upon the chest, having fallen, precisely at the moment of dissolution; the hair is falling around and upon the shoulders; the eyelids are half closed, and the eyes have a glazed and expiring expression; the whole face, indeed, is that of death. The mouth is partly open, exposing the teeth and the tip of the tongue. On the forehead, one thorn remains imbedded in the flesh, whilst the hair is torn in other places from the scalp, exposing the skull. On the left cheek is the mark of the cruel buffet.

The body is marked with terrible wounds; the flagellation has torn the flesh from the bones, exposing the vertebra and ribs, from which hang shreds and particles of bleeding flesh. The anatomical accuracy of the position of the bones, shoulder-blades, etc., can only have been secured by a thorough knowledge of the science.

The cruel scourges have lapped around the frame and left their marks upon the sacred sides, where they have torn the flesh again, whilst the mark of the Roman soldier's lance gapes with the clean cut of the murderous blade. Around the loins can be seen the places where the cords which bound Him to the pillar had sunk into the flesh, and left their ghastly memento.

Around the loins is also gathered the clout which, tied with rope, depends at the left hip. This is saturated with blood. Some portions of it are gone. The knees are bare to the bone, and the ankles expose the articulations of the joints, whilst the feet are swelled and surcharged with blood. The arms give terrible evidence of the agony which the weight has brought upon the muscles; the hands are swollen; and the fingers, though badly broken, are bent inward toward the palm with the torture. Where the heavy cross

bore upon these the artist has not failed to show the torn and wounded flesh.

Such in brief is this wonderful crucifix. The Sacred Figure hangs upon a cross of natural wood, —the knots, etc., being left, covered with cement, and blackened. It is thirty-eight inches long, by nineteen wide, the space from the feet to the lower point being thirteen inches. It is evidently the crucifix of a preaching missionary, and, held aloft in the hand of a fervent orator, must have had an unsurpassed effect upon the mind.

The Passion is here not written but really depicted, and the most callous and lukewarm soul cannot gaze upon this picture of the sufferings of our Divine Lord without being moved to sorrow and repentance.

The age of this crucifix is estimated at something more than a century.

Our Lady's Abstinence.

FROM "THE DISCIPLINE OF DRINK," BY FATHER BRIDGETT, C. SS. R.

A Scotch writer of the fourteenth century says: "In the days of our fathers, the Sabbath [*i. e.*, Saturday] was held in great veneration, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, principally by the devotion of women, who, every Saturday, with great piety, restricted themselves to one meal, and that merely of bread and water."

Now anyone acquainted with the manufacturing populations of our great cities must be aware that there is almost as much drunkenness on Saturday night as on all the other nights of the week together. The cause of this is, on the one hand, the possession of the week's wages, and on the other the half-holiday which has lately been introduced in these countries.

I am not, of course, so theoretical as to imagine that any considerable numbers of the toiling poor could be induced to undertake a fast on bread and water on the Saturdays; nor could I bring myself to ask it of them, even though they were willing. But I believe that very many would willingly, in honor of our Blessed Lady, either abstain altogether from the use of fermented and distilled drinks on that day, or at least would observe that abstinence from three o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, when the midday meal would be ended, until noon on Sunday. And I am sanguine enough to think that the propagation of this little act of piety would immensely diminish the amount of drunkenness among Catholics, and add immeasurably to the amount of domestic peace and comfort, and of spiritual health. As the

Saturday fast was formerly called in England the Lady-fast, so, perhaps, this act of abstinence might be called Our Lady's Abstinence. It would be important to explain that it is of the nature of a simple resolution, or that, if it is vowed, it is not under pain of mortal sin. The resolution or vow could be taken for life or, perhaps more prudently, only for a year: from one Feast of our Lady to another, or from one Communion to the next. There would be no need to make the resolution in presence of a priest. Each one could make or renew the offering before our Lady's altar in the church, or kneeling at home before her image, and, as a memorial of it, could wear her medal.

This act of piety is not of a nature to interfere with any association or good work already established, nor, if added as a supplement, would it in any way complicate their regulations.

When Heli mistakenly reproached Anna for drunkenness, she replied: "Not so, my lord, for I am an exceeding unhappy woman, and have drank neither wine nor any strong drink. Count not thy handmaid for one of the daughters of Belial." (I Kings, i, 13-16). A woman given to drink was looked on in those days as a child of the devil.

If Belial is multiplying his daughters, is not that a reason for the "Children of Mary" to redouble their activity? Let women propagate Our Lady's Abstinence among those of their own sex. It will soon spread amongst the men, and sanctify the family.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, Nov. 10, 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—On the 9th inst. there was celebrated in the church of Santa Maria in *Trasportina* a solemn Mass of Requiem for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Antonelli. In the middle of the church a grand catafalque, covered with black velvet richly ornamented with the arms of the Cardinal, was erected. It was surrounded by one hundred torches. The altar and columns of the church were also draped in black velvet and gold. The Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Marinelli, Archbishop of Porfrio, Sacristan of His Holiness. In reserved seats sat all the domestic Prelates of the Pope with many other prelates, and the whole foreign diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See. The music was *à la Palestrina*, and rendered in the traditional style peculiar to the Pope's Choir, *i. e.*, without organ accompaniment.

Pius IX and Cardinal Antonelli were staunch friends as well as chief and chief assistant in the most glorious of causes, that of the Immaculate Spouse of Christ Jesus. Again does the seeming immortality of this great Pontiff suggest itself to our consideration. His most potent enemies perish ignominiously before the

battle is over, and his oft-tried friends and followers pay the debt of nature, slip quietly from his side into the grave, and leave him standing alone on the veritable Rock of Ages, immortal in name, and it would seem in body too, though more than fourscore years of life and twice fourscore years of sorrow and afflictions have touched him; still a glorious though uncrowned monarch, still unconquerable, though the world pities him as vanquished; still Pope of a more militant because more universal Church than that of the Catacombs.

Until the appointment of a successor, the office of Secretary of State to His Holiness will be discharged by Mgr. Vanutelli, Pro-Substitute to the deceased. The office of Prefect of the Papal Palace, which was also discharged by Cardinal Antonelli, will, for the present, devolve upon Mgr. Ricci-Parracciani, Major-domo of the Palace. On the morning of the 7th all the foreign Ministers and Ambassadors accredited to the Holy See paid a visit of condolence to Mgr. Vanutelli.

His Eminence Cardinal Patrizi, the Vicar of Rome, has also been seriously ill; the most recent accounts report him out of danger. One more necrological item. The Duchess of Aosta, wife of Prince Amedeo, second son of Victor Emmanuel, died at San Remo, on the 8th inst. Early on the same morning the king left the palace of the Quirinal to repair to the hunt at Belladonna. He had not proceeded far when a messenger from the court overtook him, and handed him the dispatch announcing the death of the princess. She was a noble, Christian woman. Suffice it to say that she was the worthy niece of the ever-to-be-lamented Mgr. de Merode. She was born on the 19th of August, 1847, and was the daughter of Prince Carlo Emanuele dal Pozzo della Cisterna and the Countess Louise Carolina de Merode, sister of the late Monsignore. On the 25th of May, 1867, she was married to Prince Amedeo, Duke of Aosta. When the revolution placed him on the throne of Spain in 1870, his heroic wife followed him through all the vicissitudes of his short and troublesome reign. For three years she lived in continual trepidation, and when, in the February of 1873, herself and consort were obliged to leave Spain, her health was completely shattered. She never rallied since. During her long illness she gave an example of Christian fortitude and resignation which reminded people of the saintly women of the house of Savoy. Her charity was the theme of all who knew her; her devotion to the Mother of God just what her uncle's was, tender and strong. She never countenanced the occupation of Rome, nor could she be induced to come here. She leaves three sons,—Emmanuele Filiberto, Duke of Puglia, born Jan. 13th, 1868; Victor Emmanuel, Count of Turin, born Nov. 24, 1870; and Luigi Amedeo, born Jan. 31st, 1873. It is but natural to suppose that her sweetness and piety made of Prince Amedeo the devoted husband he has proved himself. He never left her side, but was so attentive to her that the country-people used to say of him: "He still woos her." When the opening of Parliament necessitated his attendance upon his father here in Rome, he merely

stayed long enough to hear the reading of the royal discourse, and then posted off immediately on a special train for San Remo, where his loving consort was. Sooth to say, his family forms the only redeeming feature in the revolting picture presented at present by the once Christian house of Savoy. Peace to the soul of the noble woman who was the life of that feature!

His Eminence Cardinal Dechamps, Archbishop of Malines, arrived here on the 4th inst. Cardinal Manning is also expected. The political elections of last Sunday resulted in the complete triumph of the Radical party. Minghetti's party is utterly discomfited. That worthy himself had some difficulty in retaining his own seat of Leguago. The king is furious. He need not court apoplexy so carelessly. He is only reaping the fruits of Liberalism, and that he may have to evacuate the Quirinal and his crown together seems neither improbable nor remote. It is to my purpose to keep you informed of the general political evolutions which take place here, that you may know who it is that strikes our Mother. Struck she will be in either case, whether Minghetti or De Pretis rule; but God will one day smite the strikers, else wherefore is she His Spouse? ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

—We return our sincere thanks to Rev. Father O'Sullivan, Smartsville, Cal., for favors to the "AVE MARIA."

—Roman Catholics, writes a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, now enjoy more freedom of worship and are less interfered with in its external demonstrations in the Turkish Empire than they could ever hope for in the dominions of the Czar, or is actually allowed to them in the constitutional kingdom of Italy.

—The subscription of many of our readers for the ensuing year is now due. Our terms are necessarily in advance. Subscribers will therefore please forward their subscriptions without delay if they wish to renew, or advise us of their desire. We ask our old and new friends to assist us by getting up clubs. See rates elsewhere.

—We are under obligations to Dr. Alphonsus Bellesheim, of Cologne, for a Life of Blessed Clement Mary Hoffbauer, which we intend to have translated for publication in the AVE MARIA. Father Hoffbauer was beatified only a few months ago. He was born at Tassnitz, Moravia, in 1751, and died at Vienna in 1820. The saintly man, to judge from his picture, must have looked much like his spiritual father, St. Alphonsus.

—The sad news of the death of Rev. Eugene Cassidy, pastor of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Brooklyn, has just reached us. Father Cassidy had lately returned from Ireland, whither he had gone to attend the obsequies of his brother, also a priest. A successful mission, at which there were several conversions to the

faith and as many as seven thousand communicants, was lately given at St. Mary's, the last of the many blessings which Father Cassidy so bountifully provided for his flock.—*R. I. P.*

—Mr. B. W. Whitcher, the author of "The Widow Bedott Papers" and "The Story of a Convert," formerly an Episcopalian clergyman, lectured last Sunday in the hall of St. Bernard's Church, New York. The subject of his lecture was the story of his conversion. We are glad to learn that this learned gentleman has resumed lecturing. He is said to be a fine speaker, and his lecture is full of interest. We advise those who desire the services of a popular lecturer to engage Mr. Whitcher. We know of few books more likely to please and impress well-disposed non-Catholics than "The Story of a Convert" above mentioned. It is published, we believe, by Mr. O'Shea, of New York.

—A friend travelling in California informs us that the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Smartsville, in the pastoral care of Rev. Father O'Sullivan, has lately had a new bell put up, weighing about 500 pounds, and which created quite a sensation in that hitherto comparatively secluded neighborhood. The church itself is a fine building and is nearly out of debt. By the way, it seems that we mistook the import of a former letter from our esteemed correspondent, and located Mr. Bruning's good works at Suisun instead of Rio Vista. This latter gentleman built the Convent and donated the ground for St. Joseph's Church, Rio Vista, and not for St. Alphonsus', Suisun, as formerly stated.

—St. Patrick's Church, at Hartford, Conn., which is one of the finest churches in New England, was dedicated on the 26th ult., with imposing ceremonies. Archbishop Williams of Boston officiated. Seven Bishops and more than fifty priests were present. The dedication sermon was preached by Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. It was a most eloquent and effective discourse. Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield preached in the evening. The singing both at Mass and Vespers was remarkably fine. Special trains were run on several of the railroads centering in Hartford, for the accommodation of those from neighboring cities and towns who wished to be present, and the magnificent edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity.

—On Sunday, the 29th of October, Divine service was held for the last time in St. Mary's Church, Bachum, a town in the mining regions of Rhenish Prussia. The church was overcrowded. The Saint Cæcilia Association of the town was present, to glorify for the last time by its sacred strains the celebration of high Mass. After Mass the whole congregation joined in the beautiful hymn "*Fest soll mein Taufband immer stehn*" ("Firmly shall my baptismal covenant stand"), which is generally sung by the first-Communicants after renewing their baptismal vows. At the Gospel the zealous pastor addressed his faithful flock in a few appropriate though sorrowful words, yet not without some cheering tokens of hope for better days. The Mass being ended, and the priest having extinguished

the sanctuary lamp, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession out of the church, which on the first of November was in possession of the "Old Catholics."

—A great stir has been raised in the fashionable faubourg Saint Germain by the conversion of Mr. de S., the lion of the evening parties in Paris and the most accomplished dancer in the capital. The Countess of C., although a lady of fashion, gives her children a Christian education. To reward her son's good behavior she sometimes permits him to serve Mass in the parish church, which favor is much desired by the little fellow. When on a certain day the boy and his mother were going to church, Mr. de S., who chanced to meet the Countess, thus addressed her: "I am astonished, madame, that you make an altar-boy of your little Charlie; to serve Mass is well enough for the son of your coachman, but not for your own child." "Be silent, sir," replied the Countess; "the son of a king is unworthy to serve the King of kings." On another occasion, when the Countess noticed that Mr. de S. felt rather uneasy in her presence, she said to him: "Why do we never have the pleasure of seeing you in church?" "Because I am not a hypocrite," he replied, "and, to tell the truth, I believe in nothing." "Well, let us go this morning," said the Countess; "you will certainly not refuse to hear Mass with me." "Certainly not; but it is only to oblige you; and, I dare say, should it happen that I become a Christian, I shall not dance any more with any lady, not even with you, madame." "Very well; I shall not feel sorry for it, since the salvation of your soul is at stake." When they entered the church Mr. de S. knelt down, imitating the example of the Countess. Suddenly divine grace touched his heart, and faith revealed itself to the mind of the young man. He is now under religious instruction. His family threatens to disinherit him if he changes his religion, but to this he pays no heed. The Countess was the first to whom he communicated the news of his conversion.

—From an interesting article in the *Luxemburg Gazette* of last week, entitled "Pioneers of the Church in America," we translate the following paragraph, and regret our inability to reproduce the article entire. We may remark, in passing, that the *Gazette* is one of the best German Catholic papers published in the United States. "The first missionary who visited the western hemisphere is, according to a tradition, one of those to whom our Divine Lord gave the commission: "*Go, teach all nations.*" It was Saint Thomas, as everyone knows, who preached the Gospel to the inhabitants of India. The tradition which the ancient Mexicans related to the Spaniards was to the effect that in time immemorial a venerable old man had come from the East, over the seas, and preached a wonderful religion. And why should we not suppose that this was Saint Thomas? Could not the words of our Lord be literally accomplished, and thus His Apostles be enabled to preach the Gospel and the faith in Jesus crucified to all nations? could not He who trod the waves of the sea easily lead His Apostles over the ocean? That the Christian religion had been preached here already

before the landing of the Spaniards is proved by the numerous Catholic customs found in the religion of these tribes, and also by some monuments of the Catholic religion found in Mexico. . . . The old Aztecs had a ceremony of baptism for infants, during which the head of the child was washed with water, and a certain divinity was invoked, to remove from the child the sin which adhered to all men from the beginning of the world, and to impart life and health to the little creature, which had been purified by the water and was now born again. The old Mexicans also worshipped the cross as a symbol of their faith. The Jesuits in Paraguay were told by the Indians there that they had heard from their ancestors that a holy man, Pay Zuana, or Pay Tuma, had preached in their land the religion of Heaven. Many had received at that time the true faith, and the holy man had told their ancestors, when taking his leave, that their progenitors would again abandon the worship of the true God, but after many ages new messengers of the same God should reappear with a cross similar to his own, and reinstate the religion among their children. The Jesuit Fathers Montaya and Mendoza, when reaching the country of Tayato, were joyfully received by the Indians when they saw the cross in the hands of the missionaries, and to their astonishment the same tradition was told them. Father Cavalero heard from the Mannucas that St. Thomas had preached the Gospel to them, and it is certain that their fables bear many traces of Christianity. They have even a remote idea of a God who had become man for the salvation of mankind, and one of their legends speaks of a lady of surpassing beauty, who, although she never knew man, had miraculously brought forth a wonderful child, who when grown up to be a man had wrought many miracles, raised the dead to life, made the lame walk, and gave sight to the blind. He at last had collected a great multitude, in whose presence He ascended to heaven and became transformed into a sun to give light to all. In Peru many miracles are related of Pay Tuma, who is believed to be no other than St. Thomas."

Right Rev. Maurice de St. Palais.

[From the Western Citizen.]

On the 15th of November the Bishop of Vincennes, Rt. Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, completed his sixty-fifth year. It was the occasion of bringing to the episcopal city many of the good Prelate's friends, who desired to present him their well-wishes and express the hope that he might be spared to witness many more anniversaries of the day of his nativity. The career of Bishop de St. Palais as a missionary, embracing as it does a period of not less than forty years, is long and interesting. He was here when the Church in these parts was in its infancy; he has been a constant witness of its progress and an able promoter of its advancement. Leaving his native country at an early age, he selected as the scene of his fu-

ture labors a portion of America where Catholicity had but a feeble foothold. The diocese of Vincennes comprised at that time the entire States of Indiana and Illinois, and contained probably fewer Catholics than the city of Indianapolis does at present.

It was Bishop de St. Palais, then a missionary priest, who built the first church in Chicago, a small frame structure suited to those times, and which lasted until destroyed by the great conflagration a few years ago. He was afterwards located at Madison, Ind., and more recently at St. Mary's, where, amid obstacles peculiar to the time and place, he succeeded in erecting a substantial brick church which still serves the people of that congregation. While pastor of St. Mary's, the labors of the future Bishop were particularly arduous, as he was obliged to attend to not only the Catholics of that vicinity, but to those scattered throughout an extensive surrounding territory besides.

Twenty-eight years ago, M. de St. Palais was named Bishop of Vincennes, to succeed Bishop Bazin, who died after an episcopate of less than a year. He received the episcopal consecration in the Cathedral in Cincinnati, on the 14th of January, 1849, and assumed immediately the duties of his new position, which he has since filled to his own credit and to the satisfaction of his subjects. Two objects seem to have especially occupied the Bishop's attention during the quarter of a century of his administration: namely to provide homes for the orphans and to promote the cause of Christian education. For the attainment of these ends he has labored with a persevering energy that overcame multiplied difficulties and that feared no obstacle however great or appalling. That his efforts have resulted in eminent success is attested by the condition of his diocese at this day. For these things his memory will be revered unto future times; his labors will be remembered when he shall have gone to receive their reward in another land. We hope that many years of his useful life yet remain, for age has not chilled his ardor nor diminished the zeal with which he has ever labored in virtue's cause. *Ad multos annos.*

ACCORDING to the unwilling confession of a late writer in the *Times*, as the English overturned Irish altars and confiscated Irish churches, every cabin in the land became a house of prayer. In every humble homestead the Rosary was recited and its mysteries alleviated the heaviest afflictions of the people by teaching them to unite their suffering with the Lord's, and many a priest coming to the bedside of a dying peasant in times of famine and woe, and arriving too late, found the beads clasped in the dead man's hand.

New Publications.

—VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1877. No. 1. The high reputation which Mr. Vick has gained for his different publications is fully sustained by the present number of the *Floral Guide*, which is profusely illustrated, beautifully printed on the finest paper, and embellished with elegant colored plates. Besides this, the *Guide* is always full of information concerning the culture of flowers, etc.

—Messrs. Thomas B. Noonan, & Co., of Boston, announce as in press a new Vesper Psalter which will be a compendium of the Ratisbon edition of the Roman Vesperal. It will contain the Gregorian tones with their different endings, all the Psalms, and the *Magnificat* properly pointed; also the Anthems of the Blessed Virgin. It will make a book of about 116 pp.

—RECEIVED, the current number of the *Periodische Blätter, The Lamp*, etc., etc.

Obituary.

—We commend to the the prayers of the reader the repose of the soul of Mrs. S. DORRITY, of New York city, who departed this life on the 4th of July last. Mrs. Dorrity was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother,—one whose sole aim was to fulfil strictly her Christian duties and to make her home a happy one. Her death, after years of patient suffering, was that of a true Christian, and she departed this life calmly and peacefully, fortified by the rites and blessing of our holy Church. *Requiescat in pace.*

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 25TH.

Number of letters received, 105; new members enrolled, 132. The following applications for prayers have been made: For recovery of health, 64 persons, 4 families; change of life for 23 persons, 15 families; conversion to the Faith for 10 persons, 19 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 3, and that of a happy death for 5 persons; special graces have been asked for 5 priests, 7 religious, and 2 laypersons aspiring to the religious state; temporal favors have been solicited for 43 persons, 21 families, 5 communities, 4 congregations, 5 schools, and 1 orphan asylum; employment and certain resources for 2 persons; spiritual favors for 23 persons, 20 families, 6 communities, 4 congregations, 5 schools, and 1 orphan asylum. The following intentions have been specified: The intentions of the Superioress of a Carmelite convent; a very particular intention for a life-subscriber of the AVE MARIA; relief for several families in trouble and poverty; thanksgiving for special protection against accidents, especially fire, and a continuation of the same special blessings for a religious community; to avert a great national calamity; resources to finish a chapel and build a school-house; a peaceable adjustment of the troubles now existing in Louisiana, that peace, order and justice may prevail; a particular intention for the

mother of a young family; prayers for three favors; the conversion of an intemperate father; a happy death for a certain person.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following accounts of favors received: "Already we begin to feel the happy effect of the prayers of the Association. Our sincere thanks to Almighty God, to the Immaculate Virgin, and to you at Notre Dame." "Sometime ago I asked you for some water of Lourdes for a Protestant lady; when I gave it to her I said she would have to be a Catholic. She did not think at that time that it would be so, but she is now a Catholic." "I received the water of Lourdes; after my husband used it for two weeks he could saw wood and do other work for the first time since he has been paralyzed, and has been working ever since. Only God and His Blessed Mother know how thankful we are for the favor." "A lady was taken with St. Vitus' dance and was laid up with it when I first saw her. I applied this water, which helped her very much. She desired to be received into the Church eight days after. I wish also to tell you that one whose name I had enrolled in the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, a few months since, and who was at that time a very wicked man, is now, thanks to the intercession of our dear Lady, a good and practical Catholic. We had a mission here six weeks ago, when he made a general confession.

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased members: Mr. JOHN TRACY, of Geneva, Minn., who died last March. Mr. ALEXANDER J. BRAND, of Baltimore, who departed this life on the 8th of November. Mr. PATRICK GREEN, of Chicago, Ill., whose death occurred May 10th. Mrs. ANNE FAY, of Cumberland, Md., deceased some time ago. Mrs. MARY ENGLISH, of Grass Valley, Cal., who slept in the Lord on the 1st of October. May they rest in peace."

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Holy Father.

Miss Annie Smith, Buffalo, N. Y. \$5.00

MILMAN, in his "History of Christianity," thus speaks of devotion to the Blessed Virgin: "High above all this immeasurable host of saints and martyrs was seated the Queen of Heaven. . . Chivalry above all would seem to array the Christian world as the Church militant of the Virgin; every knight was a sworn servant of our Lady. . . So completely was this worship the worship of Christendom, that every cathedral, almost every spacious church had its chapel of our Lady. In the Hymns to the Virgin in every Breviary, more especially in her own 'Hours,' not merely is the whole world and the celestial world put under contribution for poetic images, not only is all the luxuriance and copiousness of language exhausted, but a new vocabulary is invented to express the yet inexpressible homage; pages follow pages of glowing similitudes, rising one above another."

Children's Department.

The Dove.

BY CANON SCHMID.

CHAPTER I.

OTILIA AND HER DAUGHTER AGNES.

Some centuries ago there lived in the old mountain castle of Falkenburg the brave knight Theobald and his good lady, Otilia. The knight was as noble in his disposition as he was brave. He took all that were oppressed in the surrounding country under his powerful protection, and did not even ask their thanks for so doing. The pleasure of doing good to his fellow-creatures was a sufficient reward for him. Lady Otilia distributed abundant alms amongst those who were in need. She visited the sick in their huts in the neighboring valleys, and her castle was the secure refuge of any poor people who were deserving of assistance. Agnes, also, the only child of these excellent parents, a girl of about eight years of age, was the personification of goodness and kindness to everyone she came in contact with. She knew no greater joy than that of affording pleasure to others. Both parents and daughter were universally honored and beloved; and whoever saw in the distance the high tower of Falkenburg Castle blessed in his soul the noble persons who lived there and did so much good. The benediction of God rested indeed visibly on Theobald, Otilia, and Agnes. Notwithstanding all they spent in charity and good works, they never felt themselves straitened in the smallest degree. They were accounted one of the most wealthy noble families in the country.

Once, on a beautiful bright summer day, Lady Otilia and Agnes went out after dinner into the garden, which was situated beneath the castle, on the slope of the mountain. A small door in the wall of the courtyard, and several stone steps, led down into it. From the garden there was a magnificent view. They remarked with pleasure the bluish-green cabbages in one place, and rose-trees, covered with blossoms, in another; here rows of luxuriant beans, there cherry-trees covered with red fruit, shining out from amid the dark-green leaves. They stood for a while beside the fountain in the middle of the garden, and were delighted with the play of water, which sprang up, glistened like crystal in the sun beams, and then fell down again in thousands of sparkling drops, tinted with all the colors of the rainbow. They then seated themselves in a

shady bower, formed of lattice-work, and began to occupy themselves with the making of a dress for a poor orphan. Everything in the garden was still and peaceful; nothing was to be heard but the singing of a little bird on a neighboring tree and the splashing of the water in the fountain. Suddenly something flew so quickly into the bower that they could not see what it was. They both looked up startled. Immediately there appeared outside a large bird of prey, which fluttered with outspread wings about the entrance of the bower. As soon, however, as he saw persons in it, he flew swiftly away. Agnes was so terrified that she scarcely ventured to look round, in order to see what had flown in to them so suddenly. Her mother, however, said, with a smile:

"Do not be afraid! It is only some poor little bird which has taken refuge here from the hawk."

She then looked round, and cried:

"Oh! look at it; it is a snow-white dove! In its terror it has concealed itself there, just behind you."

She took it in her hand, looked searchingly at Agnes, and said:

"Shall I roast it for your supper this evening?"

"Roast it!" cried Agnes, in astonishment, and she grasped the dove with both her hands, as if to protect it from death. "No, dear mother," she continued, "you cannot be in earnest! The poor bird came to me for refuge—how could I let it be killed? Look how beautiful it is! Indeed it is as white as snow, and its little feet are like two pieces of red coral. Feel how its little heart throbs! It looks at me so beseechingly with its innocent eyes, as if it meant to say: 'Do not harm me.' No, dear little bird, I will do you no harm. You have not flown to me in vain for protection. You shall certainly have it."

"You are right, my dearest child," said the mother, kindly. "You have perceived my meaning. I only wished to try you. Bring the dove to your room and feed it. We should never repulse the unfortunate who come to us for aid. We must be compassionate to all who are in necessity, even to animals."

The lady caused a pretty little dove-cage to be made. Agnes placed it in a corner of her room, and put the dove in it. She gave it every day plenty of food and fresh water, and provided it now and then with pure sand. The dove soon grew accustomed to Agnes, and became very tame and affectionate. When she opened the door of the cage it flew out and picked up the grains of corn which she held before it. She soon had no need to shut the door. The dove went in and remained there of its own accord.

At the break of day, if Agnes was asleep, it flew over to her pillow, awakened her, and gave her no peace till she got up and fed it. Agnes complained of this to her mother, and said: "I know what I will do to prevent the stupid bird from disturbing my sleep. I will shut the door of the cage every evening, so that it cannot get out in the morning."

"Do no such thing," responded her mother, "but rather learn from the dove how to rise early. Early rising is healthy, and makes our spirits good; and would you not be ashamed of yourself for being more lazy than a dove?" Agnes, therefore, accustomed herself to early rising.

One day Agnes was sitting at the open window, engaged in sewing. The dove was picking some grains of corn at her feet. Suddenly, however, it flew up and out through the window, and alighted on an adjacent roof. Agnes was frightened, and uttered a loud cry. Her mother came, and asked what was the matter with her.

"Oh, my dove!" she cried; and pointed, weeping, to the roof, on which it sat basking in the sun.

"Call it to you," said her mother.

Agnes did so, and it immediately flew back, and alighted on her outstretched hand. Agnes was overjoyed at this.

Her mother, however, said to her: "Be always as obedient to me as the dove is to you. I will then experience greater joy than you now feel. Will you not afford me this pleasure?"

Agnes promised to do so, and kept her word. From that time she was the most dutiful daughter that could be.

One day Agnes had been watering her flowers in the garden. Weary with the work, she sat down beside her mother on the margin of the fountain. The dove, which was now so tame that it was allowed to fly about where it wished, came to the water to drink. "Look, mother, how cleverly it steps from one moss-covered stone to another! How carefully it avoids the mud between the stones! How cleanly the little creature is! White is the most difficult color to preserve pure, and yet the smallest morsel of dirt can never be seen on its snowy feathers."

"And how careless Agnes is at times!" said her mother, pointing to her long white dress.

Agnes had indeed not been cautious enough with regard to her clothes, while filling her watering-pot at the fountain; she blushed, and from that time her dress was always as white as snow.

Agnes once made a little journey with her mother, which had afforded her very much pleasure. When she returned in the evening, the dove flew to her, and exhibited the greatest joy at her return.

"It fretted the entire day for you," said one of the servants, "and looked about for you every place. I am astonished that a little animal which has not reason should know its benefactress so well, and be so devoted to her."

"It is true, however," said Agnes, "that it is very grateful for the few grains of food which I give it every day."

"And are you," said her mother, "always as thankful? You enjoyed great pleasure to-day. Have you thanked God for it? Do not let yourself be put to shame by a little bird."

Agnes had indeed that day forgotten to thank God. From that time forward she never went to bed without thanking Him in the most fervent manner for all the pleasures and benefits of the day.

"You dear little creature," she said, one day, whilst she was sitting, early in the morning, at her work-table, and the dove was standing on the edge of it, looking at her with its bright, innocent eyes, "I have learned many good things from you, and I owe you many thanks."

Her mother said: "The most beautiful thing which you can learn from it is yet to come. The pure white dove is a sweet picture of innocence. It is without falsehood, without deceit, and without dissimulation; free from cunning, and unacquainted with hypocrisy. Our Divine Saviour expressed all this in a few words, when He said: 'Be as *simple* as a dove.' Oh, may this noble simplicity be always yours! May deceit and falsehood and everything wicked remain far from you! God grant that it may be hereafter said of you: 'Agnes is pure and without deceit, like a dove.'"

This, indeed, could be truly said of her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. FRANCES of Rome when only a little child began to recite daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin and never afterwards omitted this pious practice. Her devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whom she called "her own dear Mother," is one of the most beautiful features of her wondrous life.

SPEAKING of the merit and glory obtained by the victories over self in little things, Father Faber says: "It is not what we read in the lives of the saints that made them saints: it was what we do not read of them that enabled them to be what we wonder at while we read. Words cannot tell the piecemeal captivity of little restraints." It is unflagging perseverance in this captivity of nature which makes the saint.

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

NOTRE DAME, IND., DECEMBER 16, 1876.

No. 51.

A Type from the Holy Fathers.*

We call her Mary—Mary! a name prophetic of her greatness, her virtues, and her good offices.

Blessed fruit of the old age of two saints, she belonged to the decayed family of the kings of Juda, and was connected through their illustrious stock with the first recipients of the Divine promises: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and David were her ancestors.

And, nevertheless, she was born in the shade, and mingled with the obscure crowd who were expecting the great event, without daring to hope that she was to take any part in it, otherwise than by her reverential desires.

All was ready for the advent of the Messiah. The prophecies had been fulfilled, the movements of the nations of antiquity were at an end, Juda had drunk the chalice of her sorrows to the dregs, and was petitioning Heaven for a Comforter.

Who would have thought that the humble daughter of Joachim and Anne was to be the Mother of God?

She it was, however, whom the Lord had chosen. She, the faithful woman spoken of in the first prophecy, she was to crush the serpent's head; the pure Virgin announced by Isaias, she was to conceive and give birth to the Emmanuel; the miraculous mother foreseen by Jeremias, she was to bear in her chaste womb the Man by excellence; a valiant Judith, an amiable Esther, she was to save her people from death.

At the time when a child's reason slumbers, hers was radiant with light, and illuminated the grand design she had formed of belonging entirely to the Lord.

It was close to the sanctuary that she began her devout life. She conversed with angels' whilst

she smiled upon her companions; she kept herself united to God in mind and heart, whilst her skilful fingers worked for levites and priests; she read the prophecies, she waited, she desired, she called for the Man of promise, and God alone heard the cries of her virginal soul. "Exert Thy power, O Lord," she said, with the prophets, "and come to save us. Show us Thy adorable countenance, and look upon us; we are Thy people. Why dost Thou not burst the heavens and descend to us? Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One. Let the earth open and bud forth a Saviour. Come, O Lord, and do not delay."

The Lord came; was He touched by the tears, the sighs, the desires, and the fervor of this holy child? Did He yield at length to the pious entreaties of the righteous of the Old Law, entreaties yet more urgent on the lips of a young girl who who was already more advanced in perfection than all her ancestors? Yes. But there was something that attracted Him still more.

The Beloved, dew of heaven and life-giving cloud of Divine mercy, the Beloved "feedeth among the lilies till the day break and the shadows retire." * Now in those days a lily was open, its immaculate cup seeming to beg of Heaven that Divine shower so long desired; and the heavens were opened, and from the bosom of the Eternal Father the Word came down. He concealed Himself lovingly in Mary's virginal bosom until the day for His joyful manifestation dawned, which dissipated the shadows of a night destined to eternal renown.

But there was something that attracted Him still more.

God loves abysses; and after those of His own grand nature, there is one in which He delights to dwell: it is the abyss of humility. Like the sun,

* This article is a chapter from "Gold and Alloy in the Devout Life," by the Rev. Père Monsabré, O. P.

* Canticle of Canticles, iv, 5 and 6.

He scorches the proud heights that defy Him, whilst He fertilizes the lowly valleys wherein His rays are concentrated. Now there never was a valley better prepared than the pure and candid soul of Mary. "She had made herself very lowly by her virtue, and therefore she pleased the Most High: *cum essem parvula placui altissimo.*" "She conceived the Word made flesh because of her humility."*

She was humble! So humble, that, when in the Temple, she liked to serve everybody. So humble, that night and day she besought of God, as a favor, to allow her to be servant to the chosen Mother of the Messias. So humble, that she trembled when the angel called her full of grace, and answered him: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." So humble, that when rendered fruitful by the Divine power, she chose rather to expose herself to the suspicions of her chaste spouse than to divulge the secret of the Most High. So humble, that she always kept in the background during the lifetime of our Saviour. So humble, that although Mother of God, she proclaimed her lowliness in her own immortal canticle. So humble, that, according to tradition, she stayed the filial hands of the Apostles who were preparing to write down her glories.

And nevertheless, her perfection is so great that it is reserved to God alone to fathom it.† Whence then proceeded this humility, and so profound a humility? In the midst of so many glories, this was the miracle—miracle of miracles. ‡

The power of the Most High had overshadowed her, the Holy Ghost had come upon her,§ she was Mother of God, and could say more truly than the Spouse of the Canticles: "My Beloved to me"; but with a still better right, she said: "And I to Him."§ She had given herself to God from the beginning, and every day she gave herself to Him afresh, more by the stability than by the renewal of those generous promises by which she had bound herself to the sole love and sole service of the Lord. Called to the signal honor of the Divine maternity, she only pronounced her *fiat* on the condition that she was to take back nothing of what she had offered, and that in so great a mystery her virginity should be respected.

More closely united to the very Author of grace than all other creatures, by reason of the plenitude of blessings which she had received from Him, she

only possessed them in order again to bestow them. The Beloved was hers; but she represented the human race. She runs, she flies over the mountain and across valley, to carry the first grace of redemption to John the Baptist. She discloses lovingly to shepherds and to kings the mysteries of the crib, and the amiability of the Infant Jesus. She pleads with her Son to obtain a smile from His beneficence in a manifestation of His power. She is full of graces for herself, but for us she superabounds.* Those who have extolled her greatness have also extolled her merciful liberality. Mary is, they say, the inexhaustible fountain whose waters refresh and fortify thirsty and languishing souls; she is the river of life, flowing through the world and spreading unceasing fertility around: she is the deep ocean whence the heat of Divine love gathers up those propitious clouds which pour forth torrents of blessings on the earth. The Church has epitomized all her good offices in the invocation: "Mother of Divine grace, pray for us."

"She was full of benevolence to all."*

Her ears were always open to hear what was good, but her lips were closed save for the praises of God and the advantage of her neighbor. She loved sinners, she used to bring them to her Son, and beg for their forgiveness. Her mercy was only surpassed by the Divine mercy; and now that the work of redemption is accomplished, she draws incessantly from the infinite treasury of the Saviour's merits in order to satisfy her inexhaustible tenderness and compassion. Sinners know her well, and to escape from the weight of the Divine justice they seek a refuge in her arms. Who has not heard their touching supplications? "Mother of Mercy, Refuge of Sinners, pray for us."

If God permitted her to command His Son, it was because He had proved the docility of her will. One day He whispered to her heart those words of the Psalmist: "Hearken, O daughter, . . . and incline thy ear: . . . forget thy people and thy father's house. And the King shall greatly desire thy beauty." Mary forgot all, that she might serve the Lord. Precept, counsel, mysterious admonition, or secret inspiration, none of these did she ever disobey. She was the handmaid of the Most High, and her perfect obedience was only equalled by her grand courage under tribulation.

She suffered, when she had nothing to offer to her Son, born in a wretched and despicable stable, in the middle of a dark, cold night, save a few poor swaddling clothes. She suffered, when, in order to preserve Him from the fury of a prema-

* Virginitate placuit, humilitate concepit.—(St. Bernard, Sermon I, on the Gospel *Missus*).

† St. Bernardine of Siena, Sermon on the Immaculate Conception.

‡ St. Bernard, Sermon on the Nativity.

§ St. Luke, i, 35. § Canticle of Canticles, ii, 16.

* St. Bernard.

† St. Ambrose, book II, *De Virginibus*.

ture persecution, she carried Him across the desert into a heathen land. She suffered, when she wiped the sweat from off His brow, and kissed His Hand, hardened by the workman's labor struggling against the inroads of poverty. She suffered, when she saw the prophecies multiplying around Him, and as if threatening more closely a life so dear to her. She suffered, when she heard the menaces of the Pharisees and the confused clamors of the populace; but how much more did she suffer when she stood at the foot of the Cross! Jesus felt death seizing upon His Heart, and in a voice, powerful still in spite of His sufferings, He addressed to His Mother the last farewell of His mortal life; and His Mother was standing—*Stabat Mater*. Standing, that she might the better contemplate the work of Divine justice; standing, that she might the more easily receive all the Blood that flowed from the open wounds of her Beloved; standing, that she might consent the more fully to His torments; standing, that she might unite herself the more perfectly to His martyrdom; standing, until that last cry which made both the earth and the heavens tremble.

When all was over, when the bruised and bleeding remains of her only Love were placed in her arms, her heart broke, as the waves of the sea break against a wild rock; and she burst-out into a loving lament. "My sweetest Son," she said, "what shall I do without Thee? . . . I shall see Thee no more in my humble abode; never again shall I wipe the sweat from Thy brow, scorched by the sun in those fields where Thou didst preach the Gospel of peace. I shall see Thee no more at my table, where Thy holy presence used to revive my soul; no longer shall I sit at Thy feet, no longer listen to Thy blessed words, never more shall the sweet name of mother resound in my ears. My glory has passed away, my joy is over, to-day begins my mournful solitude. O Eternal Father! so good to men, so hard to Thy own Son! Thou knowest what floods of bitterness have filled my heart, and what tempests have burst over my soul; Thou knowest that I have endured as many deaths as there are wounds and bruises upon the adorable Body which I am clasping in my arms. Nevertheless, O Father, although I am the most afflicted of creatures, I return Thee infinite thanks for all my sufferings. It is enough for me that it is Thy holy will. O Father! accept equal gratitude for the love and for the grief; let my tears bless Thee, and let them praise Thy holy name." * Thus Mary showed herself, at the same time, the "Mother most admirable" and the "Virgin most faithful."

* Lewis of Granada.

However brave in the hour of trial, Mary was not one of those women whose over-masculine boldness astonishes more than it touches us, and who lose in grace and amiability what they gain in courage. "She was simple, and virgin no less in soul than in body, without artifice or disguise. There was nothing haughty in her looks, nothing abrupt in her speech, nothing unbecoming in her acts, nothing unreserved in her manner, nothing affected in her gait."* "She was further removed from all ostentation and duplicity than the heavens are above the earth, and this showed itself naturally in her manners and demeanor; for her dress was always simple though neat, and without any dye, save the native tint of the woollen wherewith she clothed herself. You would have said her robe was that of modesty itself, so well did it agree with the decorum which adorned her interior." †

"A wonderful union of sweetness and majesty was observable about Mary. Her sweetness made everyone love her, her gravity inspired those who saw her with respect and veneration. Although she made herself affable to all by the charm of her conversation, yet it was with such a bashful modesty that one could detect, by the changing color on her face, the varying feelings of her mind." ‡

"She had a time for silence, and a time for talking." § She was no less discreet in her acts than in her words. Her soul, enamored of the Divine perfection, preferred the sacred repose of contemplation, which Jesus has called "the better part." Nevertheless, she became a Martha, according to St. Bernard, that she might serve her Son. An eagle in the sublimity of her prayer, she was an industrious and careful bee in the labors of her household.

Whilst the pharisaic spirit multiplied its vain observances around her, her prayer, all interior and recollected, penetrated into the immensity of the Divine perfections, where her love sought perpetual nourishment. "Her body took repose, but her soul was ever watching. Sleep, that enemy to our activity and our merits, had not the power to fetter the workings of her mind." "During sixty-three years of a saintly life, she prayed without the least distraction, for her mental powers were so perfectly balanced that they concurred admirably in her ineffable contemplations." ¶

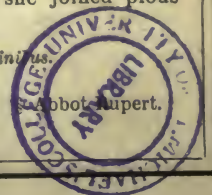
After the death of her Son, she joined pious

* St. Ambrose, book II, *De Virginitate*.

† Epiphanius of Jerusalem.

‡ Epiphanius of Jerusalem.

§ P. Jennesseaux.



pilgrimages to her prayers. "She frequently visited the Grotto of the Nativity, the Garden of Olives, Mount Calvary, and Mount Olivet. She watered those sacred spots with her tears, and kissed with her saintly lips the Divine footprints of Him whom she had loved so much." "She communicated every day, and prepared herself for this solemn act with a devotion as full of reverence and love as if the Mystery of the Incarnation were about to be renewed within her."* And thus she continued, until that moment when love having burst the frail bonds that bound her to earth, bore her in triumph to the eternal communion of paradise.

"Such was Mary, whose life, unique in its perfection, deserves to be the model of every life." †

The Holy Fathers, entering the lists, have disputed with the arms of eloquence and love touching the pre-eminence of Mary's virtues. Saint Augustine is the champion of her faith; Saint Basil, of her virginity; Clement of Alexandria, of her obedience; Saint John Chrysostom, of her fortitude; the Abbot Rupert, of her patience; Saint Bernard, of her mercy; Saint Bernardine, of her humility; and Denis the Carthusian, of her charity. ‡ As for me, an obscure knight amongst so many illustrious names, I admire the prowess of my predecessors in honor of my Queen; but I hold with Saint Thomas, for her "devotion," which was the very perfection of her charity, and imparted lustre to all her virtues.

* P. Jennesseaux.

† St. Ambrose, book II, *De Virginibus*.

‡ P. Jennesseaux.

A Bishop's Blessing.

It seems but a simple thing to remember how gladly we kneel for a Bishop's blessing. But yet it is no light privilege, for the blessing of a Bishop is the blessing of the God he represents. A blessing given by a priest is something sacred and un-earthly, consecrating in some sort and dedicating to God that upon which it falls. Even the simplest exercise of the priestly power of blessing, perhaps the only act that a newly-ordained priest can perform without the need of any permission, is yet one that the Church ranks among the sacramentals, and holy water becomes the means of increasing sanctifying grace. The blessing of the priest at the end of the Mass reminds us of our Lord lifting up His hands and blessing His Apostles before He left them. The priest's blessing brings peace and sanctification, yet the priestly power of benediction comes forth from the power of the Bishop as a stream flows from its fountain. In the Bishop it resides in a plenitude that is surpassed upon earth only by the still completer fullness of the Apostolic blessing. Whenever we meet our Bishop, we throng about him and kneel till he has blessed us; and in the church as he passes to and fro he scatters his benediction around him, or still more solemnly chants it from the altar. Our hearts are soothed and strengthened, we scarcely know how; but we should be mindful that we depart with the hallowing influence upon us of a benediction that specially dedicates all upon which it falls to the sacred service of God.

Ave, Regina Cœlorum!

A THANK-OFFERING.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

The angels stood upon a mighty cloud
And thro' their silver trumpets cried aloud:
"Oh! who is she that goeth up on high,
That, by the desert, goeth up on high,
E'en as a pillar of celestial smoke?
Oh! tell us who is she?"

—The while the watchers spoke,
A grand response was given
By all the loyal winds of heaven

Responding rapturously:

"It is the Queen, the Queen, the Queen!
Maria, Mater Gratiæ!
Our risen, radiant Queen!"

II.

And "Who is this?" the voices cried again,
(Sweet voices, thrilling all the haunts of men.)
"Oh! who is this by blessed shapes upborne,
That cometh forth as beauteous as the morn:
Fair as the rising of the golden morn?
Oh! tell us, who is this?"

—Scarce hush'd each silver horn,
Ere glad response was given
By all the eager winds of heaven
Responding in their bliss:

"It is the Queen, the Queen, the Queen!
O Mater Admirabilis!
Our pure and gracious Queen!"

III.

And yet once more they cried from out the cloud,
Thro' all their airy trumpets cried aloud,
"Oh! who is she that cometh up on high,
From out the desert going up on high,
All flowing with ineffable delights?

Oh! tell us, who is she?"

And to those glorious heights
A last response was given
By all the four-tongued winds of heaven
Responding mightily:

"Behold! it is the Queen, the Queen!
Regina, Mater Domini!

Who cometh up triumphantly
From out the desert's barren scene.
Rejoice, O land! Rejoice, O sea!
For she hath highly-favored been,
And she, to-day, shall crown'd be
As Heaven's sovereign Queen!"

And all the voices in the air
Caught up the echo, like a prayer,
"The Queen, the Queen, the sovereign Queen!
Hail! Heaven's sovereign Queen!"

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES called spiritual reading the oil of the lamp of prayer.

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RECRUITING-OFFICERS.

With active and robust steps, Hugo strode over the way to Starnberg. The sun of springtide shone warm. He did not hear the twittering of the birds in the green hedges. He trod down the flowers in his path without a spark of feeling. Scarcely had he deemed that he had found behind the walls of Andechs an asylum against the follies of the world than he was again cast forth into the whirlpool. His fancy had already built up a beautiful future for him. He had imagined for himself a quiet hut, inhabited by peace of soul and pious wisdom. Now the hut had disappeared in flames, and his future stood before him like a dim pillar of smoke. When he came to the edge of the wood he looked back once again at the monastery. The white walls shone out far and wide in the landscape, and the golden cross on the church-tower appeared to pour forth flames amid the blue ether. "Yes! the cross shall henceforth be my guiding-star," he called out, and he sank on his knees; there was a rustling overhead amid the tree-tops—it blew upon him like the breath of God, and seemed to awaken the sweetest hopes in his heart. How young and fresh he now felt, as he pursued his way through the forest! Once again the morning of his life bloomed, crowned with roses, and now the songsters of the wood struck corresponding chords in his own breast. The gloomy clouds were scattered to the winds. He built anew for the future a charming sunlit house, and joyfully turned over the pages of the dream-book of his life. And thus dreaming, the hours slipped away. Suddenly he found himself standing on the heights above Starnberg. Enraptured, he gazed upon the lake, which gleamed up towards him like the chaste blue eye of a modest maiden. He descended the heights at a rapid pace, for he was now hungry and thirsty. At the first houses he reached, a couple of Austrian non-commissioned officers came up to him, and threw significant glances at each other at the sight of the fresh-looking, robust, vigorous young man.

"God be with you, young sir," said one of them, in a friendly manner. "Where are you going to, if one may be allowed to ask?"

"To-day not further than Starnberg."

"You have acquaintances here?"

"No! I shall put up at the inn."

"That's capital! we are lodging there too, and request the honor of accompanying you thither."

"If it would give you any pleasure."

The young traveller wished, however, to get rid of the company of these uninteresting people; but they kept up to him, in silence, and watched him secretly as he went along. Even at the windows of the houses which they passed, faces full of curiosity might be seen. This he heeded not, as he knew how inquisitive his fellow-countrymen were; even when he heard the words behind him: "There! they've got another, soul-sellers as they are!" it did not enter his head to imagine that these words had any reference to himself.

At the inn he asked for a room by himself and for some luncheon to be brought to him there, as he wished to avoid the common room. The cloister had inoculated him with a dislike of company. He obtained a room in the first floor, at the back of the house; here he laid off his knapsack, and made himself as comfortable as he could. Meantime the waitress brought him a large piece of cold roast veal, with home-made bread and a jug of beer.

"Do you want anything else?"

"No," answered the youth, laying hold of the knife and fork. The maiden went slowly away as if she had something on her mind. It was well that Hugo had laid aside the religious habit, for the eagerness with which he attacked the roast, and the deep draughts he took from the pitcher would scarcely have become a Benedictine monk; the beer—genuine Bavarian ale—tasted so good that he called for a second jugful.

"You shall have it," said the girl, placing the pitcher, with a smile, on the table. "You are a stranger here, sir?"

"Yes," answered Frater Hugo. "I shall only stay till to-morrow morning early; then I shall go to Munich on foot."

"But don't go with the Austrians."

"With which Austrians?"

"Those you came with."

"I don't even know them: they came out from Starnberg, and met me on the road."

"You don't know them! you are not enlisted then?"

"Who with? what for?"

"With the Austrians, for a soldier; they are recruiting-officers, who are living here."

"I know nothing about that! What have I to do with recruiting-officers?"

"They have something to do with you! It were a pity that they should hook a nice young man like you; but that's just what they're after. They can do nothing with the other fellows."

"Hooking won't do in this case: once for all, I am not going to enlist."

"But, good gracious! where did you come from, that you do not know the Austrians are mas-

ters here in our Bavaria; and they take people away whether they like it or not? The Elector dare not speak one word against it."

Hugo now began to understand. He did know that the Austrians ruled Bavaria, as if it were a province of their own: now, he first began to consider his *rencontre* with the recruiting-officers as a matter of importance.

"What can be done?" he asked the girl.

"Kate! Kate!" cried an angry voice through the house.

"Mistress is calling me again," said the girl; "she is afraid I am talking to the town-gentlemen. I will come again."

The beer was no longer relished now. The prospect of eating ammunition-bread had nothing alluring in it, especially as Hugo had not the slightest ambition for warlike fame. The twilight of evening was approaching, and an overpowering longing for the peaceful cloister cell took possession of him.

"How bitter men make life to one another!" he called out with vexation. "Some are hunted; others persecuted." His glance fell on his leather knapsack: "If I had only my little box and my book in security!"

"Here I am again," said the waitress. "The recruiting-officers are on the watch, like terrier-dogs at a hole. Just see them! they are crawling there out of the window. When it is dark I will place a pole at the window for you to slide down. Then, to-night, go over to the rice-mill: the people will let you stay there over night. But your knapsack will be in your way, as you creep through the brushwood. There! leave it where it is. Saturday I will give it to the messenger who goes every week to Munich: you can get it at the Star Inn in the valley."

Hugo thought the proposition a good one, and gave the maiden his heartfelt thanks. He paid his reckoning, and that he might give his protectress also a token of gratitude he drew forth a little gold medal which he had worn from earliest childhood, and gave it to her for a souvenir.

Katie looked curiously at the unexpected gift, and said: "Now, may God preserve you! I will keep the gold penny in honor of you. May God bless—" The maiden's voice trembled.

The young man stepped up to her and held out his hand, looking at her kindly. She returned his glance in so true-hearted a manner that it was well perhaps that a scolding voice called out "Katie! Katie!" so forcibly that the very window-panes rattled. Katie ran off.

Hugo stood rooted to the spot in confusion. "Has the beer got into my head?" he asked himself. "I must not play any stupid tricks." Then

he opened his knapsack and took out the silver casket and buckled it to again. "This I will carry with me for greater security," he muttered; "but my few things, and the book in the unsightly parchment-cover, will not excite cupidity. It's a pity I cannot open the casket to-day. I am so anxious to know what is in it. Certainly something precious."

There was a kind of rattling noise outside. "Ah, the pole is there already," he said. "Good maiden, I thank thee."

Hastily putting his casket in his pocket, he opened the window, threw his knotty stick out, then stepped on the window-sill and seized the pole. In another minute he had slid down and was in the garden.

It was tolerably dark, so that he had some difficulty in finding first the stick and then the garden gate. Although he trod as lightly as it was possible, the house-dog heard him, and set up a terrific barking. At length Hugo found the gate. At the same moment he heard steps hurrying after him. He was just unlatching the door as he felt himself collared by a man's hand. But quick as thought he tore himself loose, turned half round, recognized a man in uniform, and his knotted stick whirled through the air—the man falls to the ground.

"Take that for your pains!" cried the youth, in a fit of indignation, and slammed the gate to behind him. But now there was an alarm in the house. He heard swearing, and the loud talking of many voices. Doubtless new comrades had come to reinforce the two first recruiting-officers while he was eating and drinking.

Only a speedy flight can save him now. But in the darkness he is not able to look around or consider what direction to take. He runs forward, stumbles over stumps and stones, but finally gains the open country. Then he stops a moment to take breath and to ascertain his position, that he might know which way to go. He looks anxiously around him, but cannot come to a conclusion. Behind him lie houses. On the left side, before him, perhaps a hundred paces distant, he perceives a thicket; to the right the land is open. Before he had made up his mind which way to take, he heard running footsteps behind him; as he turned to reconnoitre, he saw several forms, with a lantern, by the light of which he distinguished the glitter of sabres. His persecutors are scarcely a hundred paces off. Without loss of time he hurries to the brushwood. The recruiting-sergeants follow, cursing and swearing with rage.

The brushwood concealed him from the eyes of his pursuers, but at the same time impeded his flight. He could not easily get through the over-

grown thicket, while his pursuers knew the ground better, and had a lantern besides, which gave them a great advantage over him. His coat-tails were every moment caught in the branches, all the more that his pocket stuck out on account of the casket that was in it. So he took this out and held it in his left hand, while in his right he held his weighty white-thorn stick, with a firm resolution to defend himself as long as he could keep his footing.

The soldiers came nearer and nearer: they were now close upon his heels. Soon he saw the pale light of their lantern shine through the thicket when he looked back. They would soon be within reach of his cudgel. To hide was now impossible. He gave up all thought of fleeing further, and thought only of selecting the most favorable ground for a fight. He caught sight of a tolerably thick red beech-tree in a little thicket. If he planted himself firmly with his back to the trunk, there was just a glimmer of hope that he might successfully resist his assailants, because the rise in the ground favored him. In this position he awaited the enemy. "Come on, in God's name." The thought was a prayer, heartfelt.

The bushes nearest to him were already rustling, the lantern was but a few paces from him, and then a lucky thought, as if sent by God, came into his head. Lightly he bounded behind the trunk of the tree, so that he stood in a deep shadow.

One moment after, two Austrians came up to the beech-tree. "The deuce!" said the one who carried the lantern. "A moment ago we heard the fellow; now everything is still."

"He cannot be far off; I bet he is lying down somewhere near, panting like a wounded hare. Go forward with the light; it is as dark here as in the court-yard of Satan's castle."

He with the lantern makes two steps towards the thicket, then tumbles back with a curse, falls down, and the lantern goes out. It is as dark as pitch all around. The young man's cudgel has again done an effective business.

"The d—l!" cried the second soldier, as he fired a pistol at the tree. The ball whizzed harmlessly past the youth, only grazing the tree which protected him. But by the flash of the powder Hugo perceived that the man whom his cudgel had knocked down was about to get up again. He thought it was now time to try once more to flee, and this time under more favorable circumstances than before. For the lantern was shattered to pieces, and the darkness checked pursuit. Besides this, he had reason to hope that his enemies, being somewhat terrified, would proceed more slowly and with greater deliberation in their chase of him. With nimble feet he sprang down to the

other side of the thicket, plunged through the lower bushes, and, with a cry of terror, sank into the water.

"There, Joe! I bet the fellow has stumbled into the lake: we shall not take him again, in this life," said one of the Austrians.

"Good for him! may the d—l give him his due!" muttered the other. "He has broken my head to pieces for me."

CHAPTER VIII.

SELF-DENIAL.

As Hugo, from ignorance of the locality, plunged into the Würm Lake, he in his fright let his casket fall. But this was no time to fret about that: he had to struggle with the water for his life. As he was a good swimmer he easily kept his head above water, for the lake was calm, its waves seemed to sleep. After Hugo had recovered from the first shock of surprise he began to rejoice at the thought that he was in the water instead of in the power of the soldiers. He swam close by the shore, that in case of need he might make for the land when his strength gave way.

Before Hugo had been in the water a quarter of an hour the moon came forth from behind the clouds, and ascended the vault of heaven clear and bright as a sun, and the lake shone like silver. Soon he began to hear a measured splashing from afar, as if from the stroke of oars, and no long time elapsed ere he perceived a fantastical figure which seemed to swim over the lake. The thing came nearer. The swimmer recognized one of those peculiar primitive vessels of the Alpine lakes which are hollowed out of a single tree. A man was seated in it and rowed. Hugo called to him. The tree-boat made for him, and he was soon on board. Quite stiff with frost, for he was colder when in the air than in the water, he could not speak a word. The fisherman threw his own well-worn cloak over Hugo's dripping clothes and handed to him a small round bottle.

"Gentian!" he said good-humoredly, without taking his tobacco-pipe from his mouth.

Hugo held the bottle with both hands to his mouth—for he was trembling—and took a good swallow. Soon a glow of warmth made itself felt in his stiff limbs. His teeth ceased to chatter, and he was able to speak.

"Thank you, good man!" was his first word.

"For nothing," replied the fisherman, and sent up smoke like an oven-hole as he said it. "Ha! that is gentian, that is! Old stuff from Schiel-Lake; none of your adulterated mixtures. Take another swallow."

Hugo drank again. The man looked well pleased as he did so, and then took a deep draught himself ere he returned the bottle to his pocket.

"But say, how did you come into the water, by dark?"

Hugo related his adventure with the soldiers, and begged the man to row to the other side of the lake, that he might not fall foul of these men again.

"Right! right! we will make for the mountain, and to-morrow I will bring you your knapsack over the lake. Yes, yes, the good-for-nothing recruiting sergeants, how they harass our Bavaria!" And the good man shook his fist in a rage, and poured whole volumes of smoke out of his mouth.

Something came swimming up upon the water.

"My stick!" said Hugo, as he reached over and pulled it into the boat.

"The one you belabored the sergeants with? Good that that is there!"

Quickly flew the small craft over the lake. Hugo thought sorrowfully of his lost treasure. "Let it be," said he, consoling himself; "may it lie in the dark water hollows of the lake, as the treasures of the mists in those of the Rhine."

"What do you mean?" asked the fisherman.

"I think that dark form there is the mountain."

"Mountain!"

A few minutes after this the boat grated on the gravel—they were on shore. The fisherman conducted the young man to the inn there, where he was received in a friendly manner and provided with dry clothes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Pope.

At the reception of the Spaniards to-day it was generally remarked that the Pope looked wonderfully well and strong. His general health is beyond doubt good, although, as he recently said of himself, "one cannot be an octogenarian with impunity." When I first saw him at the audience I have described above I saw in his face and figure, as he entered the room, marks of infirmity for which I was not prepared. He looks much older than his pictures, if I except a single photograph, which I believe is not known in America. His lower lip droops a little, his eye has lost much of its lustre, his head hangs over, and his step is uncertain. His voice, too, at first was tremulous and broken. But in a few minutes my impressions of his condition were greatly changed. In conversation his whole face lighted up, his speech was firm, his manner was vivacious, he looked no longer a feeble old man of eighty-four, but a hale and well-preserved gentleman of seventy. When he raised his voice to address the whole assem-

blage, the tones were strong and musical, and the articulation beautifully clear. He made gestures freely with both arms, and I noticed that his hand was as steady as if he had nerves of iron. Alarming reports of his impending dissolution often reach the Papal Court—from America and elsewhere—but the Pope's friends laugh at them. "When I look over certain of the Italian journals without finding the news of my last illness and death," said Pius IX. lately, "it always seems to me as if they had forgotten something." So far as anybody can see, his chances of living several years longer are very fair. He has a sturdy constitution and a serene temper, and he has always had a regular and simple life. He rises summer and winter, at half-past five, shaves himself, dresses without help, and spends half an hour in prayer at a little private chapel, by the way of preparation for Mass. He never omits saying Mass, unless he is sick: in that case a chaplain says it for him and he receives Communion. He hears a second Mass after finishing his own, and then attends to business. About nine he takes a bowl of bouillon or a cup of coffee. The rest of the morning is occupied with audience and consultations with the Cardinals, heads of different ecclesiastical bureaus, and other officials having affairs to transact with him. These despatched, he takes a little exercise in the garden. He dines alone at two o'clock on soup, a bit of bouilli, a single dish of meat with one vegetable, and fruit. He follows a universal Italian custom in mingling a little wine with the water he drinks at dinner. It is a common white *vin ordinaire*, which he buys from day to day, for he keeps no cellar. The delicacies which are frequently sent to him all find their way to the hospitals. Dinner is followed by a siesta of fifteen minutes, after which he reads his Breviary, says his Rosary, and walks again, either in the garden or in the galleries of the Vatican. One of his commonest resorts at this hour is a beautiful alley shaded by orange-trees, where the pigeons come to be fed from his hand. He takes great delight in showing himself quicker of foot than the Cardinals who sometimes bear him company, and it is a favorite joke of his to speak of Cardinal Patrizi, who is four years his junior, as "that old man." There is a story here in Rome—and I have reason to believe it quite true—of the Pope and three of his Cardinals being discovered one day in the Vatican garden playing hide and seek with a little boy, the brother of one of the noble guards. Before the king came to Rome, Pius IX used often to walk the streets in the afternoon, when anybody might stop and speak to him. He returned every salutation, and always took off his hat to ladies. Of late a lit-

the carriage has been procured, in which he is driven around the Vatican gardens when he is too lame to walk. His physicians are strict in compelling him to take the air at least twice a day. At five he resumes work, and gives audience of a personal or business character until nine. Now that he has grown old, "private audiences" are no longer granted, except for important business. Supper consists of soup, two boiled potatoes, and fruit; and at ten, after a final visit to the chapel, the Pope retires to his chamber. His bed-room is a modest apartment, furnished with Spartan simplicity. The stone floor has no carpet, the little iron bed, with hard mattress, has no curtains, and there is no fire even in the coldest weather. He has but one other room, a little cabinet or working office, with low ceiling and plain papered walls, furnished with nothing but a table, two chairs, a couch, and a book-case. Cardinal Antonelli has lived at the Vatican for the past six years, and, like the Pope, has never left the palace since Victor Emanuel entered Rome. His own residence, on the Via del Quirinal, has been partly demolished in the course of the recent street improvements. While the Pope's health is better than ever during his voluntary imprisonment, that of the Cardinal-Secretary of State has been much impaired. None of the other Cardinals have their home in the palace, but some of them are always there. The Pope often visits St. Peter's in secret, when the gates are closed, and spends some time in devotion before the tomb of the Apostles, where Canova's colossal statue of Pius VI kneels in perpetual prayer. Once, within the past six years, he has visited the church with some of his court, to inspect certain new mosaics; but to-day, as I have said, is the first time since 1870 that any portion of the outside public have seen him in his own basilica. I have mentioned his well-known serenity: "Nevertheless," said he to somebody who complimented him upon it, "I am not made of wood." On certain political anniversaries, which are supposed to be days of sorrowful reminiscence for the dispossessed rule of the Pontifical States, it is customary for members of the Roman nobility to visit him at the Vatican by way of keeping up his spirits. He was very anxious one day to hear the particulars of a ball which his royal successor had given at the Quirinal. "We shall have to prepare tons of holy water to purify the Quirinal when we get back," said he,—"we, or those who come after us."—*Roman Cor. N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 11th.*

THE only true method of action in this world is, to be in it, but not of it.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

The Compassionate Heart of Jesus and the Sorrowful Heart of Mary.

In one of his eloquent and impressive discourses recently preached in Dublin, Father Burke made the following beautiful reference to the compassion of our Divine Lord and the sorrows of His Blessed Mother:—"When the Son of God, the eternal Word, was made Man, He took to Him a human heart, the most tender in its love that ever was in a human bosom, and that Sacred Heart of the Virgin's Son was never able to withstand the appeal of a woman's sorrow. From time to time a woman came before Him, sometimes in grief, sometimes in the deepest sorrow, lamenting not the child of her womb, but lamenting her own immortal soul's disgrace, as the Magdalen came weeping to His feet; sometimes, again, without even that salutary power of those womanly tears, but only robed in the shame and confusion of the exposure of her sin, as when the woman was brought to Him in the temple, or again in the recklessness of ignorance, as when the Samaritan came to Him at Jacob's Well. The love of the Lord God was always the same in compassion for a woman's shame, for a woman's grief. To Magdalen He said, 'Go in peace,' and she arose as pure as an archangel. What wonder, then, that when we find Him meeting with that sad funeral procession in which the widow followed her only child, borne to the grave, her heart broken, the glory and hope of her life gone, nothing left to her but to sink down into the grave—what wonder that, seeing her tears, the heart within Him was moved, and the fountains of the great depth of His mercy were opened, moved, and shaken for pity for her. He hastened His steps, and, laying His hand on her shoulder, He said, 'Oh, woman, weep no more: spare Me those tears,' and then, turning to the dead, He said, 'Arise, I say unto you; arise, I say, who am your God.' And the dead man arose. But, you may ask me, why, if He was so gentle or so loving, did He not come before the young man had died? Why did He not spare the widowed heart the anguish, the hope gradually fading into despair, the anguish of those sad and long hours of watching, whilst she sat by the bed of the dying man, hoping yet fearing, until her worst fears were realized, and her heart was broken within her when he gave up his last sigh? Why? Oh, my brethren, I know not how to explain this mystery in any other way than by simply saying He allowed her grief to touch the lowest depth of sorrow in order that her joy might be greater when He brought back her child from the very gates of hell and the jaws of death.

Whilst reading this Gospel the thoughts which arise out of it lead us to the great festival which the Holy Catholic Church is commemorating. She is celebrating to-day the Seven Dolours of the Virgin Mother of God. And even here we find an explanation in the Gospel of the feelings of Almighty God. Ah, dearly beloved, from the moment every woman's heart could have sorrow, that sorrow was but a type of the sorrow of the Virgin Mother. I behold Hagar, and I hear her cry in the wilderness when her only child was dying; it is a type of Mary. I hear the loud lament of the mother of Tobias, 'Oh! my son, the light of my eyes, thou art gone.' It seems to me but an echo that went before of the cry of the woman on Calvary. I behold the mother of the Maccabees seven times slain in each of her great and noble sons. It is but a type of Mary, and but a faint type of that immense sorrow contemplated by the Church of God to-day, when she repeats to the Virgin in the language addressed to her by the inspired one of old, 'To whom shall I compare thee or liken thee, O Virgin daughter of Sion; for great as the sea is thy destruction and sorrow, and who shall heal thee?'"

Catholic Notes.

—The solemn ceremony of profession, at which three nuns made the vows of religion, took place at the Visitation Convent at Parkersburg, W. Va., on the 12th ult. The names of the newly professed are Sister Mary Aimée (Ida M. Longmoor), Sister Mary Aurelia (Mary Moor), Sister Mary Ignatia (Elizabeth Moor). Right Rev. Bishop Kain of Wheeling officiated, and preached an appropriate sermon.

—Some of our exchanges are very negligent about crediting borrowed matter. A piece that is not worth crediting is not worth copying. Very frequently we see our articles, large and small, in other papers, without any reference to us. Sometimes when two or three pieces are taken only one is credited. This is not courteous. We make it a rule to give proper credit for whatever we cull from the columns of our contemporaries, and we ask those who copy from us to do the same. The "AVE MARIA" is not the only paper that has reason to complain on this score.

—Speaking of the prosperity of the Church in England, the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, says: "Without wealth, without influence, without encouragement from outside, without any of the conditions which the commonplace world would deem indispensable, she has studded the soil with glorious foundations. The turrets of her churches point everywhere to heaven; the roofs of her convents are reared in every centre of population; from the cloisters of her monasteries the "Ave Maria" murmurs in valley and

on hillside; while the busy hum of her myriad schools echoes from shore to shore. She did wonders in her abject poverty, and she is working miracles as riches gather among her children."

—Ruffori, a former colleague of Mazzini, several years previous to his death received the grace of a sincere conversion, and was often heard to regret his previous connection with the knights of the dagger. He died in poverty. His widow applied to Cernuschi, one of his friends, who was very wealthy, for assistance to defray the expenses of the funeral. Cernuschi consented on the condition that the funeral should be conducted without the assistance of a priest; but the noble-hearted widow answered that, to her a religious funeral, be it even in the hearse of the poor, would be far preferable to the most splendid funeral display purchased at the cost of duty and conscience.

—We learn from the *New York Herald* that Rev. Father Mori has presented the new Cathedral in New York with a beautiful statue of the "Immaculate Conception," which arrived in that city from Italy on the steamer Alexandria. The statue will remain in the old Cathedral in Mulberry Street until the new Cathedral is ready to receive it. The statue was made by Chevalier Aristodemo Costoli, of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Florence. Costoli is best known for his statue of "Columbus" and the "Dying Menecco," for which latter he obtained a gold medal from Rome. The statue of "The Immaculate Conception" represents the Virgin Mother with her foot pressed upon a serpent, one hand held to her breast and the other extended. The face is cast down and the expression sweetly sad. It is made of Carrara marble, is six feet high, weighs five tons, and cost \$3 000. Its position in its present quarters does not show it to advantage, but in the new Cathedral it will be placed where its beauties may be seen by all.

—Very Rev. John Emmanuel Veith, D. D., Canon of Saint Stephan, in Vienna, one of the most learned and popular preachers in Europe, died at Prague on the 6th of November. Dr. Veith is said to have been the ablest champion of the faith in the Austrian Empire; the enemies of the Catholic Church did not dare to attack him, and readily admitted their admiration for his admirable sermons. Very Rev. Father Veith was born of Jewish parents at Kutnenplan, Bohemia, in 1788. In his early youth he studied medicine, and after finishing his studies was appointed Director of the Veterinary Institute in Vienna. Wealth and fame were now within his reach, but Divine grace claimed his heart, and after receiving Baptism he entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Being admitted to Holy Orders, he labored incessantly both in the pulpit and in the confessional. After some years he left the Redemptorists and settled as a secular priest at the Cathedral in Vienna. His sermons were especially distinguished for sound logic and dogmatic force. The day before his death he received with exemplary fervor and devotion the last consolations of our holy religion. *R. I. P.*

—Rev. Father Neureiter, pastor of Marpingen, Germany, has been arrested and sent to prison at Saarbrücken. The *Germania*, in an editorial, gives the following comments in regard to the events at Marpingen: "The consequences of these events are, in a spiritual point of view, an extraordinary increase of devotion and a growing confidence in the help of God through the intercession of His ever-blessed Mother. The material consequences to the inhabitants of Marpingen are the presence of the soldiery, increase of taxes, seizure of property and obstruction of commerce. In spite of all this, the spirit of devotion remains fervent, and veneration for the Blessed Mother of God is increasing day by day. 'By their fruits you shall know them.' It cannot be said that human authorities are charged to resist the works of God but history brings the consideration to our minds that frequently in the designs of God's providence human authorities are often instrumental in spreading by their contradiction and resistance the works of Divine grace." Rev. Father Neureiter's arrest was followed by that of Rev. Father Schneider of Alswiler, and six inhabitants of Marpingen. To cover the expenses of military occupation, an additional tax of 115 per cent has been levied upon all the inhabitants of Marpingen and environs, without distinction of creed, so that even Protestants and Jews have become liable to this unjust tax. Several inhabitants who were unable to pay this additional tax had their cattle seized, and thirteen cows and a few goats have already been sold at auction.

—The fact that the Catholic Church exists in the world, at all, is a miracle of manifold character. From the beginning to the end, worldly wisdom, the fashion of society, and the natural appetites, are against her existence. "It is true, you can take a higher stand, and gain a wider popularity," says the politician, "by having some principle which you see rooted in the popular mind. But as for really taking your principle for an end, and persevering in it, after you have seen that there is no hope for success, that is simply going over to the impracticables." Fashion will sometimes tolerate wearing of crosses, going to high Mass and Benediction, but never sincere piety, real preference of God to anything in the world. The natural appetites are always tyrannical and insolent, never satisfied with what is enough, but always craving to domineer. Hence, they are, practically, at enmity with the life of faith. So it is a miracle that Faith should find a home in any single heart of the 800,000,000 through which the blood of Adam flows. Yet it does exist in 250,000,000 hearts. Protestants try to explain this by imagining a vast conspiracy of priests. But why should the priests conspire? What can they gain by leaving home and friends, and living lives of self-denial and hardship? The aggrandizement of their Order? But what care they for the aggrandizement of their Order, when it brings no profit to them? The existence of Faith in a single soul is a miracle; in 200,000,000 souls it is 200,000,000 miracles.—*Catholic Columbian*.

—From an admirable Pastoral Letter by Bishop

Ryan of Buffalo we take the following timely extract: "We will again ask your continued support for the Catholic press, which is doing a great work in spreading the knowledge of Catholic truth, defending Catholic interests, and in many ways holding in check an unscrupulous anti-Catholic press. Our Catholic weekly journals deserve well of the Catholic public, and should be generously sustained and strengthened; were it not odious to discriminate where all are doing their best, I would be tempted to signalize by name some deserving, in my estimation, special commendation; as it is, we may only direct attention to our own diocesan papers, started and published—not as a business enterprise, as some would seem to think, who have no higher idea of Catholic journalism than that it is a money-making venture open to all—but solely in the interest of religion, and for the special benefit of our own diocese. As we have now journals both in the German and English languages, no Catholic home in the diocese should be without the one or the other, and we do not know that our reverend clergy can more effectually further the interests of religion and the good of their flock than by circulating good Catholic literature among their people and inducing Catholic parents to place in the hands of their children Catholic periodicals, containing interesting Catholic news and sound religious instruction. This will be the surest and easiest remedy against those trashy, dangerous weeklies of immoral tendencies, and those equally dangerous publications of an uncatholic and irreligious tendency, artfully mixing deadly poison with much that is good, sound and true. Beware of the poisoned mixture; be not deceived by the Catholic flavor nor imposed on by appearances. Faith, like purity, may be impaired and lost by wilful exposure. Faith and purity constitute the happiness and charm of the Catholic home; banish from your homes whatever might weaken the one or tarnish the other."

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

[We earnestly entreat all the members of the Association to offer special prayers during this holy season, that peace, order and justice may prevail in the land, and that the officers of the Government in the present political troubles may follow the dictates of true patriotism and the voice of their conscience. The saintly Father Faber says that but for the Holy Sacrifice daily offered on countless altars God's vengeance would long ago have stricken down the guilty nations. May the Immaculate Virgin, the Patroness of the United States, intercede for us at the throne of grace.]

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 3RD.

Number of letters received, 110; of new members enrolled, 81. The following applications for prayers have been made: Recovery of health for 83 persons and 2 families; change of life for 21 persons and 3 families; conversion to the faith for 8 persons and 3 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 2, and that of a happy death for 10 persons; special

graces have been asked for 3 priests, 4 religious, and 2 lay-persons desiring a religious vocation; temporal favors have been solicited for 21 persons, 5 families, 3 communities, 3 congregations, 4 schools; spiritual favors for 28 persons, 5 families, 3 communities, 3 congregations, and 4 schools. The following intentions have been specified: Some insane persons; a young man in difficulties which may involve also his nearest relatives (to be prayed for during the next two months); employment and resources for a young lady; resources for a family in difficulties; also all desired favors which as yet have not been granted, especially those specified in previous bulletins; the reformation of 5 drunkards; a young man, that he may overcome bad habits and obtain a situation; the conversion of 3 ladies; health and resources for a certain poor man; a cure and a conversion to the faith; one particular intention.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following extracts from a letter sent by a religious of the Congregation of the Holy Cross to the Editor of the "AVE MARIA": "I received information from some of my friends of a most remarkable affair which occurred in their house some time previous, and which may be considered nothing short of a miracle. The particulars are as follows: In a large room off the parlor, used by the family as a sitting and sewing room, and where the mother and two daughters slept, they found one morning, when rising, that everything that lay on the centre-table the previous night, consisting of a lot of ladies' apparel which they were at work on, together with some trinkets and the table-cover, had been consumed by fire. Strange to say, only an old scapular lying on the table, and the part where it lay, was not touched by the fire, whilst all the rest of the table-board showed marks of the fire about a quarter of an inch deep. The table was not more than two or three feet from the bed occupied by the mother of the family, and, what is most singular to relate, not one in the room knew of the accident until they awoke in the morning, although the room must certainly have been full of smoke. In the same room was also a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had been in the family for many years, to which no doubt the preservation of the family and house from being burned may be attributed. I have seen the table myself, and the marks of the fire can still be noticed. Another favor has been granted to this same family by the use of the water of Lourdes. A little grandchild of theirs, about four years old, whose father is a Protestant, was suffering for a long time from a deformed lip, which was pronounced incurable. She was brought to the Sisters of Notre Dame, who, when they saw the child, at once commenced a novena and applied the water of Lourdes to her lip. Before the novena was ended, the child was entirely cured."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. HELEN M. CHAMBERS, of Baltimore, Md., who departed this life on the 21st of November. Mr. WILLIAM J. ADLERLEY, of Mount Morris, Mich., whose death oc-

curred on the 27th of November. ELLEN CULLIGAN, and MARTHA McCAFFREY, of Oakville, Conn. Mrs. SARAH ISABELLA KIRKPATRICK, of Wheatland, Wis. REV. EUGENE CASSIDY, of Brooklyn. Mr. THOMAS BURNS, of South Boston, Mass., who was run over by the cars, when returning from his work. By a miraculous interference of our Blessed Lady, he lived six hours after the accident and was enabled to make his confession. It was the wearing of a scapular that secured for him the grace of a happy death. Mrs. CATHERINE WHITNEY, who died in Providence, R. I., Nov. 23th. JOHN O BRIEN, of East Hampton, Mass., whose death occurred in consequence of an amputation, on the 4th of November. Mr. MICHAEL KIRBY, of Ellston, Mo., who met a sudden death from a railroad train, while attending to his employment. PATRICK, BRIDGET, ANN and JOSEPH TUNNY. Also two deceased persons whose names have not been given, and those who lost their lives by the recent terrible fire in Brooklyn.

May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

NOTE—Anonymous letters have been received from "A Member of the Association," Santa Clara, Cal., "Julia," Louisville, Ky.

For the New Tabernacle.

Mr. Thomas Donnelly, Michigan City, Ind..... \$25 00
Miss Annie Graham, Philadelphia, Pa..... 10 00

A Cure by the Relics of St. Paul of the Cross.

The following letter from a gentleman residing at Jersey City Heights, and dated November 23th, 1876, has come to hand; we publish it for the edification of our readers, allowing the facts to speak for themselves

REV. FATHER:

That miracles have not ceased, I myself have experienced, and I take the earliest opportunity to relate to you a cure performed on me by a relic of Blessed Paul of the Cross. About four months ago I was suddenly attacked by *neuralgia femoralis acuta*, and for five weeks and three days suffered most excruciating agony. Every few minutes the spasms of pain came on, and I writhed like a wounded worm, and screamed terribly. I dared not move a finger-joint, for fear of bringing on the pain. Even the thought of it seemed to excite it. The physicians could do nothing towards curing me, and but little towards alleviating my torture. At last I gave up all thoughts of being cured by human aid, and determined to apply to the surer aid of Heaven, when all other was exhausted. I felt myself fast weakening, and the agony increasing, and I dreaded lest the disease would end in madness, for the torture was insufferable. At length my wife went up to St. Michael's Monastery, and, having stated the matter to Rev. F. Timothy, he kindly promised to send some Father next day, for at that moment he had no one to send. At 10 o'clock a. m. Father Timothy himself came, and blessed me with the relics,

and the intense agony left me instantly. All I had asked Heaven for was accomplished: to be freed from my frightful sufferings. It had left me, and the balance of the disease seemed light. Still there was very considerable pain remaining, which confined me to my bed for some six weeks longer. But some of the Rev. Fathers called to inquire after my health, and, finding me still any ill, they prayed for me, and when they left me the balance of the pain was also gone. Since that time I have been able to go about, although not yet entirely convalescent. The afternoon of the day the relics were applied, my physician came to see me and found me laughing and chatting merrily. He was surprised when I told him the circumstances, but hesitated to believe in the manner of the relief. If kind attention and skill could have availed, he would most certainly have cured me. But my illness was beyond his power to cure. Healing came only from God, through the Blessed Paul and his holy priests.

Now Rev. Father, make what use you please of this. I have related a circumstance what has happened to myself; one for which I shall ever be thankful and shall give glory to God and honor to His great Saint through whom He has wrought such a miracle.

Very truly yours, C. J. K.

What Thomas Carlyle thinks of Darwinism.

Carlyle is now very feeble through age, but his memory is still marvelous, and the flow of his talk—doubtless the most eloquent of the age—is unabated. Take this as a sample:

"I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father, and son; atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man, who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraven with this legend: '*Omnia ex conchis.*' everything from a clam shell! I saw the natural list not many months ago; told him that I had read his '*Origin of the Species*' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far towards persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys.

"A good sort of a man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretense, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to do. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and fuller and the deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.' No gospel of dirt teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys can ever set that aside."—From the *Hartford Courant*.

Children's Department.

The Dove.

CHAPTER II.

ROSALIND AND HER DAUGHTER EMMA.

On a certain occasion Sir Theobald had returned from an expedition against a band of robbers, who had kept the neighborhood for a considerable time in a state of dread and terror. Joyful and happy at the success of his undertaking, he was sitting one evening drinking a flagon of wine, and relating how he had taken several robbers prisoners and delivered them up to the authorities, and that the others had been killed, so that now peace and security would reign again through the country. The narration lasted for a considerable time. Otilia and Agnes had brought their handsome spinning-wheels into the apartment, and were spinning diligently, and listening to him at the same time. It was growing dark, and a lamp was lit already on the table. Just then, a distinguished-looking, handsome woman, clad in black, and with pallid cheeks, entered the room, leading a little girl who was also dressed in black, by the hand. The knight, Otilia, and Agnes stood up, in order to greet the strange lady, whom they did not know.

The lady, however, said, amid copious tears: "God greet you, most noble sir. Although I have never before seen your face, yet I come to you for refuge. I am Rosalind of Hohenburg, and this child is my daughter Emma. Now, perhaps, you know with what great suffering God has visited me. My poor husband, the good Adalrich, on whom God have mercy, has died of the wounds which he received in the great battle of last year. Oh! how much have I lost in him! He was a most noble man—a good, affectionate husband and the best of fathers! You yourself knew him well. He was, however, so generous towards all that were in need, that he has left behind no riches for us; he left us instead a treasure in heaven. Now it is sought to deprive us of the very slender pittance on which we have been obliged to support ourselves. My neighbors, two avaricious knights, oppress me very much. One wishes to seize on my beautiful rich corn-fields and meadows, which extend to the wall of our castle; and the other desires to possess himself of the extensive woods which grow at the other side of it. Both knights have suddenly become quite changed with regard to me. Covetousness, which has been the occasion of so much evil in the world, has made them, who were formerly

my husband's friends, my enemies. My poor Adalrich foresaw this, I believe, and on his death-bed he mentioned your name to me. 'Trust to God,' he said, 'and to Sir Theobald, and no enemy shall be able to injure a hair of your head.' Fulfil now this prophecy of the dying man. Alas! what would become of me, if I were deprived of all my land, and if nothing remained to me but the walls of my castle! I and my poor Emma could never live on stones. If you—which God forbid!—should ever meet with the same fate as my poor husband, and should your wife and beloved child be ever in the same sad condition as we are, they shall also find a strong arm to protect them."

Little Emma, who was about the same age as Agnes, now approached the knight, weeping, and said: "Noble gentleman, be my father also, and do not drive me from you!"

Sir Theobald stood, with a solemn air, his chin resting on his hand, which was his habit, and gazed silently on the ground. Agnes began to weep, and said: "Dear father, have pity on them. When my dove flew from the hawk and sought refuge with us, my mother said we should never send away the wretched who come to us for assistance. She was rejoiced that I felt pity for the poor thing; and this dear little girl and her mother deserve more compassion than a bird. Deliver them from the talons of those wicked men, who are like birds of prey."

The knight said, deeply moved: "With the help of God I will do my best for them. My silence did not arise from hardness of heart: I was only reflecting how I could deliver the noble lady and her daughter." He then moved forward a seat for the lady, and Agnes got one for the little daughter. They seated themselves. Lady Otilia went to procure a better supper than usual on account of the arrival of their unexpected guests. For at that time it was the custom that the wives of knights attended to their own kitchen arrangements.

Sir Theobald in the mean time made himself well acquainted with the motives which induced the knights to make such claims, and then said: "Now, as far as I can see, you are perfectly in the right. To-morrow, at the break of day, I will set out, accompanied by a few other knights, my friends, in order to examine your estate. Remain here with your daughter till my return, so that you may be present yourself to hear the good news which I hope to bring back with me." Supper was prepared in the mean time. They all ate heartily together, retired to rest, and on the following morning Sir Theobald mounted his horse and set off with some of his retainers. It

afforded Agnes great joy to have Emma with her for some days. She brought the little girl to her bed-chamber and into the garden, and showed her all her clothes, her flowers, and her dove. Both girls became almost at once firm friends, for Emma was also a very amiable, good-hearted child.

After a few days Sir Theobald returned home. "Happy news!" he exclaimed, as he entered the room. "Your enemies, noble lady, have given up their unjust claims, and all contention is now at an end. Indeed they did not appear to give much attention to my words, although I endeavored to prove the injustice they were committing as distinctly as possible; but when I threatened to take up arms against the first who should do you an injury, they soon gave in. Be now comforted and of good heart. No stranger shall enjoy your fertile fields, or hunt or cut the timber in your forests."

The dejected lady was overjoyed at hearing these words. Tears of gratitude sparkled in her eyes. "God," she said, "the true Protector of the widow and of the orphan, who leaves nothing good unrewarded, will remember some day what you have done for me and for my daughter. He will guard you against unhappiness, and aid you in every danger."

She now prepared to return to Hohenburg. The ladies took leave of each other, shedding tears. Agnes wished to give her young friend something as a memento. Emma had often expressed the desire of having a tame dove. Agnes brought the dove, pressed it to her wet cheek, and handed it—dear as it was to her—to her friend. Emma refused to take it. A friendly strife arose between them. Emma had to yield at last. Agnes also made her a present of the handsome cage, and commended the dove to her tender care as earnestly as a mother could if she were giving her child into the hands of strangers.

When Emma had departed, Agnes almost repented of having given her the beautiful dove. "I should much rather have given her my gold earrings," she exclaimed to her mother. But the mother said: "You can do that another time, when Emma visits us again. On the present occasion you could not have given anything more suitable to your young friend. A more valuable present would not have been so agreeable to her, and would perhaps have humiliated her. A gift of what was to you the dearest thing that you possessed, although of little value, honored her, and was a proof of your love for her. Let it not therefore sadden you. You have seen that your good father was ready to risk his life in order to aid the oppressed widow. It is also a beautiful

thing to see you even willing to part with what you loved so much, in order to afford pleasure to the afflicted orphan. He who does not learn early in life to sacrifice every temporal advantage for the sake of his fellow-creatures, can never after learn to love them truly. Such sacrifices, however, are amongst the most acceptable that we can offer to God. He will some day richly reward you for yours."

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO PILGRIMS.

Lady Rosalind lived again undisturbed, contented, and happy, with her daughter Emma, within the walls of their old castle, which was situated on the side of a wooded mountain. One evening two travellers came to the gate of the castle, and asked for a night's shelter. They wore the dark-brown garb of pilgrims, carried long staffs in their hands, and, as was usual with those of their class, wore scollop-shells in their hats. The warder announced them to Lady Rosalind. The lady directed that the two men should be conducted into an under room, and that supper and a flagon of wine should be given to each of them. When they had finished their meal she went down to them, accompanied by Emma.

The pilgrims were talking about the Holy Land. The servants of the castle were all listening attentively to them. Emma took especial delight in the wonderful adventures which they related. Tears ran down her cheeks, and the pious wish arose in her mind to see sometime or other the Holy Land, in which our Saviour lived and died. She only regretted that this wish could never be fulfilled.

"Dear Emma," said her mother, "we can go every hour to the Holy Land, to the Garden of Olives, to Mount Calvary, and to the Holy Sepulchre. To do so, we need only read carefully the life of Jesus. In it we accompany our Divine Redeemer on His sacred journeys, we hear the words issuing from His mouth, and see Him suffer, die, and rise again. If we make proper use of His teachings, His example, His sufferings, His death, and His glorious resurrection, we have the promised land in our hearts. Yes, if all mankind took His history to heart, and truly followed His teachings, the entire earth would soon become a Holy Land."

The pilgrims made inquiries about the surrounding neighborhood—especially, however, with regard to the Castle of Falkenburg. They praised Sir Theobald in the most glowing terms. "If his castle were not much out of our way," said the elder of the pilgrims, "and if I could hope to find him at home, the extra length of the journey certainly would not prevent me from going there."

Rosalind assured them that their direct road passed quite near to Falkenburg, and that Sir Theobald, who had returned from an expedition only a few days before, would be at home without doubt.

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so," said the pilgrim; "it will afford me the sincerest pleasure to see him in his castle. I have several things on which to consult him. To-morrow, at break of day, we shall start for Falkenburg."

The mother and the daughter entrusted to the pilgrims a thousand friendly greetings for Sir Theobald, his lady, and his daughter. Emma placed in the hand of each a piece of silver which her mother had given her, and told both of them emphatically to assure Agnes that the dove was in right good health. As the kind-hearted lady had perceived from the conversation of the pilgrims that they were unacquainted with the way, she ordered one of her servitors, who was in the room, to point out to them in the morning the road across the mountain, and then wished them good-night.

On the following morning the pilgrims departed. The servant went joyfully with them, and even through kindness carried their bags. The pilgrims paid little attention to the youth, but continued silently their journey, which now caused them to ascend, and now to descend the mountain. After they mounted a high hill and were again on a level path, they began to converse in Italian. The youth, who accompanied them, happened to be from Italy. He was always named in the castle "Little Leonhard," although he would have much preferred to be called by the name of "Leonardo," which he had borne in his native country. Sir Adalrich, out of compassion, had brought him, a poor orphan, into Germany. Although the boy had learned German perfectly, he still understood his mother-tongue very well. He listened eagerly, and was just about to exhibit his joy to the strangers at hearing them speak his native language, when suddenly something which they said filled him with fear and horror.

He learned from their conversation that they were not real pilgrims, but only disguised as such; that the district was not so strange to them as they had pretended; that they were members of the band of robbers which Sir Theobald had so happily conquered; that they were greedy for revenge, were resolved to enter his castle under the disguise of pilgrims, and to ask a night's lodging from him. He also learned that their intention then was to arise in the night, to murder him, his wife, and child, and all in the castle; then to plunder it, and set it on fire. When they perceived Falkenburg in the distance, between two wooded hills, the elder of the robbers, Lupo by name, said to his comrade Orso: "That is the hateful dragon's nest in which lives the fearful man who has brought so many of our band to the

scaffold. His death, with terrible tortures, shall atone for that. We shall bind him up, hand and foot, and cast him living into the flames of his own burning castle."

"The enterprise is rather risky, however," answered Orso, the younger robber. "If it should fail, it will be a bad job for us. Nevertheless, the riches which the knight has amassed are well worth the risk."

"To murder him," said Lupo, with a diabolical expression of countenance, "would afford me far more pleasure than seizing on his treasures, valuable as they are. Yet they are not by any means to be despised. If our stratagem succeeds, we shall be rich enough. We can then abandon our present profession, and choose a more peaceable state of life. And now a happy thought occurs to me! We will seek out the knight's most magnificent clothes, put them on, and continue our journey. You can wear his golden necklet, and I his knight's cross, set with precious stones. We shall then escape to some foreign land, where no one knows us, pass there for great gentlemen, and enjoy ourselves with the stolen treasures."

"That is all very fine," said Orso, "but the entire affair causes me great uneasiness."

"Uneasiness!" responded Lupo. "Is not every thing carefully planned and arranged? Have we not several men concealed in the neighborhood to lend us assistance? As soon as we place three lights, the pre-arranged signal, in the window of the pilgrims' room, seven brave, determined fellows will hasten to our assistance. They have now been looking out for this signal for some nights past. We can then let them into the courtyard by the small garden gate, which is easily opened from the inside. One amongst them who was formerly a servant in the stables, but was dismissed, knows all the passages, rooms, and vaults of the castle, as well as he knows his own abode. The nine of us can then easily dispose of all the people asleep in the place. Be of good courage! we shall surely succeed."

This terrible language caused a shudder to run through honest Leonardo. He, however, gave no sign whatever that he understood what they were saying. He walked on carelessly behind them, plucked now and then a flower, or whistled a tune. In his heart, however, he prayed fervently to God that he might be enabled to baffle the evil designs of the robbers. He resolved to accompany them all the way to Falkenburg, and to reveal everything he had become acquainted with to Sir Theobald.

Whilst the two robbers were earnestly discussing everything necessary to carry out their design successfully, the elder tripped on the uneven foot-path, and had a narrow escape from falling over a precipice. In his fall, however, he caught hold of a thorn-bush. The thorns tore asunder his pilgrim's dress, and Leonardo saw that under the long dark-brown gown he wore a scarlet jacket and bright steel armor. A dagger also fell from his belt. The youth acted, however, as if he had seen nothing. The old rascal picked up the dagger, hastily concealed it, fastened up his dress again, and cast several glances at Leonardo, with eyes piercing as those of an eagle.

They now arrived at the side of a frightful abyss, at the bottom of which rushed along a rapid stream, swollen by recent heavy rain, which had

fallen. Two wooded rocks bounded the stream, and a long narrow trunk of a pine-tree, somewhat flattened by the axe on the upper side, stretched from one side to the other as a bridge.

The old robber said in Italian to his comrade: "The fellow may have remarked that I am armed, and his suspicions may be aroused. Whilst he is crossing the stream I will give him a push and hurl him into the abyss. We shall then be quite safe."

An icy shiver passed through Leonardo. He stopped a few paces before he came to the dangerous bridge, and said: "I will not trust myself to cross that narrow plank; my head would get dizzy."

The old robber, however, said to him: "Don't be afraid, my lad! Come here: I will carry you across."

The old ruffian approached Leonardo with outstretched arms, in order to take hold of him, but the youth retreated, refusing in a terrified voice, having made up his mind to rush into the forest if the robber came too near him. "Oh! let me go back," he cried, "we might both fall over the precipice. And even if I got over safely, how could I ever get back? Let me go home. You don't want a guide any longer. When you cross the stream, if you but follow the footpath, you cannot possibly miss your way to Falkenburg."

The younger robber ascribed the terror of the youth entirely to the dangerous bridge, which even he, himself, did not much like the idea of crossing, and said in Italian: "I am quite certain that the stupid fellow did not remark anything; and even if he saw your armor and dagger—what of that? He does not understand a word we say, and, therefore, can have no idea whatever of our intentions. Even if he had, little or no attention would be paid to his foolish talk. Let him go back."

"Now for my part," said the elder, "for greater security, we shall throw the trunk of the tree into the stream as soon as we have crossed it. Then, even if he knew all, he could throw no impediments in the way of our undertaking. Falkenburg is just opposite to us. For several miles, in both directions, there is no other bridge across the river. It is impossible to convey intelligence to the castle before our work shall be completed."

The two robbers took their bags from Leonardo, left him standing where he was, and without even thanking him for his guidance, crossed the narrow bridge.

When they had arrived at the other side, Lupo cried out in German: "You are right, my lad; this is a very dangerous bridge! It is quite rotten from age, and it might easily be the cause of the loss of some person's life. In order that no accident may occur from it, we will cut it away. The people in your castle can easily replace it by a better and safer one."

The robbers loosened the end of the tree-trunk from the place where it rested, and it fell down with a great crash into the torrent, and was quickly borne away by the foaming water. As soon as the mock pilgrims had disappeared behind a rock, around which the path led, Leonardo began to run as quickly as he could, in order to carry the terrible news as soon as possible to his mistress; for he knew of no person nearer who would be able to avert the threatening danger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

—St. Luke, i., 48.

Vol. XII.

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No. 52.

The Nativity of Our Lord.*

The day draws nigh when the Messiah is to appear in His humanity before the eyes of men, whose only hope of redemption is through Him. At this time, an edict went forth ordaining that a census should be taken of all the subjects of the Roman Empire, in the execution of which the Jews were directed to have their names enrolled in their respective cities. Joseph and Mary, being of the family of David, were obliged to go to Bethlehem, the city of David. They received this order as coming from God, the source of all authority,† and admire the wisdom of His Providence, which brings all things to the execution of His designs, and makes the census ordered by Augustus serve the purpose of fulfilling the prophecy of Micheas: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel."‡

Let us contemplate them journeying towards Judea. The distance is great; they are poor: the season is inclement; what have they not to suffer? But nothing can, for a moment, disturb the peace, the courage, the patience, the resignation of their souls. Perfect imitators of God who is coming into this world to toil and to suffer, they not only accept their trials without a murmur, but they regard them as favors, and from hearts submissive and fervent they offer up to Heaven only hymns of thanksgiving and praise.

"How beautiful upon the mountains," exclaimed the prophet, "are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace."§

* From "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin," by Brother Philip, late Superior General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

† See Rom., xlii, 6.

‡ Micheas, v, 2.

§ Isaiah, lii, 7.

"How much more beautiful are yours, O Holy Virgin, who brings us not only good tidings of salvation but the Saviour Himself—Him who alone can pacify all things, and shall take the title of "Prince of Peace."* O blessed woman, we lovingly kiss the traces of thy footsteps, while begging thee to remember us with thy Divine Son, so that He may truly be both our peace † and our salvation.

At length, Mary and Joseph arrive at Bethlehem. They enter into that city of their illustrious ancestors, where, doubtless, many of their relatives and acquaintances still reside. They, therefore, hope they will meet with hospitality, and be supplied with such necessaries as their fatigue and their destitute condition require. But, alas! they meet only refusals; all the doors at which they knock are closed against them—"there was no room in the inn."‡ "O God!" exclaims St. Francis de Sales, in contemplating this picture, "what contempt does the world exhibit to persons the most heavenly and holy."

Mary and Joseph not being able to find shelter in Bethlehem, repaired to a wretched cave which had been used as a stable, but which will be, henceforth, a consecrated spot infinitely more honorable than the tabernacle of Shiloh and the Temple of Solomon, for it is there He is to be given to the world in whom the Law and the Prophets terminate, and of whom the Temple and all symbolical religion were but the figures. The night had reached its middle course; a night dark and cold, typifying the night of ignorance, error and crime in which the human race was then plunged; but it was the long-looked-for hour in which the Sun of Justice was to appear in the horizon. Mary and Joseph are engaged in prayer, offering anew to God the desires of the just, who had never ceased to sigh for the coming of the

* Ibid., ix, 6.

† Eph., ii, 14.

‡ St. Luke, ii, 7.

Redeemer. On a sudden a celestial brightness encompasses them, and the Incarnate Word, leaving the virginal womb, like a ray of light passing through a pure crystal, presents Himself as an infant before the eyes of His divine Mother and of His holy foster-father, Joseph.

Oh, what a moment was that when the Saviour-God appeared in this world—He whom all the angels of heaven adore, and before whom Joseph, praising Him in the name of all men whom he represents, falls prostrate, and, as it were, annihilated!

But who can conceive what passes, at this happy moment, in the soul of Mary! Queen of angels and Mother of men, in the name of heaven and earth she adores the God who has made Himself her Son; and taking Him in her arms, she offers Him to the Eternal Father, and to the veneration of the angelic hosts.

O holy Virgin! O woman blessed among all women, your hands are the sacred altar on which He who is the Victim of propitiation for the salvation of man offers Himself when entering into the world. You press to your maternal bosom, you cover with kisses, you bathe with tears of love the new Isaac, the Son of promise, in whom all nations are blessed. Ah! who would not be transported with joy! "Mary," says St. Amadeus, "gazes upon the Word of Life with eyes sparkling with love; she warms with her breath Him who warms and inspires all; she supports Him who supports the universe, and in her arms He reposes who is the eternal repose of the elect."

"What do I behold!" exclaims St. Gregory Thaumaturgus; "a Virgin covers with swaddling-clothes Him who clothes every creature; she lays in a manger Him who is seated above the Cherubim." "O Mary," adds St. Bernard, "rejoice, for you hold in your arms Him who is the splendor of heaven. Wrap the Infant-God in poor swaddling-clothes; lay Him in a manger, upon straw; those poor swaddling-clothes are our riches, and are more precious than the most costly purple; that crib is more glorious than the throne of the most powerful monarch."

"O mystery most profound, most affecting, most sublime! What language can adequately express its greatness! What heart can rise, I will not say to the Infant Jesus, but to Mary, bending over the crib of the Adorable Emmanuel!"* What transports of joy swell her bosom when contemplating in that humble crib—that abyss of humiliation—the Son of the Most High, the Eternal Word, the splendor and substantial likeness of the Father,

become, through love for us, a suffering Infant, on a bed of straw!

Yes, everything here is ineffable, and in our utter inability to portray it we can only repeat the words of a holy Bishop:* "O Bethlehem! O stable! O crib! O Infant Jesus! O wonder of wonders, who can ever comprehend it? O Mary, what a night! what an hour for you was that in which you brought forth your God! My senses are confounded; at least, let my heart speak."

Mary and Joseph adore, love, praise, through the new-born Child, the heavenly Father, with whom the Incarnate Word is our only Mediator; it is the whole human family that, in their persons, praise God that the gates of heaven have again been opened by Him who came from God to redeem the world. Oh, what are their transports of gratitude! In what holy accents do they thank the Eternal Father for the gift He has bestowed upon the earth, being no other than God Himself! How ardently does Mary glorify and praise the Lord for having been "mindful of His mercy, and having fulfilled the promise made to Abraham and his posterity!" †

Let us unite with this Divine Mother in adoring, praising, and supplicating the new-born Jesus. By the light of faith, let us behold God, our Saviour, in the Child given to us. Let us see in Him the Strong One, the Wonderful One, the Powerful, the Invincible, of whom the Prophets have spoken, the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth. Let us adore Him with fervor. Let us prostrate ourselves at the foot of His crib, and there consecrate to Him our heart and body, all we have and all we are. Let us rejoice at His birth. "A child is born to us," ‡ and that Child is the promised Messiah, is He who is the redemption and salvation of the unhappy children of Eve. He is come into this valley of tears to weep and to suffer; but it is that He may dry our tears, and change our sorrow into joy. In Him we find hope and peace. "His coming among us," says St. Anselm, "by dispelling the darkness of death and sin which hung over the world, has been the coming of great joy to all the faithful."

Let us glorify Mary as the Mother of our Blessed Saviour. Let us pay to her the homage of our veneration, especially at that moment when we contemplate her holding the Divine Infant in her arms, or adoring Him in the manger. Let us congratulate her in accents of the most fervent piety, exclaiming with the Church: "O wonderful intercourse! The Creator of the human race, assuming a living body, has vouchsafed to be

* Mgr. Pavy.

* Mgr. Pavy.

† St. Luke, i, 54, 55.

‡ Isaias, ix, 6.

born of the Virgin. The root of Jesse has given forth its flower; the star of Jacob has risen; Mary has given birth to the Saviour. **

* Office of the Circumcision.

[For the Ave Maria.]

A Christmas Hymn

BY M. J. CAÑEDO.

Welcome, my soul, once more the glorious morn
When Christ thy King, of sinless Virgin born,
For thee from Heaven descended;
Touch Thou, O God, these lips with sacred fire
That I may echo to an earthly lyre
The adoring notes of that celestial choir
Who at His birth attended.

Lift up thy head, O weary blood-stained Earth,
He comes, the Prince of Peace;
The world's Messiah, at whose wondrous birth
All wars and conflicts cease;
Led by the eastern star, come, bend the knee,
In this poor Babe thy great Deliverer see.

Do rulers of His nation bend before Him,
Their Prophet, Priest, and King?—
Princes and people, hastening to adore Him,
Their humble tribute bring?—
No: He who left for them His Father's throne
An outcast is, forsaken by His own.

Only a few poor shepherds, bending lowly,
Adore the royal Child,
Or reverently kiss the garments holy
Of Mary, virgin mild,
Whose anxious eyes beheld the cold, damp sod,
The only cradle of her Son and God.

How calm and sweet the infant Saviour's sleep!
How gently close the eyes
Which bitter tears of woe one day shall weep,
For sin a sacrifice;
In dreams e'en now He views the sacred rood,
And longs to clasp the world-redeeming wood.

Hail, holy Cross, which Christ so freely bore!
Symbol no more of shame;
But sign of empire on earth's every shore,—
Of glory, power and fame;
Hail, Babe of Bethlehem! this day we bring
Trophies from every hand to Thee our King.

Within ten thousand gorgeous fanes to-day
Shall incense-clouds arise:
While kneeling nations adoration pay
To Christ, the Sacrifice;
And anthems of thanksgiving shall ascend
To Him whose glorious reign shall have no end.

Still the sweet stars o'er Judea's sacred shore
Their holy vigils keep,

But heavenly anthems charm the air no more,
Nor break no mortal sleep;
Yet on our altars, viewless, we adore
Him who is with us always, evermore.

The Last Novice in Andechs.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

SELF-DENIAL.

After the experiences of the preceding day, our hero slept soundly. The sun was already on the decline when the faithful fisherman brought him his satchel from Starnberg.

"And many kind regards from Katie!" said he, cutting a grimace, which in his case meant a smile.

The young man reddened to the very whites of his eyes. "I thank you from my heart," he said, half-aloud, and began to unpack his knapsack.

"So! well, now, good-bye!" and the fisherman was about to depart. Hugo held him back and tried to force a Bavarian dollar into his vest-pocket. The man stood up stiff, and said: "There is a hole in it."

"Then take it in your hand," prayed Hugo; "see, it is a virgin coin, quite new. Lay it by as a pocket-piece for your children."

"I have no children," answered the obstinate old man, without moving a limb.

"Then give it to your wife."

"I am a widower since fifteen years."

"What will you take then?" asked Hugo, in comical embarrassment.

"Give me hold of your stick, with which you trounced the sergeants so manfully; we may live yet to see the vermin ousted out of this."

Hugo with much emotion gave him the stick, and shook hands with him with an inward feeling of reverence. "Now good-bye, and God bless you."

And the fisherman tramped home, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Hugo could not set out for Munich till the following morning, because his clothes were not dry before. Daylight was sinking as he entered the capital of Bavaria, but as he had been there before he took up his quarters in a respectable hotel. The next day he found a packet left for himself at the post-office, in which his father sent him an affectionate letter together with a considerable sum of money, that he might pursue his studies at any university he pleased.

The Austrian recruiting-sergeants had made Bavaria disagreeable to Hugo. The other small German States were at that time in such an unfortunate political position that bankruptcy might come at any hour. He therefore betook himself

to Halle, in Prussia, and there pursued the study of the natural sciences and of medicine with such zeal that it was easily seen he entered upon them for mental enjoyment rather than as a means of obtaining bread.

In this manner three years passed away. The German nation, so long a pitiful wreck amid the other nations of the earth, was now destroyed even to the last plank. Thus German genius fled from the soil laid under tribute to strangers. But while grief lay heavy at the hearts of the noblest men among the people on account of this degradation in the scale of nations, it was but the source of higher dignities for the dynasty of its prince.

Educated young Germans took this specially to heart; and to these Hugo belonged. He was now promoted to the academical degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Medicine. His themes on this occasion had attracted the attention of the Faculty. Nothing hindered him from taking up a position in Halle as private practitioner. But just then the war broke out between Prussia and France, and Napoleon crushed the Prussian power, which had long resembled an inflated bladder; it fell as if by a stroke of his fist at Jena and Auerstaedt, on the 14th of October, 1806.

Then the young doctor packed up his trunk, resigning all pretensions to a chair in the High-school. For every word, every thought of a freeman was watched over by French spies. He intended to withdraw into the privacy of domestic life, devoting himself to his art, until the dawn of the resurrection-day for Germany should arise.

In the last hour, ere his journey began, a letter was brought to him, sealed with black. Full of mournful presentiments, Hugo tore open the seal with a trembling hand. His glance hastily flew over the lines; the strong man, overpowered with grief, sank on a seat and wept—wept hot tears of filial love. His father was no more. After the first outbreak of ungovernable grief he became more calm. "Thus is the last tie snapped that bound my heart to the world. O! how happy I was in my snug little cell in Andechs!" He turned his glance upwards to the wall, on which a crucifix made of plaster of Paris hung, similar to the one he had had at Andechs, and under which he had caused to be placed the same words which stood on the wall of the anteroom before the apartment of the abbot. Then, almost seven years ago, as he stood anxiously awaiting an audience with the abbot, these words had had a wonderful power to excite his heart. And he now read aloud, with a solemn tone: "*Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me. Or dost thou think to escape the cross, which no one of mortal birth has as yet been able to avoid?*"

For some minutes his gaze was fixed on the crucifix. At length he turned slowly away and said in a soft tone—which had, however, resolution in its accents: "*Deny thyself;*" that word shall be the guide of my life."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LITTLE PINK BONNET.

It was noon on one of the last days of October, 1806, that a mail-coach drove through the streets of Bamberg. The driver on the dickey blew his horn merrily, pealing out his false notes for the amusement of the starers at windows and on the streets. Inside the coach sat a distinguished-looking young man, dressed completely in black. His face was pale, but nobility of heart and soul sat enthroned thereon. He was plunged in thought, and paid but little attention to the outer world.

"Some important personage!" said a stout brewer, whose broad face shone like a roll of butter, to his neighbor the soap-boiler, who was standing at his house door.

Waiters with their table-napkins and house-boys in their leather gaiters came out of every public house,—but the coach rattled forward towards the city.

"Stop, postillion!" The horses halted. Hugo stepped out, and said: "Go on alone, in the road, and stop at the public-house in the village; there leave my baggage. I will go by way of the fields."

Hugo struck into a path that wound round a wooded hill. How altered everything was! once he had known every tree, every bush in the way. Now the saplings had grown into trunks,—a picture of his own life! He went further, step after step bringing back dear recollections of his childhood. At length he reached the summit of the rising; the wood grew less dense, and beyond lay his birth-place.

He stood still. The little village lay environed in an enormous bouquet of fruit-trees, which were only overtopped by the red-tiled roofs with their large chimneys. Here and there a grey pillar of smoke rose into the air. In the middle of the village, the church-tower sat on the roof of the building like a bad rider, for it hung over on one side.

"Yes, that is the old one still!" exclaimed Hugo, joyfully.

The way led him through the meadows behind the village. Here he came to a wall half-fallen down: wall-flowers and weeds grew in the numberless chinks, and ivy was climbing over it. The gate stood hospitably open, to all appearance because being weak from old age it could not be closed. It was the church-yard.

Hugo went in. The whole was like a meadow

heaped with grave-mounds. Many graves were sunk in and grown over with grass. Under these were mouldering the bones of those already forgotten. Again, there were other mounds with warped crosses covered with grass; these might belong to such as were partly forgotten. It needed but a strong gust of wind to overturn these crosses, of which the rain had already washed away the names. Further off, the last graves were well kept. Hugo's glance wandered over these. A plated cross sparkled from a distance; its edges were gilt; he stood on the new-made mound and read: "Here reposes in the Lord, Andreas Marquardt, Steward of this place. He died in his 60th year, on the 14th of October, 1806. He hopes for a joyful resurrection in God."

That was Hugo's father. The few paces of earth in the church-yard hid from him all the rest of his cherished friends. His father, his mother, his only sister were sleeping their long sleep. He stood between their graves like a solitary weeping-willow. The feeling of being abandoned overcame him; he sank on his father's grave, sobbed aloud, and wept a long time, covering his face with his pocket-handkerchief. He had not remarked that meanwhile an autumnal storm had arisen and had covered the graves and crosses with a delicate down of snow. When he ceased weeping, the storm was already over, the sun licked up the snow-flakes, and he began to read the inscriptions on the crosses. And he found many old acquaintances assembled here, as if in an assembly-room. "Truly, the church-yard is the anteroom of the dwelling-place on the other side of the river," he said aloud, as if to himself.

"*Vous avez raison*," (You are right) answered a soft voice; to the doctor it sounded as soft as mournful music. He turned round, and saw a lady at the entrance of the church-yard. Her form was bewitchingly lovely, surpassing all that he had ever yet seen, and under the blush of a charming little bonnet smiled a countenance which fairly bewildered the fasting man. With all his knowledge, he stood there as stupid as a school-boy. The lady seemed in nowise displeased at the confusion she had occasioned; she bowed gracefully, and hastened to rejoin a man of distinguished appearance, who, to judge by his grey hairs, might be her father. For a while the doctor remained like a statue, gazing at the place where the maiden—in the doctor's mind, it was a settled thing that the beautiful lady was still a maiden—with the little pink bonnet had been standing. But gaze as he might, he could see nothing but a gaping, broken gate. He cast one more look on his father's grave, then with a sigh

left the grave-yard. But the sigh had no reference to his father.

Going into the village, he saw, besides the mail-coach, a large elegant travelling-carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd of children. His heart beat, for he was now certain of seeing the little pink bonnet once again. A few months ago nothing had appeared to him more desirable than the old-fashioned, two-pointed doctor's hat; now nothing seems to him more lovely than that pink bonnet.

Hugo went into the public room. There was seated, full of life, the fleshy landlady who had so many times given him bread and butter; she had however become white-headed. He went up to her and offered her his hand, with the words: "God bless you, my old friend."

The old lady stood up as if stupefied, and stammered out: "I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"What! you don't know Marquardt's Hugo?"

"Lord of my life!" cried out the old woman, in harsh, dissonant tones, "are you Hugo?"

Her head was shaking, and she clapped her two large hands together in a state of wonderment. "Hugo! you Hugo! God bless you, Hugo!" she screamed louder yet, as she first wiped her hand on her apron and then held it out to him.

"Lord of my life! Hugo is here again!"

The farm-laborers in the landlord's room—it was Sunday—opened their mouths and eyes wide with astonishment; old Handnickle let his pipe fall from his mouth in his astonishment.

"Marquardt's Hugo!" they all said at once, sticking their heads together."

"Marquardt's Hugo is here!" the news ran from house to house. The room was soon filled with peasants.

Meanwhile mine hostess of the sign of the Ox again took up the word. "And grown so tall and handsome!—and not too proud to shake hands with your old neighbors! There, that's what tells us we are growing old." And, her face expanding like an umbrella, she added: "Your good father—may the dear God comfort him!—if he could have lived to feel this joy!"

Her eyes overflowed with tears; it was her way; she could laugh and cry all in one breath.

Hugo knew her of old; therefore he replied: "I am hungry and thirsty; bring me a glass of the best, from the cask where the black cat sits."

Then the hostess wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, her face glowing like a summer's day.

"The black cat! he remembers her still," she said, laughing gaily, as she left the room.

Hugo had scarcely tasted the wine and duly

praised it, before a man with gold-lace-bordered coat came suddenly into the public room and in broken German asked for a doctor. His master was taken suddenly sick.

"Here is the right man," said the landlady, triumphantly, as she pointed to Hugo; "for, far and near, there is no doctor can hold a candle to him."

The servant spoke to Hugo in French, who answered him in the same language, then took up his hat and followed him. He was conducted up stairs to the "best room," where, on a couch covered with figures of large flowers, lay an old man, without sign of life. Before him a maiden knelt in agonizing tears. One look sufficed: Hugo recognized the wearer of the little pink bonnet.

"For God's sake, sir, save my father!" she implored, with an expression of the deepest pain.

The young doctor could not reply, but his look contained a whole discourse. He examined the condition of the patient, and declared there was no cause for alarm; it was only a swoon, which would immediately yield to the remedies he had ready at hand. Hastily he left the room, and returned in a minute with some vials. Out of one of these he poured some drops between the patient's lips, and another he held under his nose to smell. The grey-headed old man soon opened his eyes, and then the maiden's kisses restored him completely to himself.

He was a jovial old man, one full of life of the finest character. After the thanksgiving compliments had been duly exchanged, a conversation ensued, and Hugo learnt that he was in the presence of the Marquis of —, a French emigrant who was travelling to Vienna.

Meantime the servant announced that dinner was ready in another apartment. The young lady now invited the doctor in so pressing and amiable a manner to become her guest that he did not know how to refuse. And as the cooking was excellent and the wine from the black-cat cask, the company soon became in excellent humor. The conversation was carried on in the German language. For although Hugo understood French sufficiently to express himself with elegance, he preferred German, especially to-day, for the fine tones of his mother-tongue (decried so oft as rough) had never more deeply found their way to his heart than now as they flowed from the lips of this high-born French maiden.

In course of conversation, the accidental presence of the doctor in the village was mentioned. Hugo explained that it was his birth-place; for many years he had not been there, and on arriving his first visit had been to the grave-yard.

"Quite natural," said the lady, laughing; "a

doctor always visits first his work-place. The anteroom of the dwelling-place on the other side of the river. Did you not say so? The description is striking."

"My parents rest *thère!*" answered Hugo, with emotion. "I wished first to pay my respects to my loved ones; it is but a few weeks since I became an orphan."

"O pardon me, sir, my ill-timed jest! I understand and honor your feelings"; and she looked tenderly at her own father. Then a new thought seemed to strike her, and she asked Hugo suddenly if he felt any desire to travel.

"There is nothing to hinder me, here or elsewhere," said Hugo; "but I must confess that to ramble alone over the world, without aim or object, is not very attractive to me."

"But if you were in good company—with friends?"

"I have no friends," said the young man, cutting the discourse short.

The Marchioness let the matter drop, and the conversation took another turn. Suddenly the shrill sound of trumpets was heard; they went to the window and looked out; they saw a division of French soldiery marching in: they were to be quartered in the village. Their march was from the court to Saxony and Prussia. Although the Marquis had nothing to fear from them he did not feel comfortable in their neighborhood. He therefore warned his daughter to be ready to set out on their journey in a few hours.

Hugo now took his leave, at which the Marquis in the most friendly manner requested to see him again before their departure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Infidel's Veneration for the Blessed Virgin.

On the 14th of December, last year, died in the suburbs of Würzburg, George Frederick Daumer, whose remarkable conversion to the faith in the year 1859 is still fresh in the minds of his literary friends. As an additional instance of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, it must be regarded as a no less striking miracle than the numberless bodily cures of which we hear every day, and therefore we deem that an account of it is well worthy a place in the "AVE MARIA."

The devout children of Mary daily experience her powerful protection, but these favors work silently in the heart, and are not known to the worldly-minded and proud. A gifted and brilliant author, however, reveals his thoughts to the world. His soul is exposed, as it were, in the market-place of public opinion, and he feels compelled to draw

others to his way of thinking. He is as a brilliant light, which attracts thousands of storm-tossed mariners, and brings them either to a harbor of safety or lures to destruction on the shores of infidelity and error.

Daumer was born on the 5th of March, 1800, in the city of Nürnberg. As a boy, he was delicate and quiet, and had no relish for the boisterous sports of his age. His parents seemed to perceive in the youth—who spent his time in reading, practicing music, writing verses, and studying the Bible—a vocation for the ministry, and sent him therefore, at the age of seventeen, to study theology in the Protestant University of Erlangen. At first his mind took a pietistic turn; but, soon detecting the shallowness of Methodism, he became disgusted with its theology. He went to Leipsic, where he studied languages, and in 1826 published his first work on the rudiments of Greek. In the following year he received a call as professor in his native city, and began the study of history and philosophy. In the course of three years he published three works as the fruit of his studies in these branches. About this time he was appointed teacher to the mysterious and unfortunate foundling, "Caspar Hauser," and in a work published in 1832 he gave it as his decided opinion that Hauser was the victim of a crime in the highest circles, an opinion in which he persisted to the end of his life. His antichristian tendencies manifested themselves more and more, especially in the three works which he published in the year 1832-1833, namely: "The Appropriation of Egyptian Property at the Emigration of the Israelites," "Is the Cholera a Judgment of God?" "Philosophy, Religion, and Antiquity."

Corporal infirmities compelled him, in 1833, to resign his professorship. From this period his life was one of great bodily pain, coupled with bitter poverty, for he had been reduced to a pension of about \$200 a year, and his mind became agitated by powerful struggles. He suffered from continual ill-health, and for many years could not move even a few steps without assistance; added to which a nervousness which could not bear the least noise, and a gradual disease of the eyes, seemed to fill the measure of his sufferings. But in this feeble body there dwelt a gigantic soul. From the privacy of his study he hurled the firebrands which were intended to set in flames the edifice of Christianity. Six works which he published about this period may be considered as preludes to the notorious one of 1847, "The Mysteries of Christian Antiquity," in which it might be said he seemed to exhaust his hatred against Christianity. We would not shock our readers by mentioning all the blasphemies this poor, misguided

man sent into the world; suffice it to say that he repeated the calumny of the pagans against the Christians that "they devoured the bodies of infants," "that Judas was innocent, and refused to participate in a horrible feast," that "the Jews were justified in executing Christ," etc. He did not deny the existence of Christ, nor of Satan, but he exchanged them, so as to let the one take the place of the other. Thus we see in Daumer a perfect Antichrist. This was not, as some believed, a manifestation of madness; it was a full and entire rendering of himself to Satan—the "ill-used and misjudged Satan," with whom the author had become so enraptured.

Daumer wished to destroy Christianity, but not Religion, which he called "man's highest and holiest affair." In 1850 he published his "Religion of the era," in which he gave his ideas of religion by making out God as a being which finds its manifestation in humanity. A prominent place is given to woman, giving as reason that in proportion as civilization advances so is woman honored and esteemed. That this criterion is one of the strongest arguments in favor of Christianity, which alone gave woman her true position, he seemed to ignore. Exhausted by his efforts to storm Heaven, which many applauded, while others stood hesitating, he sought recreation in poetry and turned towards the Orient with its treasures. The poetical expressions of a denial of all that is heavenly or supernatural which he found there, harmonized with his own ideas. "Mohammed and his work," "Hafis," "Polydora," all of which will, no doubt, remain permanent treasures in German literature, amply prove both his poetic genius and great linguistic attainments.

We now come to the dawn of a brighter period in this heretofore miserable existence. From the turn in his religious ideas in which he sought to glorify woman, embellishing his work with bright examples from among the female sex, the result of which he published in 1855, he was naturally led to contemplate the Blessed Virgin, in whose praise he had already years before published a volume of poems full of beauty and pathos. How that foul mouth which vomited forth its satanic hatred against our Lord could yet sing beautifully of His Mother must ever remain a mystery. In this respect he stands almost alone, for infidelity and heresy generally find in our Blessed Lady a subject for their bitterest scorn and hatred. Does it not seem that our Lord, forgetting all the injury done Himself and His followers by this raving fanatic, was pleased to look on him mercifully for the praises bestowed on His Mother, and rewarded him with the grace of conversion?

Daumer himself tells us that "it was impossible for him to pass by that beautiful flower of Christian romance, which Protestantism has cast aside to the great detriment of its faith, culture and social life." He continues: "She seemed to fit especially my own circle of ideas and my most secret sphere of impressions, and I can say that the great Queen of Heaven appeared to me then already not as a product of poetic conception but as a reality of the highest and greatest kind, which possessed for me life, spirit and personality." He even seriously contemplated to make her the centre of his humano-religious system. Instead, however, of the socialist bringing her to his self-erected edifice, she drew him into her own, an end predicted by the celebrated critic, St. René Taillandier, years before, after reading Daumer's poems, when he said: "The poet who found such beautiful strains to glorify the Mother of God will not always sing, as Hafls, the hymn of materialism. To this combination of sensualism and religious aspirations a purer inspiration will succeed." And so it proved.

If the cultivation of poetry did to some extent beautify his gloomy existence, yet it could not satisfy the desires of his soul for truth. Flowers may be woven into a garland to cover an abyss, but they cannot be made into a bridge. As already stated, Daumer not only strove for the destruction of the existing, but for the erection of a new edifice to take its place. In his restless search for something positive, he at last knocked at the door of Judaism. A universal conception of a Messiah idea loomed up in his mind, and he imagined that it was only necessary for Judaism to seize it to bring about the true redemption of the world. He wrote down his thoughts and presented them to some learned Jews. They answered him with the words that "Judaism does not seek for proselytes"; the real fact was, however, that they did not wish to become the proselytes of Daumer. He had now come to the end of his "climacteric ideas and experiments." "I was a fool," he wrote, "and saw only at the approach of old age how miserably I had misused my life; while chasing phantoms and will-o'-the-wisps, I had lost myself in swamps and deserts."

Let us endeavor to do justice to the sorrow of a man who sees all the weapons he had forged during life lying broken at his feet. During a sleepless night, in which the awful conviction of his misspent life pressed heavily on his soul, he remembered a treatise of C. Nodier which he had read years before. In this it was taught that man was not the last and highest product of the creation, but a defectively organized and therefore fruitlessly striving being, which could not last al-

ways, but was in a state of transition to a future existence of happiness. This seems to have been the first foothold he regained; he could now revel in an ideal future while looking on this miserable earthly existence. In a retired valley between Kronberg and Soden he pondered over this newly-opened prospect. After much reading and study, with his mind chastened and humbled by his mental and bodily sufferings, he began again to study the Scriptures, and this time with far different results. He writes: "The Nazarene conquered me in the end, and He did it by great and noble means, which are worthy of Him, and which alone could have been successful in this case, Spirit and Light."

After Daumer had been won back to Christianity, he could not remain long in doubt as to which body to join. The Mother-Church of Christianity could alone be recognized by him as a divine institution. He therefore entered into correspondence with a learned theologian in Mayence, and having manifested a desire to go there, he received an invitation to come at once so as to be able to assist at the episcopal service on the approaching Feast of the Assumption. He writes: "Behold, Mary invited me to her festival! What honor! what happiness! I came, I knelt for the first time in a Catholic temple, and was perhaps the most deeply moved of all present. These emotions were felt in a higher degree on the occasion of my formal Declaration of Faith in Mayence, and when at the end of the ceremony the Litany of Loreto was intoned I shed tears of emotion and gratitude, and was unable for a long time to find utterance for my overflowing heart."

It may easily be imagined with what astonishment his next work, "My Conversion," was received. If Catholics saw in it only a new evidence of the power and grace of God, the infidels endeavored in their rage to attribute it to unworthy motives. Daumer's subsequent career, however, proved a complete refutation of this unjust charge. The advice, "Burn what thou hast worshipped, and worship what thou hast burned," he obeyed as none before him. Already in the year of his conversion his restless pen produced "The Triple Crown of Rome." From 1860 to 1862 he published *Die Mansarde*, a periodical in six numbers; in 1863 a work in which he proved the Catholic tendencies of Schiller, as in his "Conversion" he had done with regard to Goethe. In 1864 he wrote "Christianity and its Founder," as an answer to the infamous work of Renan.

What Daumer made the subject of his particular study was the region of the mystic life. If he had formerly combatted Christianity as the Supernatural which endeavored to destroy the Natural,

he now proved that instead of destroying it, the Natural is elevated and illumined by the Supernatural. The evidence of this is best seen in the lives of the saints, in their sanctity and miracles. His work in 1865, "The Death of the Body not a Death of the Soul," and many others which appeared in the next ten years of his life, secured him as high a place in the department of theology as he had already gained in those of poetry and literature.

This restless activity of mind was carried on, as already mentioned, under the severest bodily afflictions. Only a few times in the year was he able to leave his room for a short visit. His loneliness was increased when, some years before his death, his only daughter married and left him; and still more at the death of his wife, which happened six months before his own. If we wish to give the application of the life of Daumer to our own time in a single sentence, we would say that in him we see the spirit and knowledge of our century combatting the Church with all the means, with all the energy and bitterness in its power, only to acknowledge itself conquered in the end. Shall we not, then, consider his complete return to the Church as an indication of the many other conversions of distinguished men which must come to pass, if only in the distant future? God grant that it may.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, NOV. 24. 1876.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—It has been well said of Pius IX that a crown of thorns has taken the place on his brow of the royal diadem. In this we love him the more, even as we love and adore Jesus Christ more for His sufferings than for His glory. Who is the dearer to us—the Christ Transfigured of Thabor or the Christ Transfixed of Calvary?—the glorified Son of God, or the *seeming* creature that cried out in His utter abandonment, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Surely the latter, because His humiliations and sufferings were for us. This is a pardonable selfishness of ours, that we love Jesus Christ more because He has suffered for us, than for His glory. His glory speaks to our intelligence, and calls forth our admiration and homage. But His sufferings appeal to our hearts, and these expand with love for Him, and love begets adoration when the object is divine. After all, then, it is through love we will be saved. Mind, I do not wish to be understood as asserting, even indirectly, that we could not love the Son of God in the hypothesis of His never having suffered. I am dealing with an actual fact, founded in the weakness of our own nature—we love the Redeemer because He suffered for us, and we love His other Self, Peter, otherwise Pius, just because in suffering he imitated his Master, and gives us good example, and, at the same time, preserves by his sufferings the deposit of faith through which we hope for

salvation. Behold why the people of every nation flock to Rome in pious pilgrimages. They come to hear the words of eternal life from his lips, and they are the more precious and efficacious because he must suffer to pronounce them. Such is the sad peculiarity of this age that to preach the truth is to invite persecution. Were Pius IX to have published no encyclicals, condemned no errors, proclaimed no dogmas, reprov'd and excommunicated no sinners, it may be doubted with reason if the world would persecute him. Not because he is the Vicar of Christ is he made the mark of sectarian hatred, but because he declares himself such, and indeed proves himself such. What matters it to "the gates of hell" if the Pontiff of the Church exist, as long as he does not show forth his existence practically, and war against them by upholding and extending that Church! Not because Jesus Christ was the Son of God was He crucified, but because He said He was the Son of God and proved it, perhaps as much by the zeal He displayed in His Father's cause, preaching the eternal truths, and condemning the wickedness of the age, as by His miracles. Let me proceed further; not because the Eternal God Himself exists is He blasphemed, but because He exists to show forth one day His justice, and punish the wicked. The war is waged not against existence but against attributes, rights and prerogatives. But as the destruction of these cannot be accomplished in any of God's institutions without destroying existence itself, hence it is that the existence of the Church is attacked. So we are on the defensive, are we Catholics; and we all try to be near our Leader, if not in person, at least in spirit. A sentiment like this animated those pilgrims who were here the other day from the diocese of Mans, in France. There were but two hundred of them, but they represented mountains of faith—blessings on their simple hearts! and their Bishop, Mgr. Chaulet d'Outremont, who led them here, shows that he is a trust-worthy pilot for the pilgrimage of life. He read a noble address, expressing, in substance, the pithy apothegm of St. Peter to our Lord,

"THOU HAST THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE—WHITHER SHALL WE GO?"

In this reply the Holy Father narrated the history of the resurrection of Jairus' daughter. Two singular processions were beheld on that day—the one of pious souls who followed Jesus animated with the desire not only of beholding His portentous deeds but of hearing His words and imitating His example—the other of the musicians and mourners who were gathered around the house of the deceased to accompany her to the tomb, and to these were added crowds of curious and incredulous people who mocked the Lord when He said, "Make way: the girl is not dead, but sleepeth."

"ET DERIDEbant eum."

But Jesus resuscitated the girl, and gave her to her father. At this point the Pope made an abrupt but really happy transition to the events of the present, and said: "I do not know, dear children, if you are aware that they have processions here in Italy too; but of good ones they do not wish any; of bad ones, yes, and they protect them. If Jesus Christ must

pass through the streets, worthily accompanied, and introduce Himself into the houses of the sick and dying, to comfort them by His Divine Presence and omnipotence, no, that is not permitted. It is not necessary to say that these are processions of good souls, who wish to show themselves *Catholics*. (A distinction is made in our day between *Catholic* and *Christian*. Something shameful, because Christians were, and are, the true followers of Jesus Christ; but such a distinction is necessary nowadays, because false ones (Christians) have appeared.) Therefore, accompaniments of Confraternities, of Congregations, and other external signs of religion, are not permitted. But if a man dies who has always shown and maintained a spirit of unbelief and of the sects, who calls himself a *freethinker*—if any one dies with the impress of such a coin, oh! then the prohibition does not exist, and that man goes to the grave accompanied by many of the same stamp, with associations and banners, and in a car drawn by foaming chargers; and still greater unbelievers approach the grave and pronounce discourses pregnant with every error and even with blasphemy. Then there is no longer any obstacle, nor contradiction; but instead of that, the most ample protections are given as a reward to the man who has mocked God." But the pilgrims, he continued, were of the number of those who followed the Divine Master, with many others throughout the world animated with the same faith and giving evidence of the same conscience. He concluded—"Oh! *salvum fac populum Tuum, Domine*. (Save Thy people, O Lord!) My God, Thou seest by how many dangers Thy Church is surrounded; save her, and with the Church save Thy people,—save them from the snares of the Protestants, save them from the intrigues of the unbelievers, save them from the voracious mouths which have devoured Thy patrimony!"

After imparting his Apostolic Benediction he came down from the throne in the midst of the pilgrims and allowed them to kiss his hand. Among those who struggled eagerly for this honor might be noticed the Baron Maude, Ambassador of the French to the Holy See. His Eminence Cardinal Manning was among the attending Cardinals. A great many conjectures are afloat as to the probable reason of his presence here at present. It is no great secret.

CARDINAL MANNING AND CARDINAL DECHAMPS are fast friends, and they always try to take their holidays together in Rome. Cardinal Dechamps is in very poor health, and has come here to recuperate. But he has brought with him plenty of work, the results of which will one day be hailed with delight by the universal Church. He has carried with him to Rome, to submit to the examination and consideration of the Holy See, all the documents relative to the extension of the devotion to St. Juliana, that noble daughter of Belgium who was the first to promote the *Fête Dieu*, or *Corpus Christi*. In 1846, the Cardinal, then Father Dechamps, in conjunction with Père de Ravignan and the Abbé Dupanloup, now Bishop of Orleans, preached the sixth centennial jubilee of the Feast of Corpus Christi, and published, at the same time, a little work on the origin of the feast,

entitled, "The most glorious memory of Liege." St. Juliana was a native of Liege. When, in 1867, Pius IX removed him from the see of Namur to the archiepiscopal see of Malines, he, with his suffragans, presented a petition to the Holy See, asking that the devotion to St. Juliana be extended from Belgium to the whole universal Church. The queen of Belgium joined in the prayers of the Bishop at the same time. The cause of St. Juliana was blessed by God, because the devotion to her which existed for centuries in Belgium, France, Holland, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, and throughout the Carthusian Order, is now extended over the whole world, in virtue of a Papal decree published in the year 1869, at the request of nearly two hundred Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals. The documents which the good Cardinal is now studying with the ardor of a boy, yet with the intelligence and wisdom of an old scholar, are the proofs of the fact of the extension of the devotion, and what the Cardinal wishes now is that the devotion to St. Juliana be binding throughout the universal Church.

Some papers here have published a programme of action, which, they say, is ministerial in origin and which affects the death of the Pope, and what is to be done when that event comes to pass. The Vatican, says the programme, will be surrounded by Italian troops. The Prefect of Rome will repair to the Vatican, and, in company with the Pope's chamberlain and his two physicians, will formally ascertain the death of the Pope. Should the chamberlain refuse him admission he will take with him four witnesses and two physicians of the city, enter the Vatican even by force, and ascertain the death of the Pontiff. He will then take from the finger of the deceased Pontiff the Papal ring, and will send it to the Dean of the Sacred College. All the rooms of the Papal apartments will be sealed with the royal seals, and nothing will be touched until after the removal of the body. Twenty-four hours after the Pope's death the body will be given to the canons of St. Peter's, and they will perform the funeral services. The Italian troops will preserve order in and about the Vatican. I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this programme, but submit it to you as a *liberal* curiosity. God will confound their counsels.

Parliament was opened by the king on Monday, the 20th inst. The effect of the procession from the Quirinal to the house of Parliament was considerably marred by the rain, which poured down persistently. The king was only attended by Prince Humbert. Prince Amadeo would not come. I would call your attention to one paragraph in the inaugural discourse of the crown. It intimates new troubles for the Church. He says: "It remains for us besides to face a problem hitherto untried. The liberties granted in our kingdom to the Church, more amply than in any other Catholic State, cannot be applied in such a manner as to offend the public liberties, or derogate from the national sovereignty. My government will present to your examination the provisions necessary to give efficacy to the reservations and conditions indicated in the same law which sanctioned the

ecclesiastical franchises." We are to infer then that the Church has hitherto enjoyed too much liberty in Italy, has been free to the derogation of the liberties of the people and those of the crown. I really fail to comprehend how it is possible for the Italian Government to restrict the liberties of the Church into narrower limits. The Pope is morally a prisoner—the religious orders are dispersed—governmental surveillance is exercised over the pulpit—Priests and Bishops are subject to military conscription—processions are forbidden. Nothing remains now but to prohibit the priest to say Mass in the morning, and the people to hear it. At the first parliamentary session the Republican and pseudo-philosopher, Filopanti, refused to swear according to the usual formula expressing allegiance to the House of Savoy. The president requested him to withdraw, which he did. He then published a letter in the papers, stating that he was willing to swear but wished to make a reservation in effect, that the people had the right of providing for the destinies of the country by a Constituent Assembly (to the exclusion of the King.) Since then however, with a decidedly liberal elasticity of conscience, he has consented to take the oath without any reservations.

At the request of the king, solemn obsequies were celebrated the other day in the Church of the *Sudario*—the national chapel of the Piedmontese—for the repose of the soul of the Duchess of Aosta. Prince Humbert and his consort attended. The king did not put in an appearance, but sent an empty carriage to represent him. And yet in the inscription over the door, I read, *The royal family implore peace and repose for the spirit of the Duchess of Aosta.* What! with empty carriages, draped in sombre brown? Of those who were present I will say nothing. But of the absent king, present by a proxy of an empty carriage of state will only remark, as Christ did to Judas, *Ad quid venisti?*

ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

—More than one hundred students of the University of Notre Dame are priests. They are found in almost every diocese in the United States. The University was founded in 1842, and chartered in 1844.

—Notices of some new publications are crowded out this week. They will appear in our next number. We have received the current number of the *Catholic Record*, *The Rosary Magazine*, *The Young Crusader*, *Periodische Blätter*, *Deutscher Hauschatz in Wort und Bild*.

—We learn from a cable telegram that Bishop Brinckman and Dr. Giest of Munster have just been sentenced to imprisonment, the former for one year, the latter for two years, for disobedience to the "ecclesiastical laws." Two priests were also sentenced to shorter terms of imprisonment.

—On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception four postulants received the habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at Notre Dame, Ind.; namely, Mr. Martin Mahoney and Patrick Moran, ecclesiastical

students; Mr. Thos. O'Brien (Bro. Prosper) and Mr. John Maley (Brother Elias). The ceremony took place at the chapel of the novitiate.

—The Benedictine monks of Monte Cassino are engaged in printing a description of the manuscripts contained in their library, with fac-similes of some of the documents, and reproduction and chromolithograph of the remarkable illuminations. This work is entitled *Bibliotheca Cassinensis*. Two volumes have been already printed, with a preface by the learned Abbot Luigi Tosti.

—The "Société Générale de Librairie Catholique" of Paris, announces a new edition of M. Henri Lasserre's *Notre Dame de Lourdes*. It will be in 4to size, and illustrated by first-rate artists. It will be a magnificent work. M. Aug. Roussel, of the *Univers*, has collected into one small volume, called *Lourdes en 1876*, his descriptions published in that journal of the ceremonies of the coronation of the statue, the miraculous cures, the sermon of Mgr. Pie, etc.

—"Pardon my American pride," said Bishop Gross, of Savannah, in a recent lecture at Brooklyn, "but it was with a glow of patriotic fervor that I saw our glorious Stars and Stripes hanging in the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes." These feelings, we are sure, are shared by every Catholic American whose privilege it is to visit this great shrine. The flag in question is that which was sent by Georgetown College, D. C., on the occasion of the first American Pilgrimage, and after having been blessed in the Vatican by the Holy Father, was deposited in Lourdes as a testimony of the devotion of American youth—at once loyal, patriotic and devoted Catholics—to the Mother of God.

—A proof of the power and truth of our holy faith is often given by its bitterest enemies when at the hour of death they retract their errors and falsehoods and return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. This was done of late by Mr. Charles Rolland, chairman of the radical republican fraction in the French Senate, and by the radical delegate M. Servan. Both not only departed this life after having received the last consolations of religion, but had also formally forbidden the civil funeral, a mere interment of the animal body without any religious ceremony, to the great sorrow of their infidel friends, one of whom vents his anger in the *Tribune* in the following words: "And I had yesterday the weakness to appear moved when the death of Mr. Rolland was spoken of. . . . Had I only known what was to happen." Such events are significant.

—We might each in our own degree, writes a correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, do the work of a missionary in many little ways, by lending a book to a Protestant friend, by asking them to accompany us to a mission or to Benediction, but above all by endeavoring to overcome their prejudice to devotion to our Lady. A few words will often show them what we really feel towards her, and dispel the illusion many of them are under concerning the devotion we show her. Truth is wonderfully persuasive. The Protestant idea of the Church and its doctrines is not a true idea. They raise an

imaginary Church in their own minds, and naturally it being a false one, they cannot believe in it, and perhaps in not one thing do they err more than their conception of the Catholic devotion to the Mother of God. We shall be doing an undying work if we can make our country devoted to Mary. But whilst we endeavor to make others devout to Mary, we must look to ourselves, and see if our own devotion is what it ought to be. Father Faber tells us he "cannot think of a higher work or a broader vocation than the simple spreading of this devotion."

—The Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*, commenting recently on the difference between our Catholic Protectories and the State Reform Schools or Houses of Refuge, asks which are most successful in the first place, in preserving from bad habits well-inclined but friendless children, and in the second place, which are most effective in reclaiming vicious ones? It answers that the Catholic Protectories undoubtedly show the best results in both cases, and backs up the assertion with arguments that seem to be conclusive on the subject. "There cannot be," it says, "a doubt or question raised about it by anyone who has really taken the trouble either to examine for himself the practical workings of the two different classes of institutions, or to make himself acquainted with their respective moral results. We know that some persons will say, when you press home upon them the claims of Catholic Protectories, that they have known instances of boys or girls having spent several years in a Protectory, and yet who turned out very badly. We have no doubt at all that such is the case, but the people who urge this as an objection against maintaining Protectories know that their argument is a fallacy, and only employ it as a cloak by which they may hide their real indifference or their opposition to the institutions. They might as well urge against the Church that they know many persons who are members, yet are living in a state of mortal sin. But to answer the question directly, we refer to the fact that the uniform history of these Protectories, wherever they have been established shows that a vast majority of those who have been inmates leave them greatly benefitted, intellectually and morally, and far better prepared for lives of usefulness than when they entered these institutions. The statistics and annual reports of such institutions in England and Ireland, on the other side of the Atlantic, show this; and so, too, of those which have been established by the Catholics of New York, New Jersey, and Maryland. It needs only a visit, first to the Catholic Protectory in West Chester County, New York, and then to the city institution on Blackwell's or Ward's Island, and the difference between them will be plain enough. If, then, you look into the annual reports of these institutions, or speak with their superintendents, you will again be struck with the difference. In the one case, you will find very many instances of boys of vicious habits who entered the institution, but who have become useful men; in the other, very few. The general good results of the Catholic Protectory in West Chester County, New York, as contrasted with the absence of such results in the municipal institu-

tions, have been so manifest that the Governors of the State—who were not Catholics, nor partial to Catholicity—have frequently referred to the Protectory in their messages to the State Legislature in terms of the highest commendation. The same contrast exhibits itself in Baltimore. Not long ago, during a debate in the City Council upon the question of making appropriations to needy Catholic charitable institutions, a member of the Council, who is a Protestant, advocated an appropriation to the Catholic Protectory or Industrial School, as it is there called, on the ground that it was sound economy. He said that they had a State Reform School to which vagrant boys and those convicted of petty offences who were of non-Catholic parentage were sent, and they all knew by experience that most of the inmates of that institution eventually found their way into the penitentiary, but that it was an exceptional case to find any one there who had been committed to the Catholic Industrial School. So we might go on and multiply instances, but we think we have given enough."

Obituary.

—The Rev. Philip Colleton, of the Society of Jesus, died at Osage Mission, Kansas, on the first of December. His death resulted from injuries which he received last winter. Father Colleton was born on the 17th of March, 1821, in the village of Donaghmoyn, County Monaghan, Ireland. He entered the Society of Jesus in the Missouri Province on the 15th of July 1854. On the 18th of July, 1863, he was ordained priest in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, St. Louis, Mo. The year following his ordination he was sent to the Vicariate of Kansas, where he continued to labor with unremitting zeal until Almighty God called him to receive his reward. Father Colleton's missionary career shows how much a priest of energy and zeal can accomplish in providing for the spiritual wants of a scattered Catholic population. In Southern Kansas, the field of his labors, he succeeded in forming many Catholic settlements, most of the congregations in that district having been organized by him. Within a radius of fifty or sixty miles from the town of Osage Mission he provided religious instruction for children of Catholic parents who otherwise would have been lost to the Faith, and built a multitude of churches which, though small, were sufficiently large for the accommodation of the faithful residing in their vicinity. With like zeal and charity he exerted himself in procuring assistance for poor immigrant settlers, cheerfully enduring great hardships in order to administer to them the Sacraments of the Church, and aiding them in every manner which his scanty means allowed. The Catholic population of southeastern Kansas will long retain a grateful memory of the devoted labors of Father Colleton.—*Western Watchman*.

—It is with the greatest regret that we (*London Tablet*) have to announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Raphael Melia, which sad event took place on Satur-

day morning, the 11th inst., at the Convent of SS Salvatore, in Onda, Rome. He received the Sacraments of the Church with fervor, and died very quietly in the presence of his religious brethren. Dr. Melia's name is familiar to the Catholics of London. For many years he had worked very laboriously at the Italian church. He was remarkable for his zeal and his spirit of prayer. His attendance at the confessional was indefatigable, and he was always to be found there to a late hour at night. All who knew him will mourn for the loss of the holy old man, and his brethren have lost in him a luminous example. He has written a treatise on *Confession The Life of F. Pallotti*, and *The Virgin Mary*. The latter is a valuable and erudite work, and has already been translated into French and Italian. Dr. Melia has been Vice-Rector of the College of the Propaganda, at the time Cardinal Reisach was Rector. He was afterwards appointed Rector-General of the Pious Society of Missions, in which office he was succeeded by the Very Rev. Dr. Faà di Bruno. On Monday, the 13th, his remains were conveyed to the Roman Cemetery of San Lorenzo, accompanied by his sorrowing brethren in religion.—*R. I. P.*

—We recommend to the prayers of our readers Rev. Father John Basso, parish priest of Santa Inez, in the diocese of Los Angeles. He departed this life at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, on the 20th of November. No further particulars have reached us.

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 9TH.

Number of letters received, 115; new members enrolled, 198. The following applications for prayer have been made: Recovery of health for 75 persons and 3 families; change of life for 26 persons and 4 families; conversion to the faith for 56 persons and 38 families; the grace of perseverance has been asked for 6 persons, of a happy death for 8 persons and 2 families; special graces have been asked for 6 priests, 6 religious, 3 superiors of religious communities, 3 clerical students, and 7 lay persons aspiring to the religious state; temporal favors have been solicited for 19 persons, 14 families, 9 communities, 3 congregations, 10 schools, 1 sodality, and 2 novitiates; spiritual favors for 31 persons 20 families 9 communities, 3 congregation, 8 schools, 1 sodality, 2 novitiates. The following intentions have been specified: Peace and harmony in several families, and in 2 families that entertain ill-feelings; the welfare of an unbaptized orphan girl, the ward of a convert, who is not aware of her responsibility; that it may please God to mitigate the severity of the season, and to relieve the pressing wants of so many persons and families now out of employment; resources to pay debts and redeem mortgages for individuals and families; several particular intentions of a devoted child of Mary; success in business, and several other undertakings; a religious vocation for a young secular priest; success of two undertakings. Also some particular intentions.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish the following extracts from letters received: "Thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for many favors received during the past year, especially for two." "I would like to have recommended to the prayers of the Association Dr. C. O., that he may have the grace of conversion to our holy faith. His wife died a few months ago and had the great happiness of dying a Catholic; although surrounded during her last hours by bitter Protestants, still she expressed a great wish to see a priest, and had the happiness of being baptized and of receiving the last rites of our holy religion." "Some months ago I sent a petition for the safety of Mrs. S.; our dear Lady of the Sacred Heart has answered our prayers. Mrs. S. is well; she enjoys better health than before. Also return thanks to our dear Mother for the conversion of Mrs. M., whose name I sent in 1868. Permit me to mention what our dear Lady of the Sacred Heart has done for that family. Mr. I. M., husband of the above-mentioned lady, was born and raised a Catholic, but from his youth had not approached the Sacraments, and I think was married out of the Church. All of their children have been brought up Catholics; and Mrs. M., though not a Catholic, was particular to have her children attend to their religion. In 1868 I sent the names of Mr. M. and his oldest son to be recommended for a return to the Church, and both have been for some years practical Catholics, and now the wife and mother coming in comprises the whole family. Thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother." "Will you please send me a small package of the water of Lourdes as soon as possible? One man has been cured by the holy water from a malady caused by sunstroke. He had no medical aid whatever."

OBITUARIES.

The prayers of the Associates are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. CHARLES A. LAMB, of Worcester, Mass., who was overtaken by death at Springfield, Mass., while travelling. In the domestic circle his memory will long be tenderly cherished as a most devoted son, brother, husband, and father. Master FRANCIS P. GARDNER, son of the Hon. P. S. Gardner of Kasota, Minn., who died Nov. 25th, after a short illness. A beautiful sermon was preached over his remains by Rev. Father Zuzek. Mr. WILLIAM and Mrs. MARY McNAMARA, of Hastings, Minn. PETER WOOD, and family, of Cannon, Mich. Mr. J. J. TOOMEY, a member of the Sodality of the B. V. M., San Francisco, Cal., who died Nov. 24th. And several whose names have not been given. May they rest in peace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

FOR THE TABERNACLE.—Elizabeth Sheedy, Troy, N. Y., \$2.00.

We may say of many Christians whose actions do not correspond with their words: "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."—*Madame Swetchine.*

Children's Department.

A Christmas Carol.

Little ones, awake! awake!
Listen, for the Christ-child's sake:
On a midnight long ago,
When the ground was white with snow,
Jesus Christ became a child,
Born of Virgin undefiled.

Glory be to God on high,
Christ doth in the manger lie;
Glory be to God on high.

For the love of us He came,
Let us bless His Holy Name;
Let the Christmas bells ring clear
On the solemn midnight air,
While we sing, with joyful tongue
The sweetest, holiest cradle-song:

Glory be to God on high,
Christ doth in the manger lie;
Glory be to God on high.

—*The Young Catholic.*

The Dove.

CHAPTER IV.

TERROR AND ANGUISH. FEAR AND HOPE.

Lady Rosalind, in her castle of Hohenburg, had, of course, not the slightest thought of the terrible danger which threatened her noble protector, Sir Theobald. Emma was still talking of the wonderful adventures which the pilgrims had related, and was asking her mother several questions with reference to the Holy Land. Both spent the entire day peacefully at their usual occupations. Towards evening, when the sun did not feel too warm, and when a pleasant breeze began to blow, they descended into the valley, in order to examine their fields. All the crops looked magnificent. Several acres were already covered with golden corn, promising a rich harvest. Other fields, in which flax was growing, were covered with the beautiful blue blossom of that plant. Since they had recovered their land, both mother and daughter felt a greater pleasure in it even than formerly, and now fervently thanked God, once more, for His goodness to them.

Suddenly, Leonardo, the youth who had set out as guide to the pilgrims, came running up to them swiftly and covered with perspiration. "Oh, most gracious lady!" he cried, clasping

his hands, "terrible things are about to take place! The two men who were here are not pilgrims, but robbers and murderers. They intend to murder Sir Theobald, and everyone belonging to him, and to plunder and burn his castle."

The youth was so weak that he could not continue speaking. He sank down under a pear-tree, beside which he was standing, gasped for breath, and almost fell into a faint. It was a considerable time before he was able to resume his narrative.

Rosalind and Emma were almost beside themselves with grief and terror when they heard the evil tidings. "Oh, Heavenly Father!" cried the mother, "what a terrible thing is this! Alas for the good nobleman and his excellent lady!"

"And poor little Agnes!" exclaimed Emma, trembling, and pale as death. "Oh, if she and her parents were murdered, I should die of grief!"

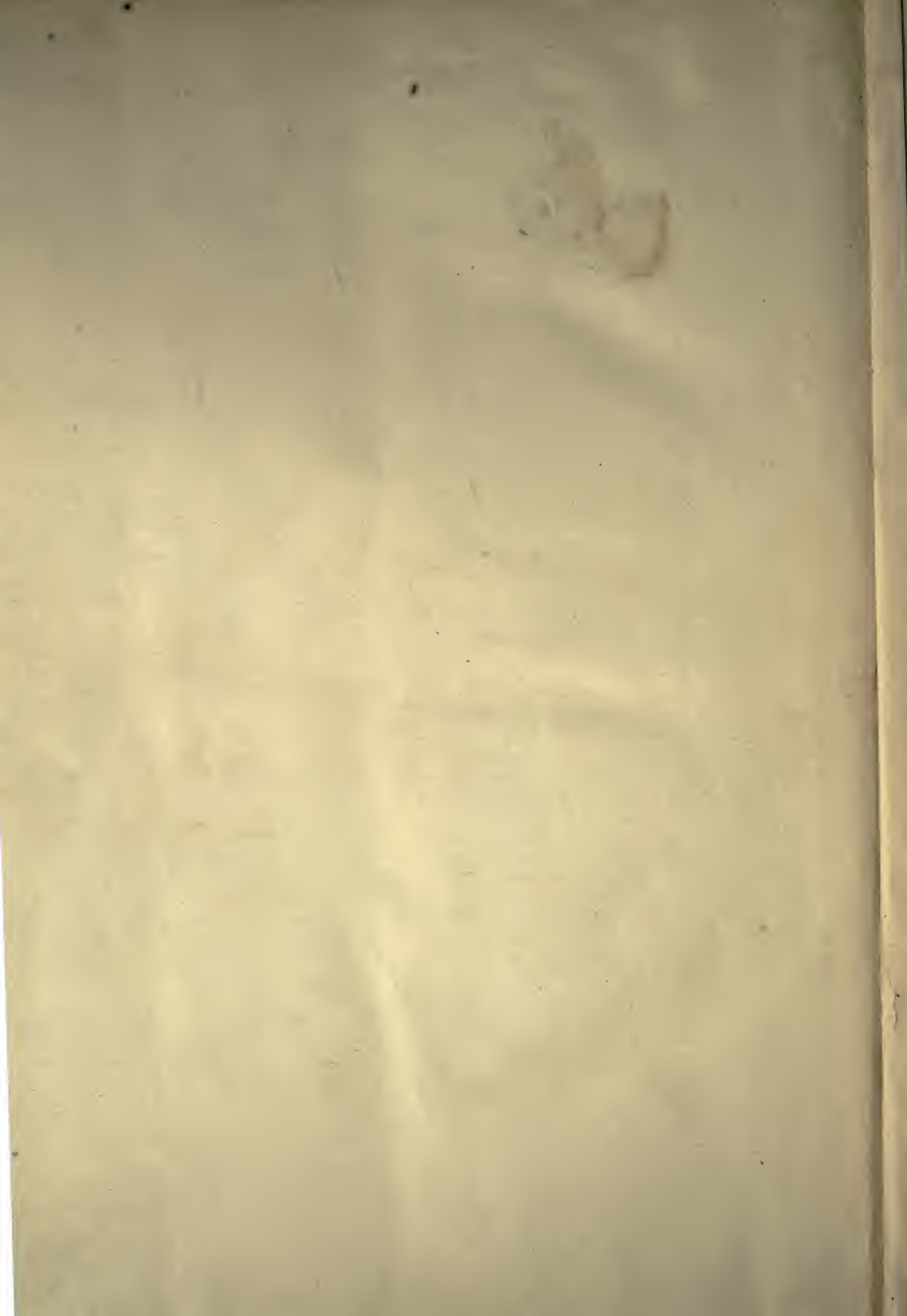
"Emma," said her mother, "hurry as quickly as you can to the castle. I will follow, with this exhausted youth, as soon as possible. Run as fast as you can, and summon our people together! They must set out at once for Falkenburg, in order to warn the good knight. They must go the entire way at full gallop, even if it should kill the horses."

Emma ran, light and swift as a chamois, up the steep mountain side, and soon reached the castle gate. At her cries all the retainers collected together in the courtyard. Emma related, in as few words as possible, that Falkenburg stood in danger of being destroyed by fire and sword. Those assembled were terrified; called down maledictions on the false pilgrims, and felt as much grief as if their own castle was threatened with destruction.

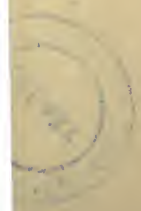
After a while Lady Rosalind arrived with Leonardo, whom she had questioned more minutely on their way to the castle. "Why do ye stand there motionless and inactive?" she cried. "Hasten! set out at once to deliver our friends!"

"That is impossible, gracious lady," said the old gray-haired groom of the late knight. The two villains have got too much the advance of us. They have already reached the castle of Falkenburg. Consider that we are more than forty miles distant from it, and it is now evening. How could we quickly traverse, in the darkness of night, roads which have been injured, and rendered dangerous by the recent heavy rains? Before daybreak I would not trust myself, on the very best horse we have, to ride to Falkenburg. Our old farm-horses are quite useless for swift riding, and our war-steeds have all been sold since the death of our late noble master. Far and wide, in the entire neighborhood, there is not a













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Ave Maria.

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