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“May Blessed Mary plead unceasingly for us through whom our race was found worthy to receive the Author of Life!”—The Sacred Liturgy.

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

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A Sequence for the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ST. BERNARD. TRANSLATED BY CHARLES BUCHANAN PEARSON.

¶OW let the faithful choir with joy exulting sing, Alleluia!

The Spotless forth doth bring of mighty kings the King, O wonder rare!

The heaven-descended Counsellor born of a Virgin doth appear, Sun of a Star,—

A Sun that doth no setting know, a Star whose rays do ever glow, gleaming afar.

As a star puts forth its ray, so the Virgin in like way her Son doth bear.

Bright the Star doth still endure, so the Virgin still is pure, no stain is there.

Of Lebanon the cedar tall is with the hyssop on the wall made lowly here.

The self-existent Word on high took on Him flesh and bodily His Passion bare.

Isaias this foretold; the Synagogue of old Knew this, yet fast doth hold its blindness drear.

To what their bards rehearse, by heathen Sibyl's verse

Confirmed, let hearts averse at length give ear.

No longer, then, delay: unhappy nation say,

Wherefore be cast away? E'en legends hear.

No more the Scripture scorn, think on the Child new-born,

Whom for this world forlorn the Virgin bare.

THE end and purpose of life and of time is nothing less than our Master's service.—*Bishop Hedley.*

The Uncaused Cause. A Study in Causes and Limits.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D. D.

DESIROUS of testing their ability to express themselves clearly and tersely on a given subject, one of the professors in a great secular university not many leagues from where I write got his pupils to give a reason for the religious faith that was in them, allotting five minutes to each. Fifteen were called at random. Of the fifteen, seven proclaimed themselves atheists, five agnostics, and only three professed belief in a personal God. It is to be feared that the same test would yield similar results in any of the great secular universities of America.

At the root of this appalling unbelief is the lamentable fact that modern science has broken, not only with religion, but with sound philosophy. The study of metaphysics has fallen into abeyance, if not into contempt. Hence sciolists talk glibly upon the deepest problems, and "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The other day a newspaper editor asked Mr. Bernard Shaw this question: "Do you believe in a first cause?" The answer was: "There can no more be a first cause than there can be a first inch in a circle." This is clever, but very superficial.

Let us, first of all, get a clear idea

of what cause is. That which produces an effect is called a cause,—that which makes a thing begin to be, or makes a change in a thing already existing. Thus an oak tree produces an acorn, whence springs another oak; and a ball hit by a bat is driven from one place to another.

That there are causes at work in the world is plain to our senses. Living organisms spring from living organisms, and these in their turn from others. A blow from a bat sets a ball in motion, and wood when kindled causes a fire. But in a chain of causes, each resulting from one going before it, there must be a first. If there is no first, there can be no second, no third, no last. But there is a last—the cause that is operating before our eyes to-day. There must, then, be a first. And this first cannot itself be uncaused. The process can not be carried to infinity. To suppose an infinite series of causes, is to suppose a series in which there is no first. For if first there be, then, since there is a last, between the first and the last there can be but a finite number, however great. Even if the series could be infinite, we should have an infinite series of causes each in turn caused; each having an origin, and that origin by the very terms of the question outside the series. There must, then, be a first cause, itself uncaused.

Let us return to Mr. Bernard Shaw and his so confident affirmation, "There can no more be a first cause than there can be a first inch in a circle." Is he sure of his ground in the second part of his statement? He is not. The fact is, that, if you measure a circle, there always is a first inch and a last. And every circle is, of its very nature, finite, and therefore measurable.

A circle is a plane figure bounded by a curved line everywhere equally distant from the centre. It is such that all the lines drawn from the centre to the cir-

cumference are equal. There can be no such thing as an infinite circle. For, in the first place, the fact that a circle is bounded by a curved line makes it finite. It has its limits within that line. Again, if you were to draw a straight line from a given point and keep on extending it for all eternity, you could never reach a circumference in the infinite, because the infinite is without end or limit, and your line would have to be without end, too,—which is impossible. You can never traverse the infinite, *because it is endless*; nor can you make the infinite up by adding inch to inch, measure to measure, finite to finite. As the material universe is made up of bodies having limits, having size and shape, it can not, therefore, be infinite.

Whatever is finite, whatever has fixed limits, must have a cause outside of itself. That which belongs to a thing by its nature must be in every individual thing which has that nature. Thus, every man has eyes, because they belong to man by nature. But not every man has blue eyes, because nature does not determine the color of the eye. If blue eyes belonged to man by nature, every man would have blue eyes. So, extension, size, limits, belong by nature to everybody; but not this or that size, these or those limits; else all men would be of the same height, and all apples of the same size.

There is, then, no reason in the nature of a given body why it has the limits that actually circumscribe it; why it is so big, and neither bigger nor smaller. There is no reason in the nature of man why he should not be of an average height of nine feet instead of five and a half. There is no reason in the nature of a given oak why it should not be one hundred feet high instead of fifty. There is no reason in the nature of the sun why it should not be twice, ten, twenty times as big as it is. The fixed limits which a body has must,

therefore, be determined by a cause outside of itself. As the same is true of every body in the material universe, it follows that the universe must have a cause outside of itself. If that cause be itself caused, we are doomed to chase the phantom of causation throughout infinity. I say "phantom"; for to the thinking mind that seeks the ultimate cause of things, a cause that is itself caused, that comes into being and ceases to be, is but a phantom. We must, therefore, come at last to a cause which is itself uncaused.

At the dawn of reason man begins to ask the question, "Why?" He does so by necessity of his rational nature; of the intellectual faculty within him that is now waking into life. Why, then, are there these and those fixed limits to everything in the universe? Why is our sun twenty times smaller than the star Sirius? I say there is but one rational answer to this question. It is that the Intelligence that planned it made it so. Is it mere chance that the earth has not long since been burned to a cinder by the rays of a luminary twenty times larger than the beneficent orb which sheds its light and warmth upon us? If you rule out intelligence, you have no choice but to fall back on chance; and chance explains nothing. No sane, no intelligent person looks to mere chance for results. He might as well trust himself to a lunatic,—to one who has all the faculties of a human being but without a directing intelligence. Man knows that every work he does himself, when he acts as a rational being, is done for a purpose and made to suit that purpose. And so he infers, and rightly infers, that the sun is twenty times smaller than Sirius because it was made to give light and warmth for the life of all that live upon the earth.

It is not possible to assign a reason for limits other than the intention of the agent who sets them,—the purpose

which the thing that has fixed limits is meant to serve. It is so in all the works of man himself. The end that a man has in view determines the limits of the thing that he makes. If he wants a boat to cross a river, he makes a skiff; if he wants to carry a great many people across the ocean, he makes a "Majestic" or an "Aquitania." So, too, it is in the works of nature. The horse is of a height that makes it serviceable for the use of man. If the sun were twice as big as it is, it would be too hot; if it were only half as big, it would not be hot enough.

Reason thus postulates an intelligent cause of the universe, itself uncaused. There is a Supreme Intelligence,—a Divinity, as Shakespeare has it, "that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." So I say with Owen Meredith:

To all facts there are laws;
The effect has its cause, and I mount to the
cause.

And with the Wise Man: "Thou hast ordered all things in measure and number and weight." And I rejoice to feel with William Cullen Bryant, in his noble poem "To a Waterfowl," that

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

ALAS for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or have misused or abused, them; who have had wealth and have spent it on themselves; who have had abilities and have advocated what was sinful, or ridiculed what was true, or scattered doubts against what was sacred; who have had leisure and have wasted it on foolish amusements! Alas for those of whom the best that can be said is that they are naturally blameless, while they never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or to live for God.—*Newman*.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

IT was a pale gray evening in Autumn when Eloise Brentwood first came to that place which in all the neighborhood was known as the House at the Cross Roads. It fronted on a quiet village street, with wooden pavements, grass-grown on either side; before the door tall poplars stood, like fingers pointing heavenwards, in storm and sunshine. The house itself, situated well back from the highway, was of light cream, with shutters and window-sashes of brown. It stood in a kind of dignified isolation, flanked on one side by a lane along which wild flowers grew from April until the Fall.

The house had been awaiting the coming of Eloise in a kind of hushed anticipation. Everyone had been on the tip-toe of expectancy, from the nominal mistress, Mrs. Walter Brentwood, Eloise's aunt, to the small serving maid, Minna. Mrs. Walter had been dressed and ready nearly an hour too soon. Her black silk, which on close examination showed signs of wear, was surmounted by a cap with resplendent purple ribbons. Its wearer found that article of headgear very difficult to keep straight on her fast whitening hair.

She was nervous and fidgety, so that her stepdaughter, Marcia Brentwood, the real mistress of the house, inquired from time to time, with a humorous contraction of the mouth:

"What's the matter, mother?"

Marcia had disdained any elaborate preparation in the matter of dress. She wore a simple gown of dark blue gabardine, which gave a certain austerity to her appearance. Her dark hair, very simply arranged, broke into wavelets, which softened the outlines of her face.

Her brother Larry, who had just completed his twentieth year, had gone for a long walk to pass the time, and promised to meet the train which was bringing hither the young girl who had just fallen heir to the House at the Cross Roads, and, as it was rumored, to a considerable fortune besides, invested in stocks and bonds.

Eloise had been for a few months previous at a finishing school in France, when the news of her grandfather's death and the singular will he had made was cabled to her. It was followed by a closely written letter from Ambrose Gilfillan, who through his mother was connected with the Brentwood family. He it was who likewise furnished her with a copy of her grandfather's will.

That will, it may be observed, had proved very upsetting to several people, and startling to Eloise. Hitherto, especially since the death of her mother, she had led a more or less wandering life, because her father had been an engineer, and she had known comparatively little of her relatives. With only one of the family connections had she established anything like intimacy. This was a sister of her mother, who had married the celebrated banker, Nicholas Critchley.

The news of her legacy had reached her one golden September afternoon, when, with the Senior girls, she was out in the apple orchard, laughing, lending herself with full abandon to the joy of the hour, and tossing the apples from one comrade to another, her cheeks aglow from the healthful exercise, her eyes shining. The announcement of her inheritance had suddenly changed her.

Cables from lawyers or members of the family followed each other in quick succession. She also received a letter from Mrs. Walter Brentwood, offering to vacate the House at the Cross Roads whenever it might be convenient to its new owner. Eloise wired at once:

"Change nothing until I come." After a day or two of reflection, during which she matured her plans, and began her preparations for the journey, she sent a second message: "Will sail from Havre on September 15." This was succeeded by the final announcement that she would reach Mill Haven, where the House at the Cross Roads was situated, on the afternoon of the 24th. She, who had never before made any decisions nor done anything on her own initiative, enjoyed this task.

"For once," she ruminated, "I did not consult Gregory Glassford nor anybody else. He will find all his plans upset."

The quiet household had been thrown into great agitation by the receipt of these cablegrams. A systematic cleaning of the house, from garret to cellar, was begun. Not that it had not been kept in as good order as limited means permitted; but it was felt that a young lady fresh from Paris, who had just fallen heir to a fortune, might regard with a coldly critical eye whatever was not perfection.

The consequence was that everybody set to work with a will. Mrs. Brentwood had not done so much in years, though Marcia strove to give her the lighter tasks, and constantly ordered her away to rest. They had dived in and out of cupboards, mounted to the attic, and even climbed the rickety stairway leading to the loft. Mrs. Brentwood, under pressure, and with many sentimental regrets, had been persuaded to dispose of the accumulations of years.

"I'm sure I feel completely done out," sighed that lady, sinking into her easy-chair, on the afternoon when Eloise was expected to arrive.

"Which is not at all surprising, mother dear!" responded Marcia. "You took on a new lease of working life."

"Why your grandfather should wish to deprive us of this house, where I

came as a bride, and have lived ever since, I'm sure I don't know," said the tired lady.

Marcia, who had been staring absently out of window, beat a slightly impatient tattoo on the window-pane. That subject had been discussed so often, and with such little result! Yet there was a look in her eyes that expressed much, and a subconscious feeling that it would be very hard indeed to greet the newcomer with warmth.

It was an Autumn evening to remember,—the sky, gold turning to bronze, transfiguring the landscape; the murmur of the stream that had once turned a mill and given its name to the place; the breath of the wind in the trees, and a bird sounding a plaintive note of regret for the passing of Summer. It was an idyllic atmosphere for the setting of this new romance: a young life suddenly to be framed anew in surroundings so unfamiliar.

Mrs. Brentwood's voice broke in upon Marcia's musings:

"I do hope Eliza's cooking will be up to the mark; that she will not let her sauces burn, nor allow the stuffing of the chickens to become too dry."

"After all, if it should be," responded Marcia, "what does it matter? Eloise can find a cook to her taste when she takes over the house—"

"And has left us without a shelter," lamented the poor lady in the armchair.

"She will hardly turn us out so peremptorily as all that," objected Marcia, cheerfully, with a humorous gleam in her dark blue eyes; "and I have already been looking at apartments."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the little servant Minna. She had come to ask if it was time to put on the potatoes and how soon the young lady might be expected. Her entrance had been accompanied by the fragrant smell of roasting fowls and other viands.

"How often have I told you," said Marcia, "to close the door of the kitchen after you? The smell of cooking is very strong, and the new young lady will perceive it at once. Do try to be more careful, dear."

This was an awful threat; for the phantom presence of Eloise had been held over Minna's devoted head for weeks, and she quailed at the thought of that formidable person's displeasure. The cook herself had been menaced; but had responded briefly that if the young lady—or anybody else, for the matter of that—was dissatisfied, she could suit herself; also that, so far as she, Eliza, was concerned, she had no wish to remain with a total stranger coming from some outlandish part of the world. The housemaid, Sarah, was the only one who looked forward with interest and curiosity to the advent of one who would probably have some "lively doings" in the house, and whose clothes would be in the latest fashion. In her last place, down in the city, there had been a visitor who had got almost everything from Paris.

Sarah, a comparative stranger, who had no traditions of loyalty to the family, and who welcomed any change, now came to the door to beg that Miss Marcia would come into the dining-room, to be sure that everything was correctly placed. Marcia, having already assured herself, by two or three agitated visits, that everything was exactly right—that the silver was polished to the utmost, that the flowers were at the precise angle required to give the full effect of their lovely autumnal coloring,—nevertheless, complied with the request. She likewise inspected the maid herself, and suggested some minor changes in her costume.

Returning to the living room, where Mrs. Brentwood had arisen from her chair and was wiping away some real or imaginary specks of dust from the table,

Marcia resumed her post of observation at the window.

"I am sure she will like Larry," Mrs. Brentwood observed. "He is so gentlemanlike and he dresses so well."

Marcia smiled as she mentally recalled the rueful countenance with which her brother was brushing his well-worn clothes, and gazing anxiously and critically at a hat which had survived, by at least two seasons, the current fashion.

"Does it matter so very much?" Marcia inquired again. "Larry is not going to play the rôle of dependent on her High Mightiness. Besides, if she has such poor taste as not to—"

"Larry," interrupted Mrs. Brentwood, "whom his grandfather so shamefully overlooked!"

A mournful sigh ran through the trees outside, as though it were a protest from the dead, and as if through it the grandfather's aged voice was heard saying:

"It was but a simple act of justice."

That sighing of the wind sent a shiver through the responsive frame of Marcia, who failed, however, to remind her step-mother that she, too, had been overlooked.

"Don't let us talk about grandfather!" she cried impulsively. "I could almost fancy I saw him coming up the walk, like that last time he was here."

"If we had only known then, dear Marcia!" lamented Mrs. Brentwood.

"We couldn't very well have asked him to change his will," laughed Marcia; "and even if we had been bold enough to attempt it, what would have been the result?"

She had a vision, as she spoke, of the stern, melancholy face, framed in iron-gray hair that had never softened into silver. Mrs. Brentwood sighed still more deeply, and her tone became slightly petulant:

"That train must be late."

"More likely the Parisian young lady has a lot of luggage."

"The chickens will be spoiled."

Marcia could not forbear a shrug.

The landscape was darkening; the bird had, no doubt, gone to its nest; the bronze tints of the sky had deepened into red; and only the white birch tree, at the junction of the two roads, gleamed distinctly.

Marcia's ear caught the distant sound of wheels. She listened with an intentness that gave an air of sternness to her really youthful face. With a catch in her breath, she exclaimed:

"I hear the carriage coming, and—yes, it is turning into the lane."

Into the watcher's mind flashed the remembrance of that last, exciting moment when her grandfather had driven up the lane and she had seen him helped from the carriage; and now it was this cousin, whom they had never seen, that her grandfather had chosen as his heiress. Mrs. Brentwood arose. Then she sat down again, saying:

"I am so flustered. I feel all in a tremble. I can not go to meet her."

"Never mind, dear!" responded Marcia, and a feeling of pity and protective tenderness swept over her. By a quick gesture, she stroked her stepmother's silvering hair and set her cap straight.

(To be continued.)

A Painter of the Old Régime.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

JUST as the clock in the tower of Saint-Germain-des-Prés was striking twelve the painter Rigaud put the finishing touch to his latest picture,—a fine portrait of an honest, though not very handsome, tradesman, who had just departed well pleased with his last sitting, and not sorry that the weariness of having one's picture painted was, for him, at length over.

With the last stroke of the clock, the servant of the artist appeared at the door, announcing that a man was below with a large box which had arrived from Perpignan. Throwing down his palette and hastening to wipe his brush, Rigaud joyfully exclaimed:

"At last,—at last!"

"Shall he bring it up, Monsieur?" inquired the servant.

"No, no!" answered the painter. "That would make a great mess in the studio. We shall open it in the courtyard. Get me a hammer and chisel!"

"But, Monsieur," replied his valet, "your dinner is ready."

"No matter," persisted Rigaud,—"no matter."

The servant, who performed the double duty of cook and valet, not wishing to see his *plats* spoiled by delay, ventured to remonstrate.

"Monsieur," he pleaded, "everything will be spoiled, and the box can not be harmed by half an hour's delay. Come, I beg of you, and eat your dinner."

"Do as I tell you,—do it without fail, Flamand. Eat the dinner yourself. I could have no appetite for food while that box remains unopened. Bring me the tools."

He flung open the door and clattered down three flights of stairs with a great noise. Flamand followed more cau-

It would be no extravagance to say that all the joys of the angelic world could make no joy that should compare, either for quantity or quality, with the single joy of Mary's motherhood. She had many joys besides that; although, whether we look forward to her Assumption or backward to her Immaculate Conception, the Maternity was the fountain of them all. But, considering exclusively the direct joy of her Maternity, it overtops and outshines the entire joy of the angelic creation.

—Faber.

tiously and somewhat sulkily. Presently they were both in the courtyard, preparing to uncover the box.

The neighbors came to their windows.

"What can it be?" eagerly inquired Mlle. Babet of her aunt, while her black eyes sparkled with curiosity,—Rigaud had occasionally saluted her on the stairway.

"It is a picture,—I am sure it is a picture. I know by the shape of the box," replied Mlle. Babet the elder, as she leaned eagerly forward, seeking from behind her large blue glasses to penetrate the mystery, which Rigaud was hurriedly bringing to light with hammer and chisel.

"It is a picture. It comes from Perpignan, where Monsieur Rigaud spent the Christmas holidays. No doubt it is the portrait of his *fiancée*; we shall soon see if she is pretty."

Although their dinner was already on the table, the two women, with the old servant Michon, planted themselves firmly at their posts behind the geraniums on the window-sill, to watch the process of uncovering; while a bevy of children on the opposite side of the court rushed to their own windows when they heard the noise in the courtyard.

"Back, back to the table, you young rascals!" cried the father. "Back, every one of you, or you shall not have a bite of dessert!"

Whereupon they all scurried to their places, alarmed at the prospect of the loss of what they considered the best part of the meal.

The box was soon opened. Throwing his tools on the ground, Rigaud, unaware of his audience, drew forth a long, narrow object, wrapped in linen, which he quickly uncovered, revealing the portrait of an old woman—his mother—which he had painted at Perpignan four months previously, and which he had asked her to send him as soon as the varnish was dry. It was

an excellent likeness. The painter held it first this way, and then that, murmuring to himself, "It is good,—it is really good. For once I am satisfied with my own work. But, after all, how could any one else have given her real expression?"

Resting the picture on one knee, he stooped and kissed the smiling lips; while the group gathered at the window crept farther behind their screening plants.

"Who can it be?" asked Mlle. Babet. "Quite an old woman, isn't it?"

"His mother, perhaps," said Michon. "No doubt he saw us watching him, and kissed the portrait so that we would think him a very affectionate son."

"More likely it is some rich woman from whom he has expectations."

Rigaud had not seen the spectators of his delight, who were now in the seclusion of their dining-room; but not so far away from the window as to be unmindful of anything new in the courtyard at a moment's warning.

"How beautiful she is!" exclaimed the painter, holding the portrait at arm's-length, and thus exposing it to the view of two persons who had, unknown to him, just entered the courtyard as he was about to leave it with his treasure in his arms. One of these persons was a lackey in rich livery; the other, a few steps behind, from his appearance, a gentleman of some distinction.

It was indeed a triumph of art. The face was that of a woman of perhaps sixty years, crowned by *bandeaux* of slightly waving hair, simply arranged. The features were regular, the lips smiling. Not a wrinkle had been omitted; two very slight perpendicular lines gave character to the lower part of her forehead. It was the face of one who had suffered and endured, not only with patience and resignation, but one might almost say with cheerfulness. The brows were beautifully shaped

over large, expressive gray eyes. Those perpendicular lines, the finely arched brows, the soft, yet serious eyes were replicas of the son's. In the lower part of the face there was no resemblance between them. The picture showed only the shoulders and upper part of the arms, in a gown of fine black lace, fastened at the throat by a pearl and onyx pin with delicate pendants of the same. The earrings and high comb were like the pin. The set had been a wedding gift from her husband, the father whom Rigaud had never known. He had died in the painter's infancy, and had also been a gifted painter.

Folding the linen covering around the picture preparatory to carrying it to his rooms, Rigaud, waving his hand, dismissed Flamand, who stepped forward to take it from his master.

"Go on," said Rigaud,—“go first with the tools.”

As he turned towards the door leading from the court, the lackey stepped forward with a respectful salute.

“Are you the painter, Monsieur?” he asked.

“I am a painter,” was the reply. “My name is Rigaud.”

“My master and mistress would like to see you regarding some work they wish to have done,” said the lackey. “Here is the address, Monsieur.”

Rigaud took the card from the servant's hand. It read “M. Raoul de Taverny, Rue de Vaugirard, No. 468.”

“Not very far from here,” he said. “I shall be there in an hour and a half,—as soon as I have dined.”

The lackey bowed and retired.

Rigaud now perceived the gentleman, who stepped forward. He did not remove his hat.

“How can I serve you, Monsieur?” said the painter.

“Does Monsieur Rigaud, the artist, live in here?”

“He does, Monsieur,” was the reply.

“Will you direct me to his apartment? I wish to speak to him.”

“I am he,” answered Rigaud.

A look of surprise flashed across the visitor's countenance. He took off his hat and bowed courteously.

“Pardon me, Monsieur!” he said. “I am M. de Marnes. In that working blouse, and with tools in your hand, I mistook you for a porter.”

Rigaud smiled and replied pleasantly: “No matter about that, Monsieur. I am no *grand seigneur*, I assure you. Even if I were, I should have been proud to unpack this picture.”

He began to ascend the stairs, followed by the stranger. When they reached the studio, and the visitor had seated himself, he said:

“I caught a glimpse of the picture after you had unpacked it, and thought it beautiful,—a Van Dyck, perhaps? Whom does it represent, Monsieur?”

“My mother,” replied Rigaud. “And I feel myself much complimented on having it compared to a Van Dyck.”

“I am not the only person who will think so, Monsieur,” said the gentleman. “It is wonderful. But to my errand. A person of very high rank, having seen several of your beautiful portraits, has concluded to engage you to paint her own. But I must begin by telling you, lest you should hear it from others, that you were not her first choice. There are painters nearer the Court—two or three—whom, one after the other, she invited to that honor, but—but for some reason or other, all found it impossible to execute the commission. At present I can say no more. Will you be able to wait upon her Royal Highness at eleven to-morrow morning, if I call for you in a carriage?”

“Her Royal Highness!” exclaimed Rigaud. “She wishes me to paint her portrait? I must comply with her request,” he continued reflectively, a slight frown contracting his brows. “But,

Monsieur, I am no idealist. I paint things and people as I see them. I do not flatter, and that is why some people object to my work. They say it is altogether too realistic."

"I see,—I understand," replied the stranger; "and I divine that you also understand, Monsieur. Have you ever seen the Duchess?"

"No," replied Rigaud, "I never have, but I have heard her described."

"And you are willing to undertake the commission?"

"If her Royal Highness will agree to my conditions."

"Conditions with a Princess, Monsieur! Is that not rather out of the ordinary?"

Rigaud shrugged his shoulders. "I think not, Monsieur. I have not sought the honor: it has come to me. And, as a loyal Frenchman, I am at the command of my Princess."

"That was well said," remarked the visitor, rising. "I shall be here to-morrow at nine. Morning clothes, Monsieur, if you please. *Au revoir!*"

"*Au revoir, Monsieur!*" said the painter, opening the door for his guest.

When he had departed, Rigaud paced the length of the studio several times, the perplexed frown still between his brows. "I am not the first choice," he murmured. "But why should I have been when there is Le Brun and Matelan and Piot, excellent painters all, and courtiers to boot? Courtiers,—yes, that is the secret in a nutshell. None of them with the courage to portray the truth; fearing to lose favor at Court if—if—well, poor fellows, that is only natural. Rigaud has none of that kind of fish to fry. I can still decline the honor, if I choose."

At this moment the door of the studio was opened softly.

"Monsieur does not mean to dine, then?" inquired Flamand, with a melancholy air.

"Yes, yes, of course," replied Rigaud, cheerfully rubbing his hands together. "I am really quite hungry, Flamand,—much more so than I was an hour ago. *Allons!*"

When he had finished his dinner he said to Flamand, hovering in the background:

"I have an appointment at the house of one Madame de Taverny. Go fetch me a barber; I have not shaved for three days, and one must be *comme il faut* in the presence of wealthy people. It is the new house opposite the Palace of the Luxembourg, Flamand."

"Yes, Monsieur," replied the servant, visibly impressed. "I will hasten to catch Alcidore."

He returned in a few moments, accompanied by Alcidore Poronette, the barber, carrying the implements of his trade in a green leather bag. Rigaud placed himself under his hands, and in a short time emerged from his ministrations with his beard trimmed, his *perruque* curled and perfumed. He then, with the assistance of Flamand, arrayed himself in velvet coat and breeches, ornamented with silver buttons. Flamand, after drenching a lace-trimmed handkerchief with *eau de Cologne*, and placing it, with one corner peeping out, in the pocket of his master's coat, presented him with his hat, gloves, and cane.

"Monsieur is a fine figure of a man, and that is no mistake," he said, withdrawing a few steps backward, the better to admire his master.

He spoke truly: Hyacinthe Rigaud was very good-looking. Tall and slender, in his thirtieth year, with dark brown eyes, finely arched brows, a straight nose, short curling beard and mustache, which partly concealed a beautifully modelled mouth and chin,—the expression of his countenance was at once lively and spirituelle. One would say, on seeing him for the first time, "That is

a handsome man—and a noble man.” And Rigaud was both.

“Truly, Monsieur,” continued Flamand, glancing at Alcidore, who had not yet left the room, “if Madame de Taverny has two eyes in her head, they will be wide open with pleasure at the sight of you.”

“Monsieur Rigaud is going to call on Madame de Taverny?” cried Alcidore. “If that is the case, I must powder your hair.”

“Powder my hair! Why so?” queried Rigaud.

“It is absolutely necessary, Monsieur,” answered Alcidore. “Madame de Taverny and her husband dote on powder; they were really the first in the Quarter to use it. Everyone who visits them does the same, in order to please them. They are the leaders in everything fashionable. Monsieur, I speak the solemn truth. Let me put some perfumed powder on your *perruque*,—just a little, Monsieur.”

“What folly!” exclaimed Rigaud. “It is a silly fashion, in very bad taste, and makes a young man look like a grandfather.”

“Not at all, I assure you, Monsieur. On the contrary, it softens the features, imparting an air of distinction to the young, and one of youthfulness to the old.”

Assisted by Flamand, the barber laid the painter’s hat, cane, and gloves on the table, placed him on a chair, and, arranging a *peignoir* around his shoulders, let loose a cloud of white, perfumed powder, which left its impress on everything in the vicinity. Rigaud made a gesture of disgust; but, with one hand resting heavily on the shoulder of his patron, Alcidore remained inflexible in his resolve to send him to his appointment as befitted an appearance before the great persons he was about to meet.

“Madame de Taverny is the most beautiful woman in the parish of Saint

Sulpice, Monsieur,” he said in his most insinuating tone. “And, what is better, she is sensible, modest, and prudent as an angel. She has a gouty old husband, who is, however, a very good man. He is worldly, beyond doubt, and loves to see company around him. With a young and beautiful wife that is sometimes dangerous—but in this case, oh, no! My, but she is pretty,—a blonde with large, black eyes, hair down to her knees: golden, shining, and rippling as the waves of the sea. If you are to have the honor of painting her portrait, Monsieur, your fortune will be made. I have had the honor of attending Madame several times; that is why I am qualified to testify to her beauty and the glory of her hair. She is crazy about powder, Monsieur; and, young as she is, it makes her look younger. Madame de Maintenon esteems her greatly and gives her splendid presents. She educated her in a convent and married her to M. de Taverny. He fell in love with her beautiful eyes and luxuriant hair, I suppose. She prefers this violet powder, Monsieur; that is why I am using it now.”

“Enough,—enough!” cried Rigaud, tearing off the *peignoir* and rising from the chair. “I look like a miller!”

“You have no idea how becoming it is—the powder,” exclaimed Flamand.

“And the perfume is so delicate! Will Monsieur glance for a moment in the mirror?” inquired Alcidore.

“No, no! Let me go. Hand me my hat and gloves. I shall put up with this nonsense no longer.”

But the agile Alcidore once more intercepted his flight. “Monsieur, one second!” he pleaded. “Let me dust you off. There may be a trace of powder here and there on your garments.”

Two or three whisks of the ivory-handled broom, and the painter escaped from his assiduous servitor.

“Now that the master has gone, Alci-

dore," said Flamand, "I wish you would give my head a little rub, and a *soupeçon* of powder."

Alcidore glanced at the tousled brush, red and coarse, which surmounted the very low forehead of Flamand, and replied:

"It would take a prodigious quantity of powder to conceal that thick red top of yours, Flamand."

"I want only a sprinkle, Alcidore," begged the valet.

"That would make you look ridiculous. The effect would be white and red, the red predominating. And what would M. Rigaud say? I am sure he would beat you!"

"Beat me! My master is not like that. He seldom says a cross word to me. He is the kindest of men."

"You are very fortunate, then," replied Alcidore. "But let me tell you one thing. I will give your head a good rubbing with perfumed water if you can find a bit of bread and cheese in the larder. I came here in a hurry, without having had a bite since morning."

"Indeed I can and will," answered Flamand. "There is also a part of a cold *pâté* and a half bottle of wine."

"Fetch them on."

"First the rub, Alcidore."

"Be seated, then. I have an appointment for four. It is now half-past two. But when will your master return?"

"That I can not say."

"He may catch me."

"That is nothing; he will not mind."

"A very rare sort of master, that."

"He is indeed," replied Flamand, placing himself in the chair Rigaud had occupied. Alcidore began his manipulations. "He is not only a good master, but a wonderful painter," Flamand continued. "His portraits of Monsieur Girardon and the King's jeweler have been the talk of all Paris. He is a great worker; never happy without a brush in his hand; even forgetting to

eat and drink. He is, moreover, a very pious man, and a very patient one. I have never seen him angry but once."

"With whom was that?"

"With me, and I can not yet understand why. He has in the studio a big doll which he calls his mannequin. One day he dragged the blue counterpane from his bed and draped it around the mannequin, and then drew the shape of the figure on canvas with red crayon. The next morning (it was Sunday), while he was at Mass, I took the counterpane off, thinking everything was finished. I wanted to make his bed, you see, which looked rough without the spread. (It is of beautiful blue silk and wool, and of very fine quality.) When my master returned and saw the figure without its cloak, he stamped his foot, threw out his arms, and used language which, to say the least, was not becoming to the Lord's Day. I said nothing, of course, but replaced it at once. What had taken him a couple of hours to complete was, for me, but the work of a moment. 'See, Monsieur,' I said, 'it is back again, exactly as you had it, and no harm done.' Then what do you think he did?"

"I can not imagine."

"He burst out laughing and said: 'You see no difference between your draping and mine, Flamand?'"

"None, Monsieur," I replied quietly.

"Well, then, it is foolish to be angry with such an absolutely stupid person as you are. In a moment, according to your opinion, you have achieved a result which it took me two hours to accomplish, and then not altogether to my satisfaction. Begone out of my sight, and hurry up with the coffee! I am hungry!" And it was all over. He is, indeed, a very droll gentleman—my master."

"Very droll," replied Alcidore, with a peculiar smile. He was, in his own way, an artist, with sufficient intelligence to

imagine the contrast between the handiwork of Rigaud and that of his valet. But he forbore comment.

"Now you are all right," he said after a moment. "Let us have our bread and cheese and do not forget the cold *pâté*, or the wine."

(To be continued.)

A Morning Tryst.

BY SYLVIA V. ORME BRIDGE.

BENEATH an early morning sky,

Of daffodil and amethyst,
Swift as a homing bird I fly

To keep a matutinal tryst:
To keep a tryst with Love Divine,
Hiding in sacramental sign.

Let earthly lovers meet and kiss
When blazes red Aldebaran,—
Pure as the star of dawn my bliss,
That neither time nor space may span,
Where mysteries of love unite
The finite with the Infinite.

Beneath the cold and cynic moon,
O earthly dreamers! bend the knee
To loveliness that fades so soon,
To charms ephemeral that flee:
My morning vows of love are paid
To Beauty that can never fade.

The sweetness yesterday forsworn,
For Him foregone, is all more sweet,
Because, a sacrifice at morn,
I lay it at His royal feet,
Who is the Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The same to-day and yesterday.

He waits me where the lilies raise
Their shining faces like a cup
That holds a breathless prayer and praise,
Like children's faces lifted up.
O make my soul as pure and white
As are the lilies in Thy sight!

What though its pain to-morrow brings,
Or joy that yesterday hath missed?
My happy heart, exultant, sings
To-day, to-day, I have a tryst.
An ecstasy fulfilled is mine,—
I have a tryst with Love Divine.

A Chance Meeting.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

MR. HAYES frowned impatiently while the man ahead of him argued, in broken English, with the ticket agent. In the first place, he was not accustomed to wait his turn anywhere; and in this case he was being inconvenienced by a shabbily dressed, not very recently washed Italian, whose luggage—consisting of a basket, a large bundle and a small one—lay on the floor about his feet and in Mr. Hayes' way.

The dispute had lasted for two or three minutes before Mr. Hayes paid any heed to the matter of it. He noted, first, that the agent's voice was becoming loud and angry, and the poor foreigner's gestures more and more eloquent and pleading; and then, beginning to listen, he heard the Italian say earnestly:

"I told you—I told you many time—"

Here the ticket agent interrupted him. "Move on! Move on! I have no time to argue,—no time to trifle. I'm here to sell tickets."

But the man held his place. "I have six dollar, and the ticket cost only a little more. I pay you the rest in short while; maybe in two, three week. I pay as soon as I can. Times has been hard,—you know it yourself. My boy's sick, and he's away from home. They wrote me a letter at the hospital, and I got to go."

"Move on, I tell you, or I'll call the station master and have you put out!" the agent threatened.

"But I can't. I told you my boy's sick," the man repeated, with a break in his voice that was very like a sob. "It is impossible."

It was at this point that Mr. Hayes interposed. His heart was not very tender, but the man's grief over his sick

son had touched a sore place in it; and, stepping forward, he said crisply to the ticket seller:

"What is the price of the ticket this man wants?"

"Seven dollars and twenty cents,—to Dayton. He insists on having it for six."

"Six dollar is all I got. I pay later. I promise, and I not yet break my promise. I'm hard up now, but I must go. My boy, he's sick."

"Give me two tickets: one, for this man, to Dayton, and the other to Cincinnati," Mr. Hayes said; and then, because he had expected to be bored by the long ride alone, he bought two seats in the Pullman.

When the poor Italian understood what Mr. Hayes had done his gratitude was pathetic to see. The tears, which he had with difficulty suppressed while he pleaded with the agent, began to flow freely over his cheeks; and as they went together toward the train he held out his six dollars, saying brokenly:

"You very kind. I don't know how to thank you as much as I feel about it. Here's six dollar. I pay the rest soon."

Of course Mr. Hayes would not take the money. "Wait, and pay me the seven twenty at one time," he remarked carelessly.

After a little thought the Italian agreed. "Maybe that's better plan. I have to eat in Dayton. I had not thought,—I had not cared about that. But I pay you soon. I saved seventy-five dollar in just a little more than a year. But my wife, she got sick, and two of the kids, they get scarlet fever. Much trouble I've had. And my money all went to the doctor, except twenty-seven dollar and fifty cent; and when they sent us a letter that Tony's terrible sick, we spent seventeen dollar to get him a new suit to come home in, when he's well enough; and I got a basket of fruit for him. Tony likes fruit, and maybe they don't have much in the hos-

pital where he is. Fruit cost much money now-days, so I have only six dollar left. I did not know ticket cost so much—only to Dayton,—not far, my friend say."

They had reached the Pullman by this time. The Italian had difficulty in finding place for his cumbersome luggage; and afterward, when he sat down and looked about him, the splendor of the cushioned seats and inlaid wood abashed him; so ten or fifteen minutes passed and the train was on its way before he spoke again. At length, however, he repeated earnestly: "You good man, kind man; I'll never forget, and I pay you back soon."

From an inner pocket he produced a grimy bit of paper and a stubby pencil, which he gave to Mr. Hayes, asking him to write his name and address. Mr. Hayes did so. He would not have wounded the man's self-respect by refusing to give his address; but after writing it, he said:

"Don't hurry to pay me." Somehow he felt certain that he would be paid sooner or later.

"I pay when I can," the Italian said. "If you get hard up for cash before I pay, you come to me. I borrow the money from my friend, if I have not got it." After a pause he added: "I forgot to say it: my name is Tony Casbarro. I live at 212 Mitchell Street, to the rear,—nice house, if it was fixed up a bit; and I get it cheap. You remember, 212 Mitchell Street?"

"Yes, I'll remember," Mr. Hayes replied. He was amused at the situation in which he found himself, but had begun to wish that he had allowed his protégé to sit in the day coach. It would be embarrassing, he thought, if any of his friends should chance to see him in such strange company.

Both men were silent for some minutes; but in the course of time it occurred to Mr. Hayes that it might

be interesting to get a glimpse of a sphere of life remote from his own; so he said questioningly:

"And you have two children besides the boy who is ill? I think you said so."

"Two!" Mr. Casbarro echoed, in astonishment.

"You said, didn't you, that two of your children have had scarlet fever?"

"Oh, I see! Jo and Nickie, they had it two months ago. But I have lots other boys. There's Angelo, he's twelve; and Dominic and Sestino and little Pete."

"Seven children! What a large family!"

"Seven boys," Mr. Casbarro corrected. "We have girls, too,—nice, pretty girls, as smart as American girls: Anna and Maria and Rosa and the baby,—she's Concetta."

With a smile, amused but not unkindly, Mr. Hayes said: "Eleven! And still you can not spare even one."

Mr. Casbarro looked at him shrewdly. "You have not so many. If you have, you understand. To have many, it just makes you love each bambino all the more,—each one the nicest."

There was a silence before Mr. Hayes said gravely: "I had a son,—only one. He died three months ago. And—I have a daughter."

With quick intuition Mr. Casbarro understood that all was not well in Mr. Hayes' family; and it was a fellow feeling that made him open his heart, as he would hardly have done to a stranger under other circumstances, although the poor are generally less reticent than the rich in regard to their griefs.

"Tony, who is sick, he's our oldest boy. He's the oldest of the family. He was born in Italy, in Napoli. The rest of our children all Americans. He's—you know how a father and mother, they love the first baby so much; and he was awful cute and bright and smart. I never saw a baby like him,—so quick, so laughing. Nice when he was little

fellow, too; and—and nice now, only wild. Ever since he got fourteen, fifteen, he give us trouble. He got wild. He stay out nights; he fight; sometimes he steal. I had a hundred and fifty dollar saved then. I felt rich. I didn't worry what I do if my wife or the kids get sick; but Tony, he took it all and ran away; and ever since we've been watching for him to come home,—just watching and watching, and lonesome. That nearly two years ago. Tony's nineteen now."

Mr. Casbarro's lips were trembling, and for a few minutes he was silent. Mr. Hayes did not know how to offer any comfort, so he said nothing; and after a time Mr. Casbarro went on:

"It was yesterday the letter come. The man next door—an American—he read it for us. The priest at the hospital in Dayton, he sent it. He say Tony awful sick. He's good boy, but he got in bad company. So many bad boys everywhere to make trouble! The priest say he make his confession. That make us feel good, especially Rosa, my wife. She doesn't go to church much: she have no time; but she wants the children all good. She sends them every Sunday, unless they have no shoes."

After another pause, longer than the one before it, Mr. Casbarro said slowly: "I've been watching for Tony ever since he went away. I have no heart for my business. And Rosa, she's got thinner, thinner, though she's fatter now than most American ladies. It seems queer. I see him this afternoon, and to-morrow, and the next day. I stay in Dayton little while."

"What about your job while you are away? Can you hold it?" Mr. Hayes asked, foreseeing possible trouble on that score.

"I have not what you call a job. I have a store,—little store. Rosa, she'll take care of it. She smart. Nobody can't cheat Rosa."

Mr. Casbarro went on to sing the praises of Rosa and each of his eleven children; and, growing weary at last, Mr. Hayes seized his opportunity when the first pause came, and opened the morning paper. Mr. Casbarro leaned back in his seat then, and after a very few minutes fell sound asleep. He had been up the whole of the preceding night, and was pitiably weary.

Two or three weeks later Mr. Hayes was in the station, waiting for a belated East-bound train, when his attention was attracted by the noise and ceaseless motion of an excited family of bright-faced, sturdy, ill-dressed, and not very cleanly Italians: a mother and a bewildering number of children of all ages and sizes. Not greatly interested, he watched them for lack of something else to do, and gathered from their chatter that they had come to meet other members of the family who had been away from home for a very long time, and were expected to arrive on the train which he was to take. Mr. Hayes had walked down the platform to escape their noise when the train pulled in; and, hurrying back, he was at the gate in time to watch the crowd that had to leave the cars before new passengers would be allowed to pass.

There were the usual number of hurrying travelling salesmen, of overdressed girls, of tired mothers with cross little children; and last of all there came slowly a seedy Italian, supporting a thin, white-faced, but handsome boy, eighteen or nineteen years of age. There was something unaccountably familiar to Mr. Hayes about the elder man, but he did not recognize him until he heard a woman's voice cry yearningly, in broken English: "There's papa and Tony,—our Tony!"

A chorus of excited children added: "Ain't Tony white! But he's laughing! And papa,—why, papa's going to cry!"

A moment afterward the boy was in

his mother's arms; and the children were clinging to him or to their father, all laughing and crying and talking, in an ecstasy of happiness.

Of course Mr. Casbarro did not see Mr. Hayes; but Mr. Hayes watched him and his family as they moved slowly and waveringly towards the street, unmindful of all the world. Meanwhile the passengers for the East-bound train boarded it and it started on its way.

Five minutes passed, and Mr. Hayes was still staring at the doorway through which the Casbarro family had disappeared. He had forgotten the train, and the business that was clamoring for his attention in Pittsburgh. When, at length, he did move it was to take a taxi and give the chauffeur the address of a plain little house, in an unfashionable neighborhood, which he knew to be his daughter's home, although he had never seen it. Four years before, against his wishes, she had married a man without means or social position, and he had had nothing to do with her from that day onward.

"She has two children; I happened to overhear that; and one—one is named for my boy," he murmured; and a minute later, as the car turned into a quiet street, he said aloud: "She'll be glad to see her daddy, and she may be grateful to that poor Italian."

The chauffeur did not hear him, nor could he see when, as furtively as if he had been watched, Mr. Hayes brushed the tears from his eyes.

EVERY lesson of Christianity is summed up in that one word—"sacrifice"; and Christian perfection is attained when at every moment of our lives, in every change and every vicissitude, under the frown as well as the smile of Heaven, we can say with the truthfulness of Mary, "Thy will be done!"—*Mariae Corona.*

St. John the Baptist and Midsummer.

BY G. M. HORT.

THE festival of St. John the Baptist is, perhaps, so far as popular customs and merrymaking go, the most observed saint's day of the Calendar. *Multi in nativitate ejus gaudebunt*, is a prophecy that has had a literal as well as a mystical fulfilment. With the graver associations of the Saint's martyrdom for a time in abeyance, and the longest day and shortest night coinciding with the commemoration of his birth, it is no wonder that the festival should be the occasion of popular rejoicings. And yet the traditions and customs of the Vigil—"the Eve of good St. John," as Sir Walter Scott calls it—at times show a certain melancholy, as if the shadow of the Precursor, who, though the herald of joy, experienced more sorrow than gladness, had fallen across them.

Innumerable are the stories of apparitions seen and death-warnings given on St. John's Eve. There was an old belief that children born at this time were endowed with a special power of seeing disembodied spirits; and, as late as the last century, there was to be found lingering in rural England the idea that those who repaired at midnight on St. John's Eve to the porch of their parish church, would see the wraiths of all the villagers who were to die in that year pass through the porch and disappear into the church.

The village of Sutton Monks, in Oxfordshire, has a curious local legend of St. John's Eve. It is said that any one who visits the churchyard at midnight will see the phantoms of King Arthur and his knights come riding along in the moonlight and halt by the churchyard well. Here they dismount, drink deep of the water, and go their way again, content. But the tale adds that who-

ever is not of pure heart will not survive the sight, but sicken and die before midsummer comes again.

In Ireland, there is a characteristic tradition that, on the night of St. John's Eve, the soul leaves the sleeping body, and is carried, by irresistible impulse, to the spot, near or distant, where some day it is destined to make its last mortal parting with the body; to the place, that is, of the sleeper's death. Dread of this awesome journey is said to have induced many to keep an all-night vigil: *une nuit de St. Jean Baptiste*, the French say,—a sleepless night.

Other mystical fancies have their origin in the association of St. John with streams and rivers, and with the power of his baptism. Of such is the old belief that, on St. John's Eve, all the consecrated bells lost in shipwreck, or by any other misfortune sunk beneath the water, rise from the deep, and float a while on the surface.

Herbs gathered on St. John's Eve and brought into the house were popularly said "to bring good *in* and keep evil *out*." Particularly was this the case with the Saint's own name-flower—the Hypericum, or St. John's Wort; the bright yellow blossoms of which were compared to the sunlight, and thence to the True Light, whereof John bore witness. In the red spots on its leaves, also, pious fancy saw a resemblance to the life-blood of the martyr.

In Brittany, St. John's intercession is specially invoked against convulsions and epilepsy. This is probably because these diseases were once believed to be the work of witchcraft and "ill-wishing": malignant spells which might well be supposed to have been peculiarly powerful at the time of the old Summer solstice festival of Baal, when unholy rites and bloodthirsty sacrifices invoked spirits of evil, only too ready to answer to the call. St. John, whose festival replaced the heathen one, would be

the natural protector against these.

Remembering this midsummer festival, and the place of the sun in pagan worship, we can see the significance of the curious saying: "The sun on St. John's Day stands still three times in the sky, to do honor to the Saint."

As for the countless love-charms for which St. John's Eve was formerly the famous trial-time, but which nowadays have fallen out of favor, they were, for the most part, it must be confessed, little worthy of remembrance, or of linking with the name of "the good St. John." Yet perhaps it would be unfair to regard as a mere relic of pagan superstition the Breton girl's confident belief that, since she had danced round nine of the bonfires lighted on St. John's Eve, she is sure of a bridegroom within the year. The Saint who upheld the sanctity of wedlock at the cost of his own life may not unreasonably be supposed to be the friend and patron of pure love and true lovers.

Lore of the Talmud.

THE Talmud is a great mass of Rabbinical lore current in the time of Our Lord and in later centuries. Talmud is derived from a Hebrew word meaning to learn. The following gleanings are from the translation of the Talmud (the latest and perhaps the best) by the Rev. William MacIntosh:

"Life is a passing shadow," says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower, of a tree,—a shadow that prevails for a while? No: it is the shadow of a bird in its flight. Away flies the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow.

The day is short and the work is vast; but the laborers are idle, though the reward be great and the Master urges. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy

reward; for the Master who employed thee is faithful in His payments. But know that the true reward is not of this fleeting world.

There are four sorts of temperaments: Being easily enraged and easily pacified; being with difficulty enraged and with difficulty pacified; being easily enraged and with difficulty pacified; being with difficulty enraged and easily pacified.

When a man dies, neither silver nor gold nor pearls nor jewels accompany him, but only his piety and his good works. As it is said: "When thou goest it will lead thee (that is, when thou journeyest in the pilgrimage of life); when thou liest down it will protect thee (that is, when thou liest down to die); and when thou awakest, it will speak for thee (that is when thou awakest to everlasting life)."

A man had three friends. The first he did not esteem highly, the second he esteemed more highly, the third he esteemed most of all. One day the king summoned him into his presence. Then the man was alarmed, for he heard that he had to answer some severe charges. He went to the first friend and begged him to accompany him to the king and be his intercessor; but he refused. He went to the second and made the same request, but he said: "I will accompany you as far as the king's palace, but not a step farther." Sad and depressed, he went to the third friend, who expressed his willingness to go with him and present his case before the king. The three friends are: riches, relatives, and piety.

Weapons and what relates to war are no ornament, but a shame to the age. For of truly civilized times the Prophets foretold that "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. . . . For the mouth

of the Lord of hosts hath spoken." (Micah, iv, 3, 4.)

A man's name is what he is, and describes his character. When Jacob said to the angel with whom he wrestled at Jabbok, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name," he meant, "Tell me who thou art." In like manner the name of the Lord is the Lord Himself, His very being and essence. Therefore when it is said, "They that love His name" (Ps. lviii, 37), that means, "that love the Lord." And "wherein have we despised Thy name" (Mal., i, 7); that is, "despised Thee." Therefore the name of God must be hallowed, for that is Almighty God Himself.

Seven qualities adorn the wise man: He does not speak first when a greater is present; he interrupts no one who is speaking; he does not answer hastily; he asks and answers becomingly; he treats one thing after the other in their order; concerning that which he has no knowledge of, he confesses, "I do not know"; he humbly acknowledges his mistakes. The opposite of all this is found with the fool.

A great crowd once assembled with joy at the harbor because a ship was about to be launched into the sea. When it glided out, the people rejoiced, and gladsome music was played. Soon after a ship came into the harbor, but nobody troubled himself about it. In silence and without salutation it was anchored. A philosopher who stood by thought to himself: "How perversely do men act! Ought they not rather to have rejoiced over the ship which has happily escaped the dangers of the sea, and has returned to the harbor laden with rich treasures? On the contrary, they rejoice over the ship whose fate is uncertain and which has to encounter a multitude of dangers. The new-born babe is like a ship beginning its uncertain voyage: the dying is like a ship which is just about to enter the haven.

A Unique Church.

IN the city of Treves is a beautiful church built on the plan of a Greek cross. It has aisles all round; and there are twelve columns supporting a lantern in the centre. All can be seen at a glance at one particular point. Each column has painted on it the figure of one of the Apostles, with a part of the Apostles' Creed attached to his name.

To Peter belongs the beginning, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth"; to Andrew the words, "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord." James the Greater has, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." John is connected with the words, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried"; Thomas, with the clause, "He descended into hell, and rose again the third day." James the Less points to the sentence, "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty." Philip adds, "Whence He shall come to judge the living and the dead." Bartholomew declares, "I believe in the Holy Ghost"; Matthew adds, "The Holy Catholic Church"; Simon, "The communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins"; Thaddeus, "The resurrection of the body." Matthias gives the closing words, "and life everlasting."

This architectural device, with its twelve inscriptions, embodies a legend, which seems intended to show that the Apostles shared amongst them the great truths of the Gospel. They united in proclaiming one harmonious creed, though each might dwell most upon some particular part. Tradition says that the articles were contributed by every Apostle in order. But we know whilst creeds are very ancient, that which is called the "Apostles' Creed" did not exist in its present form until the fifth century.

Miracles of Grace at the Moment of Death.

FATHER DE RAVIGNAN, the famous preacher of Notre Dame, was fond of speaking of the mysteries of grace which he believed were wrought at the moment of death; and it was his conviction that many sinners are converted in their last moments and breathe out their souls reconciled to God. This holy priest was much venerated by Queen Marie-Amélie; and when her son, the Duke of Orleans, met with his tragic death, she turned to Father de Ravignan for consolation. "Tell me," wrote one of the afflicted Queen's ladies, "you who say everything so well,—tell me whether there is room for mis-giving, or whether we ought not rather to hope all things from God's mercy. If you have any favorable hope to impart to this sorrowing heart, make me your messenger." Without delay, Father de Ravignan sent these memorable lines:

"A mother's sorrow is the noblest of all sorrows, and the most to be respected. We may, then, believe it to have most power over the Heart of God. We can not penetrate the secrets of His mercy; we are not permitted to know what passes in the last moments of a cruel and mysterious agony, nor can we speak of it with certainty. But we are Christians, living under the law of Hope no less than of Faith and Love; and in the very depth of grief we must never cease to raise ourselves to the thought of the boundless goodness of our Saviour. In this world, while a spark of life remains, there is no wall, no impassable barrier, between grace and the soul. We must, then, always retain hope,—always address our entreaties to the Lord with humility and perseverance. No man can tell what effect they may not have. Great Saints and great Doctors have gone very far in speaking of this mighty power of prayer for be-

loved souls, whatever may have been their end. A day will come when we shall know all these marvels of God's infinite mercy; we must never cease from begging for it and with the fullest confidence.

"I am always fond of setting God before men as the tenderest, the most compassionate of mothers. All that she who so well deserves to be called a mother has so much longed for in her son's last hour,—all this did God long for, yet more ardently. To His all-powerful love I resign all concern."

That God's mercy is above all His works, and that no heartfelt prayer is ever lost, should be consoling reflections for those who mourn for loved ones, no matter in what circumstances they may have died. The moment of death is exceedingly hard to determine. The Church permits conditional absolution and holy anointing, if there is the slightest reason for supposing that life is not wholly extinct. Who shall say what may take place between God and the soul in the mysterious interval, long or short, when it is hovering on the brink of eternity? An instant of time suffices for a miracle of conversion.

God must have foreknowledge of all the prayers that will ever be offered for any soul's salvation, as He knows of all those already addressed to Him in its behalf. Supplications for salvation are the most efficacious of all; for in this case we pray for what must surely be according to the divine will. Again, the supreme moment of dissolution is the "acceptable time" for heeding the holiest and most powerful of intercessors, the Mother of our Divine Redeemer, who is universally and incessantly invoked to "pray for us sinners. . . at the hour of our death."

The English poet was also a seer when he wrote the familiar line:
More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Notes and Remarks.

Until his career was cut short last week by Probation officers, an enterprising and industrious bootlegger in Connecticut was making good profits by stealing liquor from wealthy men whenever he could, anywhere he could, and selling it to other wealthy men whose supply was running short. He claimed to have "the best people" as customers, and that there were more of them than he found it convenient to accommodate. Though easy enough to dispose of, his merchandise was not always easy to procure, the costly pre-war kind being invariably preferred. His sales were only to such persons as could afford to buy in quantities, and who were in a position to facilitate the delivery of the goods, and to store them safely. He was no saloon-keeper: he called himself an agent, and so he was—of other law-breakers.

As we have before remarked, some future philosopher of history may trace the spread of anarchy in the United States to the enactment of laws which the wealthy and the powerful could evade, but which the poor and the weak were forced to obey.

The eminent English Catholic physician, Dr. Thomas Colvin, recently apologized to a Catholic Young Men's Conference for addressing them on so delicate a subject as birth control; and justified his doing so on the ground that their Central Council was forced to put before them the evils lurking in their midst, so that, being forewarned, they might be forearmed against them. In the course of his address he excoriated those societies for combating venereal diseases that instruct young men how to avoid infection while giving free play to their unbridled passions. "Instead of putting a premium on vice, they ought to teach men to be chaste and flee from

occasions of sin; for, as the late Prof. Osler, of Oxford, truly said: 'Personal purity is the prophylaxis which we as physicians are especially bound to advocate in the combat against venereal disease. Continnence may be a hard condition, but it can be borne; and it is our duty to urge this lesson upon young and old who seek our advice on sexual matters.'"

One outstanding fallacy very generally accepted by eugenic enthusiasts the world over Dr. Colvin exploded in this adequate fashion: "We have the advocates of sex teaching to young people in public schools. It is fallaciously argued that a knowledge of sex matters will in itself protect them from evil. From thirty years' experience of a large general medical practice among young and old, rich and poor, and men and women of all shades of religious belief, I have often been impressed by the fact that the most immoral people were those who by reading and study knew most about sexual matters, while the most chaste people were those who knew least about matters of sex."

We recently quoted in these columns an extract from a sermon in which the Archbishop of Liverpool gave his people an illuminating exposition of the use and purpose of a cathedral. An equally informative address was delivered the other day by Archbishop Dowling, of St. Paul. On the occasion of the archdiocesan Educational Congress, a Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated, the choir consisting of one thousand children. Immediately after the procession, the Archbishop turned to the vast congregation and explained to the children that he had invited them to be present at the Mass in order that they might witness the beauties of the Catholic ritual when carried out in all its pomp and magnificence. "Then, beginning with the beautiful 'cappa magna' in

which he was vested, he delivered a most interesting discourse on the origin, history and meaning of the vestments worn by an archbishop, including those of the priest, deacon, and subdeacon: the pectoral cross; the episcopal or senatorial ring of the Roman senator; the 'pluviale,' or rain-coat; the gloves; the mitre, symbol of authority, like the wig worn by English judges, or the tall hat of the members of Parliament; the crosier, or shepherd's crook, with which the good shepherd brought the wandering sheep back into the fold; the throne, 'cathedra,' or chair, from which the word cathedral is derived. He described the three liturgical books—the Missal, Ritual, and Pontifical,—pointing out the difference between private prayers and public prayers, or liturgical worship, in which everything was said in the plural instead of the singular, as e. g., *Oremus*,—"Let us pray," and not 'Let me pray.' He concluded by inviting the children to sing, or 'pray' the Mass, not because they liked to sing, or because others liked to hear them, but for the honor and glory of God, to whom to sing was to pray."

Strange as it seems, the generality of people expend least money in charity when they are lavishing most on luxury. At the present time thousands of persons are at the seaside or in the mountains, recreating and enjoying themselves in every way possible, seemingly regardless of expense. They have "money to burn," as the saying is; and an immense amount of it is burnt every day. And yet in several other countries many people are suffering for lack of clothing, medicine, etc.; or dying for lack of food. In Austria, to speak of only one of these distressful countries, the situation has lately become much worse, while contributions for its relief have greatly diminished. The dollar now stands at 21,000 kronen. A loaf of bread

of the size sold in the United States for ten cents costs 1000 kronen. The acquisition of a dollar, which suffices to keep the wolf at bay for days together, is regarded as a godsend by the poor of Austria. Means to sustain life is all they hope for; the commonest comforts are not thought of.

God alone knows when this terrible state of things will change. Not to relieve it as much as possible is to incur the shame of inhumanity and the guilt of unmercifulness.

It used to be said that when Cardinal Lavignerie was on his way to Rome everybody knew it; and his arrival signalized the departure of those who, for reasons of their own, were not particularly desirous of meeting him. He disturbed the atmosphere for them, and they used to refer to him in terms more humorous than deferential. He was admired, of course, for his tremendous energy and white-heat zeal; but not a few persons preferred to admire him at a distance, and to hear him spoken of than to hear him speak. Smiles and sighs of relief in certain quarters indicated his return to Algiers. Though in some respects very like his Eminence of Africa—full of energy and zeal,—Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, was welcomed on all sides in Rome last month. Everyone was pleased to meet him, he is so affable; and to hear him speak,—he is such a good listener. His audience with the Holy Father was an exceptionally lengthy one. As it was generally known beforehand when Cardinal Lavignerie was going to Rome, it will be generally known later on that Bishop Schrembs has been there.

The Diamond Jubilee of the first settlement made in the United States by the School Sisters of Notre Dame is the occasion for congratulating them upon so many years of heroic effort, and for

observing the Providential extension of their community. On the 31st of July, 1847, six Sisters arrived in New York from Bavaria, responding thus to the call of Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh. The narrative of their early experiences and struggles rivals that of America's most hardy pathfinders. To-day there are four provinces of the Congregation in the United States, numbering together more than forty-four hundred Sisters,—a larger body than exists in Europe. The number of schools, academies and special institutions entrusted to their care has grown surprisingly. Their pupils of now and yesterday recognize better, perhaps, than others can the splendor of such devotion and effort; but all Catholics join in well-wishing and prayer for the Sisters' continued success. It is also the occasion for a high resolve: Catholic education, for which these heroic women have sacrificed everything, demands from all of us a sacrifice of something.

Catholic professors in non-Catholic colleges are almost as rare as non-Catholic professors in Catholic colleges. The latter institutions are sometimes forced by circumstances to engage the services of specialists, even when they do not belong to the True Fold; but of course non-Catholic professors are not entrusted with courses in philosophy, morals, or history. As for Catholic professors who are doing duty in State universities or sectarian colleges, no better model can be presented to them than the late Dr. Thomas Dwight, professor of anatomy at Harvard. "The chilly atmosphere of that University," says a writer in *Truth*, "did not wilt the fine flower of his faith." And Dr. Harrington, an intimate friend, pays him this notable tribute:

No sketch of Dr. Dwight can touch the secret of his strength nor understand his actions without a consideration of his intense Catholic faith. In fact, his ardent faith was

his life. It gave outward expression to the intense spiritual nature which permeated his whole inner self. That he was often misunderstood and frequently misjudged by those who could not appreciate such a character is not surprising. That a religious faith, such as he possessed and manifested, should excite bigotry, opposition, and at times persecution, few realized better than he. If any of these poisonous arrows ever caused personal pain or anguish, no one ever knew it. The beauty of it all is that he was so unconscious of the moral courage he so constantly practised. Militant Catholicism was as real to him as militant patriotism was to his Warren ancestors. There could be no compromise on either. This spirit gave to everything he did—religious, professional and lay—a life and color far beyond the ordinary. Hating sham, despising hypocrisy, and shunning notoriety, he never tolerated any of these from those associated with him, nor from those claiming to speak with authority. Possessing the honest scepticism of the real scientist, he was at the same time a rigid disciplinarian, once authority was established. In the many perplexities into which this principle often carried him, he always found strength in the wise authority of the Church as expressed by the Vatican Council: *Nulla unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest* (faith and reason can never conflict).

Dr. Dwight is always thought of as a man among men, a gentleman among gentlemen, and as a Catholic among Catholics, by one who in boyhood came under his influence, and was deeply impressed by the nobility of his character and the splendor of his faith.

A careful study of three modern cases of diabolical possession, by the Rev. Herbert V. O'Neill, will be found in the April number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. The cases are most extraordinary, and all have the signs taken by the Church to indicate the real presence of the devil; and there is the testimony of a non-Catholic scientist, a Catholic specialist in nervous diseases, and a bishop. "What a mistake it is," remarks Fr. O'Neill, in his introduction to the study, "to take up the attitude of ridiculing the idea of the direct action of

the devil in Spiritualism and other occult religions! 'One can understand all that sort of thing in pagan times, but not in these days of Christianity.' But these days of Christianity are very pagan; one has only to reflect a little on the number of people in civilized countries who have never been baptized—who are, in other words, pagans—in order to realize what scope there is yet for 'the prince of this world.'"

One incident in the case of Maria Celeste (which is fully recounted in *Luce e Ombra*, a high-class and professedly scientific monthly) was recently made the subject of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The incident was the result of a test made by a relative of the narrator of the case, who was convinced that the affair was an imposture:

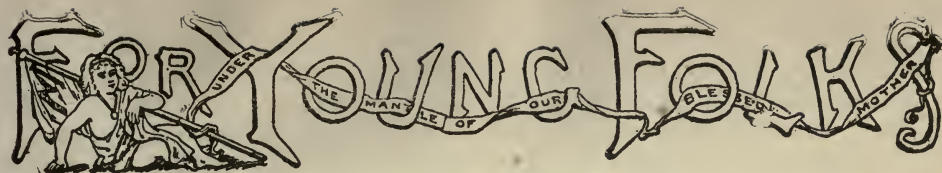
He proposed that before going to the church for the exorcisms, one of them should write secretly on a piece of paper the following words in Latin: "Rise. Go to the sacristy. Find the Missal. Take it and open it at the Gospel of St. John as read at the end of Mass, and kiss the words *Et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis*; then return to your place." This was done, and the paper made into a roll and taken to the place where the witnesses were, without a word being said of the matter either in the street or in the church. One of the witnesses held the paper in his closed fist, and, approaching the exorcist, asked him to command Maria to say what he had in his hand. Time after time the priest bade her to answer. She refused obstinately (as often happened when severe tests were put upon her). The exorcist grew anxious; the unbeliever smiled. The priest persisted; and finally, after a quarter of an hour, the energumen went straight to the sacristy. The witnesses followed her. Maria went unhesitatingly to the place where the church books were kept, and, unable to read though she was, she picked out the Missal, and without any blundering opened it at the Gospel of St. John, and kissed it just above the words *Et Verbum*, etc. This done, she flung the book furiously on a prie-dieu....

"In the face of such incidents as these," concludes Fr. O'Neill, "what can

the occultist say? He hates the idea of hell; he denies the existence of the devil, and so he boggles things; but, when hard pressed, tells us that it is the work of 'earth-bound' spirits who, being yet 'undeveloped,' retain still their spiteful and malevolent nature and their propensities to do harm to others in this life—as if there were not scope enough for mischief-making amongst the millions who have 'passed over'! These subterfuges reveal the tendency of the day: minimize the idea of evil; condone sin; get rid of the doctrine of eternal punishment—and then belief in the devil will disappear, and so will the belief in Christianity. 'Satan! That's the whole of Christianity. No Satan, no Saviour!'"—a frequently repeated saying of the infamous Voltaire.

An Associated Press dispatch from Berlin last week stated that an interpellation had been submitted to the Reichstag by the National People's Party, calling for representation of the German Government at the raising of the "Lusitania," for the purpose of verifying the statement, "based on reliable information," that the ship, in addition to munitions and torpedoes, carried two submarines. The sinking of the "Lusitania" having contributed toward arousing sentiment against Germany, and having been used to draw the United States into the war, the Party declares that it is of high importance and special interest to prove that the destruction of the ship was justified by international law.

Of *very* high importance and of *very* special interest, even at this late date, we should say. Perhaps when the "Lusitania" is raised, Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, will consider that the proper time has come to give out the positive information which is supposed to be in his possession regarding the notorious "Lusitania."



A Legend of Our Lady.

THERE'S a pretty legend told us
Of the happy bygone days,
When dear Mary and her loved One
Gladdened Nazareth's blessed ways.
Once, so runs the olden story,
Jesus and His Mother fair
Long had wandered o'er the meadows,
Gathering blossoms here and there.
Then they rested on the greensward
'Neath the shadow of a tree,
When sweet Mary's thoughts sped onward
To the dark-veiled years to be.
Suddenly she missed her loved One:
Whither had His footsteps led?
Heart alert, she sought the pathway,
Winged with mother-love she sped.
Just beyond a grassy hillock,
Safe she found Him fast asleep,
With His baby head soft pillowed
On a gentle snow-white sheep.
All the flowers He had gathered,
Round the sheep's neck were entwined,
But His brow had touched a thorn-point:
With life's crimson was He signed.
As sweet Mary saw that picture
Through a mist of anguished tears,
All the present was forgotten:
She had reached those dreamed-of years.

* * *

An Adventure in Alaska.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

JOHNNIE FLANNAGAN lived, with his father and mother, in a rustic hut, covered with branches and skins, away up in Alaska. His father had come from Ireland many years before to seek his fortune in Canada. He had failed to find that fortune in either Montreal or Quebec; and Johnnie had experienced pretty hard times, poor

clothes and dry bread, even before the father, Timothy Flannagan—"Wandering Tim" as he had been called in his native Tipperary,—caught the gold fever and started for the Alaskan district. Johnnie's mother and Johnnie accompanied him throughout the whole long, fatiguing, and very often dangerous journey.

At last the trip was completed; and father, mother, and Johnnie (already well-grown, though he was only twelve years old), were installed on the bank of a river in whose bed they sought for gold dust and nuggets. While others around them, however, seemed to find the sparkling metal in paying quantities, the Flannagans had very bad luck, and it was as much as they could do to support themselves and put away some provisions for the long, long Winter.

Just now the sun, red and dull, showed only halfway above the horizon. The waters of the river were asleep under a thick blanket of ice; and, on this particular day of which we are writing, Johnnie's sorrowful eyes were watching the slow-falling, monotonous snow-flakes increasing the thickness of the white robe covering the wide-extending plain. What was to become of them in this solitude? It almost seemed to the boy that horrible phantoms were passing in the sombre twilight.

Suddenly a dark shadow appeared at Johnnie's feet. It had come silently over the snow; and, as the boy turned to see what it was, all that was visible were two sparkling eyes and an indistinct form. Johnnie uttered a cry of terror and stepped back. But then he heard a plaintive whine, and the next moment a rough tongue was licking his hands. It was a half-frozen, half-famished dog.

"Poor fellow!" said Johnnie. "You are a good Esquimaux dog, all right; but you have either lost your master or he is dead. And now I wonder who will want to feed you in these hard times?"

The dog continued to lick the boy's hands, and his eyes wore a piteous look, while his sides shook as he stood trembling on his feet.

"Come, Johnnie!" cried the father's voice from inside the hut. "Do you want your supper? It's a rather lean meal, but we won't die of hunger yet a while, please God."

Johnnie went in, and on his steps followed timidly the gaunt shadow with the appealing eyes.

"Hello! What's this? A dog? Are you bringing us a guest? Turn him out and let his owner feed him. He's probably better off than we are."

"O father, let me give him a little soup to-night! Tom Morris, I know, is looking for an Esquimaux dog to buy. To-morrow I'll take this poor fellow over to him."

The boy had his way. The dog ate with relish; and when the family retired for the night he stretched himself at Johnnie's feet. On awaking the next morning, Johnnie felt the dog pulling at his sleeve. Then he barked softly, ran to the door, came back to the boy, caught him by the sleeve again, and tried to pull him towards the outside of the hut.

"He evidently wants to take me somewhere," thought Johnnie; and, telling his parents he was going out for a while, he followed the animal's lead. The dog turned without hesitation to the north and trotted along, with the boy behind him, for a full hour. Then as they skirted a hill and entered a narrow valley, the dog stopped and began to howl. Looking closely, Johnnie saw that the snow carpet seemed to be a little above the level just behind a big rock. Using the light pickaxe that he

always carried in the belt around his waist, he cleared away some branches and skins that had formed the roof of a cabin that had collapsed; and all at once he came upon a human hand, that of the owner who had been buried in its ruins.

A thrill of terror passed through the boy at the gruesome sight; but he pluckily resolved to uncover the entire body in order to give it proper burial—if, indeed, the man were really dead. He worked for a good while, the body being under a lot of *débris*; but finally he succeeded in removing it, and found before him the corpse of a miner, lying with his face on the ground. There was a gaping wound on the back of the skull. Evidently the heaviest beam of his house had fallen on him as he slept. One hand was pressed against a leather bag suspended from the neck. Johnnie opened the bag and uttered a cry of astonishment: it was full of dull but precious nuggets. And, moreover, the miner's belt (a hollow one) was filled with sparkling gold dust.

Johnnie hurried home and brought back his father. They searched everywhere to find some clue to the identity of the dead man, but in vain. They inquired of other gold-seekers, with the same result. The dog's master had been an unknown adventurer; and, according to the custom of the country, all his effects, even the claim he had been working, became the property of Mr. Flannagan.

A month later a large and solid cabin sheltered "Wandering Tim" with his wife and son. The snow was still whirling about, even to the horizon; but Johnnie's thoughts, as he watched it, were no longer sad or gloomy. There was a dark shadow at his feet also, but the brilliant eyes shone now from a body that was no longer emaciated. "Nugget," as Johnnie had named his dog (which of course he had not sold to Tom Morris), was comfortably stretched

out at the feet of his young master, to whom because of a little soup he had brought a little fortune.

Not far away, under some spruce trees, is a mound with a wooden cross to mark the grave of "Nugget's" unknown owner; and there good Mrs. Flannagan often says her Beads for the repose of his soul.

Lil'lady.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVI.—AN ALARM.

THE library of Ridgely Hall was aglow with firelight, lamp-light,—with all that tender human love could bring to cheer and bless the invalid lying on the wide-cushioned couch, his wasted hand toying with the hothouse grapes Miss Angie had just placed at his side.

Without, the late November wind shrilled mournfully through the leafless trees; the clouds showed no sign of stars; the chill of coming snow was in the air. But the heavy curtains of the library were close drawn, and within all was comfort and warmth.

"I was just thinking," said Father Tom whimsically, as he lifted his eyes to the portrait over the mantel, "what that blessed saint and martyr would say to such luxury as this,—silken pillow, downy coverlet, hothouse grapes. And I am submitting, like the weakling I am, to your coddling, Angie."

"Because you must," answered his sister, forcing a smile. "Can't you eat the grapes, Tom? Robert thought you would like them."

"I do. They are delicious. I've eaten all I could."

"About a dozen,—little more," answered the lady, sadly.

"You can give me a glass of milk later." Father Tom smiled into her reproachful face. "Now I think I'll go

into the chapel and say my Office, if you'll get me my big cloak, dear!"

"Oh, no, Tom dearest,—not to-night! The wind has risen and I am afraid the chapel is cold. You have coughed so much to-day, Tom. Still," as she saw how her listener's face shadowed, "if you wish it very much, I can get the fur-lined coat Robert sent down. That is so comfortable."

"Yes, if you will, Angie dear! I have kept my Holy Hour so long—my twilight vigil before the altar—that I would like to keep it until the end."

"Tom, Tom, don't!" murmured his sister, brokenly. "I—I can't bear it. Oh, I am trying so hard to keep you, brother!"

"You are indeed," was the answer. "But giving me a little time with my Master won't shorten the fight, dear. I am troubled about that poor little girl at Shorecliff. She must have had an awful fright in that fire; but she got out quite safe, you say?"

"Oh, quite safe!" replied Miss Angie, reassuringly. "All the children escaped without any harm. The military men were there to see to that. But the Island was swept from shore to shore by the flames."

"Thank God it was no worse!" said Father Tom, fervently. "It was a terrible experience for that bright, fearless child. She is the most winsome little creature I ever saw; and I thought, I hoped, that in some way I might be able to lead, to guide her. She seemed to be turning to the light like a flower to the sun. But my missionary days are over, it seems." And the speaker's face shadowed a little sadly. "Even Lil'lady escaped from my weakened hold."

"Her father has come home," said Miss Angie, significantly.

"Oh, that accounts for it, perhaps!" was the answer. "Poor, blinded Elmer! He was very dear to me in the old days, Angie."

"I know it," she said in a low voice,—
"very dear, Tom."

"I have prayed so earnestly for him since I have been back in the old ways, and met his child," continued Father Tom,—
"prayed so constantly for them both. It seemed as if it might be my last missionary work to bring the friend of my youth and his lovely, innocent child to God; but it was not to be evidently,—not to be."

A sudden clamor in the hall without broke in upon the speaker's sad, low tone.

"Ye'll not get in to his reverence this night," Nelly O'Grady's voice rose in decisive Irish terms. "He has kilt himself entirely for black Niggers beyant the sea; and I'll not have ye troubling him, sick and weak as he is now; so be off wid yerself, and let me shut the door."

"I won't,—I won't,—not till I see Father Tom," came the excited answer. "I won't be shut out by no Irisher till I sees Father Tom. I's run all de way in de dark and de cold from Shorecliff, to git Father Tom wot baptized my Mary Susannah and sent her off to be a white angel in hebben. I's got to see Father Tom!"

Cleopatra! The memory of a golden Autumn day flashed back upon the listener in the library. It was Lil'lady's dusky protégée pleading for admission; it was Mary Susannah's mother, who had "run all de way in de dark and de cold from Shorecliff," for what—for what?

"Let her in, Nelly,—let her in," said Miss Angie, starting forward, a sudden chilling fear in her heart. "What has brought you here, Cleopatra?"

And, with the red shawl trailing from her shoulders, Cleopatra burst in, wild-eyed and dishevelled, to sob out her broken story into Father Tom's ears.

"Miss Lil'lady,—it's Miss Lil'lady, our own dear Miss Lil'lady, dat's sick

and gwine to die to-night; and dar ain't no one to help her or pray for her, or do nuffin dat's good and right; nobody dat knows nuffin 'bout de good Lord or de Blessed Mother, or de Cross dat Miss Betty say you must hole to dying folks' lips, or de blessed candles Miss Angie light round Mary Susannah; nobody to do nuffin for poor Miss Lil'lady,—jest sitting round, so dumb-struck wif de grief and de sorrow and de mourning dey can't do nuffin to help her dying at all."

"Dying!" repeated Father Tom, as Cleopatra's story ended in a wild burst of tears. "Lil'lady dying! Who says she is dying?"

"Ebberybody," sobbed Cleopatra. "De doctors and Mammy Sue and Miss Gilbert and Miss Jane,—ebberybody crying and moaning,—ebberybody but de Marse. He can't cry or moan; jest sits still and quiet, like he was made of stone. And Miss Jane say," the narrator choked over the words,—
"Miss Jane say if Lil'lady dies her father will put a bullet in his head suah."

Father Tom's hand had caught the high-backed chair near him for support. "Is this true," he asked slowly, "or are you only frightened, Cleopatra? Answer me quietly. Are you telling me God's truth?"

"Oh, I is,—I is indeed, Father," and the excited tone steadied as it replied. "I's a-telling you de Lord's own truth. I run all de way in de dark and cold to tell you, Father."

"Then I must go to Shorecliff at once, Angie," said Father Tom, quietly.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she answered. "You can not, you must not! Weak, ill as you are, it would be madness, Tom."

"I *must*, Angie," he repeated. "O'Grady will take me. I'll wrap up warm in the fur-lined coat. I'm needed, Angie. This poor, ignorant woman sees that I must go."

"You can not,—you can not!" his

sister cried desperately. "Even if the child is dying, Tom, she is an innocent little soul, baptized, and, as I firmly believe, without sin before God. Surely you are not called upon to give your life for her, Tom,—your precious life."

"Dearest sister, as you know, there are only a few brief weeks of life left. And for that short span shall I risk an immortal soul? It is not only of the child I am thinking,—not only of the child, Angie; though I would be glad to help, to soothe, to bless her last hours, dear little innocent that she is! It is the despairing father to whom I feel God is calling me,—to whom I must go at any cost, dear sister,—at any cost."

"After all these years—these cold, hard, unbelieving years," she cried, "he will not hear you, heed you."

"Perhaps not," was the quiet answer. "That is not for us to say; we can only do our part. And this is what I have been praying for, Angie; it is my last mission. I felt it when I found Elmer Marsden's child on Steeple Rock with the waters rising around her. I felt that, like the wreck in the Straits of Kalobar, my broken mast was upholding a light that might guide and save still. It is the last flare of that dying light now. Call O'Grady, Angie. He must take me to Shorecliff."

And as Father Tom spoke it seemed to his sister that in his wasted form, his shining eyes, the martyred saint of the portrait lived again; and she argued no more, but let him go to what she felt in her breaking heart would be his death.

The sick room was very still. The doctor had gone, murmuring forced words of hope. Worn out with hours of watching, old Mammy Sue had been persuaded to lie down in the nursery for a needed hour of rest. As Lil'lady grew worse, specialist and trained nurse had been summoned; but it might be

hours before they could arrive. Meantime dad kept up his vigil alone,—a stern, rigid figure that, as old Eph had said, seemed carven of stone. With one hand clasping his little daughter's, as he had promised, the wretched father sat mute, motionless, watching the beautiful young face, that had been the light of his life, fading, as he believed, forever from his agonized gaze.

The delirium that had come on with the night had made old Dr. Tillman look very grave indeed. It was not sleep, for the blue eyes often opened wide and fixed themselves upon the figure by the bedside. Lil'lady was wandering in some borderland that no human love could reach. When she spoke, it was in a low mutter which the listener could scarcely catch. But the words that did reach his ear seared his very soul. For Lil'lady was not with him now,—not with the father who had left her in darkness, who had tried to keep her like the "birds and butterflies" who knew nothing of heaven or God. She was in blessed ways from which dad's blind, earthly love would have turned her; she was kneeling before the altar he had forsaken; she was whispering the prayers he had forgotten; she was clinging to the Guardian Angel pictured in his little book of long ago.

"Yes, I will come,—I will come to Mass next Sunday with Polly. Dad says I can come; and we will bring flowers for the altar. There are some chrysanthemums left in the garden. I must say my prayer before—before I go to sleep. It is—time to—go—to sleep."

"My darling, my darling!" burst from the anguished father's lips.

"Dad,"—the blue eyes opened in sudden affright; that despairing cry had roused Lil'lady. "Dad, I've—I've forgotten. What must I say before I go to sleep? Oh, I want to think, dad! Please let me think, dad."

"Yes, my darling,—yes, yes!" In

shaking tones he tried to soothe, but voice and nerve had failed him; for she was clinging to him, trembling,—clinging to him for help and strength he could not give. He had broken in upon her beautiful dream: she was lost in a darkness that bewildered her.

“Say it for me, dad; say my little prayer before I go to sleep. ‘My God, I give—’ I can’t think any more.”

But speech had failed dad. A cold sweat of anguish was bursting from every pore as he knelt beside the bed, holding his trembling child. Lil’lady’s voice seemed to come to him over a black chasm of despair he could not cross: “Say it for me, dad. It’s in your little book. ‘My God, I give Thee—I give—’”

And then out of the silence engulfing Elmer Marsden, a deep-toned voice took up his child’s broken words: “‘I give Thee my heart. Teach me to love Thee.’ Is not that the little prayer you want to say, Lil’lady?”

“Father Tom!” gasped Lil’lady, staring at the tall, shadowy figure that had entered unannounced; for missionaries from Kalobar do not stand on ceremony. “O dad, is it Father Tom?”

And dad, looking up with bewildered eyes, saw—was that wan, wasted form, gazing at him with such pity and tenderness, a spirit, or was it the friend of his youth that stood there stretching friendly, helping hands over the black depths of his despair?

“Elmer!” There was no hint of rebuke or reproach in the grave voice, though the words came with an effort; for the swift night journey had been hard on Father Tom. “I have come in God’s name to give her back to you. Let me anoint her, Elmer; for the prayer of faith can save, and the Lord can raise her up. Let us ask His mercy.”

“I can not,” came the hoarse, choked answer. “I have no right to ask for mercy.”

“Then I will ask it for you,—for you and this dear child,” said Father Tom, softly.

And then as Elmer Marsden bowed his head and hid his face on his child’s pillow, feeling that he indeed had no claim to mercy, words that seemed like the echo of forgotten music reached his dulled ear,—the solemn, stately words that have come down the centuries in their rich, full meaning.

The prayer of the ancient Faith was once more sounding in his home; the Mother Church was claiming her right to his baptized child; Father Tom was anointing Lil’lady.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Oriflamme.

A banner of which one finds frequent mention in the history of the Middle Ages, also in Mediæval poetry, is the oriflamme. Literally, the word (from the Latin, *auri flamma*) means a flame of gold. The name was first given to the church banner of the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. It was at that time a plain red gonfalon,—that is, a banderole or pennant of two or three points attached to a lance; and used to be carried by the Counts of Vexin, the patrons of St. Denis. When the County of Vexin was united to France, the oriflamme became the principal banner of the kingdom. In later times it was the insignia of the French infantry. The name seems also to have been given to other flags, as Nicolas, in his “History of the Battle of Agincourt,” states that the oriflamme then borne was an oblong red flag divided into five different parts. Figuratively, the word was used to represent almost any standard, or rallying-point. Thus in Macaulay’s famous “Battle of Ivry,” we have—

Press where ye see my white plume shine
amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
Navarre.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A copy of the *editio princeps* of Thomas à Kempis' "Imitatio Christi," Augsburg, circa 1470, owned by the late Theodore N. Vail, brought \$2350 at a recent auction sale in New York city.

—An account of Daniel of Morley, 1180, who was one of the first mathematicians connected with Oxford University, is given in the second part of R. T. Gunther's "Early Science in Oxford," which has just appeared.

—Dr. Frederick Rothwell Dean (Anglican), in a new book, "The Virgin Conception and Virgin Birth of Our Blessed Lord," expounds as essentially of the Christian Faith the sinlessness of Mary, the Virgin Conception, and the Virgin Birth.

—"The Art of Making Altar Laces" is a complete and excellently illustrated booklet on the preparation and decoration of altar linens. It recommends itself especially to those living in small towns who can and ought to take upon themselves part, at least, of the care of the altars in their parish churches. Presented by the Order of St. Veronica, and published by *Our Sunday Visitor*, Huntington, Ind.

—Besides what is proper to Catholic directories and year-books of the kind, "The Catholic Directory of India, Burma and Ceylon for 1922" (72d annual issue) contains a great amount of interesting information about these countries, statistics of religion in them, records of the progress of the Church during 1921, etc. It is in many respects a model reference work, the compiler having spared no pains to render it as complete and accurate as possible. Published by the Madras Catholic Supply Society.

—In "Ourselves when Young," H. T. Sheringham has given us such a book as Stevenson might have written, had he turned "A Child's Garden of Verse" into prose. Those who do not know the subtle and illusive ways of children will neither understand nor like the book, which is another way of saying that here the quaint and beautiful secrets of childhood have been caught and held for the loving regard and quiet delight of the grown-up children of the world. It is a book at once delicate and unique. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers; price, \$1.75.

—The "Spiritual Teaching of Father Sebastian Bowden" consists of notes, counsels, and letters by him, edited by the Fathers of

the Oratory, in tribute to the memory of this well-known convert priest, and as a legacy to those who had not the great privilege of his personal, spiritual guidance. Of its nature, the work is fragmentary, but in such kind that one can open it on any page and read what, very often, one needs most. An excellent little book for private spiritual reading. Burns, Oates, & Washbourne, London; P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$2.10.

—"Gracefulness or Folly" is the title of a pamphlet by Dr. C. Bruehl, on modesty and decency in dress, which can not be too highly praised nor too strongly recommended to all women for careful reading and consideration. One might quote many passages of this pamphlet to good effect; a single sentence, however, will suffice to indicate its straightforward and uncompromising character: "How far may a woman go in the matter of dress without offending God? No answer could be universally applied. Propriety is not measured by inches." Published by Joseph Schaefer, 23 Barclay Street, New York.

—"The Life of St. Walburga," by Francesca M. Steele (Darley Dale), is exact and carefully written history as well as an excellent bit of hagiography. Small matter that St. Walburga is not one of the "popular" saints; to read this book is to touch the current life of all Britain and Germany of the eighth century, and to be furnished with a running comment on the important activities of the time. The Life is written with the reverence of deep faith and the thoroughness of true scholarship. The Introduction by the Right Reverend Columba Marmion, O. S. B., commends the book still further, should it need commendation. Heath Cranton, London; and the Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.75.

—The half-score of pamphlets most recently issued by the Paulist Press, of New York, embody the timeliness and practicality which one is accustomed to find in all its publications. A mere list of their titles and authors suffices to show that no reader will make a mistake in ordering any or all of them: "Religious Ideals and Industrial Relations," by Cardinal O'Connell; "Socialism or Democracy," by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.; "Is the Catholic Church an Enemy to Science?" by Reginald Lummer, C. P.; "Evolution," by the same author; "Why Priests do not Marry," by Father Conway, C. S. P.; "The American

Spirit," by George N. Shuster; "Projects of Christian Union," by J. W. Poynter; "Christ's Last Agony," by the Rev. H. O'Keeffe, C. S. P.; "Meditations on the Precious Blood," adapted from Mgr. La Rocque; and "St. Jerome: His Fifteenth Centenary," by the Very Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P.

—"A Parochial Course of Doctrinal Instructions," by the Dominican Fathers Callan and McHugh (Joseph F. Wagner publisher), is the fourth and concluding volume of a series of sermon books, the previous volumes of which have received appreciative notices in these columns. The outstanding features of these books are their inclusion of the entire text of the Catechism of Trent in a modern English translation, and the suggestive outlines of the subjects treated. Of sermons proper, the present volume (an octavo of 536 pages) contains forty-seven, representing thirty-three different preachers, of whom one is a bishop, sixteen are members of several religious Orders, and the remaining sixteen are secular priests. While the table of contents is a sufficiently full one, the general index of subjects treated in the four volumes leaves something to be desired. A little more than three double-column pages might reasonably be devoted to the index of one of these volumes; that amount of space given to a general index means that the index is less exhaustive than one would wish. The book is clearly printed and well bound. Price, \$3.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Conway, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. William McDermott, diocese of Columbus; Very Rev. William McNulty, diocese of Newark; and Rev. Thomas Lustenberger, O. S. B.

Brother Charles, C. S. C.

Sister M. Clare, and Sister Jane Chantal, of the Order of the Visitation.

Mr. William Cook, Mr. Jules Marcotte, Mr. Emmanuel Nugent, Mrs. Margaret Jolly, Mr. T. W. Claspill, Mrs. D. Pollard, Mr. Henry Chouteau, Mrs. Ellen Heffern, Mr. M. H. Townsend, Mr. Philip Healy, Jr., Mr. Anthony Jablonowski, Miss Elizabeth McBennett, Mr. John Barrett, Mr. E. B. Gregory, Mr. Timothy Burke, Mr. Henry Grafe, Mr. James Provost, Mr. Edward Walton, Mr. Michael Gormley, Mr. Alexander Chisholm, Mrs. Mary Manly, Mr. John Lewis, and Mr. Richard Lamb.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: "me and Charlie," 48 cents; L., \$10; Frances M. O'Brien, \$10; friend, \$20; L. F., \$25; friend, \$1; C. C., \$5; M., \$2.50; J. B. LaBelle, \$5. For the famine victims in Armenia and Russia: a priest, \$20; Dominican Sisters, \$5; M. B. B., \$1; Neil Kane, \$5; M., \$2.50.



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

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 8, 1922.

NO. 2

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Mater Amabilis.

AVE MARIA! O Maiden, O Mother!

Fondly thy children are calling on thee;
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee;
Earth's lonely exiles for succor are calling,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are murmured to thee;
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Ave Maria! thou portal of Heaven,
Harbor of refuge, to thee do we flee;
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Glorious Days in Rome.

BY P. L. CONNELLAN.

THE name-day of the new Pontiff—the Feast of St. Achilleus—was observed on the 12th of May. The name of Achilleus has been glorified by Homer in the Iliad, but it is not a common name in Italy. Of the two hundred and sixty predecessors of Pius XI. in the Chair of St. Peter, this name does not once occur. There is, however, a church within the walls of Rome dedi-

cated to SS. Nereus and Achilleus,—two names which are always mentioned together, as are SS. John and Paul, also martyrs.

The discoveries made by the late Commendatore Giovanni de Rossi (covering a period of twenty years) in the Catacomb of St. Petronilla and St. Domitilla, on the Ardeatine Way, confirmed the learned archæologist in his conviction that the wide, roofless space into which the corridors of this Catacomb opened, was the site of the lost and abandoned church of two martyrs, SS. Nereus and Achilleus, of the early ages of Christianity in Rome.

On the 14th of June, 1874, the hundred pilgrims who came from the United States were received in this disintombed old church by a hundred new-found friends,—amongst them Monsignor Xavier de Merode, who had purchased the land which overlaid the Catacomb, so that it should be given to the Church for Christian purposes, and that excavations illustrating early Christianity might be continued. On the following 12th of May—the Feast of SS. Nereus and Achilleus—De Rossi again welcomed a number of French pilgrims: the French Ambassador to the Holy See; the former Papal Nuncio to Paris, then Cardinal Chigi; and a number of residents in Rome—the present writer among them,—to hear the entrancing story of this ancient church and of the saints whose relics it had enshrined.

Several churches that are below the level of the land surrounding them, were built around the tombs in the Catacombs in which the bodies of the martyrs were placed. St. Agnes, on the Nomentan Way, is a well-known example of this underground construction; and St. Laurence beyond the Walls, another.

His Holiness Pope Damasus, the great restorer of the Catacombs, would have desired to be buried in close vicinity to the tombs of martyrs, but hesitated lest he should disturb their relics. He adorned their tombs, however, and placed upon them inscriptions on marble recording their virtues and martyrdom.

In this Catacomb on the Ardeatine Way he placed an inscription in honor of the two glorious martyrs, SS. Nereus and Achilleus, the memory and the very words of which have come down to our day. This inscription, in an English translation in the "Roma Sotteranea" of Northcote and Brownlow, reads thus:

"NEREUS AND ACHILLES, MARTYRS.

"They had given their names to the army, and were at the same time fulfilling a cruel office, heeding the commands of the tyrant, and prepared to obey them under the influence of fear. Suddenly—wonderful to believe are these things—they lay aside their madness, are converted and fly; they throw away their shields, military ornaments, and blood-stained weapons, confessing [the faith]. They glory in bearing the triumphs of Christ [by martyrdom]. Believe [all ye who read] by [these verses of] Damasus what marvels the glory of Christ can effect."

These words, written by Pope Damasus fifteen centuries ago, have the perennial freshness and application to the Christian life of to-day that they had to the life of that distant past, when they eulogized the first Christian who,

so far as we know, bore the name of Achilles.

De Rossi, basing his assertions on two different inscriptions which bore Consular dates, declared that the church was built between the years 390 and 395. The first of these dates is the latest in the Catacomb; and the second, the earliest in the body of the church.

The church is close on 100 feet in length and 60 in width, containing a wide central nave, and two lateral aisles separated from the nave by columns of rare marbles. At the end of the central nave is an apse fifteen feet deep. On the wall of this apse is a *graffito*, or rude drawing, made with a pointed instrument on the plaster. The drawing represents a bishop seated upon a throne. Such an event must have occurred frequently at this spot. In front of the apse are the traces in the floor (whose marbles are now broken and dispersed) of the place of the altar, and of the columns which supported the baldacchino which surmounted it. The presbytery, or choir, in which the assisting clergy sat during solemn service, opens out in front of the altar.

The objects found amongst the débris soon made revelations. Two fragments of a large marble inscription, written in that beautiful lettering peculiar to Pope Damasus, were pieces of the inscription just given in English. De Rossi recognized the eulogistic epigraph which Damasus had put up at the tomb of the two saints. In the seventh and eighth centuries, pilgrims still came to Rome from the north, and copied the inscriptions in the Catacombs and churches, noting where each was found, and thereby creating guide books for pious pilgrims and curious travellers. Such books, or fragments of books, are precious documents that enable scholars to-day to build up again the ways of the past.

In the beginning of the seventh cen-

tury, the celebrated royal lady Theodolinda, Queen of the Lombards, sent the Abbot John to Rome in order to gather oil from the lamps that burned in the Catacombs before the shrines of the saints, and bring it to her as a relic. You may see the tiny phials with their parchment labels attached to them, and the list of them, made by the Abbot, in the Cathedral of Monza, seven miles from Milan. The list is a sort of topographical guide to the Catacombs, showing how one should go from the beginning to the end of them. SS. Nereus and Achilleus at the Catacomb of St. Petronilla are mentioned in this list, as they are also in the pilgrims' itineraries.

But a claimant testimony identifying the association of these saints with this church came forth when half of a baldacchino column was uncovered, with a bas-relief representing the figure of a man, whose hands are tied, who is moving rapidly with a long stride; and who is followed by another figure, holding a broad-bladed sword horizontally, and also moving with a long stride. In the background between the two figures is a cross in low-relief, with a laurel wreath raised erect upon it. There is no doubt that a martyrdom is represented; but, to make assurance doubly sure, is the word:

ACILLEUS.

It is rare that evidence so complete and convincing is met with. Another fragment of the base of the baldacchino column shows only the forepart of the feet of another similar victim, and which may be accepted as having had a corresponding representation,—that of Nereus.

The representation of the bishop enthroned in the *graffito* of the apse is conjectured to have recorded the visit of Pope Gregory the Great to this church, and of his delivery there of a homily in which he doubtless lamented

the multitudinous evils of the times, when sights and sounds of war were on every side.

Much of a similar state of affairs now prevails in these early days of the new Pope, whose words and efforts towards the establishment of peace are equally eloquent and persuasive as those of his great predecessor, Gregory. One important step has been accomplished. On Sunday, the 28th of May, three days before the celebration of his sixty-fifth birthday (St. Petronilla's Day), he had had the consolation of knowing that three hundred thousand persons had taken part in a great demonstration of faith in honor of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, the fountain and pledge of peace,—“the peace that passeth understanding.”

All classes, from the historical families dating from pre-Christian ages to the humblest toiler, united in that grand procession through the streets of Rome, amidst flowers, and the music of hymns, and the respect and admiration of innumerable hosts of people during five hours. The story of Roman Christianity was marked out in the path traced for its procession, in which took part Cardinals and prelates of all degrees in the hierarchy, and students and priests, and the children of the nobility—“Pages of the Blessed Sacrament,”—and schoolboys, and students of colleges, and members of institutions of charity and instruction.

Starting from the great old Basilica of St. John Lateran, “the mother and the head of all the churches of the city and the world,” the procession wended its way down through the crowded streets, where from the windows and the walls hung rich draperies, valuable old tapestries, and brightly-colored silks.

The vast Coliseum resembled a fairy garden, so richly adorned was it with flowers. Thousands of children were arranged in order around the altar,

which stood on a platform in the centre of the arena, where once the Cross attracted the eyes of the visitor. At this altar the "Bishop of the Camp" during the war celebrated Mass and gave Holy Communion to these innocent souls, who will remember for years their assembly in this grandest monument of the dead Paganism of ancient Rome, on the spot inundated with the blood of Christians, "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

The whole route of the processionists was strewn with flowers. Rome abounds in roses and jonquils and pale pinks, and the innumerable adornments of the joyous May. Not only the ordinary sources that supply flowers were completely exhausted, but the gardens and villas of the nobility and the domestic courtyards were denuded of their fragrant and many-hued treasures, to do honor to the triumph of the Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, as He was borne through the city "in which Christ is a Roman," as Dante phrases it.

The noblest of the ancient Roman triumphal arches—that of Constantine, "the Liberator of the City," as the inscription on it says—was used on this day as a baldachino, seventeen centuries old, for the shrine of the Blessed Sacrament that rested here for a time. This grand monument is itself a glorious landmark in the history of Christianity, commemorating freedom of worship to the whole Roman Empire. On the tiny height beyond, another triumphal arch carries the story back three centuries. This is the Arch of Titus, that commemorates the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Hebrew race. Lessons from the past speak from these old monuments and suggest visions of the future.

At St. Mary Major, "Pages of the Blessed Sacrament," children of the nobility and patrician families of Rome, dressed in Spanish sixteenth-century costume, had arranged in a few minutes

a carpet of the richest flowers and of the most exquisite patterns, on which the venerable Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, stood while giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to the many thousands of pilgrims and Romans beneath him. From the top of the high steps that ascend to the outside of the apse, at this spot the ground slopes down and the space widens, forming an enormous theatrical-like gallery. Bands of music accompanied the chanting of hymns, and the Royal Carabineers and Royal Guards kept the line of march clear.

Considering that the lowest calculation of the number of persons present on this occasion is 300,000, the maintenance of order might seem a herculean task. Fourteen cardinals in their scarlet robes, three hundred archbishops and bishops, prelates and parish priests, religious Orders, institutions of charity, and learned academies, united in this great demonstration of faith. No incident disturbed the order or marred the peaceful character of this event. And to think that but a year ago the Catholic young men of Italy were beaten in the streets of Rome because they had come to visit the Pope!

The enthusiasm and joy of the people surpassed anything of the kind witnessed here since the invasion of Rome by the Italians in 1870. The last great outdoor function, in which 700 bishops, with the Pope carrying the Blessed Sacrament, took place on Corpus Christi in this grand procession under the two colonnades that open in front of St. Peter's. This of Sunday last seems the joining of the lapsed link in the chain of succession. And, as if to make the connection more evident, the great iron cross that crowns the Dome of St. Peter's was brilliantly illuminated by 500 electric lamps; and the lines of architecture in the façade of St. Peter's,

and the colonnades, with the huge statues which stand upon them, were illuminated by great torches that flickered in the gentle breeze of the May evening.

The light on the cross of St. Peter's was seen from Tivoli, twenty miles away, and from the villages on the surrounding mountains. At Frascati and Albano and Castel Gandolfo, on the nearer hills, the dwellers might remain at home and witness the demonstrations of joy and devotion that found expression in the bright light radiating from the cross.

A letter of Pius XI. addressed to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome expresses his Holiness' satisfaction at the result of the manifestation of faith which gladdened the world. The result, says the Pontiff, "has filled our soul with a sacred joy." And he has noted "with particular satisfaction not only the piety and zeal, but the enthusiasm with which the faithful have desired to show their filial tenderness towards their sweet Jesus made a Host of peace and of love, and to honor the Prisoner of the divine tabernacles with religious manifestations worthy of the city which is the centre of the Catholic world and the See of the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

To-day is St. Petronilla's Day—"the spiritual daughter of St. Peter,"—and her name is given to the Catacomb on the Ardeatine which sheltered for so many centuries the relics of St. Achilles, from whom Pius XI. was named. These few days have been notable days in the history of the new Pontificate.

ROME, 31st of May, 1922.

THE invisible is much nearer than we think; and what we call miracles may well be the will of the good God reaching out to touch the things of this world, transfiguring them in ways we are too ignorant to understand.—"Abbé Pierre," by Jay William Hudson.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.

THE carriage bearing Eloise stopped at the door. It was an old-fashioned vehicle, which the Brentwoods habitually hired, but which was in sad contrast to the broughams and motors of the neighboring magnates. The observant eyes at the window saw Larry hand out a young girl of slightly more than medium height, whose travelling costume, whose whole aspect, suggested that she had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox. As the light of the carriage lamps fell full upon Larry, his sister fancied that he appeared unwontedly shabby; something in his demeanor indicated that he felt chilled and mortified. Marcia could see by the same gleam of light that the newcomer raised her head and, in one swift glance, surveyed the House at the Cross Roads from garret to cellar. Then, as she passed up the short walk, Larry following in her wake with the baggage, Marcia was suddenly reminded of their grandfather. He had been slender even to emaciation, as was this girl; even in advanced age, he had walked with an air of decision; so did she. There had been a coldness, almost a severity, in his demeanor; it was suggested by the movements of this figure, that came in thus out of the night to upset, at least to alter, all their lives.

Marcia, in a glow of excitement, which by a resolute effort of her will she suppressed, advanced to the door to receive this visitor, who could scarcely be regarded as a guest. She felt that she was being observed in the same manner that the house had been. A hand was extended to clasp hers—a very small and slender hand,—and a quiet, well-bred voice said:

"I am Eloise."

"And my name is Marcia Brentwood."

"Then we are cousins," said the voice, as the girl, raising her veil, looked about her.

Eloise followed her cousin; and Marcia, adopting the same formal tone, introduced her to Mrs. Brentwood. The cap of that hapless lady had become hopelessly awry, in an attempt which she had made to arise from her chair, which was immediately frustrated by Marcia.

"How do you do, my dear!" she exclaimed in a weak, flustered voice; and, being uncertain whether or not to embrace the newcomer, did nothing.

"It was unnecessary to introduce me," smiled the girl, "since you were perfectly aware that I was coming, and knew that it could be no one else but Eloise."

"Yes, yes," assented Mrs. Brentwood, her tone suggesting a doubt that the girl might have been changed on the way; "of course, you are Eloise, and I remember your mother very well."

Eloise gazed at the speaker, with a look in the dark gray eyes which the observant Marcia could not read. Then by the very slightest touch, which Marcia inexplicably resented, she set the errant cap straight. Evidently, it had offended her sense of order.

Larry meanwhile stood just inside the door, watching the little scene; and there was something uncertain, slightly bewildered, in his aspect, which caused Marcia to feel sorry for him.

"If you will excuse me," Eloise declared, "I would like to go at once to my room. I am so frightfully dusty."

"It must be invisible dust," grinned Larry, as, at a signal from Marcia, the smart housemaid, who had been hovering about in the hall, seized the port-manteau which Larry had deposited outside the door, and indicated the way to

the second story. Eloise ascended the stairs with the indefinable air of one who has come into her own, and to whom those who stood about were mere accidents.

"If she looks like that when she's dusty and travel-worn," observed Larry, who still had about him that air of being chilled and mortified, "how must she appear under normal conditions!"

"It is probable she will be—de-testable," replied his sister.

"Oh, come now," cried Larry, who was always good-natured, "it is too soon to judge!"

"She is very, very impressive," faltered poor Mrs. Brentwood, whose cap had remained stationary after that scarcely perceptible touch. "Yes, she is very impressive."

It was a singular adjective to apply to so young a girl; and yet, as Marcia pondered the word, it did not seem so unfitting.

"I hope," began Mrs. Brentwood, again in a tone that was distinctly scared, "that Eliza will—in fact, that everything will be all right with the dinner."

Marcia herself had some misgivings on that score, but she did not feel that it was any use putting her anxiety into words. Eliza was so distinctly an old-fashioned cook, and this new arrival was so entirely modern! When she spoke, it was rather irrelevantly:

"She is very like grandfather."

"Grandfather!" echoed Larry, starting as if he had been shot. His recollections of that awe-inspiring personage were not altogether pleasant. He had felt upon his twelve-year-old head the pressure of a slender, age-worn hand, and had looked into a face which had alarmed his small boy's consciousness. Since then he had never quite got over that first impression; and their last meeting was one which recurred to

him uncomfortably. So to his sister's rather startling assertion he replied:

"Yes, that is it,—that must be it."

"Your pronouns are rather indefinite," laughed Marcia.

"No: they are quite definite," declared Larry,—*"in my mind, anyway."*

He was looking down at his clothes while he spoke, painfully aware of their deficiencies.

"If I didn't shine, my coat did," he added, with a rueful laugh.

The echo of that laugh, which she found pleasant, reached the slender figure now descending the stairs. As she did so, she took note of every detail. She observed that the carpet was worn threadbare in spots, that the wall paper was disfigured by weather patches, that the ceilings had been obviously and many times repaired.

Eloise had exchanged her travelling dress for one of some shimmering substance, softened by georgette ruffles at neck and sleeves, and falling in straight folds about her. The gown fitted her to perfection. To Marcia's eyes, every detail was flawless.

All three felt nervous as they went to the dining-room, which was cheerful and bright, a mass of living color from the Autumn flowers which Marcia had so carefully arranged. A close observer might have noted a gleam of something like pleasure on the face arising from the georgette ruffles. If so, it was merely transitory. It seemed to Marcia, as if an icicle were pendant in the pleasant warmth of the household.

The dinner was excellent, if not elaborate. Eliza had done her best. Larry, as Marcia noted, had slipped on a dinner jacket; and she saw that the gray eyes had also noticed the change of apparel, no doubt considering it an improvement on the well-worn business suit in which the young man had gone to the station.

Eloise, as perfect in her manner as in

her toilet, so far gave no clue whatever as to her character. Not one of the three in the small family circle could have offered a definite opinion of her. Even Marcia, who usually formed quick and accurate judgments concerning those with whom she was brought into contact, could not decide whether the girl was agreeable or disagreeable, lovable or detestable. Of one thing only was she quite certain: that she was an uncomfortable element in their small *ménage*.

Her first decision was that Eloise was not at all pretty; her second, as she stood in the gleam of the firelight, in her shimmering gown, that there were possibilities of beauty in the high-bred face; her third opinion, sitting opposite her cousin at the table, was that her eyes constituted the redeeming feature of a countenance that expressed at times a faint amusement, as though aware that she was being weighed and measured.

At last Mrs. Brentwood, who had striven to keep up a nervous and fragmentary conversation with Eloise, was heard to voice the very general impression:

"My dear, you are very like your grandfather."

Marcia almost started in dismay, while Larry colored perceptibly, so clearly had they made up their minds that this expression of opinion was the reverse of complimentary.

"As I never saw him," responded the clear, well-modulated voice, "of course I can not be a judge."

"Of course not," agreed Mrs. Brentwood, as though she were trying to soften a harsh judgment she had inadvertently given.

"I never saw him at all," repeated Eloise, and the emphasis on this statement did not escape the younger members of the family; "so you see, Mrs. Brentwood—"

"Aunt Jane, if you please, my dear."

"So you see, Aunt Jane, it is not a case of defective memory." After a pause, she resumed interrogatively: "You, being my aunt—"

"Only by marriage, and I might almost say a step-aunt at that."

She laughed rather feebly at her own jest; and Eloise, glancing at her as if she were about to say something, looked down at her plate. When she raised her eyes again, she allowed her glance to pass lightly from Marcia to Larry.

"You are both my cousins?"

"Your real cousins," interposed Mrs. Brentwood.

Eloise smiled.

"For, you see, when I married your Uncle Walter, he had been some time a widower."

"Nevertheless, you are my aunt by marriage," the girl said, with an odd persistence in straightening out a tangle; after which she inquired, including the two young people in her question: "Neither of you is said to resemble your grandfather."

"No," answered Marcia, meeting her glance with one as cool and direct as her own: "in the matter of appearance, we are said to be altogether on the other side of the house."

"Perhaps to resemble another grandfather?"

There was a veiled irony in the tone, as the speaker continued to peel a late pear. But Marcia responded directly:

"We are both amazingly like my late mother, except in the matter of beauty, which she very decidedly possessed."

Eloise's cool, impersonal glance passed lightly from one to the other as she remarked:

"You are decidedly like each other."

The two felt as if they had been disposed of in that one short sentence; and, indeed, the conversation presently turned to something less personal. Both brother and sister were conscious of a

lively curiosity to know how they had impressed this girl from France. And that curiosity for the moment overmastered the deep anxiety which had consumed them all as to what were the newcomer's plans. Her decision would naturally most vitally concern the two young people. For Mrs. Brentwood would probably content herself wherever Marcia and Larry were, if given a modicum of comfort, and that tranquillity in which she delighted. For the others, it would be tearing things very much up by the roots, if they had to leave that house which had always been their home.

After she had seen Eloise safe in her room, this thought followed Marcia to her own apartment. She felt slightly remorseful that her good-night to her cousin had been formal, and, in spite of herself, none too cordial. She looked out upon the landscape, which, commonplace by familiarity, was intensely dear in the grim probability of losing it forever. A pale half moon, sinking downwards, was lighting the scene with weird effect; and the watcher could see Orion in what some one has described "his magnificent stride across the heavens." She recalled how she and Larry had so often watched him, and made up legendary stories concerning him and his gleaming belt. The poplars seemed almost ghostly; the trickle of the streamlet, like some soft voice making vocal the scene; with the murmur of the night winds amongst the poplar leaves seeming to speak and make audible the throb of pain that pierced the girl's heart.

She thought of Larry, too, who had been so brave and uncomplaining through all their difficulties, and to whom the sudden breaking up of their home would be so poignant a grief; whereas, she bitterly reflected, to this girl, who had come into their grandfather's inheritance, the house would

have no special meaning, save that it was rather shabby and out of repair, situated in what Eloise would probably consider an uninteresting part of the country. For there were no great mountains rising to giant altitudes, no broad streams, no silver lakes, no infinitude of ocean. She would have given much to know why their grandfather had done so cruel a thing.

She paused at the thought long enough to offer up a brief prayer for the repose of his soul; and her supplication that he might find eternal rest, and that perpetual light might shine upon him, seemed to float out and away over those scenes with which his name had been so long associated. The poetry, the beauty of that prayer appealed to the girl as it had never done before,—there, under that pale, troubled moon, and in the mood superinduced by these new conditions.

And in another room lay Eloise, her wakeful head full of many thoughts concerning these people amongst whom her lot was cast. But through all her reflections ran a picture of an apple orchard, on a lovely September day, and a girl clad in the severe convent uniform tossing the red-cheeked apples into the air, and laughing in all the joy of life. She already thought of that girl as of a totally different person from herself, and as one who belonged to a chapter of life which had closed.

"Soon," she said to herself, "I shall have to come to some decision about this house and the people that are in it. But there is no hurry: I must take plenty of time to look about me. Then I shall see what is best to do."

(To be continued.)

ALL that God asks of us in good works is labor and application; success depends upon Him, and sometimes He withholds it for our greater good.

—Père Grou.

Sulgrave Manor and the Venerable Cluniac Priory of St. Andrew.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

SULGRAVE, a village of Northamptonshire, England, lies between softly outlined hills and a placid river which cuts through the scene like a sharp knife. Hedgerows of shrubs and flowers close around the low stone fences which struggle through the countryside, as though they were an outgrowth of nature rather than the work of man. Ancient dwellings, with broad gables and red fluted roofs, project on the rough worn pavements, so "familiar with forgotten years." Until possibly a decade ago, no other hamlet of England exhibited more apathy towards a long and honorable past.

But as the tracing of a vein of gold will transform a wilderness into a noisy centre of population between the rising of one sun and the setting of another, so certain alleged important historic discoveries have filled Sulgrave with breathless tourists and eager antiquarians. Mellow brick houses are taking on unwonted smartness; and facings of stucco and other fallacious methods have been applied to the fine old inn, "Ye Fox and Hounds," built in the sixteenth century, under the delusion that thus it may be rendered into a modern road house. For the old Manor House of Sulgrave is grandiloquently described by that Anglo-American association, the Sulgrave Institution, as the cradle of the Washingtons and their chief seat before the emigration of that John Washington who was the father of Augustine, who was the father of the first patriot and President, George Washington. In the aged church of St. James, Norman Gothic, with square tower and many excrescences which are plainly not in keeping with the original ideals of the architects, a generation or

two of the Washingtons sleep; and above their tombs is the historic Washington shield, whereon may be traced the suggestion of the great national banner of the United States, "The Stars and Stripes."

For this fact alone, the patriotic American will be well repaid for turning from the usual line of travel, which does not include Northamptonshire at all (unless one is tempted by the town of Banbury, with its world-famous buns and the legend of the "lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," and the great white horse suggested by the contour of the hills.) For Banbury is much closer to Sulgrave than Northampton, the market town of the quiet, sylvan shire which now attracts its quota of travellers; and the quest begins along the merry little River Cherwell, which wanders between deep banks, due southwest, around the domain of the venerable Sulgrave Manor of St. Andrew's Priory.

Mindful of the sonorous phrases in which the members of the Sulgrave Institution have clothed their discoveries, St. James' Church is a beckoning finger, and offers more satisfaction than the most scientific study of the Manor. Perhaps, in the tremendous sentence of Ruskin, real knowledge consists in learning "whom have you dead among you" rather than in following leads about ancestral migrations and such scraps as are to be had from land warrants and grants. In St. James' may be found the tomb of the first Washington who came to Northamptonshire. He came as an advocate who had won much renown in the Inner Temple in London. But he had been called to the bar from Wharton in Lancashire, and had turned to Middle Shire as more likely soil in which to cultivate the law. This was Laurence Washington, a family name so often reproduced that it suggests an early marriage of Washingtons and the

fine family of Laurence plenteously sprinkled from Nottingham through Leicester to Oxford.

Laurence Washington, the first of whom there is written record in England, swiftly realized his ambition, through becoming, in the second year of his residence in the village of Northampton, the chief magistrate of the county. Thirteen years after, when he had removed to Sulgrave Manor, he was elected to the mayoral chair, and, on his tomb, appears in the full majesty of the official robes. The brass tablet on which the epitaph was inscribed lies directly below the handsome figure of the mayor and two quaint effigies, one the group of four sons, and the other of the seven daughters. It reads:

"Here Lyeth buried y bodyes of Laurence Washington Gent. & Amee his wyf, by whome he had issue IV sons and VII daughters. Laurence dyed ye ——. Amee deceased the VI day of October, 1564."

Laurence, it may be learned in other records, died on February 19, 1584; but his son and heir, Robert Washington, who is buried beside him, in 1619, had neglected to have the dates engraved on the brass before his mother's. For though the Anglo-American association calls the old Manor of Sulgrave the cradle of the Washingtons in England, it is proven by the brass tablets that only two generations really dwelt in the Manor and were interred in the adjacent church. Laurence, the mayor, received the ancient grant of the Cluniac monks for the meagre sum of three hundred pounds, and this in consideration of his eminent services to the king and to the shire. A replica of his patent, signed by Henry VIII., has been secured by the Sulgrave Institution, and now hangs, handsomely framed, in the banqueting hall which had served the noble followers of St. Benedict as a refectory for well-nigh five hundred

years. It is dated 1539; and the original, which, like the village of Sulgrave, has gained much value through the efforts of "The Hands Across the Sea Associations," may be seen in the Bodleian Library of Oxford. But the trifling sum of fifteen hundred dollars, as the money would be reckoned now, proved a weighty matter for the mayor and his eldest son and heir. Robert frankly declined the burden, and in 1606 the principal mortgagee took over the royal grant entirely,—manor and the rich farm-lands which make so admirable a portion of the monastic annals.

That Earl Spencer, who is a brilliant figure in the political and literary chronicles of the opening seventeenth century, offered the homeless Washingtons a shelter in Little Brington. Thither went Robert and his family, sisters and brothers; and there, two generations later, was born that Laurence Washington who took Orders in the Established Church of England, and of whose union with Amphyllis Rhoades, of Tring, Hertfordshire, were born John and Laurence, the immigrants of the illustrious line founded in Virginia. The Rev. Laurence was rector of the church at Purleigh in Essex; but he was buried at Little Brington, in the fine old church of St. Mary, where the noble Earl offered shelter to the impoverished family, both quick and dead.

In point of time, Little Brington is more intimately associated with the Washingtons after their departure from their original home, Wharton in Lancashire, than Sulgrave Manor; and the misleading foreword of the Anglo-American association must have root in the common belief that it is imperative for greatness, such as George Washington attained in the New World, to be associated with landed estates and titles of gentility. Sulgrave Manor represents the apex of the Washington for-

tunes in England, though their tenure was brief (from 1539-1606); and this unexpected information has invariably a sobering effect on the American pilgrim of thoughtful trend.

For little as there is of the Washingtons in the venerable old church of St. James in the village of Sulgrave, there is less in the time-stained manor which lies off the main street, surrounded by its broken stone walls, with solemn-looking cypress and ilex trees keeping guard over the small courtyard. Memory is busy with the monks from that grandest of feudal foundations, the Abbey of Cluny at Saône-et-Loire; and the brief passing of the Washington family seems outlined against the centuries like the smoke of a dead camp fire close to the eternal hills. There is a Washington shield in the banquet hall; but towering over it are the great arms of the splendid Abbey founded by William the Pious, Duke of Aquitaine; and the sundial, glibly dubbed for the tourist "the Washington dial," is of the pattern seen in so many gardens planted by the sons of the holy man of Subiaco. Here begin the chronicles of the Priory of St. Andrew's, and the story of the New World is separated by a gulf of nearly eight hundred years.

Third of the stately Cluniac establishments in England, the great Priory of St. Andrew's has a history dating from the last quarter of the eleventh century. Its line of priors begins in 1188, and stretches in unbroken sequence until the last, in 1534, was deprived of his ancient rights by the Eighth Henry. Like its predecessors, St. Andrew's of Northampton was first founded as *cellae*, or mortuary chapel, by the monks of Cluny at Ste. Marie de la Carité, near Macon-on-Loire. The previous foundations were at Castleacre and Montacute; and about half a century later a fourth Cluniac monastery was begun at Bermondsey. Many kings

were the benefactors of St. Andrew's,—two of Scotland, Alexander and David, attracted doubtless by the tutelary of the religious foundation, always an appealing patron; and three of the line of Henrys. But the great benefactor who appears in the vast tomes wherein are inscribed the benefices and privileges was Earl Simon of St. Lie, and his wife, Countess Maude de Mandeville. The Earl is honored in civil records as the refounder of Northampton, after the desolating wars of the preceding centuries; and two other signal achievements are written against his name. He founded St. Andrew's, erected the stern fortress castle, repaired the cottages of the hamlet, and leased his land at a small price.

Five huge tomes of sheepskins are required to recite all the gifts which St. Andrew's received in the first hundred years of its existence. As early as 1080, its scholars went forth to distant parts and attracted pupils to the quiet precincts of the foundation. Originally in the boundaries of Northampton, the gifts of the Scotch kings extended its domain to Brayfield, and included the fine church of St. Sepulchre. Huntington was added by the generosity of Earl Simon, who held tenure there as well as in Northampton; and the Lady Maude built the fine monastic church as a memorial of the Saxon dead in the wake of the Conqueror.

"In the twenty-ninth year of the foundation," says the ancient record,* "came Bartholomew, son of Godfrey de Sulgrave, and offered his manor lands and the Church of St. James; and with him were Walderan de Sulgrave and Robert de Coteston, vicar of Sulgrave, and many others." Presumably these were the holders of free fiefs in the village, which numbered a few hundred souls. So is entered, in the first historical annals, the domain of Sulgrave, estate

of Saxon nobles who fought against the invasion of William of Normandy, and whose dead lay scattered about the fields and in the streams which water them. St. James as it is to-day was built in 1451 by the monks, after the chapel bestowed by the Lords of Sulgrave had fallen into decay. It was again restored, and generally ruined, in externals at least, about forty years ago, when windows were pierced in the slope of the roof below the great square tower, and mysterious-looking buttresses, coming from nothing disfigured the sides.

At this time, while repairing the worm-eaten oaken floors and pews, and trying to prevent the galleries from descending suddenly on the heads of the worshippers, the tombs of the Washingtons were unearthed and opened, to find nine brasses, all explaining the fortunes of the family from the first half of the sixteenth century to the first quarter of the following. But of the nine brasses, six were feloniously abstracted, as the old sexton of the church will explain to-day; and he glowers ominously at the ubiquitous American traveller. But surely none of George Washington's countrymen were guilty of this offence. Few ever heard of Sulgrave, for the Institution was yet to be founded; and in this particular juncture of time, Grover Cleveland was saying unpleasant things to the British Government about the Mosquito Coast and the encroachments on Venezuelan territory. Cook may have conducted his companies abroad, but he had not yet learned of the tremendous significance which could be attached to a village where the Washingtons once owned a hall and a church, where stately tombs and fine memorial brasses had been erected in their honor.

St. Andrew's, like the extensive religious foundations of the so-called Dark Ages, reached out for miles; and its monks conducted every kind of chari-

* *Registir. S. Andri. Foll. 88. Bodleian Library.*

table and learned institution. There is record of their wealth and influence, and finally of complaints against them, and the sending of a Papal Envoy to look into their affairs. Evidently the Pope's messenger found little to displease him; for nothing more appears in the annals, except entries that refer to increased activity and natural growth.

The last Grand Prior was Francis of Leicester, who "upbraided the King to his face" for his act in taking over the abbey domain as Crown lands. Francis, however, had been transferred to Peterborough and became dean of the cathedral chapter. Many of the monks from all four Cluniac establishments returned to their mother-house on the Loire when evil days fell upon England; and those who delight to follow the wanderings of the religious banished from England by the lustful monarch who seized their well-cultivated acres, will find precious material in the annals of Cluny scattered through the world in Benedictine houses, but to be read as whole in the National Library of Paris.

The reform of Cluny was the first effected among the Benedictines; and church historians say that its choicest fruits blossomed within the English foundations,—St. Andrew's holding an honored place. The fate of the vast lands extending along the Cherwell from Banbury to Northampton, and from Buckingham to Leicester, is traceable only in fragments. In the Harleian Collection at Oxford is a series of volumes showing the vassals of Henry who were rewarded for equivocal services by the grant of monastic lands; but the Washingtons do not appear in relation to Sulgrave. Sir Edward Montague was the purchaser; and no doubt the Washington tenure may be explained by the resale through the agent of the nobleman of that mortgagee, Laurence Makepeace, who foreclosed the estate in 1606, compelling Robert to

seek refuge in the hamlet some fifteen miles west—Little Brington.

It is mentioned that Sir Francis Arundel, in a vain attempt to hold something for the monks to whom his line had been benefactors for many years, purchased much of the domain along the Cherwell, and in the confines of the village of Sulgrave. But his benevolent intentions came to nought. Again Sir Edward Montague, in the third year of the reign of Edward VI., took possession of the manors of Sulgrave, Colton, Harlingston, Kislingbury, Stotesbury, and Sywell,—all a part of the domain of Lord Francis, Prior of St. Andrew's; and he resold and divided the estate of the monks of Cluny among the cadets of his family and his retainers. This line is now fused in the dominant house of the Earls of Northampton. Their magnificent seat lies near the village of Northampton, and almost under the shadow of St. Eleanor's Cross, one of the best specimens of this wonderful series which marks her funeral pageant.

But though this Washington legend in and about Northampton is apocryphal, for those who wish to gaze on a holy and marvellously edifying scene, the visit to the village in which the names of Earl Simon de Lie and Countess Maude are so venerated is worthy of a day of wandering. The old Hospital of St. John, of the Cluniac times, still stands in ruined grandeur over the bridge which crosses the noisy little river; and its foundation stone, dimmed, almost obliterated, shows the date of 1138. The church of St. Sepulchre, the royal gift from Scotland, is in the exact place where it was part of the King's English holdings; and, for those who examine the annals carefully, it is not only one of the most ancient but also one of the most important ecclesiastical remains of the first century in England after the Conqueror had set his iron

heel on the soil. The round tower has Norman Gothic pillars to support it, and forms the chancel of the original church which figures in the emblazoned parchment at Oxford. Quite near and perhaps a continuation of those far-off days of Benedictine learning, the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur have erected a fine convent and college which have much fame in the countryside.

Dominating the scene is the fortress of the pious founder of St. Andrew's, and indeed of all Northampton, the seat of many parliamentary meetings during the troublous days of the Lancastrian wars, and where, in 1460, the stern-visaged Earl of Warwick took Henry VI. prisoner, and held him as hostage. Here the River Nene makes wide loops through the country before it joins the Cherwell; and the scene is as peaceful and meditative as when the *cellae* of Ste. Marie de la Carité spread protecting arms over the land.

The splendid Abbey on the Loire has the honor of having trained the great Hildebrand, and his memory is fragrant in the records of St. Andrew's. Three other Popes were called from the vast halls of Cluny to rule the Universal Church: Urban II., Paschal II., and Urban V.; and the halo of their deeds transfuses a glory into the English foundations, and lends a unique charm to the legends of those holy times, when the benign Mother of God had the affairs of men in her keeping; when she came, holding her Divine Son, to bless the crops and still the turbulent waters, and to drive pestilence, famine, and storms far from their lowly homes.

At Evening.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK.

TENDER and calm the evening comes
 Unto a weary world:
 God's silent plea that for to-night
 Day's battle-flag be furled.

A Painter of the Old Régime.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

ON his way to visit Madame de Taverny, Rigaud passed the church of St. Sulpice, then only half finished, owing to the lack of funds, which had ceased since 1678. He skirted the walls of the charming garden where Madame de Lafayette had often entertained Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Rochefoucauld, and other celebrities of the time. Turning towards the Luxembourg, he found himself in front of the elegant mansion which had been designated.

As Rigaud ascended the stairs he met, coming down, the lackey who had summoned him. Saluting the painter respectfully, he turned about and conducted him to the next landing, where a maid was dusting.

"Mlle. Dorine," said the man, "this is the painter whom M. de Taverny and Madame wished to see. Usher him into the reception room."

"M. de Taverny has just gone out," answered the maid. "But Madame is all dressed and ready."

"No doubt she will see him," rejoined the lackey.

Mlle. Dorine drew aside the portières and announced:

"The painter, Madame."

Rigaud found himself in the presence of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her beauty fairly dazzled him. Alcidore had not told half the truth. With a winning smile, she came forward to meet him.

"You are very prompt, Monsieur," she said. "This is the room I wish to have decorated. Can you do it?"

Rigaud looked around him at the plain gray walls, guiltless of fresco of any kind.

"Yes, Madame, of course," he replied. "Have you any plan?"

"No, Monsieur. We could arrange that together perhaps, though I think I would leave it to your taste. My husband has given me *carte blanche*. I have just taken it for my boudoir."

"Perhaps the Graces and some nymphs would be attractive," said Rigaud.

"Yes, I think that would be very nice. How long would the work occupy you, Monsieur?"

"Three months perhaps, or four."

"Three or four months to decorate these walls!" exclaimed the lady in a tone of surprise. "I thought it would not take longer than three or four days. I had a man here last winter who did my bed-chamber in a day. He came from Loiret's. Do you also, Monsieur?"

One of a caustic temperament and more egotism might have answered her impatiently. Rigaud, with his characteristic and rather humorous smile, replied.

"I think you have made a mistake, Madame. You are thinking, doubtless, of wall paper. I am a portrait painter. My name is Rigaud."

"Oh, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the lady. "What have I done? I took you for—how can I explain, Monsieur? Sit down, I beg you. I will send for my husband. Pardon me,—pardon me, Monsieur!"

At this moment a door at the other end of the room opened, and a gentleman with gray hair and beard, leaning on a cane, came slowly forward.

"Albert," cried Madame de Taverny, "come quickly! Help me out. This is Monsieur Rigaud, who paints such wonderful portraits, and in my stupidity I mistook him for the man whom I sent for to decorate this room. My husband, Monsieur; and please forgive me."

Again Rigaud smiled. "It is nothing, Madame,—nothing," he replied. "A very natural mistake."

"Quite the contrary, Monsieur," said

the gentleman, glancing indulgently at his wife, who stood, the picture of chagrin, near the *fauteuil* she had been occupying until a moment before. "Could you not have seen by Monsieur's attire and dress, Cécile, that he did not come from Loiret's? His workmen do not present themselves in velvet small-clothes and silk stockings."

"Forget it, Madame, Monsieur," said Rigaud, bowing to both. "I repeat, it was a very natural mistake."

"It seems that you are forgiven, Cécile," said M. de Taverny, smiling and turning to Rigaud; while his wife sat, with folded hands, quietly listening to the conversation which ensued between her husband and the young painter. M. de Taverny had seen some of his work, and desired to have his wife's picture and his own executed by Rigaud, who was quite willing to undertake the commission. The time for the sittings was arranged, as well as the size of the portraits, which were to be three-quarter length, to fit two empty panels in the drawing-room.

"A wonderful creature," murmured Rigaud, as he descended the staircase,— "a wonderful creature. They look like father and daughter. He must be her senior by thirty-five or forty years, and yet she seems happy. But I did not notice the profusion of powder of which Alcimore boasted. On the contrary, I would be willing to wager that neither husband nor wife is a champion of folly. The rascal probably wanted me to think him *au fait* in the latest whim of fashion.

The following morning, at eleven precisely, a carriage with the arms and livery of the Duke d'Orleans stopped in front of Rigaud's dwelling. From it descended, followed by a servant, Monsieur de Marnes, the gentleman who had called there the previous day,

Arrived at Rigaud's apartment, Mon-

sieur de Marnes found him ready; and requested him to take with him the portrait of his mother, in order that the Duchess might see it.

"This man will carry it," said De Marnes. "He will be very careful."

"Pardon, Monsieur!" replied Rigaud. "But I prefer to take it myself."

Snatching the blue coverlet from the bed, he wrapped the picture in its folds, and descended to the waiting carriage, around which had already gathered a number of women and children.

"To Marley!" said Monsieur de Marnes to the coachman, and the horses set off at a lively pace; while the on-lookers gaped at Flamand, who had come down to the street door, filled with curiosity and self-importance, but feigning indifference.

To repeated questionings he answered unsatisfactorily, wishing to preserve a certain discretion about that of which he knew so little.

"Oh, that is nothing! My master has painted portraits of many great personages," he said at last. "Even the King looked favorably upon his work,"—with which declaration he retraced his steps upward, leaving the little crowd under the impression (as he had intended to do) that Rigaud had been sent for to put upon canvas the august features of the ruler of France.

When Flamand returned to the apartment, he went at once to the lower drawer of an old *armoire*, from which he drew forth a striped blue and white counterpane, beautifully knitted by skill and loving hands.

"I shall put this upon his bed again," he mused; "and he will leave it there, I know; for he is so fond of his old mother, at Perpignan, who made it, that he will never drag it hither and thither from its original use. Let him have his blue coverlet for *mannequins* or backgrounds, or wrappings for pictures,—anything he chooses to select. I am

sure he will be delighted to see this old counterpane on his bed once more, though he seems to have forgotten all about it. Well, we shall see!"

The ducal carriage, travelling the quays, crossed the Pont-Royal, and after some time turned towards Marley by way of the charming little forests of Ville d'Avray and Vaucresson. It was a beautiful day in May, and the painter enjoyed every moment of the journey. From the moment of entering the carriage, his companion had not uttered a word, but sat with closed eyes, as though asleep. Rigaud did not think him so, however, but suspected he had taken refuge in simulated slumber to avoid answering possible questions which, had he known the painter's character, he need not in the least have feared or sought to avoid.

Suddenly he sat erect and said: "We are at Marley; we get out here. I will take you to the Duchess."

They left the carriage, and, after traversing several secluded pathways through luxuriant gardens, reached the building devoted to the use of the Duchess and her Court. A page opened the door.

"Has Madame returned from her walk?" inquired De Marnes.

"Not yet, Monsieur," answered the youth; "but she will soon be here, as she sent word she had an appointment at one o'clock. She left at seven, to the great disgust of the ladies who accompanied her; for they had been up till past midnight. Madame said they would walk as far as Louveciennes. Ah, here they come! And tired enough they look."

A group of ladies in walking costume were slowly approaching. They carried staffs, and, from their laggard steps, seemed greatly fatigued. A little in advance came a tall, middle-aged woman, dressed in rough cloth, with very short

skirts, thick boots, and a gray felt hat, which almost hid her face. She walked briskly, pausing in front of the painter and M. de Marnes.

"Rigaud?" she inquired of the latter, who answered:

"Yes, your Highness."

She bowed to the painter and turned again to De Marnes.

"See that he has some luncheon," she said; "and bring him to me at two."

With these words she entered the pavilion.

Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, Princess Palatine and Duchess of Orleans, has described herself in her memoirs, and contemporary witnesses have never contradicted her. She was so unattractive that the sight of her frightened little children; and so straightforward and well-balanced was her mind that neither the flatteries of courtiers nor the *éclat* of her high rank served to hide from her soul the defects of her body.

In Germany, in her family, she had been beloved. From her earliest infancy, they had been accustomed to her, and gave little thought to her extraordinary ugliness. In France, when she came to take the place of Henrietta Maria of England, so charming, so beloved, whose beauty and exquisite grace of manner and person could not but be contrasted with what she so woefully lacked, she met with coldness and aversion, which were unsuccessfully disguised under idle compliments. The insincerity, frivolity, and corruption of the Court dismayed and revolted her. The only real friendship and appreciation she met with was that of the King, her brother-in-law; and, becoming deeply attached and grateful to him, she also became jealous of all who approached him with any freedom, especially of Madame de Maintenon, whom she heartily disliked.

Repulsed in her natural affections by the perversity of her son and the indifference of her husband, Madame despised her adopted country, every day regretting more and more her beloved Germany and the Palatinate, which had been three times ravaged by the armies of Louis XIV. While she had never sought to conceal that she could not feel at home in the French Court, she resented the mockery which she did not fail to perceive. Upheld by the privileges of rank and the friendship of the King, she made herself obnoxious to the majority of her *entourage*, especially her husband.

And yet she was possessed of great qualities. Her heart was ever open to the call of poverty or illness; she was particularly interested in educating and providing for the future of young girls of good family impoverished by the follies or misfortunes of their parents; she gave liberally to the needs of the Church. She had strong likes and dislikes, which were in nearly every case justified by the worthiness or worthlessness of their objects.

Rigaud had never seen the Duchess of Orleans. After an excellent luncheon, which was brought him in a small room opening from the long drawing-room, he was in the act of placing the portrait of his mother on a projecting shelf under a high mirror, when he heard a quick footstep behind him, and, turning, beheld his new patroness. She was wearing a loose violet robe, more appropriate to the bedchamber than the drawing-room.

"You are Monsieur Rigaud?" she inquired.

"Yes, your Highness."

"The young painter who is becoming so famous?"

"I can hardly say that, your Highness. I have, I admit, been quite busy and somewhat successful of late."

"So I have heard. I have seen some

of your work. Whose picture is that?"—pointing to the portrait. "And please sit down, Monsieur,"—indicating a chair near the one she had taken. Rigaud had often heard that ordinary persons were never expected to seat themselves in the presence of royalty; but he was aware also that royal commands were imperative. He obeyed, as he replied:

"That, your Highness, is the portrait of my mother. M. de Marnes asked me to bring it to-day that you might see it. He was pleased with it."

"He told me of it. I consider it a fine piece of work, and, no doubt, a good likeness. You have reason to be proud of your mother, Monsieur; and I fancy she has no cause to be ashamed of her son."

"I hope not, your Royal Highness."

"Call me 'Madame.' I hate those formal titles. You know why I summoned you to-day?"

"Yes, Madame."

"For myself, I would almost as soon have my head cut off as have my portrait painted. You can see why."

Rigaud did not reply.

"My brother-in-law, the King, insists that I have it done," she continued. "It is the custom, of course. The panels of the long galleries are filled with portraits of French princes and their consorts. I must needs obey the wishes of my sovereign, whose friendship for me causes him to overlook the defects of my person."

Rigaud, embarrassed, was still silent. The Duchess stood up.

"Look at me," she said, "and tell me whether you will undertake the commission. Several of our Court painters have already declined it. Their time was, unfortunately, filled up for several years."

Her tone was sarcastic. Rigaud was not surprised that it should be so. He saw before him a woman of perhaps

forty-five years of age, tall, well-proportioned, with the slight figure of a girl, but a face that was the most singularly ugly he had ever beheld. The eyes were small, almost colorless, and very close together; the nose, large, broad, and placed quite flat to the face; heavy cheeks and chin; and an immense mouth, with large, projecting teeth. The complexion was coarse and florid, as of one who spent a great deal of time out of doors and gave little thought to the arts of the toilet. But the forehead above the bushy eyebrows was lofty and well shaped; the ears, delicate and set close to the head, which was crowned with braids of magnificent hair, softly wavy, and prematurely white as snow.

The painter carefully took in every point of the face and the figure, favorable and unfavorable. The Duchess, observing his intent scrutiny, smilingly awaited his decision.

"Well, what do you say, M. Rigaud? Will you do it?"

"I think so, Madame."

The Duchess seemed a little surprised.

"I will not be flattered,—remember that."

"I shall not flatter you, Madame; I never flatter."

"And yet I do not want to look hideous," said the Duchess, her woman's sensitiveness and vanity rising, for a moment, to the surface.

"You will not look hideous, Madame. But you may not approve of my plan."

"Tell it to me."

She leaned forward in her chair, laying her hand, white and shapely, upon the painter's knee, while Rigaud said:

"Madame, you have an excellent figure, a fine forehead, and wonderful hair, growing beautifully upon the temples. Your ears also are remarkably good, shell-like and small. Will you stand once more, Madame, and permit me to pose you?"

"Certainly," replied the Duchess, now greatly interested, and suiting the action to the word.

"A little to this side, Madame; a little more, to the left," said Rigaud, respectfully touching her hair, forehead, ear, and shoulders.

"This side view is most attractive,—most attractive. Please remain in this position a moment longer, Madame," he said.

"But the face,—the front face, Monsieur? Shall you make that blank?" she asked somewhat impatiently.

"In a manner, yes," replied Rigaud, calmly. "I will now explain my plan. Would you be willing, Madame, to cover your face with a plain black mask, extending from the eyebrows to the lower part of the chin? It might be, and I think *should* be, finished with an edge of delicate lace; you would hold it in one hand this way,"—taking a fan from the table and holding it in front of his own face. "You have an unusually beautiful hand, Madame. I can paint it to perfection. In this way all your good points are brought forward, the others concealed. And I pledge you my word, Madame, that when the portrait is finished, though your face will be, I might say, almost entirely hidden, no one could mistake for any but yours the very excellent portrait which I shall be pleased and honored to paint for you."

"Give me the fan," said the Duchess. She held it in front of her face. "So?" she asked.

"Perfectly,—just right! A fine effect!" said Rigaud.

"I will do it," she replied. "You are a genius—and an honest man. And it will silence the talk of the whole Court."

Rigaud smiled. "With that I am not concerned, Madame," he said. "My only wish is to please you and to do you full justice."

"When can you begin?" she asked.

"Whenever Madame pleases. That is, we can have a sitting every other day—as I am going to paint the portraits of Monsieur and Madame de Taverny, and have already made arrangements with them."

"Ah! So they have decided to have it done! They are great friends of mine. Madame de Taverny is a *protégée*,—the orphan daughter of one of our distinguished soldiers who died, as they nearly always do, almost penniless—unless, as was not the case in this instance, they have married rich wives. I had her nicely educated and married her to M. de Taverny,—a very wealthy and altogether worthy gentleman. Did they please you, Monsieur?"

"Very much, Madame."

"There is great disparity between their ages, of course; but he takes good care of her, and she is fond of him. My friends will be delighted, and my enemies discomfited."

Rigaud did not reply, as ninety-nine out of a hundred in his position would have done. Instead he regarded her with a look of kindness and almost compassion, which the clever Duchess noted and enjoyed. "Here, at last, is a man among a thousand," she thought; and, forgetting all restraint of etiquette, something not unusual with her, she took both his hands in hers.

"I like you, friend Rigaud," she said impulsively. "It is refreshing to meet a person of your sort once in an age. And I am satisfied your work will be all that I could desire,—all I could expect. But suppose I should say that my picture must be done first and immediately?" inquired the Duchess, with an enigmatic smile.

Rigaud replied gravely: "That I could not do, Madame, unless M. de Taverny would agree. I have given him my word."

"You are, indeed, an unusual man," said the Duchess. "I accept your terms."

A lackey appeared at the door. The Duchess rose, dismissed Rigaud with a nod and smile, and left the room. The painter was met in the corridor by De Marnes, who conducted him through the gardens to the waiting carriage. The afternoon was nearly over when Rigaud arrived at his studio, well pleased with the day's business.

(To be continued.)

The Wisdom of Haroun.

HAROUN AL RASCHID, Caliph of Bagdad, who lived more than a thousand years ago, in the days when Charlemagne was the great ruler of the West, is the hero of many of the tales of the Arabian Nights. He is also the central figure of traditional stories that have not won a place in literature. These Arab traditions exalt his wisdom and his justice. One of them—the story of how Haroun settled the difficult case of the camels—has a touch of satire on the lawyers in its *dénouement*.

On one of those days when Haroun sat at his palace gate, receiving the petitions of the poor, and dispensing prompt, unceremonious justice, there came to him three brothers who had for years earned their living working with their father in the caravans that carried the goods of the traders on the hilly road to Teheran. They told how their father had died, leaving them as their means of livelihood the camels with which they had carried on his business. These were to be divided among them, according to a will drawn up by a scribe, and duly sealed the day before he died. Half of the property was to go to the eldest son; the second son was to have one-third; and the youngest, one-sixth. But there was a difficulty in making the division, for there were *seventeen* camels to be shared according to the will.

Haroun turned to his Vizier who sat

beside him, and asked, "What does your wisdom suggest?"

The Vizier Yahiya was Haroun's wisest counsellor. He summed up the case by gravely repeating the terms of the will, and then remarked that it was obvious that 17 could not be divided by 2, 3 and 6 without giving in each case a fractional result. It would be useless, he said, to give the eldest son as his share eight and a half camels; for fractions of camels would be of no practical use in the caravan business. He therefore ventured to suggest that the property should be sold by auction in the public market, and the proceeds divided among the three heirs as the will directed.

"It is a just judgment," said the Caliph. "It accords with the facts and the strict exigencies of the law. But strict justice often means hardship to our poorer subjects. Justice may well be tempered at times with generosity. If the camels are sold they may bring only a small price; and these men need not money but the camels, and their pack-saddles and gear, with which to earn their living. I shall provide a way of making the division without the risks of a sale. Let the seventeen camels be brought hither.

Presently the long line of camels was brought up; and the beasts, grunting and groaning as is the way of camels, were made to kneel under the palms before the palace gate. There was much curiosity among the courtiers as to how Haroun would solve the problem. When the last of the camels was in position, the Caliph spoke:

"Bring from my own stables a transport camel with its saddle and gear. Place it with the rest. There will then be eighteen camels. Divide them into three groups: one-half, that is nine; one-third, that is six; and one-sixth, that is three."

There was loud applause at the

wisdom and generosity of Haroun as the camel was led out and the officials divided the eighteen beasts into three lines of nine, six, and three. The brothers bowed low, offered the Caliph their thanks, and asked leave to depart.

"Go in peace," said Haroun. "But first there is a little formality to be observed. You have—all three of you—something more than is your just possession under your father's will. Each of you has, in fact, something that belongs to me, in addition to the property left to you by your worthy father. Then, too, as my Vizier reminds me, there are the legal costs of the case to be fixed and paid. Let one camel be taken from each of these three lines, and driven to my stables."

As the royal camel, followed by two new stable companions, disappeared, there was a loud outburst of applause for the wisdom of Haroun.

Their Saving Works.

A certain sage was walking in a market-place when he suddenly encountered the Prophet Elias, and asked him who out of the vast crowd would be saved. Whereupon the Prophet first pointed out a weird-looking creature, a turnkey, because he was merciful to his prisoners; and next, two common-looking workmen, walking in the crowd and pleasantly chatting. The sage went to them and asked them what were their saving works. But they, much puzzled, replied: "We are but poor workmen who live by our trade; all that can be said for us is that we are always of good cheer and are good-natured. When we meet anybody who seems sad, we join him and we talk to him, and try to cheer him. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled about anything, we talk to them and persuade them, until we have made them friends again. This is our whole life."

A Word in Season.

ALONG with its annual register, one of our leading educational institutions sends out a neatly printed brochure, entitled "A Word about Education," which merits attentive perusal, not only on the part of parents but by the heads of our schools as well. This piece of writing would be worth quoting if for nothing more than the sentence, "The finest of the arts is the art of living, and the highest of the sciences is the science of conduct"; but there is in it so much that is of present interest, we reproduce the piece entire, with such changes as will render its good advice more generally applicable:

"Conditions in matters educational have changed radically even in the last ten years, and not a few problems present themselves to parents who are seeking a school wherein their children may have, not only the best advantages in the pursuit of science and the liberal arts, but also the lessons that make for noble manhood and womanhood. Our colleges are strong in all that pertains to mental culture, and most institutions of learning attach full importance to physical training; but the right school for Catholic young men and women is that which, combining the best in intellectual and physical education, teaches theoretically and practically, by precept and example, in season and out of season, and by all the influences which make for right growth, that 'the finest of the arts is the art of living, and the highest of the sciences is the science of conduct.'

"The signs of the times point to special needs in the training of the coming generation. Any one following the trend of the Baccalaureate sermons and Commencement addresses which marked the closing of the past scholastic year must have heard the note of warning persistently struck in the ear-

nest exhortations to the young men and women about to enter upon life's duties. Recognition of the supremacy of moral principles was inculcated; there were pleas for the following of the spirit of righteousness as opposed to the mere letter of the law; graduates were reminded that mental equipment must ever be considered in relation to moral vocation; other addresses dwelt upon the fact that knowledge and virtue must go hand in hand, if the best interests of society are to be conserved; self-possession, self-control, the following of reason, not blind impulse, was the gist of numerous Baccalaureate sermons; the students were reminded that character counts for far more than learning; and serious warnings were sounded against the luxury and frivolity of our times.

"High scholarship and right ideas of the simple life should be inculcated, and science and art looked upon, not as ends, but as means to a great end. Education is to fit one for life; hence the training which develops and strengthens the mind, the body and the moral nature is the only adequate training; and the institution which brings about such results can not include in its printed curriculum the best that it offers."

Catholic parents can not be too firmly persuaded that the manifold influences of Catholic schools, whatever any of them may lack in material equipment, make for right growth. On the other hand, the heads of such schools should feel obliged to exert their best endeavors to enhance all those special advantages which patrons have a right to expect and to which pupils have claim. Whatever may be said of secular schools, one sure test of a Catholic educational institution is its discipline; and the highest recommendation it can have for the public is a reputation for giving due prominence to the art of living and the science of conduct.

Notes and Remarks.

In a lecture delivered long before the war, that fair-minded Congregationalist, the Rev. Dr. McGiffert, observed: "Many of the animosities of the fathers are no longer felt by us; and particularly in religious matters union has taken the place of division, sympathy of hostility, co-operation of rivalry. We are farther away from the days of persecution, and less nervous about many movements and institutions that our fathers dreaded unspeakably. The spirit of toleration has taken hold upon us all; and Protestants can think and speak kindly of men of other faiths, and can co-operate heartily with them as opportunity offers for the promotion of good ends dear to all."

The sudden rise and rapid spread of the Ku-Klux movement is not evidence either of increased enlightenment, or of the religious tolerance required by law in the United States. The greater number of Protestant ministers would seem to be what they always were—ignorant (ignorant of some things which there is no excuse for not knowing) and prejudiced to the last degree. Anti-Catholic movements originate with them and are encouraged by them. For this statement there is the published testimony of one of their own number, the late Dr. Gladden. How ashamed all Protestant ministers like him and Dr. McGiffert must be of the bigots and ignoramuses among them!

Among the activities of our coreligionists in England are the outdoor meetings of the Catholic Evidence Guild and also of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. The purpose of these meetings is to inform non-Catholics of the doctrines and practices of the Faith. The course pursued at some of the meetings by certain perfervid and disputatious Catholics has led to the publication and

distribution of handbills in which Catholics are asked "(1) not to occupy the space near the platform; (2) not to enter into a discussion, on any consideration whatsoever, with non-Catholics while the lecturer is speaking; (3) not to express surprise nor resentment at the questions and interruptions of non-Catholics; (4) not to make statements about the Faith unless absolutely certain they are correct; (5) not to haggle and wrangle with people after the lecture is over; (6) to treat all non-Catholics with great kindness, to listen patiently to their difficulties, to advise them to ask questions and to read suitable books, to pray during the lectures that God will enlighten the minds and move the wills of our separated brethren, and to receive Holy Communion frequently for the success of the great work of the Catholic Evidence Guild."

Excellent recommendations, applicable wherever similar work among non-Catholics is being done.

About as incisive a bit of criticism of "Painted Windows" as has come to our notice appears in the *Catholic Herald of India*. Its editor declares that the impression one gathers from the book and from other controversial productions of the day is "that people in England are discussing the dogmas of the Catholic religion as though there were nothing else in it. They miss the wood for the trees, and the flesh for the bones. We do wish they could study religion a little less in acts of Ecumenical Councils and a little more in the Irish peasant woman. She knows her catechism but practises her religion, and she loves much more than she knows. She makes the Sign of the Cross without analyzing the Blessed Trinity."

Commenting on the statement by the hero of the book in question, that "Christianity has been more studied than practised," our critic remarks:

"This is exactly the outsider's view, and the view that is so abnormally emphasized by controversialists, both Protestant and Catholic. It is evident that if people turn to books for Christianity, they will find it studied; let them turn to Catholic churches and homes, if they want to see it practised." An obvious corollary, so far as the average Catholic is concerned, is that, while intellectual appreciation of Catholicism is good, conduct in conformity with the Church's teaching is better.

The Prince of Wales has a grievance—which he will probably not ventilate—against the statisticians who furnished him with information concerning the comparative numbers of those following the different religions of the world. Replying to an address, on his landing at Rangoon, during his late visit to India, he said: "In your midst stands the great pagoda, the oldest of all the holy places of a religion claiming a larger proportion of followers among the human race than any other." The editor of *The Voice*, with all due respect, begs to differ from his Royal Highness, and categorically denies that Buddhism has the largest proportion of followers among the human race. From the most reliable religious statistics of the world, it appears that the honor claimed for Buddhism belongs to the Catholic Church, while the followers of Buddha rank only seventh in numbers among world religions. In round numbers, there are two hundred and ninety-two million Catholics, and only one hundred and twenty-five million Buddhists.

Even if it be claimed that Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shintoism are so closely allied that they really form only one religion, the Prince's statement is still inaccurate; for the same reasoning will put together all the Christian denominations, no matter how much they may differ one from another; and the

Christians of the world number six hundred and fifteen millions, whereas Buddhists (in the foregoing extended sense) number but four hundred and fourteen millions, or some two hundred millions fewer. Incidentally, it is worth noting that of the total population of the world, placed at a billion and a half, Christians claim two-fifths,—not a proportion to be particularly proud of, perhaps; but not so small, either, as to engender discouragement or shame. The end of the world is not yet.

Considerable indignation has frequently been expressed at the silly sentimentalism so often manifested by emotional persons, women especially, in the case of hardened criminals. The more judicious of our great papers have inveighed against the "sob stuff" expended on murderers, robbers, and similar malefactors by ladies who apparently lose sight of the crimes that have brought about the downfall of such criminals. Not all the sentimentalism, however, is shown by the public. The Bench itself is not always free from what is practically the same undue clemency. Instances are not uncommon where an inconsiderable fine, instead of a lengthy jail sentence, has been imposed on criminals who, in all equity and justice, have deserved as harsh a penalty as the law allows. Mr. Samuel Untermeyer, writing to the Attorney-General of New York, administers a well-merited rebuke to more than one judge in saying: "The judicial psychology which leads to the conclusion that men of great wealth and power who offend against the criminal laws and are convicted after long and patient effort, are sufficiently punished by the humiliation of having their crimes exposed, does not appeal to me."

If it be true that outrages against the Indians are still going on, as the writer

of the subjoined letter to the *New York Herald* declares, his recitation of their wrongs should rouse the whole nation to "call a halt" and demand reparation. As to the outrages perpetrated against the Indians in the past, there is no denying them. The book to which attention is called—a book that created a sensation when it was first published—affords abundant evidence, based on Government documents. Secretary of War Stanton once made a statement to Bishop Whipple quite as strong as the one of Gen. Sherman. Mr. William R. Griffiths, of Douglaston, is the writer of this letter, which is dated June 26:

There is one class of people which consistently libels the American Indian. It is the class which wanted what the Indian had, and which considered that these original owners of all our country had no rights that the white man was bound to respect. As strongly as I speak I do it from true knowledge, and can prove every allegation that I make. I have lived among the Indians and I know them.

The Sioux, poor devils, were driven by the whites from their beautiful lake country in Minnesota from pillar to post, and treated to a long succession of broken treaties and promises, so that I would not have respected them if they had not fought. They simply did it from desperation, frequently to avert starvation. The white man set the Indian many a bad example by stealing the Indians' cattle, horses, women, and other property. Much of this was done at night, so that the Indians naturally suspected the nearest unfriendly whites and descended upon them.

The Indian first welcomed the white man, and even for long periods permitted the prairie schooners to pass through their country unharmed, until the Indians were driven to reprisals by the many crimes committed against them by the whites, to say nothing of the rapid extermination of their game and fur animals.

Every citizen of this country owes it to justice to read Helen Hunt Jackson's book entitled "A Century of Dishonor." Therein is abundant, damning proof of the almost unbelievable perfidy of the white man to the Indian from the first right down to latter days; and the outrages are still going on against these now almost defenceless people, who, naturally highly honorable, moral, loyal

friends and generous hosts, have been the victims of one long series of robberies and worse by the white man. Should we not blush with shame when we know that Gen. Sherman said that Congress never did keep a treaty it made with the Indians?...

White men have scalped and mutilated Indians, have shot fleeing women and tiny children in the back, and left their wounded to freeze. White men first taught Indians to fight white men; and the loyal devotion of many an Indian and tribe to the white people, in the face of outrageous provocation, is well known in and out of printed history.

Give the Indian a square deal and there will very rarely be any trouble from him. I can give splendid testimony to his honesty, ability and goodness to the whites.

The man who invented the shibboleth that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" was a selfish brute who wanted to steal what belonged to the Indian,—either that, or he was misinformed by designing tricksters. Good and able white men who have been long in close contact with our Indians have testified to the splendid men who have been leaders of the tribes, many of whom have fought us because we forced them to, not because they wanted to. Let us be just!

Notable among the discourses pronounced at the Catholic Young Men's Conference recently held at Cardiff, Wales, was one on "The Present Position of the Church in Europe," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. The well-known publicist described the forces at work in European society, and gave reasons for his belief that the tide has turned in favor of the Church. This reversal in Catholic fortunes, he declared, was accelerated by the Great War, but would have come anyhow. There is a general reversion to Catholic culture, and of the Catholic Church to the position which is its due as the driving force of our civilization. For European civilization was made by the Catholic Church, and in the absence of the Catholic Church it would decay. And the people of England do not know this.

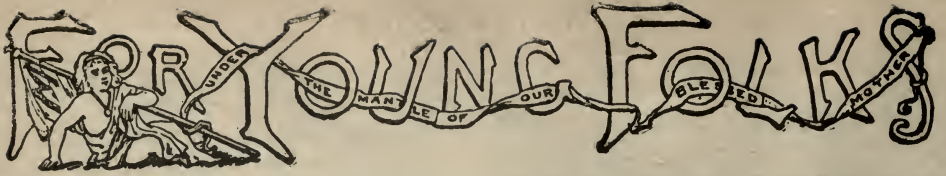
Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Belloc's address was his reference to the appearance in Europe of a new

Power, or, more correctly, the sudden reappearance of an old Power:

A nation which, in this country at least, was not known to exist, the boundaries of which were quite unknown to the Ministers of this country in 1914,—a Catholic nation called Poland, has come back again into existence,—a nation whose culture commands over thirty million subjects. That nation, which is intensely patriotic, has very wisely insisted on remaining fully armed, and would not allow itself again to be extinguished. Here is present, where it had never existed before in our time, a great, independent and tenacious people; and the nation has come to stay. It is a fact of great consequence.

A very forcible article contributed to *America*, Father Markoe, S. J., appeals to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade to "turn its guns on un-Catholic prejudice, and with one voice demand the admission of our many sterling Catholic colored boys and girls to the better and best gifts within the power of the Church,"—admission, that is, to Catholic schools, primary and secondary. Not the least interesting portion of this plea for the Negro is the following declaration of Archbishop Ireland:

I have been asked to state what my ideas are as to the opening of parish schools to colored Catholic children. So far as the diocese of St. Paul is concerned, my ideas are very decided that no distinction should be made as to the color of pupils in parish schools. No such distinction has ever been made; no such distinction ever shall be made. I am not well informed as to the practice in this regard throughout other dioceses; but if admission into parish schools is refused to colored children, I can not see on what principle the act can be justified. . . . Things often occur from force of mere tradition which cease as soon as attention is called to them. Whenever there are not separate schools fully equipped for the instruction of colored children, these are admitted, on equal terms with white children, into all our public schools; and surely it shall not be said that the State goes farther than Holy Church in the application of the great Christian principles of the brotherhood of men and the common fatherhood of God. The Church is Catholic—instituted for all, and all must feel equally her motherhood.



The Magdalene Flower.

BY ALTO OTIS.

IN far Eastern lands there's a little green
vine

That is found at the door of each tomb,
And because of the deep scarlet flower it
bears

They call it St. Magdalene's bloom.

And legend recalls that when Magdalene knelt
At the foot of the Cross long ago,
She noticed a vine creeping over the ground,
Whose blossoms were white as the snow.

But when the centurion pierced Our Lord's
side

And the last precious blood-drops were shed,
The little white petals that grew 'neath the
Cross

Were changed to a beautiful red.

And Magdalene, plucking a sprig of the vine
On that evening of sorrow and gloom,
Stole off through the dusk to the grave of Our
Lord

And planted it next to His tomb.

And so at the dawning of Easter, they say,
When an angel rolled back the huge stone,
He found all the grass on the way to Christ's
grave

With pretty red blossoms o'ergrown.

And still to this day in the lands of the East
Along in the dim twilight hour,
They plant a red bloom on the graves of their
dead,

And they call it the Magdalene flower.

A ROMAN emperor had a beautiful
faun which wore a collar of gold in-
scribed with the words, "I belong to
Cæsar." On the foreheads of all who
receive the Sacrament of Confirmation
is the invisible sign, "I belong to Christ;
I am a soldier of His army."

Lil'lady.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVII.—ROSY LIGHT.

THE holy rite was over. Lil'lady,
who had wakened into conscious-
ness for a few moments, sank again into
fevered sleep. Father Tom lingered, his
hand upon the child's pulse, his watch-
ful eye upon her face. He had medi-
cined both soul and body in his long
years of missionary work, and knew
when Death was hovering near.

"She is very ill," he said gravely;
"but she is young and strong. I know
something of sickness. I think there is
hope. The prayer of faith will save her
yet. I will watch with you, if you wish,
Elmer, through the night."

And something in the tone, in the
words, sent a strange thrill through the
hearer's deadened, despairing soul. It
was not only the voice of his old friend
that seemed to speak to him: it was that
of a messenger from another world, who
stood calm and fearless in the Valley of
the Shadow, strong to help either in
life or death; and, proud man that he
was, Elmer Marsden felt that he dared
not face this night alone.

"If you will," he answered hoarsely.
"The child seems to know, to trust you,
and I am shaken beyond my strength."

"Beyond your strength indeed," re-
peated Father Tom, gently. "There are
dark waters in which our poor human
love sinks, old friend. I will watch with
you and Lil'lady. There will be a
change, I think, soon. Let us pray God
that it will be for the better."

"Pray!" repeated the other, bitterly.
"I can not, I dare not. I have forgotten
how to pray."

For a moment the priest's voice rose in stern rebuke; then it softened into gentleness again. "I will pray for you, Elmer."

Then silence fell between the watchers,—a solemn silence, broken only by Lil'lady's short, fevered breathing. Mammy Sue stole into the room for a look at her darling, and staggered out again, wringing her withered hands. Dave and Dan sat in the old nursery, striving to choke back their sobs. Miss Gilbert and Cousin Jane were crying softly out on the wide stairs. Aunt Sabina, Cleopatra, and Ann Caroline watched and whispered.

Whether they were moments or hours that passed over him, Elmer Marsden did not know. That night was a horror of darkness, into which his memory never could look. He was only conscious of two figures before his despairing eyes: his dying child and the shadowy form beside her,—the friend of long ago, who was the friend and servant and minister of his forgotten God,—the friend who had the right to plead for Lil'lady.

And how Father Tom was pleading for child and father only the listening angels knew. Stifling the cough that brought the red stain to his handkerchief, struggling against the weakness that more than once almost overcame him, steadying the hand that trembled in Lil'lady's fevered clasp, Father Tom watched and prayed until, with a sudden, long-drawn breath, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, then closed with a soft sigh. Lil'lady lay very still.

"My God, she is gone!" gasped her father, hoarsely.

"Oh, no, no, no!" came a deep, glad voice beside him; and Father Tom laid his hand upon the bowed shoulder of his old friend. "This is not the sleep of death but of life. It is the change for which I have been hoping, praying.

Your child is given back to you, Elmer. Thank God, thank God!" And, with the words trembling upon his lips, the speaker fell forward fainting, and was caught in Elmer Marsden's arms.

And so the light came back to Shorecliff, borne in Father Tom's dying hand. For the night journey, the long vigil by Lil'lady's side, the stress and the strain of this last mission, had been too much for his fast-failing strength. He was too ill to leave Shorecliff for many days,—days in which our Lil'lady, fluttering back to health and strength under old Mammy Sue's rapturous care, was only dimly conscious of the wonderful work of grace that was being done in her home,—of the faith and hope and love Father Tom was rekindling from the "lamp on his broken mast."

Those brief days with his boyhood's friend brought Elmer Marsden nearer to his God than years of other influence could have done; for, seated by Father Tom's bedside, the wasted hand clasped in his, he learned what it was to look into the soul of a dying saint, to hear from his lips blessed words of peace and pardon and reconciliation.

For three beautiful weeks Father Tom lingered at Shorecliff, giving his last mission,—touching, winning all hearts, from dad's roused into all the old love and tenderness of the past, down to old Mammy Sue's. Miss Angela came and went, a sweet vision of sorrowing love. Lil'lady, her strength nearly restored, hovered by his bedside. Dan and Dave were held wondering captives to his cheer and charm; while dad, forgetful of all other troubles and trials, was with him night and day.

"It was coming to save me that finished you, Tom. You and I and Angela know it."

"Ah, well, perhaps," was the smiling answer, "it would not have been a very long finish at the best, Elmer; and there is a text that I have always wished I

could somehow or somewhere claim as my epitaph: 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And I would choose my friend by God's grace to be you, Elmer."

And so it happened at last that our Lil'lady, opening her blue eyes on the first Winter snow one morning, learned that Father Tom had gone home in the night,—home, as he had told Ted and Dick, for Christmas. It was a happy home-coming, as all could see, even though they gazed through tears at the calm, smiling face. Father Tom lay before his old home altar, with the cross of Kalobar between his folded hands, his work done.

But Lil'lady's story must not end in sorrow and tears, even tears touched by the sunset light that shines through heaven's open gates,—light such as had gleamed upon Father Tom. Two years later there was another Christmas at Shorecliff,—a Christmas that was all cheer and gladness and joy, with great fires leaping on the wide hearths, and Christmas greens wreathing the walls and pictures; and a big tree rising to the very tiptop of the drawing-room, with presents for everybody, old and young, far and near. And the great house was fairly brimming with company; all the rooms that had been closed for more than a dozen years were full. Even the old library, with its grim portraits and "dead-eyed" busts, had been touched by some Christmas fairy, and bloomed with holly and ivy, and glowed with warmth and life and light.

As Lil'lady declared, it was the first real, true, right Christmas she had ever had; for, as all boys and girls, old and young, know, there can not be a real true Christmas without a mother to make it right. And dad had brought a mother to Shorecliff as the very best Christmas gift he could find.

It was such a surprise! Lil'lady had

not been thinking or dreaming of such a thing. A mother was the beautiful gift she had lost when she was born, and never hoped to find again. For, on hearing of all the dreadful things that had happened at Island View, Great-aunt Greyson had come back from Europe, three times grander and more important than she was eleven years before, and had decided that Lil'lady must be put to boarding school at Mount Loreto; and the boys should go to St. Vincent's, as their father had done before them; and all things should go back to the old, old ways at Shorecliff.

But though Mount Loreto was very beautiful, and the girls charming, and the Sisters "perfect dears," it was not the old home, with its wave-washed shore, that Lil'lady had roamed from babyhood. There was no dad to come home to her; no Mammy Sue sitting by the nursery fire; no Uncle Eph to go fishing under the cliffs; no Aunt Sabina or Ann Caroline or Cleopatra,—not anything into which Lil'lady had grown and fitted as the young vine stretches its roots and tendrils deep and fast to earth and rock. Nevertheless, Great-aunt Greyson, who was now seventy years old, declared she could not go down to her grave in peace leaving a motherless girl to grow up in a place like Shorecliff. And so it seemed to Lil'lady that the dear old home and the dear old days were lost to her forever.

And then suddenly it happened,—suddenly the whole world burst into new, rosy light. One wonderful evening, just two years after that terrible Thanksgiving which Lil'lady could not bear to remember, dad had come to the convent parlor; and when they were quite alone (as good Mother Benedicta had contrived) he took her in his arms and told her that Miss Angie—her own dear, darling Miss Angie, Father Tom's Miss Angie—had promised him to come to Shorecliff and be his little girl's mother.

Oh, it seemed too wonderful, too good to be true! All the homesickness that Lil'lady had been bravely hiding, she now sobbed out on dad's dear heart. If she had the whole wide world to choose from, she would have picked out Miss Angie for a mother.

"Not that we will ever forget the dear mother who has gone," said dad in a low voice. "But you—you never knew her, my darling; and God has given you, has given me, another angel."

And so it was that this Christmas came in such joy to Shorecliff; for the new mother was at home, in all her sweet loveliness and grace, with old friends and new filling the great house and waking its long silent rooms into hospitable life.

Everybody was there, from Great-aunt Greyson, throned in state in her carved chair in the drawing-room, as representative of all the family past, to old Zach Simpson, who since his rescue of Lil'lady had established most friendly relations with dad, and was working with him, instead of against him, in the interests of the poor fisherman.

"You've done the right thing for that pretty little girl of yours, to say nothing of yourself," said the old man, as he shook dad's hand warmly. "She is getting too big to run around these shores fishing with a blind Nigger, even though she did bring you and me to terms with her milk bottle."

"Dis looks like libbing agin,—it looks like libbing," chorused Aunt Sabina and Ann Caroline and Cleopatra, with various dusky assistants, as they bustled around the big kitchen, cooking and serving. "Miss Jane's been good in her way, but we've got de quality Mistress now at Shorecliff. You seen dem diamonds on her neck at dinnah? Dat ain't no new boughten finery, honey. Dat come down de Ridgely generations far back as you kin count. Yes, honey,

Miss Angie is de lady for dis place."

"And de bad luck sign's all gone," Uncle Eph nodded from his place in the chimney corner. "Mirandy's Jim found de bullfrog froze dead in de swamp yesterday. And de hoot owl, he scoot off when de wind blew down de split pine. De bad luck is gone forebber from Shorecliff."

And the college yell of St. Vincent's was rising from the lawn, where Dave and Dan and Ted and Dick were engaging their old mates of the military institute in a snowball battle; and Polly Tillman was listening a little enviously to Lil'lady's future prospects,—Lil'lady, who was not going back to school until—until the Sisters came to the new convent that was to be opened at Ridgely Hall. "It is what Father Tom asked of his brother and sister when he was dying," added Lil'lady softly,— "that they would give their old home for a House of God; and when I get a little older, I'll go to school there."

"It's all come out right," crooned old Mammy Sue over the nursery fire. "It's all come out right, as de good man wot chrissen my chile said. And now I's ready to go. Miss Angie is heah to show me de right way, and I's gwine to take it, honey; I's gwine her way and Marse Tom's to de Lord. I's ready to go."

"Oh, it has been such a Christmas," murmured Lil'lady happily in dad's ear,— "such a lovely, lovely Christmas! O dad, how did you ever think of doing such a beautiful thing as giving me a mother? I have wanted one ever since I was born."

"My own dear little girl!" came the sweet voice of the new mother; and Miss Angie slipped her hand into that of dad on Lil'lady's shoulder. "It was you did it all. It was you who brought the light of faith and love back to Shorecliff, Lil'lady, by God's blessing,—you and Father Tom."

The Gem of the Blessed Virgin.

THE pearl, from its association with all that is pure and innocent, has often been termed the gem of the Blessed Virgin. In the Ages of Faith, when it was a common practice to leave jewels to be applied to the adornment of Our Lady's statues, it was usual to stipulate that the gems be pearls.

These beautiful gems have another distinction—that of requiring no polishing or cutting to make them perfect, being shapely and lustrous when discovered in the shell which is their home.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the formation of pearls. In the time of the ancients it was said that they had their origin in drops of dew which found their way into the shell of the pearl oyster; but in modern times it has become generally believed that little irritating grains of sand are the foundation around which a pearly secretion gathers.

We read of pearls in the earliest recorded writings; and, so far as history goes, they have always existed, Eastern nations being especially fond of them. The Persian nobles were in the habit of wearing a large pearl hanging from the right ear; and the gay young men of Athens wore earrings in the shape of small bells, a pearl forming the clapper of each one.

Pearl oysters are found in many parts of the world, in both salt and fresh water, and are procured by divers, who prepare themselves for their dangerous task by a severe course of training. Their bodies are rubbed with oil, their nostrils and ears are stuffed with cotton, and a large stone is usually fastened about the waist to facilitate the descent. Forty or fifty trips are usually made in one day, the divers of certain Eastern countries using their toes as well as their fingers in picking up the oysters. The stay under water

is from one to two minutes. In recent years the diving-bell has been brought into use by the pearl fishers; and doubtless the old-fashioned, dangerous method of hunting the beautiful treasures will in time be entirely abandoned.

Pearls are found of various colors, the yellow ones being most highly prized by some people, notably the Chinese. In Buddhist temples, many pink pearls are seen in the ornamentation; and sometimes a pink pearl is placed in the mouth of the dead.

These gems are not always round, being often formed in the most fantastic shapes, and then called *baroque* pearls. Pearls are very sensitive to surrounding influences, and are injured by contact with noxious vapors.

The largest and finest pearl in existence to-day is in the possession of the Shah of Persia. It is valued at something like a million dollars. The crown jewels of the monarchs of the Old World contain many other wonderful specimens of these lovely objects which rank so high among the beautiful gifts of God to man. The "gem of the Blessed Virgin," it is safe to say, will never cease to be highly prized.

A King's Lesson.

King Alphonsus of Aragon, hearing that his pages neglected to pray before and after their meals, one day invited them and a beggar (whom he instructed beforehand) to the royal table. After dinner the beggar left without a word of gratitude; the pages, shocked and indignant, said among themselves: "What an ungrateful creature!"

Then the King arose and quietly remarked: "Until to-day you have been quite as unthankful as that beggar. Each day your Heavenly Father gives you food, and you never think of expressing gratitude for it. Blush now for your thoughtlessness."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Thoughts for a Child of Mary," by Maisie Ward (London, C. T. S.), is a booklet that every president of the Children of Mary might well put into the hands of the members of her sodality. One will look far to find in so brief a form a more satisfactory explanation of the privileges, duties, and ideals of Catholic womanhood.

—"Letters to a Nun on Mystical Prayer," by the Rev. Berthold Meleady, O. D. C., contains a summary of its substance in its title. The briefest of booklets, it is on the gospel of the Little Flower, "Watch and Listen," which the author suggests should rather be "Gaze and Long." This suggestion will be sufficient indication of the spirit and manner of the "Letters," whose only fault is brevity. James Duffy & Co., publishers.

—"The Making of a Capuchin Priest" and "The Capuchin Lay-Brother," by Father Theodosius, O. M. Cap. (illustrated octavo pamphlets of some 40 pages each), are thoroughly interesting accounts of the various steps leading from the world to the Capuchin Order, and can be recommended to Catholics, old and young,—to the latter more especially. Both of these pamphlets bear the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Hayes.

—If we were to attempt an enumeration of a dozen new works of fiction for Summer reading, the result would be something like this: "Maria Chapdelaine," by Louis Hémon; "Big Peter," by Archibald Marshall; "Abbé Pierre," by J. W. Hudson; "Adroëne Toner," by Anne D. Sedgwick; "The Light on the Lagoon," by Isabel Clarke; "Saint Teresa," by H. S. Harrison; "Gentle Julia," by Booth Tarkington; "Lost Valley," by K. F. Gerould—and we don't know any more.

—"A Little Day-Book," by Marian Nesbitt, is a collection of "Leaves" contributed to *St. Anthony's Messenger*. Miss Nesbitt, herself a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, has written this series of brief essays, biographical sketches, meditations, etc., for the benefit of fellow-Tertiaries. They were well worth collecting, and will well repay reading, not only by Tertiaries, but by Catholics generally. Published by *St. Anthony's Messenger*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—"The Ideal of Reparation" is a translation by Madama Cecilia of the uncompromising and straightforward treatise on the subject by

Raoul Plus; S. J. The author divides his subject into three parts: Why Reparation should be Made, Who Should Make Reparation, and How Reparation should be Made. These he develops with an ardor which is truly French, and a rigor that at times becomes almost austere. The book purposes to awaken zeal, and is possessed of the spirit that should achieve such a result. Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.50.

—Some two years ago, Father J. H. Pollen, S. J., read a historical paper before the Catholic Students' Guild, of the University of Glasgow. Rewritten and enlarged, the paper now appears as a neat 16mo volume of 79 pages, with the title "The Counter-Reformation in Scotland." The sketch is an exceptionally interesting account (with special reference to the revival of 1585 to 1595) of a period in Scotch history of which but very little is generally known. Published by Sands & Co.; to be had in this country from the B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$1.

—One is glad to notice the discrimination shown by the faculties of Catholic institutions this year in the conferring of honorary degrees. Formerly they seemed to go to capitalists and politicians rather than to authors and poets. Among those honored last month were Miss Anna T. Sadlier, a capital choice; and Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, who was made an LL.D. by Boston College. He was the orator of the day at its closing exercises; and Cardinal O'Connell, in the address which he delivered on the occasion, referred to him as "not only a poet but a true philosopher."

—Writing in *Antiques*, a Boston magazine, Mr. E. J. Goodspeed tells of a literary treasure which has come into his possession,—a strong box found on a slope of the Ladrone Mountains in New Mexico, and containing six volumes printed before the seventeenth century. The oldest of the books was published in 1531; the most modern, in 1596. "It is altogether a well-chosen little collection," Mr. Goodspeed declares,— "a twelve-inch library of the sixteenth century, Biblical and secular, classical and humanist, poetry and prose." And he pertinently adds, "Whatever its source or history, the strong box of the Sierra Ladrone brings back a past of surpassing romance and interest, and with it a fresh reminder that while the Puritan and the Cavalier were founding empires in New England and Vir-

ginia, the Spanish priest and soldier were at work, after their own fashion, in the distant deserts of New Mexico."

—Teachers in particular should be interested in an article entitled "The Garbage Can," contributed to the July number of the *North American Review* by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The results of our intellectual slovenliness are shown in this wise:

Students may crowd the lecture hall; they may fill an astounding assortment of examination papers; they may come out of school or college or university laden with laurels; but they can not speak or write decent English. Their language is the language of the comics. In voices they have never been taught to control or modulate: they "gotta go" and they are "gonna do it"; and they sprinkle their talk with such gems as "watcha" and "gotcha" and similar vulgarisms, barren even of the humor or vigor that makes real slang amusing and sometimes eloquent. As they talk so they write; their respect for the written is no deeper than for the spoken word. Anything to save time and trouble; almost everywhere space-and-time-saving abbreviations, until it looks as if presently books and papers will be printed in shorthand. Where there is no feeling for the beauty of language there can be none for the beauty of literature. We have professors of English by the legion, and how many writers or critics of distinction, how many readers of discernment or appreciation? If the critic, the leader, fights shy of work done the day before yesterday, if he rejoices in his escape from the leading-strings of Greek and Latin, if he differentiates between the English language and the American, if he boasts of emancipation from the traditions that are the heirloom of modern literature, can we wonder at the quality of the "best sellers" and the cheap magazines; at the demoralizing amount of second-rate work, applauded in second-rate reviews, devoured by a second-rate public,—at the demoralizing mess of stuff that fills America's literary garbage can to repletion?

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

"Hispanic Anthology." (\$5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. \$9.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Godfrey Hendricks, of the diocese of San Antonio; Rev. John Griffin, diocese of Detroit; Rev. Alexander Butler, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Ferdinand Schorer, O.S.B.

Sister M. Baptista, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. James, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Maria Louise, Nursing Sisters of the Poor; and Sister M. Loréto, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. John Jones, Mr. George Cook, Mr. F. William Kirchner, Miss Jane Sautt, Mr. John Printy, Mr. E. V. Parker, Mrs. James Skelly, Mr. George Kant, Mrs. F. E. Mallick, Mrs. Mary Parrington, Mr. John White, Mrs. Oliver Somers, Mr. John Smith, Mr. J. S. Dennison, and Mr. Robert Lapierre.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: friend, \$50; J. M., \$25. For the Foreign Missions: P. P. R., \$2.



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

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The Immortal.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE great hills call the valley heart
With bugles of the dawn;
The hill trails raise a fiery cross
When day has westward gone.
Like trumpets of the vanished hosts
Who sailed the seas of old,
The ocean voices summon men
To faring wide and bold.
Beyond the hills all trails may end,
And sea-ways reach a goal;
But Time and Death have set no bounds
To man's aspiring soul.

A Sanctuary of Many Memories.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IT was in the year 597 that the reigning Pontiff, justly known as Pope Gregory the Great, sent a Roman abbot named Augustine, at the head of a band of about forty monks, to preach the Christian and Catholic Faith to the English people. The "strangers from Rome," as they were called, landed, it need scarcely be said, at Ebbsfleet, in the Isle of Thanet; and King Ethelbert received them, sitting in the open air, on the "chalk down above Minster," where nowadays the eye catches miles away the dim towers of Canterbury, the royal city of the Kingdom of Kent, whither the missionary monks presently wended

their way, having received a promise of shelter and protection from the English monarch.

Slowly and reverently, with a silver cross and a picture of Christ, the Divine Redeemer of the world, carried at its head, the procession continued to march towards Canterbury, which was entered to the solemn strains of that wonderful intercessory prayer composed by Gregory himself, the Litany of the Saints.

It will be remembered that Ethelbert's queen, Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of France, was a devout Catholic; and it was doubtless due in a great measure to her influence that her husband gave St. Augustine and his followers a hospitable reception. Not more than a year had passed ere Ethelbert himself was converted, and from that moment "the Kentish men crowded to baptism in thousands"; everywhere religion spread; and the King "granted the city of Canterbury with its dependencies to Augustine," who had been raised to the archiepiscopal dignity by Pope Gregory.

At the request of St. Augustine, more missionaries were sent over from Rome; York was erected into a See, and other less important places also; but Augustine of Canterbury remained Primate of all England. He was buried in the churchyard attached to the monastery, which he, in conjunction with King Ethelbert, had founded in his metropolitan city, and dedicated to his great namesake, St. Augustine of Hippo.

At the east end of the monastery there was, says an old chronicler, "the oratory of the Blessed Mary, in which reposed the bodies of many saints. So pleasing to the Queen of Heaven was this oratory," he adds, "that, according to the English proverb, it was called the Sacarium or Vestiarium of Mary." Indeed, Our Lady was believed to have appeared there to her devout clients, whilst "in it was the brightness of miracles made manifest"; and in it also were "the voices of angels," and the melodious strains of heavenly harmonies "frequently heard."

This was the chapel, moreover, in which Blessed Dunstan "had his visions." St. Dunstan, it must be noted, stands almost at the beginning of that long line of Canterbury's archbishops, who counted amongst their numbers such illustrious names as Lanfranc; St. Anselm, "a tender-hearted poet-dreamer," with a soul as pure as the Alpine snows, and an intelligence keen as the mountain air; yet an opponent whose meek and loving temper rose into firmness and grandeur when it confronted the tyranny of the Red King, and to whose "philosophical speculations we owe the great scientific inquiries which built up the theology of the Middle Ages."

On being raised to the See, he (Dunstan) wielded for sixteen years, as the minister of Eadgar, the secular and ecclesiastical powers of the realm. With a vigorous and unerring hand, he restored justice and order. "But the aims of the Primate Minister," it has been truly said, "reached far beyond this outer revival of prosperity and good government." The educational movement begun by Alfred had ceased with that good King's death; time and the Northern war had dealt hardly with his high hopes and noble ideals. Dunstan resumed the task, not only with enthusiasm, but in the spirit of a great

administrator. Splendid were the achievements he fostered.

The Cathedral of Canterbury, which had suffered severely from the effects of an incursion of the Danes, was restored by Bishop Odo, only to be again destroyed, little more than half a century later, by the same barbarous invaders, who landed from a numerous fleet anchored in Sandwich Harbor. On this occasion, the church, with the exception of the outer walls, was entirely burned; and thus it had perforce to remain till order was once more restored by the accession of King Canute, records of whose reign prove him to have been a most generous benefactor to other churches and monasteries besides Canterbury.

Amongst the many costly gifts presented to the latter cathedral by this devout King, we find mention of his "golden crown," which was preserved there till the time of the great religious revolution, when the sacrilegious eyes of an apostate king may well have fixed themselves upon it with avaricious joy. As a matter of fact, we know that the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Crypt, commonly called "Our Lady Undercroft"—a chapel exactly under the high altar in Canterbury cathedral,—possessed immense treasures, the offerings of the faithful to this famous shrine. "Indeed," writes Erasmus, "I never saw a thing more laden with riches. When lamps were brought, we beheld more than a royal spectacle, which in beauty far surpassed that of Walsingham."

Again, describing the shrine of St. Thomas, Erasmus remarks: "Gold was the meanest thing to be seen there; all shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels of an extraordinary size; some were larger than the egg of a goose. When this sight was shown," he adds, "the prior with a wand touched every jewel, telling the name,

the value, and the donor of it." No wonder, therefore, that Henry VIII. ordered the destruction of such shrines; and bade his commissioners see the "said relics, jewels, and plate safely conveyed to our Tower of London into our jewel-house, charging the master of our jewels with the same, etc."

The crypt itself is cruciform in shape, and of greater extent and more lofty than any other in England. It is divided into a nave and aisles by lines of short, massive pillars supporting low arches; and its erection is supposed to have been the work of Archbishop Lanfranc, who, on his appointment to the See, found the church, which had suffered severely from fire, in an almost ruinous state. Being a skilled architect as well as a learned prelate, he pulled down the greater part of the cathedral, and began its restoration on grander and more beautiful lines.

Even in its present ruined state, the Undercroft gives evidence of its former splendor. On the vaultings may be seen traces of the exquisite blue coloring, on which appear small convex gilt mirrors and gilded quatrefoils. The royal arms are painted in the centre, and forty other shields are emblazoned on the lower part of the arches.

The great work of restoring the cathedral, begun by Archbishop Langfranc, was carried on by his successor, St. Anselm, of most beloved memory; and the taste and skill displayed in its execution excited the wonder and admiration of all. As William of Malmesbury tells us, nothing comparable to it was to be found in England, either for the brilliancy of the painted windows, the grandeur of the marble pavement, or the highly decorated roof.

At the extreme eastern end of the cathedral is the beautiful circular chapel, still bearing its significant title of "Becket's Crown." Here the Saint's skull, which had been severed by his

murderers, was preserved by itself, "on a richly ornamented altar"; the rest of the glorious martyr's relics being placed in the shrine prepared for them in the centre of Trinity Chapel.

Stephen Langton had been raised to the See when the building of "Becket's Crown" and Trinity Chapel was still in progress. The windows in the latter chapel are interesting, not only for the richness and perfection of their colors, but also because they are some of the finest specimens of the early state of the art of painting on glass to be found in the kingdom, having probably been executed in the reign of Henry III. The tessellated pavement and these "storied windows," depicting the martyrdom and miracles, are all that now remain to show that here was once the world-famous shrine of St. Thomas à Becket.

On the northern side of Trinity Chapel is a beautiful chantry, vaulted, and lighted by two windows; this often goes by the name of Henry the Fourth's Chapel, because the Adorable Sacrifice was offered there, during the Ages of Faith, for the repose of his soul and that of his Queen. Their monument is an altar tomb of alabaster, richly sculptured, and originally gilt and painted. On the top are their recumbent figures in their royal robes; whilst over the tomb is a canopy, ornamented with painting and gilding, and bearing the arms of the King.

But more interesting still is the monument of Edward, the Black Prince, also in Trinity Chapel. We know that this same Prince desired by his will to be buried near "the body of the true martyr St. Thomas." His effigy is of brass, gilt and burnished, with the head resting on his helmet, and a lion at his feet.

Besides Trinity Chapel, there was the Lady Chapel, St. Anselm's Chapel, St. Michael's Chapel, the Chapel of St. Andrew, in which were kept many precious relics. Mention is made of St.

Martin's and St. Stephen's altars, and of course there was an altar of St. Benedict—in fact, the precise spot before the latter where St. Thomas à Becket was slain is marked on a marble slab in the pavement. The sacrilegious murder took place in the north transept, which even to this day bears the name of "The Martyrdom"; and here, in the year 1299, King Edward I. was married to Margaret of France, by Archbishop Winchelsea.

From "The Martyrdom," a very beautiful doorway leads into the cloisters, which, differing from the customary arrangement, are at Canterbury situated on the north side of the cathedral. The ambulatory, "134 feet in dimension, is vaulted with a series of converging groins, having at the intersections of the ribs either bosses, composed of those lovely varieties of foliage common in pointed architecture at an early period; or shields, sculptured with the arms of benefactors, in number eight hundred and eleven." These were originally emblazoned in their proper colors.

The southern walk of the cloisters was glazed, and would seem to have been used for meditation. The eastern walk opens upon the fine chapter-house, with its stone seats and throne at the east end, for the prior when he and the monks sat in "chapter."

It is interesting to find that, in days gone by, Canterbury cathedral was surrounded by an "embattled wall," said to have been the work of Lanfranc, and which enclosed the whole precincts of the church. Part of this wall yet remains, as do two of the exquisite gates—that, namely, of Christ Church, and the gatehouse of the Priory, called Porta Curia. During the time when the great Franciscan, John Pecham, was archbishop, many notable additions were made to the cathedral, under the able direction of Prior Eastry, who is said

to have not only erected the exquisite choir screen, but to have restored the choir itself and "enriched it with carvings."

The magnificent central tower used to be called the "Angel Steeple." The reason is given by Gervase, a monk of Canterbury, who tells us that "this beautiful tower is placed in the middle of the church, and on the top pinnacle stands a gilded cherubim." A tower (since rebuilt) stood at the north-western angle of the church. On this tower, in which Archbishop Arundel placed five bells, he raised a lofty spire: hence its old name of Arundel's Steeple. Prior Molash gave a large bell, called after his saintly predecessor Dunstan, to be hung in the southwestern, or Dunstan's Tower. In the northern side of "Becket's Crown" is a tomb in memory of Cardinal Pole, who died in 1558, and was the last Archbishop of Canterbury interred in this church. The monument is perfectly plain, but must originally have been painted in fresco.

What a strangely sad contrast does the present-day Canterbury present to what it must have been in the Ages of Faith, when crowds of devout pilgrims thronged its picturesque streets, wearing brooches, or little images of the "blissful martyr" St. Thomas; when the glorious cathedral's now almost deserted nave and dim-resounding aisles were filled with pious worshippers, and when an English King, on being spoken to as though his generous donations to this once glorious shrine had been lavishly wasted, could thus reply, with unbounded reverence, "If those treasures have contributed to the enrichment and glory of the House of God, blessed be the Lord that He has inspired me with the will to offer them, and that He has bestowed such grace upon my reign that I am permitted to behold the increasing prosperity of my Holy Mother the Church!"

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

ELOISE woke next morning in answer to the rap at the door of the smart housemaid, Sarah, who, looking rather scared, brought in the hot water and announced in a trembling voice that breakfast would be at half-past eight. She opened the door again, after having closed it, in obedience to a reminder from Marcia to say that the bathroom was at the end of the hall, and should she prepare the bath?

Eloise, answering in the affirmative, lay still for a few moments, critically regarding the wall paper, which she considered hideous. It was in the taste of a generation once removed, and was a confused mass of leaves and flowers. There were one or two fine engravings, however, the Dead Christ, the *Mater Dolorosa*, and a beautiful print of the Sacred Heart.

Her critical eyes were turned upon the floor. It was covered with a carpet, which all the ingenuity exercised upon it, during the last agitated weeks, did not prevent from showing threadbare. It had been turned, so that the worst spots might go under the bed or the lounge that had been rather too evidently newly covered with chintz. But one strip, over which Marcia had sighed and Larry had knitted perplexed brows, had defied concealment.

Eloise arose.

"This place needs sadly to be taken in hand," she reflected. "If grandfather had lived much longer, it would have been hopeless. Perhaps that was why he made up his mind to leave it away from its present owners."

She did not take into account those sighs of Marcia, nor Larry's puzzled frowns. She neither knew nor cared

anything about their long and patient struggle. She felt strong in the consciousness that she would never have allowed things to reach their present condition.

Immediately after breakfast, Mrs. Brentwood, begging for a moment's conversation in the living room, formally offered to surrender the keys. They were reposing in a basket, from which they were always taken in the morning by Marcia, who was the real mistress of the establishment, and by her replaced there in the evening.

Eloise, looking very young in a house-dress of gray gabardine, seemed at first inclined to accept this token of supremacy; but on second thought she politely declined, but with a manner plainly indicating that such abstinence on her part was only temporary.

"I beg of you," she protested, "to retain these keys for the present, until I can decide what is best to be done."

The terms of this speech, though perfectly courteous, left an unpleasant impression on the minds of both her hearers (Larry had already gone to town) for it left them so completely outside of any decision which the newcomer might make. That utterance had been as a lambent flame, the flash of a sword blade. It brought Marcia forth from her retirement in the embrasure of the window. There was a flash in her blue eyes, a heightened color in her cheeks. Mrs. Brentwood, always conciliatory, was, however, the first to speak:

"I am sure you are very kind, Eloise; but Marcia and I feel that the keys should be in your hands."

"Whatever arrangement is made," interposed Marcia, "it can assuredly be only temporary, since we are prepared at any moment to give up the house to its rightful owner."

After these words, which sounded like the clash of steel, there was dead silence

in the room, which, with all its defects of color and arrangement, and despite its shabbiness, had yet an indescribable air of comfort and the suggestion, like phantom presences, of the happy lives that had been lived there. Again Marcia was forcibly reminded of her grandfather, and especially of his last visit to the place. Eloise was regarding her with much the same expression, allowing for the difference between a young face and an old, as the late Mr. Julian Brentwood had worn on that memorable occasion. When she spoke, it was in that cold, well-regulated voice which she could at will assume:

"There is no reason whatever for haste in coming to a decision, which, in so far as I am concerned, will require time and reflection. I hope you will also feel at liberty to delay your removal until you have made the most satisfactory arrangements."

Marcia, despite her habitual self-control, changed color; Mrs. Brentwood began to shake as one who had the ague. Marcia realized now what their hope had been: that their grandfather's heiress might settle down amongst them as one of the family,—there had been a clannish strain in many of the Brentwoods; or, better still, that she might take up her residence elsewhere, leaving them as tenants. And now this slender, composed girl suggested at least a possibility, if not a certainty, that she should take possession of the house at her good pleasure and turn them adrift.

Marcia would not have wished that her cousin should guess at the feelings which rushed into her mind, though she strove to assure herself that it was all perfectly fair and just; that Eloise constituted the rightful heir, and that it was unreasonable to expect her to consider any one else.

Mrs. Brentwood, for her part, put up a trembling hand to straighten her cap, with a bewildered recognition that

now, indeed, it was clear that the destinies of the old house lay in those long, white fingers, on the third of which gleamed a costly ring of antique pattern.

"You see," Eloise said, seating herself upon a straight-backed carven chair that fitted her like a frame, "though I have decided nothing, I think it is very likely that my late grandfather would have wished me to make this house my home."

She paused a little, as if to note the effect. Then she added:

"To keep it in suitable repair, to make such additions and alterations as may be required, and those should probably be begun without delay."

Marcia felt a rage, which she knew to be unreasonable, rising within her at these calmly spoken words. They might easily have been uttered by that cold and stern old man, who had sat in that identical chair from time to time and asked such searching questions. The tone and manner of that speech made Marcia feel that all the exhausting efforts of the last few weeks, in which she and Larry and even poor Mrs. Brentwood had consumed no little time and strength were ridiculously futile. To the girl out of France, the place had evidently seemed in such shocking disrepair that she could not too quickly get to work to improve the conditions. However, there was nothing to be done on Marcia's part save to repress her rising anger and to volunteer the information:

"I have been looking at an apartment in the upper part of New York, so that we might in no way interfere with your plans."

"You have certainly lost no time," returned Eloise, looking at her cousin with a peculiar smile. "Are you always so expeditious?"

"I am when there is an emergency," replied Marcia. "And now perhaps you would like to make acquaintance with

the servants, in case you should care to keep any of them in your service."

"You are nothing if not expeditious," repeated Eloise; "and you must not understand from what I have said that I have any definite plans at all. But I may as well see the servants, or at least the kitchen."

That apartment was in an advanced state of cleanliness. Eliza, having been put upon her mettle, worked wonders; though it must be admitted that the culinary department, over which she presided, was always ready for inspection. The floor and the tables were scrubbed absolutely white; the tins on the dresser or hanging about the wall were polished till they shone; the stove was fairly resplendent. Eloise noted these signs approvingly with her swift, keen glance. But her sudden entrance, as Marcia threw open the door, very nearly caused a disaster.

The little kitchen maid, Minna, sat peeling apples at a table adjoining the outer kitchen, where Eliza, the cook, was at the moment engaged. Minna's quaint little figure was reminiscent of a Dutch interior. She was very small and slender, though squarely built. Her round brown eyes stared like a doll's from a sunburnt face. With the perfectly audible announcement, "Oh, Eliza, it's the new young lady!" she rose, drawing one foot behind her in an elaborate curtsy. Eliza, who had gone for a bowl of flour from the barrel, became involved in the evolutions of Minna's foot, together with some apple peel which the perturbed little maid had dropped. Eliza, somewhat ponderous in bulk, narrowly escaped measuring her length upon the floor, and divided the flour pretty equally over Minna's small person and the freshly scrubbed boards.

"You young varment!" muttered Eliza, furiously,—“putting out your foot to catch me!”

Minna's alarm so deepened that she did not even deny the accusation. Her fear of the cook was second only to the awe of the new young lady, which Marcia's instructions, blended with those of the cook, had inspired.

At this ludicrous scene, Eloise gave a laugh which surely belonged to the girl of the apple orchard. It was almost instantly suppressed, as was that which rose to Marcia's lips stifled, out of regard for the feelings of Eliza. The latter, however, made the best of a bad bargain, by laughing heartily herself.

"Well, now, a body'd think I was preparin' Minna for the pan, dustin' her over with flour."

She vigorously brushed Minna as she spoke; after which the ceremony of introduction took place. Eliza's merriment, which had broken out at the sound of that spontaneous laugh from the new arrival, suddenly ceased, and she became cold and formal.

"Eliza," said Marcia, "I want to make you known to Miss Eloise Brentwood, who will very soon be your new mistress."

Eliza felt a choke in her throat at the words, which, together with a glance at the impassive face looking coldly around the kitchen, caused her to blurt out:

"I don't know that I have any notion of parting with the old ones."

The suggestion that her beloved Miss Marcia, not to speak of Larry and the old lady, might be really leaving the house, filled her with angry dismay.

"There will be time enough, cook, to consider that matter," observed Eloise, in her coldest tone.

"Just as if ice water were trickling down a body's back," commented Eliza afterwards, "and she standin' bolt upright, the very image of the old man that gave her the house. I'd say bad scran to him, if he weren't in the flames of purgatory, or mebbe worse, the hard-

hearted ould curmudgeon that he was!"

She did not, however, reply to Eloise's observation, but smoothed her snowy apron with both hands, and looked up to the ceiling, as though she sought inspiration from above.

"It's quite a large, cheerful kitchen," approved Eloise,—“one of the best rooms in the house; don't you think so, Marcia?"

"I never particularly thought of it in that way," answered Marcia, coloring; "though it is a good kitchen."

"And," added Eloise, "a fine, big stove."

Just then the visitor's eye chanced to fall on Minna. It was evident that Eloise could hardly refrain from laughing again, and her greeting was of the very briefest, as Marcia said:

"This is Minna, Eliza's good little assistant. This constitutes our entire staff, except Sarah, the housemaid, who is upstairs, and whom you have already met."

"'Cook' indeed, and a fine, big kitchen, with a word of praise for the stove!" muttered Eliza, watching, with arms akimbo, as the two girls passed out through the back kitchen on to the lawn. Eliza's irate eye chanced to fall on the luckless Minna, whom she seized by the ear and, with a cuff or two, put out the back door, to shake off the remnants of the flour.

Meanwhile the two strolled on together, in a silence that was not without embarrassment. Marcia felt oppressed by the presence which, phantom-like, seemed to pervade every corner of the house of this newcomer, who was only biding her time to dispossess them. Eloise, in the character she had chosen to assume, and which was not altogether natural to her, was, in turn, oppressed by the constraint in her cousin's manner, and vexed, as she always was by anything that made her uncomfortable. Marcia suggested that they might take a

walk. Eloise assenting, they got their hats and walked down the lawn, already strewn with the fallen leaves, and into the lane.

This grassy path, bordered by oaks and lindens, whose branches were now partially stripped of their foliage, led to the road, at the junction of which the house had been built. At its side ran a little stream, which kept the grass and the late flowers fresh, even now that Autumn was laying its hand upon them.

"Have you lived here all your life?" asked Eloise, with a hint in her tone that such a lot was pitiable.

"Nearly all my life," responded Marcia, "except when I was at school."

She was conscious of a slight mortification in making that avowal.

"I have lived in a good many places," Eloise remarked; adding after a pause, during which her mind seemed to be wandering to one or other of those places, "but at last my wandering feet were shut up in a convent." (She said the words with a slight laugh.) "I went there chiefly to please *him*."

"Him?"

"Gregory Glassford."

"Is he the man you are going to marry?"

"To marry! What put that into your head?"

"Why, the way you spoke of him."

Eloise laughed, but she gave only a brief explanation.

"He is my guardian."

There was silence for some time after that. But Eloise, who was in a talkative mood, began gradually to give further information about herself.

"I wrote and told Gregory Glassford that it was foolish of him to send me to that convent."

"Why? Did you dislike it so much?"

"No, but it gave me for a time a very strong desire to be a nun."

"You?" This time the emphasis was

so pronounced that Eloise gave a slight laugh.

"You think that still more extraordinary, and I suppose it is. But it upset Gregory terribly. He said he was sure it was just a whim. He wanted me to leave at once, but I had made up my mind to remain. I should be there still only for grandfather's death—and his will."

"As a nun?"

"No, not as a nun, but as a parlor boarder, adding to my stock of accomplishments." She fell into a pensive silence, and then roused herself to say: "Now I have this house and some other property all on my hands together. And then there is Gregory."

"Where is Gregory?" inquired Marcia, with a humorous contraction of the lips.

"Oh, I don't exactly know! But he will be here one of these days to see if the convent has done for me all that he expected."

The cool, well-bred voice, discussing calmly what Marcia supposed to be the vital circumstances of her life, impressed the listener strongly.

"I shall probably see this Gregory, if he comes before we leave," said Marcia.

"He will have to come before you leave, or not at all, unless I get a chaperone. I wrote and told him so."

"You are a strange girl," exclaimed Marcia, impulsively.

"Everybody is strange till you know them well," declared Eloise, in defiance of grammar.

"Forgive me! I should not have said that."

"Why not, if you thought it?" returned Eloise, carelessly.

By this time they were returning to the house; and Eloise, pausing to regard it from roof to cellar, said thoughtfully:

"I wonder what Gregory will think of this house,—*my* house?"

Marcia flushed with resentment. It seemed so unnecessary, this bald statement of fact.

Eloise, apparently unconscious, went on:

"I hadn't a house nor any of grandfather's money when I saw Gregory last. Still he seemed fond of me."

"To most men that wouldn't make any difference," said the romantic Marcia.

"You don't know the world, my child, and the variety of people's motives," answered Eloise, with a wiseacre shake of the head. "Above all, you don't know Gregory."

"Why? Is he so very mercenary?"

"The furthest from it in the world, if I understand him correctly. But the fact is, Gregory is one of the few people I don't understand; and I do not know what he really thinks of me."

"How singular!"

"You will not think so after you have met Gregory. But isn't that the mail carrier coming up the lane?"

"Yes. How quick your eyes are!"

"Perhaps he is bringing a letter from Gregory to tell me when he is coming," suggested Eloise.

"Perhaps he is bringing *me* news that my ship has come in," mocked Marcia. In truth, however, the most important part of the postman's burden was a letter from Gregory.

(To be continued.)

It is not a strong thing to put one's reliance upon logic, and our own logic particularly; for it is generally wrong. We never know where we are to end if once we begin following words of doctors. There is an upright stock in a man's own heart, that is trustier than any syllogism; and the eyes and the sympathies and appetites know a thing or two that have never yet been stated in controversy.—*R. L. Stevenson, "The Inland Voyage."*

A Painter of the Old Régime.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

THE portraits of Mme. and M. de Taverny were admired by all their friends, and were so satisfactory to themselves that they recommended Rigaud at every opportunity. Such was the esteem in which he was held by them that he became an intimate friend of the family; and on Sunday evenings, when they were usually at home, M. de Taverny insisted that he should always join them at *petit souper*.

Occasionally, but not often, there were others present. Madame de Taverny, after an hour of pleasant conversation, or some music (she was proficient on the harpsichord), would retire to her boudoir, leaving the men together. Her husband had travelled a great deal; he was a very intellectual man, serious in an age almost entirely given over to pleasure. Rigaud, who was also of a serious turn of mind and conscientious to a fault, enjoyed these evenings, and derived great profit from them.

The portrait of the Duchess brought Rigaud more orders than he could fill in a reasonable time. The whole Court, amazed at his ingenuity in hiding her defects and exploiting the good points of his subject, were desirous of being painted by him. The Duke of Orleans, the Prince de Conti, Bossuet, and Madame de Maintenon were among the number. Honors and success did not, however, spoil Rigaud in the least; quiet, unassuming, mingling little with the world, he remained the same God-fearing person he had been in his youth, before Prosperity had emptied her golden horn into his lap.

One day the painter received a note from the Duchess of Orleans. "Come

to me at Versailles," she wrote, "to-day, if possible, at three p. m."

Rigaud, anticipating a new commission, hastened to place himself at her disposal. She was awaiting him in her boudoir when he arrived, and inquired:

"How is all with you, *mon ami*?"

"Very well, Madame," he replied.

"Always busy?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Coining money?"

"I have nothing to complain of, Madame, thanks to your most gracious kindness!"

"Not at all, my friend. It was that wonderful picture of Madame de Taverny that did the work."

"No painter could do justice to her beauty, Madame. There is something elusive in her expression that can not be put upon canvas."

"M. de Taverny is not at all well. I think he is slowly dying," said the Duchess. "What is your opinion, my dear Rigaud?"

"He is an old man, Madame."

"That is true. I was there yesterday and had quite a long talk with him. He has a great liking for you."

"I appreciate his friendship deeply, Madame."

"Go to see him often, then, Rigaud. He looks forward to your visits."

"I am glad to hear that. I have sometimes wondered whether I did not bore him."

"It is usually the other way, Rigaud. Youth is easily wearied of the garrulities of old age."

"He has none, Madame. He is more interesting than half the men of half his age."

"I should not be surprised, Monsieur, if he left you a goodly legacy in token of his affection."

"A legacy? Such a thought would never enter my mind."

"It has already entered mine, however. But do not launch into extrav-

agance on that account," continued the Duchess, smiling.

Rigaud smiled also. "Do not fear that, Madame," he said, while his face assumed a look of thoughtfulness, almost sadness, which the Duchess did not fail to observe. For a moment neither spoke. Then she said, casually, as it were:

"Rigaud, you ought to marry."

The painter smiled once more and turned to the Duchess.

"Have you some one in mind, Madame?" he asked. "Was that why you sent for me to day?"

"Yes and no," she replied. "I would like to see you well married, and there is a person—"

"Madame," replied the painter, earnestly, "I am deeply sensible of the honor you do me; but—I have no thought of marriage. I—I—well, I can not say more; there is no need to say more."

"Very well,—very well," answered the Duchess, almost gayly. "I shall not press the matter. It just occurred to me that—" She broke off abruptly and then added: "And now to the real business at hand. The Marquis de Veauclaire wishes you to paint the portraits of his two daughters; they are twins, exactly alike in feature, but of opposite complexion. Mlle. Valerie is a brunette, very gay and vivacious; Mlle. Eugenie, a blonde, calm and unemotional. The contrast should ensure a good picture. They are pretty girls, besides. I am sure the work would be agreeable. Will you undertake it?"

"With pleasure, Madame."

"The Marquis will communicate with you some day this week, after I have told him that you will paint the portraits," said the Duchess. Then she rose; the interview was over. Rigaud took his departure, wondering why the Marquis de Veauclaire had not approached him in person, or through

some less exalted medium than the Duchess of Orleans.

"Rigaud is not so great a painter or so distinguished a man," he soliloquized, "as to be likely to turn down a commission from a Marquis of France. Nor can I understand why, towards the close of the interview, her Highness appeared to be almost jubilant. It was as though I were granting her a favor which she feared might have been refused her. The whims of great personages are not to be reckoned with."

Six months later the Duchess was walking alone in the garden at Saint-Cloud when she saw Rigaud, whom she had expected, descending from a carriage near the entrance. She hastened to intercept him that he might not have the trouble of asking for her at the Chateau.

"This time it is my daughter-in-law, the Queen of Spain, who wishes to have her portrait painted," she announced. "And it must be done immediately, as she has only a month longer in France."

"I am at her service," replied the painter.

"Come, walk up and down under the trees with me, while we discuss the preliminaries," said the Duchess. "Later I will take you to her. She is pretty, but not beautiful; sweet and captivating, but not majestic; a little inclined to droop her head, which is not at all becoming to the Queen of the proudest kingdom in the world. You will have to see to it that she sits very erect, *mon ami*."

"Yes, Madame. It ought to be a striking picture," said Rigaud.

Thus conversing, they walked slowly to the Chateau and the Queen. Suddenly the Duchess turned towards the painter, fixing her eyes on his face.

"And what of your marriage?" she asked.

"My marriage, Madame? There is no

thought of such a thing. You have not heard any rumors?"

"No," she said,—“nothing, but that you are too great a hermit. And now and then I have had another thought. Will you be frank with me?"

"I have always been so, Madame," he replied.

"But in matters of the heart we are all apt not to be—tell me, Rigaud, have you been disappointed in love?"

The painter smiled. Then his face grew serious, as he answered slowly: "Well, Madame, yes and no."

"There was some one,—there is some one, then?"

"Yes, Madame," replied the painter, with some hesitation.

"She died?"

"No, Madame."

"She has refused you?"

"No, Madame."

"You have not asked for her hand?"

"No, Madame."

"Do you intend to?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Is she aware of your affection?"

"She knows nothing."

"Why not try your fate?"

"Ah, no!" replied Rigaud, with emotion.

"You are tormenting, perhaps you are jesting?"

"Madame! As though I should presume to jest with you!"

She laughed. "*Eh bien!* I shall not press you further. I am not displeased, *mon ami*. You may go now," she concluded, with a gesture of dismissal as final as her welcome had been kind.

With a deep bow, the painter left her. And if he had seen the face of her Royal Highness, the pleased expression that irradiated its ugliness would have mystified him more than ever. It was "jubilant" indeed.

Another half year had rolled by. One morning the Duchess of Orleans, as-

ending the stairs of the De Taverny residence, met Rigaud coming down.

"I have been thinking of you," she said. "I have another commission for you. It is to paint the portrait of the Marquise de Caux."

"I am sorry, Madame," said the painter, "but I am leaving Paris."

"Leaving Paris? For good?" exclaimed the Duchess.

"That I can not say. Sometimes I think that it will be for good."

"You seem sad, Rigaud. Come down to the Luxembourg Gardens with me. I must have a talk with you."

"With pleasure," replied the painter.

When they were in the carriage, the Duchess asked:

"Have you seen the De Tavernys lately?"

"I saw Monsieur; Madame was not at home."

"And where are you going?"

"To La Trappe, Madame."

"To La Trappe? Not to become a monk?"

"That is not my purpose in going, though sometimes I feel as though it would be the best solution of my troubles."

"What troubles have you, Rigaud?"

He lifted the corner of his cloak, showing a black band on his coat sleeve.

"The lady is not dead?" cried the Duchess.

"No, Madame: it is my mother. She was all I had in the world. To her I owe whatever success has come to me; for since my infancy, when she was left a widow, she made constant sacrifices for me. Divining early the bent of my inclinations, she deprived herself of many things in order to send me to study at Montpellier. From the time I was fourteen years of age, I have not lived with her; only my short vacations, at rare intervals, have been spent with her. But her sacrifices, her prayers and counsel have been appreciated, and have kept

me from many false and foolish steps which I might have taken if it had not been for them. In the back of my mind there was always a hope that we might sometime be together. But I could not go to Perpignan, and she would not come to Paris. I never could have asked it. To tear her away from the friends and associations of a lifetime would have been cruelty, even if she had been willing."

"I sympathize deeply with your loss, Rigaud," replied the Duchess. "Happy the mother who has a grateful and affectionate son. She must have realized that; and it made her last days peaceful and content. Life is not over for you, Rigaud: there are, I hope and believe, many happy and prosperous years before you."

"She was all I had, Madame," said the painter, sadly.

"True, but you have the consolation of knowing that she will remember you in Paradise."

The painter did not reply. After a moment the Duchess continued:

"It may seem in bad taste, in such a moment, to revert to the subject I am about to mention; but you are aware, I am sure, that I have your real happiness at heart. Now, why not try to find it in another way—to take seriously what I have already spoken of—to think seriously of marrying? That is what your mother would have wished. Do you not agree with me?"

"I do not know, Madame," answered the painter. "It was never mentioned between us; and, as I have said before, marriage is not for me. Nothing can change my resolution in that regard."

"You still cherish an affection—for the unknown?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What mystery is this? Why is a union with the lady of your dreams impossible? She is not a princess?"

"No, Madame," replied Rigaud, smil-

ing. "But she is as far removed from me as though she were."

The Duchess sat erect, striking her knee with her ivory-handled fan.

"Rigaud!" she cried. "You do not mean to tell me that she is married?"

"Yes, Madame, she is," replied the painter, the blood mounting to his pale cheeks.

"Rigaud!" exclaimed the Duchess. "I had thought better of you than that you would fall in love with a married woman. I had held you to be one among a thousand."

"I do not love her: I worship her as one might a star in the high heavens. Sooner would I cut off this hand, which is my best servant, than that she should ever have even the shadow of a suspicion of the truth."

"You have never said anything that would cause her to suspect your devotion?"

"Madame," replied the painter, "I fear that even you do not understand or know me. I have never seen her, save in the presence of her husband,—no, not once. I have never exchanged a word."

"Be calm, Rigaud,—now do try to be calm," answered the Duchess. "You are only a dreamer,—a very foolish dreamer. I will leave you to your own devices for the present. But tell me," she continued, "why are you going to La Trappe? And how long do you propose to stay there?"

"That I can not say. Monsieur le Duc de Saint Simon wishes me to paint a portrait of the Abbot, and, if he will consent, some of the lesser officials. There are also two fine pictures of which Monsieur wishes to have copies, and I am to do the work. I intend to give myself plenty of time to accomplish it. I shall have a vacation."

"Do not let them inveigle you to stay on," said the Duchess.

"I do not think they will try to do that," answered the painter. "I under-

stand they never use persuasion of any kind at La Trappe."

"And you think of making the experiment?"

"I can not say that I am seriously thinking of it, Madame; but more unlikely things have happened."

"I do not believe you will ever do it," said the Duchess. "And the wish is father to the thought. I will take you to your studio, if you are going there."

"Thank you, Madame,—I am!" said the painter.

As they parted, the Duchess, who had not spoken during the remainder of the drive, took the painter's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Promise me one thing," she said.

"What is that, Madame?"

"That you will not take the irrevocable step without informing me."

"I promise, Madame."

Rigaud descended from the carriage, but hardly had his feet touched the pavement when she called imperiously:

"Rigaud, Rigaud, I forgot to ask: how did you find Monsieur de Taverny?"

"Not very well, Madame."

"He said nothing to you of a legacy?"

"Assuredly not, Madame."

"He would not, of course: it would not have been in good taste. Adieu!"

The painter bowed and turned once more to the pavement. But the Duchess, again leaning from the carriage window, exclaimed:

"Rigaud, it is I who will have the legacy in custody. There is no mention of it in the will, but I shall take great care of it until you claim it."

"Thank you, Madame! But the donor is still living, and may he live long!" answered Rigaud, embarrassed by the words and tone of his patroness. As he ascended the stairs to his apartment, he mused half aloud.

"I do not wonder that her Highness is thought to be very eccentric."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Enduring.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

OPHETUAS still ride the woods,

While Dawn climbs lonely flights of gold;
Still wear the beggar maids their hoods,
Around their blissful beauty stoled.

Above your smug-faced marble towers,
That scream in blatancy and scorn,
The poet Virgil counts his flowers,
And hears his pet lark greet the morn.

Years fold in sleep, but Phoenix' wings
Spread out and soar across the sun;
Beside some wood-pool Chaucer sings,
And Shakespeare flouts oblivion.

What lumbering tortoise, slow of gait,
Can not outrun the feet of time?

The foolish mechanists of fate
Are deaf when childhood wonders chime.

The Bleeding Lamb that dyes the snow
As life flows out on fading breath,
Has eyes whose visions victory know,
And, dying, trafficks not with Death.

Before the gates of blazing youth,
The Prince of Heaven love unbars,
While Dante rears his tower of truth
On chords that tremble to the stars.

Catholic Slovakia.

BY BEN HURST.

THE Slovaks, who are the second branch of the two peoples that compose the Czechoslovak Republic, are well worth attention from all concerned with the welfare of the Church in that country. Although inferior in number, and less prominent in the public eye, they are more religiously homogeneous, and, it has been frequently asserted, more fervent and active in defending their Catholic rights than the Czechs, who are the first factors in the State. None are more ready to admit the merits of the Slovak people in this respect than the Czech hierarchy, who can safely rely on Slovak support for the furtherance of what lies nearest their hearts. We have already had occasion in these pages to

point out that the unhappy schism affecting a portion of the Czech clergy never reached Slovakia, in spite of the fact that here, too, there were foreign bishops who had not got into touch with their flocks.

Hungarian rule in Slovakia was no less arbitrary than German (Austrian) rule in Czechland. Both sought to denationalize the Slavs; but Hungary had less cultural advantages to offer, or Slovakia preserved with more obstinacy the national tongue, for she is to-day more distinctly Slav. Slovakia also knew how to dissociate religion from the political bias of her alien prelates. No Slovak is implicated in the harsh measures of the present Czechoslovak Government against the monastic Orders, and Slovak indignation at its anti-religious trend has forced it to temper a misplaced zeal for the so-called "National Church."

Ethnically, the Slovaks and Czechs may be considered as one people. The dissimilarity of speech is less marked than that of different shires of England. The division of their race was artificial, based on the necessity for Austria of placating Hungary by granting her a share of Slav territory, and also of keeping apart the two branches of Central Slavs. Hungary did her best to assimilate the Slovaks, but could not refute their dogged claim to be the earlier owners of the land on which they dwelt. Persecution, fines, a carefully devised school curriculum, failed to denationalize the Slovaks, whose number, according to Hungarian statistics, was only two million, whereas the recent census proves that between four and five million would be nearer the mark.

Unfortunately, while unable to obliterate the national sense of the Slovaks, the Hungarian Protestants won over a section of this Slav race to a form of religious belief totally unsuited to their mentality and temperament. The Slav Protestant in Slovakia is dour, taciturn,

and dehumanized as the Celt Protestant in Scotland, to whom negation, as a creed, is likewise unnatural. The great majority of the Slovaks are, however, not only Catholics but excellent Catholics, fully determined that reunion with their brother Czechs shall not bring among them a worse evil than they suffered under Hungarian oppression—namely, godless education. The Slovaks are ready to undertake a more energetic opposition to the Government than Czech Catholics always consider wise or feasible. More especially do earnest Czechs deprecate any attempt to widen the partial estrangement that has undoubtedly arisen between the two peoples that have so much in common. When the statue of St. John Nepomucene was pulled down in the town of Zilim, a Slovak politician declared that the Czechs had repudiated the only Czech of history for whom the Slovaks felt respect! Again, a foremost Slovak patriot, in allusion to the attempt to revive the cult of Huss, said that the Slovaks had no use for Czech celebrities of any description!

Such taunts, in face of the really magnificent struggle made by the Czech Catholic body against the apostates in their midst, are detrimental to the Catholic cause as well as grossly unfair. Impartial observers, not concerned with the rival political tendencies of Czechs or Slovaks, can but deplore any movement likely to estrange them still further at a time when their forces should be united for the preservation of their Christian inheritance. There is no more worthy cause in Europe to-day than that of the valiant Czech Catholics fighting against the pestilence of a small but noisy group of backsliders who have the ear of the world. They need the support of their fellow Catholics, and in the first place of their Slovak kin.

It is strange to find a suggestion of separatism among such ardent Slavs as

the Slovaks, whose great desire hitherto has been to escape Magyarization and form with their fellow-Slavs an independent State. Least of all is it comprehensible that they should invoke religion as a justification for their attitude. In these days of intercommunication, religion is not served by attempting to shut it up in a water-tight compartment. The virus of apostasy may reach Slovakia from Czechland over political frontiers (should these be drawn) more easily than if Slovakia remained what she is now: the most powerful foe to schism within the dual Republic of Czechoslovakia.

The dawn of freedom for the Slav peoples should usher in a new day for the cause of Catholicism; but this can only be if the Slav Catholics hold together and put the interests of the Church before local patriotism.

When one considers the glorious past of the gallant Slovak nation, one can not fear that it would fail to hold its own, and in due time to obtain recognition of its every claim, in a State to whose general progress it is so essential. Slovak schoolchildren were the despair of their Hungarian masters by their tenacious adherence to their mother-tongue. Slovak women maintained the old tradition of family prayers morning and evening in the vernacular. Slovak writers and poets went cheerfully to prison for fostering Slav fraternity. Slovak regiments under the Russian banner helped to decide a critical phase of the World War.

The distinguished historian, Thomas Chapek, foresaw the necessity of political union between these two branches of the Central Slavs in order to secure their immunity from outside encroachment. Friends of the Slavs will look forward with confidence to a realization within Czechoslovakia of true Slovak ideals which are bound up with the cause of Christian civilization.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

A SHRINE for many pilgrims is the old gambrel-roofed house at No. 27 Union Street, which is preserved and treasured by the people of Salem, Massachusetts, because of the famous novelist who was born there on July 4, 1804.

No other town is more richly endowed with intensely interesting history than quaint old Salem, with Witch Hill standing grim and ghostly behind the town, and about whose elm-shaded streets is a haunting quality of that strange delusion which common-sense and reason finally dispelled,—a belief in witches. In Salem there are many quaint old houses of beautiful eighteenth-century architecture, with their prettily carved doorways and quaint little windows. There is the dingy courthouse, the celebrated town-pump, and directly in front of the town spreads the sea.

At the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth, Salem was one of the most important seaport towns in America. The long wharves bustled all day with the loading and unloading of goods; for, with the regularity of the tides, her ships set out to foreign ports, returning with merchandise from China, South America, and the West Indies. And from a window in the gambrel-roofed house at No. 27 Union Street, Nathaniel Hawthorne's mother watched her husband's ship sail out of the harbor on its last voyage. For many weary months, from the same window she strained her eyes out over the harbor for a sign of the returning bark; but, as day after day passed, the belief that he would return faded into hope, and gradually the colors of hope faded into the gray tension of suspense. For years they thought that the father might be alive and re-

turn to them, and this uncertainty made a sort of living ghost in their family, and their home became a place of sorrow and sadness, a silent mausoleum, from whose shadow they never wholly escaped.

And it was thus in this environment of solitude and silence that the boyhood of Nathaniel Hawthorne was passed; and it is no wonder that he grew into the reserved, shrinking youth, who dwelt in a world of his own, finding his friends among books, his companionship in dreams.

In 1818 the family moved to Raymond, Maine, where, instead of the narrow streets of Salem, the youth who had come to love solitude better than human companionship, had the boundless forests in which to roam and hunt and fish and dream his dreams. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, where among his classmates was that universally-loved poet, Henry W. Longfellow. Another friendship formed at college, and one that lasted throughout his life, was with Franklin Pierce, who afterward became President of the United States. After Hawthorne's graduation in 1825, he returned to Salem to live again that solitary, secluded life, indulging his imagination in writing stories, and burning them when finished. Some of the manuscripts were saved, however, and later published in a collection which he called "Twice Told Tales," a title was probably suggested by Shakespeare's phrase, "Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale."

People now began to recognize the rare genius of the silent, solitary man, who had maintained so profound a secrecy in regard to his writings, and whom the village folks had come to look upon as a young man utterly devoid of ambition.

July 9, 1842, was the most important day in Nathaniel Hawthorne's life. That was his wedding-day,—the day that

Sophia Peabody, who was to fill his life with sweetness and inspiration, became his wife. His life had been filled with sorrow and soberness; but this gentle and refined woman entered the gates of his lonely citadel, and by her good nature and gaiety broke the spell of the enchanted castle and fathomed the depths of his strange character.

The first few years of their married life were spent in the old parsonage at Concord,—another village famous for its historical and literary associations. It would be hard to find another house so rich in memories of noted men as the Old Manse. Here Emerson had lived and written his first great book, "Nature." Many ministers of renown had occupied the house, and many eloquent sermons had been composed beneath its antique roof; and Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," written while he was living there, added even greater glory to its hallowed walls.

The happiest years of Hawthorne's life were spent at the Old Manse. The light of boyhood crept back into his face; he who had known so much loneliness and sorrow, now revelled in a home that was alive and glowing, and not filled with somber ghosts. From his study window he could look out over the famous Concord battlefield where on that memorable April 19, 1775, was fired "the shot heard round the world."

But there was one thing to mar the happiness of this idyllic existence, and that was poverty; for writing did not pay well in those days, and the Hawthornes, in their pretty village home, were really very poor. Through the influence of Franklin Pierce, a position was secured for Hawthorne in the Custom House at Salem, and they reluctantly left the old Manse. But this position was lost with the change of Administrations, and it was soon afterward that he wrote "The Scarlet

Letter"—that matchless story which shows that the consequence of a sin can not be escaped, and that many different lives are influenced by one wrong deed. The publishing of this book secured Nathaniel Hawthorne's fame forever, and the old poverty-stricken days were over. The man who had hitherto been called a failure was now a success.

At Lenox, in the western part of the State, where the family lived for a time, was written "The House of Seven Gables," the scene of which was laid in Salem, and whose prevailing idea is an ancestral curse and its effects on succeeding generations. At Newton, near Boston, some of Hawthorne's later stories were written; but Concord, where he had found his true Arcadia, called loudly and insistently, and in 1852 the family returned to purchase "Wayside," a picturesque old house, with a tower, which became their permanent home.

When Franklin Pierce was elected President of the United States, he finally induced Hawthorne to represent his country at the American Consulate at Liverpool; and for seven years he remained abroad, and while there conceived the idea of his romance, "The Marble Faun," which to some readers will always be his masterpiece.

In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Concord, is a modest stone, with only the simple inscription of "Hawthorne," which marks the last resting-place of the great original thinker; but Nathaniel Hawthorne's truest monument lies not in vaulted stone, but in the pure books he left behind him.

IN spite of all those who calumniate her, restrain her, persecute her, the Catholic Church has for twenty centuries an assured victory and vengeance. Her vengeance is to pray for her enemies; her victory is to survive them.

—Montalembert.

Our Lady of Victories and the Tower of Babel.

THREE days' journey from Bagdad, the traveller comes upon an immense mass of ruins, piled in a confused heap—the *débris* of the famous Tower of Babel, which the pride of men built after the Deluge, as a secure fortress against future inundations. Everyone knows how God punished such unparalleled presumption. Among these mountainous ruins there still rises to a considerable height a large portion of the original wall, with a flat surface at the top. By means of a cleft which time has worked in the rocks, a man may without much difficulty make the ascent.

At the beginning of his explorations in the desert, the Rev. Father Mary Joseph, of the Order of Carmelites, arrived at the foot of this Tower of Babel. Filled with holy indignation at the puerile attempt of human pride, and saddened at the sight of the divine malediction that has weighed for centuries on this work of the genius of evil, the thought occurred to him of consecrating to the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer what remained of the huge monument, and of placing on the highest summit of this Tower of Confusion the image of her whom the Church hails as the Tower of David.

Putting on his stole, and carrying with him holy water, he made his way to the summit of the wall. Having sanctified by the blessing of the Church the stones that in bygone ages were accursed, he cast his eyes over the heap of ruins, and from them around the horizon that bounded the desert, and cried: "O Virgin, why should not this place, once the fortress of the demon, belong to you, who have crushed the demon's head? I would that from these ruins there should one day rise a sanctuary dedicated to your name. While awaiting that happy day, I desire to place

here your image. From the summit of this tower, august Virgin, you will preside over the labors of the missionaries; from this height your benediction shall be wafted over the whole desert. May it become for you a new empire, which shall soon embrace, not the ferocious followers of Mahomet, but the faithful disciples of Jesus Christ!"

Detaching as he spoke a large brass medal from his Rosary, he placed it among the ruins, and added: "Holy Virgin, if you accord me your protection and bless my labors, I will return some day to take back this medal; but it will be to replace it by a beautiful statue, representing you carrying your Divine Son in your arms."

Preaching some months afterward in his native land, Father Mary Joseph related this incident, and the emotion which accompanied the recital electrified his audience. At the conclusion of his sermon, members of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Victories, of Paris, solicited the privilege of presenting him with the desired statue. He consented, and a bronze statue, a faithful copy of Notre-Dame des Victoires, was blessed by him on the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. And this bronze image of Our Lady now occupies the spot where the zealous missionary had first left the medal of his Rosary.

Dominating the most stupendous monument of human pride ever attempted, the humble Virgin of Nazareth once more proclaims, as of old in the *Magnificat*: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*"—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble."

It is true, a great spiritual writer has said that one Holy Communion properly made would suffice for a whole life; but there should be a whole lifetime of preparation, reception, and thanksgiving put into it.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

A Touching Incident of the War.

IN the *Southern Cross* of Claremont, South Africa, just to hand, we find the following incident, signed "P. M.," with three titles: "Ave Maria," "A True Tale of the War," and "The Brotherhood of the Faith." The editor, the Rev. John Colgan, D. D., judging from the few lines of introduction, would seem to have heard the story from "P. M."

* * *

It had been a day of severe fighting at X——, "somewhere in France." The night had come, throwing its dark cloak on the dead and the wounded between the enemy trenches. . . . Now and then a pitiful moan, a cry for help, would pierce the air; but the death-dealing sky rockets, which illumined the scene, rendered the rescuing of the wounded a most dangerous and difficult task.

Amongst the latter, lying quite helplessly, were two young soldiers still in their teens: one a son of Catholic Brittany, and the other of Catholic Bavaria. A few yards only separated them. Mortally wounded, and feeling that for him the hour of death was not far off, the poor little Breton began to say the Rosary aloud, in the Latin tongue as he used to say it in the parish church of his beloved Brittany.

At last, aroused from semi-unconsciousness by this plaintive prayer, the young Bavarian grew attentive. But, surely, said he to himself, as his mind became clearer,—surely I have heard those words before; the sound is familiar to me. Oh, yes, I remember now! They are the words of the Angelic Salutation in Latin: "*Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.*"

"*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis.*" It was now the voice of the young Bavarian.

A little startled at this sudden intervention, and the foreign accent, the

Breton boy asked: "You German, you Catholic?"

"Ja, ich kamarad, ich Katolik."

It was enough. Under the magic influence of that word "Catholic" they forgot that they were enemies a few hours ago; that perhaps they had wounded each other. Through a supreme effort they succeeded in getting nearer to each other, until they were able to shake hands. Both had done their duty towards their country, both had fallen bravely for it. In their hearts there was no more room for hatred at that solemn hour. They would only remember that they were both Catholics, brethren in the Faith, children of the same holy Mother the Church. After a brief silence, being ignorant of each other's language, they resumed the prayer that had brought them together.

When, towards the early hours of the morning, the stretcher-bearers were able to get near them, they found the Breton dead and the Bavarian unconscious, though still alive and partly covered by the *capote* of the French soldier. Before dying he had thought of his former enemy and tried to guard him against the cold of the night. Both were carried behind the line,—the one buried, and the other taken to the nearest hospital. Thanks to careful attention, he recovered; and it was there, when convalescent, that he told the above beautiful story.

To-day there is in Bavaria a Catholic man who, as he recites the family Rosary, often thinks with emotion of the terrible night he lay on the battle-fields of France, when the Breton and he said from their hearts, "*Ave Maria, gratia plena—Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.*"

A Cantankerous Klan.

THERE is an intense longing for righteousness in the bosoms of numerous fellow-citizens,—a fanatical desire that feeds upon a peculiar blend of racial prejudice, perverted nationalism, and religious bigotry. Grounded in no philosophy, it still creates martial ethics out of ignorance; in love with catch words, it believes also that they are contagious. For the last twenty years we have been sitting, as a nation, beside the pot in which the witches of a superannuated Protestantism left all their phrases to boil. To-day a vast society has set to work passing round the concoction, which proves so amazingly popular that the society—the Ku Klux Klan—spreads steadily. One would have fancied that many seasons of liberalism were fatal to the autocracy of antique vagaries; but liberalism is only a thin coverlet under which the bones of hoary prepossessions harden in sleep. One would have thought that there was some basis for understanding in the business of being neighbors; the blinds, however, are always drawn for the blind.

To the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the Hon. Leroy Percy, former Senator from Mississippi, contributes a study of the Ku Klux which reveals nothing distinctly new, but does assemble very well the available facts. The author lends to his statement the authority of good, white, native-born Protestant character; he hales from the South; he is, geographically, subject to tar and feathers: only, we fear that few members of the Klan read the *Atlantic*. It is, therefore, a service to draw attention to Senator Percy's analysis and to set down certain of his more pertinent observations. The Klan, of course, will not be slaughtered by pen and ink, but rather by the virtue with which Job overcame Satan. Still, as in his case,

LOVE is not getting but giving.

—Van Dyke.

publicity has its distinct advantages.

The Klan is the "only Gentile White Protestant American-born organization in the world," and possesses, as an additional claim to originality, a fantastic secret ritual that binds members of the society to obedience and to secrecy. Itinerant speakers carry the doctrine from stump to stump, urging their brethren to behold the malicious group influence of Jews, Catholics, Negroes and foreigners, and to look into the morals of the surrounding territory. Local clans, accordingly, organize veritable detective agencies to uncover lapses from righteousness and to make reports in solemn convention assembled. A very solemn convention, indeed! Mahound, in Chesterton's "Lepanto," summons strange aids—giants and the genii, multiplex of wing and eye—but Mahound would have fainted at an address of the Imperial Wizard, directed to "Grand Dragons and Hydras, Goblins and Kleagles, Titans and Furies, Exalted Cyclops, Terrors of Klantons," et cetera, on the "Dreadful Day of the Weeping Week of the Mournful Month," with his Majesty's signature appended. And this tremendous appeal, rivalling anything which P. T. Barnum ever said about a Hindu fortune teller, may serve to invite the wrath of the Klan upon Peter Simpkins, whose nose is suspiciously red. It is ominous, of course; but where is the American sense of humor? That a people which produced the smiling sanity of Lincoln, the fun of Mark Twain, and the ironic laughter of Artemus Ward should take the Imperial Wizard for anything more important than a side-show is a decidedly crushing revelation. In every method employed by the Klan to air its purposes there is present the same ridiculousness verging on insanity. It is Mrs. Malaprop come out for reform—and Mrs. Malaprop.

It is difficult, after this, to take the

Ku Klux crew as seriously as it must be taken,—as Senator Percy, with an occasional platitudinous flourish, takes it. The following paragraph will show forth the best trump in the organization's miscellaneous outfit:

It is said that in California the anti-Japanese feeling is the basis of appeal; in some localities the Jew is referred to in a manner to rejoice the heart of Henry Ford; less frequently, white supremacy as an anti-Negro appeal is eloquently defended. But it appears the Church of Rome is never scanted: always she is represented as the deadly enemy of American institutions, to be crushed not so much for her religious tenets as for her dark and unexplained political machinations. Colonel Camp regaled Mississippi audiences with references to "that old dago on the Tiber," and "that slick and slimy cardinal who had more power in America during the war than the President of the United States."

We confidently expect Colonel Camp to verify these statements: he will prove, beyond doubt, how Congress stood at attention every time the wind blew from the direction of Baltimore, and how fifty-five bishops smiled when our armies passed in review. For the Colonel is capable of anything.

Our author's observations upon the Klan's dealings with the American Negro have a definite economic value, as is plain from this declaration:

A word may not be amiss as to the effect of the Klan's activities upon the Negro population in the agricultural sections of the South. The struggle in these sections is to retain the Negro population. The industrial system of the South is built upon this population. The loss of it means that the lumber-mills will lie idle, and the cotton fields, cornfields, and sugar fields will revert to the wilderness. The steady trend of the Negro population is away from the South to the industrial centres, because of better wages and better economic conditions than agriculture can compete with. This trend can not be arrested. It can easily, however, be so expedited as to afford no opportunity for readjustment to changed conditions, resulting in industrial paralysis and ruin. This is one of the terrifying potentialities of the Klan's work in these sections.

True it is that their orators avow, in their

public utterances, that the Klan is the friend of the Negro; that they will not hurt him, "if he does what is right." The answer to this is twofold: first, that the Negro can never be assured that he is doing what is right according to the Klan's conception of right; and, second, the original Ku Klux Klan was created solely for the purpose of terrorizing the Negro; he has never heard of its being associated with any other purpose, and it is impossible to reassure him on this point. It would be as easy to go through a sedge field populated with rabbits with a bunch of hounds, and to satisfy the rabbits that they were in no danger, but that you were intent upon fox-hunting alone. The reply would possibly be: "I never heard about your doing much except hunting rabbits. You look like you are fixed for hunting rabbits. What you say may be so; but even if it is, I see seven or eight young hounds in that bunch that might break away and start to running rabbits anyway. The best thing for this rabbit to do is to start to running now."

Any one who knows the Blacks of the South, and the strange, indefinable terror which surrounds the name of the Ku Klux Klan in their minds, knows that, following one of the sheeted parades of the Klan, it would be almost impossible to get close enough to a Negro to reassure him. This grave menace to industrial conditions is without compensating advantages of any kind.

As to many other details, which include interference in church worship, threatening parades, deeds of lawlessness and other crimes, we shall pass them by. Senator Percy concludes with this recommendation: "The light of publicity should be turned upon the trappings, tomfoolery, and gibberish of the Imperial Wizard." Well, such expenditure of light can do no harm, and will undoubtedly be supplied by the respectable elements in Protestantism which suffer calumny from stale tricks which ignoramus play in their name. But diseases are seldom cured by turning on electricity, and nocturnal police have studied no medicine. We need to undertake, step by step, a renovation of American life. We need—though it seems pessimistic—a forty-day manna of plain common-sense.

Notes and Remarks.

Once again the practical wisdom of the Church has been recognized by the most modern of scholars. Representatives of the American Council of Learned Societies and of the American Philological Association have recently been active in the formation of a committee, the purpose of which is to urge the adoption of Latin as an international auxiliary language, not in order to displace any other ordinary existing language, but to be employed in addition to the national languages for communication with persons of other countries, and for the diffusion of literature of international value. The only other language seriously proposed for these purposes is Esperanto, but the superior claims of Latin are being upheld by scholars and men of letters throughout the world.

Imitation has been styled the sincerest flattery, and in adopting as the international language that of the universal Church, our scholars are showing their good sense, as well as incidentally knocking the props from under an old-time, stock-in-trade Protestant argument against that Church.

Some interesting particulars of the private life of Pius XI. in the Vatican have come to light through the Milan correspondent of the *London Mail*, who says that the new Pope confirms the opinion held by all who knew him well and used to admire his simple, austere manner of life. His private apartments are furnished with the greatest simplicity, there being no carpets, no curtains, and no sign of luxury. In the bedroom there is a brass bedstead, above which hangs a picture of the Madonna of Good Counsel; a mahogany chest of drawers, a small writing desk, and a cabinet in which his Holiness keeps his private papers. In his study there is a

large writing table, with a crucifix standing upon it. No books or reviews are to be seen. Generally, his Holiness does his writing in the great library on the second floor, and when he takes reviews or books from there himself into the private apartment, after he has finished with them, he brings them back himself to their places with the methodical care of the old librarian. He does not like to see anything on his writing table, and on every hand there is striking evidence of his love for tidiness and order.

The Pope lives entirely isolated in his private apartments, where no guard is on duty either during the day or at night. He has three servants, who take turn daily in waiting upon him. But he is particularly looked after by an old woman, "La Signora Linda," who had been for forty years the faithful maid and companion of the mother of the Pope. She superintends his extremely frugal meals. Those who know the affectionate attachment of Pius XI. to his family, and particularly the great devotion he always showed to his mother, were not surprised to hear that he had broken a long tradition of the Vatican by making La Signora Linda his housekeeper.

In the course of the chapter on "The Duties of the Citizen," in the volume "The State and the Church," noticed elsewhere in our columns, occurs a paragraph, which merits reflective reading from Americans generally:

A second duty [the first being obedience to law] is that of respect for public authority; and this means both public officials and their enactments. Of course this duty can be exaggerated, but in our day and country the opposite perversion is much more frequent. Through false inferences drawn from the principles of democracy, men are inclined to minimize this obligation, or even to reject it entirely. Conscious that elected officials are human beings of the same clay as himself, and dependent upon him for an elevation that is

only temporary, the citizen easily assumes that to show them respect is undemocratic and unworthy. . . . While public officials are sometimes lacking in personal worth and dignity, they are always the possessors and custodians of political power, which of its nature demands esteem and consideration. Were this attitude habitually taken by citizens, the problem of securing law observance would be greatly simplified. The man who refuses respect to civil authority because he fears that it would demean or degrade him, exhibits the slave mind and temper; for he has not sufficient confidence in his own worth to feel that he can afford to give honor where honor is due, or to recognize any kind of superiority. Such a man is not only a bad citizen but a detriment to any social group.

The foregoing is merely the application to civil conditions of the principle underlying religious obedience. Monks and nuns see in their legitimate superiors merely representatives of God Himself, and they consider it no dishonor to obey the commands of persons who, it may be, are in some respects their inferiors.

The daily press of England gave prominence a week or two ago to what was characterized as a miraculous cure at Lourdes. The subject of it was one of the company of English pilgrims to Our Lady's shrine in the Pyrenees,—a Miss Ellen Walker, of Anfield, Liverpool, who had been completely incapacitated for seven years, practically bedridden, and was suffering from spells of unconsciousness, which came on suddenly and frequently. On the journey to Lourdes, she had several of these attacks. During the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, on the fourth day of the pilgrimage, she was completely cured. During the previous days this lady had been carried about as an invalid; but at the end of the procession "she jumped up and ran up the steps of the Rosary Church."

In any other environment than that of Lourdes this cure would be unhesitatingly accepted as a genuine miracle;

but the Bureau of physicians at the Pyrenean shrine do not pronounce it miraculous. The patient's long illness was largely of a nervous character, and hence the cure was possible through other than supernatural means. The Bureau does not pronounce miracles cures of any such nature, even though the subjects and their friends are quite convinced that they have been miraculously restored to health. The leader of the English National Pilgrimage, this year, was the Archbishop of Birmingham, who thus summed up the outcome of the journey to Lourdes: "The manifestations at Lourdes are the divine answer to the miserable materialism of the age. The doctrine of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception is a 'key' doctrine, and she is the destroyer of all heresies. There may be material cures at Lourdes, but far greater are the spiritual cures wrought here. There is not one of us who will not go back better spiritually than he came."

The average American citizen may not be a specialist in economics or a thoroughly lucid expositor of the principles underlying the vexed question of the closed or open shop; he may not be able to draw the somewhat indeterminate line separating the rights of Capital from those of Labor, or differentiate the causes which make legitimate or the reverse the industrial strike; but he is quite competent to understand and approve this declaration of President Harding, made the other day at Marion, Ohio: "Liberty is gone in America when any man is denied by anybody the right to work and live by that work. It does not matter who denies. A free American has the right to labor without any other's leave."

Catholic readers of a recently-published work dealing with sexual morality, by Mr. Kenneth Ingram, will

find in it some fresh and acute thought on the subject of divorce. He would draw a rigid line between civil and religious marriage. The State must go its own way. "But there should always be a higher type of marriage, where the Catholic Church has been invoked for her blessing. And for those who choose to ask for this Sacrament, the union should be irrevocable save by death." In a chapter on sex education Mr. Ingram declares that it must not be treated as publicly as natural history or chemistry. It should be rather a matter for individuals than for public instruction. The home may be an admirable atmosphere. And he adds, "The Catholic Church possesses the invaluable medium of the confessional, and where the confessor can give sound sex instruction no better opportunity can well be imagined."

One subject on which the practical Catholic may frequently and profitably meditate is his proper attitude towards those of his friends, acquaintances, and fellow citizens who do not belong to the visible body of the Church. In one of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. that attitude is thus tersely indicated: "In the duties that join us to God and to the Church, the greatest thing to be noted is that in the propaganda of Christian truth every one of us should labor as far as lies in his power." Now, irrespective of one's station in life, or one's learning, controversial ability, or other qualification for winning to the Faith those outside the Fold, every Catholic can, and assuredly should, pray for his non-Catholic neighbors,—pray habitually and fervently. In a recent sermon by Cardinal Bourne, there is reference to this responsibility, and the passage is well worth reproducing:

Certain it is that every man will be rewarded or condemned according to his acceptance of the light which God has given him.

No one certainly will be condemned except for refusal to accept that light when vouchsafed. We can never assume that any one has sinned against the light. There is such a sin, terrible as it is; and no doubt it is sometimes committed, when people refuse the opportunity given them of accepting the Catholic Faith; but we are never at liberty to assume this of any individual soul. Since, however, the normal way of saving souls is through the Church, we are faced with another mystery—that so many are left apparently without the opportunity of knowing and accepting the Faith. It is a mystery that God has made this gift of faith depend on those who labor as missionaries, and intends this work to be one of evangelization. While the command of teaching all nations applies in an especial manner to the accredited teachers of the Catholic Faith, it also applies in its degree to all who have accepted that Faith. There is only one work which we can do towards conversion—that is, to remove obstacles: the real work of conversion is wrought by the light that comes from God alone.

Summer being the natural season for conventions, conferences, annual meetings, etc., of associations of various kinds—educational, social, recreational, religious,—there is timeliness and practicality in the following extracts from an article in which a thoughtful contributor to the *Catholic Times*, of London, moralizes on a recent conference of the Young Men's Society, a thriving Catholic organization of England:

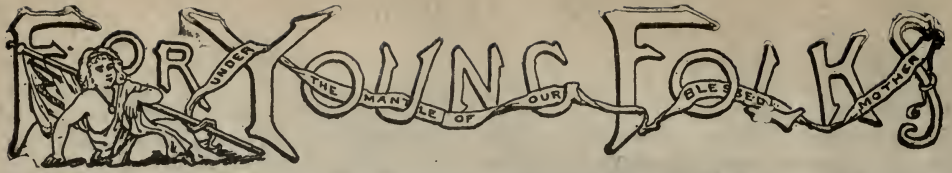
The spirit most to be desired at conferences is that of the eager, dissatisfied idealist, of the man who is anxious to aim at big things, of one who can grumble a bit with justice and acumen; of him who believes that, however much has been done, something finer could have been accomplished. The deadliest enemy possible to the life and fruitfulness of a conference is the complacent officialism which comes to consider routine and machinery not as means but as the end; which is content to do nothing, and cheerfully boasts of not having failed; which prefers ease to effort, and which is always more alert to see the probable risks in an effort than to see any splendors of possible result. . . .

It would be easy to write columns in praise of such an organization as the Young Men's Society; but at the moment it seems better

worth while to beg of the members to ask themselves what good is accruing from large and expensive conferences, what are the ultimate objects and ambitions of the Society, is it progressing, or is it becoming fixed in certain ruts; and does it find that an annual feast of oratory and hospitality brings new strength to the organization, opens up new vistas, and achieves as a rule some real, tangible, and abiding result?

The action of the Belfast Government in conniving at, if not encouraging, the outrages recently perpetrated on Cardinal Logue has been very generally condemned, even by the non-Catholic press of Ireland and England. Not least forcible is the denunciation of Protestant ministers, one of whom, Canon Trotter, Rector of Ardahan, County Galway, wrote to his local paper: "There is not a decent Protestant in Ireland whose blood will not boil with the fiercest indignation at the insult, annoyance, and sacrilege proffered to Cardinal Logue, and detailed by his Eminence in terms of such Christian mildness. What has our country come to when any clergyman, not to speak of the most exalted dignitary of his Church, and one who, in his honored old age, has by his public utterances shown himself to be 'the friend of all and the enemy of none,' can have to endure such an experience even for a brief period at the hands of scoundrels?"

In her Introduction to a rendition into modern English of "The Form of Perfect Living and Other Prose Treatises," by Richard Rolle, of Hampole, (1300-1349), Dr. Geraldine Hodgson makes the acute observation that "a generation which if it be not readily disturbed by sin, is easily and quickly shocked by crude suggestions concerning its possible consequences and reward." This recalls Gladstone's assertion of his conviction that the great majority of theological difficulties have their origin in an inadequate sense of sin.



The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

HUGH COURTNEY had kind, indulgent parents. He lived in a comfortable house, was always well clad, and never had to go hungry in his life. Many boys would have called him a lucky fellow; but Hugh was not well off—that is, he thought he was not: he was continually grumbling and complaining.

"I can't stand this any longer!" he said one day to his brother George. "I'm going to run away."

George often made the same announcement when he "got mad," as he said; but he never seriously thought of carrying out his threat. He was two years older than Hugh, and a little wiser; so now he only whistled softly, and remarked, half-jocosely, "I wouldn't if I were you."

"Yes, I will," repeated Hugh, with a jerk of the head and a fierce air. "I'm tired of this having to go to school, and to report to mother when school's out, before going off to the baseball grounds; and of running errands, and having to be in the house before dark. I'll run away and take care of myself. Lots of boys have to support themselves, and I can do as well as any of them. I was thirteen years old last week, you must remember."

George chuckled. He secretly admired his brother's defiant spirit, and was inclined to say he would go too. Through his mind flitted a vision of a gallant dash for freedom. What fun it would be to start off with Hugh to see the world,—to go West, hunt the buffalo

on the prairies, and live among the Indians, who would be sure to want to make him their chief; or to become a cowboy, with nothing to do but gallop about on a fiery mustang, or lasso wild horses upon the pampas of South America!

But George was cautious; he had sense enough to observe that fellows who set out with such aspirations seldom "get there," as he expressed it. To be sure, even a fugitive trip to New York and "a grand lark" would break the dull monotony of existence considerably. But, then, the upshot of it would be a rousing lecture from "the governor"; and likely as not he'd be packed off to college, "for the sake of the discipline," a possibility which had more than once been imminent. No, it would not do. He was as determined as Hugh to be independent and have his own way, but he intended to go about it in a surer manner. To be sent to college would spoil all his plans. He hated study, and was planning to leave school at the end of the term and go into business.' It would be very nice to have his own money to spend as he chose—a definite sum every week at his disposal, which would enable him to "take in" the baseball matches, and pleasant excursions in Summer. But, some one asked, would he not be obliged to work hard for this? Not at all. Father would get him a nice, easy place, where he'd have next to nothing to do, and be well paid for doing it. George concluded that this would be much better than running away; so he took from his lips the cigarette he was smoking, and, turning to Hugh, repeated: "I wouldn't if I were you."

But this good advice, delivered in so

tantalizing a manner, only aggravated the latter, who felt it to be a taunt.

"Do you mean to say I wouldn't dare?" he added, with a darker look.

"I mean that you could never manage the thing," his brother replied, with a smile. "What would you do for a living?"

"Oh, anything! I'd be a professional boot-black, for instance. I have a very respectable kit rigged up already."

George grinned. "You are not particularly fond of brushing father's boots," he ventured to remark.

"Ah—well," stammered Hugh, "this would be altogether different: I'd be doing it for the spondulix—for hard cash, you see!"

Ungrateful Hugh! He did not consider all that his father, with everyone of the family except easy-going George, was continually doing for him, without thought of recompense save that of affection and duty.

"And if trade were dull, I'd sell papers," he added, strengthening his position. "The newspaper business is always brisk. Or, I'd hire out as an errand-boy."

At this George was so convulsed with laughter that he nearly rolled off the garden bench on which he was lolling: "Isn't it partly to escape being sent on errands that you want to run away?" he began.

Hugh looked a little uncomfortable. "I don't say I intend to take to that," he answered; "it would only be in a pinch. In fact, I've about decided to be a district messenger boy, because they ride in the cars and wear good clothes; and I shouldn't like to disgrace the family by going shabby."

His brother did not suggest that if he did not disgrace them in any other way, they would have reason to be proud of him. George was not apt to indulge in such reflections, but he said to himself: "Jingo! if the district telegraph service

isn't running errands by the wholesale, I'd like to know what is!" It was too much trouble to argue the question, however; so he endeavored to dismiss it altogether, and said, taking up the number of the Nickel Library he had been reading:

"Well, it doesn't seem to me that the fellows who have to look out for themselves have a very jolly time of it."

"Pshaw! that's because you are so blamed lazy! I'd get on fast enough: I'm not afraid of work."

With this parting shot Hugh disappeared into the kitchen, attracted by the odor of frying doughnuts; for he had what is known as a "sweet tooth." And although he thought he should enjoy earning his own bread, he had made up his mind that it should be of the variety known as gingerbread. He considered it necessary to grumble when Hannah the cook asked him to do anything to oblige her; but he would have been surprised to have her interfere, except by a noisy protest, with his raids upon the pantry; for he had long since discovered that even when she caught him in the act, she could be appeased by a little bantering. Notwithstanding that the doughnuts proved as delectable as he anticipated, and Hannah pretended not to notice when he crammed three or four into his pockets, Hugh did not forget his grievances or abandon his purpose to run away. His mind was very fully made up.

Every evening, after supper, the young people were accustomed to gather around the sitting-room table and prepare their lessons for the following day. Hugh sat in his usual place, with his geography before him, but his thoughts were not upon it. When the others had completed their tasks, he closed the book with a slap, but remained idly tilting a small cane chair that happened to be near.

"Come!" said his sister Kate. "Let

us try some of the college songs in this new collection."

This meant that she would play the accompaniments, and Hugh and George might sing. They both had good voices; and the parish priest, Father Morris, an enthusiast in regard to church-music, had trained them for the choir of St. Mary's.

George indolently assented to Kate's proposition; but Hugh answered, sullenly:

"I don't feel like singing a single note to-night."

"Well, have a game of parchesi with me?" pleaded little Elsie.

"Games of that sort are stupid," he replied, with a yawn.

"The book I brought home yesterday is a capital story for boys," remarked Mr. Courtney. "It is full of incident and adventure, and at the same time of good tone. Have you looked into it, Hugh?"

"Yes, sir: I skimmed through it this afternoon when I came from school," said Hugh, "but found it tame!"

Mrs. Courtney glanced at him with a reproving expression, that at least had the effect of causing him to put down the chair, the gymnastic performances of which annoyed his father, as was evident from the ominous rattling of the latter's newspaper.

After a while Mr. Courtney began to read a humorous sketch aloud to his wife. Hugh was entertained in spite of himself, but he scowled and lowered his head to keep from laughing at the amusing points.

"I suspect you have been playing baseball too hard to-day, my son," said his father, pleasantly, as he bade him good-night.

"Haven't played at all!" mumbled Hugh, as he left the room.

"I'm afraid the boy is not well," said his mother, nervously, looking after him.

"I did not notice any failure of his appetite at supper," rejoined Mr. Courtney. "No: the trouble is that both he and George are getting spoiled. They have too easy a life. It would be better for them to rough it a little. Matters can not go on as at present; next Autumn they must either be sent away to school or be put to work. Discipline is what they need."

Mrs. Courtney sighed. She dreaded to have her boys go away, among companions of whose rearing she knew nothing; but, on the other hand, as her husband sometimes argued, was it not almost impossible to keep track of their associates at home? Sadly she acknowledged to herself that they were getting beyond her gentle sway, and therefore she would not oppose any plans for their correction and welfare which he might decide to adopt.

Unconscious of the anxious thought of which he was a subject, Hugh stumbled upstairs to the small room to which he had the exclusive right. Striking a match, he lit the bracket lamp. The light showed that it was a cozy nook to call one's own. A neat ingrain carpet covered the floor; beyond the iron bedstead, at one side of the window, was a chest of drawers, above which hung a round mirror just large enough to reflect Hugh's ruddy face, and to show him how crookedly he could part his hair when in a hurry—and it was one of his characteristics to be always in a hurry. Opposite was an old-fashioned triangular toilet-stand and a solitary chair. It was unmistakably a boy's room. In one corner stood a baseball bat; a pair of dumb-bells lay on the floor; above the door were disposed a patent fishing-rod and a splendid rifle, a Christmas present from his father. One would suppose that Hugh had almost everything a boy's heart could desire. Now, however, he heeded nothing but the shotgun, which he took down and

examined with the fond pride of a sportsman in his trusty companion. But after a few moments he put it back, saying, "No: I'll have to leave it here for George. It is heavy and would only be in the way."

Opening one of the drawers of the bureau, he found a leather skate bag, took out the handsome skates, wrapped them in the chamois skin kept for polishing the fine steel, and laid them again in the drawer. Then he proceeded to pack the bag with small articles. From time to time he glanced apprehensively around. His heart quailed strangely, but he refused to listen to its voice. "I said I would, and so I will!" he muttered.

On the wall hung a large photograph of Defregger's exquisite Madonna. Almost every room in the house contained similar reproductions of the masterpieces of Catholic art; for Mrs. Courtney was a firm believer in their silent influences. This picture was the first object upon which Hugh's eyes naturally rested in the morning, the last to which, from habit, they turned at night.

How beautiful it was!—the mass of white clouds at the foot of the picture; upon either side the silvery mists, which as one looks resolve themselves into a throng of tiny cherub faces with snowy wings; then a glory of sunlight, that cleaves the fleecy haze in twain and reveals the ethereal form of the Virgin Mother floating in the air, with the Divine Child in her arms. Enthroned in His Mother's arms, He leans against her heart, one dimpled hand upon her neck, the other resting upon the bright tresses which, like a second veil, mantle her shoulders; an attitude caressing and dependent, and yet in the pose of the figure is a suggestion of the power upon which all the world must lean. And the beautiful child face, with eyes gentle like His Mother's but grave in their

wondrous wisdom and searching the depths of the soul.

All this Hugh felt, though he could not have expressed it in words. That night, however, he avoided looking at the picture, and also the next morning. He arose at dawn, donned his best suit of clothes, then as quickly as possible, so as not to give himself time to waver, broke open the little bank which contained the money he had been saving for the Fourth of July, emptied the nickels and dimes and two or three quarters into his pockets, and, taking his satchel, stole softly downstairs. No one else in the house was awake; no one heard him as he quietly unlocked the side door and, without a backward glance, went out.

Though the town was hardly astir, Hugh did not dare to walk fast at first, for fear of attracting attention. But when he had gone some distance without encountering any one, he took to his heels and ran, not in the direction of the railway station, but toward a point known as the gravel-pit, where trains were often switched off, or stopped to take in water for the engine. Here were almost always a number of freight-cars run up on a side track. His plan was to stow himself away in one of these and wait for the train to start. When he reached the place, however, he caught his breath with surprise at the good fortune which apparently attended him. There, upon the main track, stood the Chicago Express. The engineer had found his tank short of water, and took this opportunity to replenish it. The train would not stop again till it reached New York, fifty miles distant. The conductor would be so occupied and flurried as he approached the end of his long route, that he would be apt to overlook a small boy.

All this passed through Hugh's mind with the rapidity of lightning. He felt that it was a rare chance. If obliged to

linger in the freight-car, he would have had leisure to repent of his rashness in leaving home; but now, upon the impulse of the moment, he rushed forward, jumped upon the platform of one of the passenger coaches, made his way in, and shrank into a seat. The next minute the belated train was speeding down the valley.

(To be continued.)

The Plant that Clothes the Island.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

FEW people give more than a passing glance to the lichen, yet without its help many a verdant island would have remained a bare volcanic rock, grim and barren. It is the humblest of plants, and in the order of nature comes first; it is one of the farthest travellers; for the fine dust of it, which holds the life out of which the plant springs, is borne thousands and thousands of miles by wind and water. Usually this plant is dry and leathery-looking, of very insignificant appearance, though there are islands which it covers with varied colors.

It is in itself a wonder of the microscope. Put a piece of it under a fairly strong magnifying glass, even, and you see a mass of cells, a number of tiny tubes of the thinnest tissue, holding spores or minute germs of life, an outer and an inner layer. When it seeds, these spores are wafted away in the form of very fine dust. And this dust seems capable of existing almost anywhere. It falls on the bare and rugged island which has been thrown up from the sea bottom by the action of volcanos; and through its work the barren rock becomes clothed with vegetation, then decked with flowers and shrubs, and provided with trees.

After fastening on the rocky surface of an island and clothing it with its first

coat of vegetation, it gives place to another of its kind, the leafy lichen, which in turn gives place to the liverwort. This plant is succeeded by the mosses; in time these decay; wind and weather tear them from the rocks, and mix them with the detritus (the particles worn off or detached from the rock by storms and friction) which the elements bring down; and the beginning of a soil is formed. Then the wind-carried or water-borne seeds rest on the island, and the second step has been taken by nature. Birds settle on the island, and they fetch seeds in the food their bodies contain; other arrivals come; every tempest brings a new plant; the zoological immigrants finally arrive; and, little by little, the once barren heap of rocks becomes a fertile and green-clad island.

Nowhere is there a finer display of leafy lichens than on Kerguelen's Island, which lies in the sub-Antarctic regions, and is more remote than any other island from the nearest continent. The rocks there are painted, as it were, with lichens. At the tops of the hills they look like forests, most of them being as large as little trees.

Lichens are seemingly of little importance, but how vast is the Creator's purpose which they carry out!

Our Big Policeman.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

THE wind is able, very often,
 To blow you almost off your feet;
 But I don't believe that one could soften
 Our big policeman on his beat.
 He walks along, oh, very solemn!
 And looks for persons who've been bad;
 Some people say his "spinal column"
 Is always "stiff and ironclad."
 But when my sister, Mary Lou,
 Gave him a rose, he knelt right down,
 Kissed her and said, "Now, dearie, you
 Are quite the nicest miss in town."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Dent & Sons have just published "An English Anthology of Prose and Verse (14th-19th Century), by Sir Henry Newbolt.

—"The Irish Song Book," with original Irish airs, edited with an Introduction and notes by Alfred Perceval Graves, is announced by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

—Among new books soon to be published, we note "The Decline of Aristocracy in America." A more appealing work would be on the decline of democracy among us.

—"A Sister's Poems," being the posthumous verses of Sister Margaret Mary, of the Sisters of Mercy, will, in the dainty book-form which the publisher has supplied, bring pleasure to the author's friends and others. The poems are simple and dignified. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.

—It is a recognized fact that "Rhythmic Sight-Singing" can be and has been taught to children. But it was left to Mr. Charles C. Doorly to show in cold type how this can be done in a scientific manner. Practice, practice, patiently and perseveringly, will accomplish wonders in this, as well as in any other artistic line of work. The little book is full of practical, common-sense hints. J. Fischer & Bro.; price, 50 cents.

—A classic example of slowness in composition has long been Tom Moore's reply to a question as to how he was getting on with one of his poems, "Famously, I'm doing a line a day." Writing in *Harper's Magazine*, Percy Waxman records an instance of still greater deliberation. "Wasn't it Oscar Wilde," he queries, "who, while staying at a country house, was asked by an inquisitive lady at luncheon one day what he had been doing all the morning? 'Putting a comma in a sentence,' answered the imperturbable Oscar. And at dinner that night when asked what he had been doing all the afternoon he said: 'Taking it out again.'"

—Those who read Mr. Hilaire Belloc's newest book, "The Mercy of Allah," will enjoy satire which is keen and appropriate, but which could be much more keen and appropriate. The illustrious merchant Mahmond, who dwells in Bagdad, gathers his nephews about him for the purpose of explaining how his bank account grew from zero to a formidable array of zeros prefixed by one. It is, of course, a tale that applies directly to the life

around us and sounds the acrid note of economic criticism for which the author is famous. What a new "Gulliver's Travels" it might have been if the author had devoted to its composition twenty-five years instead of, as one fears, twenty-five days! Even so, "The Mercy of Allah" is well worth looking into. D. Appleton and Co.; price, \$2.

—Of the eighteen chapters of "The State and the Church," seven are credited to Dr. Ryan and three to Father Millar, S. J.; the remaining eight comprise extracts from Encyclicals of Leo XIII. and Benedict XV., essays by Archbishops Ireland and Spalding, expository papers by Cardinal Billot and Father Macksey, S. J., and selections from the latest Pastoral Letter of the American hierarchy. Needless to say, this third volume of the "Social Action Series," issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council, deserves a warm welcome from all educated members of the Church. Non-Catholics, also, should consult its pages before attributing to the Church doctrines which her accredited spokesmen do not sanction. The work is an octavo of 325 pages, with an index. Macmillan Co.; price, \$2.25.

—Of exceptional typographical excellence in its elegant leatherette binding is the "Biographical Sketch of Sister M. Augustine," by Mrs. W. A. King. An octavo booklet of only 31 pages, with several good illustrations, it nevertheless constitutes an admirable tribute to a devoted member of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Incidentally, the sketch discloses that, in less than fifty years, the Sisterhood of the Immaculate Heart has increased from one hundred and six (when Sister Augustine was professed, in 1873) to "more than sixteen hundred noble and scholarly women." The subject of this sketch labored in the mother-house of her institute at Monroe, Michigan, and is affectionately and gratefully remembered by many a hundred women, both in the world and religion, as a potent influence for good in the process of their intellectual and spiritual growth.

—For certain purposes, a memoir by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., is more satisfactory than a biography by Boswell. To interpret a life in the light of its mystical endowments and desires, and to give to others some little of the transferable achievement of that life, are purposes which Father Mar-

tindale has accomplished in "Richard Philip Garrold, S. J.—a Memoir." To the teacher, the book will be an inspiration in the real way to teach history; to the disciplinarian, it will be an "open sesame" to the hearts of dull, stupid, and unattractive pupils; the army chaplain will find in it his own experiences as lived by another; and the mystic will come face to face with the bravest and most relentless of his kind. One book could hardly do more. But readers will agree that this memoir accomplishes all its purposes, and lifts them close to the heart of God besides. Longmans, Green & Co.; price, \$2.50.

—Taking exception to the comments of the London Press on the recent staging of Dryden's "Amphitryon"—"deliberately dirty," "insufferably dull," etc.—the writer of "Et Cætera" in the London *Tablet* remarks:

Dryden himself was far greater and purer than his plays; he outgrew them; after his conversion to the Church in the zenith of his intellectual power, he wrote, in his "Ode to the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew," a repudiation that ought to be familiar to all lovers of literature:

O gracious God, how far have we
Profaned Thy heavenly gift of Poesy,
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love.

After a more particular regret expressed for what he himself had done "to increase the steaming ordures of the stage," he prays Heaven that the Vestal whom he sings may atone for all by having been in innocence a child, adding:

Even love (for love sometimes her Muse expressed)
Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast,
Light as the vapours of a morning dream;
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Hubert Tholen, of the diocese of Peoria; Rev. Robert Burke, diocese of Newark; Rev. James Driscoll, D. D., archdiocese of New York; and Rev. J. L. Davis, C. J.

Sister M. Xavier, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister Agnes Marie, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

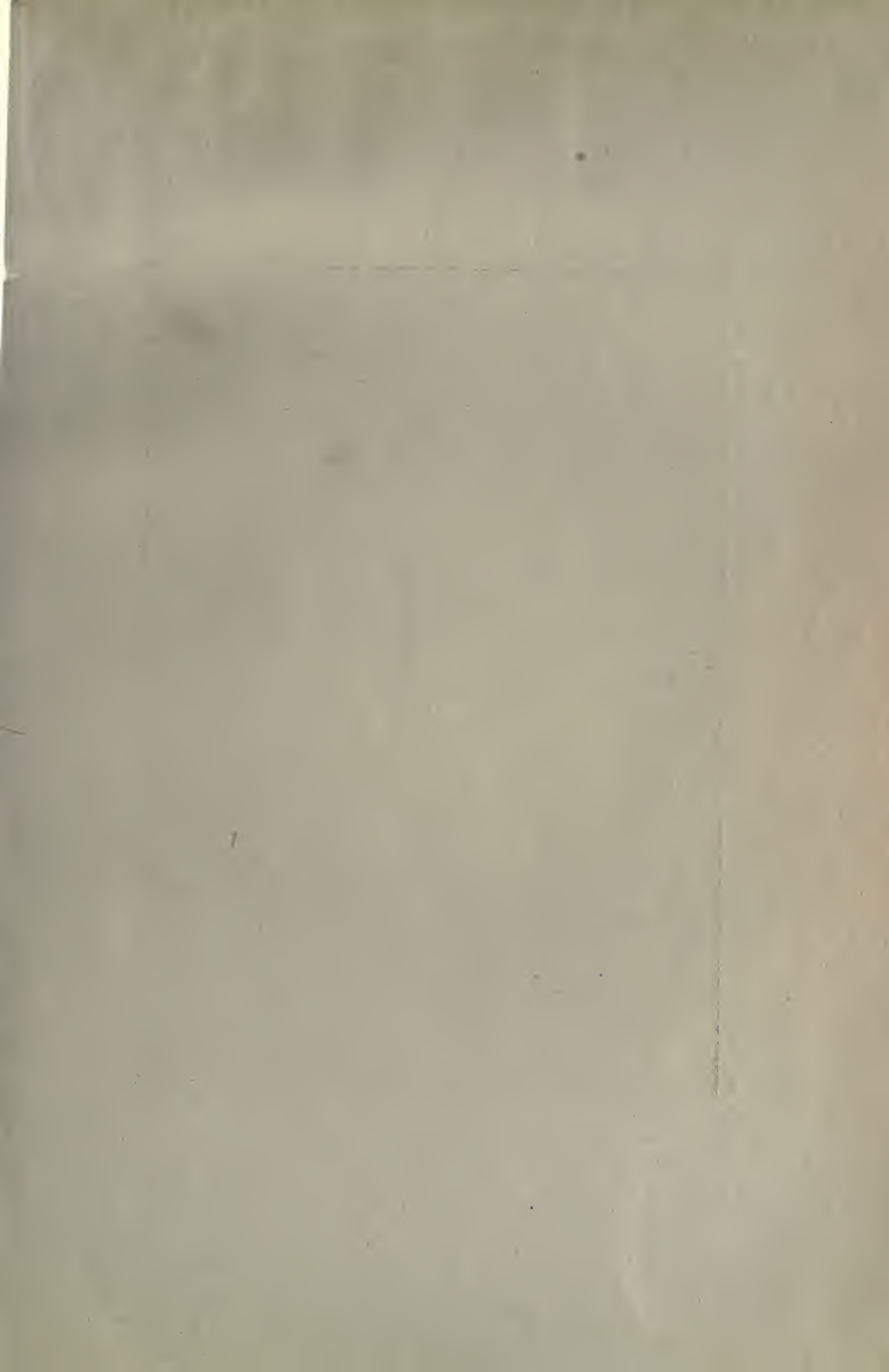
Mr. W. N. Willis, Mrs. Kathleen Ritchie, Mr. W. J. Convery, Mr. J. Van Raalte, Mrs. Agnes Ryan, Mr. Carl Nelson, Mr. Michael Maloney, Mrs. Dorine Gates, Mr. William Maher, Mrs. Mary Maxwell, Mr. Francis Grainger, Mr. Joseph Ouellette, Miss Catherine Colin, Mrs. Anna O'Brien, Mr. Richard Clark, Mr. George King, Miss Rosetta Hartnett, and Mr. Jacob Bauer.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: A. K., \$1; E. H., in honor of St. Anthony, \$8.75; friend (Conn.), \$10; M. E. S., \$3. For the victims of the famine in Russia: "in honor of the Most Precious Blood," \$2. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: friend, \$1; J. M. K., "in honor of the B. V. M.," \$10.





ST. MARY MAGDALENE
(Pietro Vannucci)



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

[Copyright, 1922: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Tantum Ergo.

BY R. O. K.

REND ye lowly;
 Christ all holy
 Praise in this great Sacrament:
 Generations
 Of the nations
 Hail the better Testament;
 And our senses'
 Dull offences
 Faith will lead to true assent.
 To the Eternal
 God Supernal
 Faith, acclaim, and glory be;
 Unforgotten
 His Begotten
 In the hallowed melody;
 And like merit
 Give the Spirit
 In the triple jubilee. Amen.

The Legend of St. Anne.

BY ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

Anna, pia mater, ave!
 Anne n'men est suave:
 Anna sonat gratiam.
 Anna, pious mother, hail!
 Perfumes from thy name exhale:
 Anna signifieth grace.

—Prose of St. Anne, old French Breviary.

IN the year 55 before Christ, under the impious domination of the Romans, says Vincent de Beauvais, a married couple lived according to the heart of God in the little town of Bethlehem in the pleasant country of Judea. The innocence of their lives recalled the days of the Patriarchs, of whom they

were the children. They were called Stolan and Emerentiana; and they awaited, like their fellow Hebrews, the accomplishment of the prophecies that foretold a Redeemer. Heaven blessed their union and gave them a daughter, whom they called Anne.

It is interesting to see, in some of the stained-glass windows of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the pictured history of the birth of this blessed child. The mother reposes quietly on a richly upholstered bed. Near her, leaning on a mantelpiece, Stolan regards with happiness his youthful spouse who, at the peril of her life, has dowered him with the name of father. Jewish maidens are waiting on Emerentiana, while in another part of the chamber an aged woman, who has received the tender infant in her arms, is giving it those cares which are lavished, on their entrance into this world, upon all the children of Eve.

The youth of Saint Anne was as pious as was her whole life. Tenderly attached to her parents, she received from them both the abstract principles and the concrete examples of manifold virtues. Mothers in Israel pointed out Anne to their own daughters and expressed the wish that they should resemble her. Her beauty of soul was reflected in a countenance as noble as it was beautiful. The young men of her race competed one with another for the honor of winning so worthy a bride. Her modesty touched especially the heart of Joachim,

a dweller in Nazareth and a descendant of the ancient family of David. Heaven heard his prayers; the hand of Anne was promised to him.

A few months later, in the temple of Jerusalem, near the altar of holocausts, the high priest Issachar blessed this fortunate union. The daughter of Stolan, radiating joy and modesty, advances towards the pontiff. Her costume, as depicted in the stained glass paintings of the Middle Ages, was one of royal splendor. Her pure brow, her limpid eyes, the exquisite expression of her features seemed to be a realization of the ideally beautiful. The brilliant group of her companions only serves to emphasize the grace of the happy bride. Opposite to her, Joachim is surrounded by youthful friends; he receives the hand of his spouse. The figure of the holy old man who performs the ceremony resembles that of a patriarch of the Old Law: thus must have looked Abraham uniting Isaac to Rebecca, or Raguel giving his daughter to young Tobias.

The life of the young couple was simple, full of justice and of piety. Their goods or possessions were divided into three portions: the first was destined for the Temple and the priests who served therein; they distributed the second among the poor; and the third was reserved for their own household needs. They had promised to consecrate to the Lord their son, should one be born to them; but the blessing and honor of fecundity was withheld from the pious Anne, so they adopted as their children all the unfortunate of the little world around them. They had lived thus for twenty years, serving God and assisting their neighbors. Yet at each of the solemnities, which they never failed to attend in Jerusalem, they besought God to deliver them from the opprobrium of childlessness. Their prayers ascended to His throne in com-

pany with those of the afflicted whose tears they wiped away.

One year, as the feast of Tabernacles drew near, they went according to their custom to the Holy City. The children of Israel had come there to offer sacrifices to the God of their fathers, and the high priest Ruben immolated the victims. Joachim presented himself in his turn. He carried a lamb, symbol of mildness and innocence, a figure of the Lamb which was to expiate the sins of the world. Anne followed him, her head veiled, her heart full of sighs and tears.

The high priest, seeing them mount the steps of the Temple, greeted them only with words of contempt and reproaches. "Is it permitted to you," he said, "to present your offering to the Lord, you whom He has not judged worthy of having a posterity? Do you not know that in Israel the husband who does not enjoy the glory of being a father is accursed of God?" And in the presence of the people he rejected their offering.

Joachim did not wish to return to Nazareth with the witnesses of his opprobrium. Their presence would have aggravated his sorrow. Anne went back alone to their home, offering to God the sacrifice of a humiliated soul and a heart broken by suffering. As for Joachim, he betook himself to a rural district near Jerusalem, where shepherds guarded their flocks. The calm tranquillity of pastoral life and the soothing aspect of nature brought some solace to the wound of his heart. Who has not experienced the truth that solitude draws one near to God and promotes peace of soul?

One day, as he was alone in the fields at the hour when the sheep, tired out, sought the cooling shadows, a light more dazzling than that of the sun suddenly surrounded him. The Angel Gabriel stood before him. Joachim

prostrated himself, for the vision struck him with terror.

"Fear nothing," said the celestial messenger, "I am the angel of the Lord. It is God Himself who sends me to you. He has inclined His ear to your prayer and your alms have mounted to His presence. This is what the Lord declares: Anne, thy wife, will bring forth a daughter, to whom thou wilt give the name of Mary. She will be consecrated to God in the Temple; the Holy Ghost will abide in her even from her mother's womb, and will work great things in her." After these words the angel disappeared.

Now, on the morning of this day, which was consecrated to the Lord, Anne, yielding to the persuasions of her servants, put off the mourning robe she had been wearing, and, clothing herself in festal garments, went down about the ninth hour to the gardens which surrounded Joachim's dwelling. Plunged in sorrow, she sat down in the shade of a bay-tree; and, raising her eyes to heaven, she perceived a sparrow's nest hidden in the foliage. At this sight she sighed deeply and exclaimed:

"Alas, to whom can I compare myself in my sorrow? Why did my mother give me birth, to be a subject of malediction in the face of the sons of Israel? They have insulted my misery; they have turned me away from the Temple of the Lord. Woe is me, to whom can I be compared? The birds of the air are fruitful before Thee, O my God! The wild beasts that people the solitudes have received from Thy hand the gift of fecundity. To what am I like? The very water is fertile: the waves of the sea, stormy or placid, and the shoals of fish that dwell in their bosom, sing Thy glory. Earth produces in due season flowers and fruits, and blesses Thee, O Lord!"

Then an angel descended from heaven and said to the afflicted one: "Anne,

God has granted your prayer. You will conceive in your womb, and will experience the pangs of childbirth."

"Praised be the Lord, my God!" exclaimed Anne. "If He gives me a child, I will consecrate it in His Temple to serve Him all the days of its life." Two other heavenly messengers then appeared, and said to Anne: "Joachim, your husband, is about to return home, bringing with him numerous flocks. You will meet him at the Golden Gate of the Holy City, and this meeting will be a warrant for the truth of our promise."

Joachim had left his dwelling in the fields to return to his faithful spouse. He brought with him ten spotless lambs, twelve young bullocks, and a hundred kids, to be offered as a sacrifice to the Lord.

Anne set out to meet him. As she drew nigh to the Golden Gate, she saw her husband driving the flocks before him. The two holy spouses embraced, communicating their mutual joy in a chaste kiss. "Now it is," cried the happy Anne, "that the Lord has overwhelmed me with His blessings. He has put an end to my sterility and has granted me the happiness of being a mother!" They told each other of their interviews with the angels, and, lost in admiration, returned heartfelt thanks to Almighty God.

THAT which is most agreeable in this world is mingled with sorrow: nothing here is pure; regret pursues after mirth; widowhood after marriage; care after fruitfulness; ignominy follows glory; expense follows honor; loathing comes after delights, and sickness after health. The rose is a fair flower, but yet it causes me a great grief, putting me in mind of my sin, for which the earth has been condemned to bring forth thorns.—*St. Basil.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IV.

THE letter the postman brought proved to be for Miss Eloise Brentwood and from the absent Gregory, who was then in Washington. He promised, after his return to New York, to lose no time in running out to Millhaven to see his "dear, little Eloise." That particular term of endearment did not entirely please the girl, nor measure up to her own idea of her new importance. Also his casual reference to the probable date of his visit did not, in her estimation, imply sufficient eagerness to see her again, and in her rôle of heiress.

Marcia, of course, made no inquiry; but Eloise presently vouchsafed the information that Mr. Glassford, otherwise Gregory, well known in the social and financial world of more than one city, would shortly come back to New York, and would lose no time in running out to Millhaven. Eloise, thoughtfully regarding her cousin, said:

"I wonder what you will think of him."

"Nothing could matter less," laughed Marcia; "and, besides, if Mr. Glassford, otherwise Gregory, does not come quickly, I shall be very unlikely to see him at all."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Simply, that we shall have left Millhaven."

"Oh, but you can't do that, at least till I have found a chaperone!"

"That will not be very difficult: you have so many friends. Besides, such an arrangement would be only temporary, since I may presume that you will become Mrs. Gregory, otherwise Mrs. Glassford."

"Now you are laughing."

"Well, although marriage is a serious

affair enough, it doesn't usually call for tears."

Eloise was annoyed. This newly-found cousin did not take her and her affairs seriously enough, and she felt that she had come down from the pedestal she had chosen to mount, in discussing them at all. Still, some further enlightenment seemed necessary.

"I told you before that Mr. Glassford is my guardian, nothing more."

She spoke severely and Marcia apologized.

"Of course, I should have remembered, and in future, I shall take pains to understand the situation."

Eloise was only half satisfied with the tone of this explanation, and the look in the blue eyes, that under happier circumstances would have been so ready for laughter. Their return to the house was almost in silence. In the living room they found Mrs. Brentwood, as usual at her knitting. Marcia began to arrange some goldenrod in the old-fashioned vases.

"Goldenrod is such a very American flower," commented Eloise; "at least, I never saw any of it in France."

"It is homely and simple like everything at Millhaven," responded Marcia, cheerfully. "I love it because it is associated with Autumn."

"Do you really like Autumn?" inquired Eloise; "it is so *triste*, as they used to say at the Convent."

"The saddest of the year, but Larry and I thoroughly enjoy it."

"Larry?" repeated Eloise, with deliberate affectation. "Oh, yes, that is your brother?"

"Yes, he is my brother."

"What does he do with himself all the time?"

"Well, a good part of the time," Marcia answered rather dryly, "he is at the Bank where he earns his daily bread. Then he has to eat and sleep and take exercise."

"I thought he would have been at College."

"So he was until a year ago."

Mrs. Brentwood, who was counting her stitches, paused long enough to say:

"They have made him teller although he is so young."

"Have made him teller!" echoed Eloise, pondering on the information, which did not convey very much to her mind; and Marcia did not seem inclined to pursue the subject. She had no desire to discuss her brother, with this girl whom she believed to be altogether cold and self-centred. Nor did she wish her to know that Larry's very insufficient salary, which he ungrudgingly gave almost entirely towards the household expenses, was their chief means of support. Larry and Marcia had a small income from their mother; their father had lost everything in a disastrous venture, and it was *his* father, who had left everything to Eloise. Mrs. Brentwood had a few hundred dollars of her own. But all this combined had made living difficult, even when they occupied the House at the Cross Roads, quite free of rent. Henceforth, as Marcia had immediately decided, it would be necessary for her to take up some line of work, which would increase their slender income and enable them to pay rent. She had not, as yet, mentioned her intention either to Mrs. Brentwood or Larry, knowing that they would be opposed to such a step. Still less did she care to communicate her resolve to this girl, who so far had impressed her as coldly repellent.

When Marcia presently left the room, to confer with Eliza as to the domestic arrangements, Eloise drew up her chair and politely offered to wind Mrs. Brentwood's wool. In her long, slender fingers, which had been a distinguishing mark of many of the Brentwoods, the rich crimson of the wool flew backwards and forwards, casting a

becoming glow on the young face.

"It is so very kind of you, my dear," said her aunt, gratefully.

"I like doing it. It reminds me of the Convent."

"I don't think I have ever asked you what Convent that is."

"The *Sacré Coeur*, to be sure. It is in the heart of Paris."

"Why, it was the religious of the Sacred Heart who taught me in my youth."

"And don't you love them?"

"I do, indeed; though I was dreadfully homesick when at school."

"Were you?" said Eloise, pausing after her fashion, to reflect upon this reply. "You see, it was different with me. I might say I never had a home."

"My, my, how very distressing! How very, very sad!"

Eloise, who did not enjoy being pitied, answered promptly:

"It was not so very sad for me. I scarcely knew what a home was like."

"I suppose that is true," Mrs. Brentwood agreed; "it certainly would make a great difference."

In her heart, nevertheless, she was conscious of a feeling of compassion for this girl who had been deprived of what she herself remembered fondly: home, her girlhood's home,—home while her husband lived, and later the home which the three Brentwoods had enjoyed. The very letters in the word were synonymous with peace, and with all the joys of youth and tranquillity in later years. To her mind, there was nothing in life which could quite take its place. Eloise, who did not continue any conversation very long, soon changed the subject. Her next question caused the elder woman to drop two or three stitches.

"Aunt Jane, what was my grandfather like?"

The poor lady so addressed, had quite a scared look on her face, as she stammered out:

"Well, really, I hardly know, dear Eloise. I can hardly explain."

"But I thought you knew him intimately?"

"I knew him, of course, in a fashion, ever since my marriage and even before. He came here at odd times, usually when we least expected him."

"And were you not particularly glad to see him?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, my dear! He was kind in his own way, but I must confess I was rather afraid of him. Some of the Brentwoods were like that, and others quite the reverse."

"Was Marcia afraid of him?"

"Marcia? I don't know. She never said so. She is a very fearless nature. She generally had to entertain him."

"And Larry?"

"Larry? He kept away from him, as much as he could. Perhaps *he* was afraid. But he is very high-spirited, and one day, when he said: 'Oh, dear me, I shouldn't be talking this way—'"

"You never seem to remember that I am one of the family."

"True,—very true," assented Mrs. Brentwood, but she did not throw any further light on the subject. Eloise reflected that Larry's indiscretion, whatever it was, might have had some bearing on the will. She did not express that thought aloud, but it turned her mind in the direction of the thin, dark-faced youth, who had met her at the station.

She, however, continued the conversation.

"This grandfather seems to have been a very formidable personage."

"He was,—oh, indeed he was," declared Mrs. Brentwood, shivering slightly and drawing her shawl about her, as though she felt the chill of his presence, "he had a cold, stern face, and eyes that looked through and through one."

Mrs. Brentwood forgetting her late

resolve, became suddenly communicative.

"So Marcia and I were surprised, that day, for Larry had always been so considerate and respectful to his elders. It seemed as if all at once he felt himself a man, and he told his grandfather that he could not permit his sister nor himself to be spoken to in such a manner. Nor did he wish to hear any reflections cast upon his father."

Mrs. Brentwood drew a long breath as though once more she were present at that scene, and slowly shook her head.

"Marcia said it was his manhood asserting itself; but I'm sure I don't know how he had the courage."

Eloise was listening, her hands clasped, her slight figure bent towards the speaker.

"And what did grandfather say?" she asked breathlessly.

"Nothing,—nothing at all. He gave Larry one long, piercing look. Then he just leaned a moment on his cane and went out of the door without a word. Larry would have helped him down the stairs, but he waved him aside and called his coachman. He never used a motor, always horses."

Mrs. Brentwood paused in a listening attitude, almost as if she could hear the feet of those horses coming up the lane.

"Well, what happened next?" inquired Eloise.

"When Marcia applauded Larry for what he had done, he couldn't be got to say a word against his grandfather. He never condemns any one behind his back."

"'Perhaps I was wrong,' he said, 'he is an old man.'"

"'An old tyrant!' cried Marcia, who is always impetuous. 'He shouldn't have spoken against our father. We could have borne anything else.'"

Eloise was deeply interested. This Larry must be an unusual sort of youth,

even if he did wear clothes that were shiny, and a hat that was out of fashion for two or three seasons. However, she inquired no farther, and Mrs. Brentwood, who was all intent on picking up her lost stitches, did not raise her head for several minutes. When she did, it was to whisper:

"You will think me very foolish; but often, at night here, when the wind is whistling through the poplars, I feel afraid of that formidable old man. It seems to me, that even in death, I might sometimes see him entering that door, as he used to do."

"Did he show any resentment to Larry?"

"I don't think they ever met again. When grandfather came, Larry was in town. But he sent him a Christmas present, just as usual."

Eloise, who was not timid by nature—for like Marcia she belonged to those of the Brentwoods who were fearless,—could not repress a faint shudder, as the older woman said:

"He used to come in and sit in that very chair where you are now, always bolt upright."

"I am afraid, then," remarked Eloise, "that my cousins' impression of me could not have been very flattering, when they said I was like my grandfather."

"Oh, but he was a very handsome man as to features and all that!" Mrs. Brentwood hastened to explain; "and you have the same erect walk, and the same quick glance."

"Well, I hope I shall not go round terrifying people even when I am old," Eloise said, arising with some precipitation from the carved chair. She strolled towards the piano, and the elder woman, glad to be done with an unpleasant subject, inquired if she played.

"A little,—snatches of this and that."

"If you would favor me."

Eloise graciously acceded, and seating

herself at the piano, dashed from a brilliant *bravura* to some quaint old melodies, which pleased her hearer.

"Does Marcia play?" she inquired.

"No, but she has a rather nice voice, only we could never afford to have her taught. I must get her to sing for you this evening, if she is in the mood."

At that moment, Marcia's voice was heard, clear and fresh, as she came along the passage from the kitchen. Eloise liked the sound. It reminded her of the apple orchard, in those days before she had heard of her legacy. The sound ceased, as Marcia drew near the living room door. There was a smile on her lips. She was thinking of a droll scene she had witnessed between the ill-assorted pair in the kitchen, which she did not care, however, to describe before Eloise. Eliza, and even the diminutive Minna, were part and parcel of that house and of that life, from which, with throbs of passionate pain, she told herself that she would soon be parting; and she did not care to expose their oddities to the critical attention of Eloise. However, she did remark to her stepmother, in a most casual tone:

"Eliza seems bent on coming away with us to the apartment, though I told her I did not think there would be room."

"Are you speaking of the cook?" asked Eloise, turning half round on the piano stool.

"Why, yes; though I don't see how she will ever tear herself away from the kitchen and the little garden at the back, where she raises our vegetables."

"People do grow attached to inanimate objects," remarked Eloise sententially. "I know that by experience. But should I decide to remain, which can not be altogether decided till Gregory comes, it would be treating me, a stranger here, very badly, to desert me."

"Eliza has a peculiar fancy," an-

swered Marcia quietly, though there was a flash of steel in the blue eyes, "that it would be deserting *us*, if she did not follow wheresoever we go."

"I suppose I can easily replace her," observed Eloise, with a bitter smile curling her thin lips.

"No doubt," replied Marcia, "she is of the old school, and one more modern might answer better."

"I shall keep the housemaid," pursued Eloise, calmly, as though the matter were entirely of her volition, "and the little thing. I like the looks of her. She is a veritable toy *mädchen*."

"Minna without Eliza would be unthinkable," objected Marcia, "she is ruled with a rod of iron, but is absolutely devoted to the autocrat, whose heart is of pure gold."

"Well," smiled Eloise, with something of a challenge in her voice, "I see I shall have to repeople the House at the Cross Roads entirely, and perhaps it is all for the best."

She began to play a lively tune as if to show her disdain for the domestic problem.

"Sarah will be only too glad to remain, I'm sure," remarked Marcia. "She is comparatively a newcomer here."

"Sarah, that is the housemaid," repeated Eloise, "so much the better. With more training she will make a good housemaid."

Marcia bit her lip, but kept silent; while Eloise, letting her fingers pass lightly over the keys, added:

"I began to think the House at the Cross Roads was altogether a close corporation,—one and all bound together."

"Sarah excepted, we are all bound together," retorted Marcia, "and so I hope we shall ever remain."

Eloise smiled again, that smile of doubtful meaning, and began to bring forth wonderful melodies from the keys. The music seemed an outlet for her

feelings, though she paused long enough to remark that the piano needed tuning.

The sun of that Autumnal day that came streaming in at the window, with its cold brightness, encompassed the heiress with a glory.

"As if symbolical of her life at the Cross Roads!" thought Marcia. "I wonder, I wonder! Here, where three generations of Brentwoods have made their home. They weren't a long-lived nor a very fortunate race, though. I wonder, I wonder!"

"It will be wanton cruelty," was Marcia's next thought, "if she turns us out of this house. For that Gregory Glassford, whom she will probably marry, guardian or no guardian, will not want to live here. That is almost a certainty."

Later in the day, when Eloise had gone to her room, Marcia asked her stepmother:

"Do you know anything about this Gregory Glassford?"

"Gregory Glassford?" repeated Mrs. Brentwood. "I have not heard the name this long time. He was quite a young man then. He promised to be a very fine man, as his father was before him, and one of the connections of the Brentwoods. I forget exactly how, but I think it was through his mother."

Marcia listened silently, taking her favorite station at the window, where she watched the dry leaves from her beloved trees, swirl up and down the road in the eddies of wind. Mrs. Brentwood continued trying to clear the tangled web of her memories.

"Was that why he was made guardian of Eloise?"

After a short pause, Mrs. Brentwood added:

"I did not know he had been left guardian to Eloise; but, indeed, during all these last years I have known very little of what has been going on in the family. There were estrangements

and—and other things happening.”

“What other things asked Marcia?”

“Oh, I can’t tell, they’re so confusing!”

Mrs. Brentwood found herself on difficult ground, over which she hurried with the remark:

“And we have been so comparatively poor, and a good many of the family so wealthy. So there it is, you see!”

“Yes, poverty seems to have been the refrain of our lives,” said Marcia, “but there might be many worse things!”

Mrs. Brentwood shook her head. She was thinking how much worse it probably would be, when the safe refuge of this house was taken from them, and the hope, the two young people had unconsciously entertained, of a legacy from their grandfather, dead forever.

“Well, this fine young man, this favorite of our grandfather—which may or may not be a recommendation,—will be coming here one of these days,” said Marcia.

“Gregory Glassford coming here!” echoed Mrs. Brentwood, quite flustered by the intelligence. “Why, why that will be quite an event.”

Marcia was scornful.

“An event, indeed; to him and to Fate I bid defiance.”

“Never do that!” cried her step-mother, hurriedly; “it is never lucky to defy Fate, since we can not know what she has in store for us.”

“What pagans we are to talk about Fate,” laughed Marcia, “and how low the Brentwood pride must have sunk, if we dread the coming of this Gregory Glassford.”

“He is so rich and important.”

“And we are poor, but, as Eliza says, ‘highly respectable.’ So I shall meet him with an undaunted brow.”

Marcia, when in her gay moods, could not be argued with, and poor Mrs. Brentwood made no attempt.

(To be continued.)

A Painter of the Old Régime.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.

RIGAUD had been three months in La Trappe, executing the various missions of the Duc de Saint Simon, and still had considerable work to do. He enjoyed the silence and regularity of the monastery, which was not, in regard to him, as rigorous as he had expected. The Abbot often conversed with him, as did several of the monks who were allowed intercourse with strangers and visitors. Many persons among the latter were distinguished and interesting people. The time passed quite agreeably; though the longer he remained, the more he became convinced that his life was not to be dedicated to the prayer and silence of La Trappe.

One day he was busily copying a wonderful picture of the Madonna when a letter was brought him, bearing the crest of the Duchess of Orleans. It was blunt, and characteristic of the writer, reading as follows,

“Monsieur, I repeat what I said to you the last time we met: that you would make a mistake in becoming a Trappist. I hope you have no such thought in mind. If you have, I beg that before entering the novitiate you make a final visit to Paris, *to test your vocation*. Besides, I have the legacy safely put away. It is yours to accept or reject at your will. For M. de Taverny died on the 27th of last month, of gout, diabetes, and too many doctors.

“Having no children, the larger part of his fortune goes to his nephews, a rapacious trio of rascals, who would hardly give Madame de Taverny time to leave the mansion which her late husband built for her enjoyment. However, she has not been left a pauper, and is, by her own wish, residing at the convent of the Blue Nuns, where her cousin

is superior. But so contagious is the force of example that one day, when I hinted to her that you might remain at La Trappe, she said very seriously that she also was tired of the world, and I need not be surprised if she should finish by taking the veil.

"But that would be absurd, of course. She is too young and beautiful and attractive to immure herself like that. At the expiration of her year of mourning, I intend to invite her to Versailles, where she will soon be provided with a husband.

"Kindly let me know when you will be at liberty to come to Paris, for a few days at least, that we may arrange our business affairs.

"I need not add that I hope your pictures have given satisfaction to the Duke. It would take a greater critic than he to find fault with them. I hope to hear from you soon.

"CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH."

To this letter Rigaud immediately replied:

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS:—It is with deep regret that I have learned, through the letter you were so gracious as to write me, that our mutual friend and my highly esteemed patron is dead. Although I feared, the last time I saw him, that he was not long for this world, I did not anticipate the end so soon.

"I shall be greatly obliged if you will give my condolence to Madame de Taverny, who must feel deeply the loss of so good a husband. Her sojourn among the Blue Nuns will be a rest for body and soul. I hardly anticipate, however, that she will remain there permanently. I suspect, Madame, that you would firmly oppose any such intention on her part. Pardon what may seem levity on mine, but I should not be surprised if you had already selected the fortunate man on whom to bestow her hand; and can only say that if, with less disparity in years, he can duplicate

the excellent qualities of M. de Taverny, she will be blest indeed.

"As to the legacy, if *you* have it in custody, it is quite safe. I am in no hurry to claim it."

"I have planned to go into Italy for a short time when I have completed my work here. It may be all of a year before I return to Paris. I have quite decided that La Trappe is not to be my home; though I have enjoyed my stay here to the full, and feel that it has benefited me in every way.

"I have the honor to be, Madame,

"Your devoted, humble servant,

"HYACINTHE RIGAUD."

When the Duchess had read this letter two or three times, she said aloud:

"What a simpleton he is,—what a simpleton! But the plot is well laid. I have no fear as to the result." And, humming blithely to herself, she laid the letter away in her writing-desk.

One morning, a little more than a year after this incident, the Duchess received a note from Rigaud, informing her that he had returned to Paris and would be glad to wait upon her whenever she might be at leisure to receive him. After an interval of several days, she replied by messenger, asking him to call the next day at three.

When he presented himself she advanced to meet him with a welcoming smile, exclaiming:

"You are better-looking than ever, *mon ami*; and, so far as I can see, there lingers about you, apparently, no symptom Trappistian."

"I left the monastery several months ago, Madame," he replied. "I have been in Rome and Florence, quite in the world of artists,—in an atmosphere not at all monastic. But I am glad to be back in Paris once more."

"You mean to work hard?"

"Of course, Madame."

"Without moping?"

The painter smiled. "Why should I mope, Madame?"

"What of the lady?"

"I know nothing of her."

"You no longer care for her?"

"Like a wise man, I can truthfully say that I have put her out of my thoughts—as far as possible."

"Your last clause betrays you, Rigaud. You have not forgotten her."

"Forgotten her, Madame? No; but one can make the best of it, if the moon does not fall into one's hands."

"True, Rigaud. But the surest antidote will be—some one else. You must marry."

The painter shook his head. "I thought I had long ago made my sentiments clear to you on that score, Madame."

"Rigaud," replied the Duchess, abruptly, "the legacy of M. de Taverny is conditional. In order to receive it, you must marry."

The painter frowned. "I decline it, then, Madame," he said without hesitation. "Doubtless M. de Taverny thought he was doing me a good turn, and I am grateful for such a proof of his regard; but I can not comply with that condition. Is it not possible to divert the legacy?"

"Yes," answered the Duchess. "It is mine to do with as I please. And I say that you must, and will, accept it. You have asked no questions concerning it, but hasten, without knowing what you are sacrificing, to throw to the winds the most costly jewel M. de Taverny owned; and you are very well aware—no one more so—how rare and beautiful were his treasures."

"His most costly jewel, Madame?" repeated Rigaud.

"Yes, and the most highly prized; the one he was most loath to leave behind; the one he wished to place in the hands of him whom he thought would best ap-

preciate and guard it carefully, as a sacred, priceless gift."

"Explain, Madame. What can it be?"

"His wife!" replied the Duchess, in cool and even tones, her homely face one broad, transcendent smile.

"His wife!" exclaimed the painter, springing to his feet. "To me!"

"To you! Control yourself! Sit down, Rigaud!"

The painter resumed his seat.

"Do you remember," inquired the Duchess, "the day I told you first about the legacy?"

"Yes, Madame, very well."

"What I did not tell you, though, was this. M. de Taverny had sent for me, knowing he had not long to live, and feeling solicitous about the future of his beloved and lovely wife. He was fond of you, admired you, thought you an honest man, as you are; and he said (Rigaud, listen well!)—he said that it would afford him great consolation were he to know that you and she would marry in due time. I confess I was surprised at first, but at once fell in with the plan, it was so admirable,—never dreaming for a moment that either would object to so excellent an arrangement. When I spoke to you of marriage, it was to learn whether your affections were already engaged; and you can not imagine how delighted I was to learn, almost immediately, that they were placed just where I desired them to be. I penetrated the depths of your transparent soul at once. For a short time I had a fear that your sojourn at La Trappe might influence you towards a monastic life before our good M. de Taverny had paid the debt we all must pay. But what could I do? Only wait on Providence, who, in this case, had been very kind."

"But, Madame," expostulated the painter, "I am not the only one to be considered. Another life, another heart is also concerned. What reason have

you to believe that Madame de Taverny would entertain favorably so arbitrary a disposal of her hand?"

"It is not at all arbitrary," replied the Duchess, with some spirit. "You are both left free to accept or decline. I speak of what I know. I will tell you."

Rigaud leaned forward, nervously folding and unfolding his white and shapely hands.

"After I had left you that day," said the Duchess, "when you bade me good-bye, I went straight to the De Tavernys, hoping to find Madame still absent, and resolved to wait for her. She had not yet returned. When she came I said:

"News, Cécile,—great news!"

"What is it?" she inquired.

"Our friend Rigaud is off for La Trappe."

"Somewhat to my surprise and to my great satisfaction, she grew deathly pale and sat down.

"Are you ill?" I asked, apparently with deep solicitude, and rang for her maid.

"I feel a little faint," she said; but presently the color came back to her cheeks. With a feeble smile, she added: "He will make a good monk, Madame. May God strengthen and direct him!"

"In that moment I *knew*, Monsieur—as I am satisfied also she did for the first time,—how dear you were to her. No more was said then, nor on any other occasion. Monsieur de Taverny died, Madame repaired to the convent, and I bided my time. Not long ago, visiting her in her retreat, I said, very casually, as it were:

"By this time, perhaps, our friend Rigaud is a full-fledged novice. I think he is making a mistake: he has no religious vocation." And what do you think she did, Rigaud?"

"How could I know, Madame?"

"She turned quickly to the window to hide the flush that overspread her lovely face. But I had seen it.

"Cécile!" I cried, and drew her by the hand to the sofa where I was sitting. "Cécile, you love that man!" And, throwing herself on her knees before me, she murmured through her tears:

"God forgive me, dear mistress and friend, I am afraid I do!"

"And now, *mon ami*," the Duchess continued smiling, triumphant, "do you accept the legacy? Are you ready to comply with the condition imposed by that most excellent M. de Taverny?"

"Oh, what can I say, Madame?" cried the painter. "How can I express the joy what fills my heart?"

The Duchess rose quickly. "My part is done," she said in the peculiarly brusque manner she often assumed. "Tell whatever there is to tell to your star, no longer the unattainable idol of your dreams. I give you an hour. She is in my library. I will send her to you."

Before the painter could reply, she had left the room.

The tenderly loved wife of the painter Rigaud, often called the French Van Dyck, died after a happy married life of twenty years. Upon her tomb he caused to be inscribed the following couplet:

A PERFECT WOMAN AND A PERFECT WIFE;
DYING, SHE TOOK WITH HER HALF MY LIFE.

Rigaud survived her only a few months. They left one child, a daughter, who, of course, received the Duchess' name, "Charlotte Elizabeth."

THERE are authors who are as point-less as they are inexhaustible in their literary resources. They measure knowledge by bulk, as it lies in the rude block, without symmetry, without design. How many commentators are there on the classics, how many on Holy Scripture, from whom we rise up wondering at the learning which has passed before us, and wondering why it passed!—*Newman*.

Hawthorn Magic.

BY E. BECK.

THE scent of hawthorn from a cart
 That passed the crowded street,
 Sent all the stray blood to my heart,
 And set my wearied feet
 Where the green hedgerows towered high,
 And scented snow-showers fell
 On banks where bloomed the violet shy,
 And pale, pink pimpernel.

The sun from the unclouded sky
 A rain of amber shed;
 The brown-clad bee and butterfly
 Through apple orchards sped.
 The swallows circled far and near,
 White daisies gemmed the lea,
 The skylarks' chansons loud and clear
 Told of their ecstasy.

And like a blaze of fairy gold
 The gorses crowned the hill,
 And I again was young and bold,
 And strong of heart and will;
 And, triumphing o'er time and death,
 A voice spoke from the tomb
 Sweet words, all through the magic breath
 Of foamy hawthorn bloom.

The Bells of St. Brigid's.

BY P. D. MURPHY.

"SAY, Carmody, can you hear any sound?"

As he spoke Desmond stopped rowing and sat up in the boat.

"Only that curlew out over the wild bog," I answered after a pause. "Rather a plaintive cry, don't you think?"

Desmond did not reply at once, but glanced nervously about him as we drifted downstream toward the landing stage.

"I suppose it *is* plaintive," he remarked, "though to me there is something weird in it too. But that wasn't the sound I meant. Maybe I was mistaken. My imagination frequently plays such tricks on me. I fancy it's the secluded life I lead."

As we stepped on the landing stage he caught me suddenly by the arm.

"There it goes again, Carmody," he whispered. "Do you hear it?" I could feel his hand tremble as the grip on my arm tightened. Something in his voice puzzled me,—a novel inflection that had in it something of reverence and something of fear. So I listened with strained attention, my eyes fixed the while on the pallid features of my friend, who was also my host.

"Do you hear it, Carmody?" he repeated.

"Sure," I nodded. "It's a bell. And the sound seems to come right out of the water. Uncanny, isn't it?"

As we stood there the wind freshened up, and the river began to get choppy. There was no need to listen now, for the bell was ringing at frequent and regular intervals.

"What is it?" I asked, as we turned to go. "A submerged buoy?"

"No," he answered, "those are the bells of St. Brigid's. Let's hurry home before the storm breaks."

"St. Brigid's!" I echoed. "I had no idea there was any church in the neighborhood."

"And you're right: there is no church about here now. But centuries ago one stood down there near the bluff. It had a celebrated chime of bells in which the monks took great pride. One day a party of Elizabeth's troopers invaded this neighborhood and removed the bells, after which they set fire to the church. The work of destruction was practically completed before the countryside could be aroused. An ancestor of mine, so the story goes, led the attack on the soldiers who were compelled to seek safety in flight. The bells were dropped into the river, probably with the idea of recovering them later; but there they have lain ever since, and there, no doubt, they will remain."

"And that ancestor of yours, Des-

mond, what became of him? . . . Did he share the fate—?”

My friend laughed a trifle shamefacedly and turned away his head.

“No,” he answered, after he had cleared his throat. “He lived to a ripe old age and prospered exceedingly. The troopers returned in force some days after the looting of the church. My ancestor and his comrades fled to the hills, and engaged in a sort of guerilla warfare. One by one, however, they were captured; and, as was usual in those days, they were given the choice of renouncing their religion or going to the stake. With one exception, Carmody, they all chose the latter course, and the exception was my ancestor. As you know I am not a member of any church myself. I am perhaps the most thorough-going pagan in the whole country. Yet if that fellow had stood by his comrades—”

He broke off the sentence with a shake of his head, and we completed the journey in silence.

The storm broke as we entered the house, one of those solid, old-fashioned residences, which, while utterly devoid of architectural distinction, had yet a beauty and charm of its own. A great gust of wind swept down the valley that ran from the village to the river. The elms in the lawn, which might have witnessed some of the raids of Elizabethan soldiery, creaked and groaned under the fury of its onslaught.

“It’s going to be a corker, Carmody,” Desmond remarked as we made our way to the smoking-room. “These north-easters always are, somehow. Queer how the bells never chime except when it blows from that direction.”

“How do you account for that?” I asked, after I had settled myself in a comfortable armchair.

“Oh, goodness knows, old fellow! I can no more explain it than I can explain—”

He stopped suddenly and shrugged his shoulders.

“Than you can explain what?” I inquired.

“Why it is that those bells which used to summon the faithful to prayer, now chime only to give warning of some impending catastrophe. A malign fate has followed the Desmonds ever since that creature in Elizabeth’s day turned traitor and pervert to save his worthless neck.”

“But I thought you told me he lived to a ripe old age and prospered exceedingly.”

“And so he did. But he died miserably—killed in a drunken brawl by one of his roystering friends. His successor was shot on the lawn outside. The head of the house in every succeeding generation has met with a violent death. Curiously enough the female members of the family always escaped until the present generation came along. Now the Desmonds are faced with extinction: I am the last of the line, and I have made up my mind never to marry.”

“That’s an extraordinary story, Phil. Pardon my curiosity, but what happened to your father?”

“He was drowned. It was in the Summer, I remember. I was home from school on vacation at the time, and had gone down the river to spend the day with some friends. Toward evening my father, accompanied by my little sister, set out to bring me home. No sooner had they put off from the landing stage than the bells began to ring. My mother, who went down to see them off, besought them to abandon the trip; but my father only laughed at her fears. Shortly afterwards a storm came on suddenly as it did this evening; next day my father’s body was washed ashore some miles lower down, but tale or tidings of my little sister never reached us. I loved that girl, Carmody.

There were only the two of us, you see; and after she was drowned life didn't have the same meaning,—the same interest for me. But come upstairs, old fellow, and I'll show you something that will surprise you."

I followed him until we came to a door at the end of a long passage. When he opened it and found the room in darkness he gave vent to the annoyance he felt in a suppressed cry.

"This shouldn't be, Carmody," he explained. "It's not in accordance with my instructions. I'll have to see the house-keeper about it. Hold on a moment!"

He groped about until he found the switch. Instantly a cluster of miniature lights appeared close to the window that looked out on the river. Directly beneath them was a fluted pedestal of bog oak partly concealed by some draperies of old lace. Filled with curiosity I crossed over to examine it. A moment later I drew up in amazement.

"Why, it's a statue of the Blessed Virgin!" I exclaimed.

He nodded his head, and then his lips parted in a smile.

"But you told me you were a pagan, Desmond," I continued. "And from the way you spoke I gathered that you were also a fatalist."

"Well, there's one thing I have always admired Catholics for, Carmody, and that is their devotion to the Blessed Mother of Christ. I loved my mother; you loved yours. Why shouldn't both of us love the Blessed Virgin however far apart we may be in other matters?"

"You're right as a Christian, of course; but wrong, I think, as a pagan."

"Oh, pagan be hanged! I don't think that I am a pagan, except in the sense that I'm not a church-goer."

"No, Desmond, you're not a pagan, thank God, but a sound Christian at heart. What prompted you to place this statue here?"

"Grania—my sister, you know—had an old nurse. The poor old woman took the loss of her little charge very much to heart; she couldn't believe that Grania was drowned. So she had this statue placed here, and every night and morning up to the day of her death she came here to pray before it. My mother rather liked the idea, and so did I. I have often regretted that she did not live until I was old enough to discuss these matters with her. Poor old Mary! There never was a gentler, more loving soul. I shouldn't wonder if she and Grania and mother were together up above. Do you think they are, Carmody?"

"Let's hope so at any rate, Phil. And your father, too."

I crossed over to the other side of the room, and after a while he took my place before the statue. His face was pale and set, and his long, tapering fingers opened and closed nervously on the lapels of his coat. As a gust of wind struck the gable of the house he looked out of the window.

"Gosh! It's a pip of a storm, Carmody," he remarked. "And those bells—do you hear them? Like a funeral dirge, isn't it? I've made my will; I've left this place to the Department of Agriculture."

He walked toward the door, and I followed him down to the dining room. How we passed the time until dinner was announced I do not know. Outwardly he was calm and collected; but the nervous twitching of his fingers, the frequent moistening of his lips, betrayed the turmoil of his mind. Apparently the belief that his hours were numbered had taken a deep hold on him; and in some mysterious way it had cast a subtle spell over the atmosphere of the room. It made me feel that death was lurking in the shadows outside the door. I wanted to talk to him of life, of love, of a thousand and one things, but this

feeling chilled and obsessed me. The joy I felt when Desmond showed me the statue of Our Lady in the chamber that used to be his little sister's bedroom was gone.

A maid knocked and entered.

"Dinner is ready, sir," she announced from the doorway.

Desmond moved in his chair, but made no attempt to rise.

"Come on, Phil!" I called out. "I'm as hungry as a hawk, and so you must be too, I fancy. Nothing so whets my appetite as a pull on the river."

Above the roar of the storm I could hear the whistle of a train as it rounded the bend a quarter of a mile away. Like the cry of a banshee it sounded,—a long, ear-splitting shriek which ended abruptly as the bells of St. Brigid's started to ring again. By this time we had reached the dining room, and instinctively my eyes sought Desmond who was walking just in front. He bowed his head slightly as he crossed over to the window and drew the heavy curtains. Then with a wan smile he motioned me to a chair, while he himself took a seat on the opposite side of the table.

While a maid was serving the soup the housekeeper bustled into the room.

"Mr. Desmond! Mr. Desmond!" she cried. "There's been an accident on the line, and the station-master is calling you on the telephone."

Desmond ran out into the hall, and I stood in the doorway until he returned.

"What is it, Phil?" I inquired, as he hung up the receiver.

"Train derailed by a tree blown across the track," he answered. "Several people have been injured, but no one seriously. O'Reilly says two of the worst cases are being brought here on stretchers."

He took me by the arm and led me back to my place in the dining room.

"Only for you being here I should be aboard that train, Carmody," he whispered. "Last night I decided to go to Limerick to-day, but when your telegram arrived this morning, I suddenly altered my plans. Had I carried out my original intention I might be a dead man now."

"I wish you would forget that stuff, Phil," I implored. "Why, man, you'll be alive and well fifty years from now. But the soup's getting cold; let's have something to eat before the stretcher-bearers arrive."

We hurried through the meal, and then adjourned to the drawing-room which looked out on the drive. A few moments later the rescue party arrived with two casualties, both women. To the elder of the two, a lady well advanced in years, Desmond gave up his own bed, while the other was borne to Grania's room. Shortly afterwards the doctor arrived, and Phil and I went to the smoking-room. Slowly the minutes passed, and with each tick of the clock our impatience grew. After what seemed to be an age the housekeeper entered the apartment.

"Well, Kate, what's the news?" Desmond inquired.

"It's good and bad, sir," the woman replied. "The mother—for I take her to be the mother,—doesn't seem to be injured in any way. I think she's suffering from shock more than anything else. But the daughter lies there as still as a corpse, and no one but the good God knows whether she'll pass away in her sleep or come back out of it like a ship out of the tide. And she's a Catholic. She's wearing the brown scapular; but the mother isn't. Someone'll have to run for the priest."

"I'll go this minute, Kate," Desmond declared.

"Hold on, Phil!" I called out. "I'll go instead,—you may be wanted here. Now, now! I've done this thing before,

so please don't argue. Besides, old fellow, I'm so worked up over what's happened that I *want* to go."

Some hours later when I returned with the priest Desmond was waiting in the hall.

"Good-evening, Father," he saluted. "I'm glad you've come. It was a shame to disturb you on a night like this, for really there was no urgency about the case at all. The patient's injuries are trifling: she recovered consciousness shortly after you left, Carmody, and at her invitation I went up to see her. The moment she turned her face toward me I had the shock of my life. I thought it was my mother, so striking was the resemblance. Instead it was my sister!"

"Grania!" I echoed. "Great Scott, Phil! I thought—"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted; "everybody thought she was drowned. She was saved, though, by some wealthy Americans who were cruising round the coast in their steam yacht which was driven out to sea. The place where Grania was picked up could never be found, although the rescuers made repeated attempts to find it. They returned again this year for yet another. When they rescued Grania they found she was wearing a Rosary about her neck; so, though not Catholics themselves, they brought the child up in the Catholic faith."

"But how did your sister come to have a Rosary in her possession when she was rescued, Mr. Desmond?" Father O'Halloran inquired.

"I fancy her old nurse must have given it to her, Father. The dear old lady's devotion to the Blessed Virgin, as I remember it, was wonderful! And I believe, Father, that I owe my great joy this night to the Blessed Virgin."

"I'm glad indeed to hear you say so."

"You must come and see us often, Father,—you and Grania will have a lot to talk about. And, perhaps, in a

little while I may be able to join in the conversation."

"You mean—" I hesitated.

"Yes, I mean just that, Carmody," he declared. "I've had a feeling within me for years, an empty feeling,—a feeling (Oh, I don't know how to describe it!) Now, however, I know what it was. It was the craving for that which the Church of God alone can give. You must help to prepare me to receive it, Father. Now, if you're ready, we'll go up and see Grania."

Devotion to Our Lady in Denmark in Pre-Reformation Times.

LITTLE is generally known of the ecclesiastical history of the Scandinavian nations in pre-Reformation times. We learn from the writings of contemporary historians that the Danes were remarkable for faith and piety, and for their attachment to the practices of Catholic worship. Those who had it in their power to do so used to hear Mass on weekdays as well as Sundays, and assist at the recitation of the Canonical Hours. They were great lovers of processions and pilgrimages, often undertaking long journeys to shrines in their own or in foreign lands. They honored the saints with great devotion, and high above all others they held in loving veneration the glorious Mother of God.

There is no doubt that the Danish Order of the Elephant, when originally instituted, was a confraternity in honor of Our Lady. It is said to have been placed by Canute VI., who founded it toward the close of the twelfth century, under her protection; and later on it is mentioned by a Spanish ambassador at the Danish Court under the name of the Order of the Virgin Mary. The meaning of its badge, which was originally an elephant with the image of our Blessed Lady and three nails, is not ex-

plained. About the middle of the sixteenth century King Frederick II. struck out the figure of the Blessed Virgin, in his zeal to eliminate "Popish errors," and only the elephant and tower were retained.

In old times the Angelus rang out from every steeple in Denmark; and so universal amongst all classes of the people was the habit of obeying its summons to venerate Jesus and Mary that on the introduction of Protestantism it was no easy matter to suppress the pious custom. Prohibitions were issued in vain; the only alternative left to the preachers of the new religion was to give the bell a new name, as they could not silence its tongue. St. Mary's Bell became the Bell of Peace; and the people were taught a short prayer for peace, to be repeated instead of the Angelic Salutation.

One of the prayer-books most in use amongst the educated classes was the Hours, or Office of the Blessed Virgin. The Rosary was naturally a favorite devotion, for in the Middle Ages the bulk of the population were unable to read; and the Rosary is, as we know, the simplest form of prayer that the Christian can employ, as well as the most perfect. The wealthy classes had Rosaries made for their use of coral, amber, or carnelian, the larger beads and the ornaments being of gold or silver. Associations of the Rosary, introduced by the Dominican Fathers, were erected in almost every parish; to these the principal citizens and landowners belonged, besides the chief authorities, civil and ecclesiastical. Only very gradually, and after a hard struggle, did Lutheranism succeed in banishing the Holy Rosary from the land. Although the use of it was repeatedly forbidden by Act of Parliament, the "Psalter of Mary" was for a long period recited; though not publicly, for fear of the law. Aware that it was said in

secret, the apostle of Lutheranism, Peter Palladius, fulminated against it untiringly, but with little success. As late as the year 1728 a book printed in Danish on the Rosary, extolling the glories of Mary, was publicly burned by the civil authorities.

It appears from the old chronicles that Saturday used to be observed in Denmark as a day of particular devotion to Our Lady, on which her intercession with her Divine Son was specially implored; because on that day, while Our Lord rested in the Sepulchre, and all His disciples doubted, she alone believed confidently in the promise of His resurrection. In every town there was a church dedicated to Our Lady, and many of these still retain the title. In every church an altar was erected to the Mother of God, and her festivals were celebrated with great splendor, the Immaculate Conception holding high rank among them. Various places of pilgrimage attracted crowds of pious suppliants for Mary's favor, and many foundations were made in her honor. On occasion of some of the festivals it was customary to give large alms, called *Mariebyrdh* (Mary-bread, or doles), which were devoted to the support of the clergy and to the relief of the needy poor. The religious Orders most especially devoted to the service of Mary were held in high esteem: the Carmelites, known by their distinctive title of Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the Dominicans, most active in spreading the devotion of the Rosary; and the Franciscans, who everywhere preached the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Pictures and statues of Our Lady were not only numerous in Denmark, but were executed with much artistic skill. Of this, abundant testimony is afforded by the images of the Madonna which are met with in all museums and collections of antiquities.

The Patron of Mechlin.

ST. RUMOLD, the patron of the ancient city of Mechlin, in Brabant, Belgium, was a native of Ireland, and is honored with much pomp and ceremony in the Belgian town on his feast-day, the first of July. He died in the year 775. We are told that he was promoted to the priesthood in Ireland, and his name appears as Bishop of Dublin. If he acted in that capacity, it was only for a short period; for he soon went to Rome, where he had an interview with the Sovereign Pontiff, who appointed him a missionary bishop without any fixed See. He betook himself to the district of Brabant, whose people had relapsed into paganism. By his example, eloquence, and penances he reclaimed great numbers of them, made many converts to the Faith, and built several churches.

St. Rumold was accustomed to retire at certain solemn periods to a lonely retreat, in order to commune more freely with God and to perform heavier penances. In this place of retirement he was sought by two young nobles whose vices he had condemned, and he was brutally murdered by them. The mangled remains were thrown into a river near by, in order that no traces of the crime might be discovered. But God permitted a miraculous light to float over the spot where the relics of the martyr lay; and they were found and honorably buried while the great and sumptuous church of Mechlin, in which they now rest, was being built for them. Many miracles took place at the first place of interment, and marvels continued at the new shrine to which the body of the Saint was transferred. The church was raised to metropolitan dignity by Pope Paul IV., and the feast of the Saint was celebrated as a double both in the Belgian town and in the diocese of Dublin.

One of the most remarkable miracles that took place in the church of Mechlin was the recovery of the senses of smell and taste which the murderers of St. Thomas of Canterbury had lost in punishment for the crime they had committed. Those four Norman knights who had rid the English King of "the troublesome priest" had, in deep remorse, journeyed to Rome to do penance. There it was told them that when God restored the senses of which He had deprived them they might hope for pardon. The unhappy men roamed from shrine to shrine; and as they prayed before the spot where the relics of St. Rumold rested, the four suddenly recovered their lost senses.

Jewish Proverbs.

Do not try to comfort the mourner while his dead lies before him.

HE gives much who gives with kindness.

CHILDREN should be chastised only with the lace of a sandal.

ONE blow with the tongue that touches the heart is more effectual than much beating.

IF thou hast taken up God's trade (the study of the Word of God) put on His livery also (be charitable).

HE who has committed a sin twice considers it no longer a sin.

AN evil impulse is at first frail as a spider's web, but it soon becomes strong as a cart-rope.

THE house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician.

THE heart that loves is always young.

MAKE no attempt at reconciliation while anger exists.

A WICKED inclination is at first a guest. If thou grant it hospitality, it will soon make itself the hateful master of thy house.

A Question of Priority.

MANY Catholics of the best intentions have a fashion of admitting that, although much of the settlement and progress of our country is due to the efforts of colonists from lands where their religion prevailed, to the Puritan element belongs the honor of establishing the first college and publishing the first book in North America. Let us see.

One naturally thinks of Harvard College when the seniority of educational establishments is in question. Harvard *is* an old institution, time-honored, respectable, and hoary; but more than a year before the first of its buildings arose, the missionaries of Quebec gathered together a number of French boys and founded a college, which afterward grew into the great Laval University, the pride of the Province. Champlain was alive, though soon to die, when its foundations were laid; and John Harvard was still across the ocean, meditating upon his plan for the school in Massachusetts. And yet again. Two generations before the first brick of Harvard was laid, a college—that of St. Ildefonso—was founded in the city of Mexico, and can justly lay claim to antedating all others.

The Bay Psalm Book is commonly admitted to be the first book printed in America after its discovery; it may be news to some, therefore, that to Catholic Spain belongs the credit of establishing and nourishing literature in the New World. "The Ladder of Paradise" was translated into Spanish from the Latin, and published in this country in 1537. The learned Dr. Shea once sent us a list of forty-five other books all printed in Mexico in or before 1640, and ranging from 1550 to that date. This interesting list we have published. The Bay Psalm Book was issued only in 1640. Let the honor be placed where it belongs.

Vain Expectation. — A Presbyterian Clergyman's Tribute to the Church.

"CHANGES of procedure of the highest importance to general mission endeavor in China" are announced as the result of a recent Protestant conference assembled at Shanghai. The denominationalism of the West is not understood by the Oriental mind and causes bewilderment. Hence the desirability of "a united Christian body indigenous to China." In other words, the missionaries and converts of the various Protestant denominations feel the need of getting together, and ignoring the differences existing among them elsewhere. "It is only the united Church that can save China," declared the spokesman of the conference.

Seeing that no powers in connection with doctrinal or disciplinary questions are to be claimed, it is very unlikely that this much desired co-operation and co-ordination of sectarian forces in China will ever be realized. If the Baptist and the Methodist missionaries, for instance, were to join forces, there would be vigorous opposition on the part of Baptist and Methodist ministers and layfolk at home, who furnish the funds for foreign mission work.

We notice that the Rev. Dr. Gilbert Reid (Presbyterian), for many years director of the International Institute in Shanghai, is not named among the delegates of the conference to which we have referred. The omission is notable. Was it feared by his brethren of other denominations that he might have something to say which would create a rumpus,—things like the following which he said first in Shanghai and repeated in Boston?

A feature of the Church of Rome which every Protestant, and, in fact, every man, is bound to appreciate is its unparalleled organization. The whole world is mapped out into a complete system. All parts of the system are unified in the Papacy. The Supreme Pontiff

is certainly the greatest ruler on the earth, his sway extending into every country, amongst all races, all alike called his children. He is rightly called in Chinese the Emperor of the Religion or the Church. From him as Holy Father the system works out in perfect symmetry and gradation, far surpassing the power and orderliness of the Roman Empire in the days of the Cæsars, down through the Papal Court, the cardinals, the archbishops, bishops, and priests, to every humble member of the Church, whatever his color, class or nationality. . . . Leaving out for the moment the religious or divine aspects of the Church of Rome, it stands forth amongst all human organizations, all forms of government, all societies or associations, as the most complete and compact, the most universal and efficient organization that the world has ever known. The Holy Father who sits at the Vatican in Rome, whether regarded as Vicar of God or not, commands the homage of more men clear round the globe than a Cæsar or a Constantine, a Charlemagne or a Napoleon, ever dreamed to be his destiny. The whole vast machinery works, moreover, smoothly. There is now and then friction, but this only shows the need of a little oiling; the machine goes on forever. Even when some part of the machinery is taken away, the powerhouse is as mighty as ever; the great wheels move round; and the little wheels all have their places, indicative of the master mind that directs all. . . . There are no sects in the Church of Rome; sectarianism is swallowed up in the union of the whole, centered in the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome. That which brought about a Protestantism—namely, the Papacy—is that which gives both unity and strength to the Church of Rome.

Here in China an illustration is afforded of the symmetry of this wonderful Church organization. The whole country is divided into dioceses, and in each diocese some one Society or Order is exclusively at work. This is the perfection of mission comity. The particular Society is seldom named; all that the Chinese through the length and breadth of the land ever hear of is the Religion of the Heavenly Lord,—the one Church of Rome.

There is no foreigner living, certainly no Protestant person, who can speak with greater authority on China and the Chinese than Dr. Gilbert Reid. He should have been heard in the conference at Shanghai. How well deserving of being listened to he is, our quotations are ample proof.

Notes and Remarks.

Though accustomed to references to John Lothrop Motley as a reliable historian by non-Catholics, it comes as a surprise to hear of his being classed as such by a Catholic teacher. His pages teem with absurdities like the following, which may be found in his "Dutch Republic":

Upon the 16th of February, 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. From this universal doom a few persons, especially named, were excepted. A proclamation of the King, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex or condition. This is probably the most concise death-warrant that was ever framed. Under King Philip II., three millions of people, men, women and children, were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines.

This tale is entirely discredited by Prescott. "It would be strange," he remarks, "had any such decree existed, that a proceeding so extraordinary should have escaped the vigilance of Llorente, the Secretary of the Holy Office, who had all its papers at his command. I have met with no allusion whatever to it in his pages. . . . Is it easy to believe that a sagacious prince like Philip II. . . . could have lent himself to an act as impolitic as it was absurd?" A great many historians record as facts acts no less impolitic and absurd. Every one who is trying to get at the facts of history should bear in mind the truths of the following extract from the preface to the first volume of the Cambridge Modern History:

Great additions have of late been made to our knowledge of the past; the long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way, and competing historians all over the civilized world have been zealous to take advantage of the change. The printing of archives has kept pace with the admission of inquirers; and the total mass of new matter which the last half century has accumulated amounts to many thousands of volumes. In

view of changes and of gains such as these, it has become impossible for the historical writer of the present age to trust without reserve even to the most respected secondary authorities. The honest student finds himself continually deserted, retarded, misled by the classics of historical literature; and has to hew his own way through multitudinous transactions, periodicals, and official publications, in order to reach the truth. Ultimate history can not be obtained in this generation; but, so far as documentary evidence is at command, conventional history can be discarded, and the point can be shown that has been reached on the road from one to the other.

The writer of this remarkable passage, which should be familiar to all students of history, evidently had in mind the great saying of Comte de Maistre and fully realized its faithfulness: "History for the last three centuries [1500-1800] has been a conspiracy against the truth."

Being the spiritual ruler of millions of people, scattered all over the world, the public utterances of Pope Pius XI. are naturally "broadcasted" to the uttermost confines of his jurisdiction. He must often have such an experience as President Harding related in a recent speech: "A year ago I was on a brief vacation in the mountains of New Hampshire, and my generous host said we must go to the nearby village which had been his boyhood home and meet the people who would be assembled. We motored down the mountain, we had a most agreeable meeting, and I spoke extemporaneously for perhaps fifteen minutes. Sixty days later there came to my desk a newspaper published in Peking, China, with a *verbatim* reprint of the speech."

The assassination of Walter Rathenau and the attempt on the life of Maximilian Harden show the danger of a collapse of German social morale. The two deeds reveal a disavowal of law and a contempt for political independence that would have been inconceivable to a

German of the old régime. It is a time of blood, and it was conceived in blood. We are again called upon to witness the ridiculous nonsense involved in trying to change forms of government without consulting the traditions of the people interested. If propaganda had not been so determined to make out Germany what no citizen of the country wanted it to be, circumstances there might now be quite different. Meanwhile the absence of Rathenau has made itself felt in numerous ways. He was a man of superb intelligence and industry who brought to the service of his country and the world a breadth of vision which we can only hope will become the property of his successors and others. While Harden, a self-sufficient journalist, scarcely merits the pity which our press expends upon him, his experience proves that freedom of speech now involves more danger in Germany than it did during the war. Liberty is not a democratic court-plaster.

In these days, when parents are considering the problem of sending their children to school in the Fall, it is good to remember the great unfinished task facing Catholic missionaries in pagan lands. It has been estimated that to take care of Chinese children with any degree of effectiveness would require the erection of no fewer than two million school buildings. The number of teachers needed to supervise these institutions is beyond our humble efforts at computation. Naturally this work, like immortal Rome, will not be builded in a day, but the thought of it is a wholesome reminder of the magnitude of our missionary field and of the demand for workers to till its soil. One might fancy that religious now at work, far from the ordered life of civilization, would be appalled at sight of the chaos to be redeemed. But every word that comes from them is bright with hope

and energy, and every prayer they say seems to struggle into heaven on the wings of laughter. It is we who question the feasibility of the work, we who have nothing to do for it, after all, but to give a share of our unnecessary earnings and perhaps one or two of our comfortable petitions.

On the eve of the Republican primaries in Maine, the Rev. Judson P. Marvin, pastor of the Universalist Church in Portland, is reported to have bombarded the State with an attack upon Gov. Baxter, based upon the charge that he catered to Catholic voters at the expense of Protestant voters. He is a member in good standing of the Congregational denomination, but a deceased sister of his once served as organist for a Catholic church. At the time of her death, the Governor presented to this church the organ which some years before had been built at her home; and he further offended by being present in the church when the organ was dedicated. Moreover, he publicly expressed regret for the death of Pope Benedict XV. All this had excited the indignation and wrath of Brother Marvin, and in due time he addressed a letter to the Protestant clergymen of Maine, calling upon them to protest against such scandalous doings by the Chief Executive, and to see that he was defeated for re-nomination at the primaries. He wasn't; in fact, he won an easy triumph over his opponent, perhaps on account of the action taken by the pulpit politician of Portland. Bigotry was rebuked as perhaps never before in Maine. In commenting upon the incident, the *Boston Transcript* had this to say:

Unhappily we are not without bigots in every denomination, but all bigots and all pulpit politicians who resort during a campaign, or at any other time, to an appeal to religious bigotry look alike to the true American who believes in Straight Americanism. Reli-

gious bigotry, race prejudice and class consciousness constitute an infamous triple alliance in our national household that would dynamite that American character which is as much the spiritual cornerstone of the Nation as is the Constitution its political cornerstone.

Let us hope that future appeals to religious bigotry anywhere in the United States will be met with a like rebuke from the Press, whether Republican or Democratic.

* * *

In his letter to the brethren Brother Marvin wrote: "Will the people of Maine stand idly by and allow the Chief Executive of this State to recognize officially any institution that has the disruption of our public schools as its purpose? Are we to have the school system of the Middle Ages and Continental Europe grafted upon us with official gubernatorial approval and not feel an issue flung squarely in our faces?"

We shall not break one of our resolutions by calling the Rev. Judson P. Marvin a bigot. Perhaps he is mentally deficient and that if he were just a little more so, he would be in an asylum somewhere. Allowance should always be made for ministerial persons who think of the Catholic Church as a monster and of Catholics as ogres. It becomes a kind of obsession.

Of the late Dean William McNulty, of Paterson, N. J., who passed to his reward last month at the extraordinary age of ninety-three, in the sixty-fifth year of his priesthood, Fr. John O'Rourke, S. J., says in *America*: "It seems a strange phenomenon that an Irish lad who had come to this country practically penniless and friendless, after a long life during which he fled, as from a plague, the praises of men, should at his passing to eternity be the recipient of manifestations of esteem and love from all classes, almost unprecedented in the history of the priesthood in this country." The phenomenon is

easily explained. For fifty-eight years Dean McNulty had ministered to the spiritual needs of the Catholics of St. John's parish in Paterson. His saintlike devotedness caused him to be venerated by them and respected by all who knew him. By evildoers he was feared, though they never questioned his motives, stern as were his methods. He tolerated no scandals in his parish, feared no opponents. It was known to them, however, that, though "stern to view," the Dean was kind-hearted, always just and merciful.

His life of wondrous energy, devotedness and unselfishness was a shining example to all, if to some a constant reproach. An adequate account of his spiritual activities and material accomplishments would fill volumes. A true priest was Dean McNulty,—“I never knew a better one,” the late Bishop McQuaid used to say.

There have been so much misunderstanding and misinformation, on both sides of the Atlantic, concerning the attitude of the Holy See towards Zionism that it is gratifying to have an authoritative pronouncement on the question at issue. Such a pronouncement was recently made by Cardinal Bourne on the occasion of a celebration at Bolton, England. Premising that he had just received a marked copy of a journal in which the Church's attitude in the matter was entirely misrepresented, his Eminence said in part:

I know perhaps better than anyone else in this country what the attitude of the Holy See is on this question. In the first place, the Holy See has no objection whatever to the mandate for Palestine being given to the British Government; because, as the Holy See has repeatedly borne testimony, the fairness and justice of Great Britain in dealing with such questions has been universally acknowledged. But the Holy See objects to proposals made in the draft mandate, to which it called attention, which would give to the Zionists—a newly imported Jewish population—a privileged posi-

tion over those belonging to other races and other religious beliefs; and I think that the Holy See was not only fully justified, but was absolutely obliged to make the protest uttered.

It is proposed in the mandate to set up a Jewish Commission—a Zionist Commission—alongside the actual government of the country which is to guide the government in large measure; but the Holy See has pointed out that such a proposal is directly opposed to the very idea of the mandate. A mandate is given to one of the highly civilized nations in order that by its knowledge and experience it may lead a less well-developed country, as yet incapable of self-government, to attain that self-government as speedily as possible. That is the whole principle of the mandate. Is it consistent with that idea of a mandate not to give the government of a country to the population existing in that country, but to bring in aliens to take over the government? That is really what is happening.

The Cardinal went on to say that the Pope has a perfect right to intervene, and in doing so is only accomplishing his duty. The Holy Father's paramount desire is to secure the peace of the whole world; and everybody knows that at the present time, if the British troops were withdrawn from Palestine, there would be a most terrible conflict in the uprising of the Moslems against the Zionists, whom they regard as veritable invaders of their country.

* * *

It is reported that the British House of Lords, responding to a resolution offered by Lord Islington, has voted down the Palestine mandate by a count of sixty to twenty-nine, despite the vigorous opposition of Lord Balfour. Naturally the debate emphasized the unfairness of the Zionist scheme. The world is, after all, rather strongly convinced by this time that there are a number of things which even an English Government can not do. Consistently the Popes have voiced opposition based on the reasonable demands of Catholics, and these have generally been assented to by Christians outside the Church. In so far as the native Arab population is concerned, they have left

no doubt concerning their absolutely unanimous veto of Zionist rule. Even the Jews, who would apparently benefit by the scheme, have shrugged their shoulders at the idea of "the promised land." It is therefore interesting to discover this vigorous repudiation of the project by Englishmen. They have often before surprised the world by a display of sturdy intelligence. Let the world bury Zionism, along with other defunct Wilsonian points.

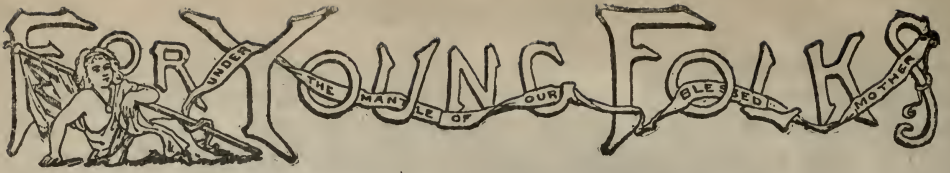
In his Commencement address to a band of convent graduates at Peoria, a week or two ago, Bishop Dunne compressed into brief space a whole fund of practical advice, which could hardly fail to impress, not only the graduates, but all who listened to him. He spoke as plainly as emphatically. In this period of exaggerated flippancy on the part of those who are familiarly styled "flappers," all Catholic girls would do well to take to heart the Bishop's words:

Some girls act as if they owed neither obedience, nor respect, nor submission to parents. But the path of such is always filled with thorns and usually ends in misery. A brief period of so-called female independence may exact a lifelong penalty. The jazzing, cigarette-smoking, turkey-trotting flapper with her vanity box of powder puff and war paint, lipstick and cosmetics, may think that she is having an uproarious time, but generally it terminates in a roar of grief. Why, the women who wear out their lives in wretchedness because they had their fling in youth are beyond counting. It is so much easier to run down hill than suddenly to put on the brakes that may not work when on a steep incline; and many a silly girl, preferring the insipid compliments and dangerous familiarities of strangers to parental prohibitions, has spent middle and old age repining.

Commenting on the anti-Catholic propaganda now being carried on by mail in Canada, the *Northwest Review* says that "bootlegging" and highway robbery are virtues compared to pamphlet and letter defamation, slander, and calumny

—vile literature with which of late the mail boxes have been flooded. Occasionally, however, the senders of the "literature" miss their mark. For instance: "When a certain non-Catholic, Miss Name, decided to marry a Catholic man and join the Church with him, friends became very excited. There was a real indignation meeting held, and it was decided to send the girl's mother *some literature*. In due time a consignment of poisonous printed gas was collected. One lady had 'Maria Monk,' another had 'Ten Years in a Convent,' a third had 'Escaped from Rome,' a fourth contributed a very select article on confession. The whole dirty mess arrived at the young lady's home. The mother, a sensible woman, glanced over the contents and said, 'Many of my most intimate friends are Catholics,' then promptly helped to bake a wedding cake with the printed lies. The sweet Christian neighbors waited anxiously to see the result of the literature sent by mail. To their utter surprise and disgust a younger child of the family informed two busybodies that 'Mamma burnt some books.'"

We entertain too high an opinion of the Knights of Columbus to fear that they can not settle effectively any difficulties that may arise among them. They will profit both by the criticism of their friends, and the strictures of their opponents. In the case of so vigorous an organization any needed reform is sure to be undertaken. All thinking Knights must already be convinced of the un wisdom of wholesale surrender to a patriotic motif. Catholics may look forward with confidence to years of able service on the part of the Order. Columbus was essentially a pioneer, and his followers would be most unworthy of him if they were to limit their aspirations to the philosophy of, let us say, New England.



To Saint Anne.

BY ERIC WEST.

WHEN Mary was a little child
You taught her how to pray,
And told her of the Saviour, Christ,
Who was to come one day.

Her young heart quickened at your words,
A light shown on her face,—
Little she thought that she would be
God's very dwelling place.

And later, when in Nazareth
The little Christ Child grew,
She did for Him the many things
That she had learned from you.

O good Saint Anne, who, day by day,
Watched over Mary mild,
Will you not intercede for me,
A little wayward child?

Will you not ask that I may grow
As Holy Mary grew,
Performing gladly every task
That parents bid me do?

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

QUITE a distance from his home now, Hugh ventured to look about him. He realized that he was in a corner of a sleeping coach, which presented the usual scene of confusion at that hour of the morning. The passengers, having completed their toilet, were collecting their luggage; the porter was shutting up the berths, and persons kept passing from one car to another.

By and by the conductor came along. He glanced sharply at the boy, and for

a moment hesitated,—a moment during which Hugh's heart seemed to stand still, and a choking sensation came in his throat. If he had been a ragged, forlorn little urchin he would have been discovered at once; but as it was, the man saw only a well-dressed, quiet lad, who was apparently absorbed in looking out of the window. "Strange I didn't notice that chap before! I suppose he belongs to that family in the other car," he said to himself, and passed on. The train was late, and he had a good many things on his mind.

Hugh breathed freer, and felicitated himself that he had escaped detection, and would be in New York in half an hour. He even laughed in his sleeve a bit at the royal manner in which he was travelling. The thought that he was doing wrong in stealing a ride, and, as he expressed it, "beating the company out of his fare," did not trouble him as yet. Since he had been left undisturbed, he became more confident, and proceeded to enjoy the novelty of his position. He was afraid to study the passengers, lest he should draw their notice to himself; but he began to take a lively interest in the panorama continually unfolded before him from the car window, and felt the exhilaration of being borne onward so rapidly, past white farmhouses and newly-planted fields; past snug villages, with here and there a prosperous town; on, on, to the metropolis, where, according to his boyish dreams, fame and fortune awaited him.

The sun shone bright; the car was exceedingly comfortable. From his surroundings one would not suppose that there were such stern facts as poverty and penury, illness and trouble, in the

world; or that death might be waiting just ahead, at a misplaced switch or a broken rail.

In his self-reliant exultation that he was making the journey without obstacle or adventure, Hugh had not taken the porter into consideration. After a time he remarked that this functionary, in going to and fro, eyed him curiously once or twice; and then, while ostensibly occupied at the end of the car, watched him furtively. If Hugh had boldly ignored this, and thus "bluffed" the Negro off as he had the conductor, he might perhaps have averted suspicion; but he had not the self-possession to stand the prolonged gaze of those curious eyes. In spite of himself he fidgeted and wriggled uneasily.

"Pshaw! I reckon I'll have to make myself solid with that 'ace of spades,'" he muttered, impatiently. Having this end in view, he sauntered up to the man with as much assurance as he could muster, and remarked sociably:

"Train's a good deal behind time, isn't it?"

The darky grinned from ear to ear, showing a row of shining white teeth, as he answered: "Yas. Berry sorry too, sah; 'cause 'pears like young massa was in consid'ble ob a hurry dis mornin'."

Hugh felt the hot color rush to his face at this unexpected attack. Was it a random shot or a shrewd home thrust?

"Hang it!" he said to himself. "There'll be the mischief to pay if this black booby suspects anything." With these thoughts coursing through his brain he replied, confusedly: "Oh, no, sir! I'm in no great haste; but a fellow likes to get to the end of his journey."

Now, politeness costs little, and generally serves us well. What darky would not have been disarmed by being respectfully addressed as "Sir"?

"Ah!" thought he. "Dis yere's a mighty discernin' chap. He see right off

I ain't no common Nigger. Takes me for one o' de 'fficials o' de road, sure as a gun!"

With patronizing good-humor he leaned against the side of the car, and looked at Hugh through half-closed eyes. "Come from Chicago?" he asked, adroitly.

"N—n—o," stammered the boy. "I—er got on at one of the way stations some distance up."

The porter chuckled. "Sonny, dis yere ain't none o' yor slow 'ccommodation trains dat stops at folks' back-doors."

Hugh saw at once that he had blundered. "Oh—er I live up—er toward Rochester," he faltered, inwardly trying to reassure himself that he had escaped telling what he called a whopper, though by a subterfuge that would hardly have satisfied his conscience at other times.

The porter grinned again, and said, with a knowing sidelong glance: "S'ppose you slept in de other coach. 'Pears I disremember makin' up yor berf las' night."

As this was not a direct question, Hugh was glad to let it pass without response. But he was in a tumult of agitation. "Sambo is sizing me up pretty well," he said to himself.

At this moment he bethought himself of several of his father's cigars, which he had taken from the library table on his way out that morning. "George has never got beyond cigarettes, but I intend to begin with the genuine article," he had soliloquized while appropriating them. "Father won't mind, since my success in life depends upon it; for what kind of a bootblack or a newsboy would I make if I didn't know how to smoke?" Being eager to change the conversation, he produced one of the fragrant Havanas and handed it to his new acquaintance. The darky took it, smelt of it, bit off the end, then patted

the cigar appreciatively, and put it into the breast pocket of his coat.

"I 'claire yor a fine young gem'man, you are!" he said. "It must cost you a heap to smoke dat brand. Mighty expensive dose, I bet!"

"Oh—er," rejoined Hugh, "that was one of my father's. Somebody gave him a box for a present, I believe."

Sambo was again on the alert. "Father trabellin' wid yer?" he asked, inquisitively.

"He's back there," replied Hugh, with a backward jerk of the head, which might naturally be supposed to indicate the rear car; though he mentally endeavored to justify himself by the argument that he had really nodded in the direction of Hazleton.

Sambo was not so easily hoodwinked, however. To stop his troublesome questions, Hugh pressed upon him one after another of the cigars, every minute confirming his suspicions. But the darky, though unprincipled, was good-natured.

"It's none of my business if dis young chap's off for a lark," he said to himself. "He'll find his way home again, sure 'nough, when his cash is all gone; for, bet yor boots on it, he's too cute to come away 'thout havin' his pockets well lined, even if he *is* stealin' a ride. Ob course I might make it mighty on-comfor'ble for him. A hint to Conductor Binks, and de train would be stopped and de boy sot down in de middle o' dese salt marshes in a jiffy. But what good ud dat do me? No, sah! My 'pinion is let dese young gem'men what feels so big, and tinks dey knows more 'an any one libin' can teach 'em,—let 'em, I say, go to de end o' thar rope. Dey'll fin' 'emselves brought up short 'fore long; den dey'll be a heap wiser, sure 'nough."

So the porter, always willing to idle away a quarter of an hour, and amused alike at the boy's swagger and his simplicity, remained chatting with him, occasionally rolling his eyes in sly en-

joyment at his own reflection in the mirror opposite; but otherwise maintaining his usual expression of countenance, which was a very solemn one. They grew so friendly that Hugh was even tempted to confide in him, but Sambo repelled such advances.

"I always do my dooty, sah," he took occasion to explain. "S'ppose, for instance, I cotched a fellah what had no ticket and no call to ride on dis yere train. Course I'd have to inform on him right off. I might be sorry, but 'twould be my dooty, yer see."

Thus alternately by cajolery and covert threats he managed to wheedle out of the runaway boy, in addition to the cigars, two quarters, a fine silk handkerchief, and a handsome jack-knife. How much more he would have obtained possession of it is impossible to say, if at this moment the train had not stopped a second at the entrance to the tunnel just outside the depot.

"We'll be thar in two minutes!" cried the porter. "Can I help you wid yor traps, sah?"

"No, thanks!" responded Hugh, nervously. Mumbling something about looking up his friends, he hurriedly said good-bye, and retreated to the other car. The darky looked after him with a grimace, and nudged the brakeman, who came in at the other door.

"Jake," said he, "see dat chap a disappearin' yondah? Wall, you wouldn't tink it now, would you?—but he's cut stakes, and sot out to see de world for hisself, by gum! Beat his way from up country somewhar. I can't say when he boarded de train. He pulled de wool ober old Binks' eyes—think o' dat! Fresh as Spring violets. He'll get lots o' 'perience in dis yere town, sure 'nough. Reckon by night he'll be ready to take de express home to his mammy."

They both laughed, and speedily forgot the runaway in the hurry of arrival. Jake ran out to attend to his work; and

the porter, on the lookout for fees, officiously busied himself in helping the passengers with their luggage.

Hugh in the meantime, as soon as the train came to a standstill, leaped upon the platform of the station and hurried away with the crowd. The railway depot is on the Jersey shore of the Hudson; there was still the river to be crossed. During the passage Hugh went out on the forward deck of the ferry-boat, and stood watching the scene. A stiff breeze was blowing; the blue waters, crested by snowy caps, gleamed in the sunshine. He saw several sea-gulls; one seemed to follow the boat, hovering very low over the waves, and at times dipping its wings in the foaming tide. In the azure sky floated a few fleecy clouds, like a fairy galleon caught up from the deep. But more interesting to Hugh was the fleet of vessels, from all parts of the world, coming up the bay to the feet of the great bronze statue, the pride of the harbor—the figure of Liberty, with face turned toward the sea to welcome the oppressed of all the nations of the earth. And how splendid the shipping in the river and at the apparently endless line of piers,—shipping that represented the commerce and wealth of two hemispheres! At their docks were the ocean steamers, several of which were to sail that morning. And there—Hugh, overhearing a word from a bystander to his companion, ran to the other side of the deck to see,—there, anchored in midstream, were the magnificent new United States warships, “Chicago,” “Atlanta,” “Boston,” and “Yorktown,” just returned from their cruise in European waters.

Now the boat reached the slip; the passengers rushed onward, as if intent upon catching a train, instead of coming from one. Hugh followed mechanically, and was soon dodging, apparently at the risk of life or limb, through a seemingly endless procession of trucks upon West

Street, from which he at length emerged amid the produce marts and other warehouses of the surrounding thoroughfares—if anything can be called a thoroughfare where blockades of freight continually abound, and men are always in a hurry.

In a dazed fashion, he finally wandered on till he came to City Hall Park. Somehow, though Hugh always said he hated the country, the bit of green grass was a pleasant sight. It made the massive building of the vicinity appear less frowning, and was a spot at which to rest amid the noise and confusion everywhere.

Hugh sank upon a seat and tried to collect his thoughts. He was at length in New York and independent. But he was hardly the Hugh upon whom the pleading eyes of the pictured Madonna looked down the night before back in his comfortable home. How much the journey had cost him!

“By Jove, I believe it would have been cheaper to have bought a ticket!” he soliloquized, with a sigh of regret for his beloved knife with which he had parted so reluctantly. “But how to get a ticket—that was the rub!”

He stifled another sigh by an attempt at whistling; already his conscience pricked uncomfortably. To what had he stooped to make the trip? To cheating, lying, and bribery. He did not put this before himself as definitely as is herein set down, but he felt that he had made a bad beginning. He was not as happy in his freedom as he expected to be; already he had begun to ask himself, “Does it pay?” Perhaps these serious thoughts would not have suggested themselves, but that there had come upon him an appalling sense of being alone and without a friend among more than a million and a half of people. He had visited the metropolis several times before with his father. Once they stayed at a great hotel, where

his father met several business acquaintances. Hugh remembered one especially—a big man, who noticed the boy a good deal and took him to Barnum's Circus. Many people about the hotel knew his father, and had something to say to Hugh. Then the city seemed such a lively, sociable, jolly place. But how different everything was now! How lonesome it was not to know anyone in this great city!

If Hugh had been wise, he would then and there have concluded to take the first train home; but a foolish fear of ridicule caused him to banish the thought at once. "How George would laugh at me if I did!" he exclaimed. Suddenly he remembered that he was hungry, for until then he had been too excited to realize the fact. "Now for Hannah's doughnuts!" he said, seeking for some he had stowed away in the skate satchel. It was not exactly a wholesome meal; but, with a drink of water from a fountain near, Hugh felt that he had breakfasted like a king. His spirits rose, and he began to plan for the future. "I think I'll take to-day for seeing the lions and tigers," he decided; "to-morrow will be time enough to look for work. I wonder if the Zoo is far from here? I hope not, because I must walk."

(To be continued.)

Misprints.

Readers with sharp eyes meet with many misprints in books as well as papers. Here are three or four of recent occurrence. A cow which was killed by a locomotive was reported as "cut into calves." A singer who fell and was seriously hurt was able, however, "to appear that evening in several pieces." "The Express engine was seriously indisposed and put to bed"; the reporter meant the Empress Eugenie of Spain.

A Fortune from a Scrap of Soiled Paper.

Day & Martin's once famous blacking manufactory originated in an act of benevolence. A poor soldier asked an alms of a hairdresser, stating that he had overpassed his leave of absence, and was so exhausted by long walking that, unless he got a "lift" on the road, he should arrive late at his barracks, and be put in the guard house. The kind hairdresser, although very busy attending to customers, gave the soldier a guinea. "God bless you, sir!" said the man, in surprise; "I have nothing by way of return but this"—pulling out a dirty scrap of paper from his pocket. "It is the best receipt for blacking I know of, and I have received many a half-guinea for it. You may be able to get something by it to reward your great kindness." The hairdresser was Mr. Day, who is said to have made half a million pounds by the possession of that scrap of soiled paper.

Strange Medicines.

In olden times medicines were most surprising and hodgepodge compounds. It was no rare thing to put as many as 300 different kinds of herbs and minerals together to make a "sure cure" for a sick person. A famous medicine called the "Drink of Anteoche" had twenty herbs in it—red nettle, briar, hemp, betony, comfrey, mouse-ear were some of them,—which were cooked in wine and honey until the doctor had finished saying the Psalm *Miserere*.

King Henry VIII. tried his hand at making plasters, both for himself and his friends. His own plaster had, besides all sorts of herbs, gold, silver and coral in it. The one he prescribed for others was composed of violets, rosebuds, honeysuckle, plantain, pearls, and the fat of capons boiled with the oil of linseed.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A Catechism of the Liturgy" is precisely what its name states. It is a pamphlet of question and answer, compiled from approved sources by a Religious of the Sacred Heart, explaining directly and simply the various forms of public worship in the Church throughout the various seasons of the year. It will be warmly welcomed by teachers of Religion, and should be in all Catholic homes. Paulist Press.

—Quite as exquisite as the personal sanctity of St. Gertrude herself is the little book of her "Exercises." They are seven in number, beginning with a renewal in spirit of Baptism, and concluding with a preparation for death. The work is addressed to those seriously and actively bent upon the business of their sanctification and will be an impelling force and a sure way to such an end. Burns, Oates and Washbourne; price, 85 cents.

—"The Saviour's Fountains" is a large booklet on the sacraments for children, by Michael Andrew Chapman, with illustrations by Father Raphael, O. S. B. Both text and pictures are addressed directly to the child where he reads the beautiful story of the seven fountains of sanctifying grace, what they are to God, and what they should be to him. Parents and teachers will be glad to know of this publication and to put it among the most familiar of their children's books. *Our Sunday Visitor Press.*

—From the Cenacle of St. Regis, New York, comes "Meditations for God's Loving Children." In an introductory note Archbishop Hayes states that the religious of the Cenacle, in preparing this book of meditations for the use of parents and teachers whose duty it is to explain the lessons of the Catechism, are making a helpful contribution to catechetical literature. The method employed in the work is not at all like what is usually found in books of this kind; but the more one examines this method, the stronger grows one's conviction that it is well adapted for the work's purpose. Price, \$1.50.

—"Bulletin Number Sixteen" of the "Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning," deals with "Education in the Maritime Provinces of Canada." It contains interesting facts concerning institutions for secondary education in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island; but its editors do scant justice to some of these institutions,

especially those conducted under Catholic auspices. The Carnegie Foundation will have to devote considerable attention to bilingual conditions in Canada before it can intelligently outline what is best for the advancement of learning in the Maritime Provinces.

—There are various ways of impressing upon Catholic parents the inadvisability—not to say the culpability—of interfering with their children's call to the higher life, to the life of the priest or the religious. The Rev. W. A. Keally, A. M., S. T. B., has thought well to invoke the aid of the dramatic art in enforcing the lesson; and, in "Thy Will Be Done," a religious play in four acts, he depicts rather vividly the logical outcome of parental interference with the Divine will. The play will probably be more effective for acting than for reading purposes, although it is not without interest for even the mere reader. Price, \$1. Pittsburgh: Letzkus.

—In this day when the broken home is the tragedy of American life one can not help rejoicing to come upon such a book as "The Home World," by Francis X. Doyle, S. J. A glance over the titles of the chapters comforts one with the feeling that God is still in His heaven, and, if we can once get back to the real, homely things of the past, all will be right with the world. The beauty of age, the family album, old cradles, high-chairs,—these are some of the sweet, old-fashioned things met with in the book; and one needs no further assurance that it is a real book of the home. Fortunately it is bound in both paper and cloth so as to be procurable by practically everyone. Published by Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.25.

—"The Women of the Gael," by James F. Cassidy, B. A. (Stratford Press), is appropriately bound in green cloth and has a gilt title. Padraic Colum, who contributes a preface, declares that the author "renders justice—even romantic justice" to Irish women of ancient and modern times, and says that the work "is distinctly a Legend of Good Women." Some of the more interesting of the twelve chapters deal with; "Feminine Morality in Pagan Days," "Heroines from Elizabeth to the Present Day," "Writers of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," and "The Mothers and Daughters of To-Day." The author has compressed into a handy volume very much material that has thus far been

scattered through various literary forms. He should have supplied an index to his work, which is a 12mo. Price, \$2.

—"Christian Science and the Catholic Faith," by the Rev. A. Bellward, S. M., S. T. L. (Macmillan Co.), a large octavo of 250 pages with an extensive bibliography and a good index, is differentiated from many other volumes on the same general subject by its discussion of New Thought and other modern healing movements. Even those readers whose interest in the matter has been practically satisfied by a number of Catholic authors who have treated the subject more or less thoroughly will find a great deal in the present volume to challenge their attention, and to intensify their conviction that the religion of Mrs. Eddy and her followers is neither Christian nor scientific. Price, \$2.50.

—"Finding a Soul" is the appropriate title of E. E. Everest's spiritual autobiography. Father Vincent Scully, C. R. L., who writes the preface, calls the little book one of Confessions, not dissimilar in some respects to the Confessions of St. Augustine. The life-story is that of a girl brought up from infancy as an atheist pure and simple, a born musician to whom Beethoven represented for years the highest and noblest of beings, and a convent pupil who gradually discovered that there is a God, and thereupon turns to Him with all the ardor of her new-found soul. A true tale of a conversion quite different from the type to which we are accustomed, and all the more interesting for that difference. Longmans, Green & Co.; price, \$1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.90.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Michael Russell, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Sister M. Innocenza, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Delphine, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Frances, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Angela, Sister M. Imilda, and Mother M. Loretto, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. R. A. Campbell, Mr. William Lewis, Mrs. Catherine Mackin, Mr. Thomas Griffin, Mr. Frank Thompson, Mrs. Gwendolyn B. Zahner, Miss Mary Galvin, Mrs. Thomas Smyth, Mr. John Holland, Mrs. Sarah Megan, and Mr. Roderick McPherson.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: A. B., \$5; J. B. S., \$2; E. A. S., J. K. B. S., \$1; J. P. Gallagher, \$5. For the victims of the famine in Armenia and Russia: friend (Seattle), 28 cents; friend (Astoria), \$1.50. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: E. A. S., J. K. B. S., 75 cents; Mr. and Mrs. M. D., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 29, 1922.

NO. 5

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O Lux Beata Cœlitum.

BY ALAN G. MCDUGALL.

☉ BLESSED Light from Heaven inclined,

Supremest hope of all mankind,
Jesu whom even on lowly earth
Sweet home-love greeted at Thy birth,

Fair Maiden, Mary, full of grace,
Maid who alone of all our race
Couldst modestly thy Jesus bear,
Mingling thy milk with kisses rare;

And thou, from holy men of old
The Virgin's chosen guard enrolled,
Who the sweet name of Father heard
From baby lips, of God the Word;

Of Jesse's noble line the flower,
Born to save men from sin's fell power,
Hear us, your suppliants, who this day
By your loved altars stand to pray.

While the sun flees before the night,
And steals from things of earth its light,
We here remain, while toward you soar
The prayers our deepest hearts outpour.

Within your home, God's earthly dower,
Grace of all virtues sprang to flower:
Grant us such grace, that also we
May be a Holy Family.

Jesu, who didst on earth become
Subject to those who shared Thy home,
With Father and with Spirit be
All glory ever paid to Thee.

My children, if you desire the gift
of perseverance, honor Christ's Mother.

—St. Philip Neri.

About Miracles.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

WHY should there be miracles? When Almighty God works a miracle, we may be quite sure that He has some great and good purpose in view. The all-wise God would not work signs and wonders simply to astonish or terrify; that would not be in accord with divine wisdom and goodness. Miracles do astonish, and sometimes they terrify; but there is a purpose in them beyond this. Let us see, then, what miracles are for.

We know that God has given us a supernatural religion. By means of this religion wonderful things are accomplished in us. We are raised by it to a state altogether above the natural capacities of our being and of our powers. This state we call the state of grace. By the possession of divine grace we are lifted up to the supernatural plane: our being, our powers, our acts, are made in a true sense divine. We are made, by grace, like to God; living a life that is a participation, by similitude, of the divine life; doing acts that lead to the sight and knowledge of God as He is. This is the final end and consummation in heaven of our supernatural life begun here on earth. All this is done in us by the supernatural gifts of grace and by the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Now all this is *invisible*; it is not detected by the senses. When divine grace comes into the soul it does not come in with a shock; nor when it goes out does it go out with a shock. One great purpose of miracles is to give us an outward sign, something that we can detect with our bodily sense, something that we can see, or hear, or feel, to confirm our faith in that wonderful, supernatural religion of which faith tells us, and which works its wonderful hidden effects within the depths of the soul.

Miracles, then, are God's own witness, addressed to our outward senses, to the fact that the Christian Catholic faith, with its teaching concerning the workings of grace within us, comes from Him. By miracles Jesus Christ witnessed to the truth of His claims; by miracles God showed that He was with His Apostles, ratifying their teaching and their authority; by miracles in all ages God confirms our faith in the truths of the Holy Catholic Church.

This is the chief and primary purpose of miracles: to confirm God's truth as taught by Jesus Christ and in the Church of Jesus Christ. Certainly God may and does work miracles for other good purposes. By His divine omnipotence He brings about miraculous effects in the physical order that He may thereby work some good in the moral order. The ordinary workings of the physical, material order do not always conduce to good in the moral order. The strong constitution of a ruffian will cause him, by the ordinary laws of nature, to live a long life. God might see fit to destroy him in order to prevent many evil deeds which he will do if he lives. But in God's ordinary Providence He does not very often use such means of putting an end to evil. Much evil is permitted for the merit of good people; and God is patient, too, with the sinner himself, if haply he may re-

pent and be saved. Thus evil itself is turned to a good end. Yet sometimes God does intervene by miracles to put an end to wickedness, as He did in the plagues of Egypt and the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. But, as I said, the chief purpose of miracles, and we may say also the purpose of most miracles, is to give us an outward, palpable witness to the truth of the Revelation which God has made to us by Jesus Christ and has entrusted to His Church.

To sum up, then, the answer to the question, Why should there be miracles? is this—that miracles are worked by God in the physical order to bring about some good effect in the moral order; and chiefly to give God's witness and confirmation by outward signs to the spiritual realities and truth of the Catholic religion.

Now we will ask, What exactly is a miracle? We sometimes use the word 'miracle,' as we use so many words, with a loose and wide meaning, as well as in the strict sense. So we may speak of a statue, for instance, as a miracle of beauty, or if we have had a wonderful escape we say it was a miracle that we were not killed. But the strict meaning of a miracle, the meaning in which the Church uses the word, is well summed up in the following definition of Catholic theology:—"A *miracle is a sensible, unusual, divine and supernatural work.*" "Sensible," that is, perceptible by the senses: hence the word miracle does not strictly apply to the invisible change of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. "Unusual," or unwonted; that is, outside the ordinary course of the workings of nature and natural laws. "Divine," that is, such as can be attributed to divine action only; a work that only God could perform. [We hear and speak of the miracles of the saints, but that is merely a loose way of putting the

matter. What is really meant is a miracle worked by God at the intercession of, or by the instrumentality of, a saint.] "Supernatural," that is, a work of God not due to or called for by created nature; a work outside God's ordinary way of working through the processes of nature which He has established and by which He usually produces physical effects. So, for instance, the creation of the human soul, though it is a direct act of God Himself, is not a miracle, because it is due to and called for by man's nature as God has constituted it; which nature is not complete without the soul.

There are many special graces, too, and temporal favors granted by Almighty God in direct answer to prayer, which yet are not miracles in the strict sense of the word, because they are wanting in one or other of the four characters of a true miracle above mentioned—A sensible, unusual, divine, and supernatural work.

St. Thomas says, "those effects are rightly to be termed miracles which are wrought by divine power apart from the order usually observed in nature"; and elsewhere he points out that the effect produced by a miracle is either something which in the ordinary course of nature never happens (as the raising to life of a dead person), or something which in the ordinary course of nature does not happen in this way (as the sudden cure of a serious disease by a simple command or at a touch by a sacred relic, and so forth). The cure of serious diseases does indeed happen in the course of nature; but not in that way, by any means.

Now there can be no doubt that a true miracle is perfectly adapted to confirm and ratify any religious teaching in support of which, or in close connection with which, it is worked; and to confirm our faith both in the teaching and the Teacher. We can imagine no other

way in which our Divine Lord Himself could better have supported by external means the truth of His claim to be God than by the miracles which He worked, and especially by the crowning miracle of His own resurrection from the dead.

The great force of a miracle consists in the fact that it is a work which plainly could be performed only by God Himself. This character belongs to the miracles of Jesus Christ our Lord, who said, "Lazarus, come forth!" and "commanded the winds and the sea to obey Him." He only who made the laws of nature can intervene in the working of those laws; and that is what takes place when a true miracle is worked.

A religion, then, whose teachings and teachers are supported by the working of true miracles, by divine works, that is, manifested to man's senses, is thereby proved to be a divinely revealed religion. That is the position of the Catholic religion, which—besides other proofs of its credibility—has been confirmed and supported by innumerable miracles: the miracles of Jesus Christ; the miracles worked by God through the Apostles; the miracles worked through the intercession and instrumentality of a host of God's saints from the beginnings of the Church down through all the intervening ages to our own day.

AMONG the hindrances which interfere with our performing our actions well, the foremost is that while we are doing one thing we are thinking of another which we have to do or which we have done; so that our actions clash with one another, and none is well performed. The way to do them all well is to attend solely to the one we have in hand, taking care to do it as perfectly as possible, and banishing for the time the thought of any other.

—*Father d'Avila.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.

NOW during the days that followed Sarah, who was comparatively a stranger to the household, attached herself as far as possible to Eloise, who made her very useful in a variety of ways. When she was not otherwise occupied, she even performed some of the duties of a lady's maid, to which she had been trained.

"A young lady like you," said Sarah one day, as she brushed Eloise's thick hair, "would find it very lonesome here, after all that you're accustomed to."

This was insidious flattery, not unappreciated by Eloise, but she answered with her peculiar smile:

"Quite lately, I have been accustomed to a convent."

"Well, I suppose that would be quieter," responded the girl, who was vague on the subject of convents.

It did not displease Eloise, however, to feel that she had, to some extent at least, an ally in this girl, who went into raptures over the beautiful clothes, that were gradually brought from the trunks, and who, evidently, held her in awe as a being from a brighter and more dazzling world.

Eloise, who was fond of a more or less absolute dominion over others, made many and various attempts to attach to her the very silent and reticent Larry. Since her conversation with Mrs. Brentwood, she envisaged him always, as confronting his formidable grandfather, regardless of the consequences which might accrue from his boldness. His dark eyes, usually so mild in expression, were afire with the indignation of a strong and generous soul. In fact, she was disposed to idealize Larry, the more persistently,

that he seemed more or less unconscious of her increased friendliness. He had a courtesy, a sweetness of nature, which the girl found very winning, and since he had always taken pleasure in paying various little attentions to his stepmother and sister he found it only natural to include Eloise in these offers of service, which the French so well describe as *petits soins*. Yet Eloise was quite well aware that she had not pierced the slight, scarcely perceptible veil of reserve that hung between them, an impalpable but very real barrier which Eloise fancied was due to the legacy. As for the young man himself, he had not as yet found, or at all events expressed, any definite opinion regarding his cousin. It was his way to take things easily and to regard those with whom he was brought into contact with a certain degree of indifference until circumstances should turn him definitely in one direction or the other. Thus when Marcia in her downright fashion said to him:

"I have not yet fallen in love with the new cousin," he answered lightly:

"Oh, I daresay she's all right."

He looked rather anxiously into his sister's face, as he spoke, and she, after some hesitation, responded.

"I suppose so, I can't quite make her out yet"; and, she added, frankly, "perhaps I may be prejudiced, because she has come to take our house."

"She has a right, you know that very well, Marcia."

"Oh, yes, of course," Marcia agreed, with a grimace, "but that doesn't make us love her any better."

"It shouldn't make us dislike her, though," Larry argued, "because it isn't her fault."

Marcia changed the subject abruptly.

"Larry, you really will have to get another hat."

Larry whimsically regarded the head-gear, which he held in his hand, and

which he had been assiduously brushing, while he talked.

"I think it matches my suit much better than a new one would, and you know, dear, old girl, we are going to have heavy expenses with the moving and all that."

"Yes, but with *her* here."

"She has seen the worst and has survived it," argued Larry, with his genuine, boyish laugh, that was so attractive; "and I might turn the tables and say, why don't you get something new yourself?"

"Because I took time by the forelock and did over my last year's suit, and trimmed my hat, which looks as well as if a milliner had done it. You see, I made all my preparations to meet—the enemy."

"Oh, come now, that's not fair," said Larry; "but you do look stunning in your finery. Though I hardly know one dress from another."

"Unsophisticated young man! You should say gown or costume."

"I shouldn't talk at all about what I know nothing," agreed Larry cheerfully. "But look here, I called at the butcher's this morning, and he consented to let us have credit, till I get that raise in my salary next month."

"Your salary gone in advance? Oh, poor Larry!"

There was an expression of real pain on the girl's face.

"I thought it was better to make some arrangement, since we shall require things a little more elaborate while Eloise is here."

"Her ladyship must have everything up to top notch; and you?—O Larry—!" (there was a choke in Marcia's voice)—"have always been so self-denying and uncomplaining."

"Much there was to complain of," laughed Larry. "You are the brave one who has worked so hard to keep us all comfortable."

The brother and sister did not often indulge in personalities of this sort, and Larry swung away down to the gate, whistling a cheerful tune, lest Marcia should suspect how the unspoiled boy's heart he had kept, was sore at the thought of leaving the place which he loved.

The Autumn wind met him, as he passed through the gate and went on his way, sending up eddies of dead leaves about his feet and compelling him to hold fast to the despised hat, which the wind, no respecter of fashions, would have wrested from him.

"It would not be so bad," he inwardly reflected, "if it were not for poor Marcia, and mother, too. For a man can always fend for himself, somehow."

He was suddenly brought to a standstill by the sound of a voice calling:

"Larry! Larry!"

He stopped.

"Oh, Eloise, is that you? I didn't recognize you at first."

The girl seemed out of breath, as though she had been walking very fast.

"I called you so often," Eloise declared petulantly.

"I didn't hear you. I was listening to the wind, howling about the place."

"I don't think you were very anxious to hear."

"That is not a fair thing to say."

"Isn't it true?"

"The wind was entirely to blame," protested Larry, with an uncomfortable laugh. "You couldn't think I should be so rude."

"No, you are never rude," Eloise conceded; "and as to the wind, it does howl fearfully about the place at night. Tell me, Larry, aren't you ever afraid?"

"Afraid! No, why should I be afraid?"

The brown eyes opened in very genuine astonishment. After a moment's pause, he added:

"What should I be afraid of?"

"Oh, well, the wind is so weird and mournful, and—"

"But I am accustomed to it. I have lived here all my life."

He was sorry after he had said this. Might it not seem like a reproach? If so, the allusion passed over his cousin's head unheeded.

"For I should think," she began again, "it must be a little different, your grandfather being dead."

Larry laughed.

"I was often a good bit afraid of him in life, especially when I was a boy, but I never should have thought of being afraid of him since."

"Neither should I," persisted Eloise. "I haven't much imagination, only some one put it into my head."

"Who?" asked Larry in astonishment.

"Mrs. Brentwood, or—I suppose I should say Aunt Jane."

Larry looked annoyed.

"Poor mother!" he commented. "I did not know she had such thoughts. Poor mother!"

"I should judge Marcia to be fearless," said Eloise next.

"She is, in most things, and, I believe you are too."

Eloise burst out laughing.

"Yes, the girls at the convent used to say I was rather hard to frighten. I only brought up the subject to see what you would say."

"My observations are not very profound as a rule," returned Larry; "but though I don't claim an undue share of courage, I certainly never have been afraid of the dead."

"As for me," went on Eloise, "I should almost like to have more imagination. There would be a certain excitement in hearing voices in the wind and listening to sounds among the trees. Most of the girls at school were forever fancying they heard strange noises, saw figures, and they loved to tell weird tales."

Larry having no similar experience to relate, remained silent.

"I think it probably runs in the Brentwood blood to be courageous; but if I were given to that sort of thing," Eloise continued, "I should find this house a very good camping ground for spirits. At night especially, it's weird, it's ghostly, it's—"

"Perhaps you were going to say ruinous, as a final touch to the picture," suggested Larry, with a gleam of mischief in his brown eyes.

"No, I was going to say it has so many trees, with rustling wind; and, as there are no houses very near, the wind has full sway. Then, there is that garret overhead, where no one ever seems to go, and where dead and gone Brentwoods may be congregating. Lastly, there is the lane, which reminds me of a ghost walk I used to read of."

"It strikes me," said Larry, "that your imagination is fairly active, after all. But the lane! I can assure you that it has seen people of real flesh and blood who walked there. Fellows who used to come and play shinney with me, or who were planning nutting parties to Mount Morris, Marcia's friends, tradespeople, or some very unghostly visitors, who live in big houses hereabouts and drive motors, and visit us obscure folk about twice a year."

Larry rattled on into what was a long speech for him, with the kindly purpose of disabusing the girl's mind of any of these fancies concerning the place, which might get upon her nerves and upset her boasted courage.

"That," observed Eloise, "does not quite dispel the illusion."

"I'm sorry."

"And," she hesitated a little, "you didn't say anything about your grandfather!"

"Oh, he never walked there," Larry assured her, cheerfully; "he always

drove straight up to the door, with his famous chestnut horses."

"It would have to be a phantom coach, then, to include him; but where are those horses now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. They were a remarkably fine pair," Larry answered.

"It is rather chivalrous of you, in any case," went on Eloise, with her laugh, which at times had an unpleasant suggestion, "not to take the opportunity of trying to frighten me away."

"To frighten you away!" he repeated, gravely. There was something in the speech and its implication, which jarred upon him, though it was not anything which it would have been possible to resent. So he only said instead: "I should fancy, as we have already decided, that you would not be easily frightened, and the House at the Cross Roads has always been able to keep its tenants."

"Were they always Brentwoods?" Eloise asked.

"So far as history records," laughed Larry; "and now, perhaps, we can come down to earth and talk of something a little less ethereal."

"What do you like to talk about?" Eloise asked.

"I am very catholic in my tastes," he answered. "Almost any old topic will do. Perhaps, you might give your impressions of Paris."

"Is that meant for mockery?"

"No, why should it be?"

"To-day you are more like Marcia."

"In appearance, do you mean? I am said to resemble her."

"Yes, we discussed that before. But I mean in manner, and the way you say things."

"Marcia usually says more and expresses herself better than I do."

"That is a matter of taste."

Larry was silent, and the conversation somehow languished till they returned to the house.

"I am beginning to find all this monotonous," thought Eloise, "going for walks and returning and seeing these same three people. Once I am established as mistress here, I shall change all that. It is near enough to the city to make things tolerably gay. If only Gregory would come!"

In truth, she was rather piqued at Larry's attitude, and so had turned her thoughts in a new direction before she had quite exhausted the possibilities of her present situation.

(To be continued.)

René Goupil.

BY J. C. R.

JUSTLY famed as one of the beauty spots of the Empire State and rich in historical associations is the Valley of the Mohawk. This mid-summer morning, as far as the eye could reach, from the banks of the river extended a vast checkerboard of green and gold fields of waving grain. Whimsical imagination visioned some giant hand moving puppet kings from square to square in the fascinating game. But our errant thoughts were recalled by the announcement of the driver that our destination was reached. We drew up at the foot of an almost perpendicular hill rising from the river bank on the summit of which gleamed a white cross. Thus, suddenly, we came upon the little village of Auriesville serenely overlooking the fertile valley and the quietly flowing river. There was no visible trace of those wild, tragic days when Auriesville bore the name of Ossernenon, "the village of the Iroquois," and when, in the place of the simple frame structure, the Church of Our Lady of Martyrs, the hill was crowned with the double-walled stockade whence the fierce Iroquois went out to meet their prisoners.

Sunday after Sunday, during the Summer months, pious pilgrims journey from afar to worship at the little shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs and to recall the events of those far-off days that must make this spot especially dear to the heart of the Queen of Martyrs. At that time the Five Nations, composed of the five most powerful and most numerous Indian tribes in the east, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, all belonging to the great Iroquois family, controlled the entire Mohawk Valley and were the implacable enemies of the Hurons around Georgian Bay and the French in eastern Canada. And, due to the teachings of the Calvinistic Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany), with whom they had some sort of alliance, they included all things Catholic in their hatred, particularly the crucifix and the Sign of the Cross. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that one of the first victims of savage hatred was a Frenchman who met his death because of the symbol of the Crucifixion.

René Goupil was the friend and companion of the saintly Jesuit missionary to the Hurons, Father Isaac Jogues, and the little we know of his holy life comes to us from Father Jogues. He tells us that in his early youth René Goupil entered the Jesuit novitiate at Paris, but that after a short time he was obliged to leave on account of his frail health. After his return to secular life he took up the study of surgery, but the desire to devote himself to God was still strong within him. Inspired, no doubt, by the accounts of the hardships and heroism of the Jesuit missionaries to New France with which all old France was then ringing, he determined to go to Quebec and serve the missionaries in any capacity, however humble. Consequently he set sail for Canada in the year 1640, being then about thirty-three years of age.

For two years he remained in Quebec devoting his time to the service of the missionaries and to the exercise of his profession for which he found ample opportunity. In the Summer of the year 1642 came the event which marked the turning-point in his life and set his feet on the path that led toward martyrdom, his acquaintance with Father Jogues. The two young Frenchmen were about the same age. They were inspired by the same motives and found another bond in the love both had for the Society of Jesus.

For four years Father Jogues had been with the French mission in Huronia which had been cut off from all communication with civilization by the Iroquois who held the Ottawa River. For two years not a word had reached Quebec from the distant colony, nor had supplies of any kind come to the missionaries. Their condition is vividly described by the American historian, Bancroft, who says, "Their clothes were falling to pieces, they had no wine for the chalice but the juice of the wild grape, and scarce bread enough for the consecration." But we can imagine that the absolute lack of medical aid of any kind was what touched most keenly the heart of the young surgeon, especially when he heard from the lips of Father Jogues himself, how he was forced to act as his own surgeon as he lay on what seemed his deathbed, soon after his arrival in Huronia.

Be that as it may, when Father Jogues had gathered together his supplies and, with the Hurons who had accompanied him, had made ready his little flotilla for the perilous return trip to Fort Ste. Marie, he was accompanied by René Goupil. By successful maneuvering the intrepid young priest had been able to run the Iroquois blockade and reach Quebec in safety, but the perils of the return trip would be much

greater. The enemy would be more watchful and the little cargo of supplies more valuable than empty canoes. They had travelled only about thirty miles from Three Rivers at the mouth of the River St. Maurice, then the farthest outpost of French civilization, when they were ambushed by thrice their number of Iroquois braves.

The bullets of the Iroquois pierced their frail canoes, and to avoid drowning they were obliged to make a landing. The Hurons determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and put up a brave fight until the arrival of almost as many more of the enemy. Seeing the hopelessness of their case they attempted flight, but were pursued and captured by the Iroquois. The Frenchmen, meantime, had been made prisoners. While the main body of the Iroquois were rounding up their prisoners, René Goupil cast himself at the feet of the priest, made his confession, received absolution, and, offering his life to God in an act of sublime resignation, awaited the deathblow from the savage tomahawk. But the savages had other intentions.

A few of the Huron captives were executed immediately. The rest were to be taken captive into the Mohawk country. Goupil was seized by the savages, stripped of his clothing, beaten with knotty sticks, his finger nails torn off, and his bleeding fingers crushed between their teeth. He was then bound and thrown into the canoe with the other prisoners. Then began the agonizing journey to the country of the Mohawks in the burning heat of midsummer.

For almost two weeks they travelled, first by canoe up the Richelieu River and over Lake Champlain and Lake George. From the southern end of Lake George the journey was made on foot, and the prisoners, though weak and exhausted from loss of blood and hunger,

were obliged to carry the packs, which had been destined for the relief of the poor Hurons, over the forty weary miles to the "village of the Iroquois." The prisoners, staggering under their heavy burdens, were harried, beaten, and insulted by their captors.

But it was on this mournful journey that the courage and virtue of the young surgeon were most beautifully revealed. At the beginning of the trip he attained, as far as was possible under the circumstances, the ardent desire of his youth by taking before Father Jogues the vows of religion in the Society of Jesus. He assisted the priest in instructing the Huron captives who had not yet received the Sacrament of Baptism, encouraged and strengthened them both by word and example. And in spite of his own excruciating sufferings, after the manner of the saints, ministered to one of the Iroquois who fell ill on the long journey.

On the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin they arrived at Ossernenon. The whole population of about six hundred met the prisoners outside the stockade with clubs and iron bars, and they were made to run the gauntlet. René Goupil, who had fallen half dead at the gate of the village after the terrible ordeal, was carried into the village and placed on a sort of scaffold that had been erected. Here he was cruelly beaten and his thumb was cut off. He was then thrown upon the ground and tied to stakes. The little children threw burning cinders on his bared breast, and any who so desired were at liberty to wreak savage vengeance upon the gentle captive. He spent two days thus, and his only murmur was to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to give him strength to bear his sufferings.

Although the Huron prisoners were almost immediately burned at the stake, the execution of the Frenchmen was deferred, whether through fear of the

anger of their Dutch allies at Fort Orange, who were making every effort to gain their ransom, or for some reason of their own, is not known. But the two men were allowed a certain amount of freedom, though under surveillance all the time. They spent many long hours together and practised their devotions in common outside the stockade. But Goupil's fervor and his patient resignation seemed to have excited the wildest fury of the savages against him. He was watched continually.

One day a little Indian child entered his cabin while he was at prayer and, in the excess of his love of God and charity toward his tormentors, he made the Sign of the Cross on the child's forehead and breast. The grandfather, who witnessed the act, was enraged and ordered a young brave, about to set out to war, to kill the prisoner. Later, as Goupil and his companion were reciting the Rosary outside the stockade they were ordered to return immediately to their cabins. Father Jogues, having a strange presentiment of danger, said to his companion, "My dear Brother, let us recommend ourselves to Our Lord and His good Mother." They then turned to enter the stockade, reciting the Rosary as they walked. At the gate one of the young braves drew a hatchet from beneath his blanket and struck René Goupil a blow on the head. The young surgeon fell, murmuring the Holy Name of Jesus. Father Jogues fell on his knees beside his prostrate companion, pronounced the last absolution, and awaited his own death. He was to be spared, however, for the time being. The savages dealt two more blows before the heroic soul of René Goupil was released on September the 29th, 1642.

The savages in their blind hatred would not allow Father Jogues the pious consolation of burying the body of his saintly companion, taking it and hiding it in the woods. But during his long

captivity he continued his search. In the Spring he found the skull and a few bones which he secretly buried. He writes: "Before placing them in the ground I kissed them several times as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ. I give him this title not only because he was killed by the enemies of God and His Church and in the exercise of an ardent charity toward his neighbor by placing himself in evident peril for the love of God, but especially because he was killed on account of prayer and notably for the Sign of the Cross."

The dark forests have given place to fertile fields. Time has stilled the savage war cries. The river flows on undisturbed in its journey to the sea. But a sound breaks the stillness of the early Summer morning. And now from what was once the gate of the stockade of Ossernenon another host steps forth to welcome travellers from afar. The welcome to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs is extended by a black-robed priest of the Society of Jesus, accompanied by two acolytes and the bearer of the cross. Up the steep hill the procession advances. Louder and louder is the sound of a hundred voices reciting the Rosary—the prayer last on the lips of René Goupil. Through the gate of the stockade into the dim interior—then all is silence, while the kindly priest offers up the Holy Mass. The Cross of Christ for which René Goupil gave his life, raised on high, now guards and blesses the fertile valley of the Mohawk, and at the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs the faithful kneel to honor the memory of the victim of savage hatred for the symbol of Christianity.

A RETIRED captain of the German marines, at the point of death, had received the Holy Viaticum. "How are you now?" asked one of the attendants.—"All right, all right!" replied the old sailor; "the Pilot is on board."

To My Mother Holy Church.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

SWEET my Mother, thou hast called, and I
have heard

That which thrilled my soul and stirred;
Late, oh, late, my own beloved, I have come
To thy heart, which is my home:

Yet I lie in happy shelter on thy breast,
As a young bird in its nest.

Dear, I thought another's voice the voice of
thee,

That was speaking unto me.

Had I heard thy voice, oh, should I not have
known

From all other tone its tone?

Thou, my liberal-souled and tender, leavest
unchid

Those who knew not what they did.

Steeped in radiance of thy love, I do not
shrink,

O my Mother! as I think

How those beautiful, kind hands can wield the
sword

Of the anger of the Lord;

Shoot the arrows of His wrath from out His
bow,—

Yea, beloved, it is so!

For thy love is as thy Lord's; and thine intent,
In thy sternest punishment,

Is the saving of the souls of His desire,

Holy Mother, as by fire.

Ever one with Him, His heart, His bride,

Thou defied art He defied;

Thou beloved art He beloved; and in thy face
Is the fulness of His grace.

GENTLENESS will naturally result from a deep sense of the wrongs we have committed against God. We are sustained and kept from perishing by the gentleness of our Sovereign Master. How precious are the fruits of true gentleness! It assures self-control by enabling us to conquer our temper. It smoothes away all difficulties.

—A. Vermeersch, S. J.

The Pardon of the Sea.*

THE first time that I visited the sanctuary of Santez-Anna it was Winter. I drove thither from Kastellin in a peasant's rickety cart. The afternoon was dull and rainy, with all the peace of an Autumn twilight; and my driver seemed truly to spring out of his surroundings. All that could be seen of him was a wide-felt hat with broken brim and a checkered cloak, which he wrapped about him like an Arab's bur-nous. Neither on the outward nor on the return journey could I elicit a word from him. But he whistled. Throughout that drive he whistled unceasingly; always the same monotonous song. The air still haunts me.

My one companion was a little native of Kraozon, returning from Lourdes. She also took refuge in an obstinate silence, her face hidden under the hood of her thick black cloak, and in her hand a Rosary of big beads, which she told with ceaseless regularity. Not a sound issued from her thin lips. No emotion was visible on her smooth brow. I did not break in upon her prayer.

As we advanced, plateau rose above plateau, each one bare, save here and there for a clump of pines, remnants of a vanished forest, their needles black with the age that was upon them. To right and left were grassy knolls, like immense pre-historic tombs. Since then I have learned the legends of those natural cairns. All are known by the name of some saint. Chapels crown their summits, or cling to their brown flanks; long tumble-down houses of prayer—the home of some rude old statue—whose bell sounds but once each year, when it calls to Mass on the day of the Pardon.

The cart stopped at the inn of the Tri Houdi. We had reached the foot of Menez-Hom. Here the little Kraozonod

* Translated and retold by E. Wingate Rinder.

alighted, paid for her seat, and set out up the mountain, while we took the road towards the sea. This led through wooded country, across pasture-lands encircled by hedges; but though from time to time the roof of a farm peeped out of a bosage of oaks, this district, too, was wrapped in silence. Even in the villages there was no sign of life. Then the region grew barren again—no tree, not a trace of cultivation. A bitter wind drove against my face; white seabirds flew above us uttering strident cries; and when, at last, through a hollow in the dunes, the ocean became visible, the sound of a wild, tempestuous breath prevailed everywhere.

"Are we at our journey's end?" I asked the man as he jumped down from his seat.

"Yes," he replied curtly, and renewed his whistling.

It was true. The road ended here before an old ruined porch, which gave access to a courtyard, and beyond this again was a kind of primitive manor-house, crumbling to decay: a deserted house indeed, it seemed. The floor was strewn with farm implements and tools of every kind: I had to step over an upturned plough. Upon the wall hung fishing nets; mattocks, pick-axes, and hoes lay side by side with oars, broken spars, relics of a recent storm, all still smelling of tar and salt. I thought I had mistaken the barn for the house, and was about to turn, when a little girl of some twelve years stood before me. The wan, childish face was lit up by the phosphorescent green gleam in the big eyes, as, putting her finger to her lips, she made a sign of silence.

"My father sleeps," she whispered; "in the name of God do not awaken him."

She pointed to a cupboard-bed at the other end of the room, the sole piece of furniture in that poor dwelling. A human form lay therein, rigid as a

corpse: a wet cloth covered the forehead; the outstretched hands were blood-stained and muddy.

"What illness has your father?" I asked.

"The day before yesterday, as he was returning from market, the cart passed over his body. Since then, he has not ceased to groan; not until now when I put that wet cloth on his brow. You see he sleeps for the first time."

"You have not been for the doctor?"

At this simple question, the child gave a start as of fear, and fixing her eyes on me said:

"We are in the land of Santez-Anna. The Holy Mother heals us. My father's farm surrounds her sanctuary, and none other shall come to bring him health. I dipped that cloth thrice in the sacred fountain, repeating each time a prayer, and you yourself can see what power it has. What need is there of other cure?"

Though she had not raised her voice for fear of awakening her father, every word throbbed with the deep faith that was hers. Maybe my words troubled her, for she added, coldly: "If you have come for the key, it is not here. The chapel is open."

I took the way towards the chapel, thinking to find one of these ancient houses of prayer, half hidden in the sand-dunes. I came instead upon a new church—new, in the sense that it had been built recently; but the granite walls, buffeted by wind and rain, were already patched with green moss. In Brittany things soon take on the marks of time.

The door stood open. I entered. In the light of that grey day the interior was destitute of beauty or mystery. Its cleanly order was as that of a well-kept house whose mistress is ever absent; here and there were some modern statues. With a sense of disquiet, I was about to leave, when a feeble cough made

me turn, and in the south corner I saw an old woman crouching at the foot of a pillar. She was praying before a stone statue on whose plinth was inscribed: *Santez-Anna, 1543*. Ex-votos of all kinds hung from the wall: crutches, woollen epaulettes, white linen, wax arms and legs.

The strange resemblance between supplicant and saint struck me. They had the same features, the same pose, and on the face of each were the same marks of suffering, marks graven into that mask of resignation unconsciously worn by many an old woman of Armorica. In their dress, too, they were alike: the grey bodice, the red skirt, the apron with big bib pinned across the breast of the kneeling woman were repeated in the stone of the saint; for, despite the lapse of three centuries, the dress has not changed.

The old woman rose at my approach. In her hand she held a brush, made of willow branches bound together with a bit of bark, and therewith she began diligently to dust the floor.

"Do you know," I said to her, "that you and Santez-Anna are like two sisters?"

"Like her, I am old," she replied; "like me, God be praised, she is a Breton."

"Santez-Anna a Breton? Are you sure, my good woman?"

She looked at me from under her long grey lashes, and, in a tone of pity, answered: "It is easy to see that you come from the towns. People from the towns are ignorant. They despise us, for we live out of doors, and can not read in their books. But what would they know of their country, but for us who love it and can tell them?"

"Oh, it is a true thing," she resumed, "Santez-Anna is a Breton. Of course it was at Jerusalem that she gave birth to a daughter, the Mother of the Christ. The child was tended lovingly, and grew up fearing God and ever of a pious

heart. Years passed, and at last Santez-Anna felt that old age was coming upon her, and that her work was done. Then she breathed a prayer:

"My soul craves for my native land, O God! Ere I die, grant me return to the shore whence I came. Grant that I may see Plounevez-Porzay, the village of my birth, that I may rest in the quiet of the shadow of Arvor."

"Her prayer was heard. A shining boat, with an angel at the helm, carried the saint to Armorica. On the shore the people were gathered to welcome her. But she bade them depart, for she would pass in solitude her remaining days.

"Go, give my riches to the poor," she commanded.

"From that time Santez-Anna lived on this lonely sand-dune in perpetual prayer. The light from her eyes lay on the water as a moon track. On nights of storm she safeguarded the toiling fishermen. At her bidding the sea was stilled, the waves lay at peace, as, at a word from the shepherd, sheep return to the fold.

"It was because of Santez-Anna that Jesus, the Son of her child, came to Armorica. Before He died on the Cross, He came, with His disciples, Sant-Per and Sant-Iann. It was tears of blood that were wrung from the heart of the Holy Anna at the time of the parting, but He said to her:

"Remember, mother of My Mother; remember thy beloved Bretons. Speak; and whatsoever thou askest Me shall be granted unto them in thy name."

"The saint's tears ceased to flow. 'I would have a sanctuary on this spot,' were her words. 'As far as its spire is visible, as far as its bell can be heard, may the sick be healed, may every soul, living or dead, find peace.'

"'It shall be according to thy will,' said Jesus. Thereupon He planted His staff in the sand, and out of the dry ground flowed a stream of pure water.

Ever and ever it flows, inexhaustible. Whoso drinks of this water knows the secret of the green earth; springtime is in his heart; his body, though old, is not weary.

"One night of the nights there was sorrow in Plounevez-Porzay. A thick mist veiled the sky, the sea sobbed with a well-nigh human sob. Santez-Anna was dead. Women came from far and near with offerings of pure white linen to enshroud her. But nowhere could her body be found, and terror laid hold of the people. Some among them murmured:

"She will never return. Is it that one of us has been unfaithful?"

"The thought was bitter to them. Then tidings came that some fishermen had taken a great stone in their nets. When it had been freed from the seaweed and shells that clung about it, all knew the face of the saint. As there was no chapel here in those days, it seemed fitting that the stone effigy should rest in the village church. It was placed on a litter, and so light was its weight that four children carried it as far as the fountain: thence, however, it could not be moved; the more they sought to raise it, the heavier it became. Whereupon the old men among them said:

"Let this be to us as a sign. Here must we build a house for the saint."

"That which I tell you is the true history of Santez-Anna of Plounevez-Porzay. You have it as I had it from my mother, as she had it from her mother before, in the days when each family handed down from memory to memory, round the fireplace, the things of the past."

As the old woman spoke, she swept the dust together in small heaps, and gathered it in a corner of her apron. When she had told me of the saint, she began to speak of her own life: a long, monotonous, silent life, empty as the

sanctuary in which her days dragged to their close.

"My sons are dead; their wives also are dead or re-married. Sometimes I sit round the hearth of the stranger, but there I am ill at ease. The flame warms not my old body. In a low hut where, in the nightwatches, the coast guard takes shelter I dwell, thanks be to his kind heart. It is here only in the sanctuary of Santez-Anna that I am at peace. Each morning I fetch the key from the farm; then perform the duties of sacristan; three times I ring the Angelus; I welcome the pilgrim. Often they beseech me to pray for them; to say the words which are known to but few; I am of that few. I lead them to the spring, and pour over them the healing water.

"The third day of the week is the day blessed of Santez-Anna; then it is that the faithful flock to her shrine. On other days, the Mother of Plounevez has but my poor old face to look upon. But Santez-Anna smiles upon me ever, ever is she tender and loving; in sorrow it is her outstretched hand that calms me. I keep her company as best I may; I speak to her, and it seems to me that she makes answer. I sing the song she loves, her own song it is, the most beautiful in our tongue."

As the old woman brought her tale to an end, I tried to slip a piece of silver into her hand. "There is the poor box," she said; "I am a servant only in this house. I do not take the offerings." Fearing that I had pained her, I was about to ask forgiveness, but before I could speak, she continued: "Come and see us again; but come in Summer, for then you will see Santez-Anna in her glory. There is no festival like that of Plounevez; and if you would see a pardon, come, on a day of sunshine, to the Pardon of the Sea."

I followed thy counsel, good old woman. On the day of the Pardon of

the Sea, the sun shone in a cloudless sky; yet I sought thee in vain in the sanctuary, and in the hut that had served as thy home. In vain, too, I sought the coast guard: he who had given thee shelter was gone. No longer art thou a lone woman of Plounevez. Thou hast followed the beckoning angel to the land of thy dreams, whither Santez-Anna had led the way.

The Atheist's Mass.*

THE famous Dr. Bianchon, who commanded the homage of all the physicians of Europe, began his career as a surgeon. His early studies were under the great Desplein, whose scientific career was short and brilliant like that of a meteor.

Among all the internes at the hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu, Desplein's favorite was Horace Bianchon. The young man had been a poor student who had suffered that burning misery that often acts as a crucible through which genius passes, at last to emerge purified and incorruptible.

Horace was a straightforward young man, incapable of compromising in matters of principle and ever ready to devote his time and his fortune to his friends, with no thought of what he was to receive in return. The two men—one in the full enjoyment of fame and wealth, the other a modest Omega,—became intimate friends. Bianchon was guided on the way to success by the older man, whose perfect confidence he enjoyed. He knew the secrets and eccentricities of that busy life, and at last succeeded in laying bare the only sentiment that lay buried deeply in that heart, less bronze than bronzed.

On one occasion the young man happened to mention to his master that a poor water-porter of the Saint-Jacques

Quarter was suffering from a terrible disease brought on by fatigue and poverty. To his great surprise Desplein left all his patients, and hastened to the lodging of the poor unfortunate, whom he had removed at once to the hospital. He gave him the necessary medical aid and enough money on his recovery to purchase a horse and a water-cart.

Bianchon afterwards noticed that his chief had a predilection, for water carriers, and especially for Auvergnats, but as the great physician took great interest in his charity practice in the hospital, the young man thought nothing strange about the matter.

One morning, while walking across Saint-Sulpice Square about nine o'clock, Bianchon saw his superior entering a church. Contrary to his usual custom, he was on foot, and he had come a roundabout way as if afraid of being seen. As was natural, knowing the almost atheistic beliefs of Desplein, Bianchon was filled with curiosity. He went into the church where, to his great astonishment, he saw the uncompromising unbeliever kneeling devoutly before the Blessed Virgin's altar hearing Mass.

Not wishing to appear to be spying on the conduct of the head surgeon, he quietly withdrew. But it happened that, on that very day, Desplein invited him to dine with him at a restaurant. Between the courses, Bianchon intentionally turned the conversation to religious subjects, offering some adverse criticisms. To his surprise his chief agreed with him and even grew bitter on the subject, presenting his atheistic opinions with force and brilliancy.

"Aha!" thought the young man, "what has become of this morning's devotee?"

Three months passed. Bianchon attached no great importance to what he had seen, although it remained engraved upon his memory. Finally, one

* By H. de Balsac. Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

day a doctor of the Hôtel-Dieu took Desplein by the arm in Bianchon's presence, and said:

"What were you doing at Saint-Sulpice, my dear fellow?"

Desplein made an evasive reply which seemed to satisfy the questioner, but not Bianchon. "He went to hear his Mass," thought the latter; and he made up his mind to follow his chief at some future time. He remembered the date of his last visit, and he promised himself to be on hand a year from that time to see if the same surprise should await him. If so, the periodicity of the devotion would authorize an investigation, for, with such a man, such a contradiction of speech and action would be incomprehensible on ordinary grounds.

At the appointed time, Bianchon, who now had a large practice of his own, saw the surgeon's carriage halt at a street corner, saw the man descend and wend his way to Saint-Sulpice, where he again heard Mass before the altar of the Blessed Virgin.

After his departure, Bianchon approached the sacristan and inquired if the gentleman who had just left was a habitual worshipper.

"I have been here for twenty years," said the sacristan, "and during that time M. Desplein has come four times a year to that Mass. He has it offered."

The young man now decided to take the first opportunity to speak to his master on this inconsistency in his life. It was some time before this was offered. It was during the Revolution of 1830,—when the populace attacked the Archbishop, when Republican doctrines nearly caused the destruction of all the gilded crosses which rise like beacon lights above the immense ocean of buildings, when unbelief joined with anarchy and paraded the streets,—that Bianchon followed Desplein into the church and took a seat near him. The latter made no sign.

"My dear friend," said Bianchon, on leaving, "you must tell me the reason for your actions. Three times I have surprised you going to church,—you of all persons. You do not believe in God, you say, and yet you attend Mass. You are surely bound to explain yourself to me."

"Well," said Desplein in reply, "I am nearing the end of my life, so I may fittingly speak of its beginnings."

They had now reached one of the worst Quarters in all Paris. Pointing up to the sixth story of one of the dilapidated houses, Desplein continued:

"I lived in that place for two years. The Mass I go to hear is connected with events that transpired when I roomed in that garret. I had such a rude beginning to my life, Bianchon, that I could compete for the palm of Parisian suffering with anyone. I have endured everything—hunger, thirst, lack of money, lack of clothing,—everything that belongs to the most complete misery. I have blown upon my stiffened fingers to warm them, and I have seen my breath turn to steam in my garret, like that of a horse on a frosty morning.

"I was alone, without a sou to buy books or to defray the expenses of a medical education. I made no friends, on account of my gloomy, restless disposition. No one recognized in my quietude the frantic efforts of a man trying to rise from the social depths.

"I could expect nothing from my family. The struggle was long and obstinate and without consolation. I was working hard to be able to pass my first examination, and I did not have a sou. I was at that last extremity when one decides upon a pawnshop. I had but one hope. I was expecting a trunk of linen, a gift from some old aunts in the provinces, who, ignorant of Paris, think all one needs here is shirts.

"The trunk came when I was at

school. The transportation cost forty francs. The porter paid it, and kept the trunk. I walked up and down the street trying to invent some plan whereby I could get the trunk without paying the forty francs. Afterwards, I could pay it by disposing of the linen.

"I reached my lodging at night at the same time as my neighbor across the hall, a water carrier, named Bourgeat, with whom I had no acquaintance. He addressed me and told me that my landlord, to whom I owed three months' rent, had turned me out. I would have to go the next day. He had to go, too, he said, on account of his business.

"That night was the saddest of my whole life. Where could I find anyone to move my poor furniture and my books? How could I pay for the service? Where was I to go? I repeated again and again these unanswerable questions, as an idiot repeats a refrain. At last I slept—the sleep of misery often brings beautiful dreams.

"The following morning, as I was eating my milk-soaked crust, Bourgeat came into my room, and said:

"I am a poor man. I have neither father nor mother and never knew what it was to have a home. You don't seem to be very well off yourself and they have turned you out. Now, I want to help you. I have a cart down below, which I have rented for two sous an hour. It will hold all our things. If you are willing, we will look for lodgings together."

"Thank you, my good man," I replied. "But I have a trunk down there full of linen. The porter holds it, as he paid the express charges. If I could get it, I could sell the contents and pay my rent and the porter. But I haven't any money."

"I have some," gleefully rejoined Bourgeat, producing an old purse. "Keep your shirts."

"He paid our rent, settled with the

porter and bundled our furniture and clothes into his cart. This he dragged around the streets, stopping before every house that bore a lodging-sign. We wandered about all day without success, but just at nightfall, we found two rooms separated by a staircase on the top floor of a large house in Rohan Court.

"We dined together that night. Bourgeat, who earned about fifty sous a day, had saved a hundred crowns, with which he was soon to realize the ambition of his life and buy a horse and water-cart. On discovering my situation—for he drew my secrets from me with a kindly tact, the thought of which moves me to this day,—he renounced his ambition. He had been a foot-carrier for twenty-two years, so you can realize the extent of his sacrifice.

"To make a long story short, I will say that this humble man, who had never been loved by anyone except his dog, concentrated his affection upon me. He looked out for my comfort and my health, substituting nourishing food for my poor fare. When he met me outside, he never addressed me, but his understanding look expressed his pride at seeing me well dressed and ruddy.

"When I had to leave this good man to become an interne in the hospital, he was very sorrowful. He consoled himself with the thought of earning enough extra money to pay for my thesis, and he made me promise to visit him on my holidays.

"During my last year at the hospital, I made enough money to buy him the much-desired horse and cart. He scolded me for depriving myself of anything in his favor, but I could see his great joy at his new possession. In return, he presented me with a surgical case, which is among my most highly prized possessions to this day.

"Finally, he fell sick. I watched over him constantly, but in spite of the most

assiduous attention he died. No king was ever tended more carefully: I tried every known remedy in my efforts to save him. I wanted him to live to realize the results of his sacrifice and love, and to give me time to satisfy the only obligation I have ever felt, and which burns within me still—an unquenchable fire.

“Bourgeat,” continued Desplein, visibly moved, “my second father died in my arms. He left me all he possessed by a will properly executed during the first year of our residence together. This man had the most implicit faith. He was an ardent Catholic. He loved the Blessed Virgin as few do. In his last days, he begged me to see that he had all the assistance the Church can give. I had Mass said for him every day for weeks. Often in the night, he expressed fears for his future salvation, as he thought he had not led a good enough life. Poor man! to whom does Paradise belong, if not to such as he?”

“I was the sole mourner at his funeral. After I had buried my benefactor, I wondered how I could best fulfil my duty towards him. He had often timidly hinted at Masses said for the repose of the souls of the dead, but with characteristic delicacy, he had not wished to impose the duty upon me, fearing it might seem a request for a recompense for his services.

“As soon as I was able, I gave to Saint-Sulpice the sum necessary to ensure four Masses a year for him. On the days of these Masses, I go to the church, and in his name recite the desired prayers. I say with all the trust possible to me! ‘O God, if there be a sphere intended for sainted ones after their death, remember good Bourgeat, who believed in you and in the Holy Virgin. If there is anything for him to suffer, impose it upon me, I pray you, that he may enter more quickly into the joys of Paradise.’ That was all I could

do; but *I swear to you, I would give my whole fortune if the faith of that poor water carrier could enter into my soul!*”

Bianchon, who tended Desplein in his last illness, hesitates to affirm that the great man died an unbeliever; others love to think that the humble Auvergnat opened to him the gates of Paradise as he had helped to open for him the portals of Fame.

Luck.

THE terms “good luck” and “bad luck,” as employed in ordinary conversation, mean that which happens to a person by chance, and is conceived of as if there were an inward connection between a succession of fortuitous occurrences having a favorable or unfavorable character. In the estimation of most philosophers and moralists, however, they are terms applied to non-existent things. “There is no such thing as luck,” writes a shrewd publicist; “in reality, it is a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.”

Very rarely, if at all, do we hear complaints about hard luck coming from a man who is industrious, careful, prudent, and honest. As Addison puts it, “A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of.” In nine cases out of ten the ill-luck of which complaint is made comes from saying pleasure first and duty second, instead of duty first and pleasure second.

Emerson declares that all successful men have agreed in being causationists; they believed that things come about not by luck but by law, that there is not a weak or cracked link in the chain that joins the first and the last of things, the cause and the effect. An anonymous

writer hits the nail on the head when he says, "‘luck’ is a very good word if you put a P before it."

In the vocabulary of the good Christian the substitute for "luck" is "Divine Providence," whose ways, however inscrutable they may be to our limited vision, we know to be unceasingly for our good. As it is always true, however, that God helps those who help themselves, there is a wealth of sound practical philosophy in Cobden's extended contrast: "Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines while labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor on character."

In Praise of Cheerfulness.

"The highest wisdom," says Montaigne, "is continual cheerfulness; such a state, like the region above the moon, is always clear and serene."—"Cheerfulness," declares Ruskin, "is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life."—"An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with," affirms Fuller. Our American essayist, Whipple, emphasizes the same thought thus: "God is glorified, not by our groans but by our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer." Shakespeare tells us that "A light heart lives long"; and Haliburton gives the reason, "Cheerfulness is health; its opposite, melancholy, is disease."

On Acknowledging Gifts.

AN eighteenth-century essayist has well said: "Wisdom, valor, justice, and learning can not keep in countenance a man that is possessed of these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behavior called good breeding." Another writer of the same period, Lord Chesterfield, is still more peremptory: "The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable." Innumerable other authors in earlier and later centuries emphasize the same point, that good manners constitute one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man, and that accordingly their dictates can not with impunity be disregarded by anyone, no matter how insignificant or how eminent the position which he has attained in life.

Now, if there is one respect in which, more than in most others, genuine good breeding differentiates itself from essential boorishness slightly veneered with surface-politeness, it may well be one's habitual conduct in the matter of acknowledging gifts—or failing to acknowledge them. Acknowledgment of some sort is of course imperative, unless one wishes to incur the odium of being considered a boor or churl, ignorant or neglectful of the elementary proprieties of well-bred life.

It is altogether beside the mark to object that such acknowledgment is merely a conventional formality, entirely negligible on the part of more or less intimate friends. Tennyson's "kind hearts are more than coronets," and Burns' "the rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that" are true enough in the sense that what a man *is* matters a great deal more than what he appears to be, and that a "good heart" is a more precious possession than the most polished manners; but it

is a capital mistake to conclude therefrom that appearances count for little or nothing, and that politeness and conventional good form may be disregarded as entirely negligible appurtenances of the character of a gentleman. Genuine politeness, no doubt, comes from within, from the heart; but, as an English essayist shrewdly remarks, "if the forms of politeness are dispensed with, the spirit and the thing itself soon die away."

Another patent fallacy in connection with this subject is that, while an inferior is strictly bound to acknowledge the gift of a superior, the obligation is not reciprocal, that there is no discourtesy, ill-breeding, or bad manners shown in the neglect of a superior to acknowledge the gift of an inferior. Those who cherish this fallacy may well be reminded of the reply of a Southern gentleman to an acquaintance who had flippantly commented on the Southerner's lifting his hat and bowing to an old colored woman that had just saluted him: "Sir, do you imagine that I am to be outdone in politeness by a Negress?" The story is told of Washington. As a matter of fact, the higher or more eminent the position of him who receives a gift, the more urgently do the proprieties demand that he acknowledge its reception.

In a number of cases, of course, especially where the recipients of gifts are exceptionally high ecclesiastical or civil dignitaries, and where the gifts are very numerous, public acknowledgment in the press may congruously satisfy all demands of good form; but in ordinary cases, the dignitary, major or minor, can hardly be excused from writing, or causing his secretary to write, his specific thanks to the donor of the gift which he has received. "There is as much greatness of mind," says Seneca, "in acknowledging a good turn, as in doing it."

Notes and Remarks.

In these days of laymen's retreats and frequent and daily Communion it is altogether probable that men and women of the world, in ever-increasing numbers, cultivate the practice of putting themselves habitually in the presence of God. An obvious corollary of such a practice is the frequent, not to say the constant, use of prayer, conformably to the Apostle's advice, "Pray without ceasing." The form of prayer which is perhaps the easiest for the average Christian is that of pious ejaculations. These are possible to even the busiest of mortals, and are especially to be recommended to persons whose daily labor is manual rather than mental. It is clear that he who raises his heart to God betimes by ejaculatory prayers is most likely to keep calm and collected amid the turmoil and distractions of life, and most likely, too, to resist the ceaseless temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. St. Francis of Sales recommends the fervent repetition of the same ejaculation; and the Gospel informs us that Our Lord on Mount Olivet prayed several times, using the same words.

The number of ejaculatory prayers is of course unlimited; each person may formulate dozens of his own; but those most to be recommended are from Scripture or the ejaculations to which the Church has attached indulgences. Their utterance will in no way interfere with the execution of whatever task we may have to perform.

Summer is pre-eminently the season of travel, and tens of thousands of our people are at present spending their holidays amid foreign scenes and with foreign people. It is to be hoped that all of them may utilize their travelling, not only as a legitimate recreation, but

as an educational and cultural factor in their normal life. That journeying abroad is such a factor is vouched for by the philosophers and moralists of all time. "The travelled mind," declares A. B. Alcott, "is the catholic mind, educated out of exclusiveness and egotism." It is of course quite true that, as Addison says: "Men may change their climate, but not their nature: a man who goes out a fool can not ride or sail himself into common sense"; but, due allowance being made for exceptional cases, the general truth is that "travel brushes away the contractedness, shakes off the one-sidedness, knocks out the nonsense, and polishes the manners of a man more effectually than any other agency." Not a few Americans, it must be admitted, need such an experience; for it can scarcely be denied that a good many of us are somewhat inclined to confound patriotism with "spread-eagleism" or chauvinism.

Love of one's country, the passion which moves a person to serve that country either in defending it from invasion or in protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions—that is a virtue entirely laudable; but it in no way entails or warrants the vain-glorious belief or the bombastic assertion that all other countries are immeasurably inferior to one's own. The United States has a sufficient number of natural and political advantages to warrant a reasonable degree of pride in her patriotic sons; but it is the merest absurd exaggeration to claim for her that she has reached the climax of national perfectibility, or that she possesses "the brainiest men, the cleverest women, and the prettiest children in all creation."

The International Congress of Catholic Writers, held in Paris last month, seems to have been thoroughly successful. This Congress—the *Semaine des*

Ecrivains Catholiques,—was inaugurated a year ago for the purpose of discussing questions of art, politics, and morals from a Catholic standpoint. This year the discussions centred around secularism,—extensively understood as representing the forces directed against the Church by her enemies in every human activity, the State, the school, the arts, and international relations. The results of the Congress were thus summed up by M. Bernoville: Its object, he said, had been to knit closer the bonds of Catholic writers, to find a common denominator of Catholic thought and energy, and to direct these to definite action. He ended in a hopeful vein, with a fine call to action. The secularism of the last forty years, he declared, had ended in a revival of Catholic ideas. It was true this revival was still active only in the *élite*, but their task lay before them—it rested with them to impart their enthusiasm to the French people at large who are still possessed of the greatest qualities. It is their duty to restore to the French people their faith and their sense of beauty.

A Diamond Jubilee of exceptional interest to many thousands of Americans is that of the arrival in the United States of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, on July 31, 1847. Six of the Sisters came from Munich at the invitation of Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, just as, seven years previously, eight Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur came from Antwerp to Cincinnati, at the request of Archbishop Purcell. The growth of the Order in this country was such that, in 1876, two provinces, Eastern and Western were established, their mother-houses being respectively in Baltimore and Milwaukee. Nineteen years later, in 1895, the Western province was subdivided, St. Louis becoming the seat of the Southern province.

Finally, in 1910, the Northwestern province was established, its Mother-house being at Mankato, Minn.

Just how important a part in Catholic education is being played in the United States by these devoted religious may be seen from some figures: according to the Census of 1922, the Order has 4453 members in the United States, and according to the Census of 1921, there are 4278 Sisters of the Order in Europe, a grand total of 8731 Sisters. The Sisters of Notre Dame conduct 365 schools in North America, besides a number of high schools, boarding schools, schools for Indians, deaf mutes and Negroes, orphan asylums and other institutions. All in all, they are teaching as many as 140,500 children in this country and 109,200 in foreign countries.

The School Sisters of Notre Dame, as a Congregation, dates back to the sixteenth century when the *Congrégation de Notre Dame* was founded (1597) by St. Peter Fourier. As many of our readers doubtless know, the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur form a different community, being founded in 1804 by Blessed Julie Billiart.

The Press is always a matter of interest even to those who have learned not to think much of it. The following paragraph from Mr. Hilaire Belloc's recently published work, "The Jews," approaches journalism from the point of view of its effectiveness in starting and continuing movements:

The great movements of our time have never *originated* in the press of the great cities. They rise and store up their energies in political cliques, in popular gatherings, and spoken rumors, long before they appear in this main instrument for the spreading of news. That is because the press of our great cities is controlled by a very few men, whose object is not the discussion of public affairs, still less the giving of full information to their fellow-citizens, but the piling up of private fortunes. As these men are not, as a rule,

educated men, nor particularly concerned with the fortunes of the State, nor capable of understanding from the past what the future may be, they will never take up a great movement until it is forced upon them. On the contrary, they will waste energy in getting up false excitement upon insignificant matters where they feel safe, and even in using their instruments for the advertisement of their own insignificant lives. In all this, the modern press of our great cities differs very greatly from the press of a lifetime ago. It was not always owned by educated men, but it was conducted by highly educated men, who were given a free hand. It therefore concerned itself with problems of real importance, and it debated, upon either side, real contrasts of opinion upon these matters. This modern press of ours does none of these things; but precisely because it is so reluctant to express real emotion it does, when the emotion is forced upon it, let it out in a flood. Just as it would not tell the truth when a thing is growing, so when it reaches an extreme, it will not exercise restraint. On the contrary, if the "stunt" be an exciting one, it will push it (once it has made up its mind to talk of it at all) in the most extreme form and to the last pitch of violence.

It is stated that Cardinal Skrbensky, formerly Archbishop of Prague, has received a check for £1,032,10s. as damages for scurrilous charges made against him by several English newspapers. The remittance, through the Cardinal's solicitors in London, was accompanied by an apology from each of the journals that published the libels. Justice triumphs in England. However hard it may be to convince them that they are in the wrong, no people on earth have a higher sense of justice than the English. We very much doubt if the Cardinal could have received damages to that amount in this country, even if the charges had been more false and more scurrilous.

After remarking that a church federation is as little called upon and as little competent to pass upon questions of political economy as to decide problems of sanitation or astronomy,

the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* asks, "Is the command to 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, etc.,' too old or too simple to be heeded? This is the question that often arises in the layman's mind, when, going to church to hear about religion, he is so often compelled to listen to lectures on diplomacy, or international politics, or strikes, or wages, or welfare, or the conduct of the local police."

Questions like this are always embarrassing to the reverend clergy and are apt to be characterized by them as impertinent or indiscreet. Answers are never forthcoming.

Summing up a scholarly lecture on "The Church and Art" by the Very Rev. Fr. Power, O. C. C. of Melbourne, reported in our Australian exchanges, Archbishop Mannix made some statements no less interesting than those of the lecture itself. His references to the old English cathedrals, which our readers will be glad to have in full, were especially happy and informing:

For the lover of things beautiful it is worth while going from Australia to England to see the glorious cathedrals of that country. But what people must not be allowed to forget is that these great cathedrals—now in the hands of non-Catholics—were every one of them built in the days when there was no religious body calling itself the Church of England. There were no religious divisions then such as they have now—the Catholic Church was, in name as well as in reality, the only Church in existence. In England they have at least twenty grand old cathedrals that date from the period when England was known as *Merie* England; when it acknowledged allegiance to the Pope, and every bishop and archbishop there held his See and his crosier at the word and will of the Roman Pontiff. Everything about these cathedrals—their vastness, their strength, their beauty—makes them, not merely the glory of the past, but the despair of succeeding generations. Nothing like them has ever been repeated, and, so far as we can see, nothing approaching them is likely to be repeated in any age that we can foresee.

The strange thing, the astounding thing to

our minds, is that these twenty cathedrals were erected in England at a time when the population was, not 40,000,000, but when the people numbered only 2,000,000, or 3,000,000 at the most. In the small English towns of those days—we should now scarcely call them more than villages—structures were erected which not all the wealth and power of England can repeat in modern times. And what is more remarkable still, the people of each town, or village, we are told, planned and built their own cathedral. The local men hewed the stone out of the quarries and fashioned it into shape; they designed the gold and silver work; they made the embroidered vestments; they did everything from the creation or conceiving of the design of the cathedral down to the making of the hinges for the doors. You wonder that I should mention the hinges of a cathedral door. But it is a fact that the very hinges made by the village blacksmith of those days are even now thought worthy of being sketched for models by those who know how to value beauty combined with usefulness.

How different everything is to-day! If we wished to build a great cathedral now, our first difficulty would be to get the architect and the craftsmen for the work. We should not be likely to find them in a country town in England or Australia. But in the truly Catholic days the craft guilds were in existence everywhere, even in small communities. One town vied with another, and the spirit of artistic emulation, under the inspiration of deep, strong faith, produced these poems in stone at which the modern world wonders.

Certainly all this throws a strange light on our boasted education and progress in modern times. We are all now able to read and write and add up small sums. When those cathedrals were built in England and on the Continent—for what I have been saying is applicable to ancient Europe as well as to England—most of those engaged in the work were probably unable to read or write. (I hope they were able to add up sums.) We have compulsory education, but we have nothing to hand down to the future such as they had. This education of ours is not all that we are sometimes inclined to think it is; there is something wanting surely. To be able to read newspapers or novels is poor achievement compared with building a cathedral or painting a picture like those that were built and painted under the inspirations of the Church by those whom we would call illiterate. I do not say for a moment that people should not be able to read and write and deal with figures. The point I make is quite different. We can learn from

the past that our conception of education is narrow; that modern education is not everything that it is said to be; that it is not doing for the human race all that people expected of it. At any rate, it is quite plain, I think, that we are not going up or forward artistically. We have gone backward in spite of all our boasting.

“Was Shakespeare a Catholic?” is a question so often propounded and so lengthily argued that its repetition nowadays surprises no one. It *will* be a surprise, however, to very many of our readers to learn that the query “Was Dr. Johnson a Catholic?” formed the title of an interesting lecture recently given by no less eminent a lawyer and publicist than Sir Charles Russell. That the famous lexicographer and essayist, whose life was so minutely detailed by Boswell, sympathized with the Catholic doctrine on Purgatory, Confession, veneration of the Saints, prayers for the dead, etc., is known to all readers of the most celebrated of biographies; but comparatively few such readers, we fancy, are aware of two facts mentioned by Sir Charles: that many of Dr. Johnson’s friends in his lifetime were convinced that he was a Catholic; and that Boswell himself was at one time a member of the Church.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* gives an interesting picture of Cardinal Gasquet engaged in his stupendous work of examining and classifying the historical documents in the archives of the Vatican. One is thus enabled to envisage the learned and venerable Benedictine:

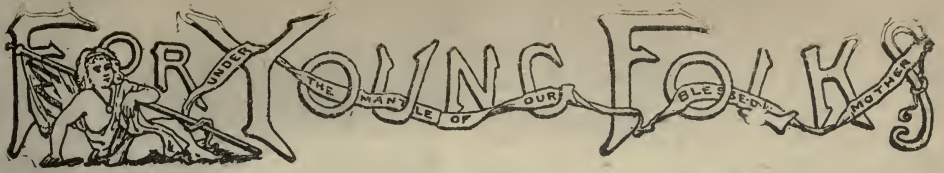
Down a long room where a dozen bespectacled students of all ages sat at desks, making notes from great volumes of manuscript propped up in front of them, through two rooms where there were priests consulting catalogues of the books that lined the walls, and then up a narrow flight of stairs to a large, simple room where Cardinal Gasquet, the Prefect of the Vatican Archives, sat working at a table near the window—a window

looking out on that strange, quiet, and busy State, the Vatican.

I had hoped to be able to copy many of the letters in the Archives which have an especial interest for Great Britain, for Cardinal Gasquet had spoken of their existence to the *Times* when he was in London last Summer. But when I was shown the work that remains to be done, I realized the impossibilities of my task, for only half the manuscripts dealing with Great Britain have been arranged as yet; and Cardinal Gasquet has already worked on them for four years or so. Ultimately there will be ten volumes dealing with Great Britain and two dealing with Ireland. Possibly lest I should be so mistaken as to think that there was not much to show for his labors, the Cardinal took me downstairs and allowed me to see the raw material on which he worked.

We passed through two large rooms, entirely lined with vellum-bound volumes of “Supplications” to the various Popes, into a locked room filled with cardboard files. Files for Mexico, files for Belgium, files for, I imagine, most of the countries of the world, all waiting for the student and the historian to sort out and put in order. Here and there on the table, or on one of the files, lay a letter in the handwriting of some Pope of a former century, and I noticed at least one file labeled “Letters of Sovereigns.”

“Nothing under the sun is new”—not even the recently re-discovered science of psycho-analysis. Dr. James J. Walsh has been writing of late of laymen’s retreats, and he takes occasion to pay a tribute to that vade mecum of so many thousands of non-Catholics as well as Catholics, “The Imitation of Christ.” “There are many,” he says, “who seem to think that the unconscious and the subconscious, because they are new words, represent new ideas in psychology; but if they think so they should read A Kempis and have him tell them how, when we make up our minds to do things, all sorts of undercurrents of thought and motive combine to hamper our activities, to undermine our resolutions and to make our progress upward in the life of the spirit extremely slow and difficult.”



Our Anchor.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

A WATER-LILY floats upon the mere,—
A water-lily white and gold and sweet;
Though shadows pass, it floats and has no
fear,—
Though little billows rise and murmuring
meet.
'Tis anchored by its stem, and so are we
Held by God's love, though times go stormily.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

BROOKLYN Bridge was Hugh's first point of interest; and stepping up to a party of ragamuffins, who were playing marbles on the street, he inquired his way thither.

One of them looked up, and, running his eyes over the well-dressed youth, who repeated the question, replied: "Right across the Park to the L—Station, sonny. The train'll take yer straight there."

Though nettled at the manner of the gamin, who he imagined had seen at a glance that he was from the country, Hugh complied with the instructions, and was soon riding over the wonderful highway which spans the East River, and again delighting in a grand view of the port, and looking out toward the sea, which had for him the special fascination it possesses for those who have lived inland. He walked back, the better to enjoy the scene; and, as he paused frequently to watch the tall masted vessels pass under the superb arch, and to note the many objects of interest, it

was noon when he returned to the city.

"Wouldn't this be a good time to take a look at the Stock Exchange that father talks about?" he said aloud. "The bulls and bears will be coming out to lunch." Directed by an old man who was selling shoe-blackening at a crossing, he strolled down Broadway, leaving behind him the time-worn façade of City Hall, the massive Post Office, the lofty edifices of the *Tribune*, *Times* and *Sun* newspapers; and noting as the next objects of interest which presented themselves the spire of Trinity Church and the colossal quarters of the Equitable Insurance Co., which the old man had told him was one of the largest buildings in New York, a gigantic hive of striving, toiling humanity.

When he turned into Wall Street, he saw two imposing structures on the left, which he thought might be the place. He stopped and interrogated a liveried coachman, who stood near a handsome equipage before the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co.

"The Stock Exchange?" repeated the man. "Oh, no! That's in Broad Street, jest 'round the corner. Those are the Sub-Treasury and the Assay Office opposite."

While he was speaking Hugh noticed a volume of flame-colored smoke issuing from the chimneys of the latter, and enveloping them in an amber cloud.

"Oh, look!" he cried, in alarm. "Surely that building is on fire!"

The man broke into a loud laugh. "That—why, that's gold smoke!" he answered.

"Gold smoke!" said Hugh, astonished.

"Yes," added the *jehu*. "The Assay Office is the 'stablishment where they test the gold and silver bullion for the

mint. The smoke is yaller 'cause it's full of gold."

"But I should think they'd try to catch and save the gold in some way," Hugh ventured to remark.

"You bet they do," laughed the coachman. "But for all their care a certain 'mount escapes. If you could look down them chimneys now, I'll wager you'd see 'em specked with gold inside."

Hugh now made his way to the Stock Exchange, and from its gallery looked down upon the floor, which was a scene of intense activity and commotion. The babel of voices was deafening. Everywhere were little groups of men talking excitedly and gesticulating wildly. Every now and then one would break away from the rest and rush to the tickers of the telegraph, which, Hugh had noticed, kept up a constant click in the passages downstairs; and in a twinkling the news of the rise or fall of certain stocks was dispatched to all parts of the country. Occasionally a broker in the crowd would raise his hand, wave a paper, shout to command attention, and then call out something like this: "I offer a thousand shares of Atchison & Topeka at 110½!"—"I'll take two hundred!" a speculator would cry from the end of the hall.—"Five hundred!" would come from another quarter; and so on till the lot was disposed of.

Hugh turned to an attendant in uniform and asked: "Where are the seats?"

"Seats! Why, there are none; nobody has time to sit down here," replied the man.

"But," persisted Hugh, "I've often read of brokers who paid fifteen and twenty thousand dollars for their seats in the Stock Exchange; and I see nothing worth anything like that,—nothing but a few old chairs and desks here and there."

"Ha-ha, greeny!" roared the man.

"Those seats are all in the mind's eye. The brokers pay the money just for the privilege of coming in here and selling their stocks. There can only be a certain number of members, anyway; those that can't get in have to sell on the street, that is, in the offices outside."

Mortified at his mistake, Hugh made a hasty exit. He began to think of dining. A man whom he met on the bridge had told him there were places where he could get a comfortable dinner for fifteen or twenty cents. With the hope of finding one of these cheap restaurants, he turned into a narrow street. A burly policeman was standing at the corner. Hugh approached him and asked, hesitatingly:

"Is there any place around here where I can get a square meal? I don't want to go to a stylish establishment, but to a place where a fellow can be sure of good; plain fare." The sea-air had sharpened Hugh's appetite, and made him wish for something more substantial than dainties.

The man looked down, and, seeing that the boy wore handsome clothes and was well cared for, he thought, "Probably the son of one of the brokers about here."

"Sure it's Old Tom's that'll suit you to a T," he answered, good-naturedly. "You see that queer little *cabbeen* half way down the block below? You might seek from now till Christmas and never find a better place."

Hugh thanked him and started for it. "Old Tom's"—what a pleasant name! So suggestive of a welcome, and plenty of good cheer and of a jocund host!

"Old Tom must be a big-hearted fellow," Hugh said to himself. "One can tell by the name that he doesn't go in for style; but I bet his house is comfortable and homelike, and I shouldn't wonder if he turned out to be a sort of friend and adviser to all the boys like me that work around here."

When he reached the spot, appearances rather bore out his theory. The building was a dingy one-story structure, with peaked roof, a wooden step trenching upon the sidewalk. The door was painted green, and was in two sections, divided crosswise in the thrifty Dutch fashion, by which in sultry weather the upper part could be set open to admit the air, while the closed lower one was a safeguard against the intrusion of stray dogs or such uninvited visitors.

In this position Hugh found them. He had but to raise the latch, push open the gate—for such indeed it was,—and walk into a small, square entry, upon the right side of which were piled a number of barrels and beer-kegs. Turning to the left, he went up a flight of half a dozen steps, that led directly into a room which he at once realized was the quaintest he had ever seen. The pointed roof was unceiled, and showed its rough rafters like those of a barn. What struck Hugh as still more curious was that the beams, here and there, and the unpainted walls, were adorned with entire branches of trees brought from the country just as they were, for the sake of the hornets'-nests, the birds'-nests, and the cocoons discovered among them. Below these, and somewhat counteracting the rural effect, were disposed at intervals a few prints of race-horses and similar subjects. The floor was of pine boards and sprinkled with sawdust, after the manner of an ancient inn. Around and about were little deal tables, clean but old, notched and destitute of damask. They appeared to be well patronized, however; for almost every one was occupied.

Hugh did not notice the guests particularly, except to remark casually that they appeared to be quiet, respectable men. A waiter motioned him toward a kind of rostrum at the right of the entrance, where a stout, rosy-cheeked man,

of jovial aspect, stood in a funny raised box, like a pulpit, from which exalted position he could oversee the apartment, and make sure that his patrons were properly served. In front of him and on either side were displayed, upon white and blue-and-white delf, the uncooked meats, from which each customer might make his own choice.

He greeted Hugh with a nod, and waved him toward the tables, where tender-looking steaks and succulent chops seemed to cry out: "Order me!" The boy timidly selected one of the latter. The waiter, who had followed close behind, whisked it up on a plate and bore it away to the kitchen. Another attendant conducted him to one of the dining tables, and seated him with a flourish.

IV.

The details of the picture could now be observed at leisure. Leaning back in his chair, Hugh mused in this wise: "Here is just the sort of a place I wanted. It is a queer den, but neat as far as appearances go. Though cheap, the fare is excellent, I'll be bound, or that man opposite, who looks as flush as a millionaire, would never come here for his luncheon. I should think, indeed, that a good many of these people might afford to go to a more tony restaurant. But, as father says, folks get wealthy by keeping down their everyday expenses; so I suppose my neighbors are not above economizing a little, especially when they can do so without any real inconvenience."

The waiter returned, bringing with the chop a dish of crisp potatoes, fried a delicious golden brown, an abundant supply of French bread, and a pat of fresh butter.

"Will you 'ave beer, sir?" he inquired, half ironically, amused at the lad's pompous manner.

The query was a temptation to Hugh. He had never tasted beer, and had resolved that he never would; but now

came the impulse: "Pshaw! I am doing New York; why not carry out the lark in the usual way? A glass just this once won't hurt me." Surely his Guardian Angel aided him now in the wrestle against his weaker self. "No," he decided. "I belong to the Temperance Cadets of St. Mary's, and I will not break my pledge."

The waiter repeated the question. Hugh had not the moral courage to say: "Of course I won't take beer." Without looking up, he mumbled, "Coffee," and helped himself again to potatoes.

"Well, 'e is a more sensible kid than I thought," soliloquized the waiter, as he brought the coffee. He lingered near, ready to respond to one word with half a dozen.

"My friend is evidently from Hengland," laughed Hugh to himself. "Is that man up there Old Tom?" he asked, giving the talkative cockney a chance.

"'E? Well, there'll always be a hold Tom here, I trow, sir. 'E's the son of the first one. Plum-puddin', sir?"

Hugh had now reached the dessert and looked around for a *menu*. There was none. One could hardly expect a bill of fare in a place like this, he reflected. Plum-pudding was a good suggestion, and he ordered some. Having finished his dinner, he pushed back his chair, and, smiling condescendingly, inquired: "What's to pay?"

"Settle *hat* the desk, sir."

Hugh had taken two dimes from his pocket, but he now slipped them back again, to the chagrin of the waiter, who had supposed they were intended as the fee for which his palm itched. The boy walked up to the pulpit and repeated the question.

"What did you have for dinner?" asked the proprietor.

"Chops off that platter," said Hugh, indicating the one from which he had chosen, as he had seen the man before

him do. Then he named everything he had ordered.

"Seventy cents," said Old Tom No. 2, in an off-hand way, without looking up.

"What—er?" stammered Hugh, unable to believe his ears.

"Seventy cents," reiterated the man, glancing at him sternly.

Poor Hugh! He had only a dollar in dimes and nickels to his name, and here he was required to pay nearly all of it for a single dinner! How was he to get on during the coming days? Even if he obtained work to-morrow, as he expected to do, he would have to earn his wages before he could ask for them.

"Hurry up, please!" said the proprietor, with cheery impatience; "the next gentleman is waiting."

"I—er thought, sir," faltered Hugh, "that this was one of the places where a fellow could get a dinner for fifteen or twenty cents."

"Ha-ha!" laughed the jovial host. "Had a notion Old Tom's was a sort of Bowery restaurant, eh? Hear that, Mr. Smith?"—this to the gentleman behind Hugh. "Good joke, eh? Capital!" And again his stout frame shook with mirth. "Well, my son," he said at length, checking his merriment, "I'm mighty sorry, but I don't see any help for it this time. Your pa'll have to double your allowance this week, I expect. But if you tell him you dined at Old Tom's he can't but give you credit for good taste. Ha-Ha!"

Like the policeman, Old Tom evidently surmised that the lad was a son of one of the wealthy merchants or brokers of the vicinity. Hugh was too proud to undeceive him. He felt that there was nothing to be done but to abide by his own mistake; so he paid the money and turned away, to see the waiter nudge a companion when he passed, and to hear their subdued jeer as he made his way into the street.

The Angel of Christian Art.

BY L. M. DALTON.

LONG years ago a sweet-faced little boy went singing through the olive groves of a town in sunny Italy. And as he went his cheerful way in the sunshine, his thoughts wandered to where the shining angels chant the praises of their King, and he thought that the happiest fate on earth must be to put on canvas pictures that would lead men's minds to dwell on holy scenes, and their feet to walk in holy paths; and he wished that he might be such a painter. He never lost this longing, and in after years so well did he picture the glorious hosts of heaven, and so pure and good a life did he lead, that people could find no word but "Angelic" to go with the simple term Brother when they spoke his name.

From the time when he went singing through the fair olive groves of Mugello, until he appears at twenty years old, a Dominican novice, we know little of his life; but it must have been filled with the same sweet fancies; and the calm eyes of his soul could never have lost sight of the radiant visions which afterwards grew beneath the magic of his wondrous brush.

The name to which he was born was not a lofty one—just Guido di Pietro, which means simply Guido, son of Peter. When he entered the Order of St. Dominic he took the name of Giovanni, but it is not as Fra Giovanni that we know him. The world, as we have said, refuses to call him by any name but Fra Angelico, and well he deserved it—he who was the glory of his convent, and the painter of angelic forms which live to this day, their colors but slightly dimmed by time, their sweet faces an inspiration to countless beholders as the long centuries pass.

The Dominicans had, for reasons

chiefly political, been obliged to leave their beloved Florence, and make a home upon a sunny slope half-way up to where the walls of old Fiesole stood in proud whiteness. There the Angelic Brother prayed and worked, cheerfully taking his turn at the daily toil with his brethren; looking out over beautiful Florence, City of Flowers, which all true poets and artists love. The group of noble buildings which tourists see there to-day was at that time incomplete, but the River Arno was then, as now, like a silver winding ribbon, and the olive-trees shook their leaves, and the bright sun of Italy was over all.

One day it came about that the Dominicans were recalled to Florence, and they left their home on the hill side, which they had loved only because of its nearness to their own dear San Marco, and went trooping back, their angelical painter with them. "Going home," they called it; and they chanted loud psalms of thanksgiving as they went along, carrying their convent treasures with them.

The great family of the Medici ruled Florence then, and its head, Cosimo, selected the gentle Fra Giovanni, then chiefly known as a copyist of manuscripts, to decorate the walls of the restored San Marco. And well did he perform the task. Pictures of our Blessed Lady, of the Divine Child, of angels and of saints grew upon the bare white background, like flowers in a garden in the springtime.

Fra Angelico was not a preacher, although belonging to a preaching Order; but the creations of his heavenly genius have perhaps done as much for religion as many spoken sentences; yet he wrought not for glory or reward—just painted on and on, never tiring, never impatient, or abating one jot of his holy enthusiasm.

Each day when he began to paint he fell upon his knees to ask God's help

in his work, and his fervor was such that whenever he portrayed the sufferings of Our Lord, tears of love and pity coursed down his cheeks. The present rulers of Italy have seen fit to turn the Convent of San Marco into a show-house, and long ago drove its inmates away from the peaceful spot; but the pictures of Fra Angelico still gleam from the walls of the tiny cells, each one of which was enriched with his work.

In his day the greatest ones of earth loved to visit the Dominicans of San Marco at their quiet home. The rulers of the city had their own apartments there, and even Pope Eugenius would turn from the affairs of state and spend a season with the white-robed brethren. He grew to love Fra Angelico, and wished to make him Archbishop of Florence, but the honor was modestly and firmly refused.

"I have one in mind, your Holiness, who would make a better Archbishop," said gentle Fra Angelico; and he named Fra Antonino, who became in fact the sought-for prelate—a wise bishop and a great saint.

Pope Eugenius called the gentle painter to Rome to execute some work, and there he died and there he is buried. His body, like that of Dante, another great Florentine, rests away from home, but his presence seems yet to cling to the beautiful painted angels whose faces light the old convent walls in the City of Flowers.

The quaint old historian of Florence, Vasari, says of Fra Angelico (and with his sweet words we will conclude this sketch):

"He was of simple and pious manners. He shunned the worldly in all things, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must now be in Paradise enjoying the peace and content which is reserved for those who spend themselves for Christ's sweet sake."

Silk and Silkworms.

SILK came originally from China many centuries ago. It was discovered by a young girl who was playing under a mulberry tree with a handful of cocoons. The Empress who then ruled the country encouraged the industry, had the wild silkworms tended, planted groves of mulberry trees, and invented the loom on which to spin the silk. This Empress, who was the wife of Huang-Ti, reigned long centuries before Christ.

Silkworms are about one inch in length. They are white, with wide brown marks on the upper wings. They eat the leaves and soft bark of the mulberry trees, and just before they die lay eggs on the leaves, which remain. The eggs are laid in June and are not hatched until the following April. These eggs are blue and about the size of the head of a pin. The worm fastens them to the leaf by means of a sticky substance. When the silkworm has been a month in the form of a caterpillar, it spins its cocoon, and after three weeks it comes forth a butterfly.

Words with Changed Meanings.

In Shakespeare's time, the word "nephew" was used to denote grandchildren. The word "miscreant" then meant an unbeliever. The word "girl" was once applied to young persons of either sex. Until the reign of Charles I., the word "acre" meant any field of whatever size; and "furlong" denoted the length of a furrow.

It is said that the shock of earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 never ceased to vibrate till it reached the shores of Scotland and the vineyards of Madeira. It was felt even in the Isles of Greece.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Ex-Kaiser William's memoirs, of which a translation is now being made—a complete and faithful one, it is to be hoped,—will be brought out by Harper and Brothers in November.

—“A Short Memoir of Terence Mac Swiney,” by P. S. O’Hegarty, with a chapter by Daniel Corkery; and “‘On My Keeping’ and in Theirs,” by Louis J. Walsh, may be had of P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The price of the former is \$1.10; of the latter, 80 cts.

—“The House Called Joyous Garde” is the title of a novel by the late Leslie Moore, just published by Sands & Co. Miss Moore will be remembered by numerous readers on both sides of the Atlantic as the author of “The Peacock Feather” and “The Greenway.”

—From J. Fischer & Bro. comes “St. Joseph’s Jubilee Mass in E Major,” by Julian Ahruvjah. It has all that is required for correct church music; it is easy and short; and, best of all, it does not lose sight of the fact that church music should be a prayer as well as a work of art.

—We regret to learn from our English exchanges of the death of the venerable Fr. Sydney F. Smith, S. J., who as a lecturer, and especially as a writer, rendered yeoman’s service to the cause of the Church, not only in his own country, but in the whole English-speaking world. His exposure of “ex-priest” lecturers, libellers of convents, and such like enemies of the Faith, was distinctly important service. Fr. Smith was the son of an Anglican clergyman and joined the Society of Jesus shortly after his conversion to the Church in 1864. *R. I. P.*

—The centenary of Hoffmann, author of many widely known tales, has revived much interest in his picturesque personality and in the character of the romantic movement generally. Hoffmann believed in the imagination, and used it; he studied the finer shades of melancholy, and mixed them with the lights of his narrative; but above all, he believed that fidelity to the ideal would bring freedom from the miseries of the real. In all of this, of course, he put much of the vagueness of usual romanticism, but did in the end stimulate Catholic feeling as it appeared in the literature of Germany.

—The literary output of M. Georges Goyau, author of the “Histoire Religieuse de la France,” now comprises fifty-four volumes,

besides innumerable prefaces, Introductions and essays. Most of this work is a brilliant synthesis of religious history or Catholic biography, done with remarkable insight and devotion. No contemporary French historian, we are told by able critics, combines so well love for his theme with an incisive style and a rare scholarship. Of M. Goyau’s personal appearance, it is interesting to note that his small, frail body seems altogether unfitted for the performance of his gigantic labors. The French Academy, indeed, could have honored no more valiant man.

—An excellent brochure to place in the hands of teachers generally, and of teaching Sisters in particular, is “The Educational Ideals of Blessed Julie Billiart,” just published by Longmans, Green and Co. (Price, 75 cents). The French original of the little work is one of a series of studies of founders and foundresses of religious Orders devoted to teaching; and this study of the foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur is certainly not the least interesting of the series thus far published. In three admirable chapters we have a biographical sketch, Blessed Julie’s views on teaching, and the work of Blessed Julie, with an excellent bibliography as a pendant. While the booklet will of course appeal most forcibly to the Sisters of Notre Dame, it may be most cordially recommended to all who are engaged in the work of education.

—“Why God Became Man” is a theological treatise in which Father Leslie J. Walker undertakes to give an answer that will be more satisfying and helpful to modern minds than the one given by Saint Anselm in his famous “Cur Deus Homo.” The book is written for the “many who are asking questions about the deeper mysteries of the Christian religion,” and hence will be of profit chiefly to those who are somewhat versed in philosophical or theological science. While not failing to emphasize the necessity of authority and of faith in these matters, the author lays stress upon the “need of thinking out mysteries of Faith.” Reason, he maintains, is still Faith’s *ancilla*, and the present treatise is a splendid example of that fact. His answer to the question proposed is that God became man in order that we might share in the knowledge that God has of Himself as a Trinity of Persons. “Except as the expression of in-

telligence to intelligence, the existence of the universe has neither purpose nor sense." Of how this manifestation takes place, philosophy can tell us something, but an adequate understanding of the matter is possible only through Revelation, and this we have in the Incarnation of the Word of God, the perfect mode of Divine self-expression. This being so, and man being a person, he "was created that he might enter into conscious and personal communion with his Creator. It is this that he seeks and has sought age after age,"—but never successfully by his reason alone. Hence the necessity of the *Credo ut intelligam* and of Revealed Religion.

That such a book as Fr. Walker's has a real mission to perform is clear from the ignorance, so frequently encountered, about these deeper mysteries. A clear grasp of them, one can not help but believe, would have effectively forestalled much that has been said about a reunited Christendom through a more or less nebulous fusion of conflicting doctrines, as well as of most of the religion which consists merely in a "devotional bent." It is hard, likewise, to escape the conviction that if more books of this kind were put into the hands of ecclesiastical students, not only would theological science become more attractive to them, but they would be inspired to pass it on to future congregations in the form of dogmatic sermons, so regrettably rare at the present time. Paulist Press; price, \$1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. J. P. Dempsey, diocese of Detroit; Rev. David L. Murray, diocese of Winona; and Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S. J.

Sister M. Presentation, of the Sisters of the B. V. M.; Sister M. Basil, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Margaret Maria, Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Francis, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Frank Paumier, Mr. Leopold Tassin, Miss Mary Perkinson, Mrs. Edward McDonough, Mr. Hugh Gaughran, Mr. Edward Schneider, Mrs. Mary Kane, Mr. W. J. Schulte, Mr. Thomas Watson, Miss Agnes McDonough, Mr. H. G. Dubbs, Mr. Henry Wasterman, Miss Grace Doherty, Mr. Owen McKone, Mr. E. B. Wolfer, and Mr. George Fleiter.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: J. J. Ryan, \$5; friend, \$1; Mary Lyons, \$5; L., \$10; E. J. P. R., \$12. For the famine victims in Russia: Neil Kane, \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, 1 48

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 5, 1922.

NO. 6

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The Transfiguration.

BY PRUDENTIUS. TRANSLATED BY W. J. COPELAND.

YE, who for the Christ are seeking,
 Lift your longing eyes on high,
 There behold the glory breaking
 Of celestial Majesty.
 Bright the Vision there unveiling,
 With supernal lustre bright;
 High, sublime, and never failing,
 Elder than primæval light.
 He is King all realms to gather,
 King, whom Israel's tribes obey,
 Promised to His people's Father,—
 Abraham, and his seed for aye.
 Seers to Him high witness breathing,
 Seal their words with love and fear;
 Him the Eternal Sire bequeathing,
 Bids His own believe and hear.
 Jesu, hail, Thyself revealing
 Where Thy little ones adore,
 With Thy Sire and Spirit healing,
 One True God for evermore!

THERE can be no true religion without a lofty morality, and no more can there be a lofty morality without true religion. There can be manners without religion; but manners, such as cleanliness and courtesy, are a matter of soap and water. The difference between manners and morals is as wide as the difference between clean clothes and a clean heart.

—Rev. T. B. McLeod.

Devotion to Our Lady in Ancient Ireland.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.



TO the sceptic, who is fond of affirming that devotion to God's holy Mother came into vogue long after the establishment of Christianity, it would be a decided soul-awakener to read some of the hymns and poems composed in her honor and in supplication to her by the early Christian Gaels. Wheresoever popular devotion to the Blessed Virgin was delayed, it certainly was not in Ireland; for men of the world, as well as men of God, turned to her as their Mother and mediator, even as our Blessed Lord meant they should, when He said to the beloved Apostle, "Son, Behold thy Mother!" Poets and scribes vied with each other in the splendor of the titles they gave her. Many of these devotees were pagan warriors, who, in making complete renunciation of their erstwhile deities, thought it only fitting to renounce the world as well. Kings and queens, with their subjects, sought Mary's aid in their new life as servants of Him who became the servant of all.

Most of the poems and hymns referred to have been lost to the world for centuries, but within recent years a few earnest Gaels have gone up and down the land in quest of these hidden gems. The result—possibly a fraction of

the original treasure,—has been edited and published in book form* by Miss Eleanor Hull, a non-Catholic who has done much excellent work in connection with early Irish literature and its rescue from oblivion. The dates set down for these compositions extend over several centuries. Some of them are as recent as the 16th and 17th centuries; but as they have been handed down by word of mouth, it is not easy to conjecture when they were composed, or, indeed, who the authors were. The genuineness of the devotion expressed to Our Lady is, however, unquestionable, and there is much poetic beauty in the songs and hymns themselves. To quote, almost at random:

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

Queen of all queens, oh! wonder of the loveliness of women,
Heart which hath held in check for us the righteous wrath of God;
Strong Staff of Light, and Fosterer of the Bright Child of Heaven,
Pray thou for us as we now pray that we may be forgiven.

She of the King of Stars, beloved, stainless, undefiled,
Christ chose as His Mother-nurse, to Him, the stainless Child;
Within her breast, as in a nest, the Paraclete reposes,
Lily among fairest flowers, Rose amid red roses.

She, the bright unsheathed sword to guard our souls in anguish,
She, the flawless limber-branch, to cover those that languish;
Where her healing mantle flows, may I find my hiding,
'Neath the fringes of her robe constantly abiding.

Hostile camps upon the plain, sharp swords clashed together,
Stricken fleets across the main stressed by Wintry weather;
Weary sickness on my heart, sinful thoughts alluring,
All the fever of my soul clings to her for curing.

She, the Maid, the careful King of the wide-wet world chooses,
In her speech forgiveness lies, no suppliant she refuses;
White Star of our troubled sea, on thy name I'm crying,
That Christ may draw in His spread net the living and the dying.

Could child-like devotion and love go further than in this hymn? In "The Keening of Mary," the heart of the Gael goes out in sorrow to, and sympathy with, the Mother of God, as if it, too, beat in anguish on Calvary's Hill while the Redeemer died for the salvation of mankind.

O Peter, O Apostle, hast thou seen my bright love?

*M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!**

I saw Him even now in the midst of His foemen,

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Come hither, two Marys, till ye keen my bright love.

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

What have we to keen if we keen not His bones?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Who is that stately Man on the tree of the Passion?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Dost thou not know thy Son, O Mother?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the little Son I carried nine months?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the little Son who was born in the stable?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the little Son who was nursed at Mary's breast?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful.

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the hammer that struck home nails through Thee?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the spear that went through Thy white side?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the crown of thorns that crowned Thy beauteous head?

* "The Poem-Book of the Gael."

* My sorrow and my sorrow.

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!
Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful,
M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

O woman, who weepest by this My death,
M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!
There will be hundreds to-day in the Garden
of Paradise!

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Even to-day in the last stronghold
of the Gael, the women keen the above
composition in a low, sobbing recitative
that brings Mary's seven sorrows as
near to the listener as if it were a thing
of yesterday, rather than two thousand
years ago.

Whenever Our Lord is invoked, a
prayer to His Mother follows, whether
it be a prayer at morning, noon or
night, in sickness or health, in praise or
thanksgiving. Let me quote from two
night prayers:

May the will of God be done by us,
May the death of the saints be won by us,
And the light of the kingdom begun in us;
May Jesus, the Child, be beside my bed,
May the Lamb of mercy uplift my head,
May the Virgin her heavenly brightness shed,
And Michael be steward of my soul.

O Jesus Christ, have mercy upon us;
O Glorious Virgin, pray thou also for us;
O Mother of God, O Bright Star of Knowl-
edge,
O Queen of Paradise, watch thou and ward us;
The light of glory obtain from thy Child for
us,
A sight of thy house, by thy great power's
might, for us,
The Light of all lights, and a sight of the
Trinity,
And the grace of long patience in days of
adversity.

The last line is, indeed, very fitting
for the days in which we are now
living and suffering; for surely, if man-
kind ever sorely wanted a mediator be-
side the Great White Throne of God, it
is when adversity has put such a tax on
patience. The last verse of a simple
and beautiful hymn called "The White
Paternoster," may also be appropriately
quoted here:

O men of the world, who are shedding tears,
I put Mary and her Son between you and
your fears,

Brigit with her mantle,
Michael with his shield;
And the two long white hands of God from
behind folding us all,
Between you and each grief
All the years,
From this night till a year from to-night,
And this night itself with God.

Three things are of God, and these
three are what Mary told to her Son,
for she heard them in heaven:

The merciful word,
The singing word,
And the good word.

May the powers of these three holy
things be on all the men and women of
Erīn for evermore!

That Mary was beloved of the Gael
from the earliest dawn of Christianity,
that he went to her for aid in all trials
and tribulations of body and soul, even
as a child goes to a loving mother in
perfect hope and confidence, and that,
to him, any separation of Mother and
Son in his devotions has been unthink-
able, needs no proving, for to-day he is
still the child calling on his heavenly
Mother, even as his ancestors called on
her for help in the days of St. Patrick
and St. Columbkille.

THERE is no happiness in the world
like that of a disposition made happy
by the happiness of others. There is
no joy to be compared to it. There is
no sorrow that is not softened by it;
for it is the balm of unselfishness.
There is no inheritance a mother can
leave her children comparable to that
which flows from the luxury of doing
good to others. The jewels which
wealth can buy, the rewards which am-
bition can secure, the pleasures of art
and scenery, the abounding sense of
health, and the exquisite enjoyment of
mental creations, are nothing to this
heavenly happiness.—*Anon.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.

HERE was something gray and cheerless in the atmosphere. The chill breeze, the dour sky, the bareness of the trees, to which but few leaves were clinging, sombre and brown, made the landscape most unattractive. Larry, at his sister's request, had suggested a walk to Eloise, which might give her the opportunity of seeing various points of interest in Westchester, its handsome villas, its broad boulevard. Marcia was very busy at home. She was glad of an opportunity of accomplishing a number of things without the restraining presence of a guest. With a blue checked apron covering her entire dress, from neck to hem, and sleeves drawn over her white blouse, she was busy assisting Eliza in the preserving of late pears, and trying a new recipe.

Eliza began to discuss, in no very measured terms, the young lady, who had come here, out of some outlandish place, to take the roof from over their heads.

"Now, never did I see," she declared emphatically, "a more conceited, haughty young dame, the very moral of her ould grandfather."

"Eliza," said Marcia, quietly, "you forget that you are speaking of my cousin, Miss Eloise Brentwood."

Marcia rather detested herself, as she expressed it, for the priggish tone of this reproof, and yet she had felt called upon to protest. Eliza, who was not very easily silenced, vigorously defended herself.

"I don't forget at all, and I that was in this house before you were born, and was one of the first to hold you in my arms, bein' then a young nursemaid. So I can take a liberty, once in a while, and

say my say. Nobody would ever think the same Miss Eloise was a drop's blood to you; no, nor could never hold a candle to you, nor to Mr. Larry, neither."

"Hush, hush, Eliza!" cried Marcia, half laughing, half indignant, "she is a guest here, if, indeed, we aren't *her* guests, and Mr. Larry, for one, wouldn't like to hear her criticized."

"God love you both for a pair of innocents," exclaimed Eliza, falling back into a series of grunts, while little Minna who had stepped to the door with some food for the chickens, made a seasonable diversion.

"Oh, Miss Marcia!" she cried, "Miss Marcia, there's some one out here—a great, big gentleman."

With one of her quaint little curtseys, at the kitchen door, evidently addressed to some one outside, she retreated, and Marcia stepped out onto the lawn, to find herself confronted with a tall young man: there was a smile upon his lips, scarcely hidden by the close-cut mustache. At his temples, there was a mere indication of gray hair.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," he said. "I seem to have been veering towards the wrong door."

"Yes, sir, that is the right one up those steps."

He did not tell her that he had already tried that entrance, and that his summons at the bell had not been answered.

"But it doesn't matter in the least," went on Marcia. "Can I be of any service to you? Our maid is taking her day off."

She fancied he might have lost his way, and for a moment, the blue eyes looked inquiringly into the dark ones.

"You see, I was told," the stranger explained, "that this is the House at the Cross Roads, and I came here to call on Miss Brentwood."

A light of recognition came into the blue eyes.

"Then of course you must be Mr. Gregory Glassford."

She flushed slightly, and as if in explanation added:

"You see we have been talking about you a good deal these days, and I know some one who will be very glad to see you."

"Eloise! Yes, the little madcap; no doubt, she will be glad, if she happens to be in the mood."

"Madcap?" repeated Marcia, "why, that is the very last way I should describe the extremely proper and correct young lady, who has been our guest for the past weeks."

"Then the convent must have worked wonders, as I hoped it would."

"Meanwhile, this is a very unconventional proceeding," laughed Marcia.

The visitor liked that laugh; it was so true and wholesome.

"Permitting you to stand outside the kitchen door, while I receive you in my kitchen finery. I will send some one to open the door, and I shall be back in a moment to introduce you to my mother."

Instead of obeying her intimation he detained her to say:

"You know we are connections?"

"Yes, mother was trying to make me understand one more ramification of the Brentwoods."

"For, I presume," the man said, tentatively, "you belong to the Walter Brentwood family."

"Yes, I am Marcia."

"I wonder," Gregory continued, "how it is that we have never met."

"We shall discuss that important problem," answered Marcia, "when I have shed my kitchen apron, and am seated decorously in the living room. Though I warn you in advance that I am quite in the dark about all such matters."

"How delightfully informal she is," thought Gregory, as, mounting the steps, he waited admission. Marcia ap-

peared almost immediately, without her apron and sleeves, and followed the visitor into the living room, where Mrs. Brentwood was taking her customary afternoon nap, in her easy chair.

At the sound of Marcia's voice in conversation, she hastily, but with indifferent success, strove to rouse herself, and inquired, in a quavering voice and with the uncertainty of one still partially detained in the land of dreams:

"Is that your grandfather, dear Marcia?"

"No, no, mother!" Marcia answered, going over to straighten the cap and thoroughly awaken the sleeper. "This is some one who has come to call on Eloise. Let me introduce—"

"Gregory Glassford," interposed the visitor, seeing that Marcia hesitated; "surely you have not entirely forgotten me, Mrs. Brentwood?"

"Oh, no," responded the elder woman, with a marked constraint and embarrassment in her tone, "and—I am glad to see you, again. It is so very long since we met."

There was a pause, and the silence that followed seemed charged with a certain significance. Mrs. Brentwood, mindful of her conversational duty, added:

"Eloise expected that you would come before long."

"I should have written to announce my visit," Mr. Glassford apologized, "but my movements have been very uncertain. This afternoon has been almost my first leisure moment since my return from Washington."

Marcia, ringing, gave a brief order to Sarah, who had just come in and was demurely, but eagerly, striving to catch a glimpse of the gentleman, whom she had already set down as "Miss Eloise's beau."

"He's as handsome as a picture," she reported later in the kitchen.

"I seen him when he came nigh to the kitchen door," commented Eliza. "He's a big man and too black for my taste."

"He's very, *very* big," agreed Minna, who would have barely come up to the gentleman's elbow.

"Miss Eloise is a pretty good height herself," observed Sarah.

"She wants two or three inches of being as tall as Miss Marcia," contended the cook.

Sarah, busy with the tea, buttered toast and sandwiches, which she presently carried to the living room, did not pursue the subject.

Marcia at once began to pour out some tea. Meanwhile, the visitor was noting in detail all the features of that room, many of which had jarred upon Eloise, and which she had mentally described as "poky." They charmed and rested the mind of the present observer, whose path had mostly led through luxurious modern mansions, clubs and hotels. He liked that atmosphere suggestive of the past: the corner cupboard, whence Marcia had taken the china; the carved furniture, each piece a relic; the curtains of ancient pattern, the softly shaded lights, the fire upon the hearth, the elder woman in her easy chair, and the young girl pouring tea, whom it was refreshing to find, not ultra modern, but retaining dignity and reserve, for all her easy cordiality. He did not perceive, what had speedily caught the eye of Eloise, the shabbiness of the carpet, nor the fact, so apparent to the young lady from Paris, that Marcia's dark blue house dress had been made at home.

Gregory Glassford had pre-eminently the art of putting those with whom he conversed at ease. So he presently overcame that constraint, which had been at first so marked in the demeanor of Mrs. Brentwood; and Marcia herself found him far less difficult to entertain than Eloise.

"I thought Eloise would have been back before now," observed Marcia, "but she can not be away very much longer."

Mr. Glassford did not seem to find the period of waiting over long. He fell into an easy, flowing conversation with Mrs. Brentwood, on the past, into which Marcia interjected an occasional stray sentence. She was not a very great talker at any time, and she liked to listen to these fragments from a past, concerning which she had a lively curiosity, that had never been fully satisfied, even by her stepmother, who was so frankly communicative on most topics.

"I was almost a boy when I came here last," observed Gregory.

"Yes, and you were little more than a boy when I saw you first," responded Mrs. Brentwood. "It was with Ambrose Gilfillan, and, you know, my husband never liked him."

"No," agreed Gregory, fixing his dark eyes upon the fire.

"So it was very painful, that day," the old woman continued, "when my husband turned his back upon him."

"I remember," said Gregory; and Marcia fancied, unless it was a shadow from the dancing firelight, that his face looked sterner and harder.

"Surely," said Mrs. Brentwood, in a tone that was almost beseeching, "you knew that *he* was right."

"I did not know," said Gregory, hurriedly, yet speaking with the reluctance of an honest man, who will not stoop to prevarication.

Mrs. Brentwood leaned back in her chair, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"I wonder," said Marcia, speaking suddenly from the shadows that surrounded the tea table, where she still sat, "what it was that you did not know, of which you could not be certain?"

There was a flash of steel in the blue

eyes, but Gregory answered composedly:

"Be assured, I shall not impart to you my very insufficient information—not unwillingly, but necessarily."

Upon this conversation, which had become uncomfortable, entered Eloise, who took note and was highly displeased at what she saw. In the first place, she had wanted to introduce Gregory herself, with something of a flourish of trumpets. In the second place, she was not at all charmed to find that he had already placed himself on a footing of something like intimacy with these people, and especially with the blue-eyed, presiding genius of the house. Marcia had been displeasing to her from the first, with her complete self-possession, her eyes, in which smiles and tears were very near together, and her way of taking everything for granted.

"I see," she said, standing still, near Mrs. Brentwood's chair, "that I am disturbing a convivial party."

Gregory sprang up with a light of real pleasure in his eyes.

"Eloise, my dear, little Eloise," he said.

He held out both his hands, but Eloise ignoring them, swept him a formal curtsy, such as she had been taught to make on grand occasions at the convent.

"Unchanged! unchanged!" cried Gregory, but he bent forward, and, as Marcia thought, rather unceremoniously interrupted the girl's performance, and raised her up to where he could, as he said, have a good look at her. He took her hand and held it in both his own, looking down at her with a glance, in which there was something of sadness.

"My little Eloise!" he repeated.

"Little no longer! if Monsieur will be good enough to take notice that Eloise is almost up to his shoulder."

"Yes, yes," he said absently, "the years pass, and I remember you as so tiny a child, that I can scarcely realize that you are quite grown up."

"I was *that* before I went away, as you know very well," returned Eloise, petulantly; "I only went to be polished off at the convent."

"Well, let us see what they have done to you in France."

He held her at arm's length, and looked into her face, with the same half sad, half quizzical expression.

Something in this address, and in Gregory's general bearing, was displeasing to the newly made heiress, whose sense of her own importance was boundless. No one seemed to take her seriously. Concealing her annoyance, however, she introduced her cousin Larry to Mr. Glassford, as "still another of the Brentwoods."

When the two had shaken hands and exchanged a few commonplaces, Eloise said:

"Come over here, Gregory. I know Aunt Jane and Marcia will excuse you. I have a thousand things to say."

Gregory rather reluctantly followed her to an alcove near a window, with broad, cushioned seats. The young man raised his eyebrows, with a deprecating expression, as he passed Marcia, who said lightly:

"There must be a great deal to talk about."

She busied herself, meanwhile, in giving tea to Larry, and finally led him away, in turn, to the dining-room, where she said she wanted his advice.

So Eloise and her guardian were left practically alone in the larger room; for the back of Mrs. Brentwood's chair was towards them, and that lady, who had been no little disturbed by the sight after so many years of Gregory Glassford and the memories he had recalled, relapsed into slumber.

The New Medievalism.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS, PH. D.

NO historical epoch has been more misrepresented and maligned than the Middle Ages. To call them the Dark Ages, to dismiss them in a few lines as unworthy the consideration of serious historians, and useless for the understanding of the modern world, has been the general attitude of the last four hundred years. Modern science and art and life and progress were all inspired by Greece and Rome, whose buried treasures of thought and beauty were made available to the Western World by the Renaissance. Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, in his Lowell Lectures in Boston, with the warped outlook peculiar to his type of mind, insists that "the gloomy splendor of Dante—the mightiest product of the Middle Ages,—had put out the cheerfulness and light of Greek life, even as Virgil understood them, with a cruel and relentless creed." And he contrasts the Gothic Cathedral, "the ideal gloom in which to worship a relentless God and a tortured Christ," with the Renaissance palace, "a place of light and gladness."

Here and there, some scholar, who thought himself more discriminating, spoke and wrote of the Middle Ages in patronizing tones. While denying to them the right to a man's full stature, he was willing to admit the charm of their childlike innocence, their naïve belief in saints and miracles, and their skill in constructing beautifully such toys as pleased them. Gargoyles and the Golden Legend appealed to these dilettante intellectuals, and comprised the sum total of their knowledge about the Middle Ages.

The end of the nineteenth century saw a reaction. A few better-informed admirers grew enthusiastic over the

past, and fairly revelled in its lost beauty. Antiquarian idealists, they would fain have led men back to a Utopia that never was and never could be. The Middle Ages were distinctly not the millennium of peace, progress and contentment which they etched in such glowing lines. The sober historian who aims to present them in their true light, must record their failings, their unprovoked wars, their cruelties, their petty baronial and intercommunal feuds, their heresies even, and their bitter quarrels between the temporal and the spiritual power. In many ways we have progressed beyond them. The contributions of modern science to the welfare of mankind are not to be brushed aside lightly. They are real and undeniable. Fully to acknowledge their value is not to disparage the Middle Ages.

But it is equally true that the haughty bearing of the self-sufficient Modernist, who despised the Middle Ages as an epoch of obscurantism, when the human mind was in bondage, and a time which has nothing whatever in common with our present civilization, is rapidly giving place to a truer and juster view of the continuity of history and human development. It has long been contended by Catholic writers that our modern civilization is rooted deep in the Middle Ages. As unbiased non-Catholic historians began to read and study the records, they were surprised to find that they contained much more than the history of the Latin Church and of "Papal aggressions." They found a society instinct with vitality, acutely alive to all the problems that ever agitated the human mind, asking new questions and setting forth the answers with amazing vigor and fearless independence. Milton had dismissed these intellectual conflicts with the sneer that they were battles "of kites and crows." He failed to realize, or he ignored delib-

erately, how much he himself owed to his literary ancestors.

It is coming to be recognized more and more that the Middle Ages were not a set-back in the history of the race. Nor were they a mere episode, a breach in the continuity of classical civilization. They passed away, and it was inevitable that they should pass away, never to return. When our modern civilization gradually emerged, with the printing press as its most potent instrument of propaganda, it found itself in possession of ideas and institutions for which it claimed the sole credit, as original contributions to the progress of the world. This blatant arrogance will soon cease to be a sign of enlightenment.

Professor Allison of Yale, writing recently in the *North American Review* on "Medievalist and Modernist," made an eloquent and convincing plea for a saner appreciation of the Middle Ages. Professor Hearnshaw of the London University, in a new volume on "Medieval Contributions to Modern Civilization," has gone one step further. He attempts to make available some of the facts on which the Modernist may base an unbiased judgment of the Middle Ages, and the contributions they made to Religion, Philosophy, Science, Art, Politics, Literature, Economics, Education, Woman's Work,—to every department of life in which the Modernist prides himself on being an originator. It was a task well worth doing, and he has availed himself of the assistance of various specialists whose knowledge is based on personal investigation. That none of these writers are members of the Church, will add all the more weight to their testimony in many quarters.

The chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Claude Jenkins, M. A., F. S. A., writes on "The Religious Contribution of the Middle Ages." The Modernist has completely divorced

religion from politics. The Medievalist recognized no divorce of any kind. The dominating idea of the Middle Ages was the necessary, and obvious, relationship between God and man, between the Creator and the creature. It governed all of man's activities. He envisaged everything in its relation to eternity. All this is anathema to the Modernist, who prides himself on having segregated religion and politics in water-tight compartments, to the greater benefit, he likes to think, of both. Yet you can not divorce the religion and the politics of the true citizen without detriment to the State, because you can not build a common life on the basis of self-interest, however much enlightened. We persist blindly in the futile attempt, and imagine we have found the panacea for all political evils in the teaching of civics to the new generation. The result is not quite to our liking. Yet we fail to see that we are teaching the maxims of Christian conduct without the Christian motive.

The materialist is prone to say that religious men are unpractical. Hence for a thousand years, humanity moved in a circle. And he likes to point out that the Medieval aspirations after a life of evangelical poverty, which are found so beautiful to read, even by many who themselves admit that they could never attempt to rise to their level, represent a reaction against the impoverishment of Christian ideas, and the degradation of Christian practice, observable in the life of the Medieval Church. But as the Rev. Jenkins points out, these aspirations are themselves part of that life, and they exemplify principles of perfect democracy based on religion, as in the early Franciscan movement, for which our modern age is still seeking.

All religious literature is indebted beyond compare to the Middle Ages. Practically all the familiar and best-

loved hymns, used to-day in Protestant services, have been taken over whole, or only slightly altered, from the Medieval Church. The writer devotes three pages to listing their titles, and admits that the "Imitation of Christ" has never been rivalled even among non-Catholics. Carlyle wrote truly of Dante: "Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the religion of the Middle Ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life."

If the religion of the Middle Ages was the "bête noire" of the Modernist, Medieval philosophy was scarcely less so; for he supposed that it was called into being and pursued merely to buttress the current theology. The truth of the matter is that philosophy was considered a part of secular riches, and, as Alcuin taught, "the only part which has never left its possessor miserable." No devotee of modern philosophy could have expressed in more fitting terms his high regard for this mistress of all knowledge. Nor was Medieval philosophy all cast in the same rigid mould. Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus are at least as wide apart as Descartes and Kant. The great masters of the Middle Ages dared to think with an independence and originality that would be uncommonly refreshing in our own day, when the majority of modern thinkers are merely rehashing Kant and Spencer, while pretending to stand for untrammelled thought.

Gibbon gave forcible expression to the modern view of Medieval philosophers when he wrote: "In many a volume of laborious controversy they exposed the weakness of the understanding and the corruptness of the heart, insulted human nature in the sages of antiquity, and proscribed the spirit of philosophical inquiry so repugnant to the doctrine, or at least the temper, of an humble believer." The irony of the passage has lost its bite, but the spirit it

represents has survived. A student presenting himself for a degree in philosophy in any modern non-Catholic University, is required to know the history of ancient philosophy, and the history of modern philosophy from Descartes to Kant, and must have special knowledge of the books of these periods. But Medieval philosophy is no part of the course. Were any one to offer a thesis in it, he would probably be referred to the departments of history or theology.

As a matter of fact, all history, the history of thought included, is continuous. Viewed from within, there are no transitions, no breaks in its flow; although viewed from without, the mind marks off very sharply beginnings and ends of periods. Hence Medieval philosophy was the natural efflorescence of Greek thought, although it was also more than that. The dominating concept of the Greek mind was the supremacy of reason as the interpreter of life and nature. The Medieval mind is dominated by the concept of divine meaning and purpose in nature and life: the Incarnation is a fact, whose consequences can not be avoided or ignored. The dominant concept of the modern mind is the infallibility of the experimental method as a means of investigation—which does not mean that the Medieval philosopher was contemptuous of experimentation. Quite the contrary. But experiments with him led to explanatory theories of the ultimate why and wherefore. With the modern philosopher they lead only to practical applications. This is amply apparent, to take but one instance, in psychology as expounded by the most sane and learned Medieval and modern philosophers.

Only in this twentieth century are well-informed men beginning to admit that science as the study of facts, and experimentation to verify them was by no means unknown in the Middle Ages.

The best systematizers among the Schoolmen were also given to direct observation of nature, and have left us voluminous encyclopedias embodying the result of their painstaking work. Roger Bacon stands out as a prominent example. His contributions to optics, astronomy, geography, mechanical science, chemistry, mathematics, are undeniable. To decry these men for not having invented modern instruments of precision is tantamount to blaming our scientists of to-day for not having invented the aeroplane or the wireless twenty years ago. The universe remains a constant source of discoverable, but as yet undiscovered powers and laws. Progress consists in bringing them to light gradually.

In the domain of art the merits of the Middle Ages have been acknowledged more willingly, although not without strong and sometimes violent opposition. For a long time only the paganism of antiquity and the neo-paganism of the Renaissance stood for real art. Gothic and barbarian were synonymous: true art was killed when the rigid morality of Christianity ceased to regard men as beautiful children untroubled by any moral scruples. Yet, no more than in philosophy or in science was there a real gap in the artistic development of men under Christianity. Sculpture, revived under definitely Christian inspiration after Constantine, producing beautiful relics in marble and ivory during the fifth and sixth centuries, sculptures about which connoisseurs would have raved—such has been modern snobbishness,—had they been found buried under the ruins of some ancient Greek city.

In art as well as in other fields, the Middle Ages exhibited an amazing variety of taste and perfection. Gothic architecture is supposed to be their characteristic product. Yet it occupied only some three or four centuries out

of a period of a thousand years, and that only in a small part of Western Europe. In the East it was unknown. In Rome it was a foreign fashion which never seriously interrupted Romanesque work. Europe between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries had at least four great kinds of architecture: Basilican, Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic, and within these main styles an extraordinary number of varieties. These styles include all the greatest structures in the world. Their builders were real artists: they were creators. Fearless of tradition, they dared, experimented, were themselves always, and never the shadow of something that had once lived and was dead. Gothic revivalists have imitated Gothic in everything but this: that Gothic is not an imitation. They are Medieval in everything except in being Medieval. To be truly Medieval is to be entirely modern.

It is well that the contribution of the Middle Ages to the cause of popular education should be pointed out by other than Catholic pens. The Middle Ages taught the rudiments of knowledge in the vernacular, writes J. W. Adamson, professor at King's College, London. "Public instruction in reading, writing and summing originated within that period under economic pressure. It is a mere prejudice, the child of ignorance, which ascribes the origin of this kind of instruction to the influence of Luther, Knox, Calvin and others. Elementary instruction of this kind existed long before the Reformation." In all schools the religious element predominated, "because it was held that education must be a religious education, or, conversely, that religion is education. We can easily be unfair to our ancestors on this point." English poetry, economics, politics, are all equally indebted to the Middle Ages as the writers on these topics abundantly show, and that to a much greater extent than most men

conversant with these subjects, themselves realize.

However little many Moderns may be aware of it, "we issue from the Middle Ages." Emerson said, that "they are the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see." It is vain to regret their passing, and idle to dream of a return to them. For better or for worse, the human race moves onward. But it is a decided gain for truth, and a sane conception of progress, that they should be put in their true light by those who have ignored them so long. Few of them are ready as yet to admit that the glorious Reformation was a ruthless destruction of all that was best in the past. However, a new era is dawning, and the travesty of the Middle Ages is at an end.

Nostalgia.

BY EDWIN B. MCELFPATRICK.

IT slumbers 'neath the mellow moon,
 A little house to-night
 Among the stalwart locust trees
 Bedecked with blossoms white,
 Which exhale a subtle perfume
 That fills the ambient air;
 And a longing penetrates me—
 My heart yearns to be there.

How often from a tower
 O'er the city's roofs of gray,
 Do I view the placid waters
 Of the shining, sunlit bay,
 And the sail boats drifting idly
 Out beyond the harbor bar,
 While my wistful thoughts are winging
 O'er the hills away and far,

Where a field's aflame with clover,
 And the lilac at the door
 Lifts its plume of scented purple;
 And from the sycamore,
 The mocking-bird flutes nightly
 Above the chamber, where
 Enchanting visions lured me
 To the lighted city's glare.

"A Business Proposition."

BY K. B. S.

FATHER JOHN RYAN, parish priest of Barchester, looked down on his congregation from the pulpit as he closed the notice book after reading the weekly announcements. He was pausing for half a minute to make sure that he remembered the general plan of his sermon. He knew his congregation well. They were not very numerous, for the Catholics were but a small flock in this old cathedral town of a southern English county. He knew where each one sat at the last Mass on Sunday mornings, and thus it was easy for him to notice that just in front of the pulpit a stranger was sitting—a stoutly-built, prosperous-looking man, with a thick gold chain across the wide front of his waistcoat. Very few of Father Ryan's flock wore chains or had a prosperous appearance. "I wonder who he is," thought the priest. "Perhaps a visitor, come to see the old cathedral." Then he turned his mind to his text and his explanation of the day's Gospel, and forgot all about the man with the thick gold chain.

He thought of him again when, an hour later, he turned the morning's collection out of the offertory plate into the bag in which it usually remained until he counted it on Monday morning, and sent the heap of coppers to be changed into more portable currency by a friendly shopkeeper. As the brown coins, that made up the bulk of the collection, poured into the bag, there was here and there, among the pence and halfpence, a stray sixpence; but these bits of silver were few and far between. On this Sunday, however, there was a sudden flash of gold, as a sovereign dropped into the bag (for it was in the old days long before the Great War and before golden sovereigns had been re-

placed by paper notes of depreciated worth). Never before had such a coin appeared in the Sunday collection at Barchester. "That must be from our visitor," thought the priest.

Yet another hour and Father Ryan had finished his combined breakfast and dinner, and was taking a brief rest in his little study. He had smoked a pipe, read his letters, and was settling down to enjoy the Dublin weekly paper posted to him by a friend in the "old country," when there was a tap at the door, and his housekeeper announced that a gentleman wanted to see him; "a Mr. Dennehy, sir. He says he has come all the way from America."

"I'll see him here," said the priest, and in half a minute Mr. Dennehy made his appearance; and, as Father Ryan expected, proved to be the stranger whom he had seen near the pulpit at the morning Mass.

"I hope I'm not disturbing your Reverence," he said; "I know Sunday is a pretty full day for the clergy, and all the busier if they have to run a place single-handed. I just want fifteen minutes, if you can spare them right away. If you can't, I can come back any time to-day you fix up."

"Sit down, Mr. Dennehy, and take as much time as you please," was the priest's reply. "I am free till the catechism at four o'clock," and he pointed to an armchair.

Dennehy settled himself comfortably in it, the priest sat facing him on the other chair near his writing table.

"You may have heard my name," said the visitor, "or you may have seen it in some of our American papers, if any of them ever get as far as this quiet old place of yours." He took out a wallet and opened it. "That's one of my business cards. I daresay it will be a reminder."

The card was an elaborate work of steel engraving with a shiny surface

from which stood out a miniature presentment of a huge factory, row and row of long roofs, with three tall chimneys towering over them. In ornamental lettering above were the words:

"THE DENNEHY SHOE CO.

"PRESIDENT, DANIEL J. DENNEHY."

And in smaller letters below:

"The Dennehy Shoe is the highest production of allied science and industry."

Now Father Ryan had never heard of the Dennehy Shoe—but then there were many things in the world of which the fame had not reached quiet, old-world Barchester. He vaguely wondered if Mr. Dennehy was going to enlarge on this wonderful production of American enterprise, and solicit an order—but his visitor did not look like a man to whom an order from the parish priest would be worth the trouble of a visit. He did not like to say he had never heard of Dennehy and the famous Shoe; so he said, as he looked at the card, that the factory seemed to be a very big affair.

"You're just right there, Father," said Dennehy. "It's about the biggest shoe concern in our State. I just produced that card to show you that I'd done pretty well over on the other side. I have not the honor of an introduction to you, Father, but there's something else I should like to show you. I'm going over to Rome before I leave Europe. I came across last week from New York. I thought it might be useful over in Rome to have an endorsement from some one they would know, so cast your eyes over this letter our bishop gave me. I reckon you know him by name, anyhow."

Father Ryan glanced at the letter. It said that the bearer, Mr. Daniel J. Dennehy, was foremost in every good work in the diocese, a large employer of labor, who dealt liberally with his

employees, and an active and valued member of various Catholic and charitable organizations."

"I don't show you that, Father," he said, "to blow my own trumpet. The bishop is a kind man, and has piled it on some, but it will show you I'm all straight."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Dennehy," said Father Ryan. "I saw you at the last Mass to-day."

"Yes, I was there. It's not the old church I remember when I was here: it's a pretty considerable improvement; but at first I was sorry not to see the little old church."

"It must have been a good many years ago if you remember the old church."

"Yes, that is so. When was the new one built?"

"More than twenty years ago," said Father Ryan. "It was before I came here."

"Well, now, it's more than thirty years since I saw Barchester last. It's less changed than one would expect, but the church is one of the new features. It's queer, now, that the places I remember best are just the ones that have changed. On my way down to Mass from the Railway Hotel, I turned into Fore Street to see the place where I started work long ago. It was a little shop with a timbered gable hanging out over the street. They said it was three hundred years old. It's pulled down now and there is a big, stone-fronted shop with fine plate-glass windows, and they are running a different business there. When I got my first job there as a boy, it was a little boot and shoe shop."

Father Ryan had been in Barchester long enough to remember when, soon after his coming, the old gabled houses in Fore Street were demolished to make way for modern buildings. There had been unavailing protests against these

picturesque relics of old Barchester being destroyed. He thought of the little boot shop, and glanced at the card on his desk with its picture of the huge factory.

Dennehy saw the glance, and read the thought.

"Yes, Father," he said, "I've got on pretty well since then. I've made my pile, and it's a big one. I'm not bragging about it. I've had wonderful luck. God has been good to me. But it's the old hard times I think oftenest about, and that's what brought me back here to Barchester. I never talk about those times, but I want to talk about them now, if I am not tiring you, Father."

"Tiring me!" said Father Ryan, "why, you are interesting me, Mr. Dennehy. I am delighted to listen to a fellow-countryman and a Barchester man, too, who has scored as you have done. I'm waiting to hear how you made good, and built up your wonderful business."

"Sure, that's the poorest part of my story," replied the other. "Business talk is dull talk, except among business men; it's about as lively as the multiplication table. I want to say a word or two about the old times. But I'm not talking for talk's sake. It's going to lead up to something practical, almost a business proposition."

Without the remotest idea of what kind of a proposition was coming, Father Ryan told his visitor to tell his story in his own way.

"That's right, Father," said Dennehy, with a smile. "You called me a Barchester man just now, but I reckon I'm a Galway man. I was born in the county, on the shores of Lough Corrib. I was over there last week. I landed at Queenstown, and went off to Connaught that very day. I tried to find the old place, but it's wiped off the map and off the face of the country long ago. I couldn't get track of it, anyhow. Some-

times I think I had the name wrong. 'Twas Auhavarra, or something like that. I was a mere child when we were driven out."

"One of the clearances," suggested the priest.

"Yes, that was it. I just remember the little house, one room only and the shed for the cōw, and the chickens running about, and the turf stack I used to climb over; and then like a nightmare, a terrible day of fright, a crowd about the place and the police and the crowbar gang; and the thatch on fire, and how we spent the next night in the corner of a poor neighbor's house, and next day had a lift in a cart and came to the railway to go away for good and all. It was the old story that went on, year after year, in those bad times here, there and everywhere in the old country."

"And that was how you came to Barchester?"

"Yes, Father. My poor father used to come over near here harvesting. So, as he told me the tale, after that, the priest and the neighbors found a few pounds, and we crossed over by Liverpool, and he came here to find work among people he knew. He got work sure enough on a farm close by here, and he used to cart the stuff to market in Barchester. My first memory of the place is seeing it from the cart, when my father took me for a ride into the city in the early morning. Then he gave up the job and got work as a carter here in the town, and we took lodgings, because my mother wanted me to go to the Catholic school. That was long before your time, Father, and a poor little school it was; but the old teacher taught well, though he was a little free with his cane, and, anyhow, we learned God's truth."

"I have heard of the school from the old people here," said Father Ryan. "It was a small, lean-to shed against the

church wall. There were about a dozen boys and the course was reading, writing, figuring and catechism."

"Yes, that was it," said Dennehy. "Father Corcoran used to come in sometimes for the catechism, God rest his soul! And Mr. Moriarty—that was the schoolmaster—used sometimes tell us about Ireland, and Cromwell, and William of Orange and the old bad times, and about O'Connell, and Emmet, and Fitzgerald, and the Old Brigade. It was rather a mixed up story, bits here and bits there; but it was better than learning lists of the kings and queens of England! I had seen a bit of live history myself when our roof was burned off over our heads there by Lough Corrib. I liked those lessons, and they were the next best thing I learned after the catechism. When I began to make money in the States, I planked down dollar bills for every move in Ireland, and before that I tried to join in a fight for her. That was soon after I went across there, when the boys were trying a raid into Canada. I joined up, but we did not get very far. Some one gave the show away, and Uncle Sam's regulars rounded us up as we came to the Niagara River, and the Red Coats were waiting on the other side, and that was the end of my soldiering."

"Well, you had a try for it anyway," said Father Ryan with an approving smile. "But when did you go to America?"

"I'm coming to that, Father. I'm trying to make a long story short. I left school at twelve years old. I hadn't much of an education, but with Father Corcoran and Mr. Moriarty at church and school, and my good mother at home, I learned to love Faith and Fatherland, and that's the best education a man can get. I had the blessing of a good father and mother. My father was a steady, sober, hard-working man,

ready to help a poorer man when he could, a big strong man, but kind and gentle as a child; and my mother—she was a living saint, Father, always at work, though she was never really strong, always patient, keeping our home—two rooms in a back street—bright as a new pin, doing sewing when she could to help out my father's pay, teaching me all about our holy Faith and about the dear old land. I'm telling you all this, Father, because I want you to understand what I am going to ask you to help me to do,—what I came here for."

"I am only too pleased to hear such a story," said the priest, "and only too happy to do anything I can for you, Mr. Dennehy."

"It's very good of you, Father. Well, as I was saying, I went to work when I was just twelve years old. There was a Mr. Hunter, who kept the boot shop in the gabled house in Fore Street. My father did some carting for him, and he fixed it up for me to make a start in his employ. I was to be the shop boy, and he promised to teach me the trade. It was a good chance, and there were to be wages from the start, not much, half a crown a week to begin with, but half a crown more meant something to us then. Do you know, Father, the Saturday night when I came home with my first wages was one of the happiest moments in my life. I've made thousands of dollars on a deal many a time since then, but it was nothing to the delight of taking home that first bright half-crown piece. I gave it to my mother, and she caught me in her arms and kissed me, and said: 'I'll keep that first money you ever earned for me, Patrick,' and I answered: 'No, mother, spend it on something you wish for, and I'll earn more bright half crowns; and please God, when I'm a man, I'll make a fortune for you.' And she caught me up again and kissed me, and I saw tears in

her eyes, but I knew she was happy; and like a child as I was, I believed what I said, that she would live on till I could make a fortune for her. Boy and man I was always a dreamer of day dreams, though—God's will be done—very few of them came true."

"But the fortune came true right enough," suggested Father Ryan.

"True for you, Father, but not as I dreamed it. There was no fortune for my poor mother. She went to her reward long before that."

"And she has had the treasure that is laid up in heaven for such good souls," said Father Ryan.

"True for you again, Father. But how often in my days of success I have thought of my years of patient work and hard, hard times. I had been three years with Mr. Hunter when bad fortune came again. Mr. Hunter was a good man and a good master, though he was an Englishman, and a Protestant. He was a Dissenter of some sort, but not of the black Protestant kind we have in Ireland. He taught me my trade, and taught me well. I worked hard for him. He raised my pay bit by bit till it was twelve shillings a week—three dollars,—pay ran low enough those times. It was a help, and he was giving me the trade that made me. My father was getting good wages, and we felt we were prospering, until one afternoon—I shall never forget it,—that afternoon when my mother came into the shop, white as a sheet, and all a-tremble and spoke to Mr. Hunter, and burst out crying as she spoke, and he came to me and said very quietly, taking my hand, 'Don't do any more work to-day, my boy, and you need not come to-morrow. Go with your mother. I am sorry for the bad news. Your father has had an accident.' I thought that it was news of his death that he was breaking to me, but he saw the question in my eyes, and went on, 'No, he is not dead, but he has been

badly hurt. Go with your mother to the hospital.' And sure enough it was badly hurt he was. We found him dying. Father Corcoran was with him. A horse had bolted in High Street, and father had dashed at its head to stop it and was knocked down, and the wheel went over him. He died that evening. God rest his soul!"

(To be continued.)

Trinity College Library.

BY M. S. WEALE.

ONE of the many places of interest in Dublin city is the library of Trinity College; yet as the librarian himself once remarked in my hearing, it is strange how few people seem to be aware of the fact that it is open to the public to visit when they will.

The earlier history of this famous library of close on 400,000 volumes is a curious one. It was founded in the year 1601, by subscription from the troops of Queen Elizabeth, after the battle of Kinsale. Some years later Ussher's Library was purchased for the college by the army then in Ireland; but the books were kept in Dublin Castle by Cromwell's orders, and were not delivered to their rightful owners until the Restoration. Many valuable books and manuscripts were added to the library at various times; and in 1801 an act of Parliament was passed, giving it, together with the library of the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library the right to a free copy of every book published in the United Kingdom.

The present fine building, which lies to the right across Trinity quadrangle, was completed in 1732. A stroll round the library among the exhibition cases reveals many interesting and precious relics of bygone days. Perhaps the oldest text in the library is the world-famous Egyptian Book of the Dead. The

pages shown are made up of sombre-hued pictures, with descriptive hieroglyphics. From them we obtain fascinating glimpses of the life of ancient Egypt: here we see the strange animal-headed gods of her mythology—Horus, Ra, Osiris, Anubis, and the scarab-headed god; there is a priest, in panther's skin, pouring a libation; elsewhere we are shown the boat-shaped hearse, drawn by oxen, and servants drawing the funeral shrine and carrying articles for the tomb. Another scene depicts the dead man, as he was in life, playing draughts in a bower with his wife; another, his soul and that of his wife, as human-headed birds, standing over the tomb; and yet another, the spirit of the dead man visiting his mummified body.

There are many interesting Greek and Latin manuscripts, the earliest being a papyrus with a fragment of a Greek romance from Medinet-el-Fayoum, written in the second century A. D. Greek manuscripts of the 9th, 10th, and 11th centuries may also be seen, and two interesting palimpsests. The earlier of these is a fragment of Isaiah, the original writing dating from 500 A. D.; the second is Codex Z of St. Matthew, the two writings being of the 6th and 13th centuries respectively. There are also beautiful breviaries of the 14th and 15th centuries, the Codex Montfortianus Testamentum Novum Gr. of the 16th century, and a leaf of the Codex Palatinus—written in silver on purple vellum in the fifth century, the rest of this interesting manuscript which has been preserved being in Vienna. Among the missals is one named the Fazel Missal, and containing this inscription: "Finitum est hoc opus in monasterio regularissarum S. Agnetis in Valle Josaphat anno 1460." The Colophon reads: "Liber monasterii beate Agnetis virginis, in Valle Josaphat in Delf, ordinis canonicarum regularissarum." In

another case can be seen a very beautifully illuminated Horarium of the 14th century; and in yet another, a book of sacred song, *Cantiones Sacræ*, 1575; while elsewhere is a copy of the Codex Usseianus of the 6th century. The edges of the last being much worn, it is mounted on new parchment.

Among its most cherished possessions, the Library counts its old Irish manuscripts, chief above all the famous Book of Kells. This wonderful book of the Four Gospels in Latin dates, perhaps, from as early as A. D. 590; yet, though the parchment is darkened by age, the colors of its exquisite Celtic designs are as fresh to-day as ever. Tradition ascribes the beginning of this book to the great saint Colum-Cille himself; and it is mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters as already ancient and venerable in the 11th century. They relate that it had been stolen, together with its golden case, from the sacristy in the monastery of Kells, the shrine taken away, and the book itself placed under sods of turf, where, happily, it remained preserved until it was recovered. The script in the Book of Kells is large and wondrously clear; the Celtic designs in the paintings are of so exquisitely fine a character that nothing like them is seen elsewhere. The Book of Durrow, a Latin Gospel of the 7th century, is another beautiful Irish manuscript; but the colors in the paintings lack the brilliancy of those of the Book of Kells.

An old Irish Book of Hymns (11th cent.) contains the famous "St. Patrick's Breastplate"; and not far away from it is the "shrine" of the famous Book of Armagh, A. D. 937. Of this latter it is stated in the Annals of the Four Masters, "The canon Patraic was covered by Donnchadh, son of Fionn, King of Ireland." Elsewhere, the student comes across an interesting old Bull of Pope Nicholas III., 1297, direct-

ing the Archdeacon of Leighlin to inquire into the complaint of the prior and chapter of Holy Trinity, Dublin, against John, vicar of Baliradri who, without authority, had published a decree of excommunication against them.

But, perhaps, most interesting of all to an English visitor, would be a copy of the Vision of Pier's Plowman, of the 15th century, and one of Hyde's Psalter, the earliest complete English prose psalter. This latter was written in the 14th century, and the Latin text and English translation follow each other, verse by verse. There are also copies of Roger Bacon's "Opus Magnus" (sæc. xvi), Miles Coverdale's Bible (1535), and an old college deed dated 1592. There is not wanting a first edition of Shakespeare (1623), "bought at Dr. Brown's sale for 22½ guineas,—wants the last leaf."

Among exhibits of more general interest may be mentioned a copy of Petrarch's sonnets, dated 1470; an Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" (Venezia 1554) and an Icelandic Parliamentary manuscript of 1485. In a case by itself stands the famous harp of Tara, called the harp of Brian Boroihme. It certainly dates from, at latest, A. D. 1400, bears the arms of O'Neill, and is believed to have been used for church services.

Finally, it is interesting, especially in these days, to note that, hanging on one wall of the library, is a framed copy of the roll of Grattan's Parliament, bearing the signatures of all the members of that body.

THE words "so long" when used in saying farewell are not slang, but have a legitimate origin, as they form the expression used by Norwegians when concluding an interview. "Saa laeng," they say instead of "good-bye," pronouncing the *g* soft, and accompanying the words by a graceful little wave of the hand.

The Abbey of Evesham.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

FIVE hundred years ago the Abbey of Evesham in pleasant and fruitful Worcestershire was as large and stately as any at that time throughout the broad shires of England. To-day, the news that the site of it, with the beautiful gatehouse, which is all that remains, has again been sold, recalls the tragedy of its destruction. It is questionable if there is another instance which more vividly illustrates the tremendous evils, which were effected by the iniquitous spoliations of the days of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., suffered by Church and nation alike in England.

Singularly enough, the noble and historic gatehouse, or bell tower, as some call it, which formed the entrance to the chapter house of the Benedictines, was the last of their buildings, being commenced by the good Abbot Lichfield in 1533. His successor, in 1539, had the thankless task of carrying out the farce, enacted throughout England, of a voluntary grant and surrender of all the remaining possessions of the Church, which preceded the Act of 1539 for "dissolution of abbeys." Two years later, Leland, on visiting Evesham, finds what he terms "the late abbey." Its destruction must, indeed, have been rapid. Already this magnificent edifice was roofless, and the walls were become a stone quarry.

All was swept away. The Abbey church, with its sixteen altars and its hundred and sixty-four gilded pillars, its chapter house, its cloisters, library, refectory, dormitory, buttery, and treasury; its almonry, granary, and storehouses; all the various buildings for the service of the church, and for the accommodation of eighty-nine religious inmates and sixty-five servitors, were utter ruins in the time of William Shakespeare. A century later, of the

great mass of buildings nothing was left beyond a "huge deal of rubbish overgrown with grass." To-day, even that is gone, and the beautiful gatehouse alone remains.

With the sudden and violent dissolution of the Abbey, incalculable poverty and wretchedness came upon the neighboring people.

Wherever there was a well-endowed religious house in Britain, there was a large and regular expenditure, employing local industries in the best way to promote the happiness of the population. Under this expenditure, not only did handicrafts flourish, but the arts were encouraged. The poor were succored amply and wisely without raising up an idle pauper population; whereas, in the next decade or so, the law-makers and Parliament had to provide relief for the necessitous, who by then were greatly increased in numbers, and were dealt with in the spirit of a detestable severity.

While the Abbey of Evesham stood, there was a yearly disbursement going forward which has been computed to be equal to \$500,000 of our present money. Here, as elsewhere, the revenues principally derived from manor lands and tenements, in eight different counties, were seized by Henry VIII. More than 150 inmates were turned out upon the world, a few with starveling pensions, but the greater number reduced to absolute indigence; and two-thirds of the population of Evesham, deriving their living from the Abbey's expenditure, were left to face poverty and ruin. A hive of industry, well-being, and peace, created by the Benedictines, became an idle and dilapidated place for generations. Though to-day, the Vale of Evesham is the busy scene of market gardening, and famed for its fruit as in the years of the monks.

Their house to the service of Him and His Mother, and its site, was sold to a

private person, who sought for pecuniary advantage by the rapid destruction of a pile of noble buildings, which the piety and magnificence of five centuries had been rearing. Yet, misfortune came upon him, and upon his son, and grandson. Not until the fourth generation did the ban lift from the Andrewes family—the great-grandson, who had removed himself and family to Berkhamsted in Hertfordshire, and who, upon his own industry, thrived better than had his forbears with Evesham Abbey.

Alas, alas, for the tragedy of it, and, above and before all, for the centuries of retardation of things spiritual!

The Limits of Temptation.

MOST Catholics know that temptation itself is not sinful, but only yielding to temptation. Very many of us, however, either do not know or do not act on the knowledge that God has fixed limits to the temptations proffered to us, whether by the world, the flesh, or the devil, who frequently utilizes both the world and the flesh as his agents. The timid soul, fearful that in the face of a violent temptation it will surely fall, needs to remember the assurance given by St. Paul, "Yet God will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear."

When, at times, God permits violent temptations to assail us, He invariably gives us grace sufficient to enable us to withstand them. The trouble most frequently is that we do not solicit His help, but, imagining that we have not strength to resist, do not fight against the tempter. Now, since, as Job tells us, "the life of man upon earth is a warfare," it behooves us to fight valiantly. Unless we do so, we can not hope to conquer; and unless we conquer, we shall not be crowned in eternity.

A Saying of St. Louis.

AMONG the many edifying narratives scattered through the "Life of St. Louis," by Sire de Joinville, the following is especially interesting.

The King sent for me one day and said: "You are a man of such shrewd intellect that I don't dare speak to you of matters touching God; so I have called in these monks whom you see here, because I have a question to ask you." His question was this: "Senechal, what thing is God?" I replied: "Sire, so good a thing that there can not be a better."—"Truly," said he, "you have answered well, for the reply you have given is written in this book which I hold in my hand. Now, let me ask you which would you prefer: to be a leper, or to have committed a mortal sin?" And I, who never lied to him, replied that I'd sooner have committed thirty mortal sins than have leprosy.

When the monks had gone out, he bade me approach and seated me at his feet. "How could you say that?" he inquired. I told him that I would say it again. Then he said to me: "You have spoken like a fool, for there is no leprosy so foul as the state of mortal sin, because the soul in mortal sin is like the devil: therefore there can not be any leprosy so hideous. It is certain that when a leper dies he is freed from the disease of his body. But when a man who has sinned mortally dies he does not know, nor is it certain, that his repentance has been such that God has forgiven him. Accordingly, he should have a great fear that his leprosy may endure as long as God is God. And so, I conjure you as earnestly as I can, that, for the love of God and of me, you dispose your heart to prefer all possible bodily evil—leprosy or other disease—to the death which mortal sin would inflict upon your soul."

Moral Discipline in Education.

IT is to be hoped that an article by Dr. David Starr Jordan, on "The Care and Culture of Freshmen" has not escaped the attention of Catholic educators, especially the heads of our colleges; for the writer has something to say regarding discipline which is of the highest importance and the most general application. The folly of thinking that the work of training young students in personal habits can be effected without some positive method requiring concerted action and constant vigilance on the part of college authorities, is lamentably general. The disposition to let students do as they please until they do something outrageous accounts for the terrible waste of life and character in educational institutions. The obligation of professors to strengthen this movement is thus pointed out by Dr. Jordan:

Half the weakness and folly of college students comes from their not knowing any better. If they knew where their professors stood in moral questions, they would tend to stand with them. Hence the importance, for the sake of morals, that the teachers should know the students, and that they should feel personal responsibility for them... The professors can not be police officers, nor employ police methods. This goes without saying. It is necessary, on the other hand, that they should stand strongly against vices...

Whatever the system of handling Freshmen, there should be an evident purpose behind it, and this purpose should be a moral one. There should be a constant effort for the repression and extirpation of vice, and the reason should be made clear that vice is destructive of manhood. It is an incentive to manliness for a boy to see that the college values manhood. It adds to his respect for higher education to see that his teachers are not cowards, but that they are ready to set themselves squarely against abuses in student life.

In condemnation of the apathetic attitude assumed by college authorities regarding the abuses of the fraternity system and of athletics, Dr. Jordan

says: "There is no evil in college life which is not there through the negligence of those who occupy the place of control." We see no reason why fraternities among students could not, with proper effort on the part of college authorities, be rendered highly beneficial; these organizations, however, seem to be in bad repute everywhere on account of the abuses so generally connected with them. Athletics are everywhere and nowhere without abuses.

Like many other teachers, Dr. Jordan does not seem to realize that mere moral discipline can not effect that thorough improvement in student life which he so much desires. Moral motive power, which is produced only by religion, is required for such a result. Dr. Jordan always refers to the professors, the faculty, etc.; never to the presidents of educational institutions. But, as every effort for the improvement of the student body must emanate from, or be directed by, their head, it is plain that presidents of colleges and universities should be men with a high sense of responsibility, quick to discern evil tendencies, alert in scenting dangers, firm in correcting disorders.

No educator deserves the name whose students are not only wiser but better as a result of association with him,—more heartfelt and dutiful, and worthy of companionship with the noblest spirits. "Education," says Ruskin, "does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know: it teaches them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching youths the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust; it is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continuous work, to be done by kindness, by precept, and by praise; but, above all, by example."

Notes and Remarks.

A strong plea, and a novel one, in behalf of the denominational school, was made by Prof. J. S. Phillimore in an address delivered a while ago in Glasgow. He contended that the denominational school is a bulwark against paralyzing uniformity. "The State itself, having no religion, and the community itself having no one definite religion, have now come to realize that a positive and definite religious teaching does give to teaching a reality and force of conviction which are impossible to secure in any other way: in other words, that a really denominational school is a ready-made centre of energy which may with great advantage be utilized. And whereas the nineteenth century worshipped uniformity and system in administration, it is now generally admitted by people who have no denominational interest to serve or support, that excessive uniformity of system is the very paralysis and death of education. It is a matter on which teachers and theorists are agreed. Where there exists a group of parents, homogeneous in belief and agreed in the resolve to have their children educated in a certain doctrine, *that*, so far from being an obstacle or a difficulty, is a godsend to a wisely-conceived national system. It is just what the community wants. It is in the general interest that there should be many and various such groups. They provide the State with what it now admits to be desirable, but has difficulty in providing—vital variety and elasticity of type.

"Among the thinking sort of people—the thinking sort of people who know something of history,—it comes to be realized that, amidst the decay of rallying standards and the bankruptcy of beliefs, the Catholic Church has indefeasible principles of health and solidity. With Anarchy, the Catholic

Church can never come to terms: everyone knows that who knows anything. Anarchy is the worst of human evils; and those who can read the signs of the times see in the Catholic Church the one safeguard between Civilization and Anarchy. And so to the motives of justice are added motives of expediency of various orders, including the very highest."

One reads with some amazement that, although food-stuffs, medicaments, clothing, etc., are still sorely needed in extensive regions of Russia, an organization in New York for supplying such things has been disbanded, "because the public are not in the mood of giving." Although thousands of lives have been saved on the hunger front of Russia, the grim aftermath of famine—disease, epidemics, under-nourishment—is in full swing there. The same is true of Armenia, Austria, and some parts of Germany. Especially is this the case with many little children. Can it be possible that when money is being spent so lavishly in luxury, the public should have none to expend in charity? At the risk of being called pharisaical—anything, by any number of persons,—let us say that it is impossible to understand how, for one thing, Christians can give or attend costly banquets when thousands of fellow-creatures are lacking the necessities of life.

Newspaper comments on the "heaven" of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—a heaven in which are to dwell not only mankind but horses, dogs, and other animals—gives the note of timeliness to an explanation made in the *Bombay Examiner*. Its editor having written: "In the case of animals, we Catholics believe that the death of the body carries with it the obliteration of the animal soul, or vital principle, and this may be called total annihilation," a cor-

respondent asks how he can reconcile that statement with Cardinal Wiseman's holding that the spirits of animals will survive their bodies in some sort of happy future. Father Hull's reply is, as usual, quite adequate: "Such views as those attributed to Cardinal Wiseman rest simply on sentiment, and are probably not meant seriously. The other view is the common one, and has more to say for itself. Still when it comes to demonstration we are at a standstill. There is no revelation settling the point dogmatically. There is no philosophical proof which is really conclusive. No Christian tenet would be upset or contradicted if it were to turn out that animal souls have a continued existence, transmigratory or other. At the same time any positive assertion in that line would be without proof. That is all we need or can know."

Fair-minded readers of "Conscription and Conscience," a new book by Mr. J. W. Graham, an English Quaker, will admit that many conscientious objectors to military service in England must have endured a veritable martyrdom during the long ordeal of the World War. Violent prejudice was rampant; justice often miscarried; the law was not always administered, and in frequent instances there was a contest between force, degenerating into brutality and outrage, on the one side, and conscience on the other. Most people have almost forgotten that such a contest ever took place; but the griefs and the wrongs of it must be atoned for, like the sufferings and sorrows endured by the innocent in every country.

An epithet which the man in the street is apt to consider no little compliment when applied to himself is "broad-minded." There is a certain connotation of bigness, generosity, and exceptional mental vigor attached to it—

something not precisely definite, but agreeably vague and indeterminate. The lexicographers state that the word means "characterized by breadth of view and freedom from bigotry; liberal and unprejudiced." This definition requires, however, some limitations; and *Truth* furnishes the following:

We can be broad-minded only in matters of which we are ignorant; as soon as we know what is true we necessarily become narrow. Before the earth was discovered to be spherical in shape men were free to believe that it was either a sphere or a plane; we are no longer free in this matter to believe as we like, for we now know that it is a sphere. So in the matter of religion: As long as we do not know the Truth, we can be broad; as soon as the Truth is revealed to us, we must believe what is revealed and reject all else in conflict with that Truth.

As regards this last point, the same periodical explains why the Church must continue to be exclusive rather than "liberal" or "broad-minded" in the current meaning of the term:

The reason Liberal Christianity is broad-minded is that it denies that there is any definite truth taught by any religion—hence all are equally true. The Church, claiming to teach the truth, must for that very reason be "exclusive." If Christ had taught nothing for us to believe, we should be free; since He has taught certain doctrines as revealed truths we are not free as Catholics to believe anything else. Instead of being a note of weakness, the "exclusiveness" of the Church is in reality a strong evidence in her favor. If there is a religion that teaches the truth, that religion must claim infallibility for itself and deny the claims of all others; in other words, a Catholic or Universal Religion is for all men, and there is no room for another.

Judging from the published reports of the National Assembly of the Church of England, recently held in London, all is not smooth sailing with that institution. The Bishop of Glasgow frankly admitted that in matters of public worship there is "something like anarchy"; and a veteran High Church champion, Mr. Athelstan Riley, was still

more outspoken. According to him, "the task of the bishops to-day is not merely to be the guardians of the one Faith, but to keep the comprehensive Church of England from falling to pieces. If the laity have not flinty hearts, let them pity the task of the poor bishops. But they are very well fitted for the tasks before them because they are past masters in the art of compromise.

Mr. Riley, moreover, told the Assembly that "the deepest rift in the unity of the Church of England is not the division that exists as to the nature of the Eucharistic Office—that is not the real division. The real division in the Church of England is between those who believe that God came down from heaven to offer a sacrifice for sin, and those who do not believe that God was Incarnate, or that a sacrifice for sin was necessary at all."

Unfortunately, the number of these latter is becoming increasingly large, not only in the Church of England, but in all other sectarian bodies.

In a very interesting letter contributed to the *Michigan Catholic* by N. A. Du Kette, a Negro student of Columbia College (Catholic), Dubuque, Iowa, the following suggestion is offered:

In case a school desires to admit a Negro—and among the students race feeling runs high,—might I suggest that the faculty explain the doctrine of the universal mission of the Church in a clear and firm manner and then admit the colored applicant? The new student, if he prove equal to his difficult rôle, will not only win the friendship of his fellow-students, but I am persuaded, in the end, gain the admiration of all as well.

That this suggestion, or a similar one, has already been adopted in several Catholic colleges is apparent from the letter's concluding paragraph:

In conclusion, let me express the wish that the day be not far distant when more of our Catholic colleges of the North will follow the commendable example of my dear Alma Mater

whose embracing arms have received Negro, Indian, Mexican, Chinaman and Filipino. The same broad spirit prevails (to mention a few names that occur to my mind at this writing) at St. Thomas College and St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota; the University of Detroit, Michigan; Marquette University in Milwaukee, and Fordham University in New York, where Negroes are studying at present; the advance guard, I trust, of a mighty host in the most distant future.

The assumption of the name "Catholic" by clergymen of the Church of England gives rise to sundry inconveniences in various parts of the world, and especially so, we should judge, in British India. There, it appears, certain Anglican ministers do not scruple to open letters addressed to the "Catholic Chaplain," although they know full well that such letters are not meant for them. They open the letters, re-address them to the "Roman Catholic Chaplain," and add a note to the effect that the designation "Catholic" belongs to them as much as to anybody else. The *Catholic Herald of India* disposes of the question thus briefly: "Now the question in such matters is not whether the Church of England chaplain calls himself "Catholic," but whether the public calls him so. And so far the public doesn't. And the C. of E. chaplain knows this. Whether or not he has a right to claim the designation Catholic, he has no right to open letters addressed to the Catholic Chaplain, as long as the public does not acknowledge his claim. This is a matter not for theologians, but for gentlemen to settle."

In an address to students of a school at Nantes, M. Georges Clemenceau recently gave a bit of advice which is timely to students the world over, and is perhaps especially applicable to American youth. He said: "The great and beautiful French University has been magnificently developed since I sat on a

school bench. But discipline must reign. You have need of it, even if sometimes it is a little too stern. It may happen that you will be blamed unjustly, but you will see this often in life, and the more unjust is the blame, the more meritorious is it for you to endure it. It is this that the well-trained soldier invariably says to himself: you will obey at once, submit to punishment and complain afterward."

Soldierly obedience, as indicated in the foregoing, differs from the higher type, religious obedience, in one respect only: good religious always obey at once, submit to punishment, and complain—not at all.

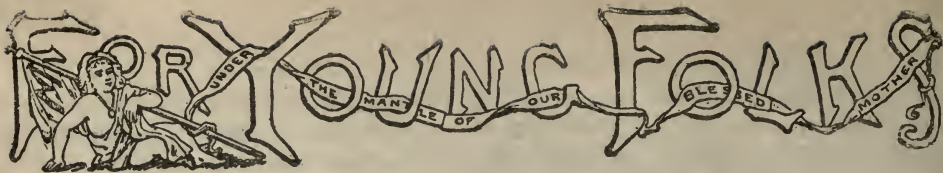
Later on, when people have learned what a quantity of precious objects the Four Courts in Dublin contained, there will be deep regret over its destruction. The loss is inestimable. Parchments of highest value, ecclesiastical documents, dating from the Thirteenth Century and earlier; ancient parish registers, wills, deeds, etc., any number of them, utterly perished. Among the most important of these documents was a series of wills ranging in date from about the year 1534 down to 1899, with a collection of Royal documents connected with the dissolution of the religious houses in Ireland. The whole world of scholarship is poorer for the disaster. Historians and students of historical research will realize their loss when informed that the enumeration of the precious documents housed in the Four Courts in Dublin, filled 300 closely printed pages.

One of the worth-while by-products of the Great War is the notable increase in the number of organized libraries in hospitals and sanatoriums. The curative power of books was thoroughly demonstrated in the military hospitals throughout 1918, and at present most

physicians acknowledge that a good library is an effective therapeutic agent. As one superintendent of a general hospital puts it: "These libraries are wonderful things for the patients. We doctors used to think that when we had performed a successful operation our duty was ended. If the patient died of homesickness after it, that was none of our concern. We knew that a contented mind was half the battle, but we took little pains to make him contented. Now we have learned that the hospital must look after the mental health of a patient during convalescence, and we have learned that wholesome books do more than almost any other one thing to keep him happy and help him get well."

A corollary of the foregoing is that, in the charitable work of supplying hospitals with reading-matter, care should be exercised in the selection of such matter. It should be interesting, but should also be clean, elevating and inspiring.

A striking fact, which has been noted both by the secular and the sectarian press, is the simultaneous appearance of books by non-Catholic authors, like "Abbé Pierre" (to mention only one), calculated, not only to destroy prejudice against the Church, but to inspire respect for it; and books by renegade priests (to mention none), the object of which would seem to be to uproot faith in Christianity and to ridicule Christian morality. More than one Protestant reviewer of such books as we refer to has observed that, when a Catholic, especially a priest, turns away from the Church, he is apt to become an opponent of Christianity and all things Christian. There is much significance in this. The fine fragrance of the soul is lost, and fidelity to the flesh enslaves the spirit. In a true sense the unfortunate delinquents become deaf and dumb and blind.



Little Things.

BY L. CLARK.

LITTLE birds with cheerful voice
Make the Summer vales rejoice.

Little tasks our time employ,
Little frettings waste our joy.

Little quarrels stir great strife,
Little cares corrode our life.

Little prayers, when none are near,
Give us courage, banish fear.

Little deeds in lowly ways
Win Our Lady's smile of praise.

Little duties, one by one,
And our little life is done.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

GN several of the passing street-cars Hugh saw the sign "Central Park." "I think," he said to himself, "I'll go there and see the animals." Having followed the route of the cars for nearly an hour without seeing even at a distance a vista of green trees or of an open space, he paused to inquire the way of a young Hebrew peddling collar buttons.

"Walk to de Park!" repeated he. "Doin' it for a vager, vas yer? No? Yer must vant ter make good use o' yer trotters. How far? Lem me zee. A long two mile from herè, I should say."

This was discouraging. Hugh, after considering a moment, said: "Well, if I ride? Is it the L— railroad? Is there a station near?"

"Over on de Sixth Avenue," said the peddler, incredulous that any one should

want to trudge farther when he could take a car at the crossing. "Go straidt down Vaverley Place here till yer come ter de Avenue, den up a block, und dere yer are!"

Hugh thanked him and started off.

"Must be from de countdry," mused the street vender.

Hugh had been quite near the grateful shade of trees and a lovely bit of sward, after all; for in a few minutes he found himself in Washington Park. He hurried on, however, and a quarter of an hour later was enjoying the sensation of being whirled along through the air, above the gay windows of the handsome stores, above the rumbling teams and trams, and the ever-changing throng of pedestrians.

Upon arriving at his destination, he went at once to the menagerie. Perhaps it was because he was beginning to feel very tired that the animals did not seem as interesting as when he was here once before with his father. He wandered about for an hour or two, however; saw the baby hippopotamus and the midget monkey, paid his respects to the majestic lions and the royal Bengal tigers, and called upon the elephants and camels.

Suddenly he realized that the sun had set and it was almost dusk. With a pang he remembered that among the thousands of homes in the great city there was none for him. It may be all very well to start out in the early morning, with hours of blue sky and sunshine before one, to see the world; but when night comes, even the wild beast of the forest is glad of a shelter that he can call his own.

In consternation, Hugh wondered where he should pass the hours of dark-

ness. Singularly, this was a point which until now had well-nigh escaped his consideration. He had a vague idea that cheap lodgings were to be obtained, but where should he look for them? He inquired of a quick, little man whom he met after leaving the Park, and who proved to be a French waiter looking for employment. "*Je ne sais pas,*" was the reply. "*Mais, perhaps—oui,* you can, I tink, get them at ze Five Points, or *encore* in ze Avenue A——."

He pointed toward the lower part of the city, and at the same moment Hugh caught sight of an electric car spinning along Madison Avenue, a block distant. He hastened up the street and boarded the next one. He felt uneasy about seeking refuge in the densely populated section of the town, however; would he not find there, not only the poor huddled together, but thieves and desperadoes of every description? What if he should fall in with such a gang, who would either do away with him, or make him the victim of some escapade which would lead to his being brought up in the police court the next day?

Now the car sped past the Orphans' Home, and the grand Cathedral, which Hugh thought must be the most beautiful church in the world. He timidly questioned the conductor as to the route.

"We only go to the post-office," was the terse reply.

Hugh brightened with a sudden idea. Why not spend the night in the post-office? He could hide away in a corner and thus save his money. He had only twenty cents left, and must make this sum last as long as possible.

When the car reached the great building he got out and went into one of the corridors. He walked around and read some of the notices posted about. He was hungry, but felt that he could not afford the luxury of supper, even if he had known where to procure something to eat. It grew late; and, tired and

chilled, he leaned against the wall in a secluded spot and slept a while. Aroused by a chance noise from what could hardly be called a restful slumber, he went and sat on the stairs and slept again. Several times he awoke. He wished he had his overcoat, that the stairs were not so hard; his limbs were cramped: they ached all over.

After a long time morning came. As soon as he dared, he went out and walked around. He did not appear at all like the well-dressed lad of yesterday. His clothes were covered with dust, his shoes unpolished; he had taken off his collar and forgot to put it on again; his face and hands were unwashed, his hair uncombed; his Derby hat was ruined: a man had stumbled over him on the stairs and stepped on it. Something worse had happened, too. Being in a hurry for his breakfast, he put his hand in his pocket to feel for the twenty cents. He staggered back into the doorway with a cry of dismay. His money was gone! A thief had relieved him of it while he was asleep.

Thoroughly miserable, Hugh sat on the stairs again and buried his face in his hands. He wished he was a little fellow, so that he might cry; as it was he wiped away a tear or two with his grimy fists. But nobody saw, and, he remembered bitterly, nobody cared. A policeman came along and demanded brusquely: "What are you loafin' around here for?" He made some inarticulate reply. "Come, move on!" continued the guardian of the peace, assisting his locomotion by taking him by the back of the neck and landing him in the street. Hugh was very angry, but the shaking caused him to brace up at once. "I must see if I can not earn my breakfast," he said to himself.

He heard a newsboy calling, "*Herald! Sun! Tribune!*" Hugh accosted him with, "Will you let me sell papers for you?" The urchin looked at him in

amazement. Perhaps those suspicious stains upon his cheeks and his reckless air told their own story, however. The New York gamin is rude and uncouth, hard upon the surface as a walnut with its double shell; but often deep down in his heart there is a kernel of kindness, and he who reaches it will find it wholesome and sweet.

Jinsky (for such was the name of this particular specimen) understood what those daubs of dirt about a fellow's eyes meant. He knew well by experience the trials of roughing it. "Here's a young blokie way down on his luck," he said to himself; and, notwithstanding the risk in trusting a stranger, magnanimously handed Hugh two papers. When he had sold them Jinsky said, "Good!" and gave him a cent. He tried again; finally, all the papers were gone, and he had five cents, which he carefully concealed in an inside pocket.

Jinsky disappeared across the Park. Hugh wandered in the same direction till he came to a restaurant. He went in and said to a man behind a counter at which people were eating: "Will you give me a cup of coffee and a piece of bread for five cents?" The man had boys of his own, and he was in good-humor that morning. "Here's your coffee and bread, and keep your five cents," he answered.

After that Hugh met a man with a valise. "Here, boy," said he, "carry this for me, and I'll give you five cents." Hugh carried it to the man's store.

"How much did he give yer?" sang out an inquisitive street Arab, who watched the parting transaction.

"A nickel," replied Hugh, pleased at his success.

"He couldn't ha' got any one in the reg'lar business ter do it for less 'an a tenner! Yer'd better look out, freshy! Yer'll have the Union down on yer for doin' it so cheap."

This warning caused Hugh a little

concern. "Still," he said aside, "there is no use in borrowing trouble. I have ten cents anyhow." With this he bought his dinner, this time in the Bowery. Then he strolled around again.

By and by he saw some ragamuffins in a doorway, apparently engaged in waiting for something to turn up, but really intent upon annoying and pilfering from a young Italian fruit vender who had his stand at the corner. The youth, though small and weak-looking, was bright and smart. He had displayed his wares to advantage: here a pile of golden oranges, there a branch of luscious red bananas and a pyramid of dates. His manner, too, was winning and pleasant. His smile and the respectful "*Si, signora,*" with which he answered the buxom German *frauen*, and the workwomen too tired to care for a substantial lunch, but craving a bit of fruit; the "*Mille grazie,*" with which he thanked the shabby little cash-girl for her penny purchase; and the "*Ecco, signor,*" with which he greeted the roughest of the men, won him many customers.

But, though gracious, Beppo was a high-spirited little fellow. He was so busy waiting upon his patrons that he did not notice what was going on at the doorway. The idlers had a long stick with a pin stuck in the end of it. When Beppo was looking the other way, one of them slipped out, stretched over to the stand with the stick till the pin stuck into a date, then jerked it away and ate the date. They continued this till all but one had secured a date. Just as this last boy had hooked a fat one, Beppo turned and caught them. "Stop that!" he cried, with flashing eyes. "*Si, macaroni!*" called his tormentors, mockingly.

Beppo tried not to mind, but a tint of crimson glowed in his swarthy cheeks, and for the next few moments he was more formally polite to those who

paused to buy. The rascals kept on jeering at him and joking among themselves; then for an interval they were quiet, and the young fruit vender, watching from under his dark brows, thought they were about to depart. But not at all. Cautiously the vagabond who had not succeeded in getting a date stole out with the stick and plunged it into the pyramid.

Though he happened to be the largest and strongest of the group, Beppo sprang upon him, and in a twinkling there was a general scuffle, the others siding with their comrade against the unfortunate little merchant, who, of course, was rapidly getting the worst of it. They got him down, and were going through his pockets, when Hugh, who could stand it no longer, rushed in and pommelled right and left. He was no fighter, but had plenty of pluck, and could make good use of his fists in a just cause. Hugh's aid gave Beppo a chance to get upon his feet again. He and his champion could hardly have held their own against so many, however; but, fortunately, at this point two other boys, attracted by the shouts and yells of the combatants, came running round the corner, and drove the rogues away by the cry of "Cheese it! The cop!"

The newcomers, seeing that their ruse proved effectual, laughed heartily. One was a district messenger boy; the other, a lad with a tattered jacket and the swagger of a walking delegate.

"I'm Nick Davin, of the D. M. Service, as you see," said the former, tapping the buttons of his uniform. "And this is Buck Swivels. He ain't got anybody belongin' to him, but I have a mother, I have."

Hugh bowed politely, and soon the little party began to grow friendly.

(To be continued.)

Charlemagne's Teacher.

THE Emperor Charlemagne was at the height of his success. His armies had everywhere proved invincible, and his victories were as lasting as they were numerous. It was at this time, flushed with the pleasure of conquest, and holding conquered domains as cheaply as if they had been toys, that higher ambitions seized him. He resolved to be known not only as the Great Emperor, but as the patron of learning. His own habits had been studious. Night after night he would leave his bed to watch the courses of the stars; and when there was time to spare from the duties a sovereign owes his people it was given to the delights of science.

But a teacher was needed for the great school he wished to establish at Paris, and he began to look around him. In all his wide dominions there were few scholars; none to whom he dared entrust his project. Men's thoughts had been of battle, and the tender plant of learning flourishes but feebly amid scenes of carnage. He was forced to turn to more peaceful lands. It was at Parma that he met the Anglo-Saxon Alcuin.

"Here," said Charlemagne, "is the man I have been looking for."

Alcuin was returning from Rome to England. He had long been keeper of the cathedral library at York, and head-master of its famous school.

It was an easy thing to win a battle—it was a far harder task to win the confidence of this travelling scholar, and bear him away in triumph. There must have been a mighty struggle in Alcuin's mind when the Emperor besought him to go to France. We can imagine what arguments were used, and how none were of avail until the consideration that God had there a mission for some wise teacher turned the scale.

HE that would have the fruit must climb the tree.

Alcuin pondered, and no doubt prayed to be led aright, then yielded. The quiet traveller, instead of journeying homeward toward his library in his beloved country, turned his face away from the familiar English friends, perhaps with many pangs.

Soon we see him establishing his school in Paris, in the very heart of the palace, with the Emperor for head pupil, and princes and bishops attending his lectures. Charlemagne and his family had a fancy for other names than their own, the Emperor himself being known in the school as simply David; "though," says one author, "we can never think of him by any other name than Charley."

The success of the new venture was without parallel, and I think that the most important lesson Alcuin taught, both by precept and example, on every occasion, was that there is but one right way to say things, and that a gentle way; and that one must be gentle in order to be strong.

The town of Tours we are familiar with in connection with St. Martin, and here was built an abbey named for this Saint, whose generous heart, beating under the armor of a soldier, moved him to divide his cloak with a beggar by the wayside.

In time Alcuin drooped under the perfumed palace air, and he was given charge of St. Martin's Abbey. Near this he established another school, seeming to have the true instinct of the teacher, and instructing as long as he could speak. It was a grief to the Abbot to be removed from his dear Emperor even by temporary separations, and two hundred and thirty-two letters which passed between them survive to testify to the affectionate regard in which they held each other.

Alcuin's little home at Tours is still in existence after eleven centuries. A traveller says it is now used as a

granary, but we are loath to believe this. Rather let us think of it as it was when its master described it, with its birds and flowers and healing plants; its garden, the river close at hand, and the cloister filled with fragrance from the lilies and the roses.

"O my sweet home, that I have always loved!" he wrote as old age stole over him; "adieu!"

Alcuin died when nearing his three-score years and ten, full of honors, but modest as one of his own lilies that bloomed in his cloister garden at Tours.

FRANCESCA.

A Jewish Legend.

The Jews have a tradition that once David, becoming impatient, complained to the Lord that He had made many useless things. When told to name them, he replied: "The list is long—too long to give; but surely, Lord, You will admit that there can be no use for men after they have lost their reason; or for those troublesome pests, flies and spiders." The Lord made answer that David in after life would learn what was then so hard for him to understand. So it was.

When the Psalmist wished to escape from the palace of Achish it was only by feigning madness that he succeeded. When he was puzzling his brain to conjecture how to get away after having taken the spear from the sleeping Saul, a fly stung the warrior who penned the prisoner in, causing him to roll over and thus release David. He was at last to learn the use of the spider. He was flying over the desert to escape Saul, when, as a last chance, he took refuge in a cave. A friendly spider immediately spun a web over the entrance. His enemies came up swiftly. "He can not be in here," said the leader; "for here is a spider's web at the door." So they went on, and David was saved.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An English version of the study of "Goya as a Portrait Painter," by Don Aureliano de Bernete y Moret, the late director of the Prado Museum at Madrid, is announced.

—The Oxford University has just published a new volume by Sir Israel Gollancz in his series of "Select Early English Poems," entitled "St. Erkenwald (Bishop of London, 675, 693): An Alliterative Poem Written about 1386, Narrating a Miracle Wrought by the Bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral." It is of archæological and religious interest.

—We can not refrain from drawing attention to the most recent work of M. Henri Bordeaux, "La Maison Morte." Here is a story handling, from a deeply Catholic point of view, one of the supreme moral problems that can arise out of family life, and distinguished for a rare beauty of narrative manner. Perhaps it ought to be added that "La Maison Morte" is intended for mature minds.

—An American edition of "The Hounds of Banba," issued by B. W. Huebsch, of New York, will attract, we hope, more attention to this unusually fine volume of short stories by Daniel Corkery. In them, as in no other artistic work, is reflected the idealistic spirit of Ireland in 1916. Mr. Corkery, however, is no propagandist, but a genuine poet whose characters and incidents are tremendously alive and compelling.

—"Moral Principles in Hospital Practice," by the Rev. Patrick A. Finney, C. M. (Herder Book Co.), is not so much a volume for general reading as a practical handbook for Sisters engaged in hospital work. It may also serve as a manual for consultation by Catholic doctors, Catholic nurses, and theological students, the orthodoxy of its doctrine being vouched for by the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Glennon. It has a good index, a bibliography, and a medical vocabulary. Price, \$1.25.

—Those readers who have passed fifty, "the old age of youth," or reached sixty, "the youth of old age," will be more interested than others in "Random Memories," by Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. The literary men whom, as a boy, he met in his distinguished father's home, are, many of them at least, comparatively unknown to the present generation of average Americans; and not a few of an earlier generation, who were wont to admire the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,"

will experience a distinct surprise on reading this apparently flippant reference to one of the "great authors" of their youth: "I had almost forgotten Dr. Holmes, the dear little man. He was like a sparrow, always chirping so gayly."

—Prof. Leacock, the delightful Canadian humorist, enjoys, what he calls, the "quiet and respectability of the English Press" compared with the American; the English newspaper, he says, is "designed to be read quietly, propped up against the sugar-bowl of a man eating a slow breakfast in a quiet corner of a club," whereas the American paper is "for reading by a man hanging on the straps of a clattering subway express." Complimentary, of course, but there is a suspicion of sarcasm here. "Quiet" and "respectability" may mean dullness and staidness.

—"The Land of the Miamis," by Elmore Barce (Fowler, Indiana: the Benton Review Shop), a large volume of 450 pages, purports to be a comprehensive history of the Indian wars of the early Northwest, an account of the struggle to secure possession of that territory from the end of the Revolution until 1812. The work is illustrated with a number of views and maps, contains a bibliography of 89 volumes, and has an adequate index. So far as a somewhat cursory examination enables one to judge, religion and its exponents receive but scant notice. Price, \$3.

—A book that is providing considerable sensation for French literary circles is Leon Daudet's very recent examination of "the murderous nonsense which has infested France for the last one hundred and thirty years." The title is, "The Stupid Nineteenth Century." What M. Daudet's conclusions are we do not know, but the title induced a leading French review to invite characterizations from prominent literary men. These seem to imply, on the whole, that while the Nineteenth Century may not have been stupid, it was *bête*. Perhaps some would be inclined to consider the Twentieth Century even worse; at least, the idea of "progress" is scarcely any longer even on the defensive.

—The centenary of Shelley should not pass without notice from us, if only to recall Francis Thompson's charitable version of him—"he dabbles his fingers in the day-fall." One can not help remembering, of course, the wild, self-willed young dreamer upon whose fiery

youth neither affection nor faith set any restraint, and whose romantic exploits seem to have been counselled by satanic fever. But Heaven had made of him a poet,—haunting, insinuating, tremendous, when he forgot his little self and was awed by the wonder of the stars. Upon what remained his inner shrine, the hand of the world never struck, and the music fashioned there has that "innocence of anger and surprise," which is the robe of song.

—"The Boyhood Consciousness of Christ," by the Rev. P. J. Temple, is a critical examination of verse 49 of the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke: "And He said to them: How is it that you sought Me? did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" or, as the author renders the Greek text, "Why did you seek Me? Did you not know that in the (things) of My Father I must be?" The book is apparently a thesis for a degree in theology, and will interest specialists more than ordinary readers. It bears the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Hayes of New York. An octavo of 244 pages, it is supplied with all such appurtenances as one looks for in a scholarly production—a table of contents, a list of abbreviations, a bibliography, and indices. Like all the publications of the Macmillans, it is well printed and substantially bound. Price, \$3.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kennedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Andrew Gara, of the diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Nicholas Ward, C. P.; and Rev. Edward Steffen, S. J.

Brother Paul, C. S. C.

Sister M. Aquin, of the Order of the Visitation.

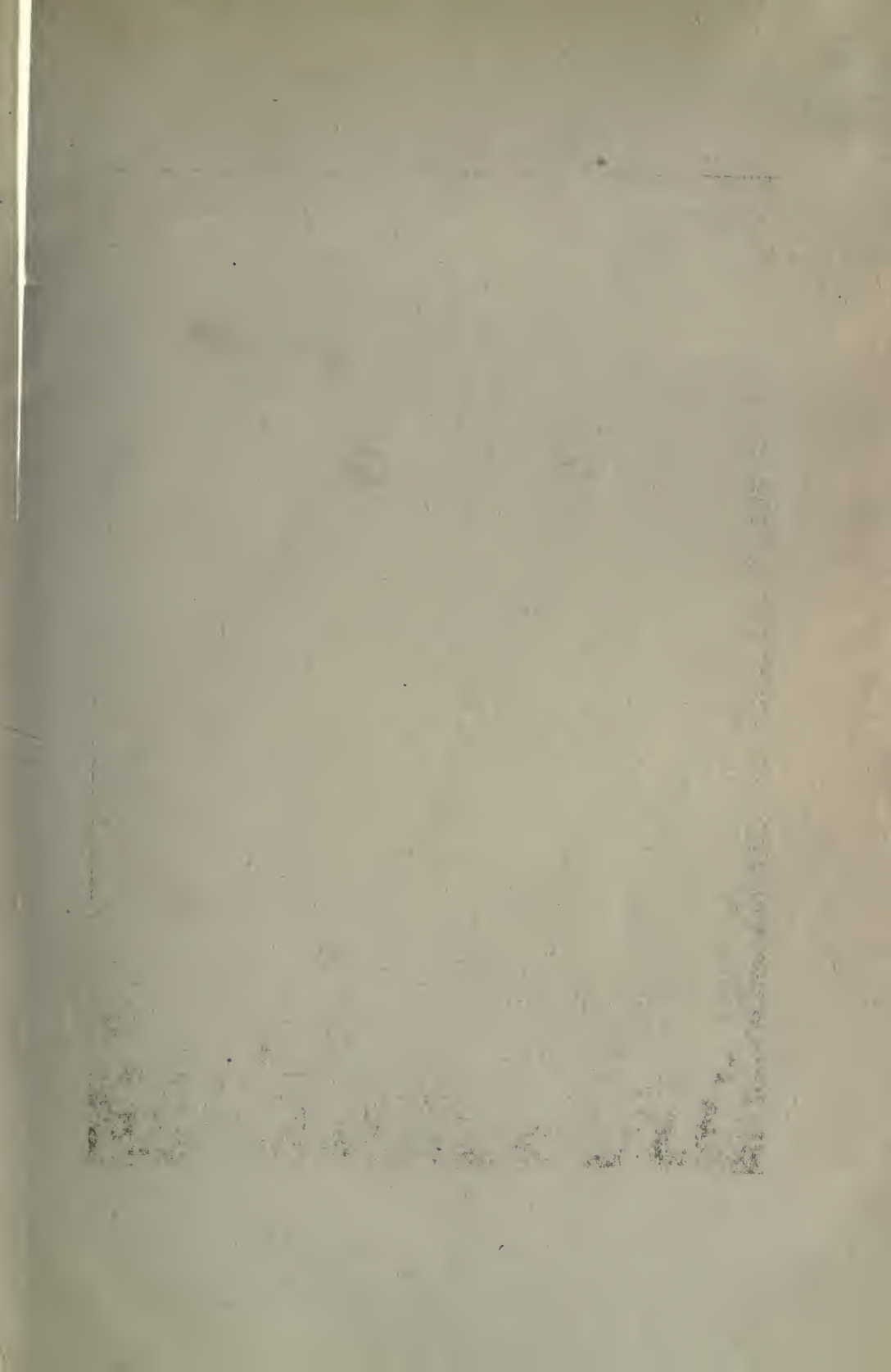
Mr. Louis Dellone, Mr. L. A. Becker, Miss Ellen Hogan, Miss Anna Crosby, Mr. C. J. Ritter, Mr. Robert Weinell, Miss Anne Reeves, Miss Lize de Pombiray, Mr. George Edwards, Mrs. W. G. Kennedy, Mr. Joseph Pumphrey, Miss Louise Barman, Mr. John Smith, Mr. James Campbell, Miss Anne B. McCormick, Miss Jessamine M. Keenan, Mr. William Smith, and Mr. Henry Martin.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: L. T. B., \$10; E. T. S., \$1; Mrs. T. Brennan, \$10.





CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
(Horace Sammacchini)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE. 5. 48.

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On the Assumption.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

YOU who love ardently, and bear the loss,
 The dreary loneliness, the agony
 Which fiercer grows,—the pangs that only
 He,
 The Merciful, in memory of His cross,
 His five red wounds can still!—the doubts that
 toss
 The storm-swept hearts which grieving
 wretchedly
 Are gloomed by fear, and seldom safe or
 free
 From the sad question, "Lord, O let us see!"
 See with the eyes of faith on this fair day
 When in the dawn and through the fragrant
 dew,
 She rushed unto His Heart, more quick
 than fire
 Burning the August woods that bar its way;
 And He knew her, and Him, she, glorious,
 knew,—
 This is the Word that answers our Desire.

The Celebration of the Assumption.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

THERE is uncertainty both in regard to the exact date of the death of the Blessed Virgin and as to how soon after it she was assumed into heaven. In the opinion of Eusebius she lived to be sixty-eight, which would mean that she died in the year 48 of our era. Nicephorus holds, on the contrary, that she passed away in the year 5 of the reign

of Claudius, that is to say, in the year 798 of Rome, or 45 of the common era. It is stated in the chronicle of Hippolytus of Thebes, that Mary gave birth to our Divine Lord at the age of sixteen, and survived Him only eleven years, which would make her about three score at the period of her death. The general opinion, however, is that she was over sixty when she died. The authors of the "Art de vérifier les Dates" hold that Mary was sixty-six at the time of her decease.

Metaphrastes says that the Apostles carried the body of the Blessed Virgin to the tomb, and Juvenal, Patriarch of Jerusalem in the 5th century, tells us that they watched by her grave for three days. St. Thomas, who was absent when she died, begged to be allowed to look at her once more on his return. Moved by his entreaties the other Apostles allowed the tomb to be opened. It was empty, however; except for the winding sheet and the scarcely faded flowers. On this point tradition never varies: "No people, no city, no church has ever boasted of possessing the mortal remains of the Blessed Virgin, nor any portion of her body," says Godescard. "Thus, without prescribing the belief of the corporal assumption of Mary into heaven, the Church sufficiently gives us to understand the opinion to which she inclines."

The Blessed Virgin is supposed to have been buried in the Valley of Josaphat and, consequently, to have

from there been assumed into heaven. It is this pious belief which connects the Assumption with the celebrated Indulgence of the Portiuncula. Aided by contributions from the people of Assisi, some hermits erected a chapel to "Our Lady of Josaphat," more than fourteen hundred years ago. These hermits had come from Palestine and settled in Italy, establishing themselves in the Valley of Spoleto, in the Province of Umbria. Some relics from the Valley of Josaphat were placed by them in the newly-erected chapel, which was so small that it was known as Portiuncula.

Because the celestial spirits often visited this little chapel and sang God's praises within its sacred walls, it was also sometimes called St. Mary of the Angels. It was here that the prayers of the humble Francis of Assisi obtained for the faithful the Indulgence of the Portiuncula, to commemorate the granting of which Murillo painted what art critics have called "the most wonderful picture they had ever seen." In it the Blessed Virgin is represented as interceding with her Divine Son, while numerous angels hover round. St. Francis himself said to Pope Honorius the Third that "Jesus Christ was the Notary, His Blessed Mother the parchment, and the angels the witnesses" to the granting of this Indulgence. It seems, therefore, a not unappropriate coincidence that the two feasts should be celebrated in the golden month of August.

As the Apostles were the first to celebrate the Assumption, it is naturally one of the oldest Christian festivals, although, in the opinion of Duchesne and others, it was not kept in Rome until the seventh century. It was a widely recognized feast in the East, however, at an early date, and was certainly celebrated in Palestine, and during the month of August, before the sixth century. In Egypt and Arabia,

as also in Gaul, which borrowed many of its customs from the East, the Assumption was kept in January. The first to make the 15th of August the obligatory date throughout the Greek Empire is said to have been the Emperor Maurice. In our own time the Greek Church prolongs the festivities till the 23d, and even till the 29th of August.

The first day of August is marked in the Syriac Calendar as *Saum Miriam*, or the fast of Mary, while the 15th is *fithr Miriam*, or the cessation of Mary's fast. The reason for this is that in the East it is usual to prepare for the feast of the Assumption—there called "Our Lady's Easter"—by a fifteen days' fast. The 15th, 16th and 17th of August are feasts of the Blessed Virgin at Gerace in Calabria; her death being commemorated on the 15th, her assumption on the 16th, and her coronation on the 17th. In Piazza, Sicily, the Assumption is celebrated on the 20th of February, the anniversary of the great earthquake that occurred there in 1743. As, according to the Revelations of their holy patroness, St. Brigitta of Sweden, our Blessed Lady was not assumed into heaven till fifteen days after her decease, the Briggittines celebrate, on the 30th of August, what they call the "Glorification of Mary."

During the Middle Ages the thirtieth day after the feast of the Assumption was regarded as sacred. It was a festival that nearly coincides with our feast of the Holy Name of Mary, and it may be that there is some connection between them. "The name of Mary is sweeter to the lips than a honeycomb, more flattering to the ear than sweet songs, more delicious to the heart than the purest joy," says St. Anthony of Padua: *nomen Virgines Mariæ, mel in ore, melos in aure, jubilum in corde*. The learned Bardenhewer gives at least seventy different meanings to the name

of Mary. The sister of Moses is the only Mary mentioned in the Old Testament. It has been suggested that since it was an Egyptian princess who caused the boy to be called Moses, the origin of his sister's name might have also been Egyptian. In the opinion of some writers Mary is a mixture of Egyptian and Hebrew. The Hebrew word for it is *Miryam*, derived from *mar*, bitter, and *yám*, sea. Taken as a compound it could mean *myrr*, that is to say mistress of the sea. If the theory of its Egyptian and Hebrew origin be accepted, the verb "to love" being rendered in Egyptian by *mer* or *mar*, and *Yam* or *Yahweh* being a Hebrew term for the Divine name, Mary would mean "one loving Yahweh," or "one beloved by Jehovah."

It is a common error to trace the name "Star of the Sea," so frequently given to the Mother of God, to St. Jerome. The term used by that saint was not *Stella maris* (Star of the Sea), but *stilla maris*, or *drop* of the sea. It is so written in a Banberg manuscript of the ninth century. It is interesting to remember in connection with the name of Mary that the expression "to be well nourished" is synonymous in the East with beauty and grace of form. If, therefore, as some maintain, Mary is derived from *mara*, "to be well nourished," it would signify "the beautiful and perfect one."

In France it is customary for Catholic parents to give the name of Mary to both sons and daughters. But the Poles showed their respect for the Mother of God in exactly the opposite way; for they refused to bestow it on either boys or girls, regarding it as something too sacred for ordinary use. As an instance of this P. Paoli Segneri says, "that when King Ladislas the Fourth of Poland was about to marry Mary Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Nevers, he asked to have a clause inserted in the

marriage contract stipulating that his bride should drop her name of Mary and be known only as Louisa, so as not to shock the pious prejudices of her future subjects with regard to the name of God's holy Mother."

The Irish showed their reverence for the name of Mary by having two different words for it; one of which they used in referring to the Blessed Virgin, the other when any other woman was the bearer of it. *Maol-Mhuire*, or the servant of Mary, was, however, a name frequently given to children in ancient Ireland. In its Anglicized form it is scarcely recognizable. Such names as Meyler, Miles, Murray and Gilmore are supposed to have been originally either *Maol-Mhuire*, the servant of Mary, or *MacGuolla-Mhuire*, the son of the servant of Mary.

Like the Hebrews, Greeks, and other antique races, the ancient Irish had nothing to correspond to the modern surname. It was not till the eleventh century that surnames began to be used in all parts of Ireland. When it is transformed into a family name *Maol-Mhuire*, the servant of Mary, became *O'Maoil-Mhuire*.

THE trouble with many of us is that we are apt to lose sight of the one great aim for which we were created; that, instead of keeping our eyes fixed on our Creator as we go along the narrow path which leads to eternal union with Him, we allow ourselves to be drawn aside by the attractions and distractions which beckon to us on every hand. This accounts for those frequent feelings of disgust and discouragement with our necessary duties, as well as those feelings of jealousy when comparing our lot with that of others who seem better off. We forget that if we but travel long enough on the straight road, we shall reach God, the Great Leveller.

—Anon.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.

GREGORY GLASSFORD was a busy man of affairs, a notable figure on the Produce Exchange, where he dealt largely in cargoes of coffee and spices, and where he preserved the best traditions of that old-time body of merchants, of whom his father had been a conspicuous example. The young man found time to pay more or less frequent visits to the House at the Cross Roads, and sometimes on the invitation of Eloise, courteously seconded by Mrs. Brentwood and Marcia, he remained over the week-end and enjoyed his sojourn.

He went there for a definite purpose, apart from the pleasure he felt in a certain genial hospitality, which was the very spirit and essence of the house. He wanted to study Eloise, both on her account and on his own, with reference to certain affairs between them, which had occurred, shortly before her departure for France. Previous to that, their relations had always been those of guardian and ward; and that he had forgotten, even for a few brief moments, that rôle which he had striven so conscientiously to play, was a constant reproach to him.

He also wanted to acquaint himself with these new surroundings, and decide what would be best for her immediate future. The inheritance, by which Eloise set such store, meant less than nothing to him. For, even if he had been of a mercenary trend, his own affluent circumstances made the amount insufficient to impress him. Nevertheless, he was aware that it might attract towards the girl, men less favored by fortune than himself, and, in many instances, undesirable. He had always the fear of one individual, which had

led him to hurry his ward off to the French convent.

Her mother, a connection of his by marriage, and one who had been inordinately devoted to social activities, dying young, had left her daughter to the care of her sister, a gay and frivolous woman, whose only formula for the training of her niece was that she should prove to be a social success, and gather about her as many admirers as possible. Her views had been totally at variance with those of the father, James Brentwood. An engineer by profession, he had, during all the later years of his life, no settled home, and his daughter had either accompanied him in his wanderings, or had stopped with her aunt, Mrs. Critchley, and attended an ultra-fashionable day school.

James Brentwood was a devout Catholic, who stood out for the right, amid all the cross currents of the Brentwood family stream and its tributaries. He strove to implant the seeds of faith in that one child, to whom he was devoted with a painful intensity of affection. But, dying prematurely, he was forced to leave the task to others. Amongst those included in that varied family group, James Brentwood fixed his eyes upon Gregory Glassford as one who, in the position of guardian, might assume at least a certain control over the impulsive Eloise.

"If your father had lived," James Brentwood said, on one of his last conversations with Gregory, in whom he placed implicit confidence,—*"if your father had lived, he would have been as one in a thousand for the office of guardian. Will you, his son, do me the favor I ask in the name of our friendship to accept the trust?"*

And Gregory, despite inward misgivings, answered that he would.

James Brentwood died soon after of a fever contracted when working on

the Panama Canal. He left a letter appointing Glassford, though he was then only twenty-seven, as one of the executors, but begging him to have watch and ward over his daughter, and, as far as possible, to advance her spiritual, no less than her temporal interests. He begged of him to see that she was brought up in those principles which had actuated his whole life, and by which he knew that Gregory Glassford was governed.

Gregory, being sociably desirable, and one of the inner circle of the Brentwood connections, was made much of by Mrs. Critchley, and thus was enabled to exercise a certain supervision over the daughter of his friend.

Eloise, in her demeanor towards him, had been usually pliable and submissive, with occasional fits of rebellion, which threw into relief the final surrender. Almost always she deferred to his judgment. After her fashion, she had been devoted to her father, and accepted with trust, and apparently with affection, the guardian whom he had appointed.

There was one instance, however, in which that beneficent influence seemed to fail, and it was a case which filled Mr. Glassford with the liveliest apprehensions. It was about a certain Reginald Hubbard, commonly known to his friends as "Reggie." A favorite of Mrs. Critchley's, he was thrown much into the society of her niece, by whom he seemed to be attracted. This man's character and record, which were the gossip of the clubs, were well known to Glassford. He was aware of his reckless gambling on the Stock Exchange, whereby the commonest principles of honesty were violated; also of more than one unsavory scandal, in which his name had figured. Altogether, Gregory felt that it would be but ill carrying out his friend's wishes, to permit Eloise to become involved with a profligate and a spendthrift. It was all too evident

that Eloise was flattered by the attentions of this man of the world.

In his anxiety to prevent such a catastrophe, Gregory exerted every means in his power to please her, and there came an evening, when moonlight was flooding the garden and Eloise was in one of her most charming moods, that Gregory permitted himself to go further than he had ever dreamed of doing. There had been a few moments of romantic infatuation, when words of admiration, even of tenderness, had burst from his lips, and Gregory stood committed to what was practically a declaration of love.

Now, that episode had filled Gregory with the keenest self-reproach, since it seemed to him like taking advantage of the girl's youth and inexperience, and all the more so that during the two years which had elapsed, that romantic infatuation had passed away with the moment that gave it birth. But he felt that, in any event, this issue between them had to be squarely faced. Had she taken his attitude seriously—which he very much doubted,—he would have felt bound in honor to fulfil such pledges as he might then have made. But he would have preferred that she should forget the episode.

That a more mature Eloise might conceivably attract and hold him by the strongest of bonds was a possibility, not without its charm; but the most satisfactory solution of the problem for the moment, was that they should return to their previous relation of guardian and ward. The moment of folly, as he designated their parting interview in the garden, had taken place after she had consented to go over seas. It was partly his influence that had prevailed, and partly that she had liked the idea of crossing the ocean, and finding a new experience in convent life.

In one of the first conversations, which they had together in the House

at the Cross Roads, Eloise referred to that sacrifice which she had made at his request, in leaving the gayeties of New York for the seclusion of a convent.

"If you had asked me to go to the Desert of Sahara, Gregory," she said, "I should have gone."

"But the sacrifice, at the time," Gregory responded awkwardly, "was quite as much on my side as on yours."

Eloise smiled and shook her head.

"Except for that moment in the garden," she said, "you never really cared for me."

Gregory's face clouded.

"That moment in the garden was unpardonable," he cried.

Eloise did not think so. It had delighted her at the time, as showing the power she exercised over this apparently unimpressionable guardian, and she felt aggrieved that he should thus severely condemn it.

"Of course," she went on, in a smooth, even voice, which concealed her displeasure, "my own sentiments at the time were most vague."

"Undoubtedly they were," agreed Gregory, relieved at her tone, "though I was very much afraid they were veering in a wrong direction."

She knew in her heart that they had veered, but she did not choose to discuss this question with her guardian.

"I was very fond of you, Gregory."

"As a good ward should be," Gregory returned lightly, "and so we are glad to see each other, and to know that we are, and shall always be, I hope, on the best of good terms."

"That sounds so prosaic," Eloise said, with a frown which reminded him of the Eloise of the past.

"Most of life is prosaic," he said, rather lamely. For there arose before him that scene in the garden, when Eloise had called him her adorable Gregory, and had declared that she loved him better than any one in the world.

With a keenness of perception, with which he was almost fatally endowed, he had surmised, what was really the case, that she was unconsciously actuated by a passion of pique and wounded self-love, because Reginald Hubbard had bade her a very cool and unemotional good-bye, and had left the dinner party at Mrs. Critchley's very early. He remembered how he had striven to persuade her that she was but a child, and could know nothing for years of real love. She had reproached him for playing the unpleasant rôle of a prophet, and, to his consternation, had burst into a passion of tears.

"You are the only person in the world I really love," she had cried, "and I only wish you loved me half so well."

He had been charmed from the first by the House at the Cross Roads and its inhabitants. He viewed with concern the determination of Eloise to take possession of this dwelling, which her grandfather's legacy had bestowed upon her, and thus practically eject its present occupants.

"I want to feel," she explained, "that I am really, truly, and for the first time in my life, head of my own house."

Gregory Glassford smiled indulgently. To him she seemed so very young, despite her nineteen years.

"You want, in short," he said, "as so many little girls have done, to play house."

Eloise did not relish this tone, but she passed on to the second item in her programme:

"Of course, I shall need a chaperone of my own choice. If only it were possible to have Dolly Critchley!"

This last was thrown out defiantly, as she was aware of her guardian's sentiments. But Gregory only laughed.

"There is no danger of that. Imagine Mrs. Critchley asked to settle down in this charming, but, to her, very quiet, little village."

"Oh, I know, I know! She would not stand the life here for a month. And with the shabbiness of the house, and all that, I couldn't even ask her on a visit. It will have to be some one very different, of course, and some one that will not interfere too much."

"Eloise," objected her guardian, and his tone was very serious, "hasn't it ever occurred to you that, in your desire to play house, you will make it very difficult for your aunt and cousin?"

Eloise opened her eyes wide, and the man beside her was quick to notice that she had not even considered that part of the subject.

"Why, you would not expect me to give up my legacy!"

"Of course not, but is there not some compromise which might be reached?"

Eloise looked at him, her gray eyes darkening with some hidden feeling.

"I have fallen quite in love with your surroundings here," Gregory continued, easily, "the house and its inhabitants. To my mind, you could not do better than adopt as your official chaperone, your aunt, Mrs. Walter Brentwood."

"She is only my aunt by marriage."

"The world does not heed such subtle distinctions. Such an arrangement, for the time being at least, would seem eminently proper and natural, and you would avoid giving pain to those who are deeply attached to this house."

"You seem very solicitous for my newly-found relations."

"I am."

"Well, then, let me tell you, that, even if they cared to stay under the circumstances, such an arrangement would not answer at all."

Her tone was so vehement, that Gregory in amazement inquired the reason.

"Because Marcia would always be mistress here."

"Is she so very dominating?"

"Whether she is or not does not mat-

ter. She might be very glad to get rid of the management of this household, but yet she would be the real ruler. The servants, for example—"

Gregory, with a man's contempt for household details, waved that suggestion aside:

"The servants could easily be changed."

"Not these servants; that is to say, the cook, and her satellite, Minna. Where Marcia is, they would be."

Gregory smiled involuntarily, as he recalled his glance in through the kitchen door, on the occasion of his first visit, and the snatches of conversation he had overheard. In that respect, she was probably right. Still, he had a strong man's obstinacy in wishing to carry his point, and he had made up his mind, just as he had previously done about the convent, that no better arrangement could be made.

But he had an intuitive feeling that this was not the Eloise whom he had found so submissive upon a former occasion, and that in addition to the new, and apparently radical change in herself, there was some new feeling at work, the nature of which he did not fully understand.

"The arrangement would only, at the worst, be temporary," he urged, adding with some embarrassment, "for when you marry—"

"For heaven's sake! do not bring up the question of marriage," said Eloise, "for I shall have to be sure, and very sure, of my own sentiments, before any man shall put a ring on my finger."

"A sentiment which I fully endorse," Gregory said. "I hope, indeed, dear little girl, that you will not only be sure of your own sentiments, but of the sort of man who may inspire them."

"Now he is hitting at Reggie. Poor Reggie, always good-natured and obliging," thought Eloise.

But none of these reflections did she

put into words. She was inordinately vexed at the whole trend of the conversation, which was only the second or third she had held with her guardian since her return. But what might have passed between them, can only be conjectured, since they were disturbed by the entrance of Minna, who had been despatched by Marcia with a telegram for Mr. Glassford. With an apology, Gregory instantly opened it, while Minna, who stood waiting, presently put in:

"Please, sir, Miss Marcia told me to ask if there was an answer."

"No answer at all," Gregory replied, and, rising to his feet, he told Eloise:

"I shall have to return at once to town."

He could scarcely have told why he did not at once inform Eloise of the nature of the summons.

He turned at the door to say:

"Make my apologies to your aunt and cousin."

Eloise nodded rather impatiently. It was not the aunt and cousin he came here to see, but her alone. As he reached the outer door, to which, in her petulant mood, she did not accompany him, he turned back once more:

"My dear Eloise, I beg of you to do nothing rash,—nothing without consulting me."

She smiled that peculiar smile of hers, which at times was almost repellent. But he noticed that she made no promise. She stood at the window and watched Gregory go out the gate and down the walk, with a new and curiously mingled feeling in her heart towards him, towards life, towards what she would have called destiny.

(To be continued.)

A Saint of the Sixteenth Century.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

AT the Capuchin friary attached to the Church "Il Redentore" in Venice, there will be shown you, if you are a favored visitor, many folios of well-bound manuscripts, written neatly and carefully. They are the friary's chief treasure; the work of one of the first friars who dwelt at Il Redentore, and looked upon Venice as his home—one who, in his day, was a notable preacher, the ambassador of Pope and princes, and Minister-General of his Order; and yet withal the humblest of friars and the most selfless of workers. He was canonized but a few years since. Perhaps some day he will be crowned a Doctor of the Church. At least that is what the friars at Venice will tell you, as they show you the manuscripts; and they say it quietly and with conviction.

But besides his extraordinary sanctity, St. Lawrence of Brindisi was out of the common run of men even in natural endowments. He possessed a strong and persuasive personality, and a wonderful facility for accomplishing whatever he set his hand to do. In whatever company he was, his presence compelled attention: he had the gift of imparting enthusiasm, and men were proud to acknowledge his leadership. His mind was quick and receptive; his sympathies wide and embracing; his speech eloquent. With these qualities went an untiring energy and the calmness of reserved strength. Such a man in any path of life would find the way open before him.

Though Venice rightly claims St. Lawrence as her own, he was born in 1559 at Brindisi, where his family, of good Venetian stock, were living in some sort of exile: hence it is that he is commonly known as St. Lawrence of Brindisi. His secular name was Julius

IF I have the treasure of Faith in my hands, I can profitably open them to my country.—*Thiers.*

Cæsar Rossi: which gave the annalist of the Capuchin Order an opportunity he could not resist; for this Julius Cæsar, he tells us gravely, "came to the Franciscan Order, saw the life and conquered his spiritual foes." Certainly in the saint's career there was a good deal to justify the phrase: *veni, vidi, vici*. He took the name of Lawrence on the day he received the religious habit out of devotion to the great Deacon-martyr of the early Church, and again the annalist falls into the temptation: the name Lawrence (Laurentius) was a prophecy that this man was to wear the laurel—to be *laureatus!*

At this time he was barely fifteen years of age. From his early boyhood he had aspired to the religious life and the priesthood. When as a child he was chosen, according to Italian custom, to preach at the Christmas festival in the Cathedral of Brindisi, he took himself and his audience quite seriously, and preached with such simple eloquence, that other churches in Calabria asked for the boy-preacher, and he was taken on a preaching tour; thus early did his career of success begin. At Brindisi he went to a school in the friary of the Conventuals, and there it was he conceived the idea of becoming a Franciscan. His mother, now a widow, would not hear of it: she wanted him at home; but the boy, though strongly attached to her, remained firm in his resolve: "God has called me, I can not deny Him," he would reply to her entreaties. Eventually she gave way; but Julius, fearing further difficulties, obtained her consent to go to Venice to continue his schooling in a seminary for ecclesiastical students. Thus it was that he returned to the city of his ancestors.

Whilst studying at the seminary he made the acquaintance of the Capuchins. The great Church of Il Redentore—the votive offering of the city in thanksgiving for the cessation of the plague—

was not yet built: and it was in the older church that he listened to the sermons of the friars. He very quickly decided to become a Capuchin, and applied to be received into the Order. The Superior held out no easy inducement. He pictured graphically to the boy the austerities of the life as they stood in a bare, narrow cell. "Can you endure such a life?" he asked. "Let me have a crucifix and I think I can," was the ready response.

Decision and earnestness carried him through his novitiate in spite of a breakdown in health. Another characteristic which early showed itself was the thoroughness with which he did whatever he attempted. He set himself to master the Hebrew, Greek, Syriac and Chaldaic languages: a feat which should commend him to our modern critics. A few years later when he undertook missions to the Jews, he was said by the Jews themselves to speak their language "as one of themselves"; and he once remarked to a friend that if the text of the Scriptures should be lost, he believed he could write out the whole Bible from memory in the original languages. Another trait which showed itself in his student days was the ease with which he could turn from one occupation to another. Whatever he was engaged in—be it study or prayer or the routine duties of the common life,—occupied his whole mind for the time being.

His public career began when he was but twenty-three years of age, and before he had attained to the priesthood. A special preacher was required to preach the Lenten course in one of the Venetian churches. Lawrence was sent; and such was the effect of his sermons that he was at once sought after for other churches. From this time he practically lived in the public eye. Two years later he received the priesthood after some hesitation on his part: for,

like his spiritual father, St. Francis, he held himself unworthy of the dignity. He was then appointed lecturer in divinity for the Capuchins of the Venetian Province: within four years he was chosen as Guardian of that most important house of the Province; in 1590, when he was but thirty-two years of age, he was elected Minister-Provincial of Tuscany. Six years after this he was called to Rome as a Definitor-General of the whole Order. He must have been a prodigious worker: for, notwithstanding the labors attached to these offices, he continued his apostolic work of preaching, and wrote not a few books. His sermons were always carefully prepared, as his manuscripts prove.

Already, too, he was known as "Il Santo"—"The Saint." In Venice, the people would wait hours for him as he passed through the streets, that his blessing might cure their sick. At Padua on his arrival there the crowds gathered, crying out: *Ecco il Santo!*

His call to Rome brought him into direct relations with the Pope; and from this time began those activities which entitle him to no mean place in the history of the Papacy.

His first Papal commission was to work for the conversion of the Jews in Rome and Italy. The traditional policy of the Holy See had always been one of clemency and protection towards the Jewish race, and nowhere were they treated more humanely than in Rome itself. Within their own quarter they were allowed freedom of worship. At the same time, however, the Popes had consistently aimed to win them over to Christianity by appointing preachers to expound to them the Christian faith. No coercion was used: they were to be won, not forced.

In pursuance of this policy Clement VIII. commissioned St. Lawrence to work for their conversion. He was admirably fitted for the office by the

fluency with which he spoke the Hebrew tongue; but besides that he had the gift of sympathy which disarmed suspicion, and a capacity for entering into the mental attitude of his audience, which enabled him to understand and appreciate the arguments they brought against him. When preaching to them he followed the Hebrew method of interpreting Scripture; in debate he was tolerant and courteous.

Once at Venice certain rabbis, fearing his influence over their people, plotted to assassinate him. Elsewhere he seems invariably to have won completely the esteem and affection of the rabbis and the Jews. And he deserved it, if one instance may be taken as showing the spirit in which he met them. At Mantua, the Jews had frequently to suffer at the hands of the mob. To protect them against this violence, Lawrence persuaded the Duke to assign them a quarter of the city for their own residence: and out of consideration for their feelings he had all Christian emblems removed.

In 1599, just as he had entered on his fortieth year, he received a new appointment which was to have far-reaching results. Two years before this, the Archbishop of Prague had written to the General of the Capuchins, begging him to send friars to Bohemia to assist in restoring the Catholic Faith against the invasion of Protestantism. No steps, however, at that time were taken to meet the Archbishop's wish. But at the approach of the General Chapter of the Order, which met in Rome, in 1599, the Archbishop again appealed, this time to the Pope himself; and by the advice of Clement VIII. the Chapter resolved to dispatch a body of friars to work in Bohemia. Lawrence was nominated Superior with the title of Commissary, and given a wide discretion as to the employment of those under his authority.

The position of the Church in Ger-

many was one to baffle any ordinary ingenuity. Protestantism, there as elsewhere, was not merely a religious heresy; it was a catastrophic upheaval, a revolt against the whole existing order of things, political, intellectual and social. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if the whole nation must be lost to the Church. In the end Southern Germany and the Rhine provinces were, on the whole, recovered from the invading Protestantism after a struggle of nearly a hundred years.

At the time St. Lawrence was sent to Germany, the Catholic recovery had set in; yet it was far from assured. Two main lines of policy lay before the Papacy—politically the Catholic princes had to be kept steadfast in their allegiance to the Church. Their allegiance was a necessity, if the mass of the people were to be saved from heresy. A Protestant Prince meant a Protestant State-Church. But a religion forced upon the people by the will of the prince is not the ideal of the Gospel: a mere political profession of Catholicism is in reality no Catholicism. The Catholic princes might abolish Protestant worship in their States and force upon the people an external conformity to Catholic worship; but the Church could not rest content with that.

Capuchin missionaries were already at work in the Netherlands, Switzerland and the Tyrol, when St. Lawrence was despatched to labor in Bohemia and the dominions of the Emperor. He arrived in Prague towards the end of 1599. On the way he had an interview with the Archduke Matthias about religious affairs in Austria, which resulted in his founding a friary in Vienna where he left six of his companions.

At Prague he was welcomed by the Archbishop and the Papal Nuncio, and at once put his hand to the work for which he had come. But it was characteristic of him that before he undertook

to preach against the Protestants, he set himself to master the particular teaching of the Bohemian preachers. He attended their discourses and took notes of their arguments: not until he felt that he had grasped their side of the question, did he venture to reply. And in his sermons he always treated them with courtesy, never using invective and, as a rule, avoiding allusions to particular persons. It was the same attitude of mind and heart as that in which he had preached to the Jews in Italy. In a very short time he was the recognized champion of the Catholic cause in Prague. His sermons were attended by crowds of Catholics and Protestants. He not only preached in the churches: he met the heretics at informal meetings arranged by mutual acquaintances, and debated with them in friendly fashion. But religious feeling ran high, and there were times when he appeared in public at the risk of his life.

On one occasion, as he was returning from a friendly debate, a party of heretics set upon him, and he was only saved by the fortunate arrival upon the scene of three Catholic youths. His position was rendered the more difficult by the attitude of the Emperor. Rudolph II. was a man of weak, indecisive character and of unbalanced mind: utterly incapable of holding the reins of government and the responsibilities of his office. Politics worried him, he was more at home dabbling in science. The coming of the Capuchins to Prague was not altogether to his liking, though he gave a donation towards the building of the friary; and from the first they were opposed by the party in immediate attendance upon the Emperor. Amongst these was the dissolute astronomer, Tycho Brahe, who, according to the Emperor's own statement, had predicted that Rudolph would be murdered by a Capuchin. However true that may be, the Emperor's antagonism became so

strong that Lawrence decided it would be better for the interests of the Church if the Capuchins left Prague. They were actually setting forth when the Emperor suddenly recalled them.

More happy were Lawrence's relations with the Archduke Matthias, in whose hands was the actual government of Austria and Hungary and with the Archduke Ferdinand who ruled in Styria. At the request of these princes he established a number of friaries in their territories which were to be centres of missionary activity.

The year 1601 brought Lawrence into the diplomatic service of the Empire. The occasion was the new offensive of the Turks against Hungary. Their naval power had been shattered at the battle of Lepanto, but their military forces were yet strong. In the face of the danger, the Pope found himself again forced by circumstances to head a Christian league against the Turks. Rudolph, the Emperor, could not be trusted to deal with the crisis. So it happened that St. Lawrence was sent as Papal and Imperial envoy to Bavaria to secure the adhesion of the Duke Maximilian. That was the beginning of a life-long friendship between the friar and this prince who was to become the leader of the Catholic League.

In the campaign which followed, Lawrence and several of his friars were attached as chaplains to the army of the Archduke Matthias. The Christian and Turkish main armies came in touch with each other near Stuhlweissenbourg in Hungary. The Turks were in superior strength, and under cover of night managed to out-manceuvre the army of Matthias, who in the morning found himself at such disadvantage that retreat seemed the wiser course. A council of war was held at which Lawrence was called; and, against the majority of the council, he contended for battle, offering himself to go in front of the army. His

decision carried the day; and the Turkish army was utterly routed. During the fight, Lawrence was everywhere, crucifix in hand.

In the following year, Lawrence was recalled to Rome and elected Superior-General of his Order. The Papal Nuncio and the German princes had sent an urgent petition to the Pope against his recall; they even begged that he might be released from all superiorship in the Order, and left free to carry on his apostolic work. Their petition, however, was not heeded; probably it was remembered at Rome four years later when, at the request of the Emperor himself, Lawrence was sent back to Germany with authority to preach in all the Germanic States, and as Chaplain-General to the army which was to contend against the Turks.

(Conclusion next week.)

Antiphons.

(*Infra Octavam Assumptionis B. V. M.*)

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

PROMISE and Fact to seers' eyes,
 Thou wert a rainbow in their skies.
 By Carmel's height they sighted thee,
 And vines of fragrant Engaddi.
 The bow of song grew more intense
 O'er mounts of myrrh and frankincense:
 More colorful the heavens shone
 Through saffron fields and cinnamon;
 Till singing Promise held its breath,
 Hearing the Fact at Nazareth.
 As summoned to thy farther skies,
 Still art thou Promise to our eyes.
 Higher is faith than Carmel's height,
 Than vines more wondrous in thy sight.
 Hope is a bow across the day,
 At night a fragrant Milky Way.
 Round every cloud are we aware
 An arch of love intones thy care.
 Ave! and on thy children tend
 To find the Fact where rainbows end.

“A Business Proposition.”

BY K. B. S.

(CONTINUED.)

“WELL, Father, everyone was very good to us,” continued Mr. Dennehy. “Father Corcoran came with a ten-pound note, and said the people had subscribed to help us. I think now that, though times were hard, he donated most of it himself. And Mr. Hunter told me that if I would put in a little more time at the shop he would raise my pay to eighteen shillings. We would have got on very well then, only from that day my poor mother seemed to grow suddenly older: her hair went grey and her face thin, and she was often ill, but she would say that she would soon be well again. I had no idea how ill she was; for she tried to hide it from me, and was always as bright and cheerful as she could be, and she used to say how good it was to have me getting every comfort for her. It was poor comfort, Father, but we had lived hard lives, and with poor people a little goes a long way. The good woman we lodged with used to do many things for her, and Mr. Hunter raised my pay again, and I used to go on thinking that my mother would be well when the fine weather came.

“But at last, one evening—it was just after the last Christmas we had together,—we were sitting by the fire, and she seemed very silent and thoughtful, and I was just going to ask her if there was any bad news, when she drew her chair near mine and put her arm round my neck and rested my head on her shoulder and said almost in a whisper, ‘Patrick dear, you must be brave and take it as God’s good will. Sure He knows best. I have not long in this world. God will take me soon. He and His Blessed Mother will guard you, my boy; and, please God, I will be allowed to watch over my boy.’ I burst

out crying like a child, and she kissed me again and again, and told me it would be better, as God was arranging it all for us, and she had suffered a lot, though she did not let me know. Then I tried to put on a brave face, and we said our Rosary together, and I felt better. She died on St. Joseph’s day.

“The last fortnight was a dreary time. She was in the hospital, and I used to see her there when I could. They let me spend most of the last day with her, and she died a holy, happy death, with the priest beside her. When he turned to me and said, ‘She is gone,’ I felt alone in the world with nothing to live for.”

“And then you left England?”

“Not at once, Father. I stayed on a few months in Barchester. That Summer was a terrible time. Dry, blazing hot weather, so that one could hardly work by day or sleep at night. There was a lot of illness in the place; fever was flying about, and Mr. Hunter caught it and died in a week. He left me twenty pounds in his will. I was hoping that perhaps the widow would carry on the business, and let me run it for her; though I was only a young fellow of seventeen I felt I was a man, and knew the business well enough to manage it. But she told me she had an offer for it, and that a new owner was coming in; and he brought his own people with him, two grown up sons, to help him. So I had to go. I had run the shop for a month after Mr. Hunter died, and I handed it all over in good order, and Mrs. Hunter, when she wished me good-bye and good luck, gave me ten pounds out of the money she got for the shop.

“I did not know where to look for another job, and you know, Father, how we Irishmen think of America as the place where there is work for everyone—though that’s not so any longer, more’s the pity,—so I told Father Corcoran I was off to Philadelphia now that

I had thirty pounds in hand, or, to be more exact, off to New York. And he told me that though he was sorry to part with me, he thought it was a good plan, and he gave me letters to friends of his in New York city, and from that day 'I never looked back.'

"After a rough passage in a crowded steerage I landed in New York with good health, a good trade in my hands, and a little money, and, thanks to Father Corcoran's letters, I found friends and work at once. And I made the fortune, but that's another story and a dull one. They say it's dangerous to be a rich man, and true it is. I've seen many a man poorer for being rich; and if I have not gone that way it's because by God's grace I have not forgotten what my poor mother taught me."

"She has kept her word," said the priest, "she has watched over her boy."

"Sure, Father. You are right again. I told her I would make a fortune for her, and now I want to spend some of what I have made for her and for my father. I've been thinking no end about old times lately. I feel like a lonely man for the last two years since my wife died. We had two children—my son fell by a Spanish bullet in the trenches before Santiago. It was a good death, for he was fighting for freedom, but I would have been a proud man if he had died fighting for old Ireland. My daughter is a Sister of Charity in San Francisco. It was not my plan for her, but it was God's; but I do feel lonely sometimes when I think of her. So I have been dreaming dreams again, and made my plans, and I have come here to see if you and I, Father, can make something out of them."

"I have no doubt they are very sound plans," said Father Ryan. "I shall be very happy to talk them over with you and see what can be done." He had

hardly given his approval in advance of his visitor's plans when he felt he must guard it by a proviso that "he would see what could be done." For even as he spoke it had occurred to him that Dennehy might possibly be one of those well-intentioned, but occasionally embarrassing "pious founders," whose ideas are more magnificent than practical. Perhaps by that subtle thought-reading that comes into action when two people are talking together, Dennehy half understood what was in the priest's mind, for he almost answered the unspoken thought.

"See here, Father," he said, "what I have been thinking out means doing something fairly big for your church and school. I must see the school to-morrow. I guess it's something very different from the tumble-down shack of my school days, but it's the same school where I learned my lessons. Just as I am the same as little Pat Dennehy of long ago, though I've grown a bit since then. And the church is rebuilt; but it's for me the same church where I went to Mass with my father and mother. But then they are your church and school, and you must have the last word about anything that is to be done. I don't want to butt in and turn everything upside down. So that's a straight deal."

"It is like your good self to put it that way," said Father Ryan. "But I am sure there will be no difficulty in agreeing about any plans you suggest for helping our church and schools."

"If there is we must find a way round it, Father. Now just to clear the ground; I'm told most of the churches over here have got a debt of some kind on them. I reckon yours is no exception."

"Well, we are lucky here in Barchester," explained the priest. "We had a big debt on the church, but for twenty years the people have been collecting to

pay it off, and we are nearly clear now."

"We are talking business, Father. Do you mind naming the precise figure?"

And as he asked the question Dennehy pulled a big wallet out of his breast pocket. "I want to make a contribution to this Sunday collection of yours," he added.

"We have got it down to about three hundred and fifty pounds."

"You're not talking business, Father. I want the precise amount."

"If you insist you shall have it," said the priest, leaning over to his desk to take from one of its drawers a little memorandum book. He turned over its pages and replied to the question: "The balance after our last payment was, as I said, three hundred and fifty. We have in the bank out of our collections just fifteen pounds against that."

"Net debit balance three three five," interjected Dennehy.

"Wrong," said Father Ryan, smiling. "It's something to catch a business man out. Our collectors are going their rounds this afternoon as usual, and this evening I shall have a bagful of pence and sixpences that will make up about another pound."

"Right you are, Father. We can't get the exact figure till this evening. Now let me come round again to-morrow. Then tell me what the figure is, and I will give you a check for it. And before your sermon to-night just tell the people the money collected to-day has cleared off the debt for good and all."

"I don't know how to thank you. I shall tell the people to pray for a generous friend of theirs who is clearing off what is left of the debt."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Father. I want to be there this evening, and I couldn't come to the church to hear your Reverence talking about me from the pulpit."

"But I must say something. They

will be wondering how I have got the money so suddenly."

"Let them wonder. Or, stop a minute. I have an idea that I like above all things. Tell them there is a legacy coming that will clear off the rest of the debt."

"But, Mr. Dennehy, you are alive, and I hope the time is far off when you will be having legacies paid in your name."

Dennehy laughed. "Yes," he said, "I reckon I'm all alive. But I told you I promised my poor mother I would make a fortune for her. This is *her* money I am going to hand over."

"Well, as you are so bent on it, I must find a way to put it as you wish."

"So that's fixed," said Dennehy. "I generally get my way in a business deal, Father. I shall see you to-morrow. By the way, is there a debt on the school?"

"No, that's all clear."

"So much the better. Please take me to see it to-morrow, Father. I have some ideas about it, but we can fix them up after I have seen it. You may have some improvements to make there, but whatever else we do, the boys must have a holiday. And there is another thing to be settled. I want to found a prize, or scholarship, to be given each year for the two things that really matter. I don't know how one of them will fit in with your British school regulations, but it must be fitted in. One prize, whatever it may be, each year will be for Christian Doctrine, and the other for history,—not lists of the kings and queens of England, but the history of the Old Country. I reckon the boys are mostly Irish."

"Yes. Irish or of Irish descent—though some of them seem hardly to know it."

"That's what the prize will put right. Make an Irishman proud of the old Catholic land that kept the Faith for him, and it will help to keep him true to it. Don't you agree to that, Father?"

"With all my heart."

"Well, we can fix up things for the school to-morrow, and there is something I want to do for the church, too, if you agree to it."

"You have done enough, and more than enough already—"

"No, indeed. There's something else. But we've had a long talk, and there are some papers I wanted to show you but forgot to bring along. We can go into it to-morrow."

"But, Mr. Dennehy, I must insist that you have done enough for me and my people already. I feel I would only be taking advantage of your generosity if I allowed you to suggest anything more. I don't know what to say to thank you."

"Now, please don't say anything, Father. Sure it's delighted I am to have the chance. We'll talk about it to-morrow, and I rather reckon you won't object to it. But I'm a reasonable man, Father, and if you can suggest anything better, I won't stand in the way. Now, I want to have a look at some of the old places. And to-morrow, if it fits in with your own plans, I want to come round about eleven and see the schools, and then you must come over to the Hotel, and we'll have a bit of lunch and another talk. Is that all right?"

"I shall be delighted," said the priest. "I shall expect you at eleven."

(Conclusion next week.)

WHAT are the works upon which all our profit, all our perfection, depends? All those which it is our lot to perform, but especially the ordinary ones that we do every day. These are the most frequent, - and therefore upon these, more than upon others, we ought to fix our eyes and to employ our attention. The measure of their perfection will be the measure of our own. If we do them perfectly, we shall be perfect; if imperfectly, imperfect.—*Rodriguez.*

The Lore of Fans.

BY G. M. HORT.

THE origin of the fan is very ancient. Huge fans made of feathers, and borne on long poles, were part of the insignia of royalty in the East, and special slaves were assigned to the duty of carrying these emblems.

The Assyrian monuments represent Sennacherib attended by these fan-bearers; and fans, made of the feathers of the ibis, were used in Ancient Egypt to fan Queen Cleopatra as she journeyed in her royal barge. In Egypt, also, the fan had a peculiar importance as a symbol of the protective power of the gods, whose special favorites the kings were supposed to be. Their presence must have added considerably to the respectful awe in which the great of the earth were held; and the sight of their swaying beauty round the monarch, as he sat in state, must have been impressive.

Nor are fans without their sacred associations in Christian ceremonial. Used, during the celebration of the Mass, to drive away flies from the altar, they were carried in ecclesiastical processions, and received all the honor due to the service they had done the sanctuary. Besides the old idea of their sacred character, the suggestion of supernatural protection given by their great, outspread "wings," survived into Christian thought and practice; and to this day, great fans (*flabella*) are carried in the Papal processions, as a mark of honor to the Holy Father.

The dainty hand-fan of modern fashion bears, seemingly, but small resemblance to the stately and solemn *flabella*; but it also was known in very early times, and has a long history. Many are the legends of the origin of the first folding fan.

One story tells how, long ago in China, the daughter of a great Man-

darin, oppressed by the heat at some public function, took off the little silk mask, which custom decreed she should wear in public, and waved it to and fro to cool her face. This daring act led, at first, to a scandalized outcry; but afterwards, says the tale, to a new and highly popular fashion.

Another legend attributes the first folding fan to a Japanese artist who, some centuries before Christ, took for his model the wing of a bat. Other very probable models will suggest themselves to most of us: the leaf of a palm-tree and the human hand, so graceful and so flexibly shaped, are both essentially fanlike.

From the East, the fan fashion travelled to the south of Europe. The Italian princess, Catherine of Medici, when she became the bride of a French prince, introduced fans into France; her son, Henry III. was accustomed to carry a little fan about with him, and many of his courtiers followed his example.

This habit would have been considered quite reasonable in Japan or China where, up to this very day, fans are carried by women and men of all classes. But in France it seems to have been counted among Henry's many effeminate and foppish traits; and probably helped to give him his well-known nickname—the "Do-Nothing King."

In England, only women favored fans. Queen Elizabeth possessed, as we should expect, a number of very fine ones. But these Tudor fans seem to have been, mainly, of the stiff non-folding sort; and their long handles were favorite weapons of chastisement with the irascible ladies of the period, who ruled their households rather by fear than by love.

The Eighteenth Century has been justly called "The Golden Age of the Fan," especially in France, where fan-making became a serious art, and where

the best artists of the day were not ashamed to put their best work on the carefully prepared surface of the fan's "leaf" or "mount." The favorite material for the "leaf" were taffeta, silk, or fine parchment; the so-called "chicken-skin," of which so many famous fans were made, being a specially-treated kind of vellum. The great painter Antoine Watteau painted some of his most exquisite pastoral scenes on fan-mounts. Very elaborate, too, was the workmanship of the ivory, or mother-o'-pearl sticks, that form the folding-fan handle. The two outer ones, known as the "guards" or "panaches," sometimes contained tiny mirrors, or spy-glasses, and were beautifully carved, or enriched with inlaid patterns of gold or silver.

Vanity of Vanities! And yet these lovely playthings of leisure and luxury were sometimes put to graver uses. In the time of Louis XIV. large fans became the vogue at court; and in those days of much scheming, political secrets were often whispered behind the convenient shelter of some "grande dame's" fan as she sat stately and serene at Versailles.

During the Revolution, the aristocrats who emigrated to England brought some very beautiful and valuable fans along with them; and were soon glad enough—poor souls!—to exchange the useless things of beauty for the bare necessities of life. So, in some cases, these costly toys became life-savers! Others, which remained behind in ill-fated France, had a stranger destiny still; for we hear that some of the ladies of Versailles carried their beautiful fans with them in the fatal tumbrils, and up the steps of the guillotine.

This sounds like a sad display of frivolity in the face of death; and we are inclined to think that only very light-minded people could have been guilty of

it. But perhaps those same fans, behind which so many foolish secrets had once been whispered, were used as a momentary shelter for wiser words, for last farewells and mutual encouragements, breathed by pale lips. Perhaps, too, an outspread fan, here and there, did, for its unfortunate owner, a yet greater service. Perhaps a priest, in the crowd around the tumbril, or himself seated in it to share his penitent's doom, was able to hear a faltering confession, and to speak words of comfort and absolution behind the delicate silken screen of Madame la Marquise's fan!

Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh.

CENTURIES before the so-called Reformation, the sons of the holy Abbot of Molesme had wandered far from the beautiful and peaceful forest of Citeaux to found other abbeys and monasteries, not only on the Continent of Europe, but in the islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Amongst other places in the land of St. Patrick where these white-robed Cistercian monks were welcomed, was a beautiful vale in Tipperary where they founded a house of their Order—that of Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh. Here, adown the ages of faith, they lived lives of prayerful usefulness, their voices raised only in praise and chant and prayer to their God, the spacious, smiling lands around cultivated and made fruitful to abundance by their own willing labor; the poor, ever welcome at the abbey gates, the sick, the needy, the sorrowful, the distressed always sure of help and comfort—temporal as well as spiritual. Though living in peace far from the world, the spectre which had arisen over Christian Europe was not unknown to them. "We are in God's hands," the Abbot said, and his monks bowed their heads in silent assent. Neither craven

fear nor unworthy doubt assailed them as they went to and fro about their various tasks for love of Him who died for love of them.

Within the fretted choir they knelt, thirty-nine in all, lost in prayer, and so wrapt in Him whose bonds they wore that they heard not the din and clatter of Henry's bloodhounds as they hurried along the peaceful vale, eager for spoil and plunder, these vampires in human shape who pulled down in an hour what centuries had builded, and, in less than a day, hardened and degraded and polluted what ages had softened and cleansed and purified. So much the more satisfying to their lust of blood and greed of worldly goods it was that the shrine they were about to desecrate was Our Lady's Shrine and the day, Assumption Eve. The Mother of Him whom they hated was hated also of them. But as they swarmed to the gates, no one met them—no white-robed figure barred their passage.

"What!" cried the leader, "no monks here! The swine have fled and robbed us of their gold. Howbeit! we'll fire the sty and burn the bones."

The gates were not made to withstand the power of strong hands. They were gates of peace—not of war. It did not need much strength, even cowards' strength, to fell them. Tumbling over each other in their haste, the sinful rabble crowded into the church and up the nave, regardless of His Presence there, even as that other rabble ages ago thronged the hall of Pilate and shouted: "Away with Him!" Yet, why this sudden halt—this look of fear on faces hardened with crimes? Only that white-robed ring of holy men praying the prayer of praise and thanksgiving within the fretted choir. A curious sight surely for their eyes accustomed to scenes of strife and bloodshed. But the shock was only temporary. The prize had not escaped,—had

not even attempted to escape,—nay, had not even realized that danger was near.

With one swoop the men fell upon the kneeling monks and blood and mangled bodies strewed the stones. The plunder was managed with almost the same despatch, and God looked down from His Great White Throne on thirty-nine souls standing before Him awaiting the particular judgment, and on a desecrated shrine in a shining valley where human lips would be heard no more sounding His praises at midnight hour, dawning day, or, in the evening, when the sun reddens all the sheaves of yellow wheat in the fair lands around where the toil of His servants had made the desert bloom as the rose.

Brother Marius was not amongst his brethren within the fretted choir. His duty lay in the fields attending to flocks or herds, or, mayhap, with sharp-edged sickle cutting down the yellow-eared sheaves destined to fill the abbey granaries in preparation for the coming Winter. His task finished, he hurried home through the golden hush of the Summer evening to assist at Vespers. The stillness of the high-vaulted nave did not strike Brother Marius as he entered the church, for quiet and peace were amongst the characteristics of Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh; but when he stepped within the fretted choir, his heart all but ceased to beat as he looked at the carnage Henry's human wolves had wrought. A moment of horrified stupefaction at the ghastly sight, and the monk turned away to throw himself on the pavement before a picture of Mary receiving Our Lord after He was taken down from the cross.

"Oh! Mother Mary, sweetest! how canst thou bear to see thy children dead around thine altar on Assumption Eve?" he sobbed. "The loveliest feastday of all the harvest-tide, when young and old stream forth with grapes and corn, and bring their freshest flowers to deck thy

shrine! Oh! Mother Mary, turn thy pleading eyes upon this mournful slaughter! Can it be thou carest not; canst thou forget Nenagh? No, sweetest Mother! Never! Speak that word before the Throne; that word of grace—just *one*."

He was silenced by a triumphant peal of sweet-voiced bells making wondrous melody in the silent church and filling the golden evening with the peace "that passeth understanding." And as he listened enraptured, lo! the martyred Abbot rose up with mitre, cope, and alb, the cross-bearer stood erect with his burden of love, the thurifer swung the incense, and two by two, the white-robed brethren stood up and walked in accustomed train. Never was chant of earth more sweet or more solemn, while angelic choirs swelled the strain, celebrating the entrance of the Stainless Maid into Heaven.

Thus runs the legend of Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh, taken from O'Reilly's "Sufferings for the Catholic Faith in Ireland," as related by Henriquez, the Spanish chronicler at the Irish Seminary at Seville.

Hitherto Unpublished Thoughts of Joseph de Maistre.

Christianity brings ineffable joy; but it never laughs.

Passion can be conquered only by the Sacraments; which is a simple experiment in dynamics.

All religions have their mythologies; in a sacred religion the mythology is itself sacred.

All religious disputes must return to the axiom: be a Catholic or nothing.

Hero-worship is nothing but veneration of the saints, spoiled and poorly understood.

The first characteristic of a true religion must be that it rests upon authority.

Outside the Pale of the Church.

A SHORT time ago we published some memorable lines written by the saintly French Jesuit, Père de Ravignan, addressed to Queen Marie-Amélie, when her son, the Duke of Orleans, met with a death so sudden, tragic, and seemingly unprovided as to leave little hope of his eternal salvation in the minds of many pious Catholics. With fuller confidence in the infinite mercy of God, stronger faith in the efficiency of prayer; knowing that in this world, while a spark of life remains, there is no impassable barrier between grace and the soul, mindful, moreover, that the moment of death is exceedingly hard to determine, and that an instant of time suffices for a complete change of heart, Father de Ravignan was able to pen words which have doubtless afforded unspeakable consolation to a great many besides the afflicted mother and sorrowing friends to whom they were addressed.

Since that letter was published, a friend has called our attention to another one by that great father of souls, Cardinal Newman, quite as well calculated to console those who mourn for loved ones who died outside the Church. This letter, dated Sept. 4, 1862, was addressed to Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart (Sophia Ryder) on the death of her mother, the widow of the Anglican Bishop Ryder. To most of our readers the subjoined lines will probably be new, though they have often been quoted, and are doubtless treasured by a great many converts:

... I said a black Mass for your intention this morning, and had been intending to write you a line when your letter came....

We know perfectly well, and hold with all our hearts, that the Catholic Church is the sole Communion in which there is salvation. But we know, too, that there is such a state of mind as invincible ignorance; and the present Pope, in one of his allocutions, has expressly recognized it.

He has said, too—if my memory is correct—that no one can decide who is in invincible ignorance and who is not. Indeed, it seems plain that it would require a particular revelation in order to be able to do so.

For myself, I certainly do not consider—speaking under correction—that, in order to be in invincible ignorance, one must be out of sight and hearing of Catholicism, and that to be near Catholics is incompatible with such an ignorance.

Habit, formation of mind, prejudice, reliance and faith in others, may be as real walls of separation as mountains. Members of one and the same household may be more distant from each other in the intercommunion of mutual apprehension of ideas than they would be made by the interposition of an ocean.

Your dear mother may have been in perfect good faith. And if we once get so far as to feel the possibility of this, then we may take the comfort to ourselves, and believe that all those tokens of sincerity and devotion, which we see in our Protestant friends, are not mere appearances and pretences, but real evidence that their ignorance was *not* vincible and their separation from the Church *not* voluntary....

Till, then, I am called by the voice of the Church to think otherwise, I shall think hopefully where others, who have no means of judging, rashly despair....

The same thought is expressed more briefly, though not less clearly, by that other great convert of our time, Cardinal Manning, who never tired of declaring that many belong to the Church who are out of its visible unity. "The Church teaches that men may be inculpably out of its pale. Now, they are inculpably out of it who are, and have always been, either physically or morally unable to see their obligation to submit to it. And they only are culpably out of it who are both physically and morally able to know that it is God's will they should submit to the Church; and either knowing it, will not obey that knowledge, or, not knowing it, are culpable for that ignorance."

Let us leave to the uncovenanted mercy of God both those who seem to die out of the pale of the Church, and those whose death is apparently unprovided and unhallowed.

Notes and Remarks.

The immortal Homeric nap, which in literature covers as many sins as charity is said to atone for in ordinary life, frequently turns into a long and profound siesta against which all alarms are powerless. How consistently the Catholic body has worked to clear up misinterpretations of dogma and practice is exemplified, for instance, in a vast literature concerning the veneration paid to the Blessed Mother. This magazine, with more than a half-century of weekly issues to its credit, has kept this goal always primarily in view; and THE AVE MARIA is merely an echo of age-long, world-wide teaching and homage. Still, in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. William Yale disfigures a good article on the Jewish question with this sentence: "The Christian conception of womanhood is probably due to the fact that early Christianity was based on the worship of a Virgin Mother."

The slumber of Mr. Yale and his editor will probably not be disturbed by anything we could say about the veneration of the Blessed Mother in early Christianity and present-day Christianity; but they should realize how strongly their attitude impels us to believe that they are not awake.

Such advocates of State rights as against Federal encroachments as are toying with the revised Towner-Sterling Bill would do well to read and digest thoroughly this declaration of the editor of the *Boston Herald*: "The educational bills, however modified, propose to bring within the scope of the Federal Government all educational activities. . . . There is no such thing as compromise or middle ground. Either the individual States must determine their own educational methods, or the Federal Government must control the States.

The two systems can not be combined. When the States begin to look to Washington for funds with which to support or to stimulate their public school system, they will inevitably look to Washington for guidance as to how those funds shall be expended."

The only safe policy to pursue is the old one,—oppose the beginnings. Instead of inviting the Federal Government to meddle further with matters belonging exclusively to the individual States, it should be restricted to its proper sphere of action.

Is it not about time that the history of modern Acadia should be more generally known and appreciated? Or, will Americans and Canadians—to say nothing of other peoples—persist in accepting as actual conditions those described by Longfellow in 1847,

Still along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants whose fathers from
exile, etc.

Even so excellent a work as the Catholic Encyclopedia treated Acadia as though its history in the past half-century were non-existent; and only the other day the *Toronto Globe* published this derogatory paragraph:

Of course, the Acadians are still represented in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Some years after the expulsion in 1755, following their refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the British King, a proportion of them returned and quietly settled near the Bay of Fundy. Their descendants may still be found along the shores of that bay in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where the French language and primitive customs still are encountered.

Such ignorance of the present status of the Acadian people is scarcely credible, and not at all creditable to any Canadian publicist. As we have more than once stated in these columns, the founding of St. Joseph's College, at Memramcook, New Brunswick, in 1864, was a dynamic event, which radically transformed the race of which Evan-

geline is the literary prototype. If there is on the northern half of this continent any other homogeneous group, any other race, that has so rapidly and steadily advanced in social, industrial, and professional progress as the French-speaking people of Canada's Maritime Province since 1864, the story of such a group and such an advance has as yet been left unwritten. Sixty years ago English, Irish, and Scotch dwellers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island looked upon Acadians as little superior to Indians; to-day, Acadians, with distinguished representatives in the hierarchy, the priesthood, the religious life, the local and Federal parliaments, the world of industry and commerce, and the professions, enjoy unquestioned equality with the proudest of their fellow-provincialists.

The many hundreds of Catholic Sisters who have been attending the different summer schools of this country (supplementing long months of strenuous teaching by six weeks of intensive study) may gather some comfort from this complimentary editorial paragraph in *America*:

As Archbishop Curley of Baltimore reminded the Sisters who received their degrees on June 16 from the Catholic University at Washington, while it is well for them to practise the virtue of humility and to keep their names and station in life hidden from the world, it is not quite fair on their part, lofty as may be their motives, to keep the light of their scientific and literary achievements under a bushel. In the conditions facing them to-day, they must show their well-earned honors to the world, in every legitimate form. Properly organized and solidly mobilized for every practical purpose of education, from the tasks of the parish school, that humble but mighty bulwark of the Republic, to specialized research work in University laboratory and library, our Catholic Sisters constitute a magnificent power. They must use and canalize it effectively. If they remain, each and every one, faithful to the

rules of their institute, they will be as humble as before, and everywhere carry with them the sweet odor of Christ. But the time has come when they must plainly show the world what they are and what, in virtue of their scholastic achievements, they can accomplish in the sacred cause of education.

It is good to see that even in this age of exaggerated clemency in the matter of enforcing discipline, there are still some persons of authority who do not despise the old maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child!" Judge Talley, of New York, takes the same sensible view of the subject as do most experienced dealers with humanity in the making. We commend the following paragraphs—especially the last one,—from a recent speech of his, to the opponents of all forms of corporal punishment, even in exceptional cases:

Taking away from teachers in the school the right to impose judicious corporal punishment has undoubtedly tended to make children defiant of authority and of their teachers; and with moral teaching absent from the home, combined with its neglect in school, makes it small wonder that young people get out into life with their wills unformed, and come to believe there are no restraints.

This brings about a disrespect not only of law, but of morality, which, in my opinion, is undoubtedly the cause of the startling and disheartening proportion of apparently hardened criminals at seventeen and eighteen.

Chastising of the majority of children would be unnecessary. It is the knowledge that a child has that it may be chastised if it is wilfully disobedient that counts. It is the only thing which for the average unruly child is likely to make a real impression.

The following conservative lines from a paper, contributed to the August *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. A. Edward Newton, may not be assented to, but they will stimulate reflection:

I sometimes wonder—I am given to wondering—whether this holy experiment, as Penn called it, of Democracy would be thought successful by its founders. When I consider how clumsily we have solved, if indeed we can be

said to have solved, our governmental problems, I am inclined to doubt. Washington fought for, and secured for us, a continent. Are we not foolish to be robbed of our noble inheritance by the anarchist and the agitator? In letting down the bars—perhaps it would be more exact to say, in erecting no bars whatever around our possessions,—we have placed in jeopardy our most precious institutions, and in exchange we have secured—what? Cheap labor, nothing else. We mistake the rapid exploitation of this continent for a logical operation of Democracy.

I wish that we might pause and take stock of ourselves. Is it not time for us to go slow, to "stop, look and listen," as the railway signs have it, at dangerous crossings? I wish that we might descend to a higher order of living. I wish that we might not fell all our trees, burn all our coal, exhaust all our mines. Let us leave something for our children. As I look about me, I see much that disturbs me: the influence of the stock of Washington disappearing, and in its place two great political parties, bankrupt of ideals, led by rival demagogues interested only in securing or retaining power. I see one gigantic "Main Street," a Corso along which is a reckless race for wealth.

If the new Ireland is to become a great industrial country, it is likely that her industries will be differentiated from those of other lands that enjoy that reputation. This is the age of machinery, but not all Irishmen are enamored of machines. *The Irish Theological Quarterly*, for instance, repeats such criticism of machine-made articles and of factories as were common in the early and middle Victorian Age. Declaring that the use of machinery robs human work of its artistic character, the modern worker merely pushing a button or turning a handle, while the machine does the work, it adds:

It is a matter of universal regret that in this country we have already lost some of the fine arts that once made us famous all over the world. We are daily losing more of them, just as Continental countries are losing the spirit that raised their cathedrals and gave the world the works of art that nothing nowadays can equal. Art is the making of beautiful things. We must not adopt the phraseology of the

modern pagans, who call ocean liners and machine-made pictures "works of art." The real works of art of which Ireland is rightly proud were made by patient hands in the monasteries and homes of our country. They are fast disappearing. The factory, which has gathered families into the large cities in quest of wages, is driving them from the land. It stultifies every attempt to make a thing artistic. Not only does it for the most part concern itself with the making of second-class things, turning out products not to wear, but to sell; but it prevents the individual workman from perfecting his craftsmanship. If the old ideals are to survive or be revived, changes must be effected in the system, that will leave the factory something very different from the idol worshipped by the materialist philosopher.

What will impress the judicious reader as a still stronger indictment of the factory is this paragraph:

Where factories have been set up on a large scale, the traditional notion of the home has largely disappeared. The Catholic ideal has been to encourage families to live and work at home as far as possible. The factory raises obstacles that nothing but the most persistent determination can overcome. Not only does it bring the worker far from home: by its successive "shifts" it divides the working members of the family, sends them out at different hours, and renders impossible family meals, family prayer, and family life itself. Factory owners, wishing to have their employees near their work, have often built houses on the tenement system, and so struck the final blow against family privacy.

The evil effects of the factory system on home life have received too little attention, though individual manufacturers in different countries have done much to remedy them. Men with experience of strikes assure us that a prolific source of them is to be found in things which are lightly and generally disregarded.

Hope that the war frenzy will eventually give place to sanity and that in time the fear and hatred of Germany will disappear, is revived by the appearance, now and then, in leading papers and periodicals, published in all the

allied countries, of editorials like the following from the *London Month*. The determination to crush the enemy may not be so fixed or so strong or so general as it was, but suspicion and resentment are still rife; and until they have entirely ceased to exist international peace and prosperity will be out of the question. Only when the sparks have been extinguished will the danger of a conflagration be removed:

...The pretence that Germany alone was responsible for the war, that Germany alone committed atrocities, that every German is instinct with "Prussianism," that the whole nation, including the women and the babies, was consciously guilty of unjust aggression, that the principles and conduct of the Allies were always and everywhere beyond suspicion—all these assumptions, that in greater or less degree inspire the anti-German journalists, should be discarded once for all.

The war was the result of the rottenness of international morality, the blind struggle for commercial advantages—even Genoa, one observer reports, "stank with oil"—the unchecked competition in armaments, the denial of a common world-interest in peace and harmony, the worship of force rather than of right and justice. We may grant that this evil philosophy was most highly developed in Germany; but all the great nations were more or less infected with it, and the only way to a cure is to get rid of it altogether. Unfortunately, it dominated Versailles, with the result that all attempts to restore peace in Europe have hitherto failed.

This is a plain statement of the truth, and at this late date only those who are inveterately prejudiced or unalterably belligerent will resent it.

The question of securing reliable and truthful text-books in history for use in the schools is not confined to this country. In England just now a protest is being made by some Catholic publicists against the anti-Catholic tendency of a number of historical books used in the State schools. The *London Universe* takes this eminently sane view of the matter: "A perusal of numerous

text books issued for use in schools leads to the conclusion that a main fault is the treatment of the Protestant Reformation. It would, no doubt, be unreasonable to expect books intended for use in the State schools of a non-Catholic country like ours to present an avowedly Catholic view. We expect no such thing. If, however, it is wrong to take one side in a controversy, it is equally wrong to take the other. In State schools history should not take the form of partisan propaganda. Catholics, as equal citizens with anyone else, have a right to claim the abandonment of such a policy."

That reasoning applies to the public schools of our own country just as forcibly as to those of England; and, while lack of true patriotism is the main objection to some of the text-books now under fire here, the presence of bigotry is likewise an obnoxious feature of any text for young Americans.

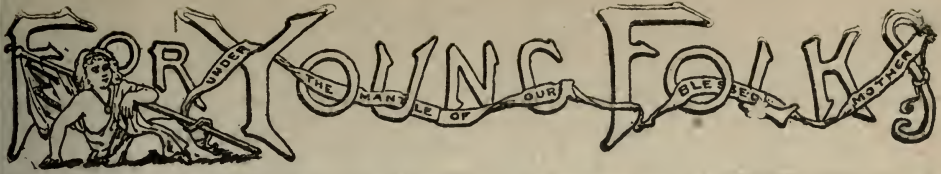
The *Dearborn Independent* publishes a letter which it has received from an Indian fisherman in Alaska, protesting against the trapping of salmon, which deprives the Redmen of a principal source of their livelihood. Among other things the writer (S. G. Davis of Hyda-burg, Alaska) says:

If the Alaska salmon is going to be cleaned out by fish traps, what are the Indian and his children going to live on?

Let me ask you with lifted hand: Are you going to see children tugging at the empty breasts of starving mothers? Are you going to see men taking their lives that their families may live? The Stars and Stripes never teaches, let Capital live, and let men and mothers and children die because they are poor.

Are the people of the United States going to see the fish trap owners starve out the Alaska Indian and his children just because fish traps are easy methods of making money?

We are not asking for something belonging to fish trap owners. We are asking for something belonging to God, who made it for all mankind.



A Gladsome Feast.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

ON many feasts, dear Mother,
Sweet homage do we pay
To all thy wondrous glories
In orderly array;
Yet ever still most dear to us,
The gladdest of the year to us,
With pleasure over-measure
Is thine fair Assumption day.
Thine other feasts, dear Mother,
Console us as they may,
Are but as constant glories
Along thine earthly way;
But this gives purest joy to us,
Content without alloy to us,—
The splendor full yet tender
Of thy fair Assumption day.
O grant us all, dear Mother,
Who own thy gentle sway,
A measure full of bounty
Ere speeds thy feast away.
Pour forth on us thy Mother-love,
Drive from our hearts all other love
As we glory in the story
Of thy fair Assumption day.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VI.

HUGH regarded the two boys curiously, especially Buck Swivels, who had said of himself: "Member of the Union No. 900, of New York. Out on strike for higher wages." It seemed to Hugh that boys in the city did not get what they called their rights either. Though they were independent and supported themselves, they had to put up with something, as well as those

who had fathers to insist upon their being in the house before dark, and mothers who sent them on errands.

"Yes," continued Swivels, "I'm the only boy employed in the Oradell Card Co.'s establishment." He did not think it necessary to add that the said establishment was a little ten-by-six den, and the proprietor an ambitious young fellow who had just set up for himself. "I've struck because at the last meeting of the Union it was decided that the scale of wages for No. 900 should be two dollars a week. I saw the president last night, and he says, says he, 'Stand firm, Swivels, against the encroachments of the blood-hounds of capital upon the rights of hard-working and conscientious youths.' And I says to him, says I, 'I will, sir?'"

"What wages were you getting?" inquired Hugh.

"A dollar and seventy-five cents. I've been out ten days now, but I won't go back at less than two dollars; no, not if they offer to compromise at \$1.87½. Fact is, I don't care much about goin' back at all."

"I think if I was Swivels I'd have worried along on the dollar seventy-five till I could do better," Hugh said to himself. "Indeed, I'd be willing to take the position now. Wouldn't it be a good idea?" Then aloud: "So you don't want to go back?"

"No—o, I'm not particular," drawled the other.

"Because if you don't want it, I was thinking I'd like the place."

"Yer would, would yer?" shouted Buck, bristling like a porcupine.

Hugh would speedily have found himself involved in another broil, but the messenger boy trod on his toes as a

signal to be quiet; and, holding back the irate striker, said: "Pshaw! Buck, don't mind him. He don't understand the rules of the labor unions. He's from the country."

"Yes, but it's these fellers from the country that make all the trouble, comin' here and bein' willin' to work for less money," growled Buck, sauntering off to air his grievances in other quarters.

"I didn't mean to rouse him," said Hugh; "but I'm anxious to get work."

"Oh, Buck's too easy rattled!" replied Nick. "But about the situation. I'll speak to the sergeant at the office in the morning; and if you meet me here at one o'clock, I'll tell you if he can take you in with us."

Suddenly remembering that he had a message to deliver, Nick hurried away. And Hugh turned to say good-bye to Beppo; for it was time for the evening papers to be out, and he hoped Jinksy would let him sell some more, so that he might earn a few pennies to buy his supper.

The little fruit vender had noted Buck's threatening attitude with apprehension, not being able to understand what was said. He made ready to return the compliment and fight for Hugh; but when the affair was tacitly "declared off," he retreated behind his stand. Now he came forward, with many demonstrations of gratitude; and selecting one of his finest oranges, two plump bananas and a generous handful of dates, pressed him to accept them.

"Oh—no!" stammered Hugh. But as the lad insisted, he finally yielded; and, thanking Beppo, started for the vicinity of the post-office.

VII.

When Hugh arrived at his destination, a disappointment awaited him. Jinksy was nowhere to be seen. A group of four or five newsboys had just secured their papers, and were making

various exchanges before separating. Going up to the most good-natured looking of the urchins, Hugh repeated the request he had made to Jinksy in the morning: "Let me sell papers for you?" The others glared at him, till he began to wonder if he had run against another trades-union. The good-natured looking boy appeared undecided. "Now, don't," advised one who was evidently recognized as an authority in the party. "He isn't a newsboy; can't yer tell by the looks of him? Did yer ever see a newsboy that wore clothes like that—not a rent in 'em, only dragged down at the pockets some? He's too dirty to be a blokie, an' too clean to be a newsboy. He's a fraud, that's what he is!"

So none of them would trust Hugh; but after they had gone the good-natured looking boy came back and said: "Here, I'll let yer have some papers; but yer must promise that if any of the other fellers come back yer won't sell for them, no matter how much they offer yer." Hugh promised. He did his best to sell the papers, but all the passers-by seemed to be supplied. "The luck is dead against me," he muttered finally; for he had not been able to dispose of a single one. "Confound it, yer're no good!" exclaimed his patron, who was not so good-natured, after all; and, with a few more expressions of disgust, he snatched the papers away, crying, "G'long wid yer!"

It was now dark. Beppo's gift of fruit had sufficed for Hugh's supper. He went into the post-office, skulked about the corridors, and spent the night there as before. The next morning he was fortunate enough to meet Jinksy, and to earn seven cents selling papers. Jinksy seemed to be his good genius, as far as this business was concerned; he had higher aspirations, however. For three cents he bought three rolls at a bakery and breakfasted. Having, in due season, also dined upon rolls at the ex-

pease of the remaining four cents, he set off to meet the messenger boy.

When he reached the crossing, Boppo's smile and greeting were very cheering. In a few minutes Nick appeared. After a "hullo" all round, he said to Hugh: "It's all right. The sergeant says to bring you along. You see, I'm in with 'Sarge' just now, and he's put me on the lucky gang,—that is, I'm one of the fellers that work from seven a. m. till six p. m. We've more running than others; but, then, it is something to begin and quit work when other people do, 'specially rather than go scouting around at night."

"I like to be out at night," said Hugh.

"You won't after you've been in the service a while," responded Nick. "You'll find that you get too blamed sleepy and fagged out. What makes you want to be a messenger boy, anyway?" he inquired, abruptly. "You don't look like a chap that has to take up with anythin'. Where do your folks live? Can't they get you an easier situation?"

"My friends are in the country," faltered Hugh; "and I came to the city to earn my living any way I could."

"Seems to me I'd a heap rather have tried to do that in the country," mused Nick. "I've heard tell how there's lots of ways of makin' money there—raisin' chickens and takin' care of cows and horses, and workin' in the fields. I wouldn't like to slave for one of the hard old farmers that the stories in the Nickel Library tell about, but I've often thought I'd like to make myself useful upon a gentleman's place. Perhaps, though, *you* had a tough experience with a farmer?"

Hugh hesitated. Before him arose the picture of a spacious home, with a well-kept lawn, and flower beds now abloom with tulips. In the rear, the cherry-trees in blossom; and a small stable with the two Alderney cows, Cushla and

Bauna, in their stalls; and Major, the prettiest horse in Hazelton, perhaps at this moment harnessed in the light, two-seated vehicle called the little rockaway, waiting for George to drive to the train for his father. Mr. Courtney's business was in a neighboring town, and on Saturdays he went home early.

"No—o," Hugh managed to say at length; "I lived on a gentleman's place."

"Well, now, I can't see why you left it to tramp these dusty streets," Nick went on. "Mother and I are always plannin' to live in the country. I'm better off than most fellers you meet: I've a mother, you see; but my father's dead. When we get rich we're goin' to have a bit of ground in the country, if it's only twelve foot square; and we're goin' to keep a pig. I think mother'll be perfectly happy when she can keep a pig, same as they do in Ireland, where she came from." Nick laughed a kindly little laugh as if he looked forward to the day when she might be gratified. "And, then, there'd be a chance for skatin' and coastin' in the winter—"

"But you can have those pleasures here in the Park," interrupted Hugh.

"Skatin'? Yes, sometimes," admitted Nick; "but coastin'—no, sir! there's not a place in New York where a feller's allowed to coast. Of course, if he's rich he can risk it in the Park, and pay the fine when he's caught; but if he's not rich, he's likely to be marched off to the police station."

Hugh looked astonished. The charms of the metropolis as a place of residence for boys who wished to do as they pleased were vanishing one by one.

"Then, in the country," added Nick, pursuing his day-dream, "there'd be fishin' at this season and shootin'. I'd manage to borrow a shotgun somehow."

"I have one of the finest rifles made," exclaimed Hugh, carried away by the enthusiasm of his companion.

Nick stopped short and regarded him

with a stare of amazement. "The dickens you have!" he ejaculated, slowly.

Hugh could have beaten himself for the words which had escaped him. "That is—er—I had," he added, haltingly.

"Well, I've never been in the country, but I hope to go sometime. Not till mother can come too, though. I couldn't leave her to worry, you know," continued Nick.

Hugh sighed. With a twinge of remorse he recollected that he had left as good a mother as any boy had, without a thought of how she would feel. He knew that Nick was stealing puzzled and curious glances at him; so in an embarrassed way, as if eager to speak of something else, he said: "Since I'm going to join the ranks, I suppose you won't mind telling me what are the wages of a messenger boy?"

"Oh, from three dollars and a half to four and a half a week," returned Nick.

"That's first-rate," observed Hugh, wondering why Swivels did not look for this kind of easy employment instead of posing as a martyr for the benefit of the Junior Union; and thinking that he himself had shown excellent judgment in choosing this calling, Nick's disparaging remarks notwithstanding.

"Not so fast," laughed his friend. "A feller's salary is always bein' docked for lots of things; not one in ten ever draws his full pay in cash. But you'll see how it is fast enough. Here we are. Come on!"

(To be continued.)

THE name of the State of Vermont is derived from the French—*vert mont*, which means "green mountain." Pennsylvania was named for its founder, William Penn, who was a Quaker. "Sylvania" means woods,—hence we have Penn's woods.

A Great Teacher of the Olden Times.

"ALBERT THE GREAT." Not a great soldier like Alexander, Napoleon, or Frederic of Prussia; not an explorer nor, as the world goes, a hero; but yet "Albert the Great."

It seems a long stretch of fancy to go back to the men of the Middle Ages; to imagine them amid their quaint and often crude surroundings; voicing their thoughts in strange form, themselves clothed in costumes to us as strange. Yet, when we come to know more of them, of the stern simplicity of their lives, their keen sense of right and wrong, and their childlike faith, we get glimpses of an age ruder, no doubt, than ours, but in some manner worthier, as it was nearer creation's unsullied dawn.

In far-away Swabia, near the close of the twelfth century, to a pious couple somewhat advanced in years a little child was born. It would be pleasant to have the particulars of the infancy and youth of that little lad, who afterward set the world on fire with his wisdom and goodness; but our accounts are meagre. He who wrote so many volumes that simply a list of the titles fills many pages in catalogues, made no mention of himself. But we know how other children of that period were reared and taught, and doubtless the little Albert was no exception—going to school like the rest when seven years old, and put to studying the Latin grammar as soon as he could read and write his own language. There were no printed books in those days, and teachers instructed orally. We know that in this way Albert learned the entire Psalter, which was as familiar to him as the "Our Father" is to our young readers.

The time came when he had to choose between quiet study and the profession of arms. In his family were many Crusaders, and it would not have been strange if the youth had, like them,

joined the large army of those who went to fight for the Faith and the Holy Sepulchre. But he inclined toward the studious life, and was sent to Padua in Italy to study philosophy. There he remained ten years, surpassing all others in knowledge of every sort. We hear of him there, tall, strong, and handsome, habited in a coat of silk, a sword girded at his side, a plumed cap upon his head, like many another young noble. Yet he was never frivolous, and among his companions was known as "the Sage."

More even than the Latin classics, of which he was so fond, he loved the study of Nature, and longed to know all her secrets, and the laws by which God governs the world. A strange legend is told of this period in his life. As he thirsted for knowledge, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in a vision. "You shall have the light you seek," she said; "but before you die it shall be taken from you"—a prophecy literally fulfilled.

When it became necessary to decide between the law and the Church, he pondered long. Again, it is said, Our Lady came to him, and told him he must become a Dominican, or Friar Preacher. His uncle, who was also his guardian, tried to dissuade him; but the Blessed Jordan of Saxony, who had already invested a thousand men from the Universities of Bologna and Paris with the white habit of St. Dominic, went to Padua, and by his preaching decided the destiny of the Swabian scholar. The famous Albert, who was courted by all, became a poor friar, with shaven head and coarse white gown. His fine room at the University was exchanged for a humble cell and hard bed, and he who had always commanded learned to obey.

His superiors sent him to Cologne and other places as a teacher, and his success was almost marvellous. An old hall is still shown in Ratisbon called "Albert's School." Wooden seats for

the pupils are ranged around, and in the centre of the wall is a carved oaken seat known as "Blessed Albert's Chair," from which went forth eloquent and persuasive words, thrilling the hearts of those who listened. It was here that the boy whom we know as St. Thomas Aquinas came for instruction—worthy pupil of such a teacher. When Albert taught in Paris there was no building that could hold the number of scholars present, and he expounded science to them in the open air, as they sat around him on straw strewn upon the ground.

His piety was a marvel even for that age, and his humility as great. He spent whole nights in prayer, recited all the Psalms daily, and of all the brethren was most meek and gentle. In the course of years he was made Provincial of his Order in Germany, but so great was his love of holy poverty that his long journeys to the convents under his care were made on foot. He took no money with him, begging his way like any mendicant. There was no limit to his industry or zeal. He planned churches, wrote books which have been the wonder of posterity, and was often selected as arbitrator, or peacemaker. One memorable journey was made to Poland, where paganism was threatening the truth. He went to that country, traversing the rough roads unshod, uprooted the heresies and faults, and returned to his home again. The greater part of his life was spent in travel, not on richly caparisoned horses, but with bare feet over flinty stones and through mud and mire. Even after he became very old he undertook journeys which would have appalled younger men.

At the age of sixty-six he was, much against his inclination, called to the vacant See of Ratisbon; but, in order to avoid display, the new Bishop entered the city in silence and darkness. He was absolved from his vow of poverty, but to that paid little heed, and wore

such coarse shoes that he was called by the people, in no unkindly spirit, "Bishop Big Shoes." He persisted in his pedestrian habits, tramping over his large diocese, while a beast of burden bore his books and vestments. The money which he saved by his economy went to pay the debts of his more luxurious predecessors.

It was natural that one consumed with such burning love for poverty should long for his quiet cell again, and after a few years of his episcopate he returned to his convent. One wrote of him: "Brother Albert was reluctantly burdened with the Church of Ratisbon; thus, as soon as he has obtained permission, he casts it far from him, as a hot coal which burns the hand, and returns to the poverty of his Order." The rest of his life was passed in the companionship of his pupils and his brethren. He left them on two notable occasions, however—once to go to Paris to defend his beloved Thomas Aquinas, and again to preach a Crusade.

He lost his memory and his learning some three years before his death, as the Blessed Mother had foretold, spending those years in preparing for the end, which came when he was eighty-seven. Thus lived and died the flower of the Middle Ages, a scholar without equal, a humble servant of God and a devoted champion of His Virgin Mother.

A Coin and a Claim.

A Chinese coin 3000 years old was once found by some gold-miners who were digging a claim on the Pacific coast of British Columbia. It is supposed that it was left there by Chinese mariners who were wrecked on the coast at that early day. So if the right of discovery constituted a right to live in a country, it is evident that the Chinese should be allowed to come to America and remain here.

A Miracle of St. Benedict.

In the "Dialogues of St. Gregory" it is related that on one occasion, when there was a great dearth in Campania, and St. Benedict had given away all the wealth of his abbey to poor people, so that there was nothing left in the cellar but a little oil in a bottle, a certain man, called Agapitus, came to him craving some oil. The servant of God, who was resolved to give away all upon earth that he might find all in heaven, commanded that the request be complied with. But the monk that kept the cellar, though he heard what the Saint commanded, did not obey. Not long after St. Benedict inquired whether he had given that which had been ordered; the monk told him that he had not, adding that if he had done so, there would have been none left for the convent. Then St. Benedict commanded another monk to take that bottle with the oil, and to throw it out of the window, to the end that nothing might remain in the abbey contrary to the spirit of obedience.

"Under the window there was a huge downfall, full of rough stones, upon which the glass did light, but yet continued for all that so sound as though it had never been thrown out at all; for neither the glass was broken, nor any of the oil shed. Then the man of God did command it to be taken up again, and, whole as it was, to be given unto him that desired it; and in the presence of the other brethren he reprehended the disobedient monk, both for his infidelity and also for his proud mind."

THE English words "dad" and "daddy," which so many children, old and young, use in addressing or referring to their fathers, are derived from the Irish word *daid* and the Greek word *tata*, meaning father.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Priest Before the Altar," by F. MacNamara, C. SS. R. (Kenedy & Sons), is a handy compilation of preparations and thanksgivings in connection with the Sacrifice of the Mass. Two series by St. Alphonsus, for every day of the week, are supplemented by the regular prayers for preparation and thanksgiving to be found in the Roman Missal, and by numerous indulgenced ejaculatory prayers. Price, \$1.05.

—"They Also Serve," by the Rev. Alexander J. Cody, S. J., a brochure from the press of *Our Sunday Visitor*, is an appeal for Brothers. In ten interesting chapters, the author discusses such topics as are of paramount concern in the matter of a vocation to the Religious Brotherhood, and more especially the lay Brotherhood. The little work deserves wide circulation, and will be as helpful to pastors as to Catholic young men.

—"The Frozen Barrier," by Belmore Browne (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a thoroughly good story of adventure by the author of "The Quest of the Golden Valley" and "The White Blanket." Two prominent characters in these earlier books, George Draper and Fred Morgan, are the heroes of the present tale; and the innumerable incidents of their perilous journey into the heart of Alaska will be sure to thrill every boy (and boylike man) who reads the graphic narrative. Price, \$1.75.

—A lovelier little book of devotion and meditation for the weeks between Easter and Ascension Thursday than "Sundays in the Garden of Easter" one can hardly imagine. It is written by E. Seton, and devotes itself to the twelve apparitions of Our Lord after His Resurrection, with a beautiful prayer of thanksgiving for each. Lovers of the Scripture and of the Sacred Liturgy will rejoice in the hymns of the Church and the abundant texts which form the essence of the book. Benziger Brothers; price, 75 cts.

—Father Martin Scott, S. J., who is so favorably known as the author of several exceptionally good books of a serious nature, has entered the field of fiction; and P. J. Kenedy & Sons publish his first story, a juvenile, entitled "A Boy Knight." It is an admirable book that will prove interesting to young people, and will, perhaps, be still more interesting to the young people's parents. A story for

boys, and a story about boys for grown-ups, are not synonymous terms; and Father Scott has apparently been unable, or unwilling, to forbear reading a strong lesson to fathers and mothers. The boys will forgive the moralizing, however, in their delight at the dramatic realism of the action, especially the climax-reaching football game. Price, \$1.50.

—"The Founding of a Northern University," by F. A. Forbes, is really a book of sidelights about the city of Aberdeen, Scotland, before and during the Reformation. The University situated at this venerable city comes in only occasionally; we find out a great many secrets about burghers and clerics of the early time as well as a moderate amount of what took place when "Bonnie Scotland" began to be Presbyterian. Considerable space is given, quite desirably, to a noble figure in Church history, Bishop Elphinstone, of whom Boece says: "The city of Aberdeen long mourned for him as a father, saying sadly that the glory of Aberdeen and their own happiness had passed away with him." B. Herder Book Co.; price, \$1.75.

—"The Knight's Promise," by A. E. Whittington (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is an illustrated boys' story of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. The setting is a Catholic school in England; but the atmosphere, incidents, and general action will appeal to the American juvenile scarcely less forcibly than to his young co-religionists across the Atlantic. Smugglers' caves, haunted manors, rescues from fires; and, incidentally, good-humored boxing-matches, with the chastisement of a bully,—these are cosmopolitan subjects of interest to all boys—and most men—the world over. The religious element of the story, while prominent, is not unduly so, especially in these days of frequent and daily Communion. Price, \$1.85.

—Mr. Michael Sadleir, the clever author of "Privilege," has just published "Excursions in Victorian Bibliography"; and portions of his work will scarcely provoke the admiration of present-day maligners of the Victorian era. For instance, he expresses the pleasure he has found in the work of Trollope, Disraeli, Wilkie Collins, Marryat, Charles Reade, Herman Melville, Whyte-Melville, and Mrs. Gaskell. Mr. Sadleir, in his excellent preface, tells how he came to an appreciation of these writers after riotous intercourse with the Symbolists, the

Gaelic Mystics, the Realists, the Neo-Barbarists, the Cubists, and all the rest. He says: "We prodigals, returned from our rioting, and sick with the husks of a *démodé* violence, stoop to any self-abasement, to any denial of our own past judgment, so we be allowed entry to the quiet courts and ordered opulence of the age we once affected to despise." Coming from one of the most modern of the younger school of novelists, this tribute to the lesser lights of the Victorian Age is decidedly worth while.

—"The Catholic Evidence Movement: Its Achievements and its Hopes," by the Rev. Henry Browne, S. J., is as interesting a work on mission endeavor as has come to our table in a long while. The Catholic Evidence Guild came into actual being only four years ago, but it has already more than justified its organization; and it gives strong hopes of doing still better work in the matter of making Catholicism thoroughly familiar to the millions of English people who either do not know our religion, or know it only in caricature. Although in close touch with the clergy, and under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority, the Guild is a lay movement in which duly tested and accredited laymen take the chief part. Father Browne tells the story of the Guild, its methods, and its aspirations; and, incidentally, deals with similar missionary enterprises in other parts of the world than England, our own country included. There is an appreciative preface to the volume from the pen of Cardinal Bourne. For sale by Benziger Brothers; price, \$2.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. John Grimes, bishop of Syracuse; Rev. R. J. Roche, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Felix O'Hanlon, diocese of Rochester; Rev. Amedee Guy, C. S. C., and Rev. Zigismund, O. S. B.

Sister M. Matilda, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Antonia, Sister M. Afra and Sister M. Susanna, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. John Lyston, Dr. Joseph Culkin, Mr. George Collom, Mrs. Mary Kane, Miss Anna O'Brien, Mr. Joseph Proctor, Mr. James Roland, Mr. Thomas Plunkett, Mrs. Anna B. McCarthy, Mr. H. M. Vogel, Mrs. Elizabeth Filan, Mr. C. J. Frenzer, Miss Mary Coffey, and Mr. J. J. Prendible.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: per M. M. L., 50 cents. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M. K., \$10. For the victims of the famine in Russia: P. S., \$1.



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

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 19, 1922.

NO. 8

[Copyright, 1922: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Her Royalty.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

MARY, the Mother and the Maid,
Purchased full well her royalty:
On earth the heavy cost she paid.
Mary, the Mother and the Maid,
Gave Christ her loving care and aid
For thirty long, long years and three.
Mary, the Mother and the Maid,
Purchased, indeed, her royalty.
The spotless Maid, the Mother blest,
Christ crowned the Queen of Paradise,
And all the saints that there find rest.
The spotless Maid, the Mother blest,
Pities the suffering and oppressed,
Remembering Calvary's sacrifice.
The spotless Maid, the Mother blest,
Christ crowned the Queen of Paradise.

A Shrine that Sailors Love.

THE old town of Honfleur is situated in a luxuriant valley, on the left bank of the Seine, near its mouth, and opposite to Harfleur, which stands on the right bank, in sight of Havre. It glories in its antiquity, and with some justice; for it was here that Julius Cæsar landed after his second invasion of Britain. At that remote period Honfleur was called Portus Iccius, or Portus Niger, and formed the junction of four Roman roads. It seems to have been an important place of encampment for Roman

legions, as in the reign of Constantine it was known under the name of Castra Constantia. A century later it was unable to resist the torrent of barbarians who plundered and laid waste, not only Portus Iccius, but the neighboring country. These depredations continued until the famous Northman Rollo, an ancestor of William the Conqueror, becoming Duke of Normandy, restored order to his dominions. The harbor of Honfleur no longer boasts of its former importance. Havre, though of more recent date, has superseded it; however, more fortunate than its wealthy rival, this city, deserted by fortune and neglected by fashion, has retained all the better the simplicity of its manners and its ancient religious faith, finding a powerful safeguard against the corruption of the world in its devotion to our Blessed Lady.

The real interest of Honfleur—at least for us—lies in its time-honored pilgrimage, the origin of which extends so far back that no historian can exactly fix its date, though all agree in attributing it to Robert the Magnificent, Duke of Normandy. This prince, according to tradition, was caught in a hurricane at sea about 1034, when going with an army to the relief of the sons of Ethelred, King of England, against the Danish King Canute. Robert, in danger of shipwreck off the island of Guernsey, made a vow, if saved, to build three chapels in honor of the Mother of God.

He was miraculously delivered, and

Notre Dame de Grâce was one of these three ex-voto shrines. It stood upon a cliff above the town and facing the sea. The cliff was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, running down to the very water's edge. The chapel soon attracted crowds of worshippers, whose prayers were often granted on the spot.

The oldest written record of this sanctuary is the charter of Louis XI., King of France, dated the 18th of January, 1478, making over to Our Lady of Grace a munificent gift. Sixty years later—September 29, 1538—a violent earthquake shook the little oratory to its very foundations, and hurled into the sea a large portion of the rock upon which the chapel was built. Nothing now remained of the shrine but the altar and the statue of Our Lady; however, pilgrims, at the risk of their lives, still continued to kneel at the altar steps, on the very brink of the rock. Periodically other parts of the cliff gave way too, so that in 1602 it was found expedient to remove the ruins for fear of accident.

But the people of Honfleur missed their shrine sadly; and four years after the last vestige of the chapel had disappeared, a pious citizen, named Gounyer, undertook to rebuild it. He laid the foundations about a hundred yards inland, toward the southwest; but unfortunately funds were wanted, and even the sanction of the owner of the land had yet to be obtained. The ground upon which the new structure was begun belonged to Mademoiselle Marie de Bourbon, Dame de Honfleur, and only daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Gounyer forwarded a petition to the Marquis de Fontenay, general steward over Princess Marie's estates; and thus obtained the grant of an acre of ground, and permission to choose some of the finest oaks in her forest of Touques for the proposed construction. The humble offerings of the people did

the rest, and the chapel was solemnly dedicated in 1613. Yet, on account of the general poverty of the country—a consequence of long civil wars,—the chapel was a plain, thatched building, of meagre dimensions, without any architectural elegance or decorations, a crucifix and Our Lady's venerable statue being its principal ornaments.

The same Marquis de Fontenay, who showed such zeal for the completion of the little sanctuary, happened, in 1620, to fall dangerously ill in Paris, and was soon reduced to such extremity that his physicians despaired of saving his life. He then confidently recurred to Notre Dame de Grâce, whom he had faithfully served during past years. Immediately after his prayer he fell into a lethargy, which so resembled death that his family believed him dead; and, being a Tertiary, his servants clothed him in the Franciscan habit, in which he had asked to be buried. The bells of his parish tolled out the death-knell, and so did those of Honfleur, whither the news of his decease was hastily dispatched. However, after seven hours of lethargic slumber, the Marquis de Fontenay awoke perfectly cured; and lived for twenty years more, devoting all his energies to the service of her who had so miraculously restored him to health. Thanks to this pious nobleman, the little shrine was improved, and a small belfry and porch were raised over the entrance. Later M. de Villars, Governor of Havre, made a thank-offering to Notre Dame de Grâce for the recovery of his son; the money he offered was used to slate the roof of the chapel.

At first the chapel was served only by priests who officiated voluntarily; but in 1615 the Marquis de Fontenay asked the Capuchin Fathers, just established in Honfleur, to take charge of it. They readily acquiesced, and took possession in 1620. Mademoiselle de Montpensier,

already mentioned, gave a new charter, dated the 16th of October, 1620, making over to the Fathers, not only the land upon which the oratory stood, but also all the table-land down to the edge of the cliff. On the 5th of March, 1621, the sons of St. Francis were regularly installed in the chapel by the Abbé Durand-le-Sauliner, priest of the parish of Honfleur, deputed for that purpose by the Bishop of Lisieux. In token of possession, the friars at once planted a large cross on the border of the height, on the altar ground of the old chapel, just behind the spot where the Calvary now stands. The good religious lost no time in cultivating the surrounding land. An abbess of the celebrated Benedictine Monastery of Montvilliers, near Havre, contributed the stately trees, planted in 1630, that still throw their shade upon the lowly sanctuary.

After the death of the Marquis de Fontenay, the Capuchins, relying wholly upon Divine Providence, suppressed, as an infringement on their stringent rule of poverty, the poor-box and all collections which had been prescribed in support of the pilgrimage. Henceforth the faithful, chiefly sailors, vied with one another in furnishing the linen and vestments.

The efficacy of the intercession of Our Lady of Grace, and the renown of the miracles wrought there, spread far and near; princes, princesses, noble and wealthy devotees, undertook the pilgrimage from great distances. They generally left rich offerings; but, as usual, the poor were not to be outdone in generosity and gratitude toward the Mother of God. The treasury of the chapel finally became one of the richest of the time in vestments and sacred vessels.

Until 1660 the Capuchins had no convent on the hill; it was only then that the Fathers thought of building a simple dwelling-house for themselves beside the

sanctuary. On the night of the 15th of April, 1672, to the dismay of the religious and the faithful, the wooden cross erected on the holy ground was wrenched down and cast into the sea. This outrage, which was repeated three times, was imputed with justice to certain violent Huguenots of Honfleur. Soon after a pious Catholic named Thierry replaced it by a stone cross, nearer to the chapel. This, in turn, disappeared, as did also the humble retreat of the Capuchins; but a few years afterwards a monumental wooden crucifix was solemnly erected, so as to be seen from the sea by mariners and fishermen.

From 1664 High Mass was celebrated every Sunday in the chapel, and the custom was kept up until the first Revolution. The venerable sanctuary was at that unhappy and eventful epoch completely ruined; the profane despoilers marched through Honfleur, clad in sacerdotal vestments, and bearing away in impious triumph the sacred vessels and reliquaries. The chapel was desecrated and became a tavern, the scene of hideous revelling. It was, however, restored to public worship in 1802, and repaired through the piety of the pilgrims that continue to flock to this ancient shrine, as did their ancestors in the Ages of Faith.

Among Our Lady's most distinguished clients of the last century was the saintly Cardinal de Belzunce, Bishop of Marseilles and the great promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart. He came in 1723, in fulfilment of a vow he had made during the terrible plague of 1720. The Cardinal wended his way up the steep hill, bare-headed, barefooted, and pressing a crucifix to his breast.

The last royal pilgrim to the lowly shrine was Queen Marie Amélie, wife of Louis Philippe. In February, 1848, both of them went from Paris and reached

Honfleur, where they stayed three days. During this time the Queen prayed fervently before the venerated statue, while Louis Philippe remained concealed in the neighborhood until they sailed for England.

An old manuscript register, still religiously preserved, and due to the pious industry of the Capuchins, records all the miracles wrought during the well-nigh two centuries they administered the pilgrimage. Every ill to which flesh is heir found relief here, but seamen seemed the privileged clients of Our Lady of Grace. Hanging all around are *ex-votos* of wondrous escapes of the sailormen,—very quaint and unskilful representations indeed of disabled ships, tossed upon unnaturally green water; and in a corner of the pictures the Virgin and Child appear, surrounded by a nimbus. Under each *ex-voto* are inscribed the names of those who were favored by the intervention of their heavenly protectress; and as one gazes at these strange mementos the lines of Adelaide Procter come back to memory:

And the votive hearts and the anchors
Tell of danger and peril past;
Of the hope deferred and the waiting,
And the comfort that came at last.

It is the unsurpassed glory and strength of religion that, giving the solution of all social problems and the understanding of historic changes, it also holds in all places and for all time the key of our hearts. It has a balm for our sorrows and presents objects for our tenderness. It knows how to curb our passions without crushing them; it does better than dry tears that are sweet to us: it makes them flow from an ever-purified spring for an eternal object. It replaces the dim twilight of our dreams by the beaming and charming stillness of a never-extinguished light. It kindles in our hearts a flame that radiates on the infinite.—*Montalembert.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.

HERE was a great flutter when a most luxurious limousine arrived at the door one afternoon, shortly after the visit of Gregory Glassford. Eloise, who had observed it from the window of her room, was disturbed out of her usual calm. She hastened downstairs to peer out of one of the little casements, till she caught sight of a lady, while the chauffeur came up to ring at the door.

“Go quietly, Sarah,” said Eloise, excitedly. “Have you your cap and apron? See that Mrs. Brentwood’s cap is straight. But no, never mind that. Show the lady into the drawing-room.”

Now this was an unwonted command. For rarely did the drawing-room see the light of day. Yet, it was, in its way, a rather impressive place, and Marcia saw that it was always kept in the most perfect order. Into this apartment was conducted a little lady, who might be said to be an epitome of 20th century fashions. Her hair, which she had permitted to become snowy white, was crowned by a creation, the simplicity of which was its crowning achievement. Its shadow was cast on pencilled brows and carefully painted lashes. On her cheeks were roses, which only the ultra-charitable would have conceded to be of nature’s handiwork.

She advanced into the room, poising a lorgnette, and while left alone an instant by Sarah, peered about her as though she had come into a museum. She finally concentrated her experienced eye upon the cabinet of antique china. After a slight but perceptible pause, Eloise, to whom the housemaid had, quite unnecessarily, brought the lady’s name, hurried into the room with some evidences of having dressed hastily,

which the visitor was quick to notice. The girl was, in fact, divided between her desire to preserve that aloof and impassive air, which she had adopted on the first news of her grandfather's inheritance, and that of standing well with this animated fashion plate.

After effusive greetings had been interchanged, the visitor said:

"Eloise, my dearest, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"What do you mean, Dolly?" Eloise inquired, half resentfully.

"Oh, smoothing down your hair and half a dozen things one can't explain, and hiding away in this dear, delightful old ruin. It used to be the gayest place imaginable. When I was a child I used to come here. Your grandfather—wasn't it adorable of him to make you his heiress?—used to spend his Summers here. I often came for a fortnight at a time."

Now, part of this monologue had been overheard by Marcia, who paused an instant on the threshold, at the word "ruin." She had been repeatedly summoned by Eloise to appear, though such appearance seemed to her altogether unnecessary. That contemptuous allusion to the house lent a coolness to her manner.

"This is my cousin, Marcia Brentwood."

"And my cousin, too, in a roundabout way; or some sort of relation; since my sister was your aunt by marriage." Dolly had arisen from her chair, and held the girl's hand, peering into her face with her short-sighted eyes, while she continued: "Walter Brentwood's daughter! What tales I used to hear of him when I was a girl! He was the ideal beau, and carried all before him."

Marcia laughed. She was touched and pleased by this praise of the dead.

"He had a charmed life, or rather heart. He escaped, but his arrows always hit the mark."

"You haven't told me," said Marcia, turning to Eloise, "who it is that has had the courage to invade our solitude."

Before Eloise could answer, the visitor put in:

"One of the ninety and nine Brentwood connections—cousins, aunts and grand dames. My name is Dolly Critchley."

"Surely," added Eloise, "you must have heard of Mrs. Critchley."

"Yes," said Marcia, "I have—"

"Everything that was good, I hope?"

"A great deal that was complimentary."

Mrs. Critchley laughed. She liked the girl's insouciance. Eloise was much more flurried by this vision from the world of fashion, even though that vision was her aunt.

"I have been raving to myself about this china," said Mrs. Critchley, indicating the cabinet.

"My father brought most of it from abroad. He was a bit of a collector."

"They are perfect, *exquisite*. And, oh, that Walter Brentwood—what a beau he was!"

Eloise, who felt herself thrust to one side by her cousin, began to talk rather at random about old days and old things, before her departure for the convent.

"All that," laughed Mrs. Critchley, "before you went off to school, shut up in a convent by that delightful anachronism, Gregory Glassford. You must know, Marcia, that he disapproved of me, and spirited the poor dear away. You ought to be glad that *you* haven't a guardian. By the way, where is Mrs. Walter—Aunt Jane, as we all used to call her?"

"She begs to be excused till tea time," explained Marcia. "This is the hour for her nap."

Eloise was rather pleased that Aunt Jane did not appear. Her black dress, she thought, was rather rusty, her cap,

as likely as not, awry; and she was not experienced enough to realize how little such details mattered to this woman of the world.

"Oh, I am so glad you did not disturb her; but I should love to have seen her, and have a little chat about old times. It's ages since we last met."

There was a pause, during which Marcia vaguely wondered why it was that they had seemed to live so isolated from all these connections referred to by the volatile lady.

Turning to Eloise, Dolly said:

"Do I look a perfect fright? I have been motoring a lot and am tanned by sun and wind."

"She wants to call attention to her complexion, which would be marvellous if it were real," thought Eloise, maliciously. But aloud she uttered an emphatic declaration of her aunt's self-depreciation. Marcia said nothing. She was not, in any sense of the word, a flatterer, and, moreover, she felt that her very recent acquaintance with this leader of fashion scarcely justified expressions of opinion. Nor was she disposed to fan what was evidently a very considerable flame of vanity.

After half an hour of chatter, Mrs. Critchley fluttered to her feet and protested that she must go. Both girls strenuously opposed her suggestion, declaring that she must wait for tea, which would be served at once.

"Well, I do really want to renew my acquaintance with Mrs. Walter. It is so very long since I have seen her."

"And," she added with her little, rippling laugh, "she is now my successor in the office of chaperone."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marcia, "I don't think that mother would shine in that particular rôle."

Eloise laughed uncomfortably, while Marcia went away to order tea and see that Mrs. Brentwood was prepared for the coming interview.

"What a striking girl!" Mrs. Critchley said, as Marcia disappeared.

"Do you think so?" Eloise queried. "Her appearance does not in the least appeal to me."

"No? Well, without having a quarter of his good looks, she resembles her father, one of the handsomest men of his day, in our set, of course."

"Possibly, because I did not know the father, I can't admire the daughter."

"Oh, perhaps, because she is your antithesis," smiled Mrs. Critchley, shrewdly; "but, dear girl, those are the women we should admire. It is only our own type that really conflicts with us. What does she do with herself, all the time, here?"

"She is always busy."

"In what way?"

"About the house and its affairs." The tone was slightly disdainful. Mrs. Critchley made a gesture of distaste.

"How dull! And you, my poor Eloise, when are you going to emerge from this chrysalis state into a charming butterfly?"

"I don't know. I haven't made up my mind. And, then, there is Gregory."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, there is Gregory," echoed the aunt. She thoughtfully tapped an exquisitely slipped little foot upon the carpet. "And what precisely is on the cards for him? Is he to figure merely as guardian, or in a more interesting rôle?"

A strange look came over the girl's face, and she smiled that peculiar smile of hers, which Mrs. Critchley noted as an innovation.

"He could much more easily answer that question than I could," she answered frankly.

"But tell me, dearest, has it ever occurred to you to marry him?"

"The question might be reversed," declared Eloise, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Has it ever occurred to Gregory Glassford to marry me?"

"What do you mean? What do you mean," cried Mrs. Critchley. "He would probably be immensely flattered at your notice—a girl just coming out, and all that. Besides, for a time before you went away—"

Eloise waved the suggestion away, though in her mind was the memory of that moonlight night in the garden. But she made up her mind that absolute frankness was best with her astute relative, in order to avoid future complications.

"At present I have no reason to think that I interest him in the slightest, that is, from a sentimental point of view."

"Come over here till I give you a good shaking, and box your naughty ears, for telling such foolish fibs. Yet, my love, don't you understand, it is not good for men to see the butterfly, whose shining wings they admired, turned into a grub."

A dark look passed over the girl's face, while her aunt, who always seemed more like an elder sister, went on:

"Come back to town with me now, or come next week, if it suits you better. I can promise, you will have nothing to complain of in Gregory then."

"I have nothing to complain of now," answered Eloise, "only, Gregory thinks I am still the little girl he packed off to the convent."

"He shall soon change all that. But take my advice, and don't stay here. This house is delightful, of course, and, at times, would be a very effective place to rest. This room, for instance, is positively Mediæval. Be certain that Gregory can not value you, as he should, when he sees you in such surroundings."

"Perhaps he might learn to value me more," said Eloise, slowly. She spoke in a contradictory spirit, though the same idea had occurred to her.

"Does he come here often?"

"Tolerably often, and has remained once or twice for week-ends."

"I can scarcely imagine him doing that," Mrs. Critchley returned, thoughtfully, "it is so different from his—from our world."

After a moment's silence, she inquired carelessly:

"Does he, too, dislike this—Marcia?"

A dark, crimson flush of annoyance passed over the young girl's face, and she spoke vehemently.

"For one thing, Dolly, I did not say I disliked Marcia, and I don't know what Gregory thinks. He has hardly spoken to her nor of her."

"Well, you must come to town, and he shall spend his week-ends with us."

Eloise rose.

"I suppose it is time for tea, Dolly. Ah, here comes Sarah to tell us so. But understand me once for all. I would like Gregory to treat me as if I were really grown up, but otherwise I have no wish to change the relations between us."

Mrs. Critchley peered at her niece and patted her shoulder indulgently, while another thought suddenly struck her, and kept her busy, as with Eloise she wended her way to the living room:

"A girl like this Marcia might be dangerous, if Eloise really wants to marry the guardian, and Gregory though *in* our world is not *of* it. Marcia has poise, character, and her eyes are like the *beaux yeux* of her handsome father."

Mrs. Critchley gave a little sigh for a fleeting, long-vanished romance of her own.

"What a sensation you will make in town. There have been so many inquiries about you, and one person has been quite inconsolable."

She threw out this suggestion, because there was something she wanted to find out, and she felt a slight quiver pass through the girl's frame. She was anxious that Eloise should come to town, as she liked to have nice and

attractive girls about her, and Eloise had shown possibilities.

Mrs. Brentwood received the visitor with a fluttering nervousness, that seemed particularly marked in presence of any one connected with the Brentwoods, or with the past. But the sunshine of Mrs. Critchley's manner soon changed that nervousness to confiding friendliness.

"It is so dull for Eloise here," she remarked. "Just ourselves, my son and daughter, who are really my step-children."

"Oh, there is a son," thought Mrs. Critchley. "I wonder what he is like, and, whether cousin or no cousin, he might have designs on the heiress."

Aloud she said:

"Of course, I remember very well when Walter married his second wife. I met you, as a bride, and used to hear how you were married so romantically abroad."

"Dear me! Did you hear that?" exclaimed the simple lady, flushing with pleasure. "Well, I suppose it *was* romantic. I know I was very fond of Walter, and he must have been fond of me, or he never would have married me."

"I wonder how he ever did," inwardly reflected the listener, "after having had that wonderful creature for his first wife. She doesn't know how near he came to dying of grief, when the first wife died."

The cynical woman of the world, presently resumed the conversation with apparent interest:

"And you were married, let me see—wasn't it at Genoa?"

"No, I met my husband there when my mother and I were travelling on the Continent; but it was in England we were married, just before we sailed for home. Walter would have the marriage take place in Liverpool. My mother would have preferred us to wait until

we reached home. I am afraid, though, you will find these old memories tiresome."

She had stopped abruptly, catching Eloise's eye. Mrs. Critchley, who had at least a surface good nature, answered effusively:

"Tiresome! Why, how can you think so, especially as I am one of the family and have fallen in love with your charming, old house?"

"But it is not ours any more," said the poor lady, with a quivering lip, "and after the—trouble, you know."

"I am sure Eloise will want to keep you here," declared the visitor, her easy good nature disturbed by the other's distress. It also occurred to her that here might be a practical solution, for the moment, of the difficulty of taking Eloise away. She caught, almost as she spoke, an expression in her niece's face, that caused her to regret the suggestion. Eloise, however, turned away and accepted from Marcia a cup of tea for the visitor. Mrs. Brentwood, in answer to the last remark, sadly shook her head.

"Dear Mrs. Walter," she said, with a slight shiver, "I can almost see grandfather, as we all used to call him—of course it was ages ago,—sitting in that carved chair."

"He sat there, not so long before his death," interjected the quiet voice of Marcia from the tea table; and Mrs. Critchley, turning to look at her, realized for the first time her individuality.

"Really!" she said, "I should think he would literally haunt this house."

"Oh, dear me!" cried Mrs. Brentwood, "don't say such a thing."

Mrs. Critchley laid her hand on the elder woman's arm and said soothingly:

"There are no 'hants,' as the Negroes say, except what our own minds conjure up—or, is it our hearts?"

When the visitor was taking her leave, after effusively inviting Marcia to come very soon to New York, Eloise

followed her to the door. As they stood together, she observed with her half satirical, half good-natured banter:

"I am glad to have renewed acquaintance with—my successor as chaperone."

Eloise flushed, knowing the suggestion of ridicule that underlay the simple remark, and how absurd she considered the contrast.

"You know," added Dolly, "she really is a good old soul. One might grow very fond of her; and there is a certain charm about this place. Only, I beg of you to make your arrangements to come to me as soon as possible."

Eloise stood looking after her with varied thoughts in her mind, some of which were to bear strange fruit.

(To be continued.)

A Saint of the Sixteenth Century.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN the intervening years since Lawrence had been recalled from Germany, things had not gone well with the Empire. The family quarrels of the Hapsburgs had weakened the Catholics by dividing their councils. The Turks had again invaded Hungary, and this time with success. It was to meet this danger that the Pope had again called upon the Catholic princes to unite in resisting the invasion, and had appointed Lawrence Chaplain-General to the Christian army. The death of Mahomet III., however, averted the campaign; for his successor at once concluded a truce of twenty years with the Emperor.

But though this external danger was removed, the internal troubles of the Empire grew apace. The Archduke Matthias put himself at the head of a revolt, and forced the Emperor to surrender Hungary, Moravia and Austria. Matthias then assumed the royal dignity as King of Hungary. His first act was to appoint a Protestant palatine to

govern the Magyar Kingdom, and to grant freedom of worship in all his dominions. Everywhere throughout the empire, the Protestants were again asserting themselves with renewed vigor; whilst the Catholics themselves were divided into factions. The Emperor, in order to strengthen himself against Matthias, now granted freedom of worship in the dominions immediately under his control. The Protestants met this policy by restricting the liberties of Catholics wherever they had control. The Protestant intolerance in the free city of Donauwoerth brought the crisis to a head. Here, contrary to the Treaty of Augsburg, which provided that, in the free cities, Catholics and Protestants should have equal liberties, the Protestant majority had filled all the civic offices with members of their own body, and had actually forbidden Catholic worship.

Not long after his return to Germany, St. Lawrence had visited Donauwoerth, and had seen for himself the persecution to which the Catholics were subjected. He appealed to the Emperor to remedy the Catholic grievance; and when he saw that his appeal was in vain, he publicly denounced the apathy of the imperial government, and, eventually, created so strong a public opinion that the Aulic Council was forced to place Donauwoerth under ban. Maximilian of Bavaria, who was entrusted with the execution of the ban, marched upon the recalcitrant city; but instead of restoring liberty of worship for both Catholics and Protestants, according to the provisions of the Treaty of Augsburg, he closed the Protestant churches, and put the city-government into the hands of the Catholics. At once an outcry was raised throughout Protestant Germany. Whilst the Protestants were in the ascendancy, the Treaty of Augsburg seems to have been forgotten. Now that the situation in the city was reversed, the

suppression of Protestant worship was denounced as a breach of faith, and all Protestant Germany was ready to fly to arms.

The following year, at the Diet of Ratisbon, the Protestant party refused to enter into any deliberations, unless the Emperor would solemnly confirm the Augsburg Treaty. The Emperor, anxious to obtain supplies for a contemplated war against the Turks, was ready to give way, and ordered the Archduke Ferdinand to promulgate an imperial decree to that effect; but Ferdinand, with the Catholic party behind him, regarded the decree as a betrayal of the Catholic cause, and refused to carry out the Emperor's order. Both parties had long since ceased to abide by the provisions of Augsburg; and the Catholics who regarded the treaty as a concession to Protestantism, wrung from them by force, were not disposed to renew it now. The Diet was dissolved without any conclusion being arrived at. The immediate result was the formation of the "Union" of Protestant princes, to obtain, if necessary, by armed force, compliance with their demands.

Such then was the situation in Germany towards the close of 1608: on the one side the united Protestant forces; on the other, the Catholics disunited and with no consistent policy. Matters were brought to a head the following year, when, on the death of the Catholic Duke of Julich and Cleves, the elector of Brandenburg and the palatine of Neuburg—the leaders of the "Union,"—invaded these territories. It was now evident that, unless the Catholic princes could be induced to settle their internecine quarrels and unite in the common cause, the Protestant princes would win the day. At this moment, the Duke of Bavaria came forward with his project for the formation of the Catholic League; he was at once joined by the ecclesiastical princes, and shortly after

by the Archduke Ferdinand of Styria. War between the Union and the League now seemed inevitable. The Union, actively supported by the Dutch Protestants and favored by France, was undoubtedly in the stronger position. Any hope the League had of success depended upon the co-operation of Spain; since no help could be expected from the Emperor, who was wholly taken up with his family quarrels.

And now it was that the diplomatic abilities of St. Lawrence were brought into full play. How far he had instigated the formation of the Catholic League we can not say. That he had a hand in bringing it about, one can hardly doubt, in view of his intimate friendship with Maximilian of Bavaria, which began with his embassy to Bavaria in 1601. At any rate, when the co-operation of Spain with the League was mooted, it was Lawrence who was selected to go to Madrid as envoy of the League. He was chosen, wrote the Papal Nuncio at Prague, because, "besides his inestimable zeal and piety, he is exceedingly well informed on the state of affairs, and in the intimate confidence of the Duke of Bavaria."

The diplomatic correspondence relating to this Spanish mission reveals the petty, personal and dynastic jealousies which made the formation of the Catholic League one of almost insuperable difficulty. By his energy and zeal the Duke of Bavaria had shown himself the one strong man on the Catholic side; and, as the founder of the League, he had a first claim to its leadership. But the Hapsburg family, incapable of producing a leader themselves, resented the leadership being given to another. At the Spanish Court, this was the chief difficulty which Lawrence had to meet. Spain would help the League, provided that one of the Hapsburg princes was placed at its head. Lawrence knew well that Hapsburg leader-

ship would come to nothing: the divisions between the Hapsburgs were too acute. A compromise was, therefore, arrived at: the Archduke Ferdinand was to be associated with the Duke of Bavaria in the chief command.

Another, and more easily-understood, condition of Spain's assistance was that the Emperor and the King of Hungary should enter the League; but these two princes were both playing their own game in their own separate interests, and anxious to conciliate their Protestant subjects. They had even made overtures to the Union for support against each other. Eventually, however, Lawrence obtained a promise from the Spanish king that he would support the League. The promise seems to have included the sending of troops to Germany, but Spanish assistance finally resolved itself into a money contribution. Nevertheless, Spain's adhesion to the League had an instantaneous effect: the Union at once made overtures of peace which included a general disarmament. To these the Duke of Bavaria, as head of the League, agreed, and so war was averted.

On his return to Germany Lawrence had been subjected to much annoying criticism, mainly on the ground that he had spoken slightly of the Hapsburg princes to the King of Spain. He himself denied the accusation, the object of which seems to have been to cast odium, not so much on Lawrence, as on the Duke of Bavaria. It was another instance of the unhappy dissensions among the Catholic princes, which rendered the formation of the League so difficult.

Always a man of delicate constitution, the journey to Spain had tried his strength, and Lawrence now requested permission to return to Italy before the Winter should set in, not, as he said, because he did not wish to spend himself in the service of religion, but be-

cause "he was reluctant to see himself condemned to a life of uselessness." The Pope and the superiors of the Order were willing, and he was about to leave Germany, when a turn of events brought about his appointment as envoy of the Holy See and of Spain at the Court of Bavaria.

Now, that the King of Spain had formally pledged himself to support the League, it was considered expedient that both the Pope and the King should be directly represented in the League's council; and Lawrence was chosen as the accredited representative. He was, at the same time, appointed by the Pope to be Chaplain-General of the League's forces. This was in August, 1610. Lawrence, therefore, instead of returning to Italy took up his residence in Munich. The agreement arrived at in the following October between the League and the Union, staved off, as we have noticed, the threatened war; yet, in the minds of both parties, the agreement meant little more than a putting off of the final struggle. The Papal policy was to press for a reconciliation and alliance between all the Catholic princes; and with this object in view it was proposed that the King of Hungary, the Archduke Matthias, should marry Magdalene, the daughter of the Duke of Bavaria. Matthias was willing to marry the Princess; but she herself was averse to the marriage, being already in love with the Archduke Leopold. Lawrence was commissioned by the Pope to win her consent. He himself says, in one of his letters, that he undertook this business reluctantly: as well he might. He, however, persuaded the Princess to agree to the marriage; but Matthias had no liking for a wife who was in love with another, and wisely broke off the negotiations. To add to his difficulties, the princes of the League themselves began to quarrel, and actual war broke out between the

Duke of Bavaria and the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg. Lawrence was urged by the Pope to go in person to Salzburg and induce the Archbishop to desist from his aggression; but, knowing Archbishop Dietrich too well, he thought it better in the interests of the Church to let events take their course. The war ended in the Archbishop's deposition.

It must have been a thankless task, this diplomatic business, to one of Lawrence's apostolic disposition. We are not, therefore, surprised to find him, in the midst of State affairs, turning lovingly to the work more congenial to an apostle. So, whilst the princes were squabbling over salt mines and territories, Lawrence set out on a preaching-tour through Bavaria and Saxony. He preached in every town and village he passed through, combating the heresies of the Protestants, and seeking to enkindle the people's faith; whilst with a fearless zeal he denounced the vices of the nobles who were causing scandal.

In 1613, feeling that his work was done in Germany, he got permission to return to Italy. His health was now broken, and he could no longer endure the German Winters. He was, however, too able a man to be allowed to rust in unemployment. Within a few months, he was elected Minister-Provincial of the Genoese Province of his Order. Against this election, Lawrence strongly protested, on the ground that his health prevented him from making the visitations of the Province *on foot*, as the Constitutions of the Order decreed. But the Pope commanded him to accept the office and to use a horse on his journeys: "A good head is better than two good legs," was the Pope's witty comment. So, for the next five years, the saint was engaged in the work of ruling a province of his Order, and in preaching in the cities of Italy.

In 1618 he was again called upon to

busy himself in affairs of State. There had been a dispute of some years' standing, regarding the succession to the Duchy of Mantua, the King of Spain intervening on one side, the Duke of Savoy on the other. The quarrel had been several times patched up, but had broken out again. Lawrence was commissioned by the Pope to act as mediator, and after prolonged negotiations succeeded in bringing about a treaty of peace.

Hardly was this affair settled than he found himself, to his surprise, chosen by the Neapolitan people to be their spokesman at the Spanish Court in their cause against the Spanish Viceroy of Naples. It was a troublesome business, and undoubtedly hastened his death. The Duke of Osuna, the Viceroy, had badly misgoverned the Neapolitans, and the Estates of the kingdom, acting within their rights, finally determined to appeal to the King. Lawrence was, at the time, in Southern Italy on his way to Brindisi, when he was urgently recalled to Naples, and learned that the Estates had chosen him as their envoy to Spain.

Their choice was backed up by a letter from the Cardinal-Protector of the Order, commanding Lawrence to go at once to the Spanish Court on behalf of the Neapolitans. Much against his will, Lawrence undertook the imposed mission, and started for Spain. It was an adventurous journey to start with. The Duke of Osuna offered a price to anyone who would bring back the friar alive or dead, and spies were told off to dog his steps. Then the Duke's friends at Rome set on foot a political intrigue, and the Pope sent word to the Duke disavowing the friar's mission.

Lawrence got as far as Genoa in spite of Osuna's emissaries, but found a letter awaiting him, from the Cardinal-Protector, ordering him not to proceed farther. Knowledge of these events,

however, reached the ears of the Spanish King; and the Spanish Ambassador at the Papal Court was instructed to obtain permission for the people's envoy to proceed to Spain. So once again Lawrence appeared at the Court of Spain as an ambassador. It was with pain and weariness that he got to Lisbon, where the Court then was; for his last illness was already upon him. However, he went through with the business entrusted to him, with the result that the Duke of Osuna was recalled.

That was Lawrence's last earthly business. He died on July 22, 1619, whilst the negotiations were proceeding. It was a fitting death for one who was "reluctant to live in uselessness."

Such in brief is the life-story of the saint whom the Venetian Capuchins hope fondly to see numbered amongst the Doctors of the Church. That they should think of him as a teacher and writer of divine truth, rather than as a busy man of secular affairs, suggests another page in the story hardly alluded to in this present sketch—of the mind and inner life which lay behind the external activities. Some day, perhaps, that other page will be revealed in the publication of the many manuscript tomes which are treasured in the Venetian friary.

My Search.

I WALKED abroad
 To seek my God,
 And, lo! He followed fast.
 By day and night
 A radiance bright,
 His sacred presence cast.
 For sky and earth
 And all things worth
 Were but a garment fair,
 Worn by the God
 I sought abroad
 To hide His beauty rare.

MARIE.

"A Business Proposition."

BY K. B. S.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHEN Father Ryan had said good-bye to his visitor he found it no easy matter to fix his mind on preparing for the afternoon catechism. He felt like a man who has suddenly come in for a small fortune. The struggle to clear off the debt was over. This would open the way for new activities in the Barchester mission. It would be great news for his people at the evening service, and he would tell the children that there would be an important visitor at their schools next day, not some terrible official inspector, but a good friend of theirs. It did not occur to him that the sudden good fortune of the mission would at once be associated in popular report with the arrival of this kind friend.

On the Monday morning when Father Ryan and his friend arrived at the school, all had been made ready for the great occasion. The sliding partition between the classrooms had been run back to convert the schoolhouse into one long room. Lighted candles and bright flowers clustered round Our Lady's statue. As the clock struck eleven the ordinary routine had been interrupted. The boys were told to get to work on their copy books, and be ready to break off and stand up in their places as the visitors arrived. The two assistant teachers took posts beside the head master's desk, and a reliable scout was placed so that he could watch the approach, and signal the arrival of the great man. After ten minutes of expectation that felt like half an hour, Father Ryan and Mr. Dennehy arrived. The boys stood up and "sprang to attention," all eyes concentrated on the little group near the desk, where Father Ryan was presenting Mr. O'Connell, the schoolmaster, and his two assist-

ants to "his friend from America."

"An old boy of Barchester Catholic boys' school," said Mr. Dennehy. "Though when I sat on the benches it was nothing to be compared with the fine school you have here to-day. Now Mr. O'Connell tell your boys to sit down and be comfortable. I want to talk to them."

How the boys stared when Dennehy, standing by the desk, told them he once learned his lessons in the old school at Barchester! It seemed hard to realize that this big prosperous-looking man had ever been like one of themselves. They wondered again when he told them he had come a long way to see them—he had come from America. Could any of them tell him how far that was? There was a pause until one small boy ventured,

"Please, sir, thousands of miles."

"Sure," said Dennehy, "but how many thousand?"

A bright geographer suggested *three*, and Dennehy, before anyone else could intervene, exclaimed:

"Right you are! Got it near enough, first shot. Your boys do you credit, Mr. O'Connell."

Then he said a few words in praise of the school, told the boys they were lucky to have such a teacher, and said he was going to give some prizes.

Father Ryan would soon tell all about the prizes when they were properly arranged. And he was going to ask Father Ryan to give them all a half-holiday that day (cheers). It was a fine day. He hoped next Saturday would be a fine day, too, for he meant to take them all out into the country, and give them a real good time,—a picnic with sports and races. He would be with them. He wanted the fun himself. He had worked hard and had not had many holidays (silent surprise in the audience). He meant to take a real holiday on Saturday.

More cheering. Then Father Ryan told the boys that the half-holiday would be all right. He said they could not thank their friend too much for his kindness.

Dennehy interrupted with a protest that he was not asking for any thanks. He was looking forward to his holiday in the country with them. They must make it a rattling good day, and pray for fine weather; and now he would wish them good-bye for the present as he wanted to go and see the girls' school. He shook hands with the teachers, waved his hand in response to the cheering schoolboys, and went off with Father Ryan to the convent school where he made another speech inviting all the girls to his big picnic, and telling them that as their brothers were to have a half holiday, they must not think of coming to school either.

As Father Ryan walked with his friend to the Railway Hotel he asked him not to spring any more surprises on him. Dennehy replied that he "was having the time of his life," but he would not do anything more without giving fair notice. It was a long time, he said, since he had made two speeches in one day, and attended two meetings that were so ready to cheer him. He promised he would not make any more proposals till they had had something to eat at the Hotel. But, he added, "when we get to the coffee and cigars stage of the festivities, Father, I'll get my papers out and talk business again."

During the luncheon, Dennehy, by a few leading questions, made Father Ryan tell about his people, his work, and his experiences in Barchester. For the "coffee and cigars stage," he proposed an adjournment to his sitting room. "We can talk business better that way, Father," he said, "for all my papers are there." He started the "business" by producing his check book, and filling in and handing to Father Ryan

a draft for the balance of the church debt.

"Now, Father," he said, "we have done with the creditors—Glory be to God!—so we can talk about an improvement or two."

"Mr. Dennehy," the priest protested, "I really can not allow you to do anything more for us."

Dennehy pulled open a drawer in his writing table, and extracted from it a portfolio of papers, which he laid on the table.

"Let me tell you one of our New York stories, Father," he said. "It is a very short story. There was a very pushful book agent over on the other side working the business offices in Manhattan, and he walked right into the inner sanctum of one of the financial bosses, with an immense portfolio under his arm. The boss was in a bad humor, and before the bookman could say a word he growled: 'I told you last time that I didn't want any more books. I told you not to come here again. I swore that if you did I'd throw you out of the place.'—'I recollect all that,' said the bookman in the mildest of voices, unfastening his portfolio. 'By all means throw me out, if you think you'll feel the better for it. But first, do cast your eye over these fine colored plates of a wonderful book our people are bringing out. If you will only look at them, I bet you won't feel you can live happy without having them.' Now, I say, Father, cast your eye over some colored pictures I got as I came through Dublin, on purpose to show them to you."

From the portfolio Dennehy produced a letter from an Irish firm that was beginning to make a name for artistic church work, and two beautiful designs for stained-glass windows. One showed Our Lord with the children gathering round Him, the other Our Lady with Patrick and Brigid standing on her right and left.

"What do you think of them, Father?" he asked.

"They are admirable," said Father Ryan. "I am glad to see such fine work produced by Irish hands—so original, so artistic, so devotional."

"Glad to have such an opinion on them," said Dennehy. "You understand this kind of thing. I don't know much about art. I've had mostly to think about designs for show cards and posters that would bring in orders. But I liked these, and I thought the poor people in the church would understand them and like them. Of course, I had no idea what your church was like, or how we could fit them in; but the man over in Dublin seems to be a practical chap, and he told me he would agree to have the designs worked up so as to fit in three months from signing the order. I had a look at the church after Mass this morning, and it strikes me that these windows would fit in neatly over your two side altars. There is only a painted bit of wall over them, but there is plenty of room to open out windows there. They will be memorials to my poor father and mother, with a few words below, asking the people to pray for them. There is not even a gravestone over them, and, indeed, I could not even find their graves."

Father Ryan was silent for a few moments. He had noticed a break in his friend's voice as he spoke the last words. He had glanced at Dennehy's face for a moment, and saw that tears were starting to his eyes. He hesitated to raise any objection to a plan inspired by such deep feeling. Then he thought he had found a way to put forward some ideas of his own.

"My good friend," he said, "I thoroughly sympathize with your idea. Let me tell you what I have already been planning. I remembered you and yours to-day, in the two mementoes of my Mass, the mementoes for the living

and the dead, and, please God, I shall do so each morning as I stand at the altar as long as I live."

"God bless you, Father, for your goodness," interrupted the other.

"And last night I made up my mind that I and my people would put up, near the Lady Altar rail, a marble tablet in the wall, with your name, the names of your parents and your son who fell in Cuba, and your daughter in the convent, asking prayers for you all; and in the sacristy, over the table where I vest, another tablet, asking all priests who ever say Mass in our church to remember its benefactor in the Holy Sacrifice. If, besides this, you wish to put up these beautiful memorial windows I shall consent to it; but perhaps I can suggest to you something that will please you even more. May I put my idea before you, for your consideration?"

"Of course, Father. I told you I was a reasonable man and ready to agree to what you thought best."

"Well, I don't want to force my ideas on you, Mr. Dennehy. What is done must be what you yourself, after thinking it over, judge to be best. These beautiful windows would be a glorious decoration for any church, and nothing is too beautiful for our churches and our altars. But I hope you will not misunderstand me when I say that it sometimes comes into my mind that we Catholics—priests and laymen—when we are building beautiful churches do not always keep in mind the old truth that the Church—not any one of our thousands of churches, but the great Church of God,—is built up of living stones: priests and people, old and young, all making up the vast, world-wide church of which our Blessed Lord is the corner-stone. In the old days in Ireland, for perhaps two hundred years, there were hardly any churches; but there were the faithful people and their

priests, and there was the Church, because there were priests to say Mass at the risk of their lives, and the people taking the same risk to gather round the Mass Stone in the woods, and caves, and mountains."

"True for you, Father. But I don't see yet what we are coming to."

"We are coming to it presently. But let me put another point. You are a good business man, Mr. Dennehy, as well as a good Catholic. I don't know much about business. But I take it, that it's a sound business proposition that, when one spends money and effort, it is well to think out the question in what direction will expenditure and labor give the largest and the most lasting result."

"Sure," interrupted Dennehy. "That's the A B C of sound business."

"Now, that we are agreed on that," continued the priest, "I put it that when we are thinking about building up the Church—the great Church of living stones,—it is the Mass that matters; the Mass and the Sacraments, and that means we want priests,—and more priests. The best work anyone can do, is to help to educate some young man for the priesthood. People do not always realize what it means. There is many a boy, many a young man, the son of parents who are poor, who has the longing to be a priest; but it is impossible, for there are no means for his education. Think what is the gain if such a vocation is saved, if the young fellow is educated and ordained."

"Sure enough, Father," said Dennehy. "Instead of going into a factory or an office, he goes to the altar and spends his life in saving souls."

"More than that," Father Ryan went on. "Much more than that! Under God, I owe it to a good old parish priest over in Ireland that I myself am a priest to-day. There are few priests who do not, in one way or another, in-

aspire, encourage, or guide vocations. The priest in this way leaves before he asks other priests to carry on God's work. These in their turn bring others to the altar. It may go on for centuries, starting from one vocation—it may go on to the end of time."

Dennehy caught the priest's enthusiasm. "Glory be to God!" he exclaimed, "but it's true, and it's just wonderful; and I never thought of it like that before."

"Somehow, most people don't seem to think of it," remarked Father Ryan. "It is very easy to think of buildings and carvings and decorations. They can be produced to order, and one has something to see, something, too, that looks as if it would last for a long time. The other kind of work does not bring immediate, visible results. It takes time. It's like planting a tree. It will be long years before the sapling grows into an oak. It is easier to get people to subscribe a thousand pounds for a new altar than to get them to put together forty or fifty pounds for a few years to send a boy to college and prepare him for the seminary. They don't realize the tremendous result."

"I begin to realize it," said the other. "You talk of forty or fifty pounds for a few years to educate a boy for the altar,—two or three hundred for the lot. Now, I reckoned that my plan, that I talked over in Dublin, would mean much more than that—a couple of thousand, perhaps. I was set on the idea an hour ago. I'm not so certain about it now."

"Take time to think it out," suggested Father Ryan. "Whatever is done must be what you yourself consider best."

"I mean to think it out," came the reply. "There's one point you made, Father, that goes a long way with me. I used to think of my son succeeding to what I have made, and being a better man than his father, and marrying a

good girl over in the States; and of the Dennehy's being a great family and doing great things long after I was gone. Well, that is all a dream. God's will be done! My son was taken, and then my daughter went to the convent—what better could happen to her!—I am now left alone. But now here is this new idea of a line of good priests; and this once begun, it might, as you say, go on for hundreds of years. My mind is more than half made up, but I'll think a bit before I decide."

Dennehy was busy that afternoon fixing up the arrangements for the great picnic, and next day he was off "to have a look at London," promising to be back by Friday afternoon. That evening he appeared at Father Ryan's presbytery.

"I've thought it out and reckoned it all up, Father," he said, "while I was looking round London. I've made up my mind that your proposition is sound business. I put it this way—live priests will be a better investment than even the finest stained-glass windows. I got a business friend to figure out for me what would be needed to give a safe income of a hundred a year, or a little more, and he said £2500. That goes into your bank to-morrow. I saw a lawyer about it, a tip-top man, I'm told, and he will write to you and send you what he calls a draft of a trust deed,—that's the plan for fixing it all up. He tells me you must bring your bishop in; but you can settle all that while I'm on my way to Rome. I've taken my ticket for Monday. The weather looks all right for our excursion to-morrow, so it's all running like clockwork."

At the picnic next day, Dennehy declared he felt twenty years younger, and it was the best holiday he ever had in his life. Father Ryan pointed out to him one of the older boys, who was scoring heavily in the sports. "He is good at everything," said the priest. "Keen for work and keen for play. His parents

are good people. The father works in a little factory here. The boy will finish in our school this midsummer, and was to have gone to work with his father. But he longs to be a priest, and thanks to you he shall have his chance. He will be the first of those you will help towards the altar. I shall give him a hint of it to-morrow, and tell his parents about it. I hope he will be at college after the Summer holidays. Thanks to you he will, please God, be the first of many more."

"No," said the other, "it is thanks to you, Father. You showed me the way. It was a sound business proposition,—the best I have ever handled."

The Crucifix of Baden.

BY B. D. L. F.

YEARS ago there stood in the cemetery near Baden a large stone crucifix, somewhat damaged by exposure to the weather, yet so lifelike in appearance that many a traveller wandering through the Rhine valley stayed his steps to admire its beauty. The story of the sculptor who made this crucifix is often retold.

In the year 1435 great excitement reigned in Baden. Sebald Kærner, the sculptor, a man of quiet disposition and entirely wrapped up in his art, had in a fit of frenzy killed a fellow-citizen, and then, filled with horror at his own act, given himself up to the authorities. There were many extenuating circumstances to be considered, and many a tear was shed as the old man told his story; but the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder. In deference to public opinion, however, when the death sentence had been pronounced, the president of the tribunal addressed the prisoner as follows:

"Master Sebald, in consideration of your hitherto blameless life, and of the deep contrition you have shown, we

grant you, at the request of his Excellency the Margrave, one last wish before you die."

It was so unusual a concession that a deep hush fell on the court as the sculptor raised his head to answer: "My victim is dead, and it is not possible for me to atone for what is done. But before I die, if so much time be granted me, I would fain make the only amends in my power by carving an image of the God I have outraged."

Sebald's wish was granted. He was led off to prison, where he was provided with everything necessary for the purpose he had in view. And then, as the dark days of Winter succeeded each other, surrounded only by the damp walls of his dungeon, he chiselled feverishly at the masterpiece he wished to produce—a representation of Christ Crucified. He had no model of course, the jailer alone being allowed to enter; but his mind, ever haunted by the image of his unhappy victim, found no difficulty in transferring it to the cold block before him. The hands, the feet, the lifeless body soon took shape beneath his touch. When he came to the head, however, a mist swam before his eyes, a blank oppressed his mind, and with a groan he fell upon his knees: "O God," he prayed, "help me to finish the work I have begun for Thee!"

And then, as if in answer to his prayer, a sudden thought flashed upon him. Surely his own face, with its hollow eyes, its lines of pain, its expression of abiding grief, would make a better model for the Man of Sorrows than any he could have found elsewhere. A small mirror was obtained, and with new energy Master Sebald resumed his task. From early morning till darkness fell upon his cell he chiselled away, his strong will carrying him on when the frail body, growing weaker day by day, would have succumbed. If he noted his growing paleness or the deepening of

the lines about his face, it was only to rejoice; for was it not One dying he wished to represent?

At last the day came when the work was completed. The sculptor had given the last touches: he could do no more. For a moment he knelt before the image, as though imploring pardon; then, calling the jailer, he bade him send for the executioner.

Instead of the executioner, it was the chief magistrate who came at the jailer's bidding. As he opened the door and the almost lifelike representation of the Christ met his gaze, he forgot all else and fell on his knees with mingled sentiments of admiration and awe; then, unwilling to be alone to enjoy so wonderful a sight, he sent for the bishop, and presently the little cell was filled to overflowing with visitors.

"Where should the crucifix be placed?" was the much debated question. Some suggested the market-place, while others were for setting it up in the large square outside the church. An end was put to the discussion by Sebald's asking leave to speak.

"If my work has found favor in your eyes," he said humbly, "might I beg as a last request that it stand in the cemetery, where, better than in any other place, it will serve as a warning to others?"

Sebald's request was approved of by all present. With great pomp the stone crucifix was transformed to the cemetery, a large crowd accompanying it to its destination. When the blessing of the cross was over, and it stood out in all its beauty against the blue sky, the sculptor came forward and declared that now his last wish was granted, and he was ready to die. But at this announcement a murmur of protest arose. Some of the more influential persons spoke to the councillors, the councillors debated the matter with the Margrave, and finally the judge declared in a loud

voice that, in consideration of his genius and his repentance, Master Sebald should receive a pardon.

Great was the enthusiasm at this announcement. Old Sebald, however, took no part in the general rejoicing. "I have no wish to live," he said, "now that my task is finished. But *He* knows best. May His holy will be done!"

Nor was the old man called upon to spend much more time upon earth. Only a few days later, in the early morning when the dewdrops hung in clusters on the grass, he was found, hands clasped as if in entreaty, lying dead at the foot of his crucifix.

Memories of a Great Historian.

THE human kindness and genuine piety of a notable scholar are revealed in some reminiscences of the late Msgr. Louis Duchesne, which a learned Benedictine, Dom Morin, has contributed to a German review.

After a life devoted to intense research in ecclesiastical history, Msgr. Duchesne died on April 21, 1922, and was buried without pomp or oratory in the little Breton village he had once called home. His was a diligent and brilliant career; his service was the discovery and co-ordination of a world of information concerning the early Church, the rewriting, practically, of very much that earlier scholarship had accepted. The normal thing in the life of such an innovator is necessarily opposition, and the Monsignor's life was stormy. He managed, however, to dominate the scene, and as the president of historical societies, the rector of the "Ecole Française," in Rome, and a member of the French Academy, he showed a bold front to the enemies whom, as a corrector of false though cherished impressions, he could not avoid making. Now, indeed, he needs no such earthly trappings, and his epo-

chal works—"Liber Pontificalis," "The Origin of Christian Worship," and "The Ancient History of the Church"—are a worthy monument for any man.

But Monsignor Duchesne was not merely a slave of documents; he was, above all, a manly priest in whom were combined an exceptional charity and a faith that sparkled. "He was not only simple about some matters," says Dom Morin, "but really naïve; he kept into ripe age some of the boyishness and spontaneous piety of an acolyte. . . . Voluntarily he said Masses for which there were no stipends. . . . On the day of the feast of Saint Peter, in the Vatican Basilica, he lifted up, without disturbing in the least his devotion, his little old legendary housekeeper so that she could behold to better advantage the magnificent spectacle of the *funzione*." On one occasion he postponed a journey which the physicians had ordained for his health in order to give his personal attention to a favorite cat, which had unfortunately taken a tumble off the roof.

Naturally, Msgr. Duchesne's literary gift, which lay in a fine French prose often sharpened with wit, got him occasionally into trouble. This was the reason, perhaps, why one book of his was officially censured by Rome, a book in almost every respect the final authority in its domain. His submission to the censorship was absolute, though he did mourn in private. Nothing partisan disfigured his Gallic nature, and his attitude during the war was one of profound respect for the neutrality of the Holy See.

Now that the great scholar has gone, one knows of course that the needs of the Church will continue to be served by worthy individuals obedient to God; but one can not help believing that it will be long until the industry, skill and geniality of Msgr. Duchesne will be matched.

The Best of All Devotions.

AMONG the practices of piety that claim the adhesion of all who strive to lead Christian lives, there is one that easily ranks above all others; that is the source and the perfection of those others; one that is within the reach of all, and is yet neglected by the great majority even of practical Catholics—daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

As regards other practices, one may at times well hesitate as to his choice, and the measure in which he should perform them; from a multiplicity of devotions it would be rash, perhaps, to make a selection determined solely by one's own judgment. With respect to attendance at daily Mass, there is no need of deliberation, no fear of going astray. In following this beautiful practice we may be absolutely certain of responding to the call of Our Father in heaven, who is the way, the truth, and the life.

What has become, in our day, of this devotion, once so general and so faithfully practised? In most country parishes, the week-day Mass is attended by scarcely a handful of the congregation; nay, not infrequently the priest celebrates the Holy Sacrifice with no other than his server present. In cities where attendance is a matter of extreme facility, where one may choose between the very early and the somewhat later hours, it is always the same little group who assist; and the group, as a rule, is largely composed of the devoted female sex.

There is, in every parish, a considerable number of sterling Catholics, men and women, assiduous in the fulfilment of all their essential duties, who neglect entirely this attendance at the daily oblation of the great Sacrifice. Yet what more easy than this invaluable act of piety! These Christians of whom we speak certainly have it at heart to de-

vote a portion of the morning to prayer; some of them add to their vocal prayers a short meditation. Why not spend this time at the foot of the altar while the august mystery of Calvary is being re-enacted?

"Alms do not impoverish, nor does the Mass delay," says an old French proverb and a true one. The busiest of men, even in this busiest of lands, takes time to eat; he understands that his head would fail him in the administration of his affairs if he attempted to carry them on to the neglect of his body's sustenance. How comes it that he does not understand that his soul has far greater need of frequent refreshment at the fountain of life? Does he say he has no time? We answer that the 'Mass does not delay him.' No man's business ever suffered because of the short half hour devoted to God at the opening of his day. On the contrary, the experience of those who happily have contracted the habit of daily attending Mass goes to prove that the time spent in this salutary exercise is effectively time gained. The day that is wanting in this morning ray of sunshine appears to them all gloomy; the work, the occupation, that is unaided by this initial help seems unending and tedious and oppressive.

The improved tone of the mind resulting from the consciousness of having performed an act of reverence toward the Father on whose providence we all rely, can not but react beneficially on our faculties, and render us better fitted for our daily work, of whatever nature it may be. Again, each day may be our last; and what better preparation could one make for his departure from this world than to assist devoutly at the re-enactment of the august mystery of Calvary?

Daily attendance at Mass should be dear to a truly Catholic heart for still another reason: it is an act of repara-

tion for the absence from the Mass of obligation on Sundays and holydays of so many lax and indifferent Christians. And it is well to keep this thought before our mind.

In his tender solicitude for the liberty of the Church and the salvation of society, the Vicar of Jesus Christ has ordained that all the priests of the world, at the moment when their hearts are inflamed with the sacred fire of divine love, shall recite at the foot of the altar three "Hail Marys," the "Hail, Holy Queen!" and two prayers whose terms he himself dictated. How can the faithful take part in these supplications, in which they are so much interested, unless they assist at the Masses whereat the petitions are offered? Their assiduity in attending Mass on week-days was certainly the ardent desire of Pope Leo XIII.

It is impossible to love God without feeling sweetly drawn to the Holy Eucharist. Sacramental Communion at more frequent intervals, and daily spiritual Communion, are the certain results of this salutary act of Christian piety of which we write.

Union with our Lord Jesus Christ, renewed every morning, is maintained throughout the day. It is He who lives in His servant; He who prays, who works, who recreates Himself; He who speaks and listens, who eats and sleeps. And should this union unhappily be some day broken, the next morning sees the repentant sinner on his knees before the altar, imploring the forgiveness that is never refused. Is it not sad and shameful that we should allow the priest to celebrate the Holy Mass in solitude with a single worshipper? Millions of angels surround the altar, it is true; but men—they for whom the Sacrifice was first consummated and is now daily renewed,—men are too indifferent to their dearest interests to take the trouble to attend.

Notes and Remarks.

It is matter for rejoicing that under the auspices of the American Unity League an intensive campaign is to be launched in every State of the Union where the Ku Klux Klan, the "Invisible Empire" so called, is exciting religious and racial prejudice and attempting to dominate politics. Bishop Samuel Fal-lows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who is the head of the League, declares that the Klan is "a menace to religious freedom, a source of danger to the State; and its growing strength should be curbed through the united efforts of all true Americans, regardless of creed, race or condition in life. We had hoped," adds the Bishop, "that the Klan would succumb to the exposés that have disclosed its true character; but the fact is that its membership is increasing rapidly, and its power has become greater and more dangerous. We are now convinced that only a nation-wide campaign, endorsed by our best citizenship, will awaken the public to the seriousness of the situation."

That an editor like Msgr. Kolbe, of the *Catholic Magazine of South Africa*, should have many adverse critics is no surprise to us, but none of them can charge him with being mealy-mouthed. He always tells the truth in plain language. In his issue for July, referring to the pass to which the nations have been brought by the World War, he declares: "The world has been betrayed, and it can only be saved by a return to religion, true religion, not the religion of those Catholics who shouted for war to the bitter end, and grumbled against the Pope when he pleaded for peace. Nor can the religion of those Bible Christians avail, who blocked out of their Bibles, for the duration of the War, those passages which spoke of forgiveness and peace. The fruits of this

kind of religion are now with us, and we are paying the penalty. What we want is a return to the religion which Benedict XV. expounded to a world which successfully howled him down. The Sermon on the Mount would have saved the world, if Christians had really believed in it."

In his non-Catholic days this is what Msgr. Kolbe, like his father, who was a Protestant minister, would have called "talking right out in meeting."

The proportion of Catholics to non-Catholics in England is notably less than is the case in this country; and the Catholic population of London, in particular, is probably a good many per cent lower than that of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or Boston. Yet, we do not remember having ever seen in any of our American exchanges so interesting an item of Catholic news about any of these cities of ours as the following paragraph in our alert contemporary, the *London Universe*:

Victoria Station, though it may not show in itself any connection with the Merrie England of pre-Reformation times, has a very special position in the Catholic life of the country. It is the gateway through which the pilgrim passes to the Eternal City, to the shrines of Europe, to Lourdes. It is one of the few London stations where Catholic hymns are sung, where the Rosary is recited, where Catholics bearing a badge of Faith set out to witness to that Faith.

Similar scenes possibly occur over in Canada—in Montreal or Quebec, for instance,—but, if they ever take place anywhere in the United States, we are not aware of the fact.

We quoted recently some excellent advice given to Catholic girls by one of our bishops; and we can not resist the desire to supplement that advice by some equally practical counsels from a thoroughly Catholic layman, Mr. Joseph Scott, of Los Angeles, Cal. Himself the father of eleven children, Mr. Scott con-

sistently denounces the crime of race suicide. Among other forcible statements, he makes this one: "It behooves every girl who is blessed into the Catholic faith, particularly those who aspire to walk in the ranks of the educated of this nation, to set their faces like flint against a certain type of intellectual women who would unsex our girls by making them despise the most glorious attribute of married life, the sacred joy of motherhood. The proper idea of marriage has been so falsified by those sinister prophets of so-called higher education that it is to be feared not a few of our Catholic girls, while not explicitly adopting the wrong notion, have yet been so far influenced by it that they superciliously shun marriage as a sort of undignified necessity of less superior women. This attitude is both unjust and socially baneful. Its counterpart consequence is a class of diffident or blasé young men who are either afraid to risk the obligations of married life, or have concealed contempt for this great sacrament."

That Christ will be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world, and that the gates of hell will never prevail against it, are no doubt consoling truths; but they should not be made a pretext for failure to do all that in one lies to promote the Church's interests in the little world that lies round about one. Father Lucian Johnston, in the Baltimore *Catholic Review*, enlarges on the familiar text in this striking fashion:

The indefectibility of the Church does not imply the right of the individual cleric or lay Catholic to laziness—because, that indefectibility in any particular locality *does* largely depend upon *human* endeavor. I mean that, whilst the Church will last somewhere to the end of time, it will not necessarily last everywhere. As a matter of sheer fact, it has perished often over very large areas. What, for instance, is now left of that glorious

African Church which blossomed such men as Augustine and Cyprian and Clement and Origen? Only a small band of Catholics existing like an oasis in the midst of a Mohammedan desert, extending from Gibraltar to Suez. Where is the original Church that flourished along the shores of the Ægean Sea? Where that which Boniface planted in North Germany, and Augustine grafted onto the old tree in England? What is left of that tropical plant touched miraculously into being by the wonderful Francis Xavier, over there amidst the cherry blossoms in old Japan?

The moral is obvious: each individual Catholic has incumbent upon him the duty of advancing the Church's interests to the extent of his power and opportunities—a duty which is not sufficiently understood—or, at least, generally accomplished.

According to that model stylist, Cardinal Newman, inaccuracy in the use of words is one of the worst, as well as one of the most common, faults of youthful writers; and, were the great Cardinal living in our day and country, he would probably eliminate from his statement the word "youthful," and so make it characterize writers generally,—or, at the very least, such writers as call themselves Prohibitionists. In accurate phraseology has been the distinctive mark of non-Catholic American enemies of the liquor traffic from time immemorial. The old-time Sons of Temperance advocated, not temperance (moderate use of), but teetotalism, or total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. The Catholic followers of Father Mathew immediately gave their organizations the proper name, Total Abstinence Societies.

At the present time, there is a similar lack of precision, or accuracy, in the use of terms employed, and arguments put forward, by the upholders of the Eighteenth Amendment in general and the Volstead law in particular. It is nothing less than an impertinence to call an opponent of the law in question

a friend of the saloon, for there is not the slightest logical connection between the two. Every friend of the saloon is presumably an opponent of the Volstead law; but every opponent of the Volstead law is not, therefore, a friend of the saloon. As a matter of fact, it is probably true that not one in a hundred of those opposed to that law, and to the general principle of Prohibition, of which the law is an offspring, has any desire whatever to see the revival of the American saloon as it existed a few years ago. It is an altogether gratuitous assumption that Prohibition was the only feasible method of doing away with the abuses common to the great majority of those saloons; less drastic measures have been quite successful in other lands—and may, within a century, prove equally effective in the United States, extremists “to the contrary notwithstanding.”

As a rule, notices of new publications are to be found in another department of this magazine; but the importance of a work just brought out by the National Conference of Catholic Charities seems to warrant our calling the particular attention of our readers to the scope of the “Directory of Catholic Charities in the United States.” That its scope is very much broader than can be inferred from the title will be seen from the following list of topic headings in the index of the loose leaf octavo volume of 400 pages:

Homes for the Aged, Big Brother and Big Sister Organizations, Homes and Schools for Deaf Mutes, Homes and Schools for the Feeble-Minded, Boarding Homes for Girls and Women, Bureaus of Catholic Charities, Home-Finding Agencies, Child-Welfare Societies, Homes for Delinquent Girls and Women, Employment Bureaus, Fresh-Air Work, Sisterhoods engaged in Home Nursing, Shelters for the Homeless, General Hospitals, Maternity Hospitals, Hospitals for the Insane and Nervous, Hospitals for Cancer, Hospital Social Service Departments, Industrial Schools,

Homes for Infants, Juvenile Court Work; National Organizations, e. g., the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, National Catholic Welfare Council, Christ-Child Society, Knights of Columbus, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, National Conference of Catholic Charities; Homes for Orphans, Prisoners Welfare Organizations, Relief Societies, Room Registries, Social Centers and Settlements, Training Courses in Social Service, Particular Councils and Parish Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Shelters for Transients, Women’s and Girls’ Clubs and Societies, Homes for Convalescents, Homes for Delinquent Boys, Homes for Working Boys and Men, etc.

Nothing under the sun is new—not even Monsieur Coué’s “In every respect I feel better and better every day.” Father Boyd Barrett, writing in the *Month*, shows that the Coué method is to be found even more fully developed in a work, published in 1903, “Le Gouvernement de Soi-même,” by Father Eymieu, S. J. “The French Jesuit says, do not only say and believe that you are ‘better and better every day,’ but act it, even though it seems at the time to be mere acting. This is not nonsense or unreality or self-deception.” Father Boyd Barrett explains concisely and clearly in his article how profoundly true it is, physiologically as well as psychologically. Suggestion-therapy is as congenial to Catholic principles as psycho-analytic therapy (as now taught and practised) is dangerous, and to be scrupulously avoided, save under sound Catholic and medical advice.

A good instance of the popular belief in suggestion-therapy is the adage, “A man is as old as he feels.”

The death of Sister Mary Pauline Kelligar, late head of the College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station, N. J., is the loss to the Sisters of Charity of a most efficient and devoted member, and to the cause of education of a laborer whose services were inestimably important

and unusually long continued. For more than half a century she was engaged in educational work, and her labors were attended with wondrous success. She was a pioneer in the movement for the higher education of women in the United States, and gave an impetus to it which is strongly and widely felt. A woman of remarkable intellectual gifts, Sister Mary Pauline was no less distinguished for Christian and religious virtues. By thousands of young women who came under her influence her memory will be cherished to the end of their lives; and to her community the example of her devotedness and splendid labors will continue to be an incentive and an inspiration. In life Mother Mary Pauline was honored for her talents and accomplishments, beloved for her virtues and golden deeds; in death she is venerated and mourned as one who made the world better and brighter for her presence in it.

A non-Catholic editor has sent us the following article entitled "Intolerance," clipped from one of his unidentified exchanges. He evidently shares the views expressed, and no doubt hopes that they will be generally adopted:

The people of Oregon in November will vote on a Constitutional amendment, which, if adopted, will abolish all private schools in the State, teaching the common branches. It provides that all children between the ages of eight and sixteen, who have not passed the Eighth Grade, must attend the public schools. The amendment will become effective in 1926, if passed, and reports are all to the effect that it will. A determined fight is being made to secure its enactment, and its opponents are reported to be decidedly discouraged.

This amendment, of course, is directed particularly against the parochial schools, and breathes of nothing so much as religious intolerance. Its proponents talk volubly of 100 per cent Americanism, but they practice the very opposite. Parochial schools, as generally as the public schools, teach Americanism, and of late have been especially emphasizing this feature of instruction. They are maintained

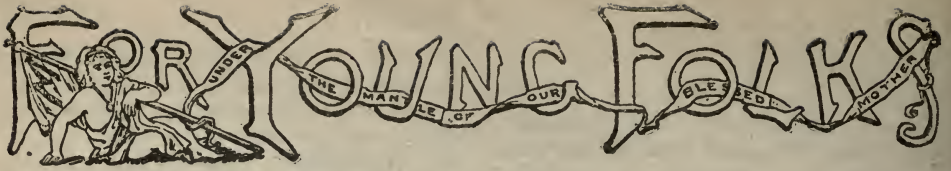
primarily, of course, to give religious instruction, yet the fact remains that the studies of a secular nature are not in the least neglected. Graduates from the parochial schools of this city, for example, upon entering the public high school have become honor students, and all have displayed the effects of a careful and thorough preparation.

The right to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience is one of the basic principles of the American Government, and is guaranteed in our Federal Constitution. When, therefore, the secularists and the narrow churchmen of a State unite to deny this right to certain of their fellow citizens, who have given offence only in their manner of worshipping God, they are entirely in error, and in the judgment of this paper are beyond the law.

We are not so sure that the opponents of the Oregonian amendment are "decidedly discouraged." If so, however, they are unaccountably active. Before it can become established law, it will have to be approved by the Supreme Court of the United States, and we feel certain that tribunal will not endorse what is very clearly a violation of the Federal Constitution.

The Brooklyn *Tablet* does not appear to be very deeply impressed by the scientific explanation of St. Joan of Arc. It was natural of course that the canonization of the Maid of Orleans should have reawakened the interest of non-Catholics as well as Catholics in one of the most striking personalities that has ever appeared in French history. Pseudo-scientists have pronounced their verdict on St. Joan to this effect: "She had the physical form of a woman, but the distinctive qualities of man, and she was, therefore, neither a normal woman nor a normal man; she represents what science terms the Third Sex."

These scientists impress the *Tablet* as belonging to the class who, as G. K. Chesterton says, attempt to "explain supernatural stories that have some foundation by inventing natural stories that have no foundation."



A Breton Legend.

BY R. O'K.

IN other lands a tale they tell,
Mid blessèd days of yore;
A witless youth lived in a wild,
And begged from door to door.
No parents, home, or friends he had,
Yet ever hummed a lay,—
Ave Maria! as he went,
He sang through all the day.
Ave Maria!—thus he thanked:
No other thanks he had;
Ave Maria! children called
The homeless, witless lad.
He died, and, lo! a beauteous rose
Sprang from his lowly bed;
Ave Maria! there in gold
The wondering peasants read.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VIII.

HUGH followed Nick into the District Telegraph Office, which had once been a small store. Behind a high desk sat a man with a stern, hard face, who looked as if he had little compassion for the trials of humanity in general or of messenger boys in particular. Opposite to him on a bench sat several lads in uniform. Three or four were talking in low tones, but the others leaned wearily against the back of the settee, too tired to be interested in anything; for they had been at work since a very early hour. The sergeant, or officer, who had special charge of all the boys, and often boasted that he knew "just how to bluff a kid," walked up and down the floor.

Nick led Hugh to the desk and said: "Here's the boy, sir!" The superintendent scowled at the stranger and mumbled: "Sit down over there; and if we need an extra messenger, perhaps we'll employ you."

Pretty soon a call came in on the register, and Nick was sent out. Another. "Next!" cried the superintendent, picking up from a small box a ticket marked with a number corresponding with the one registered on the tape. Hugh now started forward, but the man shook his head. There was no response from any of the other boys on the bench. "What's the matter with you, 627? Ain't you out next?" snarled the sergeant. No. 627, a puny little fellow, was one of the early birds, and had just come in from a call which took him to Brooklyn. He answered that 460 was out next. But 460 was in high favor with Sarge, as they called the sergeant. Therefore, 627 was hustled to the desk by the collar of his jacket, the ticket thrust into his hand, and out of the door he was whirled in a manner that made him spin round like a top.

Presently in came three more little fellows, all back from long calls, and all with wet feet; for it had begun to rain heavily. "Where were you?" asked the manager of the first one. "Went to No. — West 150th St."—"But you're twenty minutes over."—"The lady kept me," he declared, earnestly. "She wouldn't put 'Delay' on the ticket, 'cause she said she hadn't time; but she'd tell 'em at the office, and it would be all right."—"That's a fake; you'll sign for fifteen cents." The boy protested, but it was of no use; in the end he was compelled to sign a voucher, which was added to a pile of similar papers upon

the desk. "See that?" said the urchin next to Hugh in a whisper. "That much more will be docked from his pay to-night."

After this Hugh was sent out. As he did not know the city, and had much difficulty in finding his way, he was nearly an hour "over," and was fined twenty cents, almost the amount of his pay for the half day. This was discouraging. Later he had to take several other messages. He succeeded better, but did not give satisfaction evidently; for when six o'clock struck, the manager pushed eight cents toward him, and told him gruffly that he "needn't come again."

Now, the boys sent on messages hurried back. Those "in" dodged a call whenever practicable; for all were anxious to be on hand for the reading of the pay-roll. There was a flutter of excitement among them when the manager, after knocking on the desk to denote that proceedings were about to begin, produced the roll and two bulky envelopes, which contained the vouchers.

Nick, who had crowded up next to Hugh, confided to him that he hoped to be able to buy a new pair of shoes this week. Glancing down at his feet, Hugh decided that he certainly needed them. He had only time, however, to whisper an earnest wish that his friend might not be disappointed, when the manager began to call the name of each boy in turn, and to figure up the amount due him. At first it seemed as if all had earned good wages; but, then, those dreadful vouchers! Primarily, a sum must be set aside for the uniform. There is *always* a uniform to be paid for; because, as it costs eighteen dollars, it is generally worn out before the last instalment can be met, and a new one must be provided. "And this, even though we are obliged to change our clothes before going home," said Nick,

continuing his confidences. "We don't mind in this sort of weather; but in Winter I tell you it's hard to have to shuffle off a comfortable suit for one that's thin, and worn to tatters most likely." Thus as each boy was called up there was deducted from his earnings \$1 or \$1.25 toward payment for his jacket, trousers, rubber coat, or leggings.

Finally Nick's number was called. He jumped up alertly, with a vision of a pair of strong shoes dancing through his head. The superintendent ran his eyes down the list till he came to 520. "Ah!" he said, "you're a four dollar boy. But you were at home sick for a day, so you lose fifty-seven cents; that leaves \$3.43."—"Yes, sir!" agreed Nick. Hugh, who listened sharply, as eager that Nick should get the shoes as if they were for himself, smiled now, thinking it a foregone conclusion. But Nick knew better. He waited with an anxious expression while the man looked through the pile of vouchers. One was of \$1.25 for the uniform; for car fare, ten cents; another for fifty cents, marked "failed to collect"; two for fifteen cents each, "over-time"; two for five cents each, same cause. That's all, thank goodness! The manager added up the amount, and Nick's vision vanished as he saw the figures. He received a dollar and eighteen cents for his six days' labor (seven days constituted the usual time; but Nick's mother, for reasons which Hugh discovered later, refused to let him work on Sunday). He would have to make his shoes last another week. Hugh forgot his own trouble in sympathy for his friend. But Nick bore the disappointment bravely.

"I'm sorry for mother's sake, though," he said; "for she'll have to work just so much harder. And I'm mighty sorry too, old chap, that the manager won't take you on the service. It's awful hard, but never mind. Per-

haps I'll hear of something else for you to-morrow. Well, good-bye! See you Monday, same crossing."

Nick carelessly took it for granted that his new comrade had a home somewhere; but Hugh's heart sank as the lad disappeared. Where should he spend the night?

IX.

Hugh stretched himself upon a bench in City Hall Park, and again appeased his hunger with dry buns. About twelve o'clock a policeman came along and ordered him off, but he sought another bench and slept until morning. He awoke with a shiver,—the air was damp and cold. It was Sunday; but he did not think of going to Mass, though he had never before omitted this duty. Having finished the two buns saved from his supper, he sauntered toward his old haunt, the post-office. Here he met two boys, whom he mistrusted somehow; but as they were jolly fellows, and he had the blues, he was glad to loiter with them. One was slight and well-dressed. He said his name was Harry Robinson; he was fourteen years old and his home was in Providence. After a while he confessed that he had stolen ten dollars from his father and run away to New York to get rich. He appeared to have just arrived, and had still plenty of money, which he displayed freely. The other boy told them to call him Jeff. He was a big, strong fellow of fifteen or sixteen.

There seemed to be no one about the building except the clerks in the mailing department. Jeff grew bold, and, pushing open a door, led his companions into a room where there was a pile of mail bags. They hid among these and told stories. From time to time Harry ostentatiously consulted a handsome silver watch.

"Lem me see that, will yer?" asked Jeff, with flattering admiration. "Where did yer get it?"

"My father gave it to me," replied Harry.

Having made sure that Harry was in a good humor, Jeff slowly stuck the watch in his own fob pocket, and arranged the chain across his ragged vest, all the while grinning at his dupe, who smiled back at him, though a trifle uneasily. Then he went on to tell his most interesting story, and apparently forgot all about the watch. Hugh suspected that Harry would not be able to regain possession of it.

By and by Jeff began to walk around. At the end of the room was a slat partition, upon the other side of which hung a row of men's coats. "Look here," said he; "I can just get two fingers in between these slats." With a wink to the others, he began to work a coat round till he came to the pocket; next he poked his fingers *into* the pocket. Harry laughed and tried a similar experiment with another coat; he seemed to regard the trick as a capital joke. In a moment Jeff held up a ten and a five cent piece in triumph, while Harry showed a handful of pennies.

Hugh was alarmed. "If you don't stop that, I'll holler!" he cried.

"If yer do, I'll choke yer!" muttered Jeff, making a lurch toward him. But Hugh immediately broke away and hid in the corridor.

This interruption led to a squabble between the others. Hugh rightly thought that Harry was insisting upon the return of the watch. The commotion attracted the attention of a private policeman, who appeared upon the scene just as each had begun to work another pocket. Presently Hugh saw his young companions led away to the police station by two stalwart members of the Broadway squad. He felt he had made a narrow escape; for he knew that if one is found in bad company it is very hard to establish one's innocence.

While Hugh was wondering where to go next, he espied a familiar figure coming up the street with an air of leisure befitting a millionaire. It was Jinksy, the friendly newsboy, and with him a mite of a boy, who clearly regarded him with great admiration and imitated him closely.

"Hullo, greeny!" he exclaimed, cordially (he had dubbed Hugh "greeny" from their first meeting). "Make yer 'acquainted with my little friend Penny." Jinksy had evidently donned his Sunday manners, and had something of importance on his mind.

Penny stared at Hugh and awkwardly rubbed his tiny red nose, which looked as if it had been nipped by the traditional blackbird. He was the drollest-looking atom of humanity Hugh had ever seen. Upon the back of his little shock head was poised a Derby hat several sizes too large, the left side of which was torn from the crown and flopped against his ear every time he moved. He wore a faded tennis shirt, and what was once a pair of knickerbockers. A very black knee peeped out above the top of the long woolen stocking upon one leg, and on the other was a striped sock, which had rolled down over his shoe. One foot was encased in a lady's button boot, minus all but three buttons; the other in a laced shoe, which looked as if it might have been picked out of an ash barrel.

(To be continued.)

A Lover of Our Lady.

Old chronicles relate how, in his last battle of Mount Badon, King Arthur bore on his shield an image of the Blessed Virgin,—not on the outside, but inside, so that he might reach it with his lips; and when that good King received his mortal wound, he had himself borne to Avalon, that he might die in a sanctuary of Our Lady there.

A Jester's Rebuke.

IN olden times it was the custom for kings and noblemen to have a jester, or "fool," who had his queer cap and tunic trimmed with little jingling bells. It was the duty of the jester to keep his master in good spirits, and be ready to make a joke at any time, no matter how serious the circumstances. It came to pass, naturally, that these professional fun-makers were often men of wit and considerable learning, frequently very much wiser than those who called them fools; and many a covert lesson was conveyed in frivolous words, and many reprimands were bestowed, covered up under light phrases, and always excused on account of the clown's privilege of free speech.

One nobleman in England had, at about the time jesters began to go out of fashion, a bright fellow attached to his suite in that capacity. To him his master gave a staff, or wand of office. "Keep it," he told him, "until you shall find a greater fool than yourself."

The jester accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was given, and used to flourish the wand on festive occasions of state.

But even the laughter and jollity with which the nobleman took such care to be surrounded could not prevent a visit from the master Death, to whom we must all, sooner or later, submit; and he lay on the couch from which he was soon to be carried to the tomb of his fathers. All the well-meant consolations of his servants and friends were of no avail; he wished only to see the poor fool who had done his best to make a troubled life more happy. The jester was summoned to his presence.

"I have sent for you," said the nobleman, in a weak voice, "to tell you that I am going on a long journey."

"Whither?" asked the jester.

"To a far country,—in truth, to

another world," answered the dying man.

"How long will you be gone, — a month, perhaps?"

"Longer than that."

"A year,—you will not be gone a whole year?"

"I shall be gone forever."

"O my dear lord!" said the poor fellow, "have you made provisions for the journey, and have you arranged for your entertainment in that other world where you are to stay so long?"

The nobleman shook his head.

"But you have made arrangements for your reception? They know you are coming, and will be glad?"

"They, whoever they may be, have no announcement of my coming, that I know of. For neither my journey to nor sojourn in that far country have I made preparation."

For the last time the jester availed himself of a jester's privileged speech. Putting his wand of office into the hand of his master, he said, solemnly:

"Here, take this. You bade me give it to one who was a greater fool than I. You are going to another world, to be gone forever, and you start without provision for the journey or certainty of finding friends there. Surely the wand belongs to you."

So the little story ends; but no doubt the dying man profited by the jester's well-meant words.

How Glass was Discovered.

Pliny tells us how glass was discovered. Some merchants were carrying nitre and stopped at a river which issues from Mt. Carmel. They looked about for stones on which to rest their camp kettle; but finding none suitable, used pieces of nitre instead. The fire dissolved the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and the result was the substance we call glass.

A Glorious Epitaph.

On a gravestone in New London, Conn., appears the following inscription. The records of ancient Greece or Rome do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotic heroism:

"On October 6, 1781, 4000 British troops fell on the town with fire and sword. A line of powder was laid by them from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted—thus to blow the fort into the air. William Hotman, who lay wounded not far distant, beheld it, and said to one of his companions: 'Let us endeavor to crawl to this line; we will wet the powder with our blood. Thus, with the little life that remains to us, we shall save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. He died on the powder he had dampened with his blood. His friends and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lives preserved."

After this simple narrative are these words in large characters:

HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN.

An Old Prayer in Rhyme.

The little prayer which follows—the conclusion of a longer one—was composed in the twelfth century, and was then familiar to everyone,—at least everyone that spoke English. It is copied from a manuscript preserved in the British Museum:

This world that turneth many ways
 Make good to us in all our days:
 The weather great and unstable,
 Lord, make good and seasonable;
 The fruits of the earth make plenteous,
 As Thou seest best, ordain for us;
 Such grace to us do Thou send,
 That in our last day, at our end,
 When this world and we shall sever,
 May bring us to joy that lasts forever.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Talks for the Little Ones," an expansion of "With Jesus, My Friend," published by the English Catholic Truth Society, is a beautifully suggestive and inspiring little book for all teachers of children.

—"My Master's Business," by the Rev. David L. Scully (B. Herder Book Co.), contains fifty moral sermons with miscellaneous titles. There is no attempt at a co-ordinated series, each discourse being independent of the previous and the following one. The sermons vary in length, the average number of words being about seventeen hundred,—material to last an ordinary speaker about a quarter of an hour. Price, \$2.

—A "Manual for Novices," compiled from the "Disciplina Claustralis" of the Ven. Father John of Jesus and Mary, and "The Vademecum Novitiorum," by a master of novices, is a book well calculated to profit religious of any Order, although it was originally intended for the use of Discalced Carmelites. The vows, discipline, mortification, the practice of virtue and the difficulties attendant upon progress in the spiritual life, are some of the subjects which are excellently treated. For sale by Benziger Brothers; price, \$2.

—A book of mountaineering essays, written by Pius XI. when he was simply Dr. Achille Ratti, is to be published in London under the title, "My Climbs on Monte Rosa and Other Alpine Peaks." The papers were originally contributed to the journal of the Italian Alpine Club, and contain accounts of the author's first Italian traverse of Dutour Peak from Macugnaga to Zermatt, an ascent of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, and the first traverse of Colle Zumstein. Further, Dr. Ratti writes of his ascents of the Matterhorn direct from Zermatt and of Mont Blanc via the Rochers with descent by the Dome Glacier.

—The Rev. J. M. Lelen, author of "Towards the Altar" and several other devotional works, has had published by the Herder Book Co. "The Gospel of a Country Pastor," a collection of sermons and sketches, or, as it is called in the foreword, "a handbook of spiritual agriculture." The fourteen chapters have titles suggestive of rural life; they are rich with quotations in prose and verse; and are all likely to edify as well as to entertain the average reader. The author's theory as to literary art is interesting, to say the least: "In the

hands of a priest the height of art is, not to conceal art, but to ignore it. I write to be understood and thereby to do good: I care not whether the reader is pleased or not with my words." Price, \$1.

—The French Ambassador to this country is a *littérateur* of no little prestige. *The Manchester Guardian* says of him:

M. Jusserand's extensive knowledge of our literature inspired one of Canon Ainger's happiest epigrams. After he had reviewed "The English Novel before Shakespeare" Ainger wrote to a friend: "What an excellent and readable book it is! I used to say of another French critic,

Our English critics their dull wits keep straining,
When—enter Taine! And all is entertaining.

But the epigram would be truer if it could be adapted to Jusserand—

A Frenchman straying into English fields
Of letters seldom has a *locus standi*;
But if there's one to whom objection yields,
'Tis Jusserand—he has the *jus errandi*."

Even the most inveterate enemy of puns will pardon the witty Canon for these verses.

—It seems to have been taken for granted by many non-Catholics that the ultimate purpose of the Knights of Columbus, in their American history movement, is to publish a Catholic history of this country, either for the general reader or as a text-book for Catholic schools. A recent statement by the Supreme Knight of the Order effectively disposes of that contention:

The K. of C. aim has simply been to call general attention to the biased writing of American history evident in many texts used in the schools, and, through a cash-prize competition, to promote expert study in less-known phases of American history, leading to a better interest in the subject, and a consequently improved general citizenship. Authoritative treatment of special subjects is part of the program; but the production of a special text-book is not.

One desirable result of such work would be the revision of several text-books now in use in American schools, and considerably more accuracy in future accounts of our annals.

—The discriminating reviewer who writes the literary "Causerie" in the *London Catholic Times*, has been discussing in recent issues of that excellent weekly the moral anarchy of fiction. Few judicious readers will disagree with either the general statement or the particular instance to be found in this extract from his columns:

The tragedy of the condition of present-day literature is not to be found merely in an undue extension of a dangerous freedom in subject and treatment: it is in the moral anarchy which prevails, an amazing absence of any guiding principle in conduct, an implied belief in mere impulse as a sufficient sanction for any behavior

however wanton. No jot of any sense of sin creeps into very many modern novels. Some popular writers, who would probably claim to be on the side of the angels, have done much to lower the standard of the average reader's taste....

—A complete biography of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque was hardly possible until God put the final stamp of completeness upon her life work, so to say, and her canonization was accomplished. Numerous books about this apostle of the Sacred Heart have appeared during the past twenty years; the *Life*, by Mgr. Bougaud, is likely to supersede, as it probably includes, most of them. It is complete as to fact, and authentic as to statement, being based on the original circulars, decrees, and memoirs regarding the saint. It contains, besides, a history of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the continuance of St. Margaret Mary's mission through it. The book is admirably well written, with the white, hot fervor of the author's devotion to the saint and her Master shining out on every page. Just one criticism,—thoughtful persons have been asking for years that hagiology take more account of the human or natural in the lives of the saints. Some thoroughly lovable, imitable biographies have resulted. The Margaret Mary of the present biography is so wrapped in clouds of sanctity from very infancy that the average reader may fear to approach, much less imitate her. Benziger Brothers, publishers; price, \$2.75.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Thomas Smith, of the diocese of Southwark; Rev. Thomas Cobey, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. William A. O'Connor, diocese of Ogdensburg; and Rev. Matthew Meathe, diocese of Detroit.

Sister M. Georgia and Sister St. Mark, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Pauline, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Charles Miller, Mr. Joseph Chiconi, Miss Mary Bolger, Mr. William Murphy, Mrs. D. Perrier, Mr. E. N. Browne, Mr. Henry Kramer, Miss Mary McGuchian, Mrs. Sarah Purcell, Mr. W. J. Miller, Miss Alice Carey, Mr. William Villinger, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Sr., Mr. George Nicholson, Mr. J. E. Seltor, Miss E. T. Skelly, Miss Elizabeth Russell, Dr. Alexander Rooney, Mr. William Dusome, and Mrs. Grace Grant.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: friend, \$10; a priest, \$5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. J. Ryan, \$5. For the victims of the famine in Armenia: "Trenton reader," \$2. For the Foreign Missions: I. A. M., \$5.



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

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Song for the Summer Harvest.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

IN the immaculate evening, when the hearth
of day is clean,
And the beauty of earth walks queenly,
meditative, strong,
I and the loves I cherish kneel at your shrine,
my Queen;
Mother of harvests and gleaners, and
Mother, too, of all song.

The fields are gaunt with stubble where the
grain is mounded up;
At rest are the whining binders and the men
have moved them home.
Mother, my sheaves are slender, but the sweat
stood in my cup;
Grant other years of tilling, and your rain
be on the loam.

A Type and a Symbol of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.

IF we desire to know something of the greatness and glory of the Blessed Mother of God, it will be well for us to regard her as she is memoried in the pages of Holy Scripture. In the New Testament little is related concerning her; the Holy Spirit, as St. Thomas of Villanova remarks, has not given an account of her in words, because it is easier to imagine than to describe the perfections and dignity of one who sur-

passes all creatures in beauty and sublimity. From the Old Testament, however, much may be learned of her privileges and prerogatives. It abounds with types and figures, which foreshow the Mother of the promised Messias.

St. Bernard says: "Mary was long beforehand promised to the patriarchs, prefigured by mysterious wonders, foretold by the oracles of the Prophets." The old is a type of the new; the mysteries of the Christian faith are portrayed in the narratives of the Old Dispensation. Let us seek in these characters and symbols under which she is pleased to conceal herself, her who is the brightness of eternal light, and whom we love to address as the Cause of our Joy.

Of all the types of our Blessed Lady to be met with in the Old Testament, the earliest and most prominent is Eve, the first woman, the common mother of mankind. Mary is often called the Second Eve; because as Eve was the mother of all men in the order of nature, so Mary is the mother of all who are born again in the order of grace. Many are the points of similitude which exist between the first and second Eve, and many also the points of contrast between them. How beautiful was Eve when she came forth from the hands of her Creator! To her might have been applied the words afterwards addressed to Mary: "Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in thee." Eve did not pass through the stages of infancy and childhood, but

entered upon existence as a mature and perfect woman, beautiful, chaste, innocent and holy.

Still more beautiful was Mary, whom God destined to be the Mother of Christians, the Queen of heaven and earth. She was the masterpiece of creation, the sublimest work of divine omnipotence, endowed with every grace and blessing which a creature is capable of receiving, possessed of intelligence and reason from the first moment of existence. From the side of Adam, whose body was formed of the dust of the earth—of that pure virginal soil onto which no shadow of defilement or decay had yet fallen,—Eve was fashioned by the hands of God Himself, without blemish or imperfection. Mary was, in like manner, the special work of God, created by an express exertion of almighty power. In her favor He suspended the law whereby it was decreed that all men should be born with the taint of sin, in a state of enmity with God. As Eve at her creation, so Mary at her conception was immaculate; like Eve, she was gifted with perfect innocence, absolute purity, angelic holiness.

Eve, alas! soon fell from this blissful state of original innocence; and by her fall she herself and all her posterity were made subject to sin, and to death, the penalty of sin. Mary never knew what sin was: she was never estranged from God. By her the curse that was passed upon the children of Eve is transformed into a blessing. What was marred by the guilt of Eve by Mary's innocence is made good again. Eve swallowed the poison; Mary brings the antidote. Eve listened to the promises of the serpent, and by one act of disobedience brought sin into the world; Mary listened to the message of the Angel, and by one word of obedience became the channel of salvation to all mankind. Eve, in consequence of her

weak compliance with the suggestions of the devil, was driven out of Eden; Mary, by her ready submission to the will of God announced by St. Gabriel, deserved to be assumed to the celestial Paradise.

"Eve's disobedience," says St. Epiphanius, "was atoned for by Mary's perfect obedience; Eve's incredulity by Mary's faith; Eve's folly by Mary's wisdom. Through Eve the sentence of death was passed on the whole human race; through Mary it receives pardon and salvation; the obedience of the one restores the equilibrium that the disobedience of the other had destroyed."

"Through a woman," says St. Ambrose, "evil came into the world, and through a woman came good. We fell with Eve, with Mary we stand upright; through Eve we lie prostrate, by Mary we are lifted up. Through Eve we were brought into bondage; through Mary we are emancipated; by Eve we live, by Mary we reign. Eve is the cause of our mourning, Mary is the cause of our joy."

God has appointed Mary to this blessed office of bringing home again to Him His banished children; therefore "we, poor banished children of Eve," cry to her from this "vale of tears," that through the merciful intercession of the Second Eve, we may be restored to our true country and our Father's house. We pray, *Causa nostrae Laetitiae, ora pro nobis!*

II.

Many of the miracles of the Old Testament seem to have little or no meaning, except in their bearing on the Christian dispensation. It is not easy to understand why God should appear to Moses in the midst of a burning bush, unless He thereby intended to foreshadow one of the mysteries of the New Law; or why He should cause the bush to be on fire without being consumed, unless this were a symbol of one of the

wonders accompanying the Incarnation of Our Lord. But in view of the divine maternity the meaning of the portent is not difficult to understand. Mary is the burning bush in the midst of which God appeared to the Prophet as a flame of fire. What fitter symbol could be imagined of her whose heart burned with divine charity,—that ardent charity which ever burned without being lessened or extinguished, which was nourished and fed by the Holy Spirit, and which must have consumed her frail body by its intensity, had not God, by a sort of perpetual miracle, preserved her in this mortal life?

We read of some of the saints that they were so inflamed with the love of God that their breasts actually glowed with material heat. In the case of St. Philip Neri, so great was its vehemence that two or three of his ribs were broken; and some others of the saints were compelled to lay wet cloths upon their breast to allay the burning of their heart, the supernatural heat having communicated itself to their mortal frame. We know that Mary's love for her Creator surpassed that of all creatures; and yet the fire that glowed with such intensity did not consume its mortal tenement.

What fitter symbol, too, than the bush in which God appeared to Moses, of the still greater miracle of the Incarnation, when the Eternal Son of God dwelt within the womb of Mary; when a finite creature of earth bore within her the infinite God, whom no man can ever look upon and live? Well may we, beholding the reality of that which was foreshadowed by the burning bush, exclaim with St. Epiphanius: "O Virgin most holy, the sight of thee fills the angels with astonishment! Behold a stupendous miracle—a woman clothed with the sun bearing in her arms the Eternal Light; a virgin carrying the Son of God!"

Again, what fitter symbol than the bush that was on fire and was not burnt, of Mary's perpetual virginity,—of that wondrous miracle by which she became a mother and yet preserved in all its freshness her immaculate virginity? Thus the Christian poet sings of her:

Gaudia matris habens cum virginitatis honore,—

"To all a virgin's purity
A mother's joy unites."

The bush burned with fire, and the flames wrought no harm to it: the Light, says the devout St. Bernard, of the world illuminated but did not destroy or impair the virginity of the Mother that bore Him.

Lastly, we see in the occasion of this wonder another mark of its suitability to Mary. It was the prelude to the delivery of the Israelites from Egypt by the hand of him who said: "A prophet shall the Lord raise up to you like unto me." Moses was on his way to defeat the enemies of God, and bring His people out of slavery, when he saw this great sight. God was about to deliver the Israelites by his instrumentality out of the hands of the Egyptians, and bring them on their road to the Promised Land, when He made Himself visible to His servant under the form of fire, resting in a bush. So Christ our Lord was on His way to save His people from the slavery of sin, the bondage of the devil, when He came down from heaven and condescended to abide with Mary in the house of Nazareth. And so all true Christians pray, *Mater Inviolata, ora pro nobis!*

Do not have a great variety of prayers; let the "Our Father", and the "Hail Mary" frequently flow from your heart to your lips. Love to repeat often these sweet prayers which Jesus Himself and His Church have taught us, to oblige Himself, as it were, never to repel us.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.



MARCIA sat busily sewing near her stepmother. She was hemstitching a new table-cloth, which Larry had brought home as an addition to the somewhat depleted stock of household linen. The talk between the women was more or less fragmentary. Mrs. Brentwood interspersed her comments upon the servants with slight criticisms of Eloise, who, according to custom, spent the early hours of the day in her own room.

Mrs. Brentwood prefaced her remarks with an apologetic:

"I do not like to pass any unkind criticism, but, really, my dear Marcia, her manner, at times, is decidedly quite annoying."

"Rather more than that," Marcia agreed, carelessly. For it was more her way to flash out into fits of angry annoyance against her cousin, than to sit down afterwards and discuss her in cold blood.

"This very morning," Mrs. Brentwood continued, "when I was doing my best to be agreeable at breakfast, she—she—was downright rude."

"The moral of which is," laughed Marcia, "not to try to be agreeable, especially at breakfast. Though, I must say, Eloise is rarely downright rude. Her politeness is usually faultless, and—but why should we discuss her?"

She rose and shook herself, as though getting rid of a burden, while she critically surveyed the finished hemstitch in her hand. Suddenly, she noticed that two tears were falling from her stepmother's faded eyes, on hands that trembled. Marcia hastened over to her, and bending stroked her cheek.

"Don't take it to heart," she said, softly. "Remember, it is only a pin prick, after all."

"I know, I know!" Mrs. Brentwood answered, drying the tears that would fall; "but she made me feel how old—and tiresome I am."

"She's more tiresome herself, with her affectation, and all that," flashed Marcia, "but we needn't mind her, we three; and, once having left here, she will have little to do with our lives."

The bell rang at that moment, and Marcia straightened, with a momentary wonder as to who the visitor could be, at that hour. She turned, as Sarah, presently appearing, announced:

"Mr. Gilfillan."

There was a pause, and a man entered. His figure was small, his height about medium, his face deeply lined, with eyes as cold as though they were made of glass. His costume, an attempt at the latest fashion, was indescribably shabby. He advanced with a light, springy step, that, but for its want of spontaneity, suggested a second youth.

"Mrs. Walter," he said, pausing beside the elder woman's chair, "permit me to recall myself to your mind. You have not forgotten Ambrose Gilfillan?"

"I remember Mr. Gilfillan, very well," answered Mrs. Brentwood, who had turned deadly pale and was visibly shaken.

"Oh, come now, that is very formal, and—"

He interrupted himself to give a laugh, as artificial in its sound as to suggest being manufactured.

"Yes," he repeated, "very formal, and suggests, as I was about to say, that your memories of me are not altogether pleasant."

"They're not," declared Mrs. Brentwood, with a coldness that surprised Marcia. "Though," she added, glancing at the girl, "since there are so many things that can not be explained now, it is better to let the past rest."

"Quite so, my dear lady, and only to

ell you, instead, what it is that has brought me here."

He broke again into that laugh which seemed curiously mingled with his discourse, proceeding at once with his hinted explanation:

"In the first place, of course, my desire to meet you again, and to make the acquaintance of another very charming member of the Brentwood family." He indicated Marcia by a bow, and continued: "For, you know, we Brentwoods—I am proud to say that I am one of them on my mother's side—were always clannish."

"There seems to have been some interruption in the clan spirit, as far as we are concerned," said Marcia, with a twinkle in the blue eyes, and a laugh which sounded like sterling silver, in contrast to the base-metal of the other's mirth. The sound, no less than the words, attracted the man's attention; and he looked at the speaker with an intent, yet curiously shrinking glance. Turning abruptly away, he covered his eyes with his hand. "How like," he murmured—"how like the eyes!—those of your late father!"

Marcia, though without any preconceived opinion, felt everything about the man to be intensely distasteful. Yet, perhaps, it was the stirring of that clan spirit that made her strive to be cordial.

"For my part," she said, "I have always had considerable curiosity about the Brentwoods and—the past. I think my grandfather was the only one I have ever known." —

"A remarkable man, my dear girl,—a remarkable man!"

"I suppose so," answered Marcia; "but he impressed me only as remarkably cold and stern."

"He was, yes," laughed Mr. Gilfillan, as though the girl had made a rare jest; "it gave one a sensation of ice down the spine, to look at him. Between you and

me, he was as stern as he looked."

Marcia disliked the man more than ever, as he uttered these words. The expression of his face she felt to be malicious. She was conscious of a keen desire to defend, to say something good, of the dead, thus cruelly attacked; but while she cast about for some form of speech, a voice from the armchair, which Marcia scarcely recognized, spoke emphatically:

"Grandfather Brentwood was a just man."

The visitor cast a sidelong, disagreeable look at the speaker.

"You think so?" he said. "I am glad to hear you admit that."

"Tell him, Marcia," cried Mrs. Brentwood, her old, flustered manner returning, "tell him, I admit nothing. I don't want to talk about such matters at all!"

The visitor still regarded her with a sly smile about his lips:

"I am not particularly anxious, either, to talk about our late, venerable relative; and, as to my reasons for this visit, in addition to that already stated, I have come, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to the newly-made heiress."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marcia; "why did you not mention that before? I shall send for Eloise at once. Fortunately, she has not gone out."

When Eloise received the summons that a gentleman was waiting below to see her, she was considerably flustered. Sarah had not caught the name, which Marcia had been careful to give. She had, in fact, paid but little attention, having concluded that this matutinal caller was not one to interest the young lady of the beautiful costumes. She had decided that he was probably on a begging expedition. She had learned sufficient discretion not to comment upon such visitors as were received by the family.

So, Eloise, who could not read the

maid's thoughts, became visibly agitated, and, bidding Sarah say that she would be down in a moment, applied herself earnestly to the mirror. If it had been Gregory, she meanwhile reflected, Sarah would have said so, with that demure and decorous archness, which implied that she knew he would be a welcome visitor. It was evidently some one whom Sarah did not know, and who might purposely have omitted to give his name. It could be no one else, she concluded, than Reggie Hubbard, who had grown tired of waiting for her advent to town.

She went slowly down the stairs, striving for that perfect composure called for by her new rôle. She entered the living-room and saw, seated between Marcia and her stepmother, not the gay leader of cotillions, not the favored of many women, but the shabby figure which rose to greet her, with exaggerated eagerness, with a manner half-brazenly assured, half-cringing, extending a hand, and exclaiming:

"My dearest Eloise, how are you!"

Eloise stood still an instant, while a wave of hot anger, disappointment, and other less fully defined feelings, swept over her. Disregarding the extended hand, she advanced to a chair, as far off as possible from the visitor. In her excitement she did not notice that it was that same carved chair from which she had once hastily risen and which she had since avoided. The man, his pale cheek flushing, burst into his artificial laugh.

"Not a very warm greeting for poor Ambrose Gilfillan," he said, "and yet, and yet, Eloise, I have busied myself no little about your affairs."

His tone was pleading, but the girl, unmoved, responded:

"Your interference, I am sure, was altogether unnecessary."

"Are you sure, quite sure?" inquired Gilfillan, and to Marcia it appeared that

there was something indescribably spiteful and malignant in the speaker's face and tone. He nervously pulled at his white cuffs, thus calling attention to the fact that the sleeves of his coat were threadbare.

Suddenly a great pity, arising from some unknown source, surged up in Marcia's heart. The man was such a weak specimen, and he looked poor and mean and old. It was as though he had received a crushing blow, which had gained its force from something much more potent than a young girl's superciliousness.

"I did not want to see you," exclaimed Eloise, wreaking her disappointment on the intruder; her anger gaining force, as a sudden vision of Reggie—gay, insouciant and carelessly good-natured—rose before her. She burst out in a tone which surprised those who had hitherto seen the girl actuated by the restraints of a false and artificial politeness.

"I haven't the slightest desire for a visit from you; Gregory would have objected strongly, and—"

She paused as the man murmured under his breath:

"Ah, yes, Gregory Glassford would object, and—to some other things!"

Her anger, however, not having yet spent itself, she continued:

"And little as I know of the past that is definite, I feel that it is an impertinence, an outrage, for you to present yourself here."

"What!" cried the man, his conventional tones rising almost to a shriek, "you sit there in that chair, the graven image of your grandfather, and you talk to me in that way!"

"I am in the habit, generally speaking, of talking as I please," the girl murmured, though she was startled, more than she would have cared to admit, by the change in Gilfillan's manner, and the reference to her grand-

father, whose personality, since she had come to this place, seemed to haunt her.

There was a silence out of which Ambrose Gilfillan spoke, breathing hard.

"I can see that you are as hard and cold as he was; but I demand to know what you know of the past, that permits you to talk to me in such an outrageous manner."

Though Eloise began to regret that she had entered upon a contest which placed her in an unpleasant light before the onlookers, and deprived her of poise and self-possession, nevertheless she stuck valiantly to her guns, and repeated coldly:

"I do not know very much of the past; but I suspect quite enough to believe that you presumed a great deal in coming here."

The two had seemed to forget the presence of the others, resembling two actors in a mysterious drama. Mrs. Brentwood, though she had just reason to agree with the girl, was quite appalled by the bitterness of her words and her incivility to a man so much older, and who was, after all, a family connection. In a deprecating voice she murmured:

"Oh, my dear!" While the visitor, unheeding all save Eloise, who by looks and words had stung him to fury, rising to his feet, retorted:

"You!—you talk to me like that! You are a viper, turning to bite the hand that has warmed you."

"You are mad, quite mad!" exclaimed the girl addressed, with a contemptuous laugh. "You had better go away from here as quickly as possible."

"I will go! I will go at once!" the man exclaimed, rising, and trying to adjust his shabby clothes, while he reached out for his hat. "But if I come again, beware!"

He was trembling violently.

Marcia stepped forward:

"Mr. Gilfillan," she said, composedly, "though I do not understand the meaning of this strange scene, I hope you will not go till you have had lunch. We shall be taking ours presently."

Gilfillan hesitated, casting at the speaker a strange, half-scared look, in which there was a blending of many emotions. Eloise, her head resting against the carven chair, murmured:

"Surely, you will not do that."

The words seemed to drive away the last shred of the man's hesitation. He raised his head and Marcia was struck by the greenish pallor of his face.

"He is ill," she thought; "he looks like a dying man," and within her rose that tide of pity, struggling with her distaste for this unwelcome visitor.

In the cold eyes of Ambrose Gilfillan there was a flash, a malignant gleam, as he said, with a touch of his former jauntiness:

"If you will have me just as I am, dusty and travel worn, I shall be very glad, indeed, to take lunch."

He cast a defiant look at Eloise, who was scornfully regarding him, and who, rising hastily, said to Marcia:

"If you and Aunt Jane will excuse me, I shall not come to lunch to-day. Sarah will bring me some tea later on in my room."

There was a whole world of expression in her darkening face, as she hurried from the room, without another glance in Mr. Gilfillan's direction.

"A whimsical and capricious person is that very charming young lady," the man commented, kissing his finger tips to the departing figure. "At one time she seemed to be quite fond of her poor, old 'uncle,' as she used to call me. But, I suppose, it is the privilege of her sex to be changeable."

Despite Marcia's efforts, the lunch was a cold and formal affair. Mrs. Brentwood was unwontedly quiet, with a quite unusual chilliness in her man-

ner towards the guest, as though she could scarcely tolerate his presence. And even the brazen assurance, which was Ambrose Gilfillan's most marked characteristic, was scarcely proof against the elder woman's coldness, the snubbing he had received from Eloise, and what he seemed to find almost more trying, the clear, direct glance of Marcia's eyes. He avoided meeting her glance, when it was turned towards him, always with that curiously-shrinking expression.

He had been unable to resist accepting the invitation, partly out of defiance to Eloise, and partly because a daintily served and comfortable repast was quite a luxury to him who had wasted his own, and, as report said, other people's fortunes. As the meal progressed, he recovered more and more of his cheerful spirits. Still, it was a distinct relief to both the women when he took his leave. Marcia watched him going down the path to the gate, and, turning, said, apologetically, to her stepmother: "We could not have done otherwise, could we? He looked so miserable."

"No, my dear, I suppose not!" Mrs. Brentwood answered.

"Then," continued Marcia, "Eloise was so—so utterly horrid to him."

For she knew in her heart that her pity for the man was largely mingled with condemnation of her cousin's rudeness. Unexpectedly Mrs. Brentwood observed:

"She may have had reasons of her own for being—disagreeable."

"They would have to be very cogent reasons," Marcia declared, "to treat an unfortunate old man, and a family connection, in such a manner. I fancy the shabbiness of his clothes had something to do with it."

(To be continued.)

—♦—
THERE is no education without religion.—*Guizot.*

How Fra Capistran and John Hunyadi Saved Belgrade.

BY JOHN PAUL BARNES, A. M.

MANY histories, written by persons unfavorable and unfair to the Church, make little or no mention of the two great Catholic heroes who, in the Fifteenth Century, were largely, if not altogether, instrumental in checking the onrush of the Mohammedans from Constantinople for the possible conquest of all, or a large part, of Europe that was to the west, and for the subjugation of Christianity.

It was in 1358 that the Turks, crossing from their northwestern Asiatic homes, first extended the Ottoman Empire into Europe. They were followers of the so-called Prophet Mohammed. Seven centuries before, this merchant fanatic had taught that he, not Christ, was the Great One sent by God; and his fiery followers, in their military ambitions, were ever as much actuated by a desire of the conquest of Catholicism as by the hope of territorial gain.

For a century after 1358, the struggle between Christian and Mohammedan in the Bosphorous corner of Europe went on. Then, in 1453, after a siege lasting fifty-three days, the last of the Constantines surrendered to Mahomet Second, who then ruled and led the Turks to the famous and beautiful city of Constantinople, once the centre of Eastern Catholicism.

Great was the rejoicing of the wild, Asiatic, infidel hordes. The initial barrier was overcome; the first great outpost of Christianity and Europe was in their hands. But for Mahomet it was but a keynote victory, only a beginning. He looked upon Constantinople as merely a foundation stone in the conquest and empire of his dreams. The Crescent, he believed, was only at its dawn. North-

west he led his great, well-equipped, veteran, eager armies. Like leaves before a Winter gale, the Hungarians scattered and disappeared. To the very last gateway of Western Europe he brought his followers,—to the final territorial redoubt.

A splendidly fortified city was Belgrade; but at the time of Mahomet's arrival before it, the number of its defenders, never sufficiently great for such an emergency, had, largely through defection, shrunk to an impossible few. To the Western sovereigns messengers had been dispatched, begging that aid would be sent. But, brave as was the little garrison that remained, had it been compelled to wait until such assistance arrived, the red Half-Moon of the East would have been flung from Belgrade's walls.

That the banner of the Cross was not hauled down, that the Turkish tide broke upon the walls of Belgrade, and spent its force in vain, is to be ascribed, under God, to the zeal and courage of a humble Franciscan friar, John Capistran, or, as his name is sometimes spelled, Capistrano, and the valor and military ability of a Hungarian nobleman whose sword, even before this time, had won honor against the Turk.

Realizing that instant action alone would save the situation, Fra Capistran set out through the towns and villages of near-by Germany to gather an army of his own. Much as the might of Mahomet was dreaded, the intrepid Franciscan, by his untiring zeal and inspiring eloquence, succeeded in rallying to his banner of the Church and Civilization forty thousand volunteers. From a military standpoint, the make-up of this array, this army that was to check the advancing, victorious, experienced, thoroughly-disciplined, determined East, was ludicrously poor. Students from their books at the Church schools, priests from their pulpits, peas-

ants from the fields, with only a small detachment of Hungarian regulars, went to fill up its ranks. Into his recruits, however, Capistran breathed the spirit of the old Crusaders, the spirit of boundless bravery and unstinted sacrifice. John Hunyadi was asked to accept the command of the expedition, and on his agreeing, armed for the most part with slings, old swords, clubs and even farming implements, off the Christian forces set for beleaguered Belgrade.

On the march forward, Capistran with his exhortations kept up the morale of the men, and Hunyadi by ceaseless endeavor induced into their moblike ranks something like organization. After reconnoiter and council, it was agreed that the best strategy would be to try to pierce the enemy's lines which, with a great fleet, were flung across the Danube. The city's garrison had by this time been reduced to a comparative handful, and, with every communication to the place blocked, the supplies were becoming very low. Help must come quickly. But a fleet was required to carry out the proposed plan, and there were but few boats available. With all dispatch, the Christian forces set to work at the river's edge to construct rafts and small crafts sufficient to accommodate their number. Desperately they worked. At last enough of a navy was assembled for them to crowd upon. On the prow of one of the foremost boats, crucifix in hand, in a position as dangerous as it was prominent, Capistran took a place. The order was given to go forward. Nearer and nearer approached the Christian forces to the enemy. The lines were opposite. Now the fleets closed in battle.

Before its beginning, this contest with the splendid navy of the Turk's Danube forces had seemed half hopeless. Now with the battle on, that small promise grew even less. Surely, those rafts and

tiny boats with the Cross-flag above them would have to give way. But the Christian knights, thrilled by Capistran's daring and eloquence, absolutely refused to recognize defeat. Belgrade was their goal and toward Belgrade they kept the prows of their boats headed.

Hunyadi's little craft had made at once for the flagship of the Turkish admiral, and Hunyadi himself had been the first to spring aboard the enemy's deck. Fierce and bloody raged the fight. Then, little by little, it began to turn in favor of the Christians. Here a Turkish ship was taken; there, one compelled to retreat. Bravery was mastering odds. At last, complete loss staring him in the face, the Turkish admiral gave the signal for a general withdrawal, and quickly the entire enemy's fleet was in flight. The way to the city was open. Forward went the relief party. They made the gates. Wild were the shouts of rejoicing with which the garrison greeted them. Belgrade and themselves, they thought, were saved.

But Mahomet could not even consider failure. If his dreams were ever to be but dreams; if his armies and his sway were to move forward—forward, perhaps, till the Eastern Moon had risen and hung above all Europe,—then this central citadel must be taken; this midway point, to which ever new reinforcements could be brought up from Asia, and from which, as from an inland Gibraltar base, his operations might move forward, must float his flag. He gave the order for a general assault. Every available man and weapon was to be used. In comparison with this engagement, the fighting on the Danube was but a skirmish.

That battle between Turk and Christian for possession of Belgrade on July 22d, 1456, was as sharp and as terrible as any of which human beings are capable. The Turks took a large part

of the walls: they got within the city. The Christians, under the wild, charging might of superior numbers, had given way. Back in the city streets and lanes they retreated, a confused, disorganized mass. Among them Capistran and Hunyadi went pleading, exhorting. As a last, desperate move, a charge was ordered. Somehow, ranks were formed. Forward went the banner of the Cross. All day the fighting continued. Then with night came peace. For, under cover of darkness, Mahomet, having sustained a loss of from thirty to forty thousand men, drew off and abandoned the siege. The city was saved.

Belgrade and its siege in 1456 was the high-water mark, the Gettysburg, of Turkish success in Europe. Other campaigns of conquest were tried; none developed the menace of this one. Mahomet Second was the Alexander, the Napoleon, of the Turks; his power was broken on the bravery of two gallant Catholic heroes.

John Hunyadi died of camp fever on August the 11th, 1456, just a few weeks after Belgrade; and some twenty days later, Capistran followed him to the grave. The memory of them and of their deeds, however, has not perished. Although many non-Catholic writers have ignored these splendid soldiers and the superlative importance of their victory, that Church for which, along with Western culture and civilization, they dared and fought, will cherish their memories till the history of all the world is written.

I HAVE always had such a long list of books in perspective, which I know to be worth reading, that I have had no time to squander on doubtful books. I do not care to besmirch myself simply out of curiosity. Everything that one reads as surely affects the mind as food affects the body; and the results, I am afraid, are more lasting.—*Anon.*

Soggarth Aroon.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SHURE, 'tis lonesome on the mountain an'
'tis lonesome on the hill
Wid nothin' but the shrill o' gulls when all
the world is still.
But there's praties in the old tub an' meal
agin' the wall,
An' God is good to think o' us a teeny bit at
all!
An' glad am I to climb the road to reach this
friendly door,
Fo. well I know whose love it is that guards
the poorest poor.
An', see, herself an' himself, they rise wid
welcome kind and sweet,
An' it's "oh, yer reverence, bless us, an' stop
an' rest yer feet!"

Shure, Michael was the brave lad these sixty
years ago,
An' Katy was the happy maid wid rosy cheeks
aglow.
Michael had the brown hands from bindin' up
the corn,
An' Katy had the conny way in kitchen night
an' morn.
An' both o' them wud meet betimes to dance
upon the grass,
Or loiter homeward hand in hand from hearin'
early Mass.
An' so, herself an' himself they came (they
called me Father John),
An' 'twas "oh, yer reverence, bless us, an'
make us twain as one!"

But things have changed since that far time
when life was at the May,
An' Katy's now a granny dark an' Michael's
bent an' gray.
The childer all have scattered just like birds
from out a nest
To all the corners o' the world, north, east
an' south an' west.
But both have bowed them to His will, for
both are lovers true,
An' the old love like the old wine is richer
than the new.
An' now herself an' himself, they rise an' bid
me sweet goodby,
An' it's "oh, yer reverence, bless us, an'
Padhrig, clear yer sky!"

Tags.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

HE had the very reddest hair and the
biggest freckles you ever saw in
your life, and most people said he was a
perfect little fright; but when he smiled
and showed all his strong white teeth,
you thought only of the beauty and
gentleness of his expression, which was
like a ray of sunshine.

Tags was only a ragged, little slum-
urchin, who lived in one room with his
old Grannie (who had been, all the time
Tags knew her, crippled with the
rheumatics, and sitting huddled up in
an old armchair) and little Polly, who
was Tags' very life; he knew her since
an hour after she came, a tiny, wailing
child, into their little back room—they
had two then,—and Mrs. Welch, a
neighbor, appeared with a bundle in
her arms, and said: "'ere, Tags, 'old
this child, while I be gone for Father
Mason." Thus Tags came into posses-
sion of Polly.

Tags was eleven now and Polly was
six, and she stood to him for everything
that was good and lovely and most to
be desired in this world; and I don't
think Tags could have reconciled him-
self to the other world without Polly,
who had come to him when "Muvver
went to 'eaven."

Tags had one big fault, and Father
Mason and Sister Vincent at school had
in vain tried to cure him of it; as he
himself put it, he used "to say cuss
words." No other boy in the school or
slum could use such forcible language
as Tags; it seemed to have been born
with him. But one day, Father Mason
had talked to him very seriously, and it
showed how well the old priest knew
children. He said nothing of Tags' own
particular failing; but he impressed on
the ragged little boy in front of him,
that, now that Polly was four, and

beginning to pick up and repeat all she heard, he was bound, as her elder brother and protector, to see that she learned no "swear words," not even ugly words; and a vivid picture was drawn of Polly's white soul, over which a beautiful angel watched, who would see and count every stain that was made upon it through Tags' fault.

The boy's brown eyes never left the old priest's face; he took in all that was said, only he had not time then to think about what it all meant and implied; for had not Father Mason said one thing that made the poor little waif literally hug himself with joy all the way home: Polly was his, his very own, and she had nobody but him. And then, gradually, the two ideas combined, and his one ruling desire in life was for Polly's welfare of soul and body. But it took a long time for the boy to learn to speak at other times as he schooled himself to do when with his little sister. Neither the priest nor the Sister failed to notice the change.

Then when he was eleven came an event that changed their whole life. Tags had taken Polly home from school, and sold all his papers, and was sitting on a doorstep with a pal who was reading aloud to a select few the choicest morsels out of a last week's "Tit Bits," when "Wheezy Joe" came up and said:

"Ye'd better cut home, Tags, there's summat up at your place."

"Not Polly?" said the boy, looking scared as he jumped to his feet. "No, the old 'un."

The "old 'un," of course, meant his Grannie.

Poor old Grannie! Polly was playing with her rag doll on the floor, when good-natured Mrs. Welch had looked in, and saw the old woman had fallen forward in her chair. She lifted her, and knew that the days of pain, and want, and struggle were over for one more of "God's friends."

Father Mason came, of course, and the kind neighbor took the children for the night; but he came again very soon, and talked to Mrs. Welch in the little room off the kitchen, and then talked to Tags; and he told of a lovely home for Polly near green fields and lovely flowers, and all the delights of the country, and of another one where Tags would be equally happy.

At first the boy did not take in that it was two homes that were spoken of, but when he did, the kind heart of the priest was filled with grief at the sight of the boy's sorrow. To be separated from Polly—the awful words kept ringing in his ears. He could hear nothing else, though Father Mason was still speaking—separated from Polly! He said no word, but just sat down all of a heap as the priest went out. Mrs. Welch came in, but she could get no answer from him; and then Polly, who had been playing with Rosie Welch, appeared, and saw something was amiss. She sat on the floor beside her brother, and put up her hand to pull his face down to her level, but was terrified when, at her touch, Tags threw himself face downwards on the mat, sobbing as if his heart would break.

Poor little mite! She could not understand, except that Tags was unhappy, and she tried in her childish way to console him. Presently the sobs became quieter, and then, to her delight, Tags sat up and took her in his arms and began the nightly stories; and soon Mrs. Welch carried her off to lay her to sleep in Rosie's cot.

The household were asleep early, for Mr. Welch was a dock worker and had to be up betimes; but Mrs. Welch was awakened by a slight noise. She listened; yes, certainly, some one was moving in the kitchen.

She got up cautiously and went down the steep staircase. She would have been capable of dealing with any bur-

glar; but the sight that she saw fairly broke her down.

A candle had been lighted, and Tags was fully dressed, cap and all; and he was busily occupied in dressing Polly, who was still half asleep. It was Tags' one solution of the question. He would run away with Polly—they would be gone before anyone was up.

Mrs. Welch wiped the tears from her eyes and entered the room. The boy started up with a defiant look.

"You silly boy," began the woman, "why didn't ye tell me as you was so set agin goin' to the 'omes? Get back to bed and you'll both stop along of me."

Tags was speechless. He knew Mr. Welch had seven children, and hard work to make ends meet. He looked at her, and tried to speak, though he seemed choking; but at last he flung his arms round her waist, and as well as he could for his sobs, he said how he would work and help keep himself and Polly—and "she ain't no trouble and I won't worrit ye," he concluded.

Father Mason was too accustomed to the charity of the poor to be more than mildly surprised at the heroism of this woman with seven children, adopting two more; but he resolved to obtain what help he could towards their keep.

Tags had now two loves in his heart: Polly in a shrine all her own, and Mrs. Welch. Her goodness in saving him from being separated from his little sister made her an object of his most unbounded gratitude. He served her in all the little ways he could with the devotion of a faithful dog.

The only event worth chronicling for the next few years, is one that perhaps was the beginning of big things. One evening when Tags was thirteen, he called at the girls' school as usual, but Polly did not appear. Then he went to the door and asked for her. A Sister was near the entrance. "Oh! are you Polly Grey's brother? She is not well.

We sent for Mrs. Welch, and she has taken her to the hospital."

The hospital—Polly in the hospital! Away fled the boy. Mrs. Welch was back. Polly had got scarlatina, and Tags would not be able to see her for weeks. The unknown is always a terror to the bravest, and to the poor boy, it seemed as if no greater calamity could have happened. He could not imagine facing life without his little charge—nothing seemed worth living for.

Just as he was indulging in these dark thoughts, the kindly face of Father Mason appeared in the little room; he had heard from the Sisters about Polly. Before he left, he and Tags had agreed that a little visit was to be paid every day to Our Lord, to ask Him to make Polly well again and bring her back soon; and, "if you want her very soon," added the gentle old priest, "make a little sacrifice to Our Lord. He will surely not keep Polly away long then."

Next afternoon, the old woman who swept and dusted the church was surprised to see one of the schoolboys enter the church, and walk straight up to the altar rails. She could not hear what he was saying, and she could not see his angel guardian writing golden letters in his book at Tags' page. But Our Lord heard, and surely smiled, when the boy produced seven halfpennies tied up in his pocket handkerchief and said: "Dear Lord, I give you the seven 'alfpennies that I saved for the top for to buy little black babies, so that you will send Polly 'ome soon." And I expect that the copers looked golden to the angel as the boy dropped them into the "Foreign Missions" box.

So little Polly did come home wonderfully soon, and life went on as usual for the two orphan children, till Tags was a big lad over fifteen, going to daily work with Mr. and Tom Welch, and bringing back his weekly money to good Mrs. Welch. Then hard days came,

strikes, and high prices, and one thing and another, and there was little money and many to feed; and want showed its grim face in the little household. The boy worked early and late at any odd jobs; but how could all the family be supported? Tom and his father tramped miles; but everywhere it was the same—no work.

Tags had never forgotten Father Mason's words about giving a present to Our Lord when he wanted a favor; and many of his hard-earned pennies went for "the black babies" whom he seemed to have taken under his special protection. But now he literally had nothing to give; and one evening, as he was kneeling at the altar rails, with no light in the church save the little red lamp, he was grieving that he had nothing to offer. "But if there was anything I could give, I'd give it to You, Lord, however hard it was, if You'd only let me find some way to help 'em at 'ome."

A few days had passed when Tags was stopped near his home by a man who asked if he could tell him if an old Mrs. Groome still lived in that street.

"Never 'eard of 'er," said the boy, "but come in and Mrs. Welch maybe 'as."

"Mrs. Groome," answered that good woman, "why your own Grannie, boy. Didn't you never know 'er name? And who may you be?" she added, turning to the stranger.

"William Grey. I was married to Mrs. Groome's granddaughter, Mary; and I take it, this is my son."

Tags did not know whether to be pleased or not. A father was such a new idea. And what about Polly?

It appeared that some months before Polly's birth, Grey, despairing of work in England, went to the States hoping to make a home for his wife and children. Ill luck, bad health and other causes, prevented his getting on; then one day the tide turned, and he was

able to "feel his feet." Now he had a tidy home, and came hoping to find his children, for he knew his wife was dead. He was deeply touched at the kindness of the Welchs, and had little difficulty in persuading them to come back with him to the States, where he knew Welch, who was an honest, sober and skilled workman, would easily get taken on in the works where he himself was.

It was evening once more, and Tags had come to say "Thank You" to Our Lord, who had so wonderfully answered his prayer, though in a way he never dreamed of. Since the day he put his first sacrifice into the Mission Box for "the black babies," his interest was aroused; and when Jack, the boy who helped Father Mason's housekeeper, had gone off to be a brother in the Missionary College, where the preacher came from who had first "learned" him about the babies, Tags felt that but for Polly he too would like to have gone and helped the good Fathers out yonder. But Polly was like a high mountain between him and the thought, an unclimbable mountain.

But now—was he her only stand by? God had answered his prayer in a wonderful way, and all was sunshine once more in the little home. Now Polly had her father; and it was really uncanny that, at every odd moment, the thought should come before him as if he heard the words he whispered in the dim light of the sanctuary lamp! "If there was anything I could give, I'd give it to You, Lord, however hard it was, if only You'd let me find some way to help 'em at 'ome."

The boy knelt down; he was miserable. What could he say? He could not even make the Sign of the Cross; if he did that he must begin his prayer. So he just put his arm upon the rail, and laid his head on it; and his angel was

standing by and pitying, oh! so much, the anguish that was in his heart, but rejoicing more, that if he were brave, out of that very sorrow would come great joy.

A tear dropped onto the stone pavement, and then others; and all the while the angel was whispering to his heart, and counting the tears as they fell. The boy raised his head, and his eyes fell on the painting of the crucifix above the altar; and he remembered how Father Mason had told them in the sermon that the missionaries left home and country and all dear to them, because Jesus had first of all left all things for their sake.

Tags gazed at the divine Figure, and his tears fell faster. Polly had never seemed so precious in his eyes; but strength was coming to him, as it always does to those who look upon that torn and mangled Figure, raised aloft to draw men to better things. Presently he said aloud: "Lord, I'll give Polly for You, because You gave all for me. But it's the hardest thing to give."

And the head sank down again on the wet sleeve, but peace had come into his heart, and to his guardian angel, such joy as man could never feel, that once more the Precious Blood had strengthened a soul to perform an act, the heroism of which even the Great Spirits round the Throne might envy. And he was only a poor little ragged slum-urchin.

...I wish all Catholics were but as forward to lend their helping hands to lift souls out of Purgatory as they are to believe they have the power to do it; and that we had not often more reason than the Roman emperor to pronounce the day lost; since we let so many days pass over our heads, and so many fair occasions slip out of our hands, without helping or releasing any souls out of Purgatory, when we might so easily do it.—*Father Thimelby, S. J.* (1663.)

The Penitent of Coquibu.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

AMID the rocks of Coquibu, in the environs of Milly-en-Gatinais (Northern France), are to be seen the ruins of a little hut the history of which dates back seven centuries. In the thirteenth century it was the hermitage, or the prison, in which dwelt for twenty years, in the reign of St. Louis, the former Lady of Malesherbes, she who was called during her residence in her castle Dame Genevieve, or the good lady, and was known as the penitent, or the recluse, of Coquibu when she quitted the pomp of the world for this voluntary prison.

There are four distinct phases in the life of Dame Genevieve. Inheriting from her father the important domain of Malesherbes, she persistently refused to enter the married state. She had no intention of dividing with any one else the authority which she exercised over her numerous vassals; and still less did she entertain the notion of giving herself a master.

As soon as she attained her majority, and took her place among the richest and most powerful Lords of Gatinais, she disbursed every year a considerable sum in embellishing her manor house, and in purchasing, as often as the occasion presented itself, fields, meadows, swamps, vineyards, and woodlands. In ten years of wise administration, she had almost doubled her fortune.

In calling her administration wise, one speaks from the purely human standpoint. Of all her large revenues, what part was given to God? and what to the poor? What ruined church had Genevieve restored? What convent had she founded? Alas! Dame Genevieve thought neither of God nor her neighbor, but of herself alone. She was

purely and simply an egoist. As for her authority, she exercised it, or, rather caused it to be exercised, with the utmost rigor. Accordingly, reaping as she had sowed, she was cordially detested by her vassals and her neighbors.

Dame Genevieve had lost her mother while yet very young, and had been brought up by a distant relative named Cunegonda. It was not generally known where this woman had come from; but it was clear that she was a person of remarkable address, and that the Count, Genevieve's father, held her in high esteem. He had no suspicion that she belonged to the infamous sect of the Albigenses. Perhaps, had he lived, he would have in time discovered that fact; but he died when Genevieve was only twelve years of age. In his last will and testament he ordered that, until she reached the age of eighteen, the heiress of Malesherbes should live under the control of "the virtuous, discreet, wise and prudent lady, Dame Cunegonda."

This lady did not seek, at least directly, to initiate Genevieve into the Manichean doctrines of which the Albigenses were the residuary legatees; but she never, or rarely, spoke to her youthful charge of religion, and she fostered in the girl's character pride, the love of power, contempt of the poor and forgetfulness of God.

Dame Cunegonda was punished there where she had sinned. Adroit as she was, she could not entirely conceal her passion for wealth and power: to exercise the latter and enjoy the former, in the name of her charge, was easily seen to be her ambition and her hope. Now, Genevieve did not like divided power. As has been said, she resolved never to marry; and she had no intention of submitting to a quasi-husband in the person of her governess. She impatiently awaited her eighteenth birthday; and, when it dawned at last, she politely in-

timated to Dame Cunegonda that the latter was expected to leave the castle in the course of a month. The heiress was of age, and intended to assert all her rights uncontrolled by any one.

It was then that began the life of which we have spoken,—a life given up entirely to the pride of riches and the harsh exercise of power. Nevertheless, Genevieve, who was not without inherited noble and tender instincts, felt that something was wanting to her. She missed something, although she knew not what.

One day, it was in 1250, a friar of the Order of St. Francis, on his way to the Holy Land, received permission from his superiors to spend a few days in the Gatinais region, where he had some relatives. On the Sunday he stopped at Malesherbes and requested permission to say Mass in the chapel of the castle. Genevieve could not do less than give the necessary permission and to request the Capuchin to be kind enough to address the congregation about the Crusade. Father Melchior, who was full of ardor for the holy enterprise, needed no pressing. "Everybody," said he, "can not take up the cross and proceed to Jerusalem. The children, the aged, the women, and the sick, must remain in our towns and villages. Does this mean that they can take no part whatever in the Crusade? On the contrary, those who remain may, and should, pray for those who depart. You can, my dear people, call down upon our soldiers and their captains the blessings of Heaven by striving to cure yourselves of your faults. Let each one, especially, be diligent in accomplishing the duties of his state in life. Let the poor accept without murmur their lowly position. Let the rich, the great, and the powerful bear constantly in mind that they are merely the stewards of divine Providence. Let them always join clemency with justice. Let them help the poor

and protect the weak. Let them show themselves to be the assured refuge of the widow and the orphan. Do not forget that the example comes from on high. It is good lords that make good vassals; good rich, good poor; good masters, good servants; good parents, good children."

The zealous Capuchin said a number of other things. Each of his words seemed to fall from heaven into the ear—nay, the very heart, of the Lady of Malesherbes. An astounding revolution took place in her—she had become a very horror to herself. The proof that she was profoundly moved is that she desired to go at once to confession, a duty which she fulfilled in tears.

She detained Father Melchior for dinner. And, when he was on the point of leaving, she renewed her protestations of the morning. She wished to become absolutely changed, to live only for God and her neighbor, to be the Providence of the district. "When you return from the Crusade, Father," she added, "whether it be in one year or in ten, come this way again. I hope that people will be able then to say as much good of Dame Genevieve as they could have said of evil this morning, had they dared."

"I hope so, my child. In the meantime, God bless you, and may He protect you from pride and vanity."

The very next day Genevieve set about reforming her life. She sought out the poor, not only of the village, but of the whole district. She did not confine her assisting them to gifts or loans of money. She visited them when they were sick, even cared for and sat up with them at night. If the harvest was poor, she remitted a good portion of the rents. Accordingly, in the whole district of Gatinais and a good portion of the Isle of France, Genevieve's name was held in benediction: she was universally called "the Good Lady."

"And to think," occasionally mused Father Thibaud, pastor of Malesherbes, "that this lady is the very same that, two years ago, we considered an affliction imposed on us for our sins! How close to good evil sometimes lies!" He might also have said, perhaps: "How close to evil good sometimes lies!" A little more than two years had elapsed since the conversion of Genevieve, and she mounted, as Scripture says, "from virtue to virtue." At least she thought so, and the world agreed with her.

In the month of January, 1253, there occurred two instances in which this growing virtue shone with such brilliancy that the admiration and plaudits of the whole country knew no limits. The chatelaine, in her luxurious carriage, drawn by two beautiful Percheron steeds, was proceeding to dine with a neighboring friend, the Lady of Oncy Castle. All at once it began to rain very heavily. Genevieve observed under an old tree by the way-side an elderly beggar-woman and two small children miserably clad and shivering with cold. Genevieve's heart was touched. She got down and insisted on the poor drenched trio's entering the carriage. That the carriage would be soiled by mud and water did not count with her. At least the old woman and the children would be preserved from sickness due to prolonged exposure.

As she again took the road to Oncy Castle she heard in the furthestmost chamber of her conscience a voice which said—very, very low, but Genevieve heard it as well as if it were as loud as thunder: "It must be confessed, Genevieve, that you are very good, very generous, very faithful to the promise which, well nigh three years ago, you gave to Father Melchior. The dwellers around Malesherbes are after all very fortunate to have you as their lady and chatelaine!" At the same time, and almost as if it were in the nature of a

reply, another voice murmured the recommendation of the Capuchin: "May God protect you from pride and vain-glory!"

"Oh, pshaw," said Genevieve, taking sides with the first voice against the second, "all that is scrupulous foolishness. I'm not giving myself up to vain-glory; I'm merely stating a fact. And, anyway, I attribute all the merit to God." Doubtless,—and yet, when saying her prayers that evening, Genevieve rather shirked her examination of conscience. She felt herself slipping downwards, and did not feel inclined to stop herself.

A few days later, old Nanon lay dying. She had been bedridden for twenty years, and was very poor and miserable; moreover, her mouth was constantly filled with the foulest language and the most horrid blasphemies. No one could be found to act as her nurse, even in the present extremity. Genevieve took the matter into her own hands. She put into her nursing such devotion, such delicacy, and such perseverance that the old woman became converted, declaring that, owing to the good lady, she was quite happy. And, in fact, she died an excellent death. On this occasion, there occurred the same little discussion between the praise which Genevieve awarded to herself and the warning of Father Melchior. This time, it was decidedly routed. Not content with commending herself to herself, Genevieve thought it quite proper to make public the great and good things which Providence had permitted her to accomplish with regard to old Nanon. "It's not vanity," she declared, in order to stifle a little cry of remorse which made itself heard in the depths of her heart,—"it's not vanity, but simply following the advice of Our Lord, 'Let your light shine before men.'" In consequence, she related to whoever would listen all she had done

in connection with Nanon's last illness and conversion.

The process was complete. Thereafter, a good work accomplished by Genevieve was a drama in three acts: 1st, the good work; 2d, Genevieve's self-praise for the work; 3d, her recounting to the very last detail all about the said work, and her consequent seeking, obtaining, and savoring the praise of others. And this continued for seven or eight years.

Now, since Genevieve's whole life was consecrated to the exercise of an indefatigable charity, it happened that those whom she obliged, whom she solaced, whom she snatched from the grasp of death, whom she reconciled to God, scarcely, if at all, noticed this slight taint of vanity. Occasionally, indeed, when she pronounced her own panegyric in the presence of judicious persons and expatiated on the marvels of which she was the instrument, a few murmured: "How true is all this which our good lady says! But, what a pity it is that she doesn't let somebody else say it!" Perhaps these few should have undertaken the task of opening Genevieve's eyes; but none ever dared do so.

In the meantime the Crusade had ended; but Father Melchior did not return to France. He stayed in Palestine, where he rendered immense service to the poor Christians. It was fully ten years since his departure before the rumor began to spread that he had at last come back to his native country. "What a joy it will be for you to see him," said, addressing Genevieve, some who had seen him close at hand in the Holy Land. "Of course he was already holy when he left here; but you should see the saint he has become now." They added that, among other extraordinary gifts, he possessed that of reading the uttermost depths of the heart and all those subtle thoughts which very often one hides from oneself. When Gene-

Genevieve heard this, and learned that his arrival was imminent, she felt just a little disturbed.

Father Melchior came, and, just as he had done ten years previously, he said Mass and preached in the chapel of the castle. When he ascended the pulpit Genevieve grew pale. What was he going to say?

The man of God spoke for some time of the Holy Land: and then he discussed the happy changes effected in the country through the generosity, the ingenious activity, and the tender charity of their chatelaine, the gracious Lady of Malesherbes.

Genevieve felt somewhat reassured. But she was only half satisfied. Did she deserve all this praise? Had not the good Father, in giving so freely of his eulogy and in forgetting her faults—her great fault (she was beginning to get a glimpse of her real self)—had not the good Father been wanting just a little in evangelical frankness?

She pondered upon this, and began to ask herself if there was not occasion now, as there had been ten years before, for her to become converted. She had just arrived at this point when word was brought to her that Father Melchior desired to see her. What had he to say to the good lady? The reader can doubtless guess.

"Madam, God permits me to see the very depths of your heart, the praises which you give to yourself and those which you solicit from your friends, by ceaselessly detailing the good which you are doing. You are much sicker at present, my daughter, than you were ten years ago. You delight in and take to yourself the glory and the praise which are due to God alone. Remember the punishment meted out to the bad angels, guilty of only a single sin of pride. Meditate on these words of the Gospel: 'When you give alms, let not your left hand know what your right

hand doth,' 'Amen, I say to you, they have received their reward,' 'When you have done all that I have commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants.' You are doing excellent works, Madam, but they are dead works, killed beforehand by the worm of vanity. Crush that worm, even if in the process, you must crush yourself. Do penance, my daughter."

The very next day Genevieve gathered together at her castle a number of neighboring chatelaines, all the clergy of the surrounding parishes, many religious, and such of her vassals as were not engaged in field-work. "My friends," she said to them, "for a second time, through the ministry of Father Melchior, God has permitted me to see my soul as it really is. Ten years ago, I understood that I was neglecting my duties towards you, that I was selfish and wicked. I endeavored to become good. I succeeded, perhaps, for a couple of years. Then, the poison of self-love, of vanity, insidiously attacked and overcame me. I praised myself and sought the praise of others. I robbed God of what was His due alone. Pray for me, my friends. To-morrow morning I shall quit Malesherbes, to enter the convent of the Poor Clares at Coquibu."

She carried out her project. Under the name of Sister Mary Magdalen of the Good Thief she lived for twenty years in the practice of the most austere penances. Then, she concluded that she was not worthy to associate with her companions, and that even the rigorous rule of the Poor Clares was too indulgent for her. Accordingly, she obtained from the bishop permission to take up her residence in a little stone hut near the convent. Every Saturday a lay Sister passed in to her through a window a loaf of black bread and a jug of water. And every Sunday morning a priest of the parish brought her bread far more necessary, the Holy Eucharist.

From generation to generation during the past seven or eight centuries this story has been preserved in the districts of Milly and Oncy and Essone and Courances. As late as 1780, the convent of the Poor Clares still dominated the ruins of Coquibu. The old pastor of Milly, who recounted the tale at least once a year to the children whom he was preparing for First Communion, generally concluded the story of the Penitent in this fashion:

"It is not enough to do good, my dear children; the good must be done well. Even if you were to give to the poor and to God all that you have, you would be doing nothing unless you gave to God that without which all the rest is as naught, your heart. Now, precisely by pride and vanity we withhold our hearts from God. Let us be humble. Without humility, we are not Christians."

A Form of Snobbishness.

BOASTING of one's ancestry, of coming from "a good family," of the blueness of one's blood is ridiculous enough, even when the boasting has some basis of fact; to indulge in such bragging when the reality is the reverse of what one proclaims it to be, is sheer snobbishness, and a particularly silly form of pride. Thackeray touches on the matter incidentally: "You who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling, are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth."

The Saints, whose example the Church proposes to us for our imitation, were never guilty of any such foolishness as this. Many of them were noble, royal even; but they forgot the fact when they entered religious communities, never alluded to their former greatness, and never suffered others to do so. On the contrary, when those of the Saints who were of what the world

calls humble origin, achieved eminence in the eyes of the Church or the State, they were so far from repudiating their lowly birth that they frequently spoke of it as an exercise in humility.

A poor woman once told St. Vincent de Paul in the presence of personages of rank that she had been a servant of his mother. Her purpose was to secure from him a gift of money; but St. Vincent, who disliked flattery of all kinds, quickly answered her: "My good woman, my mother never kept a servant: she was a servant herself before her marriage to a poor peasant."

Scripture Proper Names.

Orthoepy, or correct pronunciation, is a much more important art than the ordinary unscholarly person is inclined to believe. Scarcely less than grammar has it become the criterion by which the world judges, whether rightly or wrongly, one's education or illiteracy, one's culture or the lack of it.

In no specific class of words, perhaps, are incorrect pronunciations so common, even among the so-called educated, as in Scripture proper names. Some of them, three syllables in length, are habitually pronounced as if they had only two: Belial, Cyrene, Jairus, Emmaus, Bethphage. Others, with four legitimate syllables, are made trisyllables: Beelzebub, Beersheba, Corozain, Ezekiel, Parasceve.

It is well to bear in mind that the Catholic spelling of a number of Biblical names differs from that found in the Protestant version of the Bible, and that the different spelling frequently calls for a difference in the pronunciation. The final sound in Gethsemani and Noemi is long *i*, as in high, not long *e*, as in free. That same sound (long *i*) is found in the second and accented syllable of Jairus, and in the first of Dives, which is a dissyllable.

A Word to Certain Pessimists.

IN "Outre Mer" we read of "two melancholy gentlemen, to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake." Like to these are the men who are ever moaning over the outlook of Catholicity, sighing for the Ages of Faith, bewailing the lukewarmness of the times, etc. They hear the measured tread of progress in science and in art, and to their timid ears it means reproach to the Church; they behold the spread of infidelity, and each recruit to its ranks they mentally subtract from the census roll of Catholics; secret societies hold conventions, and the impregnable citadel of the Church is undermined and about to fall. Prophets of evil, they cry aloud, in season and out of season: "Faith is dying out! The world is becoming more and more unregenerate! Has God, then, turned from His people?" And they are scandalized.

Dark clouds hiding the bright sunshine of heaven are such "mourners in Israel." They dishonor their mother the Church when they speak thus. They forget that all science and all art are fostered in her bosom, that she has ever been the preserver and dispenser of knowledge; they lose sight of the fact that while infidelity gains in numbers, it is recruited by those who do not find in the multitude of sects that peace which truth must give; and they are wrong in thinking that "infidels are past praying for," or all of hardened hearts and hopelessly darkened minds. As for secret societies, the Church, as an institution, has nothing to fear from them. They are nothing new, and for being more numerous than formerly are in a true sense less dangerous. The pessimists fail to remember that "stars

have fallen from heaven," and yet darkness has not come upon the earth; in fine, their hearts, it would seem, have forgotten the promise of God Himself: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Father Faber tells us: "As sight goes for little in the world of faith, in nothing does it go for less than in the seeming evil of the world. Everywhere evil is undermined by good; it is only that good is undermost. As much evil as we see, so much good or more do we know assuredly lies under it, which if not equal to the evil in extent, is far greater in weight and power and worth and substance." These are truths upon which every pessimist should ponder.

Troublous as are the times to the Church and her supreme head, there is much to encourage us, and to call forth thanks to God. Throughout the world we find evidences of piety which proclaim the age to be one of faith, despite mixed marriages, Godless education, pernicious literature, and all else that is opposed to the spread of God's kingdom on earth. Pilgrimages to sacred shrines, the growth of confraternities, the increase of religious Orders, the multiplication of works dependent upon public charity, the foundation everywhere of Catholic schools, the erection of myriad churches and chapels over all the land, the large number of vocations to the priesthood, the flourishing condition of foreign missions,—these and many other signs prove the error of those who bemoan the weakening of the spirit of faith.

When was a Papal encyclical read with greater interest than were those which came from the trenchant pen of Leo XIII.? The Pope was never a more important figure in the world than he is to-day. Though stripped of his temporal power, his spiritual authority increases day by day.

Is it a mark of the Church's indifference to learning to throw open the Vatican Library to all students, irrespective of nation or creed? Is the age that has produced a Father Damien and a Curé of Ars without the halo that surrounds heroic sanctity? While anti-Catholic organizations are matter for effort and solicitude, we should not forget that there are millions of members of the League of the Sacred Heart. We may deplore the dissemination of evil literature, but the good is everywhere abundant. Still is the "Imitation of Christ" the most popular, most sought-for book after the Bible itself. Thousands upon thousands of copies of Lives of Our Lord are printed and eagerly read. The world does not—can not—ignore Christ. Of all the books published in the last half century, "Our Lady of Lourdes" is among the most successful. Translated into the principal modern languages, it has had millions of interested readers. It has shown that the arm of the Lord is not shortened; that the influence of her at whose request He wrought His first miracle is not lessened.

In our own country, especially, are the signs promising. There are dangers, it is true; but they are not so alarming as the pessimist would have us believe. Our yearly conventions of various kinds show conclusively that worth, intellect and faith and piety are to be found in the sons of that land whose patroness is the Mother of God, declared immaculate in her conception in this very age. With freedom of worship from East to West, the prayers of unnumbered hidden saints, a zealous hierarchy, a devoted clergy, pious mothers, increased zeal for Christian education, we have everything to hope at the hands of God, "who will be mindful forever of His covenant: He will show forth to His people the power of His works."

•Notes and Remarks.

The gospel of a recent writer on sociology, who need not be named, is thus summarized: "(1) Make yourself the vital center of your own world. (2) Depend upon yourself. (3) Use your whole self. (4) Use what is contained in yourself for the continuous advancement of yourself." "In other words," says the reviewer of the book in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, "sweep away your ideal of the hero who sacrificed all for a noble cause: the generous-hearted man or woman whose only goal is the welfare of others: the saints of modern life whose sweet influence spreads health and happiness around them: and substitute in their stead the Western 'pusher' with the predatory eye, the squaw jaw, and the bull neck, whose sole aim is to develop himself and to clutch at all that he can get. The four maxims ultimately present society to us as a pack of wolves fighting for their share of a meal. It is really a community depending for its very life on mutual help. The purely self-centered mind to the eulogy of which this book is devoted, is a radically unhealthy one. All that has most tended to the welfare of man, to his happiness, to his highest efficiency has been inspired by unselfishness, and always will be. It is the only gospel that can elevate, and even save, humanity. This kind of book strikes at the root of all that is best in modern civilization; and its teaching can only be regarded as one of the most serious dangers confronting those who work for the betterment both of social and international relations."

This is severe, but not too severe, condemnation of a book which has had a wide vogue in this country. Its teaching is wholly anti-social and utterly demoralizing. "After studying Mr. L.," observes the reviewer just quoted,

'one feels inclined to open Thomas à Kempis, and read a few pages to recover the quality so much magnified by American writers of Mr. L's class, and so generally called 'poise.'"

According to our French Catholic exchanges, the most remarkable transformation to be observed in France is that which has taken place since the great war in the higher Government schools of the country. These institutions were formerly violently anti-Catholic and rationalistic; now, while still of course officially neutral in matters of religion, they show unmistakable evidence of the reaction upon them and their pupils of the Catholic revival. Groups of professors and students of the different *lycées*, numbering several hundred, approach the Holy Table in a body. In the Paris School of Mines, as in the various Government arts and crafts schools throughout the country, are to be found groups of militant young Catholics thoroughly in earnest in the practice of their religion,—a religion which, only a few years ago, subjected its adherents in the student-body to persistent insult and the harshest sort of treatment from professors and fellow-students. France's rising generation of intellectuals give excellent and unmistakable promise of future good citizenship.

Among the laws which govern the association of ideas, psychologists mention the Law of Contrast "which enunciates the general fact that the mind in the presence of any mental state tends to reproduce contrasted states previously experienced." Quite in accordance with that law, the tribute paid to Cardinal Newman in Lord Algernon Cecil's "Six Oxford Thinkers" rather vividly reminds us of a criticism of Newman to which we took exception some twenty or twenty-five years ago. A Canadian journalist proclaimed New-

man a greatly overrated man, and added: "The next generation, brought up wholly outside the range of the personal influence of Newman and his friends, will wonder why such a fuss was made over his union with the Church of Rome, to which he was no acquisition, as he was no loss to the Church of England." Well, Lord Cecil represents the "next generation," and he emphasizes the boundless effect of Newman's departure from the Church of England. That Church, he says, had been agitated by the conversion of Manning; but Newman was an irreparable loss—his disastrous secession was the most serious catastrophe that she sustained during the entire century. "For the first time since the sixteenth century England doubted whether the Reformation was wholly good."

Lord Cecil, we need hardly add, is a non-Catholic, as was the journalist whom the "law of contrast" has brought to our mind; but he does not allow anti-Catholic prejudice to blind him to patent facts, or lessen his admiration for a really great churchman.

I would as soon turn a nest of snakes loose in the room where my children were sleeping as to have them forced to procure their education in a secular college where they would be face to face with the same attacks on religion that I had to undergo.

The *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis, Mo., quotes these words of a prominent Methodist minister, with a comment no less timely than pat:

Yet there are Catholics,—at least there are those who pass as such,—who are just now arranging for the entrance of their sons and daughters into these schools that are not merely godless in the negative sense, but which, in the destructive tactics they pursue, are godless in a very positive sense as well. Such parents are guilty before God of neglect of duty to their children; and it were wrong for us to allow human respect or any motive of expediency to keep us from crying out against such negligence. So serious is this

offence that not a few bishops have felt themselves obliged to refuse absolution to unworthy parents who neglect or, what is worse, positively refuse to send their children to the Catholic school. The matter is not open to discussion. It is wrong, yes, sinful, for fathers and mothers, where conditions are at all normal and where facilities are at hand, not to have their boys and girls attending the Catholic school. It is arrogant usurpation of authority not theirs for Catholic parents to attempt to argue the point against the wisdom and the teaching of the Church. Obedience, not advice, is what the Church demands in this matter, so vital to the interests of her children both in time and for eternity.

That the United States is being swamped to-day by the greatest crime wave in its history is the conclusion arrived at by a number of judicious citizens, the American Bar Association included. A committee recently appointed by that organization has been looking into the causes of this crime wave; and, after taking testimony in our principal cities, it reports five principal causes for present conditions:

First, that the crime wave is a natural outgrowth of the World War. Second, that the crime wave instead of being merely an outgrowth of the War, is one of the causes that led to the War and which is continuing in aggravated form since the War has ended. Third, a growing belief on the part of the masses throughout the country that the Courts are only for the rich and that they deny justice to the poor, with a resulting tendency on the part of the poor to take the law into their own hands. Fourth, that the trouble is largely with the members of the Bar themselves. Many men practising law to-day (the committee has been told) ought to be in jail. Fifth, that conviction for crime in the Courts is becoming increasingly difficult, and that the criminal once convicted is not punished sufficiently to deter others from repeating his offence.

The last three of the assigned causes deserve serious meditation on the part of legislators—and lawyers.

The ordinary individual, he who takes a commonplace view of things and is indeed considered the type of

commonplaceness, has been very generally called, since Emerson's day, "the man in the street." In the opinion of some publicists excessive consideration has of late been accorded to this particular type of humanity. Especially in the matter of religion is his commonplaceness obtruded with unlovely insistence. Among the interesting notes and comments of the *London Universe*, in a recent issue, we find this forthright characterization:

"The Pharisee of to-day," according to a striking article in the *Manchester Guardian*, is the modern self-complacent "man in the street," who has no use for the Christian religion—a thing for babes and weaklings, not for "the full-blooded male animal," like himself. Thought he despises. "For goodness' sake do not confuse me with theories about the Miraculous Birth and Apostolic Succession, and such-like things." As if a man should declare that he never could understand the first proposition of Euclid, and then rebuke men of science for presuming to discuss problems of space and time. Decency should prevent his expecting other men to be of equal intellectual dulness. Finally, the writer concludes: "The special fault of the Pharisee was self-satisfaction. Religion was popular, and he believed that he had it to perfection. To-day religion is out of favor, and the modern Pharisee believes he is the right sort of full-blooded, manly man because he slights it. I think we have carried adulation of the man in the street far enough. What I want is a Church which will say: 'This is the Gospel as I understand it. Take it or leave it.'"

An observation well deserving of the most serious attention of the generality of persons, as well as of all theological students, is made in an extended review, in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, of a new book by Dr. G. W. Wade, dealing with the New Testament. The fine satire of this paragraph renders it all the more striking:

It can not be said that to-day an interest in religion has to be created in the general public. It is already there. And an interest in religion implies an interest in the origin and meaning of the particular religion which

as had for sixteen centuries the allegiance of Europeans. . . . But perhaps just because the problem of Christianity is felt, in this kind of way, to be every man's affair, it is also felt that all you need in order to pass judgments about it is a general liveliness of mind. There is hardly anything about which a popular writer can express opinions more easily and confidently, and count on such opinions meeting with serious consideration on the part of the ordinary public, than such questions as what Jesus taught and was, or what value is to be attributed to Paul. No one would attach much importance to the views put forward on medicine or mechanics by anyone who had given no special study to these things; but about Jesus and Paul practically anyone, it is felt, is qualified to speak who has a picturesque imagination and interesting views about life.

There are two other things which, in the opinion of the reviewer, it seems important to realize in connection with what claims to be a comprehensive statement of all that is known, or is likely ever to be known, about the New Testament from the historical, the linguistic, and the theological points of view,—though Dr. Wade omits mention of St. Polycarp, the important link between St. Irenæus and St. John, "the Ephesian John." Catholic critics of the work will note other points on which it is open to criticism. To quote the reviewer again more fully:

One [thing] is that when we speak of "results" in this sphere of things we mean something very different from a conclusion in natural science which you can verify by experiment. The conclusions of historical criticism can hardly ever be verified. They simply mean that to the majority of the people qualified to form an opinion a certain view of the history behind the document has come to seem the most probable. And most probable, we must observe, always on a certain hypothesis, taken as governing the whole inquiry—that the human processes behind the documents have been such as we find human processes to be in ordinary experience. Here are the documentary data; now, supposing human nature to have worked in the normal way, what theory, as to the process leading up to their production, best accounts for their specific features? That is the problem which his-

torical criticism tackles. But if that hypothesis is itself untrue to fact? If the spiritual world contains forces under whose operation human minds and material nature sometimes behave in a way quite different from the way we know in ordinary experience, then the whole structure of probabilities erected on the hypothesis indicated becomes insecure. . . .

The second thing we have to realize is that when we have made out by criticism of the documents all that it is possible to make out of the history behind them, we are still only on the threshold of the great problem—what the history reveals as to the Reality behind the universe. Even if Jesus Christ said no more and did no more than He is allowed to have done by a soberly rationalist interpretation of the documents, the Man from whom the Christian Church has drawn through the centuries its unexhausted life still stands there a problem in the midst of human history. Such questions of value are beyond the province of historical criticism; they can be dealt with only by philosophy. And if the historical criticism of which Dr. Wade gives a survey has achieved in the last hundred years very nearly all it can, it is perhaps in the field of philosophy that thought and inquiry about Christian origins will be most fruitfully occupied in future years.

Noteworthy for several reasons is the tribute to Pius XI. as a peacemaker, paid by Mr. Lloyd George in a speech to representatives of the Free Churches last month in London. The rising generation, he declared, would have to decide the future. They must be taught the horrors of war through which the world has passed; encouraged to seek peace and secure it, by uniting to render war impossible through disarmament and arbitration. To do this is the work of the Churches. Warming up to his subject, the Premier exclaimed: "I am glad that at the head of the greatest Church in Christendom at the present moment is a man who is a profound believer in peace. He exercises great sway on the consciences of scores of millions in many lands that are vital to the cause of peace; and I rejoice in that fact."



The Engine-Driver.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

THE man who drives the engine looks
As if he didn't care for books,
As if he never cared to stick
To lessons in arithmetic.

And yet, my mother calls him "Jim,"
And says she went to school with him,
And that he was the brightest lad
That Sister Seraphina had.

The thing seems very strange to me—
But mother says I'll some day see
That 'tisn't lazy lads who grow
To make the fast expresses go.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

X.

JINKSY'S appearance was about as usual, though he had made a valiant attempt to "spruce up." He had not gone to the length of combing his hair, however; for it stood out in every direction. Upon it an old cloth cap was perched so lightly that Hugh expected to see it fly off at any moment. Over a nondescript blouse he had on a reefer that in its best day had been blue, but was now rusty with age. His efforts to arrest the ravages of time had apparently been expended chiefly upon his trousers; for Hugh noticed that the jagged rents of yesterday were drawn together by bits of string tied in knots; and his single suspender was pieced out with several inches of brown twine. His shoes were much too large and turned up at the toes.

After Jinksy had introduced his

companion, he went on: "We're goin' out ter dine to-day, Penny and I,"—this with a wave of the hand that would have done credit to a social lion. It seemed proper, Jinksy thought, to offer some explanation for their festive appearance. But Hugh knew that they literally dined *out* six days in the week, generally over the grating of a cellar whence issued a steam-heated air, pleasant still, although Spring had come.

"I mean," Jinksy volunteered further, "we've got an invite ter dinner."

They were to have their dinner in a bright, clean room, at a regular table, and with plates, knives and forks. This was indeed a novelty: little Penny could count the times it had happened to him before, and it was a rare event even in Jinksy's wide experience. Hugh regarded them enviously. No doubt he had a hungry look; for Jinksy, that keen observer of human nature, remarked abruptly:

"Why don't yer come along?"

"Could I?" he exclaimed, catching eagerly at the proposal.

"Ye're one of us, ain't yer?"

"What do you mean?" queried Hugh, fearful lest the pleasing anticipations just aroused should be suddenly dashed.

"Yer ain't got no place ter hang out?" continued Jinksy. Though this jargon might have been unintelligible to many persons, Hugh comprehended, and in answer shook his head.

"Yer haven't no peg ter hang yer hat on, from the Battery ter Spuyten Duyvil?" added Penny.

Hugh half smiled, wondering if there had ever been a peg for Penny's hat, and to whom it belonged in those far-off days; then, with a sigh, he replied: "No."

"Well, come on!" exclaimed Jinksy. "For any feller that has no home an' no friends in the city is welcome, if he gets there 'fore half-past twelve."

Hugh needed no further pressing, but accompanied them with alacrity. Penny, with surprising courtesy, trudged on in front, and devoted himself to making good use of his eyes, so as not to miss any object of interest on the way.

"Cur'ous how he leaves you an' me ter chat tergether," said Jinksy, with a nudge to Hugh. "He's powerful jealous sometimes, Penny is. Must have taken a likin' ter yer, same as I done."

Hugh felt as elated at this rough compliment as if it had been faultlessly expressed, and his heart warmed toward Penny. "Why doesn't his mother look after him?" he asked.

"His mammy!" laughed the other. "Why, he ain't got any, nor dad either. He's a reg'lar gutter sparrow, he is."

Jinksy intended no disparagement of his *protégé*. He simply referred to the class of younger and more weakly street Arabs, who, sometimes when scarcely more than babies, are abandoned by cruel parents to the mercy of the world. A little fellow thus deserted usually roams about till he finds some courageous waif, perhaps not much larger than himself, to fight his battles for him, and put him in the way of earning a living, which way is generally selling papers. Thus, if hardy, he himself becomes in time a full-fledged street Arab, with a flourishing newspaper business and a sturdy independence, which make him, in turn, the champion of some "sparrow." This had been Jinksy's life; this was the bond between him and Penny. And Penny was a good deal like a sparrow, after all,—a tiny brown sparrow, with shabby coat and bright eyes; a brave, contented little fellow, despite his lowly lot.

"I'm the only one he's got ter take care of him," Jinksy went on. "We've

pulled tergether now for nigh on ter two years, an' I reckon we'll stick ter it till I retire, or he goes inter business for hisself."

"Why do you call him Penny?" asked Hugh, good-naturedly.

"'Cause he's a little one for a cent, same as they say of a Frankfurter sausage," chuckled Jinksy, laughing at his oft-repeated joke. "And, then, he's so awful fond of pitchin' pennies. He'll work all the mornin' for a game of pitchin' pennies in the sunshine. He's no great head for business, Penny hasn't" (this with a sigh); "but yer couldn't buy him ter do anything against his friends—no; not for *thirty* cents! I ain't brought him up that way. He's been sick these two days, and I hired a ragpicker woman ter take him in an' look after him; that's how yer didn't see him afore."

Jinksy now stopped at the entrance to a handsome building.

"Not there?" protested Hugh.

"Yes," he insisted. "Didn't yer ever hear of Father Drumgoole's Home?"

Hugh nodded assent, reflecting how little he had thought ever to be a guest therein.

"This is the place," said Jinksy.

"An' it's a boss place, too, yer bet!" chirped Penny.

"Yer can get board an' lodgin' here for five cents a day, or for nothin' if ye're hard up," explained the former. "An' on Sundays the dinner's always free to every feller; that's the way we have our invite."

"Why, I should think you'd make this your headquarters all the time," said Hugh.

"Well," responded Jinksy, "I expect I'm a nat'ral rover; besides, there's no berth here that goes abeggin', an' it's fair ter give different fellers a chance. But I've heard a man say this Father Drumgoole, and those that's come after him, have in twenty years given a lift

ter over twenty thousand boys. Think o' that! An' lots an' lots of these they've got homes for, an' taught trades to, an' provided for reg'lar. No, I don't come here often, bein' so much of a gypsy; an' I don't come ter a free dinner 'less I can't help it; but"—in a confidential aside—"that ragpicker made me give her most every cent I earned for takin' care of Penny. An' as he'd been sick, I wanted him ter have a nice dinner ter day; an' I wasn't sorry for an excuse ter get a square meal myself—

"He's one of us," said Jinksy, suddenly, by way of introducing Hugh to a young priest whom they met in the hall. Obeying his directions, they followed a crowd of boys into a spacious refectory, around the walls and down the middle of which were ranged long tables. In a few minutes the dinner was in full progress. The company was a motley one, comprising boys of almost every description. It was evident that there was neither race nor religious prejudice at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. Here four hundred homeless children, white and black, Jew, Christian and pagan—for some *might* be called pagans,—were gathered together, as it were, under the protecting mantle of our Blessed Mother.

Keen as Hugh's appetite was that day, the bread of charity seemed to choke him at first; but a glance through the window at the figure of the Christ-Child in the arms of His foster-father made the lad humble and thankful. This statue stood in the centre of a small courtyard, above St. Joseph's Well, an artesian bore six hundred feet deep, that furnished the pure spring water with which Hugh slaked his thirst.

At the close of the meal, which was accompanied by plenty of fun and merriment, all the boys were invited upstairs to a large play-room, where they might amuse themselves as they chose; for the authorities hampered by

as few rules as possible these gamin-guests so unused to restraint of any kind. Jinksy and Penny pointed out to Hugh a number of fellows whom they knew by sight. The records of some were perhaps a trifle bad, though Jinksy said: "No, they won't let scamps come here; but if any feller wants ter do better, they won't be too hard on him."

Yet there were heroes in the assembly too. That boy yonder rescued a child from a burning building; there stood Tom the Swimmer, who saved several persons from drowning; opposite was a youth who stayed the hand of a murderer, and received a shot himself in consequence; and over there was Dave the office boy, who refused a bribe from a gang of thieves. Hugh's friends also met several of their acquaintances, to whose good-fellowship he was at once admitted.

About four o'clock the merrymaking was brought to an end by the sound of a bell.

"What are we to do now?" asked Hugh.

"Some of the fellers leave, and some go ter the chapel," Jinksy replied. "I like ter stay ter hear the music; an', then, though I don't know much about them things, an' hate ter be preached at, it's sorter nice ter be talked ter plain an' sensible, 'thout big words or flourishes; an' told that if a feller makes up his mind not ter cheat nor lie nor steal, an' tries not ter do any wrong, there's some One that sees an' helps him. Makes a feller feel as if he had a friend, yer know, even if a feller *is* only a little gutter sparrow," concluded Jinksy, with unconscious eloquence.

Hugh readily agreed to stay, and presently was in the ranks, filing into one of the chapel pews behind Jinksy. The latter seated himself comfortably; but Hugh, from force of habit, sank upon his knees and mechanically said a

prayer. Then he sat down and idly glanced about. But he could not withstand the pervading influences emanating from the Divine Presence in the Tabernacle. It seemed to him that a mysterious power knocked at the door of his heart and pleaded to be heard.

Now the service began, with the singing of the *Ave Maria* by a choir of the boys who lived at the Mission. How familiar the strains were to Hugh! How often he had sung them at home in St. Mary's! Some of the urchins near him joined timidly in the singing, as all were encouraged to do. Insensibly he followed their example; first merely humming the air, but at last he forgot everything but the beautiful anthem, and his plaintive, flute-like voice rang out sweet and strong, as Sunday after Sunday it had thrilled the hearts of the worshippers in the parish church at Hazleton.

As the first tones of that clear soprano fell upon the ear of a young assistant priest who was stationed near by to preserve order, he started and looked about inquiringly; then, having singled out the singer, he watched the boy intently. But Hugh was utterly unconscious of his gaze, and of the fact that Jinksy was regarding him with round-eyed wonder; that little Penny held his breath to listen, and that the boys in the vicinity craned their necks just to get a glimpse of him. He had forgotten them all; for his thoughts, like homing doves, had flown back to St. Mary's to the Feast of the Annunciation, when he sang the *Ave Maria* (not this simple chant, but a prayerful solo),—sang it with all his heart. Later he had thought it very droll when told that he made the people cry in church. And it was after this that his mother presented him with the picture of the Madonna which hung in his room, and said something about hoping he would always keep his heart pure to sing her

praises. This brought him back to the present, and checked the words upon his lips. Should he dare to sing them now—he who would not take the trouble to find the way to a church for Mass that morning; he who had been so disobedient and defiant as to desert his home and parents?

Presently the officiating priest spoke a few earnest words to the boys, then came the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*. When the music recommenced, the young assistant again looked toward Hugh; but the lad sang no more. Through his mind were passing in review the incidents of the past few days, both before and since he had run away. Now many things appeared to him in their true light; and, as at Benediction he bowed his head upon his hands, he brushed away a strange mist that arose before his eyes.

"There is some mystery about that boy," thought the priest; then he said to himself: "Surely he has not had the rough life of his present associates. I must speak to him and see if I can not help him."

As they left the chapel, Hugh observed that the priest's glance followed him, and he feared to be detained and questioned. "Come, let us go," he said to Jinksy; and they hurried into the street.

(To be continued.)

Ignorance Betrayed.

Mezalyze, a Persian noble, once went to examine the paintings of Apelles, and maintained so strict a silence that the pupils thought him a great critic; finally he began discussing the points of the pictures. "Ah!" said Apelles, "when you were silent the purple and gold were very imposing; but when you speak of things concerning which you are ignorant, my pupils can not forbear smiling at you."

A Curious Water Bird.

IN almost all temperate and tropical countries there will be found near lakes, rivers, and seacoasts representatives of the *Pelecanidæ* family,—pelicans. The pelican is a large, web-footed (like a duck), fish-eating water bird, having a very long, wide, and flattened bill. The upper beak, which is terminated by a strong hook, curves over the tip of the lower one; and under the bill and throat hangs what is called the gular pouch, a great bag that is capable of holding several quarts. Pelicans secure their food by wading or swimming out where fish are plentiful, and then scooping their prey into their pouches. They breed, as a rule, on the ground near water, laying from one to three or four creamy or bluish-white eggs. These birds are gregarious—that is, they live in flocks,—and they gather in immense numbers at their breeding places.

European pelicans are about as large as swans, and their short legs give them an awkward, waddling gait when walking; although they fly gracefully, swiftly, and for long distances. The white pelican, the American variety of the bird, used to be common throughout this country; but it is now seldom found east of the Mississippi, except along the Gulf coast, where it spends the Winter. It is a good deal larger than the Old World species, being five feet long and eight or nine feet across the extended wings. The brown pelican, rather smaller than the white, is found on the California coast.

The old fable that the pelican wounds its own breast and feeds its young with the blood that flows from it has no foundation in fact. The young are fed on fish brought to the nest in the pouch. The fable arose, perhaps, from the bird's habit of pressing its bill upon the breast; for, as the hook at the end of the

bill is red, it might be mistaken for blood. It was probably due to this fable that the pelican has from early times been considered in Christian art and poetry an emblem of charity and self-sacrifice. In an old poem on the "Holy Rood" we find this quaint quatrain:

The pelicane his blod did blede,
Ther-with his briddens for to feed;
Thit be-tokenet on the rode
Oure Lord us fede with His blode.

A Strange Emblem.

The escutcheon of an ancient family in Denmark bears the strange figure of a half-filled bottle. This singular device owes its origin to the generous conduct of one of the ancestors of the family, who was a soldier in the frequent wars which his country carried on with the Swedes. On one occasion, at the close of a successful battle, he was stationed as a guard near the scene of the conflict. He felt very thirsty, and with much difficulty succeeded in procuring a bottle of beer. He was just in the act of raising it to his mouth, when he heard a piteous cry from a famishing Swede in the immediate vicinity.

Forgetting his great thirst, the noble-hearted warrior hastened to the relief of his enemy, whom he found lying on the ground, deprived of both legs. The Dane leaned over him, and placed in his hand the precious bottle. Far from being touched by this chivalrous act, the old and inveterate hatred of the Danes once more took possession of the wounded Swede, and, seizing the opportunity, he drew his revolver, and fired at his benefactor. Happily, the shot missed its mark. Then the Dane snatched the bottle out of his hand, saying, "Now you shall get only half of it." And, after drinking half of its contents, he handed the bottle back to the treacherous Swede, and returned safely to his post.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A copy of the exceedingly rare first edition of the English translation of Pedro de Medina's "Arte of Navigation" (1581), a quarto volume in Black Letter, was among early printed books sold at auction last month in London. The work dates from 1545. It is the first practical treatise on navigation, and was the most popular of all, especially with the followers of Columbus.

—The "Mariana Library" of the Catholic University of America already contains some two thousand volumes. Its existence is due to the piety and generosity of Mr. George Duval, of New York, who conceived the idea of a great collection of writings pertaining to the Blessed Virgin, and provided a generous fund for purchasing such volumes as become available from year to year.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the first number of *La Palestine*, a new French monthly, published at the Latin Patriarchium, Jerusalem. It is the organ of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith in Palestine and of the military Order of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. This initial number—a modest octavo brochure of sixteen pages—is an interesting bulletin, the contents of which fully vindicate its publication.

—Prof. J. D. M. Ford, of Harvard University, has written an introduction to a volume of "Studies in Spanish-American Literature," by Dr. Isaac Goldberg, which is soon to be published. The book is intended as an introduction to a considerable literature which the author considers has been too long neglected, as well as a study of the Spanish-American spirit as it is manifested in the authors of to-day.

—We had occasion recently to deplore the decadence and the anti-Catholic spirit of some of the Irish novelists of the day. The *Dublin Review*, in its current issue, says of the latest work of one such novelist: "Without grave reason, or, indeed, the knowledge of the Ordinary, no Catholic publicist can afford even to be possessed of this book; for in its reading lies, not only the description, but the commission of sin against the Holy Ghost. Having tasted and rejected the devilish drench, we most earnestly hope that this book be not only placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*, but that its reading and communication be made a reserved case." Needless to add, the work

will probably receive high commendation from some of our American reviewers, as has been the case with many another book absolutely inimical to faith and morals.

—Father Henry C. Day, S. J., who saw five years' service as a chaplain during the War, has written a book of campaigning recollections entitled "A Cavalry Chaplain," which will be published during the Autumn. The author, who was awarded the Military Cross as well as the Order of the White Eagle of Serbia, was attached to the Seventh (Service) Battalion, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and, in the words of Captain C. A. Salvesen, M. C., in his recently-published record of that battalion, "endeared himself to every one. He was known throughout the length and breadth of the Gallipoli front; and there were few indeed in the Salonica Army to whom he was not a familiar figure."

—"Monasticism and Civilization," by the Very Rev. John B. O'Connor, O. P., P. G. (P. J. Kenedy and Sons), being only a 12mo of 250 pages, is not of course even an approximately exhaustive treatment of the wide subject connoted by its title. The author's purpose is simply to present that subject in general outline to such readers as have either no time or no inclination to peruse the bulkier volumes dealing with the matter. It may be well to inform the prospective purchaser of the book that Father O'Connor discusses "monks" only in the exact meaning of that term, and hence "has excluded from his pages the splendid contributions to the work of civilization of Franciscans, Carmelites, Augustinians, Dominicans, and the other great families of friars produced by the Middle Ages." An interesting work, with a good bibliography and an exhaustive index. Price, \$2.50.

—"St. Bernard's Treatise on Consideration" has been translated from the original Latin by a priest of Mount Melleray and published by Browne & Nolan. As the only English version from a Catholic pen, it deserves, and will no doubt receive, a generous welcome from a host of readers. It is the work by which the Mellifluous Doctor is best known, and that which has received the highest praise. Helinandus went so far as to declare that in this treatise the holy Abbot shows himself "more eloquent than Demosthenes, more subtle

than Aristotle, wiser than Plato, more prudent than Socrates." And Mabillon's criticism is scarcely less eulogistic: "Amongst all the writings of St. Bernard there is nothing that appears more worthy of him than the five Books on Consideration, composed for Pope Eugenius"; and, as a conclusion to his discussion of the greatness of the subject treated, the dignity of the person addressed, the sublime manner of treatment, the majestic style, the eloquence and power shown in the depth and vigor of thought, and the conformity of the doctrine contained in the Books to the sacred canons, he does not hesitate to affirm that "there can be nothing more worthy of a Catholic Doctor and a most holy Father of the Church." To readers unfamiliar with the work, it may be said that the treatise deals with the dignity and duties of Popes, with their proper virtues and their possible defects, and with their obligation of cultivating the three degrees of "consideration," or contemplation. An appendix to the work proper contains four letters of St. Bernard, addressed to: the Roman Curia; Pope Eugenius; the Roman People; and Pope Innocent II. The translator has done his work with conspicuous excellence, but he will hardly escape the censure of his more judicious readers, because of his failure to provide the book with a good index. Price, 7s 6d.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Robert Smith, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. John Murphy, diocese of Portsmouth; Rev. Martin Cave, archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. William H. Rogers and Rev. Michael McKeon, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Daniel O'Ryan, O. M. I.; and Rev. F. Semande, C. S. B.

Sister M. Adele, of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Mr. G. D. Barnett, Mr. Frank Angelo, Mrs. Mary McCahill, Mr. John Steger, Mr. George Hazzard, Mr. James Martin, Miss A. McLaughlin, Mr. George Lee, Mr. Joseph Weist, Mrs. Mary Burke, Mr. Herman Stanley, Miss Stella Murphy, Miss Josephine Keller, Mr. Donald Steele, Mr. George Russell, and Mrs. Alec Dalglish.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: L., \$25; reader (New York), \$5; J. Harry Igo, \$5; H. M., \$5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Mr. and Mrs. M. D., \$1. For the victims of the famine in Russia and Armenia: Neil Kane, \$10; E. J. P. R., \$7.



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

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As the River Flows.

Q THOUSAND changes come and go
 Upon the winding river,
 As gleaming darts of light are winged
 From daydawn's golden quiver.

And in the silence of the night,
 When stars are o'er it gleaming,
 The ripples break in smiles of light,
 As if of star-rays dreaming.

But day and night, the quiet deeps,
 Of dawns and stars unknowing,
 Obedient to changeless laws,
 On to the sea are flowing.

And thus should life, come weal or woe,
 In silent, swift endeavor
 Flow on until it rests in God
 Forever and forever.

* * *

Early Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE CATACOMBS.



WHEN the pilgrim enters the Catacombs of Rome for the first time, he experiences a strange, indefinable emotion. The gloomy darkness of those subterraneous abodes; the long, narrow corridors, the sides of which are lined with tombs, placed one above the other; the thought of the frightful persecutions which during three centuries filled this bloody cradle of Christianity,—all are calculated to produce a kind of religious terror. But as he slowly passes from room to room,

and attentively fixes his eyes upon the paintings of the vaults and the numberless inscriptions of the tombs, little by little the terror vanishes. There is in these paintings a youthfulness, a lively freshness, almost a gayety,—a radiant hope which is as unexpected as it is cheering to the soul. No cry of pain is heard, no sound of lamentation, nor any of those lawful outbursts of holy anger with which the Psalms abound. The soul, gently moved, feels that this is the kingdom of the Lamb, whose sweet image, everywhere appearing with that of the dove, fills the whole being with peace, hope and love.

Some inexact and coarsely made copies of these incomparable paintings have given the world the idea that art was wanting in the Catacombs. This is an error, and the most superficial observation suffices to show, beyond doubt, vestiges of great genius. True it is that often a rapid, and as it were extemporized, sketch is seen; but is this not quite enough to enable genius to make striking effects? How many hours do not artists spend in the Uffizi galleries at Florence, studying some drawings or pen-outlines of Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci? Here and there a connoisseur meets with a Madonna sketched by Raphael upon a small sheet of paper,—a figure which, unfinished as it is, excites his admiration. This is often the case in the Catacombs. In paintings which at first glance appear rude and unfinished,

examination reveals those beauties of art that never fail to charm.

It frequently happens that, after studying the sculptures of the Antonine column, or the paintings of the mansion of the Cæsars at Ostia, a curious traveller descends into one of the Catacombs. There at each step he finds again the same process, the same dash of the pencil; but more vigorous, and as if inspired by a loftier motive. For instance, in the Cemetery of St. Priscilla there is the admirable painting of the Virgin Mother, where the Child has an expression of divine gracefulness, which reminds us of Raphael's picture in the museum of the Louvre; in the Cemetery of St. Domitilla there is also the same Virgin Mother, where the Child, divinely thoughtful, clad in white, and delightfully radiant, recalls to our minds the miniatures of Fra Angelico. Again, there is that inimitable scene of the Annunciation, the style of which is wholly Grecian, and which is found in the crypts of Lucina. Assuredly these are all splendid works of art, or there is no such thing as art. And this is not the language of mere enthusiasm: it is the verdict of the most competent judges—men such as De Rossi, Vitet, Kügler, Northcote, Brownlow, and Welcker.

What has led to error in these obscure investigations is this. Almost everything is to be found in the Catacombs; and as every discovery was published, many valuable frescoes of the earliest ages, unfaithfully reproduced, and mixed up with shapeless pencil sketches, could not possibly be remarked; and such a heterogeneous collection gave a wrong bias to public opinion. It was, indeed, high time that De Rossi should appear, and that true science should begin its work. This patient, indefatigable specialist may be called the Columbus of the Catacombs. As a result of his profound inquiries

and intelligent criticism, it is now admitted by all that the more antique the crypts, the purer is the style of the paintings, so that the oldest go back to the same epoch as the famous frescoes of Pompeii, and the "Golden House of Nero." And this verdict is really important, not only from an artistic point of view, but also and especially as a grand expression of Christian faith.

The whole Catholic Creed, in all its details, is depicted upon the dark walls of its first prison, and day by day rises to life again from the sepulchre which had for more than eighteen centuries buried its significant symbols. Since the publication of "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman, and "Callista," by Cardinal Newman, these symbolical characters have become more popular, and their study has revealed new evidence of the principal dogmas and practices of the early Church. We need not say that the first Article is to be read everywhere, and that the belief in one only God and the faith in His Adorable Trinity are particularly conspicuous by various inscriptions in Greek and Latin. Though the pictures representing the Creation are few in number (because the early Christians were too well convinced of this old tenet of the patriarchal tradition ever to have any doubt about it), the fact of the primitive Fall, which destroyed the beautiful work of Creation, is deeply engraved on all the tablets of subterranean Rome. Sometimes Adam and Eve appear before the Fall, standing, and separated by the tree, around which the serpent is coiled; Adam fixing his eyes on Eve, and Eve looking at the fruit. Again they are painted just at the moment when the sin was committed, as in the beautiful representation in the Domitilla Cemetery, where, between the branches of a large tree laden with reddish fruit, can be seen the head of the serpent holding an apple in its mouth. These great

paintings of the Fall are innumerable; some of them can be traced back to the age of the Apostles; and most of them express an exquisite beauty, at once simple and majestic.

But if the early Christians so eagerly covered the walls of the Catacombs with representations of the Fall, they were far from forgetting the mysterious promise which was made soon after, to console and encourage the afflicted souls of our first parents. It is a remarkable circumstance, and one too often disregarded, that beside the painting of the Fall there is sometimes seen a figure, pure and radiant, in the attitude of prayer, and called by archæologists *Orante*. Who can this suppliant female be? It is true, the name *Maria* is not written under the picture, but it would be impossible in this case to doubt her identity. The position which she holds in relation to the Fall; the ornaments which surround her (as if the painter had feared and wished to prevent a mistake); her arms not always raised to heaven, but lowered toward the earth, as in the modern statues of the Immaculate Conception; the two vases of white lilies placed on either side to do her honor; those two venerable-looking personages who point to her respectfully; the dove lying at her feet,—all these symbols sufficiently declare that she is indeed the Virgin of whom it was said, after the Fall: "She shall crush thy head."

Let those who smile at the devotion of the Catholic Church to the Blessed Virgin go to Rome; let those who charge us with paying too much honor to Mary, the Mother of God, read calmly and without prejudice the works published on the Catacombs; let those who accuse us of idolatry, and pretend that this homage is a novelty in the Christian world, descend with us in mind and heart, and visit those mysterious places of burial and worship. Soon will they

be convinced that, after the Saviour, whom the inscriptions called Christ-God, no other painting is made with greater care or more loving tenderness than that which represents Mary, "of whom was born Jesus." When a person has a deep feeling, when he earnestly wishes to trace out the image of one dearly beloved, even without the assistance of genius or talent he will paint with respect, delicacy, and enthusiasm. And if he is anxious to inspire others with these noble sentiments, although he has but a piece of chalk or charcoal, he will give his work a spark of the flame which burns in his soul. This is the character of the frescoes to be found in the Catacombs, particularly of those which represent our Divine Lord and His Mother.

It has often been stated that the image of Mary is nowhere to be seen in the Catacombs, except, perhaps, in a few historical representations of the Adoration of the Magi. Again, it has been said that it was only after the Council of Ephesus that paintings relative to Mary began to appear. This is a mistake, and originated from the fact that in the beginning only a part—a very small part—of the Catacombs had been explored, and, moreover, this narrow corner* but superficially investigated. The fact is that there is not one of the extraordinary privileges of the Mother of God—not one of the marvels of her life, such as her Virginity, the Annunciation, the Visitation, her Divine Maternity, her inviolable purity, her power with God—which is not to be read in a thousand shapes and forms on the walls of the Catacombs. And not only did the early painters omit nothing of what concerns the Blessed Virgin, but never, perhaps, were they more happily inspired. Nowhere is it possible to point out in a higher degree that inventive spirit, that originality, that in-

* Called the Cemetery of St. Agnes.

stinctive return to the great traditions of antique art, which are the sweetest delight of the artist, and the irresistible charm of the man of taste. What renders it more wonderful is that the most beautiful among these paintings are of the highest antiquity, dating back even to the Apostolic Age.

Let us first enter the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, to which a most learned critic* has appropriately given the name of "Crypt of Mary," on account of its many frescoes representing her. Let us take our stand before a painting wherein the chaste inspiration of newborn Christianity is harmoniously mingled with the graceful forms of the Grecian style. It is the picture of the Annunciation, the oldest known to us, and contemporaneous with St. John. The groundwork is carefully prepared and tastefully adorned; and upon it is laid a circlet of five layers of precious stones, within which two personages are depicted—the Blessed Virgin sitting on an antique chair, and a mysterious being standing before her at a certain distance, who seems to speak to her. The Virgin listens, her eyes modestly cast down, her right hand leaning on the arm of the seat, her left somewhat thrown forward, as if making an objection. But the mysterious being appears to insist. With one hand he holds the pallium which covers his tunic, and he stretches out the other toward the Virgin, as if wishing to persuade. His eyes are wide open, and full of a heavenly fire. The attitude of both personages, the arrangement of their garments; the modesty of the one, the dignified insistence of the other,—all produce the greatest effect.

One can never grow tired in looking at that image of the Virgin, exhibiting such calm, angelic majesty, so pure an expression on her sweet countenance, such amazement and emotion, as she

gently reclines on a simple but well-carved chair. Certainly all this is most refined art. The four doves placed at the four angles of the little room seem to speak the words of the Archangel, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee." This painting, according to the best critics, dates from the end of the first century or the beginning of the second.

In the same Cemetery of St. Priscilla, so remarkable for its antiquity, is to be found another image still more beautiful—the incomparable picture of the Virgin Mother and the Prophet Isaias. The Virgin is seated with the Infant God in her arms. Beside her stands the Prophet, wearing the Greek pallium; in one hand he holds a scroll of parchment, and with the other points to a star in the heavens. In this painting there is displayed an artistic power which even the ancients seldom attained. The Child is truly worthy of Raphael, as He gently leans upon the breast of His Mother, and at the same time turns His head toward the Prophet with an admirable motion of grace and liveliness. The manner of turning His head, His deep, beautiful eyes, His little hand laid with so much grace on Mary's bosom,—all the details reveal an art so consummated that if in Raphael's time these frescoes had not been buried in the ground, you would believe that he actually saw them and derived his inspiration therefrom.

In this instance the countenance of the Virgin fairly rivals that of the Child,—with her pure, broad forehead, her eyes wide-open and yet so modest, her small mouth, and her whole air of profound astonishment. Though she holds the Divine Babe in her arms, she appears still to doubt of her happiness, and seems to believe that the *Quomodo fiat istud* of the Annunciation has not been answered. This picture must have been made during the lifetime of St. John. De Rossi, who published ac-

* Dom Maurus Wolter, "The Catacombs of Rome," p. 40.

counts of several pictures of the Blessed Virgin taken from the Catacombs, was right in giving this one the first place, as it is both the oldest and the most beautiful of his selection.

In the Cemetery of St. Domitilla there is another painting of the Virgin Mother which may well be compared with the one we have just mentioned. The Blessed Virgin is represented sitting in a curule chair, and wearing a dalmatic adorned with purple bands; her head is covered with a short veil, wrapped around the shoulders; her right hand is raised, and her head slightly turned, seems, as it were, to sink under feelings of astonishment, admiration, and thanksgiving,—a perfect expression of the *Magnificat*. The Child, sitting on her knees, seems to look at you. He is clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, and makes one think of the miniatures of the *Beato*.

To these three paintings we must add that of the Virgin Mother in the Cemetery of Saints Peter and Marcellinus; not that it equals the others in antiquity or beauty, but on account of a curious peculiarity which commends it to the attentive consideration of all Christians. Mary appears clothed in a tunic with a purple border, seated in a chair, and holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. But while all the other pictures represent her with her head covered with a veil, in this one she has no veil. This led De Rossi to conjecture that, as it was the custom for married women only to wear a veil, taken on the day of their betrothal, the design of the artist was to typify the virginity of Mary.

However this may be, the idea of the immaculate purity of the Blessed Virgin, blended with her glorious maternity, we find expressed in a mysterious and striking manner in another page taken from the book of the Catacombs, in the Cemetery of St. Valentine on the

Flaminian Way. There may be found a remarkable painting which has, so to speak, three subjects, or divisions. On the right side is depicted the Visitation, in which Mary and Elizabeth are charmingly represented embracing each other,—the one older, the other younger,—both with the nimbus. In the centrepiece the Virgin Mother is portrayed holding the Child-God on her knees, with this inscription, *Sancta Dei Genitrix*. On the left side is a representation of the apocryphal legend of the woman who, doubting Mary's virginity, was punished by the loss of her right arm, and, having addressed a fervent prayer to the Divine Infant, recovered it. It is strikingly evident that the early Christians in this picture intended to profess their faith in the perpetual virginity of Mary.

In an *arcosolium* of the Cemetery of St. Agnes may be seen the first picture of the Blessed Virgin discovered in the Catacombs; and, owing to this circumstance, it soon became famous all over the world. It was for a long time believed that no other was extant,—an opinion actually expressed in the "Early Christian Symbolism" of Palmer. Archæologists have shown that this painting is not older than the fourth century; and it is consequently far inferior, in point of antiquity and beauty, to all the others that have been previously mentioned, and which must undoubtedly be referred to the second and even the first century. Its importance and dogmatic value, though greatly lessened, are still considerable. The Virgin is enveloped in a long veil, and her attitude is that of an *Orante*, or praying female, with hands and eyes raised to heaven. The Child is seated before her. There is in all these details a degree of stiffness and conventionalism, which places the picture at a great distance from those in the Cemeteries of Saints Priscilla and Domitilla.

It was not, however, under this form only that painters of the Catacombs took pleasure in representing Mary. They very often painted the "Mother"; but with no less tenderness did they frequently portray the "Virgin" in her ideal purity, dressed in a robe of dazzling whiteness, her eyes and hands raised to heaven, or at times lovingly turned toward earth. It is true that all the suppliant figures called *Orante* which are to be found at each step in the Catacombs can not be said to represent the Blessed Virgin, but it would be a very grave error to hold that her ideal portrait is not found in any of them. How, for instance, can one fail to recognize Mary in that grand and graceful *Orante*, of almost Grecian design, wrapped in the floating folds of her tunic, covered with the *peplum*? The same may be said of the *Orante* on a tombstone in the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, where the kneeling figure appears like the Good Shepherd, with two sheep at her feet, which look at her with eyes expressive of ardent prayer; while by her side are two precious vases, from which arises the smoke of spices.

In many rooms, the Queen of Patriarchs and Prophets occupies the very centre of the ceiling, in company with the greatest saints of the Old Law. Oftentimes she is seen wearing a diadem; often, too, her arms, instead of being raised to heaven, are outstretched toward the earth. Sometimes two personages are seen bowing before her, and respectfully pointing to her, in the same attitude that marks them in the presence of Christ; while more than one painting represents her placed between Saints Peter and Paul. But we need not insist any further; it suffices to say that above many of these beautiful *Orantes*, the painter, wishing to prevent any mistake as to the identity of the figure, has written the sweet name of the Blessed Virgin—*Maria*.

Thus it is that there is no novelty in our divine religion. The two great classes of images representing Mary which we venerate in our modern churches had adorned the primitive sanctuaries of the Catacombs more than eighteen centuries ago. On the one hand, Mary contemplated in her spotless virginity, covered with a veil, clothed in a long white robe, her arms or eyes either majestically raised to heaven or lovingly lowered toward the earth, as in our representations of the Immaculate Conception; and, on the other hand, Mary contemplated in her most glorious maternity, holding her Son in her arms, and presenting Him to the adoration of the world. And that which during eighteen centuries has been vainly attempted by Christian genius, that which the grandest efforts of human art have never been able to realize—that incomparable union between virginity and maternity,—was first the inspiring motive of Christian painters, imprisoned for religion's sake in the dark, subterranean caverns of pagan Rome. But those hands which on the morrow were to be loaded with chains; those hearts which neither rack nor fire nor the lions of the Amphitheatre could terrify; those souls filled with the Holy Spirit of God, were not more successful in their endeavor, it must be said, than were those sublime geniuses, the blessed Angelico, or the divine Raphael, who, at a later period, raised Christian Art to so lofty a plane.

One who has passed hours and days before the mystical paintings of the Catacombs, lost in contemplation till his eyes were bathed with tears of admiration and piety, has left those sacred places, carrying deep in his soul an image of the Blessed Virgin more expressive than any picture. The beauty of Mary, like that of her Divine Son, is never understood save by the heart that loves her.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

X.

WHEN Marcia went down the next morning to the kitchen to give her orders for the day, she was witness to an amusing scene.

The cook had lifted Minna to a position on the ironing table, which stood in a room adjoining the kitchen and, with the assistance of Sarah, was clumsily fitting the girl in a print dress, which had been given to her as a present. The two were standing with puckered brows before Minna, who, rigid as a lay figure from her fear of Eliza, permitted herself to be turned and twisted in any desired direction. The cook had the scissors poised in the air, while Sarah, her finger to her lip, also regarded her diminutive fellow-servant with perplexity.

"Why, what is the matter?" Marcia inquired.

"Well, you see, Miss," Sarah answered, "cook and I are trying to make this frock for Minna, because she can't afford a dressmaker, and, somehow or another, we've got stuck."

Marcia was amused and yet touched at the spectacle.

"Oh! that's it," she said. "I'm not a very expert dressmaker myself, but, perhaps, I can help you out."

The cook began volubly to explain what she supposed to be the matter, and Sarah gave her version of the difficulty, mostly aside and in a lower tone. But Marcia's quick eye and deft fingers soon accomplished what their ineffectual striving had failed to do. Having set them on the right track, she promised them any further help that might be required, so that Minna might appear in the full splendor of the new dress on Sunday.

Eliza, much relieved at the help that had been given, gladly turned away

from a kind of work that was altogether uncongenial and imperfectly understood to that in which she shone.

"Well, it's lucky I know a little more about cooking dinners than I do about the making of a dress," she said, laughing in high good humor. "And the directions in the pattern is enough to turn a body's head."

She listened complacently to Marcia's orders for the day. Marcia stayed to make a cake, and Eliza was interested to hear that her young mistress had received a new recipe for quinces.

"The quinces came from the market this morning," she remarked, "so the recipe came just in time."

The cake once finished, Marcia seated herself in the outer kitchen and began to peel some of the fruit, while the murmur of voices reached her through the closed door. Sarah, the housemaid, was dilating on the wonderful costume and good looks of the visitor who had come for Eloise.

"She is more tony than Miss Eloise, herself," Sarah declared. "I never seen nothing like her clothes even when I—"

The cook cut her short. She had no wish to hear the oft-told tale of the glories of her last place.

"Give me a real lady like our own Miss Marcia," argued the cook, "she has them all beat."

"I seen the strange lady admiring her when she came into the parlor," remarked Sarah, willing to propitiate the cook, though she herself found little to admire in Marcia's studied simplicity of dress.

"An' she came here to the door in one of them outlandish machines that is a tempting of Providence to ride in," added Eliza; "I know my heart's in my mouth whenever I see Miss Marcia or Mr. Larry in one of them."

"Her clothes were lovely," declared Sarah; "her whole rig was just like one of them fashion plates."

The cook sniffed and Minna suddenly interposed:

"She had a beautiful purse, all over bright, shiny beads. I'd like to string some like that."

This statement was too trivial for comment, and Sarah presently announced:

"She's wantin' Miss Eloise to go away with her."

"Humph," grunted the cook, "good riddance, says I; and they'd make a fine pair together."

At this juncture, Marcia re-entered the kitchen, and told Eliza that the quinces were now ready.

"In this recipe there is a certain amount of apple mixed with the quince," Marcia said, "and it improves the taste very much."

"Is that so?" inquired Eliza; "well, give me the right proportions and I'll get them on to boil. For what's the good of you staying here to burn your face over the fire?"

"When you can do so much better without me," laughed Marcia, "only I thought you might not have time."

"I'll find time," responded Eliza. "I'll set Minna to watch them till it's time to begin to skim; for that I always do myself."

So Marcia, knowing that Minna could be trusted to report the psychological moment when the foam began to rise, after which the fruit was safe in Eliza's experienced hand, went out and stood on the lawn.

"She just escapes being pretty," commented Eloise, who was coming down the steps from the front door. She scrutinized her cousin with eyes that an instinctive jealousy rendered sharper even than the eyes of love. Then she advanced toward her, for it was in her mind to have a serious conversation on the subject of the house. Up to the time of Mrs. Critchley's visit, Eloise had been aware of an eager impatience to rid

the house of these people, who prevented her from being its sole mistress; and especially Marcia, whose personality seemed, in a curious fashion, to dominate every nook and corner of the dwelling. Only ordinary decency and the self-control which it had been her pride to exercise in her new character, had prevented her from permitting this eagerness to become apparent. Her pride, and the fear of having to bear in the eyes of Gregory Glassford and others the burden of having ejected her relatives from their holding, had restrained her. There was enough of the Brentwoods in the girl to prefer, at least, an outward observance of the amenities. Marcia, who was almost painfully clear-sighted, was fully aware of her attitude, and had been quietly making the most strenuous efforts to procure suitable accommodations within the limit of her means. Nor had she ever permitted her cousin to perceive how sore and aching was her heart.

Eloise had considerably modified her views after the visit of her aunt, and the invitation for which she had been hoping. Her chief interest now seemed to lie in accepting that invitation and making the most of it. It had been her first idea to take possession of this house at the earliest moment, after having rid herself of these comparatively poor and undesirable relatives, and to make of it a centre of fashion. Her jealousy of Marcia had quickened this desire into a life, which made delay positively painful. Since the renewal of her acquaintance with Mrs. Critchley, however, it had occurred to her that it might be better to establish herself in that gay world to which her most ardent aspirations tended, before attempting to carry her design into execution. Besides, her aunt desired her to go, and she was most anxious to keep the favor of that brilliant personage, and also to discover, as speedily as pos-

sible, if she had been able to hold the very unstable affections of Reggie.

To her complex mind, which was chiefly occupied with schemes for her own advantage, had also occurred the thought that it would be most pleasing to Gregory Glassford, and place her in a very amiable light, if she were to invite the Walter Brentwoods to remain for the Winter. She almost believed in her own magnanimity, so that she was in her very best mood that day, and had even let her mind go back more than once to her convent days. In her best moods, Eloise always reverted to those scenes, which was a proof that the seed sown had not altogether fallen on barren ground. Then her father, too, would have so thoroughly approved of what she was doing. So she advanced towards Marcia, who, curiously enough, had also been desiring a private interview with her cousin. When the two had stood talking a moment about the fast fading trees of Summer that were still about, and the birds that lingered, Marcia said:

"I have been wanting to tell you, Eloise, that I think we shall be leaving in a fortnight. The agent has promised me a definite answer to-morrow. I am so sorry on your account for the delay. It has kept you so unsettled, but it was rather difficult to get suitable accommodation for our limited means."

"Don't speak of the delay," Eloise said, all the more cordially that Marcia acknowledged, as it were, her forbearance. "I have been most comfortable, and you have spared me the cares of housekeeping."

That speech sounded well in her own ears. It was such as might have been inculcated over there within the convent walls, or such as became Jim Brentwood's daughter.

"You are very kind to say so," Marcia replied, responding to the civility; "but things could not go on in that way. I

know you are very anxious to have your own house, as is perfectly natural."

Eloise murmured a polite negation after which she went on:

"I have been thinking things over, Marcia, and it occurred to me that we might come to some arrangement that would be satisfactory to both. Aunt Dolly would like me to spend the Winter with her, and I thought, perhaps, you might remain here till the Spring."

"We couldn't think of such a thing," Marcia responded promptly, with a rising color and a flash in her blue eyes.

"Wait till you have heard my proposition. I was going to say that if you would consent to remain as my tenants, at the same rental, you would pay for the apartment in The Bronx."

"It would be no compensation at all for this house," Marcia declared, rather hotly.

"But think of the convenience to me," Eloise said, with her most conciliatory expression. "I certainly would not care to get other tenants, and I suppose, you would allow me to keep my room here, in case I should tire of life at Dolly Critchley's. Don't you think it would be the best possible arrangement till Spring?"

Marcia's eyes were on the ground in deep thought. She raised them to wander over that house, which she loved in every nook and cranny, and from which it would be so cruel to part. Still she had an instinctive dislike to be under an obligation to this girl, cousin though she was.

"I don't really know, Eloise," she answered, at last. "I, personally, feel that it would be better to get the wrench over, and make whatever arrangements are to be permanent at once."

The listener's face darkened, while Marcia went on, in her clear voice that always held the ring of genuine sincerity.

"If you have tired so soon of the old house, Eloise, it is scarcely likely that you will want to live here. So it would be better to get a tenant at once, who could pay you a fair rent."

Marcia turned away her head to hide the emotion that the very thought of leaving, produced in her mind.

"Unless," she added, "you might think it best to sell the place outright, if a purchaser could be got."

"You forget," Eloise replied, composedly, "that the terms of grandfather's will forbid the sale of the place, at least for a long term of years."

"I have not seen the will," Marcia explained quietly, "so I did not know its provisions."

Eloise wondered how any one so directly interested as was Marcia could have failed to make herself acquainted with the contents of the will.

"I suppose I may take it for granted that you are not anxious to leave here."

"That goes without saying," answered Marcia, rather shortly.

"So, as I have explained to you, it will suit me best for you to remain here. It is not easy to get just the tenant one wants; and, on the terms I have stated, it ought to be satisfactory to you to remain."

"I do not think it is advisable," answered Marcia; "but I will talk it over with mother and Larry."

"Oh! do so, of course; and though I am sure Aunt Jane would be delighted with the idea, you know very well that she and Larry will agree to whatever you suggest."

"It is chiefly on mother's account," said Marcia, ignoring her cousin's sneer, "that I think it is better to get the wrench over at once. I will give you an answer this evening or to-morrow. I am sure we should all like to stay, but hardly on the terms of loss to you. I am arguing now from the point of view of your advantage."

"And of Miss Marcia Brentwood's pride."

"It may be so, partly," admitted Marcia, "at all events, if it so pleases you, we can leave it at that. But it is best we should clearly understand each other, and put everything on a business basis." She stopped as if to reflect, and then declared:

"I think I can tell you now, at once, that we shall not stay on here, even for the Winter, unless we can pay a fair rent, and that, I am almost sure, is impossible."

"Well, the pride of the Brentwoods, which was common talk in my youth, is being very well illustrated," laughed Eloise, "only I do hope you will change your mind."

They walked about a little together.

"I don't exactly understand why they called this place the House at the Cross Roads," remarked Eloise. "There are really no cross roads here."

"There used to be," declared Marcia, "a road which went down there where the lane now is, and before the cottage next door was built."

"It is such a commonplace name."

"It was merely given by the people about here," answered Marcia, "the family had nothing to do with it. It was a matter of convenience."

"If we only knew the why and wherefore of everything!" burst out Eloise rather irrelevantly.

"Life might be very tame, then," argued Marcia, "without any element of mystery or surprise."

"Marcia," said Eloise suddenly, "I should think you would find life here dreadfully monotonous."

"I don't think I have had much time to consider the matter, and after all it is near enough to New York to have all the theatre-going one wants, and there might be drives down through the Park and up the Boulevard."

"But you never seem to care for any

of those things," Eloise said, impulsively.

Marcia colored hotly. She did not wish to explain to her cousin that all these things had stopped since their means had become so limited.

"We used to do them till a couple of years ago," Marcia explained, quickly. Then by a sudden impulse of frankness added:

"Not since mother lost by the failure of a bank. Only for that, Eloise, we might have made it pleasant for you here."

"Oh, I was not thinking of myself," Eloise answered, truthfully enough. "It has been a very pleasant change for me; but to go on living in just this way for years, I should think you couldn't stand it."

"I suppose I am more of a grub than a butterfly," Marcia answered, carelessly; "but that is, after all, my own affair."

Eloise turned away, annoyed at the implied rebuke, which Marcia hastened to cover by some commonplace remark. Yet each had irritated the other, and rather looked forward to the time when their paths should separate.

"I want to have everything settled to tell Gregory Glassford when he comes again."

But other and more urgent interests were just then keeping the girl's guardian away from the House at the Cross Roads, and those interests were of a nature to exclude all else from his mind.

(To be continued.)

Versions.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

"A TWILIGHT rounds the years and brings to all

The sound of steps receding as they fall."
A twilight rounds the years, but has its end
In dawn—and nearing footsteps of a Friend!

A Visit to Chantilly.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

FEW chateaux in France possess such a store of historical recollections, as well as so many priceless art treasures, as Chantilly, the home of the Duke of Aumale, a younger son of King Louis Philippe. The prince was celebrated in his youth as a brilliant soldier, whose military exploits in Algeria are still well remembered. His later years were devoted to literature; he was a member of the French Academy, and it was to this learned body that he bequeathed his splendid home.

With the magnificent forest that forms its background, Chantilly, the ancient residence of the princes of Condé, strikes us as we approach by its air of grandeur. The original building, called the Chatelet, was erected in the sixteenth century; it stands on the very edge of a deep moat, in front of a more modern edifice, which was rebuilt by the Duke, to replace a portion of the ancient dwelling that was sacked and destroyed during the Revolution of 1789. The whole forms an imposing mass of Renaissance architecture, above which rises the graceful steeple of the chapel.

The Chateau de Chantilly came by inheritance from the Montmorencys to the Condés, a younger branch of the royal family of Bourbon. From father to son the princes of Condé were remarkable for their military tastes and talents; and, in consequence, this branch of the royal house was popularly known as the "laurel branch."

In the days when Louis XIV. was king the lord of Chantilly was that Louis de Bourbon, the "Grand Condé," who, as Duke of Enghien, had won a European celebrity by his victory over the Spanish and Austrian armies at Rocroy—a victory gained by him when

he was only twenty-two. The entertainments that he gave in the King's honor at Chantilly have been duly related by that inimitable letter-writer, Madame de Sévigné. One of them, she tells us, took place in the Spring of 1671; and the magnificence displayed by the prince was such that the Marquise assures her daughter that nothing to equal it had ever been seen before, not even at the festivities of the Roman emperors.

The reputation of Chantilly was kept up until the breaking out of the Revolution. Three generations of princes then inhabited the chateau. They were Louis Joseph de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, the head of the house, a brave soldier and able military leader, who had been left a widower when still a young man; his son, the Duke of Bourbon, married to a princess of Orleans, from whom he was unfortunately separated; and his grandson, the Duke of Enghien, the darling of his father and grandfather, the sole hope of his race.

With these three men resided the Princess Louise—"Mademoiselle de Condé," as she was generally called, daughter to the elder prince, and one of the most lovable of the royal and noble women connected with Chantilly. In the brilliant days of her father's splendor she lent grace and charm to his home; when days of sorrow and anxiety broke upon her kinsmen, she was an angel of consolation and strength. To the dauntless spirit of her race she united the faith, devotion, and self-sacrifice of a saint. At the time of which we write her fresh beauty had won for her the surname of "Hebe." But very different was her future destiny from those gay, girlish days. The "Hebe" of Chantilly was to experience the pangs of exile and poverty; she was to witness the ruin of her house and the murder of its last scion; and many tears were to dim the bright eyes ere their owner found peace under the Benedictine habit.

In spite of the grave signs that foreboded a storm in the political world, Chantilly still kept up the traditions of splendid hospitality that had made its name famous throughout Europe. Just before the Revolution, the Prince of Condé received the visit of the future Emperor, Paul of Russia; and of his wife, the Grand Duchess Marie. He welcomed them with his usual princely courtesy. Contemporary writers tell us of the entertainments organized in their honor; and how the daughter of the house, the future Benedictine abbess, disguised as a nymph, accompanied them across the lake in a gaily decorated barge. In after days, when he became Emperor, Paul remembered the hospitality he had received, and in his turn extended a gracious welcome to the dispossessed and exiled princes of Condé.

When the Revolution broke out the elder prince, who had shown himself from the first a determined opponent of the new theories, left France for Belgium with his family. He afterward proceeded to Germany, where he organized and commanded the army of French refugees. Chantilly, after being pillaged by the mob, became a prison; and, curiously enough, among those detained within its walls were many court-ladies who in former days had been the guests of its master. One of these, the Duchess of Duras, whose father, mother, aunts and sister-in-law perished on the scaffold, tells us how on arriving, faint and weary, she and the other prisoners were ushered into the desecrated chapel, then filled with sacks of flour, where she remembered to have often assisted at Mass as the guest of the Prince of Condé. She describes how in the gilded and painted rooms of the palace were confined over six hundred prisoners: priests and nuns, magistrates and soldiers, court-ladies and peasants, old men and women, and mere

children, who, with the happy thoughtlessness of their age, used to play ball in the courtyard.

Her strong faith in Providence helped the noble prisoner through this severe ordeal. While some of her fellow-captives used to seek forgetfulness in conversation or in any amusement that came in their way, she preferred the society of an admirable couple, Monsieur and Madame de Boury, who, with their ten children, presented a perfect picture of close family affection and Christian courage. M. de Boury, an officer in the Gardes Françaises, was, says the Duchess, "perfectly resigned to the decrees of Providence, and he preached to us by his example."

After the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, the Prince of Condé and his son returned to Chantilly. Out of the four Condés who had left their home twenty years before, only these two saddened and broken-hearted men remained. The angel of their house, the "Hebe" of bygone days, had consecrated her life to prayer and penance; and the young Duke of Enghien, the only hope and heir of the "laurel branch," had been put to death by Napoleon in the moat of Vincennes.

Life at Chantilly pursued its course quietly and sadly. A shadow had fallen over the once brilliant home: in 1813 the old prince died. To his chaplain, who exhorted him to forgive his enemies, he replied: "I should be certain of my salvation if God forgives me as completely as I forgive them."

The Duke of Bourbon survived his father seventeen years. He died in 1830 at Saint-Leu, and his death is shrouded in painful mystery. His godson and kinsman, the late Duke of Aumale, inherited his property, and devoted immense sums to the restoration of the chateau. Few museums are so deserving of a visit as this princely home.

We cross the courtyard, and at the top of the magnificent staircase we find the chapel. It was founded in the fourteenth century, restored two centuries later; destroyed by the Revolutionary mob in 1793, and finally rebuilt in 1881. From the chapel, with its marble altar, sculptured by the famous Jean Goujon, we proceed to the Salle des Gardes, which is rich in pictures, armors, and Gobelin tapestry. Then come a suite of rooms full of priceless furniture: inlaid chests and exquisite chairs, reminding us of the Trianon; wall-paintings by Watteau in soft, delicate tints, suggestive of high-born dames in powder, patches, and rustling silks. Beyond is the Galerie des Condé, where are commemorated, by a series of paintings, the victories of the "Grand Condé," whose best historian was the late owner of Chantilly. The portrait of the eagle-eyed hero of Rocroy meets us again and again; and under a glass case are his swords and pistols, and a Flemish flag taken from the enemy by the victorious general of twenty-two.

We are reminded, on gazing at these trophies, of the admiring love with which the children of the house of Condé were taught to regard their great ancestor. This loving pride breaks out in the letters of the Princess Louise, holy and detached as she was from the things of this world; and still more in those of her nephew, the Duke of Enghien, who at the age of ten writes to his father: "I hope some day to show the world that I am a Condé." Often must the eager boy have gazed at the tattered Flemish flag, and pathetic is the contrast between his youthful dreams of glory and the hideous reality of his lonely death.

Beyond the Galerie is the library, which contains over thirteen thousand volumes, besides innumerable manuscripts and rare editions in quaint or precious bindings. Among them is a

Psalter belonging to Ingeborg of Denmark, Queen of France in 1214; and other prayer-books with the initials of Anne of Austria and Maria Theresa, the former being the mother and the latter the wife of Louis XIV. A little breviary attracts our attention. It was the property of Henrietta Maria of France, wife of Charles I., of England. Into the binding is woven some of the hair of that unfortunate King; and often must the tears of the *reine malheureuse*, as she called herself, have fallen upon the pages of the tiny volume.

Beyond opens the Galerie des Cerfs, with its splendid tapestries representing hunting scenes; then come many rooms filled with pictures. We find ourselves in presence of artistic treasures such as are possessed by few private persons. Salvator Rosa's wild skies and rugged landscapes, and Francia's sweet Madonnas, are largely represented; as well as Carracci, Bronzino, and other Italian masters. Modern painters also have their place in this rare collection; and we linger before Decamps' scenes of Turkish life, so warm in coloring that we seem to feel the hot sun of the Far East.

The numerous family portraits often combine artistic merit with historical interest. An exquisite Marie Antoinette, by Drouais, represents the hapless Queen, in the flower of her girlish beauty, as dauphiness. Over the door of the Salle Caroline is a portrait of the Duke of Aumale's grandmother, the wife of that Philip Egalité, first the leader and then the victim of the Revolution. It represents a fair, delicate young face, framed in cloudy white draperies,—the face of one who suffered long and bitterly. A fine picture of the Duke of Aumale himself, by Bonnat, next appears, between those of his mother, Queen Marie Amélie, and his aunt, Madame Adelaide. Beyond is his

elder brother, the Duke of Chartres, by Ary Scheffer. Another Ary Scheffer, of still greater interest, is the portrait of Talleyrand. The wily old diplomatist, who played so important and complicated a part in the affairs of Europe, gazes down upon us with a singularly lifelike expression in his keen eyes and wide mouth.

In a small room called the Santuario are a few gems of almost priceless value: among them the Three Graces, painted by Raphael in 1505, and bought by the Duke for 600,000 francs; and the famous "Virgin of the House of Orleans," painted in 1506 in Raphael's best manner. The fair, delicate Mother has a certain likeness to the Madonna del Gran Duca at Florence.

Through collections of enamels, china, old fans, crystals, armor, Arab trophies, we pass to a circular room that contains the miniatures. Several represent the last of the Condés, the Duke of Enghien,—one as a baby curiously swaddled, another as a keen-eyed, eager boy. Close by appears the blooming face of his aunt, the Princess Louise; and we understand how it was that her father's courtiers surnamed her "Hebe" as we mark the fresh, fair countenance, with its brilliant coloring and wealth of curling hair. Other miniatures represent the Duke's family: one shows us Queen Victoria, a bright faced girl, with intelligent eyes and speaking lips.

We linger long before these treasures; and memories of past glories and sorrows, recollections bright or pathetic, crowd into our mind. Scenes of the past rise up before us and people the tapestried galleries where kings and queens once held their court; where dead princes and princesses laughed and wept in the far-off days of the old régime; where, later on, the prisoners of the Revolution, like the Duchess de Duras, prepared for the guillotine.

From the windows the view is charm-

ing. The forest with its glades, the moat and lake glimmering like silver in the sunshine, make up a bright picture, over which floats the unspeakable charm that glorious or pathetic memories lend to scenes of natural beauty. It is the voices of the past mingling with the sights of the present that give ancient walls or beautiful landscapes a living interest, as it were a human soul; and nowhere are these voices more eloquent than in princely Chantilly.

The Valley of the Blue Shadows.

BY MARY FOSTER.

I.

BEPPPO stretched his young body luxuriously upon the fresh morning grass. The sun, peering in through the quivering silver of the olive trees, bathed his bare legs in its warm glow, and rested caressingly upon his dark little face.

His mother had been washing linen in the pool hard by; now she was laying it out in the orchard to dry, and the child watched her idly with grave, brown eyes. The women had been talking together; there were many things they had said which Beppo could not understand, but his young fancy had been struck, and he lay in the sunshine revolving many ideas in his small brain.

Terraces upon terraces of shimmering olive trees swept their way from the mountain side to the valley beneath, where the pink of the fruit blossoms danced over the delicate green of the corn, and where the vines, festooned from tree to tree, had just begun to put forth their first timid shoots.

From where Beppo lay, he could see the faint rosy flush stealing up from below through the shimmer of the olives. And sun everywhere—rich, generous Southern sun,—and the blue skies of Italy. Beppo was accustomed

to it all: he had been surrounded by beauty all his life; but, child as he was, the loveliness of Nature thrilled his being with a joy that had something of pain in it. It made him long and long—for what, he did not know.

He turned his eyes from the feast of color to his mother as she laid her white linen in the sun. She was not especially good-looking, though she had a sweet, motherly face; but Beppo thought that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and felt sure that the Blessed Madonna must have a face like hers. Also, her name was Maria, like the Mother of the Saviour.

Beppo wriggled a little closer to her, and Maria, her work finished for the moment, suddenly hugged him to her breast with an almost fierce burst of mother love, kissing him passionately upon both cheeks.

Beppo smiled ecstatically. As he was accustomed to the beauties of Nature around him, so was he used to the beauties of mother love.

"Mother," he said, presently, as he lay contentedly in her encircling arm,— "mother, where is the Valley of the Blue Shadows which Annina was speaking of just now?"

Maria's eyes grew wistful.

"Eh, it is a lovely valley over the brow of the mountain where the sun shines all day and the moon gleams all night."

Beppo gave a little squirm.

"Beautifuler than this?" he cried. "O mother, I want to go there! I want to see where the sun shines all day and the moon shines all night!"

Maria drew her child close to her.

"No one goes there, *piccolo*, it is a valley which no one enters. Annina's goat strayed over the mountain into the Valley of the Blue Shadows, but it will be lost; for no one will go there to look for it."

"Oh!" Beppo's eyes were round and

wondering. "Does no one live there? Will Nella, the goat, find no little goats to play with when she gets there? She will be lonely."

"No one lives there, Beppino, no one goes there. It is haunted; it is God's Valley."

"Oh! I would like to go and see God's Valley. Does God walk about there? Tell me, oh! tell me all about it—why no one goes to it,—why God keeps it all to Himself."

Maria lay down under a bending olive tree, flinging an arm about her child.

"It lies just over the brow of the mountain," she began in a low, monotonous voice, "a little hollow in the earth's breast where the sun rises and shines all day, and sets only when the moon is ready to glow. They say that it is very lovely—so lovely that God has kept it for Himself. And here, on the sweet Feast of the Annunziata, He allows the souls of the little children whom He has taken to Himself to visit again the earth upon which once they dwelt. When the moon is rising to the full before Easter, and the Spring flowers are starring the fresh grass, the souls of the little children fly from heaven to the Valley of the Blue Shadows, and play there together on God's little plot of earth. He dresses them in blue in honor of His dear Mother, and He chooses that day, because it was the day upon which He left heaven to come into our world and live with us."

Beppo opened grave, wondering eyes. "But the little Jesus came to us at Christmas to be born—at Christmas, when the snow lies on the mountain tops and the wind sings about the valleys. Did He take all those long months to come from heaven to earth?"

"It is a long, long way from heaven to our world, Beppino."

"But I thought God could fly!" exclaimed the child, in disappointed tones.

"So He can, so He can! He can do everything," replied Maria, soothingly; and her eyes kindled warmly. "He came to us at Christmas time; but before He visited us, He went to His Blessed Mother. He rushed down from heaven to her—just as quickly as a flash of lightning—and remained with her, just with her, till it was time to come to us."

Beppo cuddled closer to his mother.

"Oh, how lovely for her!" he murmured. "Do all babies go to their mothers first, before they are born on earth?"

Maria nodded, and kissed the dark little head at her breast.

"Did I come to you like that? And where did you keep me all that time?"

"Close, close to my heart."

"As close as I am now?"

"Far, far closer."

"How lovely it must have been!" whispered Beppo cosily. "Why can't I remember it! And, oh! I wonder how you could let me be born!"

Maria laughed gently.

"Did Bimbo come to you first, too?" asked the child after a moment, raising his head to look into his mother's face; and he put up a gentle hand to brush away the tears which had gathered in her eyes.

She nodded silently.

"God took Bimbo," said the child thoughtfully. "I wonder you let Him take him, if you loved him so."

"Ah! we all belong to God," sighed the mother, "and He can take whom He wishes."

"Just as He can take any part of the world that He likes. He hasn't taken much of our earth for Himself, has He? But I suppose He has plenty of *poderes* and vineyards and valleys all to Himself in heaven. But He takes many people—old people and grown-up people—even little children, like Bimbo. I suppose He wants a lot of people for the angels to play with."

The child was silent for a few minutes.

"But it is nice of Him to let the children come back to earth every year—all dressed in blue! How pretty they must look! When the day comes, mother, will Bimbo be with them playing in the Valley of the Blue Shadows? And will he be dressed in blue? Oh, how pretty he will look! How I wish I could see them! How I wish I could be even a little Blue Shadow so as to play with them!"

Maria pressed her child close to her as though fearful of losing him.

"No, no! Stay with me! stay with me!" she muttered. "Ah, God! do not take my last baby from me!"

"But Bimbo could not walk when he was on earth," reflected Beppo, lying unresponsively in her embrace. "How can he play about with the other Blue Shadows? Shall he have to sit down all by himself, or hop about with his little crutch? Perhaps he would stumble and fall, and the others might laugh at him as Tito did here one day. And I should not be there to strike them as I struck Tito."

"Ah! There are no sad things like crutches and sickness in heaven, *piccolo*; and when God sends down the children to sport in the Valley, they are all well and happy—oh! far happier than they can ever be on earth."

Beppo pondered.

"I wonder!" he exclaimed, but half convinced. "I have often wondered, if heaven can really be as beautiful as this, I don't see how Bimbo can be as happy as I am. He must be so lonely—without you. And, after all, we don't know God and His Blessed Mother as well as we know you, and I am sure the children are shy of them. I would rather stay here and be your own little boy—not God's."

"We are all God's," murmured Maria rather uncertainly; but she said no

more, feeling that her simple theology did not suffice against an inquiring young mind.

Beppo could talk or think of nothing but the Valley of the Blue Shadows after that; until Maria began to regret that she had filled his ardent imagination with even such a pretty fancy. She began to be afraid—he was so precious to her. He was all she had left, her one treasure. God surely would not take him from her. He had so many little child souls in heaven, He could gather them where He might; He would surely not choose her all from the many.

She sat by her child that night until he sank into a troubled slumber; then she lay beside him, her arms about him as though she would shield his little body from hands others than hers.

Outside, the frail young moon sailed tranquilly upon its sea of indigo, and peered mildly through the unshuttered window of the room. It was only a baby moon, but it glowed warmly with the rich yellow gleam of Paschal-tide. And the golden crescent hanging in the deep night sky was the waxing vernal moon.

(To be continued.)

THERE is bravery in going straightforward, shrinking from no duty, little or great, passing from high to low, from pleasure to pain, and making your principles strong without their becoming formal. Learn to be as the Angel, who could descend among the miseries of Bethsaida, without losing his heavenly purity or his perfect happiness. Gain healing from troubled waters. Make up your mind to the prospect of sustaining a certain measure of pain and trouble in your passage through life; by the blessing of God this will prepare you for it,—it will make you thoughtful and resigned without interfering with your cheerfulness.

—Cardinal Newman.

The Passion Play and Its Witnesses.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

THERE was a rumor for a while this Summer that Oberammergau would send its world-famous Passion Play to England, and possibly to our own country. It is not in the least doubtful that millions in England and here would welcome the opportunity of seeing the wonderful representation of the tragedy of Calvary as given by the Oberammergau peasant players; although those who have been to the little village in the Tyrol might deeply regret the presentation of the play anywhere save on its native soil.

The rumor, however, has been set at rest by the Archbishop of Munich, Cardinal Faulhaber. It is in his diocese that Oberammergau is situated, and writing to the Catholic Bishop of Salford, England, the Austrian Cardinal makes an explicit denial of the report. He writes: "I am able, as Bishop of Oberammergau, to give you distinct assurance that the people of Oberammergau have no idea of producing this play in other countries. Immediately after the War, offers were made to Anton Lang, who represents the Christus, to go to America, and several millions of profit were held out to him as an inducement. But he gave me his word that he would act only in Oberammergau, and that with the object of accomplishing the vow of the forefathers of the villagers. As a deeply religious man he regularly approaches Holy Communion before appearing on the stage."

Performed by pious people in fulfillment of a vow, or with some other religious intent, the Passion Play is one thing; but given for purely commercial purposes, with performers who are not touched by belief in the great drama, the Passion Play would be entirely dif-

ferent. Nobody, certainly no Catholic, wishes to see so sacred a theme commercialized and thus vulgarized.

When Joseph Jefferson, the American actor, was in Callao, Peru, in 1863, he witnessed a theatrical performance at the Spanish theatre, of which he gives some interesting impressions in his autobiography. The first part of the "show" at this theatre was filled with farcical incidents. The audience he described as appearing quite respectable, but very hilarious, enjoying themselves, smoking cigarettes, and laughing heartily at the "slap-stick comedy" on the stage. The curtain went down, and when it rose again there was a representation of the story of the Prodigal Son, illustrated by dialogue and tableaux. Mr. Jefferson describes the acting as being excellent, the parting of the father and son in the Scriptural story being so well done as to draw tears from the eyes of many in the audience. The play ended with the return of the Prodigal. Thinking the evening's entertainment over, the American actor started to go, but was happily detained by a friend. He waited, and he describes as follows the concluding performance:

"The theatre was darkened, the cigarettes were put out and a solemn hush came upon the audience. The place was as still as death. The people almost stopped breathing. I seemed to be the only one who did not know what was coming. Now there came a low moan of anguish, as if from a distance; so expressive of sorrow, and yet so gentle we could scarcely hear it. An invisible organ began a dirge, and, as the curtain rose, there before me was Mount Calvary with a complete tableau of the Crucifixion, the whole scene represented by living figures—Christ upon the Cross, the two thieves, and a group of female figures kneeling upon the ground. I was startled by this unex-

pected sight; but I saw at once by the reverence of the audience, and the earnest manner in which the tableau was given and received, that no sacrilege was intended. On the contrary, the beholders were devout: some were on their knees; men were praying, women were weeping, and nearly all made the Sign of the Cross and bowed their heads. I was transfixed with wonder as I looked upon the scene.

"In the distance there were dark and ominous clouds streaked at the horizon line with a blood-red color as the sun was going down. The walls of the distant city were dimly visible, and against this dark mass the three weird crosses stood out with a bright light shining upon them. The patient anguish of Christ was wonderfully represented in the up-turned face, while the heads of the two thieves hung down in abject, grovelling misery. The contrast was marvellous, and the terrible grief of the women stretched out in agony upon the ground was full of reality. The curtain slowly fell as the organ pealed forth a solemn hymn, and the audience rose and left the theater with a quiet, noiseless step as if they were going forth from church."

Mr. Jefferson's comments on this theatrical representation, so startling and so impressive to him, are as interesting as his description of it. This is what he says about it:

"Here is a subject that at once opens up a field for thought and discussion. The religious tableau that I saw at Callao is, undoubtedly, the same one given at the close of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, which thousands of devout Christians assemble to witness. They pay for their admission and look upon the exhibition with no other feeling than that of reverence; yet, if the same picture were presented here by the same people, the audience would be shocked and distressed. And this is be-

cause, in the first place, we naturally feel the influence of the country we happen to be in, and imbibe sympathetically the impressions of those who surround us. In the foreign lands we know that time and custom have made it with them a sincere and holy illusion; whereas if this entertainment were sprung suddenly upon us here it would give great offence because we should recognize that the subject was merely a catchpenny. It is the motive, therefore, which renders the same act religious or sacrilegious; and what is perfectly right in Bavaria or South America would not be tolerated in England or the United States. But I saw, from witnessing the impression of this performance on the minds of people who could neither read nor write, how effectively the Church in the olden time must have used the drama as a mode of illustrating religious history."

In the last fifty years the attitude of mind of the average American toward representations of the Passion of Our Lord has been somewhat modified, but Mr. Jefferson's comments are substantially as true to-day as they were when he made them. Transplanted from the places in which such performances are in effect religious acts, witnessed by people who believe them to be so, to other places, and presented purely as spectacles for entertainment, representations of the Passion would not be tolerable. The actors of the Passion Play at Oberammergau are wise in refusing to vulgarize and commercialize what is to them a thoroughly religious act.

As soon as a man receives into his heart the full light of the Incarnation, two self-evident truths arise upon his reason: the one, the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; the other, the love and veneration of His Blessed Mother. They follow by the necessities of consequence.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Sultan's Cure.

ABOUT the year 815 of the Christian era, there reigned in Bagdad the Sultan Al-Mamoun, second successor of the far-famed Haroun-al-Raschid. He was a cruel and powerful ruler who wanted only to be happy. One thing alone embittered his days, yes, and his nights: he was subject to continual headaches.

He had tried all sorts of cures, without effect. He inveighed against the sons of Esculapius as so many charlatans, fools, robbers, murderers, especially after a medical congress to which he had summoned all the physicians of his kingdom. They all promised that they could cure him—and none of them succeeded in doing so. Finally, he declared that they must cause his headaches to disappear under penalty of suffering either decapitation or being impaled. When some of the physicians suggested that they would prefer returning to their respective towns and villages rather than attempt his cure, he replied that they were begging the question, and, as Commander of the Faithful, he forthwith condemned the brown-faced doctors to lose their heads, and the white-faced ones to be impaled. This, however, failed to cure his headaches.

As he was deploring his fate one day, a dervish happened to pass. Al-Mamoun thought that he looked particularly intelligent, and so caused him to be brought to his throne room. He then inquired whether there was not something that would radically cure the *mégrim* or chronic headaches.

"Radically," said the dervish; "that's perhaps a little too strong a word. But in my pack here I have a kind of centaury, or knapweed, which in the course of a year will rid your Highness of headaches for ten years at the very least."

"Ten years!" said the Sultan; "that's worth while. Let me have your centaury. If by this date next year I am thoroughly cured, I shall make you my grand vizier; and, if the cure lasts ten years longer, it is more than likely that before my death I shall name you as my successor."

"I care nothing about becoming vizier," replied the dervish; "and as for succeeding you, I am quite too unworthy. It is for love of God and humanity that I shall cure you. But my prescription is not finished. This centaury will destroy your headaches only on condition that you carry it with you on a journey, that the journey be taken incognito, and that your travels last for a whole year."

"So be it," said Al-Mamoun; "I agree to the conditions."

He forthwith named a council of regency, and prepared to depart. His baggage was anything but extensive, scarcely more indeed than a wallet much like that of the dervish. But, alas for human vanity! in a corner of this wallet the Sultan attempted to hide his crown.

The dervish saw him and immediately protested against the attempt.

"Leave out the diadem," he said. "It would only serve to disclose your identity, and, anyway, it would absolutely prevent the cure which you desire."

Al-Mamoun obeyed; and then set out on his travels. He journeyed about for a full year, visiting all the great cities and many of the little towns; he climbed high mountains and sojourned in pleasant valleys.

Everywhere he remarked that the wealthy were bored; that the powerful were burdened with cares, and generally proved victims of some catastrophe; that ambitious men were the plague of peoples; and that egoists were very commonly hated or despised. During the course of his whole journey he met only three persons who were perfectly

happy: a day laborer, a street porter, and a crippled soldier. All three were poor, but each had a stout heart, a soul at peace, and entire resignation to the will of Heaven.

The year of probation was at an end. Al-Mamoun returned home cured, and took up again the burden of affairs. He experienced not a little satisfaction on finding the crown once again placed on his head. The satisfaction, however, was short-lived. It soon gave way to violent pains, acute throbbings, and every symptom of cephalitis, or inflammation of the brain.

"What a fool I have been," exclaimed Al-Mamoun. "It wasn't the knapweed or the travelling that cured me; it was my giving up this heart-breaking business of governing. Great is Allah! By sending me a renewal of my old-time headaches he gives me a lesson by which purpose profiting."

He then assembled his council, resigned his sultanship in favor of his son Motassem, and retired to a little country-house, where he spent his time in prayer, study, gardening, daily walks and charitable deeds. He never afterwards suffered from the slightest approach to a headache. Possibly he transmitted the megrims, with his crown, to Motassem.

THERE is a disease called "touchiness,"—a disease which, in spite of its innocent name, is one of the gravest sources of restlessness in the world. Touchiness, when it becomes chronic, is a morbid condition of the inward disposition. It is self-love inflamed to the acute point. The cure is to shift the stake to some other place; to let men and things touch us through some new and perhaps as yet unused part of our nature; to become meek and lowly in heart while the old nature is becoming numb from want of use.

—Henry Drummond.

Carelessness of Speech.

THE first sign of a decadence in manners is carelessness of speech; thus it is said that the pickpockets and other criminals of the White Chapel district of London have gradually evolved a language unintelligible except to one another; and that the ordinary words of their native tongue are so strange to them as to seem the words of foreigners. We all remember the indignation of the fishwoman when a wit, as a retort as well as a last resort, pronounced her, in stern tones, to be an individual. "Individual!" she screamed. "I'm no more an individual than your mother is!" But she was conquered.

As a rule, the height of one's refinement is measured by the purity with which one's mother-tongue is spoken. As a gentle voice breeds gentle manners, so purity of speech accompanies a pure heart. Certain provincialisms may be endured,—nay, like the quaint dialect of the rural districts of New England, or the pretty, flowing phrases of the South, some deviations from the rules of lexicographers may not only be allowable, but positively charming.

We are not speaking of dialects, but of the corrupt, vulgar, senseless jargon, which is as natural as the drawing of the breath to so many who would resent any criticism of their taste or conduct, and which is by no means confined to that sex which we are wont to term the sterner. The young woman of the day has a facility in this direction which her brother finds difficult to keep pace with; and a crowd of public schoolgirls can disturb the air with a string of verbal distortions that would cause the historic women of Billingsgate to grow green with envy.

Slang, according to the dictionary, is low, vulgar, unauthorized language. Slang, says a recent writer, is the

arterial life-blood of conversation, which keeps its current from stagnation. Slang, declares a man of the world in the best sense, is the most vicious enemy of society which does not hang its head. Actual blasphemy has some restraint upon its choice of times and places, and a rough man will cease or subdue his oaths if a woman worthy the name comes within hearing of them; but slang, that very much worn stepping-stone to profanity, is utterly bold and unblushing. The users of it even evince a sort of pride and a rivalry as to the most copious vocabulary.

It is difficult for even staid people to avoid falling into this pernicious habit when these words are the current coin of conversation; and of all habits the linguistic are usually most tenacious; but the cure must exist if we can but find it. A preconcerted charge all along the line might work a radical change. Let the parents begin by putting their own language in order, and a good beginning will have been made.

If the dear young people, and the dear old people too, could know the origin of much of the slang which comes so trippingly from their lips—if they were aware that they were putting themselves on a level with thieves and worse, when they use the phrases which they fancy add embellishments to their conversations,—the use of slang might in time go out of fashion; and, once out of fashion, there would be an end of it.

One would think that our language was copious enough and rich enough without the addition of mongrel words and dubious expressions, especially as it is legitimately added to year after year. But as it seems the aim of the average talker to emphasize his meaning by words borrowed from the slums, the guardians of propriety and good English have a decidedly strenuous task before them.

Notes and Remarks.

It may indeed be questioned whether modern education really does educate in the true sense of the word. There can be no doubt that it is propagating some very pernicious errors, the chief of which is the notion that culture of itself can make men prosperous, happy and virtuous. Everyone prates about education nowadays, but we do not hear much about thrift, energy and self-reliance,—virtues for which our forefathers were distinguished and without which patriotism would soon perish. A change is coming over us, and it is not a change for the better, by any manner of means. The farmer is acknowledged to constitute the backbone of the body politic, and the change is most marked in him. "The American farmer of a century ago, if floods destroyed his crops or pestilence destroyed his cattle just saved and worked, and practised self-denial, till he had made good his losses. The American farmer of to-day does nothing of the kind. He simply lets his hair grow long and starts a new political party."

Writing from Dublin to *America*, the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan of economic fame gives his impressions of Ireland's civil war. Those impressions will be found very similar to those formed by close and judicious students who view the Irish question from a distance. Notwithstanding the two deplorable deaths which have occurred since Dr. Ryan wrote, deaths which have removed the two outstanding figures of the Free State, Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, we believe Dr. Ryan's forecast of coming conditions to be substantially correct. It is as follows:

No amount of pseudo-idealism, and no amount of any other kind of sophistry, can erase the dominating fact of the situation, namely, that Mr. De Valera and his associates deny the right of the majority to make the

political choice which, in the circumstances, they desire to make. Happily, the masses of the Irish people, of all classes and sections, have too much common-sense, have too keen a perception of fundamental realities, to be deceived by such subtleties and such "arguments." They are supporting their Government so generally and so whole-heartedly that it is to be hoped that before the middle of August the armed bands of irregulars will have been dislodged from every city and town on the island. No doubt, there will be sporadic fighting and pillage by small gangs in the more remote and thinly populated areas for a considerably longer time; but it will not be sufficient in volume or in destructiveness to interfere greatly with the normal life and activities of the people. While the task of reconstruction will tax heavily the ingenuity of the Government and the moral and material resources of the country and the people, it is much lighter than that which faces any other nation of Europe which has gone through a war in recent years.

* * *

Not the least notable of the tributes paid to the latest victim of Irish freedom is that found in the editorial columns of the *News-Times*, of South Bend, Indiana. We cite its opening and concluding paragraphs:—

"Forgive them." These dying words of Michael Collins, martyr to the cause in which he had faith and for which he fought, will be remembered long after his fiery speeches and his ardent deeds have been forgotten.

Whatever hours of greatness Collins may have had, his last eclipsed them all in glory and in splendor. The soul that can whisper at the very brink of the grave a prayer for those who had struck the mortal blow needs to have no tributes paid either to its greatness or to its sincerity.

The British Vice-Consul at Brest announces that 102 of those who were on board the British steamer "Egypt," sunk off the island of Ushant, are missing. A Catholic nun, Sister Rhoda, refused to take a place offered her in one of the life-boats, saying, "Give it to another." She was last seen kneeling in prayer on the "Egypt's" deck.

We find this item—like a pearl in an ash-barrel—in an obscure corner of a foreign newspaper, which has been a long time in reaching us,—so long in-

deed, that we had forgotten all about the disaster in question. But, then, disasters of all sorts have become so common of late years that one can not be expected to remember any but the most notable of them. The loss of the "Egypt" is rendered notable for the unselfish, heroic death of Sister Rhoda. A heroine, or there never was one. How joyously she would have died for the Faith! And to think that there are thousands like her all over the world, of whom worldlings think nothing.

The fact that the United States no longer figures in the directory of the Church as a missionary country is emphasized by an item of news published the other day. The Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, it is stated, are to establish in Switzerland an American school for girls. Up to very recent years we have been accustomed to reading of European mother-houses of religious sending their subjects to America for the founding of new houses or the maintenance of already existing institutions; the reversal of that process, the sending of American Sisters to establish schools in Europe, is both an interesting sign of the times, and a striking proof of the fecundity of our religious life.

Far more interesting and important than any of the recent archæological discoveries on the Continent of Europe is the finding, a month or two ago, of the ruins of an ancient Irish monastery, on Mahee Island, Strangford Lough, near Belfast. The site has been identified as that of Nendrum Abbey, which is mentioned in Muircha's Life of St. Patrick, written in the Seventh Century. The Belfast Natural History Society have already carried out extensive excavations, and brought to light inscribed stones, as yet undeciphered, and other valuable material. Bede's

"Ecclesiastical History" mentions that Pope Honorius wrote in the year 634 to certain bishops of the Irish Church about the Paschal controversy and the Pelagian heresy; and one of the bishops mentioned in the letter is Cromous, Bishop of Nendrum. The island of Nendrum was afterwards named Mahee, in honor of a celebrated bishop of the monastery.

The second of a series of articles on the relation of the chief religious faiths to the restoration of the world after the Great War, appearing in the *North American Review*, is by the Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J. His answer, an able and complete one, to the question, "What Ails the World?" is really an indictment of materialism. Let us hope it will have the wide and attentive reading which it deserves. Some short extracts will give an idea of its quality:

In proportion as God and His justice are acknowledged and respected by governments, will the world have peace. What government is to people, that, and a great deal more, God is to the governments themselves. If people do not respect government, anarchy results. And because governments do not respect God and His justice, wars result. Governments will be selfish to the end of the world, and wars will continue to the end. One power alone is capable of restraining that selfishness. But it calls for good will on man's part. That power is the World Ruler, God. If His rule, which is justice, is acknowledged by the nations, they will have peace, not otherwise. But expediency, not justice, is the policy of governments. Hence, God is ruled out of the councils of nations. Therefore, the world after Versailles was upside down and remains so. God was excluded from that gathering of governments, and peace was excluded, too.

Witness the world to-day. Whatever semblance of peace exists is merely exhaustion. . . . Governments whose outlook is bounded by the horizon of this life, and who close their eyes to justice, will not bring about peace worthy of the name, as we see in effect to-day, when the so-called peace is but a period of recuperation for war.

A new era has come. The old ideals have

been crowded out. Materialism is the god now worshipped. Greatness is measured by size. The man is great who has much. The nation is great that is rich. There is no room except for bulk. Material standards dominate the world. Result: among individuals a mad race for wealth regardless of honesty; and among nations a struggle for territory, trade and resources regardless of justice. Materialism is enthroned. Behold its votaries! Conscienceless governments, bleeding nations, discouraged peoples, lawless individuals. Materialism is the new god. And what does it give its worshippers? In a world with sustenance for mankind, it gives stone for bread. Never before was it so evident that "not in bread alone does man live." Guided mainly by material standards the world was never so materially destitute. Starving millions in a world of plenty! What an indictment of man's pride and selfishness!

As straight talk as any one could desire is this. And who can say that it is not as truthful as forceful?

One of the most striking articles in the current number of the *Constructive Quarterly* is "Belief upon Authority," by Mr. O. Noordmans, who argues that the conception of personal spiritual autonomy, which has been regarded as the keynote of Protestantism, is not irreconcilable with the Catholic principle of authority as the ultimate criterion. Only by a fresh study of the character of historical knowledge can the way of mutual conciliation be prepared. "The Resurrection of Christ, for example, is accepted finally, not because it has become wholly evident to us on inner grounds, but on some authority to which we submit."

There are other non-Catholic scholars besides Mr. Noordmans who are now pleading, more or less openly and earnestly, for closer study of the character of historical knowledge.

Something like "going abroad to get news of home" is our experience in reading the "Impressions of America"

columns in the London *Catholic Times*. The writer is a visitor to our shores, and, accordingly, he views with surprised interest many an incident to which we have become so accustomed that it no longer strikes as being notable. We reproduce a passage from the visitor's latest impressions, which will interest many readers on our side of the Atlantic. "Like all successful dioceses, New York is one of intensive organization. The sight last Sunday of 2300 Post Office officials being enrolled in the Holy Name Society was a rather inspiring one, almost as inspiring as that of 3000 members of the police force receiving Holy Communion *en masse* on the previous Sunday."

The same correspondent relates an interesting incident which would seem to have escaped the attention of most of the reporters—or, perhaps, it was blue-penciled by most of the city-editors. It occurred at the Engineering Societies Building, when Mr. Guglielmo Marconi received the John Fritz Medal, the highest award in the gift of the American Engineers, in the presence of a densely packed audience. "In the course of his presentation speech, Dr. Elihu Thompson spoke of Mr. Marconi's having been born of an English mother in Sunny Italy, a statement which was contradicted by the interested party at the opening of his address of thanks for the honor done him. 'It is true,' said Marconi, 'that I was born in Italy, but I am proud to say that my mother was Irish.' There must have been some Celts in the hall, because his words at once brought down the house."

The news of the conversion to the Faith of Mr. G. K. Chesterton (who is so well known all over the English-speaking world as often to be referred to only by his initials) is confirmed by our English exchanges. He was received

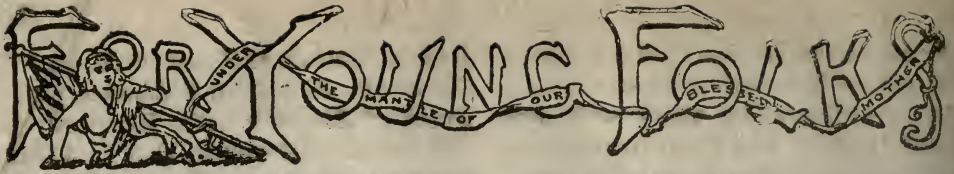
into the Church at Beaconsfield, on July 30, by the Rev. John O'Connor, parish priest of St. Cuthbert's, Bradford. It will be said, of course, that by becoming a Catholic Mr. Chesterton's influence over outsiders will be greatly lessened. We are of a different opinion. His admirers, of whom there are a host, will be curious to learn why he took the step; and he can be counted upon, not only to inform them satisfactorily, but to convince them that he was quite right in taking it.

Our readers who have been helping the Sisters of Charity in China to carry on their great work will no doubt be deeply interested in the following extracts from a letter lately received from the devoted and energetic directress of St. Joseph Hospital, Ningpo:

We have over six hundred unfortunates, among them blind, infirm and aged people, in our asylum here. . . . They are fervent converts, and are deeply grateful for what is done for them. They come to us to be instructed in 'The Religion,' to be baptized, and to die,—as most of them do. And they die like saints. It is perfectly wonderful to hear them praying at Mass (the Chinese always pray aloud).

Whenever any misfortune overtakes the poor Chinese they flock to the Sisters. We can not send them away; we do our best, but the misery is immense. The poor are so very poor that in Winter they have not sufficient clothing to cover them, and in their despair, come here, often with their limbs frozen. Some of our orphans have no arms or legs. Our blind are pitiful. We pick up many babies that are thrown away by poverty-stricken parents. Sometimes they bring them to us, but the babies usually do not live long. We then have the happiness of baptizing them, and rejoice that our labors are blessed.

Who would not wish to have a share in such labors? Another handsome little contribution is now on the way to Ningpo, but we feel that it should have been ten times as large, considering how much money is spent at this season in the pursuit of pleasure.



At Close of Day.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

A LITTLE man, in garments gray,
Goes through the land at close of day,
And in each trembling, wrinkled hand
He holds a bag of glistening sand.
From whence he comes, or near or far,
The children always wondering are;
He travels at a rapid pace,
And no one ever sees his face.
But come he *does* and scatters sand,
And, speeding at his brisk command,
Quick through the lamp-lit room it flies;
They feel it in their blinking eyes.
And hardly have they rubbed them twice,
Before mamma says: "In a trice
Be off now, children, up the stairs;
Now wash your hands and say your
prayers."

"O little man, so queer and gray!
Why do you come?" the children say.
"How very queer that sand must be,
Which we can feel but never see!"

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XI.

THOUGH Jinksy was greatly surprised at the turn of affairs, he made no comment as the trio walked along together, but talked on to Penny, without seeming to notice that Hugh took no part in the conversation. "I know a boss place to spend the night," he suggested. It was now long past dusk.

"Where?" interrogated Hugh, aroused from his reveries by the present necessity.

"There's a vacant house in — Street, an' I found the area door unlocked this morning; we'll go in there an' sleep. It would be hard to find a better place now, it's so late."

He led them to the building, into which they penetrated, not without some misgiving on Hugh's part, though Jinksy laughed at his scruples. Little Penny, still ailing and tired out, at once threw himself on the kitchen floor and was soon sound asleep. But Jinksy and Hugh, crouching before the hearth where the fire should have been, talked in low tones until a very late hour.

The pale beams of the young May moon streamed into the room, giving light to the vagrant occupants, proving that no danger lurked in the shadowy corners, and rendering the place less dreary. Under these circumstances, it was natural that the chat should become personal. Thus it happened that when Jinksy dropped a significant remark about the singing at the Mission, Hugh, in a burst of confidence, told his whole story. Jinksy listened in amazement while he described his home, his father, mother, brother, and sisters; spoke of his rifle, fishing rod, balls and bat.

"Jingo! we newsboys have ter play baseball by electric light, if we get a chance at all," interjected Jinksy.

Then Hugh detailed his grievances: the having to go to school, the everlasting running of errands, the being obliged to be in the house at nightfall; finally, he wound up with an account of his running away, and his determination to be independent. He paused at last, pleased at his own eloquence; for he had forgotten his recent compunction, and argued himself into the belief that he was quite a hero. He turned

the auditor, expecting some expression of admiration of his pluck and his resolve not to be imposed upon.

Jinksy had hearkened to it all, with his saucy little eyes fixed upon Hugh's face. Now he jumped up, walked to the end of the room; peered out of the window into the yard; then came back and stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at his companion in silence.

"Well, what do you think about it?" Hugh asked.

"What?" echoed Jinksy. "I must say I think ye're about the biggest fool that I ever see or heard tell of in all my born days. That's what I think!"

Hugh sprang to his feet with an exclamation of anger; but Jinksy laid a hand upon his arm, saying, "Come now, what's the use of gettin' yer dander up? Be still, can't yer? Don't wake the little chap." Next he proceeded to treat Hugh to a share of the hard common-sense which he had picked up in knocking round the world. "If I was in your place, Hugh, I'd make a bee-line for home," he said. However uncouth in language, Jinksy's conclusion was certainly sound.

"To tell you the truth, I would," admitted Hugh, whose self-complacence had suddenly succumbed, "only I'm afraid."

"Afraid!" repeated Jinksy.

"Yes. What kind of a welcome do you suppose a fellow would get who acted as I've done—taken the bit between his teeth, as they say of a fractious horse, and gone it blind? My father can be mighty stern when he wants to, I can tell you; and he's a great stickler for discipline. And mother would look so reproachful; and, then, my brother George and the girls would all laugh at me. No, Jinksy!"

"I thought yer had more grit," mused the other, quietly.

Hugh flushed at the remark, though the moonlight did not reveal the fact.

He had not expected a lesson in moral courage from a newsboy.

"Perhaps I *might* risk it if I had the money," Hugh went on, a great longing to see them all sweeping over him. Besides, he was almost fagged out; and the dreadful ache in all his bones, caused by cold and exposure, alarmed him, and suggested the fear that he might suddenly be taken ill. "But I could not make my way back without money. I'm hoping, though, to get something to do to-morrow,"—he referred to the forlorn hope which Nick held out on Saturday. "Then, when I earn enough to pay my way, I'll go home."

The next morning Jinksy regaled his friends with a breakfast of hot Frankfurters. "Yer say ye've been livin' mostly on dry buns?" he remarked to Hugh. "Pshaw! yer don't know how ter manage. Yer could have got all the Frankfurters yer could eat for three cents."

Hugh did not explain that he had been chary of that delectable viand, as one is of a patent medicine the ingredients of which are doubtful. The specimens which Jinksy provided were so good, however, that he had no difficulty in overcoming his prejudices. Later, by way of getting even with his friend, he insisted upon helping him and Penny sell their stock of morning papers. Then he loitered about the District Telegraph Office till he saw Nick come out and start off on a message. Catching up with him, he walked along by his side and anxiously inquired if anything had "turned up."

"I didn't have the chance which I expected to drum up something," returned Nick. "You know that friend of mine that is always talkin' about the country? Well, he's sick; mother had me bring him home to her to take care of; and yesterday he was so low that I stayed with him all day, except an hour or so in the morning, when I went to Mass."

Hugh started. Nick was a Catholic, then; and this was why his mother, poor as she was, would not let him work on Sunday, lest he should miss going to church. Hugh was sorry for Nick's friend; but he had hoped so much from the former's promised aid, that he was now greatly disappointed, and looked very sad.

"Indeed I'm mighty disappointed 'cause I have no news for you," continued Nick. "But I've been tellin' mother about you, and she said to bring you back with me. I've 'ranged to get off at twelve o'clock, 'cause I'm afraid it's all up with that little shaver of a boot-black at home: he's clean out of his head, and talks away, 'bout green fields and rivers, and such things. Oh, yes! mighty pretty pictures he makes you see, if you sit beside him for a while with your eyes shut; but when you open them, and see him tossin' there, it makes you feel kind of queer. You'll come back with me, won't you?"

Hugh hesitated.

"Do!" insisted Nick. "Mother blamed me for not askin' you before. She got a notion you had no place to go. It bothered me considerable. Beppo said, in his queer lingo, he wished he could ask you to go with him; but he lives in a cellar somewhere, with a *padrone*."

"Oh, I got on very well!" mumbled Hugh; yet Nick surmised that his mother's notion was correct.

Hugh's objections being overruled, at noon he accompanied his friend to the miserable rooms under the flat roof of a six-story tenement house, which Nick called home. There were two of them, though one was merely a dark recess; the other a very small kitchen, where Nick had a bed, or, as his mother called it, "a shake-down," at night. Close as the quarters were, however, Mrs. Davin managed to find a corner in them for Denny the boot-black, when Nick discovered him, injured and suffering, in a

doorway. And now nothing would do her but they must be found spacious enough to lodge Hugh also.

"Indeed an' ye'll just stay here for a while," she said. "Shure if me little Patsey and Michael had lived, wouldn't I have had three b'ys instead of one to look after, anyway?"

It was very evident, however, that she would not be troubled with poor Denny long. He lay on the bed in the stuffy little cell, with flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and the frightened look of one in delirium, which almost made Hugh shrink away, much as he pitied him.

"What is the matter with him?" he asked, after a while.

"S—sh!" answered Nick, mysteriously. Then he added, in a whisper: "His back is hurt, and the doctors say he's had a shock that upset his brain. They say he must have had a fall or something. It's that *something* they can't find out, and Denny made us promise not to tell them. You see, his mother died, and he came to the city with his father, who was all right till he took to drink. But since that time he's been terrible to Denny. They had a room in the next house; and the other night, when the father was drunk, and Denny was tryin' to get him up there—well, to make a long story short, he kicked Denny down the stairs, an' wher me and another feller picked him up he was like this. The city doctors came and spoke about takin' him to the hospital; but when mother told them she'd care for him here, they said all right; it would give him lots of pain to be moved again, and it wasn't any use. But, in spite of his wanderin' talk, he's mighty careful not to let on how he got hurt. Mother says people that's out o' their senses are often very cute in the way. The police would be after his father in a jiffy, you know; and it would go hard with him if Denny dies. Of course the man's cleared out; bu

Denny'll never tell, and what good would it do if *we* did? The old feller is miserable enough."

It was, then, a little hero that was lying there; a boy whose sense of devotion and duty to his father was stronger than injustice or death. What would he think of a fellow who acted as Hugh had done? Something like this passed through Hugh's mind as he looked again at the puny form upon the bed.

Nick was suddenly called away by a gentle knock at the door, and Hugh started as he observed the person who entered. It was the young priest whom he had seen at the Mission. The recognition was mutual. Hugh could not run away this time: it would have appeared badly to Nick and his mother. Moreover, Father Francis, after greeting both the boys as if he and they were old friends, laid a kindly hand on Hugh's shoulder, and seemed to expect that they would all go together to the bedside of the sufferer.

"Well, Father, the poor child is sinkin' fast, I'm afeard," said Mrs. Davin.

And Father Francis nodded a sad assent, as he saw upon Denny's face the light which told that in a little while, a very little while, the weary child whose vagrant fancy wandered amid pleasant pastures and by strange, sunlit streams would be gazing upon scenes more beautiful than human art or holiness can portray, in a country where the sunshine has no shadow and the day no night.

As Denny once told Mrs. Davin that his mother said he had been baptized a Catholic, Father Francis had, during a previous visit, taken advantage of a few rational moments to help him with his first confession, and to give him Extreme Unction. Now, therefore, he merely read the usual prayers, mingling with them simple exhortations, which took up the thread of Denny's thoughts,

and formed, as it were, a chain of the wild flowers which in imagination he was continually gathering, to draw those thoughts to God.

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "the swallows are building again under the eaves of the old saw-mill. There is a robin's nest in the cherry-tree, and the tree itself is full of blossoms. How sweet they smell! Heaven—more beautiful? Ah! yes—" He paused, exhausted; but rallied after a while. "Boys, here's a wild bee's nest!—here!" he called, excitedly; "an' a great batch of honey. Come souse it—souse it!" His little hands struck about wildly, as if beating off a swarm of bees. Again they fell wearily, as he repeated in a weak voice: "A land—flowing with honey. That means all sweetness—nothing bitter—not like here. God is good." For a long time he lay silent. Then he started up, crying, "Yes—let's go floatin' down the creek. See the sunshine on the water; keep in the middle. There's—a shoal here. Don't—be—afraid. Ah—"

Poor Denny sank back on his pillow. There was a fluttering of the eyelids, a straightening of the little form; then Father Francis, bending over him, said softly: "He has gone!"

.....

Hugh, who had never before seen any one die, was awestruck and unnerved. Father Francis gently drew him away; and, after giving some directions to Nick, and speaking a few words to Mrs. Davin, prevailed upon the lad to accompany him home. When they reached the Mission he led the way to his own room, motioned his visitor to a seat, took a chair opposite to him, and, leaning forward, said with a kindly smile that inspired confidence: "Now, Hugh, tell me about yourself."

(Conclusion next week.)

By-and-by leads to the road of never.

Where Heroes Lie Buried.

DOUBTLESS there are many traditions which can not be verified; but, on the other hand, an "old wife's tale" or a legend coming down from father to son is often of great use in confirming recorded history. Among the instances where tradition has held the truth for many centuries are those which refer to the seaside burial-places of heroes.

As long ago as the time of Homer warriors were buried by the ocean in the armor they wore in life; and when the people of Largo, in Scotland, insisted that a certain huge mound was artificial, and that under it was buried a brave chief in silver armor, many believed them. Barrow after barrow of earth was overturned by the plough all over the district, and remains exhumed, which indicated that they had been burial-places; but not a scrap of silver as big as a button had been found. Still, the people of Largo held fast to their story. Had not their grandfathers said—and are grandfathers not to be believed?—that their own particular hero was buried in a coat of mail of pure silver? And so they handed the tradition down in their turn, and one day it was proved to be true.

In the year 1819 a poor man who lived very humbly in the vicinity of Largo, became suddenly prosperous. At the same time a silversmith in the next town was offered a large collection of antique silver, part of which he purchased. A jeweller of Edinburgh bought the rest; and, to add to the accumulating evidence, some one announced that the great mound had been disturbed. General Durham—who owned the property—caused further excavations to be made, which brought to light a silver shield, sword ornaments, the mounting of a helmet, and many lozenge-shaped pieces of what had been a suit of silver armor. So the tradition

regarding the old Anglo-Saxon chief was verified.

At the beginning of the last century an old harper begged to be admitted to the presence of the Bishop of Derry, and sang to him an ancient song, which told in the old Irish tongue, how a gigantic warrior was buried near by, with plates of gold on his breast, and rings of the same metal on his fingers. Here is a translation of the verse which indicated the place of interment:

In earth, beside the loud cascade,
The son of Sora's king we laid;
And on each finger placed a ring
Of gold, by mandate of our king.

Exploration unearthed the plates of gold, but the rings were never found.

A similar investigation in Wales, instigated by tradition, resulted in finding many gold ornaments which are now in the British Museum. Truly, as has been said, it is tradition which is the real history.

 Popular Names of Cities.

Among the popular nicknames of American cities may be mentioned: Baltimore—Monumental City. Boston—Modern Athens, Hub of the Universe. Brooklyn—City of Churches. Chicago—Garden City. Cincinnati—Queen City, Porkopolis, Paris of America. Cleveland—Forest City. Detroit—City of the Straights. Indianapolis—Railroad City. Keokuk, Iowa—Gate City. Louisville—Falls City. Lowell—City of Spindles. Milwaukee—Cream City (from the color of its bricks). Nashville—City of Rocks. New Haven—City of Elms. New Orleans—Crescent City. New York—Gotham, Manhattan, Empire City. Philadelphia—Quaker City, City of Brotherly Love. Pittsburg—Smoky City, Iron City. Portland—Forest City. St. Louis—Mound City. Washington, D. C.—City of Magnificent Distances.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among autobiographical works announced for Autumn publication by Doubleday, Page & Co., we notice "Confessions of a Book Lover," by Maurice Francis Egan. It should prove a very readable volume.

—The time-honored tradition which places the martyrdom of St. Thomas the Apostle in Southern India is ably defended in a recently published work by F. A. D'Cruz, K. S. G., formerly Superintendent of General Records, Madras. His conclusions are based on the latest researches in connection with the St. Thomas tradition.

—Catholic year-books for 1923 have already begun to make their appearance. The first to reach us is Benzigers' "Home Annual," now in its fortieth year; and "St. Michael's Almanac" (English and German), published by the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. Besides the matter proper to almanacs, these year-books contain a large amount of excellent miscellaneous reading and numerous attractive illustrations.

—"Good English," by John Louis Haney, Ph. D. (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly), has for sub-title "A Practical Manual of Correct Speaking and Writing." The work presents in alphabetical order about a thousand words and phrases which, very commonly, are incorrectly employed, with brief notes on each. To ordinary readers, as to students in high school and college, the book will prove of considerable utility; for scholars and specialists in English, its dicta are largely negligible where they are not indeed altogether superfluous. Price, \$1.

—An Autumn list of new books and new editions to be published by Longmans, Green & Co. includes: "Early History of the Christian Church," by the late Msgr. Duchesne; rendered into English from the fourth edition; and "Prophets of the Better Hope," by the Rev. Dr. William J. Kerby, who offers a sympathetic comment on many phases of temperament and character in the priest. A note of practical idealism pervades the work since it is written very close to life and with understanding of the problems that confront every priest who aims to lift his behavior up to the high plane of his sacred calling.

—"Jesus Christ, the King of Our Hearts," by the Very Rev. Alexis M. Lepicier, O. S. M., consists of thirty chapters of meditations—or,

as the author styles them, "elevations"—on the Most Sacred Heart. The orthodoxy of the volume is guaranteed by both the prestige of Father Lepicier—he is a consultor of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation—and the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New York. A devotional book presenting new viewpoints rather than new ideas, it will help its readers to realize more vividly their debt of love to the Sacred Heart, and to give evidence of that love in their daily lives. An appendix contains an encyclical of Leo XIII., a form of consecration, a litany and other prayers; but a much more necessary part of such a work, an index, is lacking. Published by Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.50.

—"Readers of "The House Called Joyous Garde," by Leslie Moore, will find it an exceptionally entertaining story—perhaps it should be called a fantasy. Of the plot we shall say only that it is an ingenious one, developed with consummate skill. The heroine is a charming character, and the hero, a real Don Quixote, is as lovable a one as can be met with in contemporary fiction. Like all of the author's books, "The House Called Joyous Garde" is brightly written, and breathes a religious atmosphere that is alluringly wholesome. The story ends, as it should, in radiant joyousness. As this is probably the last volume from the pen of Leslie Moore, it should secure many new readers for her other books, "The Peacock Feather," "The Greenway," etc. Published by Sands & Co.; for sale in the U. S. by Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$2.10.

—In view of the increasingly large annual publication of homiletic volumes by American and English authors, it is becoming a question whether there really exists any genuine demand for translations of books of sermons, or collections of sermon-matter, by German and French writers. We are not aware that there has been any call for a second edition of "Pulpit Themes," the Rev. Dr. Beecher's (Maynooth), a free translation of Father Schoupe's "Adjumenta Oratoris Sacri," published by the Herders in 1915; and we are inclined to doubt that any more than one edition will be needed to supply the demand for "The Preacher's Vademecum," just brought out by Joseph F. Wagner. It is a translation of a French work, the original of which received an appreciative notice in these columns some

time ago. We need only repeat here that the volume, a twelvemo of 439 pages with an index, contains sermon-plans for Sundays; feasts of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints; Advent and Lenten Courses; as also for the Forty Hours, Sacred Heart devotions, retreats, May and October devotions, special occasions, etc. Price, \$3.

—One of the characters in "The House of Success," a new—and good—story of contemporary Irish life, is in complete sympathy with the hero of "Locksley Hall" who, it will be remembered, inveighed against poring "with blinded eyesight over miserable books." Jeremiah Hare delivers himself in this decidedly forthright fashion:

Books, glory be! A man once saw something for himself, and he wrote a book about it. That book wasn't the thing he saw by a mighty long measure, you may be sure; just because he thought more of himself writing it than of the thing he saw. Some other bright lad read that book, and wrote another. Likely enough a number of bright lads wrote books. Books were the children and the fathers of books. The leaf of one book became the whole of another book. Books were written to contradict books. Men started to search out matter for the writing of books, and, of course, it was to books they went. Devil a thing else they'd do. Serpents growing out from the tails of serpents. Books over, books under, and books through other, up and down, front and back. And in the meantime, everybody forgot the poor old man that wrote the first book and the thing he saw for himself. They forgot a person could see for himself. Never tell me folks have eyes. Books they have instead of eyes, books instead of noses, books instead of hands and feet nearly. There aren't men and women. There are only books. Folk don't think; they only read. Thanks be to goodness, I never read a book and I did well out of it. And I want Diarmuid to be the very same sort, seeing for himself, judging for himself, finding out for himself.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.
 "First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas Lee, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Rudolph Wrobel, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Michael Quirk, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Hoffmann, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rt. Rev. Msgr. Mensing, diocese of Sioux Falls.

Sister M. Presentation, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Cecilia, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. James White, Mr. Joseph Gagon, Mr. Michael Daly, Mrs. Mabel Adams, Mrs. James Riddell, Mr. Thomas Ives, Mrs. Anna Weber, Mr. George Nelson, Mrs. Caroline Gregori, Mrs. Catherine Walsh, Mr. Mark Striegel, Mr. L. J. Yore, and Mr. Theodore Adams.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: P. J. McSherry, \$2.50; Alice O'Toole, \$2; St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, 50 cents. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M., \$100; subscriber (Waukegan), \$5.



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

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Thy Latter Day.*

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

WHAT is human life below?
 Passing show!
 Vapor, smoke, and fleeting shade:
 Man, when few short years have flown
 Is cut down,
 As by scythe the springing blade:
 Years roll on, and make no stay;
 Ponder, then, thy latter day.
 Man is like to fragile glass,
 Fading grass,
 Flower whose petals soon are strewn:
 Ah, how quickly reft of strength,
 When at length
 Death's cold wind has o'er him blown!
 Years roll on, and make no stay;
 Ponder, then, thy latter day.
 Youth, to which we may compare
 Roses fair,
 Pales, and must its charms forego:
 All that men of pomp or state,
 Highest rate,
 Soon shall be by death laid low:
 Years roll on, and make no stay;
 Ponder, then, thy latter day.
 Death is that which must befall
 Great and small;
 Banish trivial cares of earth:
 Far beyond the things of time
 Thou must climb,
 Wouldst thou win immortal birth:
 Years roll on, and make no stay;
 Ponder, then, thy latter day.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.



IN the "paradise of pleasure" which the Creator prepared for the first of His creatures there was every delight that could satisfy the human heart. Trees "fair to behold" afforded a grateful shade; some were adorned with rich foliage, others were brilliant with blossom, or laden with luscious fruit. Flowers of every hue abounded amid the verdure; cooling fountains refreshed the senses. Beasts roamed there in endless variety; birds flitted from bough to bough, or disported themselves in the sunny air, enriching the scene by their glittering plumage, or filling the groves with unceasing song. Everywhere there was color, sound and movement.

These and a thousand other delights were all for one end. When everything had been prepared—when order and beauty reigned throughout that paradise, and "God saw that it was good,"—then, as the climax of His mighty work, He created man to use and enjoy all these riches and splendors. "The Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul.... And the Lord God took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure, to dress it and keep it."

Man's body, it is true, came from the earth; but that which raised him above

* From an anonymous German author.

the brute creation—his immortal soul—came directly from God. "God created man incorruptible, and to the image of His own likeness He made him."* In the moment of creation, His Maker lavished upon that first man countless gifts of nature and grace. With what delight did the angels regard man! How richly adorned was his immortal soul! Sanctifying grace possessed it wholly; a chaste purity reigned therein; no tendency contrary to God's will had sullied it; brilliant was the reflection of the holiness of the Divine Creator that shone there.

This gifted being, for the moment, was solitary among the rest of creatures. Birds and beasts and all other living things in Eden had mates of their several kinds; man, though lord of all he saw, had no "help like unto himself." Yet Adam had within him the principle of life. From his body God would form the companion who should, together with him, rule all other creatures of earth, and people the world with a race of beings like to themselves.

Adam sleeps and wakes again, and lo! a creature is with him of kindred nature—the "help like unto himself," whose body God has formed from Adam's substance; she shares all Adam's natural gifts, and she has received from her Creator an immortal soul to fit her for her high destiny. Upon that first bridegroom and his bride God, whose delight it had been to fill their souls with every grace, bestowed a plenteous benediction. "And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good."

How glorious would this world have been had the innocent happiness of that paradise continued unsullied! But it was not to last. The one condition of its permanence was the absence of sin. It was this which rendered so glorious not only the souls but the bodies also of our

first parents; it was this which affected the whole of creation. When Adam and Eve disobeyed, consciously and wilfully, the express command of God, the intimate union between earth and heaven was dissolved. Paradise was lost to mankind; the brute beasts turned against man; the very earth renounced subjection to him. But, worst of all, man's lower nature rebelled against the restraint of reason and sought to have the mastery.

Sin sullied everything here below. But its greatest evil, beyond the infinite dishonor it inflicted upon the all-holy Creator, was that its results were in a way endless. The stain which sin had imprinted upon the souls of that first father and mother, the deprivation of such wondrous gifts of nature and grace which followed close upon its track, did not affect those two beings merely: their posterity were condemned to inherit their shame. Henceforth, every child of Adam, from the first moment of his existence as a human being, was to bear the mark of his father's transgression.

Yet, though all looked dark, there was a gleam of light behind the cloud. To the infernal serpent God had said: "She [the woman] shall crush thy head." Although he had seemed victorious, it was not always to be thus. A day would come when the weaker of the two he had conquered should eventually rise superior to him in power and strength. A daughter of Eve was to frustrate his wiles, to "crush his head." When ages had rolled by, at last the appointed hour dawned which God had decreed should witness Satan's discomfiture. The wonders of the primal creation were repeated in one human soul; or, to speak more truly, the prophetic splendors of the unsullied innocence of our first parents saw their fulfilment in Mary, the Virgin predestined to become the Mother of the Word Incarnate.

* Wis., II, 23.

In the description of the creation recorded in the Book of Genesis, we may discern a prophecy of God's dealings with this the most favored of His creatures. Adam was made from the slime of the earth, but God breathed into him an immortal soul; moreover, that first man was the one human source of all mankind, since God had placed in his body the elements of the body of his spouse. All this may be applied to the creation of Mary. She is a daughter of earth, yet raised to a far closer nearness to God than that first of creatures. From her body was to be formed that of her Redeemer. The illustrious Dom Guéranger thus beautifully alludes to this fact: "As God, He places in her provisionally what He wills to take from her hereafter. For, as Man, He will receive from her, together with His sacred body everything that children naturally inherit from their parents: such dispositions and qualities as arise from the physical complexion,—features, ways, habits acquired by imitation or by early education. Such is the ineffable condescension of Him who, knowing all things, condescends to pass, like us, through the apprenticeship of life. Jesus is to have no earthly father; He will therefore receive more from His Mother than could any other son."*

Mary is, if we may say so, a new creation, because from her willed to be born the Author of Life, who gives the true life of grace to His creatures. It was imperative, therefore, for the honor of her Divine Son that she should be entirely free from the taint inherited by all others from our first parents. This immense and unique privilege we celebrate in the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, but her birthday shares in the joy which her immunity from stain awakens in the heart of every true Christian. It is because she was always

immaculate that her entrance into this world was entirely joyful. The soul of that little infant was God's "paradise of pleasure" again renewed. Its perfections rendered it a fit temple for the Ever Blessed Trinity, adorned by the Holy Ghost with His choicest graces.

We know little that is authentic of Mary's human ancestry. The tradition of some twelve centuries has delivered the names of her parents as Joachim and Anne. Apocryphal writings give details relating to Mary's birth, which, while they can not be accepted as altogether credible, nevertheless contain, doubtless, fragments of early and accurate traditions on the subject. They tell of an elderly couple, suffering the reproach of barrenness,—so dire a misfortune in the eyes of God's ancient people; of their fervent prayer for offspring, and the gift of a daughter in response. According to some authorities, Mary's birthplace was at Nazareth; but a more reliable tradition that it was at Jerusalem is as old as the seventh century.

If we follow the opinion maintained by some that the genealogy given by St. Luke is that of Our Lady herself—although, for reasons not necessary to state here, it is not the view supported by the majority of commentators,—we have another proof, added to those from other sources, that Mary's ancestry was royal as well as priestly. But it is not because she is descended from kings and saints that her birthday is held in honor, but because she was the true daughter of the All-Holy, born in grace and purity.

It is not wonderful, therefore, considering all these reasons, that the Christian Church should celebrate a festival in honor of the birth into this world of the Mother of Christ. In this she emphasizes the fact of Mary's entire freedom from stain. The birthday of the saints is that on which they first

* "Liturgical Year." Vol. v, p. 182.

saw the light of eternal day in the kingdom of bliss; the feasts of martyrs, for example, are often referred to as their *natalitia* (birthday). These are the days on which the Church rejoices, rather than on those which saw the entry into a sinful world of beings tainted by original sin. There are, however, two exceptions: festivals are celebrated in honor of the birth of the Immaculate Virgin, and that of the Forerunner of Christ; for the latter was cleansed from stain in his mother's womb by the power of the unborn Saviour, and by means of the salutation of the Virgin-Mother.

It is impossible to ascertain with any certainty the date of the institution of the feast of Mary's Nativity. Some have claimed for it a French origin as far back as the fifth century of the Christian era. But, although the festival may have been celebrated in certain churches, and on different days from very early times, Pope Benedict XIV. is of opinion that it was not until the seventh century that it was kept in Rome. The first mention of its authoritative observance in France is in a list of feasts drawn up in 871; it is, however, probable that it may have been celebrated earlier.

In 1245, Innocent IV., in the first Council of Lyons, established for the whole Church the celebration of an Octave to the festival of Our Lady's Nativity. This decree was in fulfilment of a vow which the Pontiff and his fellow-cardinals had made during nineteen months of anxiety as to the election of a successor to Celestine IV., during which time the Emperor Frederick II. had intrigued to prolong the vacancy of the Holy See.

Turning to the liturgy of the festival, we find some beautiful proper antiphons appointed for the Offices of Vespers and Lauds. The psalms, hymns and other formulas, except those to be noted here-

after, are taken from those common to many other feasts of Our Blessed Lady. We give a translation of the antiphons in question:

1. "This is the birthday of the glorious Virgin Mary, of the children of Abraham, born of the tribe of Juda, of the noble race of David."

2. "To-day is the nativity of the holy Virgin Mary, whose glorious life is the light of all the churches."

3. "Mary is illustrious because of her royal descent; with heart and mind we most devoutly crave the help of her prayers."

4. "With heart and mind let us sing glory to Christ on this sacred solemnity of Mary the highly exalted Mother of God."

5. "Let us celebrate with joy the birthday of Blessed Mary, that she may intercede for us with our Lord Jesus Christ."

Frequently, in the different Offices of the feast, the words of the second of these antiphons recur in the shape of a verse and response. The proper antiphons for the *Magnificat* at Vespers and the *Benedictus* at Lauds, celebrate in similar terms the divine maternity and perpetual virginity—Mary's unique privileges.

The liturgy of the Mass has much that is proper to the festival. The Introit is that so often heard on Our Lady's feasts—the salutation composed by Sedulius, the Christian poet of the fifth century: "Hail, Holy Mother, who didst bring forth the King who rules heaven and earth forever!" The psalm (xliv) is the song of the Bride which occurs frequently in Our Lady's Offices: "My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the King." The heart of the Spouse of the Holy Ghost was ever turned toward her Heavenly King in praise and love.

The Collect asks for an increase of that peace which came to Bethlehem

through Mary. It is worthy of note that Our Lady was born during the second period of universal peace which characterized the reign of Augustus, and Our Lord during the third; this fact renders the Collect more strikingly appropriate. It runs as follows: "Grant to Thy servants, we beseech Thee, O Lord! the gift of heavenly grace; that for those to whom the Blessed Virgin's maternity was the beginning of salvation, the votive solemnity of her nativity may procure an increase of peace."

For the Epistle the Church has appointed the Lesson from the Book of Proverbs, so often used with reference to Our Lady. In it are applied to Mary praises spoken of holy Wisdom, and exhortations pointing out the way of life. "Now, therefore, ye children hear me. Blessed are they that keep my ways. . . . He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord." The little Virgin is born into this world to be an example to all, and from her cradle she begins to teach the way of salvation.

The Gradual is in praise of Mary's Virgin motherhood: "Thou art blessed and venerable, O Virgin Mary, who, without any violation of purity, wert found the Mother of our Saviour! O Virgin-Mother of God, He whom the whole world is unable to contain, being made man, enclosed Himself in thy womb. Alleluia! Thou art happy, O Holy Virgin Mary, and most worthy of all praise, because from thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our God. Alleluia!" It was in view of her divine maternity that Our Lady was preserved from stain, and her birthday rendered joyful and glorious.

The Gospel, taken from that of St. Matthew, recounts the genealogy of Christ through St. Joseph, His reputed father. It closes with the memorable words which always redound to the glory and honor of the Virgin-Mother:

"Mary, of whom was born Jesus."

The Offertory, in like manner extols the same mystery, the contemplation of which should draw us nearer to Jesus and Mary: "Thou art blessed, O Virgin Mary, who didst bear the Creator of all things! Thou didst bring forth Him who made thee, and thou remainest forever a virgin."

The Communion reminds us that we owe the coming to us of Our Lord in His Sacrament to the holy child whose birthday we are keeping: "Blessed is the womb of the Virgin Mary, which bore the Son of the Eternal Father."

The joy which is the dominant characteristic of his feast is expressed very beautifully in the ancient antiphon to the *Magnificat* for the Second Vespers, with which both Eastern and Western Churches conclude the Divine Office of the day. With a translation of it we will bring our considerations to a close: "Thy birth, O Virgin-Mother of God, brought joy to the whole world; for out of thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our God; who, taking off the curse, hath bestowed blessing; and, defeating death, hath given us life everlasting."

IN the matter of bodily health, there are diseases which can not be cured, wounds which will leave us maimed or lame to the end of life; constitutional maladies which can be controlled and limited, yet never cured. Why should we be surprised at finding similar maladies in the spiritual life? You do not surely believe in the perfectibility of human nature on this side of the grave. You do not expect that you can reach a state of sinlessness before you die, or that corrupt nature shall become incorruptible while still mortal. In many cases the management of the mischief is our highest attainment; in others the diminution is the utmost we can hope.—*Faber*.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XI.

THOSE were anxious times in that fraternity of Lower Wall Street which, through good report and evil, had, in the main, contrived to keep alive the traditions of New York's old-time merchants. The late boom on the Coffee Exchange, which recalled those sporadic flashes of prosperity, which had made many a fortune in the gala years from 1887 to 1904, was to be followed, as in that case, by a sharp decline in nearly all commodities on the Produce Exchange, spreading a panicky feeling everywhere and causing holdings to be let go at almost any price.

Gregory Glassford sat in that office where Glassford & Son, for more than a generation, had been a synonym for honesty and fair dealing. His face was anxious; there were deep lines on his forehead. He had made up his mind to a certain course of action, which, if he could induce a few others to follow it, might restore confidence to the market. This was by extensive buying in the teeth of rapidly falling prices. But it would involve tremendous risks. He was talking to his next-door neighbor, who had come in for advice and guidance. "Why," he declared, "there has been a sharp pitch downwards of ninety points since morning; and when prices soared a few points, even the strongest were letting go. I tell you, John, it is a scare that has spread everywhere."

"And what have you done?"

"Sat tight, and kept my holdings, though God knows how it will eventuate. There has been no time for preferences; messengers are out in all directions for mergers, and if things go on as they are doing, the wreck of the market will be complete."

"But you have weathered many a storm, you and the old firm."

Gregory raised his head proudly:

"And, please God, we shall weather this one. Would it surprise you to know that I'm praying very hard?"

"In most other men it would surprise me, but not in you, Greg. I think you're one of the few praying men amongst us."

He did not scoff at the admission, which seemed to be wrung from Gregory by the stringency of the moment. The American, as a general rule, is not a scoffer. If his own face be not set towards Jerusalem, he can respect that orientation in others.

"Moreover," pursued Gregory, after a pause, "I am buying heavily."

"The deuce, you are!" The speaker looked in admiration at the firm-set jaw, the lips grimly set. He was reminded on an occasion, when the elder Glassford, by the same qualities of pluck and determination, had saved the market.

"You see," added Glassford, reflectively, "since I have no domestic ties, if I go under, it will hurt only myself. And I can begin all over again."

"You'll do it, too, by George!" said the other, letting his hand rest an instant on the younger man's shoulder.

Other men began to drop in, one by one, and amongst them, was a veteran of the Old Guard; his very costume leading the mind back reminiscently to the Seventies and Eighties, when the Coffee Exchange just came into being. He sat down and tilted his chair back against the wall, and began to regale his listeners with a flood of memories. He recalled the big names, some of which were perpetuated on the Exchange: Arnold, Low, Arbuckle, Havemeyer, O'Donoghue, O'Sullivan, Minford. He talked of coffee futures, of margins, of cargoes that were afloat, of prices that had soared fabulously, of sharp declines, of fortunes rising into

the millions, and sudden collapses that had left wealthy men beggared; of losses on land and losses by sea.

"You know, it used to be an axiom," he rambled on, "that a ship with a cargo of coffee always came safe to port. But, bless you! there was nothing in that. I knew half a dozen myself that sank with every grain on board. Talking of that, I remember a queer thing that happened. It was in B. G. Arnold's office. Most of you can recall old Benjamin himself, and what a fine specimen he was of a New York merchant, beloved by his clerks, respected by everybody. Well, a young fellow came in, I think it was one of the De Rivera boys, though maybe I am wrong—bless me! to think they are, both grandfathers now. The talk was all of the sailing vessel, 'Clara,' that was a good many days overdue. The young fellow spoke up quick and sharp: 'For my part, in view of the sharp decline in coffee, if it weren't for the poor sailors, I'd wish that she went to the bottom.' Mr. Arnold raised his head and he gave the boy just one look—you know the way he could look when he wanted—to rebuke him for his rash speaking; and I can tell you no more was said. Well, sir, that was Saturday, and on Monday the news came that the 'Clara' had gone down with all her cargo."

"And the sailors?" some one inquired.

"Were saved to a man!"

The old man rambled on with the glory upon him of those days of brave adventure and swift action.

"But I tell you there were wrecks," he continued. "I was just a lad with the O'Donoghue firm, when that boat went down off the Jersey coast with 30,000 bags of coffee aboard. The swelling of the coffee, it was said, burst her timbers apart, and, by George! there was the devil to pay on the street, when it was gathered up and sold wet at two cents a pound."

He shook with silent laughter at the recollection, and proceeded to cite one vessel after another that had been lost, with or without salvage. Never had soldier on the battlefield exulted more in the gallant deeds that were done, or in the grim heroism of endurance shown. He, himself, had had many a scare, as all his hearers knew. He had been a daring speculator, with the usual fluctuations of success and failure; but once there had been a decline from which he never rallied. He was the only one now to tell of past prowess.

"D'ye remember the Great Pepper fire?" he inquired of one of the oldest of his listeners, a gray-bearded, quiet man, who stood to lose heavily on the chances of that day, and who, in answer to the query, silently shook his head. "Your father, Gregory," he went on, "could have told you all about it. It went nigh to burning him out. A block or two of warehouses were reduced to ashes. The fellows who were burnt out, and those who expected that the fire would reach them, were running about like lunatics."

During all this stream of talk, the old man's listeners remained soberly silent, smoking. The shadows were beginning to darken: the day, which began fair, had turned stormy, with a chill in the air. They were all waiting, tensely, expectantly, for what the next few hours might bring, and they had no objection to listening to those old stories. The veteran, since no one interrupted him, began, then, to tell of the Bubonic plague scare, which sent the Brazil coffee market up and down.

"By Jupiter!" he concluded, "there was a fine lot of men on the street in those days, and not a finer one amongst them all than your father, Gregory. He had grit enough for ten; a real fighting man, honest as the sun, and as brave—he cast about for a suitable comparison—as brave as Julius Cæsar."

So, it's not surprising that he always came out on top. For he had a head on his shoulders."

The old man wagged his own head in chuckling reminiscence.

"He had Jim Brentwood with him, then; and, quiet as he was, Jim put his last farthing on a venture. If it had not been for your father, he'd have been left high and dry."

"Didn't Walter Freeman come to grief in one of those panics?" inquired some one.

"Yes, yes; he was trading on his own,—that was in 1903, wasn't it, Greg? when some of the biggest houses were driven from the trade. The coffee trade of the whole world was demoralized. Do you remember a fellow named Ambrose Gilfillan?"

"Yes," replied Gregory, with a grim look, "he's of our family connection."

"Oh, yes. He used to say he was of the Brentwood clan. A queer chap! In those days, he was always speculating in a small way. He did a lot of hedging. He'd buy on a low market and sell out again at a small profit for fear there'd be a loss on it. The Brentwoods, Jim and Walter, both, got him out of some tight places. That was before Jim Brentwood took to engineering. I guess he had a finger in Walter's smash-up that time. He was a malicious little beggar, and Walter used to rate him for some of his doings."

"But, bless me!" cried the old man, suddenly checked in his garrulity, by a chill in the air, "here it's getting dark and I must be off home. I could talk by the hour of the old days. I'm like a clock that, once wound up, never stops till it finishes its round."

The men lingered in the office, as though they felt something of strength and stability in Gregory Glassford's courage and integrity, and his resolve to sacrifice a great deal, if sacrifice could save the coffee market. A few of

those gathered there were reckless plungers: young men, to whom the excitement of the hazardous game they played was as the breath of life, but who were often the first to yield to despondency. Others were quiet and sober-faced dealers, who had speculated, indeed, and taken risks, weathering storms; and in some instances rising again from ruin. They scarcely spoke, for only irresponsibles, like the veteran who had just gone out, were disposed to chatter on the eve of what might be to many of them a Black Friday. One by one, they departed with a nod and a farewell word, as the hours grew late. Outside, a group stood a moment or two, and they asked each other:

"What is it about old Greg that inspires confidence? Why, he sits there, near the ticker, like one of those soldier fellows, ready to lead a forlorn hope."

"He's a deucedly fine fellow," burst out a gray-haired speculator, "but he is likely to lose tremendously."

When the group had dispersed, Gregory, who had been watching them idly, quite unaware that they were discussing him and his prospects, sat alone in the office, sending out hurried telegrams, from time to time; sending and receiving answers over the phone. Sometimes, his voice sounded in the loneliness of the office and the silence that was beginning to fall on the street, giving out brief, ringing messages to this or that firm of operators, to one bank director or another. By one of those freaks of memory, the young man, in one of the most tense moments of that vigil, seemed to see the splendid old man, with the snowwhite hair, the broad brow and the florid face, fighting his way through difficulties.

"Always with the help of God, Gregory, my son," he had been wont to say, "we'll win through."

This was his favorite axiom in his passage through the fighting, struggling

commercial world, which little recked of the "Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

The elder Glassford had been, in fact, one of those noble, pioneer Catholics, who, in the face of every discouragement and every handicap, laid broad and deep the foundations of the American Church, while pursuing the ordinary path of business. Gregory had been always proud of his father's scrupulous honesty and unblemished reputation; and that memory came to him strongly now, and encouraged him in the effort he was making. It would have been a satisfaction to that father to know with what fidelity the son had maintained the honorable traditions of his name.

As he thus sat and waited in grim patience for some out of town news, which he hoped would reach him in time to assist his desperate efforts, he lit a short pipe and smoked; while, curiously enough, his mind, as if relaxing from the strain, followed the train of thought, which the garrulous veteran had evoked. The romance of the street, as he had known it, or as he had heard it described, struck him with full force, and carried his imagination away out and beyond that forest of masts, which, in an older day, had lined the shore at Wall Street.

Yes, Wall Street had plenty of history of its own, though some of the most dramatic portions of it remained unrecorded. And this lower portion, this very Produce Exchange, has a romance all its own. For it stretches the long arm of commercial communication to Java and Singapore, to Malacca and to Mexico and Central America, to the French seaports and the various European markets. As he began to recall the fine array of men who had been the glory of Lower Wall Street, nearly all of whom were but memories now, a sudden thought arrested him: "Am-

brose Gilfillan!" That statement which the veteran had made, returned with the force of a blow, that he it was who had had a finger in that "smash-up" of Walter Brentwood, which had gone far to complete the heartbreak that had followed on the death of his first wife.

"Strange!" he thought, "if Gilfillan had really helped to compass that ruin, and had been the cause, as some suppose, of the sudden change in Grandfather Brentwood's testamentary dispositions, which had borne so hard on Walter's children." His mind seemed to float away, as it were, to the House at the Cross Roads and the girl who represented two distinct branches of the Brentwood family.

"Old Grandfather Brentwood," he mused, "and the others of his generation were so deucedly conservative that they scarcely deigned to dip their hands into trade at all, though there was a tradition that at some prehistoric time one of them had been in the East India trade. Most of the men were either in the professions, or idlers living on their income. It was a blow to grandfather when Jim and Walter went into Wall Street. The poor, old man rescued Jim, and permitted him to become an engineer down in Panama, where he lost his health and his life. But Walter, poor chap! that failure of his, honorable though I had always believed it, broke him down. By Jove! it was hard on the old fellow, but harder still on Walter."

Gregory continuing in that reminiscent vein, as though he were recalling the man's history for the benefit of some one else, remembered how proud and how brave Walter had been, how unstained his honor, how chivalrous to others, until some cloud had seemed to fall upon him.

"It was deuced hard, and there was a mystery about it, too. Walter would never have willingly defrauded anyone,

and yet something seemed to have happened, and the grandfather was too sore ever to talk about it. As to the girls?"

Gregory rose from his chair to refill his pipe, and walking over to the window, noted that the street was practically deserted, and that only in a few offices, lights were still burning. Most of the operators had hurried home with their anxieties, believing that nothing more could be done till the morning.

"As to the girls,"—Eloise, to whom he was tenderly attached, and Marcia. He had not decided what manner of girl she was, and what sort of man would be likely to please her. "I think," he mused, tentatively to himself, "there's something very fine about her, something that reminds one of Walter's dash and daring. Perhaps it's 'because her eyes are so like his. But her qualities, whatever they are, are repressed into coldness. Something about her recalls her mother, but she hasn't got her mother's beauty."

He thought it odd, and presently he laughed at the notion, that there in the silence of the office, where on tenterhooks of anxiety, he was fighting out his lonely battle, the thought of this girl should occupy him. The fancy seized him, that, had she been a man and on 'Change,' she would have been like her father. He dismissed the notion somewhat contemptuously.

"You are investing with such qualities a girl whom you hardly know, and who spends a good part of her time, according to Eloise, quite contentedly in the kitchen, making pies and jam and talking to the servants. And yet, and yet," he said, pacing the room once more, in the ardor of these reflections, "I could fancy her in a forlorn hope, or on a doomed vessel, standing beside the captain, the last to leave the ship." At that point, he turned his thoughts to Eloise, with that half-amused, half-

tender sentiment she always evoked:

"Oh, she would have made a daring, little speculator, too; but she would have plunged recklessly and have spit fire at everyone when she lost. By the way, she has toned herself down, put ashes over the fire. I suppose it was the convent. It certainly gave an odd twist to her character, and, by Jove! Curious, though, that there should be some points of resemblance between her and that other girl, though they are as far apart as the poles. It's the Brentwood strain in them both."

The sound of the ticker turned the dreaming Gregory back into an alert, and keen-willed man of affairs, with all the concentration of his power on the business of the hour. Half that night he remained in his office, returning homeward white and haggard, only to be at his post at an early hour in the morning. But it was not till a late hour the following day, that he knew, with tolerable certainty, that he and all he stood for were saved.

There were ruin and disaster in many quarters during those memorable days, and one of the most daring speculators, had put a pistol to his head. But Gregory knelt down that night to give thanks for the strength which had been given him, and for which he had asked with calm confidence. Of that, however, he told no man. Rarely, indeed, had any one even heard him obtrude his religious views; rarely did he mention the subject of religion at all.

Yet there was more than one, during those harrowing days, who told what wonderful men those Glassfords had been and were, in storm as in sunshine; and some, at least, were disposed to award the credit to that faith, they were known not only to profess, but to practise. Now that this particular crisis was over, other events and other interests were hastening forward.

A Great Scientist Convert.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

THE most interesting and by far the most discussed phase of medicine at the present time, the one that occupies beyond all comparison the largest space in the medical journals, and is, at the same time, attracting the widest publicity in other periodicals, is what is known as endocrinology. This is the nice, long Greek name for the science of the endocrines or ductless glands. We like to map out our ignorance in long Greek names, and we have a large field of ignorance with a modicum of knowledge under this term. Interestingly enough, the development of the definite scientific aspect, for the twentieth century, of this latest department of medical science is due primarily to a Japanese. There is a certain appropriateness in the fact, that the most recent scientific evolution in medicine should have come from the nation which was the latest to take up the cultivation of modern science.

It so happens, that the Japanese scientist discoverer of the first active principle of a ductless gland ever known, has recently died not long after his conversion to the Church, so that the man himself, Jokichi Takamine, and his work deserve the attention of Catholics generally throughout the United States; for his researches were made in this country, and he has been almost continuously a resident here for some thirty years, though always retaining his affection and his interest in his home land, and constantly engaged in maintaining cordial relations between the country of his birth and that of his adoption.

The department of science in which he worked is now considered to be causing a revolution in the medical outlook upon health and disease. It has been

found that abnormalities in the secretions of the ductless glands are responsible for a great many, at least, symptomatic conditions, and for not a few serious organic changes in the body. Some of these glandular secretory abnormalities are in the direction of defect and some of excess. Disturbances of the thyroid gland may lead to rather serious toxic conditions, changing the rhythm of the heart, and causing tremulousness of the muscles. Disturbances of the suprarenals may lead to lowered blood pressure, incapacity for muscle activity and serious interference with the distribution of pigment throughout the body, even to the extent of causing unsightly pigmentation. Disturbances of the hypophysis at the base of the brain may lead to over-growth of the hands and feet as well as of the skull; and hypertrophy of this organ is at the basis of the changes in the system which produce giants. Atrophic changes in very early life, or failure of development, may be responsible for the defective growth of some human beings, so that they never attain anything like the ordinary stature. Even these few details will serve to make clear how extremely important for the orderly processes of human life these glands must be, and, therefore, of how much importance Dr. Takamine's pioneer work must be considered with regard to them.

As a consequence then of Takamine's successful researches, the estimation of the significance of the ductless glands has changed completely in the last twenty-five years. A generation ago, it was the custom among scientists to consider these ductless glands as useless organs in the body; and their presence was supposed to be strong confirmatory evidence for evolution. The glands were set down, with the most absolute assurance of scientific conclusiveness, as representing vestiges of the preceding

stages of life through which human nature had passed in reaching its present biological station. Indeed, the useless organs, among which the ductless glands bulked very large, were supposed to afford the strongest kind of testimony that man was descended from certain animals in whom these ductless glands, now useless to us, had been extremely active and valuable for life. Sometimes they were looked upon as rudimentary structures, which nature had begun the making of, but never quite completed, having, as it were, changed her mind about them. And now they were useless appendages to the system. Altogether, the ardent evolutionists, in their enthusiasm, counted some two hundred odd useless organs. The ductless glands were by far the most numerous of these, and the most important. Among them was reckoned even the spleen, because that organ could be removed without causing the death of the individual; and we were rather hazy about the real function exercised by the spleen, in spite of its large size and very abundant blood supply.

Now, as the result of a whole series of discoveries, beginning with the work of Claude Bernard, and continued and developed through the observations of Brown Sequard, which culminated in the very practical chemical discovery of Dr. Takamine, we know that these glands are, after the heart and nervous system, probably the most important structures in the body. From absolute inutility to supreme value, in the brief period of a single generation, has been the course of scientific estimation of the significance of the ductless glands. This does not represent a greater change than has taken place with regard to many other scientific opinions; but it serves to show how uncertain scientific opinion may be at any time, and how completely it may be contradicted in a very short interval,

as the result of a few discoveries, most of which do not seem very striking in themselves. Science claims, justly, the right to modify its opinions. What is extremely important for us to realize, however, is that this almost inevitable variability of scientific opinion makes it extremely important not to found theories and modes of thought, supposed to have far-reaching significance, on the accepted scientific opinion of any given time, until all phases of the question have been studied, and scientific knowledge with regard to them has been exhausted.

To many it will be surprising that a Japanese scientific student should have anticipated all our Western investigators in so important a matter as this, though the fact of his discovery will not be at all astonishing for those who are aware of how many things, particularly in medicine, Japanese devotees of research have accomplished, and in how many places their names are written large in modern medical advance.

Dr. Takamine's discovery as a pioneer in applied endocrinology is not very unlike the similar initiative of that distinguished Japanese bacteriologist, Kitasato, after whose name for so long the bacillus of tetanus was called, because of his isolation and cultivation of it. This was an anaerobic bacillus; that is, one that grows only when out of contact with the oxygen of the air, and is, therefore, extremely difficult to cultivate, requiring the creation of a special atmosphere around it to secure its growth. Kitasato solved that problem at a time when the discovery of the germ of tetanus—because of our noisy celebrations of the Fourth of July,—represented an extremely important question, since literally hundreds of children died of the disease every year.

Jokichi Takamine was born in Kana-

zawa in the province of Kaja, Japan, November 3, 1854. The year is interesting and noteworthy: it was the very year in which Commodore Perry, in command of the United States fleet, concluded the treaty by which the ports of Japan were opened freely to the commerce of the Western World. Japan had attempted to make itself a hermit nation, closing her ports to entry by foreign vessels, except for certain special favored ones, and gradually reducing even the number of these. The rulers thought to protect their people from contact with Occidental civilization; and it was practically only before the guns of the American fleet that they consented to lower the bars they had put up, and to permit all the world to come to their country and trade.

It is said that one of the first things that Japan acquired, was the severe epidemic of a serious contagious disease, which was introduced by one of the earliest trading vessels permitted to drop anchor for commercial purposes. This epidemic worked sad havoc among the Japanese, who had no national immunity from our Western diseases. The incident was a striking symbol of some of the more than dubious results that were to follow in the path of the enforced reception of things Occidental. But there were some compensations. Among them was, particularly after Japan awakened to the necessity for it, the recognition of the value of Western education of which the future Dr. Takamine, born the very year of the treaty, was a pioneer example. If Japan was to protect herself, she had to secure the virtues as well as the defects of our civilization.

Dr. Takamine came of a medical family, his father having been one of the physicians of the Prince of Kaja. The family were Samurai, the military class of Japan, very like the nobility of the feudal period in Europe. It should be

recalled, however, that the Samurai were both the soldiers and the scholars of Japan. It was in this latter respect that the descendants of the old nobility of Japan were to attract the attention of our modern civilization.

As this young member of the Kanazawa clan grew up, he proved to be a worthy descendant of the old Samurai, and so he was one of the first to be accorded an opportunity for world education and world influence in the newly-awakened Japan. He proved so clever that, when the Japanese authorities realized the necessity for the study of Western knowledge, he was one of those selected by order of the provincial authorities to take up foreign education at Nagasaki. After his graduation there, he entered the engineering college at Osaka, and received his degree in chemical engineering in 1875 at the early age of twenty-one. His success in his studies led to his being assigned to do graduate work in applied chemistry at the imperial University at Tokyo. After three years of post-graduate studies in Japan, he was selected as one of those to go to Europe, so as to obtain every advantage that might be secured from Occidental education. As one of the first graduates of the University of Tokyo, Takamine had gone through tests which made it very clear that he was a thorough-going representative of Japanese intelligence when applied to Western studies.

By this time, more than a quarter of a century had passed since the Japanese had been compelled to enter the competition, with Western nations; and they realized that if they were to be successful in this to any extent, their young men must have the benefit of intimate touch with the rest of the world. Accordingly, the policy of sending their cleverest college graduates, the men who had shown by successful post-graduate work that they were capable of taking

advantage of all opportunities afforded them, were sent to Europe and later to America.

In connection with this new Japanese policy, Dr. Takamine was one of the first sent to study at the University of Glasgow and at Anderson's University in the same city. This great institution is little known in America; but fifty years ago it was looked upon as one of the schools where a zealous student could obtain an excellent opportunity to secure personal facilities for work of the highest importance in physical science.

Dr. Takamine, on his return to Japan, was made chemical director in the imperial department of agriculture and commerce, a post which he retained for three years (1881-1884). In the latter year, he was selected by the Japanese Government as a Commissioner to the Cotton Centennial Exposition, held that year in New Orleans. Here he quite literally met his fate, and did something that indeed shaped his destiny through his marriage to Miss Caroline Field Hitch, an American girl, who, in spite of the prejudice against marriage with the colored races, so much more likely to be emphasized in the South than elsewhere in this country, came to appreciate his genius and fine character. Her pre-marital judgment of him, which led her to contravene all the conventions of her early years, proved wise in the long run.

They had a very happy married life, while he went on with the development of that scientific genius which was to make him a leader in the applied science of our time; they returned to Japan, and their two children were born there; but after a time it became clear that Dr. Takamine could be of greater help to his native country while working in the United States. The closeness of their union will probably be better appreciated through the story of his

conversion to Catholicity late in life than in any other way.

After years of marriage Mrs. Takamine became a convert to Catholicity, and found great consolation in her religion. Dr. Takamine himself seemed to be particularly interested, and apparently, like so many other men of our time, calmly permitted the religion of the family to be in his wife's name. It proved, eventually, however, that he had noted very carefully the satisfaction which her new religion brought to his wife; and so her conversion was to prove a strong suggestion for her husband, when he felt eternity closing in on him, to examine the claims of the Church, so that he might have some feeling of assurance and support for his passage to another world than this. There were nearly two score years of fine successful work to come before this, however; and Takamine set himself the task of accomplishing all that he could, not only for his family, but for his native land and the country of his adoption. His work was mainly to be done in the United States, but there was no lack of gratitude for all that Japan had done for him.

He continued to make frequent trips to the home land, and he never lost touch with Japanese interests. He was always looked upon as a representative Japanese, and after his death was spoken of as having been for nearly a score of years a sort of permanent ambassador extraordinary from Japan to the United States. He did much to dispel misunderstandings between America and Japan, and above all to neutralize racial prejudices which, for political and other irrelevant reasons, were continually being fostered by demagogues of one kind or another in this country. At the same time, Dr. Takamine continued his deep interest in his countrymen who had settled here in America. He was one of the founders

of the Nippon Club in New York, where so many of the Japanese of the better class found an opportunity to meet the representatives of their own nationality from various parts of the country, who had succeeded in commercial and educational undertakings among our people. He was also one of the founders of the Japan-American Society, of the Japan Society of New York and the Japanese Association of New York, as well as one of the founders of the Chemical and Research Society of Japan. It is easy to understand from these facts that he amply repaid, in full measure and overflowing, all his obligations to his native country for his own educational opportunities in his earlier years. No wonder that he was so much thought of by the Japanese, not only in this and in his own country, but everywhere throughout the world.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Barge o' the Moon.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

ABOVE the busy city,
Brimmed o'er with fuss and care,
A silvery barge floats onward
To ports surpassing fair.

Its silence seems to whisper
The uselessness of strife
That men are ever waging
For these short years of life.

I know it carries angels,
Who unto heaven bear
The tears and sighs of mortals
To the bright coasts of prayer.

So o'er the hurrying city,
Across the Dawn's lagoon,
It drifts in all its beauty,
Unto the Ports of Noon.

Unto that City peaceful,
Which never knoweth Night,
For God's vast love doth always
Enfold it in His light.

The Valley of the Blue Shadows.

BY MARY FOSTER.

II.

IT was the Feast of the Santissima Annunziata. Beppo stood by his mother in the crowded church. The high altar, upon which Mass was being celebrated, blazed with lights, surrounded by gilt candelabra, illuminated by electricity. The picture of the Madonna was attired in a gaily colored mantle, decked with gaudy beads, and garish paper flowers pushed their intrusive way between the candles on the altar. The twelve stars surmounting Our Lady's head shone with lights of various hues—little wax tapers burning in tinted glass receptacles. Long rolls of deep red material draped the walls of the church, in modest imitation of St. Peter's in Rome, and the priests wore brilliant white vestments of some texture which caught and reflected the myriad twinkling lights.

Beppo stood entranced, with wide eyes. It was a beautiful festa, and one that he loved more than any other. For though it was Lent, the Church put aside her penitential garb to honor the Immaculate Mother of God with splendor and rejoicing. Besides, as Beppo had now found out, this was the day upon which Jesus had left His beautiful heaven to be His Mother's little Child.

Beppo thought of all the little white-souled children whom God sent down to earth to-day to the Valley of the Blue Shadows; and a great longing burnt in his young breast. How beautiful they would be! the spotless little souls, all clad in blue to do honor to their Queen, sporting about in the Valley which God had kept for Himself, that it might be His children's playground.

But the warning bell was ringing, and Maria gave a tug at Beppo's arm, for the child was now gazing at the roof

of the building with dreaming eyes and parted lips. He knelt down beside his mother on the cool marble floor and bent his little head. After all, God came down to the earth every day now, and surely in a more wonderful manner than that in which He had come to His Mother.

Beppo thought that the loud, crashing music emitted by the organ was very lovely. Probably in heaven these strains were forever sounding, and he wondered if the celestial organist ever grew tired. And what about the blower? Once Beppo had blown the organ for Don Salvo; but after a few agitated puffs, his young arms had failed in their task, and with an anguished and discordant whine the great instrument had wailed itself into silence. But in heaven, all were happy, reflected the child; and no doubt there were some people who would be content to blow an organ throughout an eternity.

He collected his scattered thoughts and tried to pray—to say the *Ave Maria* which, his mother had told him, had been uttered for the first time on this day nearly two thousand years ago! But again he began thinking of the children in the Valley of the Blue Shadows, and he started when another tug at his arm indicated that Mass was over and his mother ready to leave the church.

Outside in the piazza, all was a blazing glare after the dim, cool interior, and the worshippers blinked for a moment as they crossed the threshold. Then they separated in the throng here and there, for high festa was also being held in the little town, and the streets were gay with tents and stalls, brightly-dressed *contadini* and prettily-decked donkeys and mules.

Maria let go her child's hand and sent him to join his young companions. She had no heart for gayeties, for she was a saddened woman since her crippled

child had died. But she would not keep Beppo at her side. To-day was a wonderful day for him; he would be happy and content with his gay young friends. She kissed his smooth, white brow, before turning homewards herself, and tapped his round cheek playfully, bidding him not to be late for supper; for Annina had begged that he might take his dinner with her little ones at the fair.

Beppo enjoyed himself very thoroughly, though at times his thoughts wandered. He could not get the Blue Valley out of his head; and even more than the marvels of this wonderful festa would he have enjoyed a glimpse of the blue-clad children dancing and sporting in God's own little bit of earth.

Annina had plenty to say about the goat which had strayed into the Valley of the Blue Shadows, and she shrugged philosophical shoulders at the loss. Beppo plucked at her sleeve.

"Where is this Valley of the Blue Shadows?" he asked. Annina pointed a vague hand towards the mountains.

"Towards the sunset," she said, "through Lasso and over the arm of the mountain, on and on—*chi lo sa?*" She shrugged her shoulders again, and turned towards her neighbor expatiating eagerly upon the merits of the missing goat and the financial loss entailed.

The young ones having satisfied their hunger, scrambled down from the table, and strolled into the hot streets. They were wonderfully quiet. It was the hour of siesta, and the revellers were eating inside the cafés, the stall-holders were snatching a brief repast or slumbering under the awnings, ever and anon opening a keen eye upon their wares. The children wandered about for a little, but there was nothing to do, and they were tired and had eaten well. Guilio and Lila curled up under an archway and went fast asleep, while the

Other two stretched themselves upon the bare warm pavement.

Beppo had no desire for sleep, his little brain was too active. He glanced at his companions; he looked at the drowsing stall-holders, and from them his eyes travelled westward to the mountain side. He looked at the shadows on the cobbled street, they were short and deep; the sun still rode high in the heavens.

Beppo stole softly but swiftly away. He would not run while yet in the streets, for fear of being observed; but once outside the village, he swung into a trot through the olive groves, from terrace to terrace, not caring much whether he went up or down, so long as he ran towards the sunset and towards the brow of the hill.

III.

The brow of the hill was far away, and very soon Beppo's young legs began to tire, and he moderated his first wild pace. But the idea of returning never occurred to him. On and on he went, through the olive groves, fragrant with wild flowers, darting under twisting branches, and tripping over the loose stones which had fallen in places from out of the terrace walls. It was very hot; and the silver leaves cast but scant shadow upon Beppo's bare head, but he was accustomed to the ardent southern rays. Besides, he was bound on a great quest, and he must not be late for supper at home.

At the idea, he laughed. That had been his mother's parting joke to him—he would be home long before then, with so much to relate? The sun was high in the heavens; the day was still at the full, and the lad's limbs were sturdy, and had often before carried him far over the mountains.

Now and then he paused to regain breath and look about him. His home village, gay with its festa, nestled in a hollow of the mountain behind him.

They were already beginning to awake from the midday slumber there, for shrill voices, blending with the harsh clatter of the "music"—tin whistles, horns, barrel-organs,—smote the still air.

Beppo could picture the fun that must now be raging at the fair—the dancing, the playing, the merry-making,—and just for an instant he drew a deep breath and his eyes grew a little wistful. But he turned his back resolutely upon the enticing sounds of feast and merriment, and looked forward, westward, to the brow of the hill. The Valley of the Blue Shadows, where the child souls sported, would be far more beautiful than the most alluring fair.

On he trudged, a little more slowly, until he came to a track through the orchards which presently increased in size and importance, finally joining a roughly-paved *salita* which wound in the direction of the hillside's brow. Along it, a mule was picking its way, encouraged by the long drawn *A-ah!* of a small girl.

"Are you going to Lasso?" demanded Beppo; and when the child nodded and stared at him, he sprang on to the donkey's back with a gay laugh.

Soon the path descended abruptly through the olive groves, and round a sharp bend, the little hamlet of Lasso appeared, seemingly floating in a shimmering mist of silver and pink and white. Masses of fruit trees in the full glory of their bloom surrounded the village, and even Beppo, accustomed as he was to beauty, drew a quick breath at the sight.

"Oh, this must be the gate of God's Valley!" he murmured to himself. "I wonder if He ever lets the children come as far as this!"

The little girl stared curiously at him, but did not speak. She was a dull, listless creature, probably a little simple. But when they reached the dwellings,

she very peremptorily bade the boy alight.

Beppo jumped off the mule's back, and with a word of thanks, he sped off like a young hare. The ride had rested him, but the animal's pace was not his, and he ached to be off on his search. He slipped through the streets, and one or two women watched him from their doorways; but few were stirring. The younger folk were at the festa, and to the eyes of the older people, the sight of a small country boy trotting past their houses was nothing new.

Out of the village went Beppo, somewhat at a loss as to how to proceed; for a great arm of the mountain towered beyond him, shutting out all view of the other side. Presently he found himself upon what must long ago have been a paved track, and he resolved to follow it, though it was so grass-grown as to be scarcely discernible. Still, it led over the brow of the hill, towards the land of the sunset.

But oh! how distant was that rocky arm which had seemed to tower so close to Beppo as he had swung out of Lasso! Why did the path take such round-about curves to discover such hidden cavities? Why was it so overgrown in places with clinging brambles and prickly shrubs, which obscured the faint track?

Beppo wanted to cry; he was very tired, and the way was long—far, far longer than he had thought. Sometimes it went up, sometimes down; now it took an unnecessary curve which brought it back almost to the place it had parted from a minute before.

"I suppose God wants to make it difficult for people to get to His Valley," Beppo told himself rather ruefully; but he set his teeth and blinked back the rising tears. The olive trees grew low, their silver branches caressed the boy as he passed under them, and wild flowers sparkled at him from the grass.

Here were no cultivated terraces, no sign of plough or spade.

Suddenly it seemed to Beppo that a great silence had fallen about him. He missed the tinkle of the goat bells, the echo of distant voices from the fields; even the busy stream which had accompanied him part of the way had slipped behind. Beppo felt very lonely. In front of him, a great wall of rock reared itself, barring all view; and the smothered track seemed to desert him, and hurl itself upon bare, unyielding rock.

Again Beppo wanted to cry; once more he set his teeth, and very carefully he examined the obstruction in front of him. Then he saw that a slender ledge passed round the rock to the other side of the mountain.

Beppo could clamber like a goat, nothing daunted his feet. In a second, he had flung off the boots he had put on so proudly that morning for the festa, hiding them under a bush of wild asparagus, and had sprung upon the steep rock with sure bare feet. Even he had to keep a watchful eye upon his steps as he wriggled round the narrow path, and clung to the hard, unyielding stone.

So he did not know that he had circumvented his enemy, the mountain side, until a soft, fragrant breath from the west caressed his hot little cheek. Then he found that his weary feet were resting on cool, soft grass, and that he no longer clung to a hot, sun-baked rock. Some feathery flowering shrub met his hands instead, and Beppo looked up.

(Conclusion next week.)

OF Mary it is said that her foundations are on the holy hills, because she began where others end; not in the lowly plains of ordinary holiness, but on the loftiest summit of Christian perfection.—*Anon.*

Pilgrims and Pilgrimages.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

PILGRIMAGES were before trains. In this Twentieth Century the White Train carries the halt, the lame, the blind, to that modern Pool of Siloam, the Grotto at Lourdes; but in Mediæval Europe, especially perhaps in Old England, pilgrims in their hundreds went on pilgrimages to various famous shrines, notably to Walsingham, to Canterbury, and to Dale. It can not be doubted that the pilgrims benefited by them, both in soul and body. The knight, the noble, the flat-cap, the peasant, all went through long green lanes, odorous with flowers, and over wide and breezy moors together, and paid their *devoirs* to the Blessed amongst women, or to one of the friends of God. Even unto this day a certain number of stars are known as the Walsingham Way in a certain part of East Anglia.

The church was modelled after the famous Holy House at Loretto, and it was customary for pilgrims to take off their shoes when a mile away from it, and perform the rest of the pilgrimage shoeless. Even the iconoclast, and destroyer, Henry VIII., did this in his days of grace. What countless petitions were poured forth to *Auxilium Christianorum* at her shrine, in that dim, beautiful temple with its wealth of floral treasures and greenery!

My Lady of the Castle asked that her sons might be brave, and her daughters pure. Dame Margery of the Cottage prayed for help on life's rough way. Thomas the doubtful prayed for light, more light; the patriot for his country, the broken-hearted for balm. The lines Heine wrote of a German Pilgrimage applied also to the Walsingham one:

The Mother of Christ at Kerlaar,
Is crowned and robed to-day;
To-day she must succor many,
For many have come to pray.

Many come hither on crutches,
Who since the dance have led;
Many can play the Viol,
Whose fingers before were dead.

Another famous pilgrimage was that to the shrine of the Virgin Mother of Pity at Dale in Derbyshire. The church was built where Cornelius, the baker of Derby, in obedience to Our Lady's mandate in a vision, lived as a hermit in a cave. In later years this pilgrimage was revived.

The Ransom Pilgrimages, inaugurated by Father Fletcher, have done much to familiarize the populace with pilgrims and pilgrimages. There is something both beautiful and inspiring in a Procession of Ransomers, passing singing through the streets, and along the highways. Banners wave, white-veiled Children of Mary, childish strewers, Knights and Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament, all are there. One could almost believe that this Twentieth Century with its trains, trams and telephones had passed away, and that England was Mary's Dower once again.

"Mother," said a young Irishman to his mother, "I'll tell you what I'll give you as a birthday gift. I'll give you the money to go on a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's Well. You may come back with your rheumatism cured, or at least better." The good mother thanked him, and went with the next party of pilgrims. She said in effect with Blessed Mary, "Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy will," and returned with her pains alleviated.

Those who can not visit a shrine in the flesh, can do so in the spirit. Prayer can bear their souls to Lourdes, to Tyburn, to Lough Derg, to St. Walstan's Well. They can place their petitions to Our Lady and the saints in the spots they have made hallowed.

Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints!

The Conservation of Catholics.

EVERY now and then the optimism which most Catholics feel about the position of the Church in this country is rudely disturbed by some one who has been "at statistics." We number so and so many millions, have so and so many churches, schools and convents, foster so and so many societies. We all know arithmetic of this sort, but how many of us reflect upon what "Sacerdos" again reports in the August *Columbia*? "Fifty years ago," he says, "we were almost one-fourth the entire population—nine millions out of thirty-eight; to-day we are little more than one-sixth. Why have we not held our own? Why have our nine millions increased only to eighteen, while a non-Catholic twenty-nine million has risen to eighty-seven or eighty-eight?" And the question assumes added gravity when he shows clearly that in the half-century which has elapsed, we have had our share of the immigrants. One reason for our failure to increase, Sacerdos assigns to the habit of settling in towns.

Accepting that, however, and any number of other explanations which can be brought forward, we still encounter a puzzling query. It is pleasantly true that many young Catholics have gone into the religious life; it is also, unfortunately, certain that a large share of the recent immigrant population has been left, almost necessarily, to shift, spiritually, for themselves; we can not deny, moreover, that missionary difficulties in pioneer communities have wrought havoc; also that we have largely neglected the Negro. We may rightly believe that the numbers given—eighteen millions—are minimistic, and that the real figure ought to be set considerably higher. But the question of the conservation of Catholics still remains a matter that deserves very serious and very thorough study.

We shall content ourselves here with setting forth a meagre half-dozen reasons why such a study should be undertaken. First, there is the fact that the atmosphere of America is pre-eminently non-religious and non-intellectual. The press, the school, and the public life, which provide for the vast majority, have absolutely no spiritual interest to serve, and scarcely any intellectual purpose. Our population, cajoled by politics, money-making, cinemas, and sport, has practically dissociated itself from religious principles. All this is the necessary result of a pioneer liberalism which we can not help, of course, but which must be taken into very serious consideration.

Probably almost every community in the United States has citizens, in smaller or larger numbers, who have fallen away from the Church simply because the general atmosphere surrounding their lives stifled the religious instinct. It meant nothing to these people to drive miles for Mass, where the Sublime Sacrifice was stripped of all that appealed to the imagination, where no instruction was given, and where the prayers, if any, were said almost by rote. This again has not been avoidable when priests were sent out to do grinding missionary work with what training hastily devised seminaries could afford. But such excuses no longer avail. We have the means at our command to remedy these circumstances, if we wish earnestly to apply them.

It is true that men ought to be religious, ought to be good Catholics, under the most difficult circumstances. But history has shown with an iron consistency the great difference between "ought to be" and "are." When the rising Church made the sublime commemoration of Our Lord's sacrifice into a drama, when she substituted plays and *fêtes* for the bestial holidays of the heathens, when she brought all the re-

sources of art and imagination to play upon the soul, she was merely applying a fundamental rule of psychology, which was Christ's also, who spoke of the Kingdom of God and of many mansions to audiences of common mortals. It is these things also that we must learn to reinstate, which we must refashion, if we would perform the vital task of saving our harvest fields.

Again, we have scarcely appreciated the difficulties which attend our young people in the matter of marriage. Living frequently in communities where the Catholic population is sparse, they often face the dilemma of either marrying a non-Catholic or not marrying at all. We have relatively definite, if hazy, ideas of what we gain and lose by the first solution, but we know little of the unmarried; and yet we venture to suggest that almost every parish in the land has its quota of the single, who would very likely have married, if the opportunity for social intercourse with young Catholic people had been larger. And this situation, now receiving more intelligent consideration in numerous places, merits close study and honest effort. We must be, not simply legislators, but constructive statesmen for the Church. There is good reason why every parish should have a committee to bring its members together, to assist those who need help in the securing of employment, dwelling-houses and professional aid.

Finally, we should say rather boldly that we need to orientate our efforts much more earnestly towards the general public. Higher education and the promotion of Catholic thought must not be neglected, of course; but they are no longer in any great danger of being neglected. We have probably gained more than we have lost through university training; and the imposing list of eminent converts is ample reply to those who would still ignore the intel-

lectual pre-eminence of the Faith. It is rather among the broad masses of the general population that we must strive to erect unshakable barriers against the flood of indifference. As always, the school is here the most important foundation—the school in which the defences of life are built up and the constructive spiritual activity of life begun. In the face of no matter what opposition, we must be determined to say, "Come what will, the Catholic school shall stay!" All these things well done, we should have very small reason to complain of the numerical growth of Catholics in the United States.

This is, indeed, a supreme problem which merits the keenest study and the most profound remedial endeavor. We hope, first of all, for a master mind to reveal the true situation and to formulate the causes.

Food for Thought.

Some members of the Iron Molders' Union having started a movement to reduce their officers' salaries twenty-five per cent, their opponents have published the salaries received by officials of other unions. The list has interested "R. C. Gleaner," who writes "The Catholic Viewpoint" department of the *Catholic Columbian*. He reproduces the amounts paid to the presidents alone of thirty-two unions, the said amounts varying from \$10,000 to \$5000; and he prefaces the list with the inquiry, "Do they earn these salaries?" In view of the fact that not only presidents, but vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurers, editors, and organizers in the different unions receive salaries, his conclusion that "a rough and hasty estimate will prove that at least one million dollars is expended by labor unions in paying their officers," seems warranted; and his comment that the matter gives food for thought is obvious.

Notes and Remarks.

With great frequency the Catholic past of our country is revealed by the discovery of quaint little memorials that should not fail to interest and inspire. Recently, while working for a railroad company among the bluffs which crown the lower Wisconsin side of the Mississippi River, a laborer came accidentally upon a hitherto undetected shrine of the Blessed Virgin, set in a niche upon the crest of a cliff. Surprised, he climbed to it and found a charming statue together with a wallet containing a document. This he removed, read the date, "1786," and then felt the ancient paper crumble to dust in his hands. Near-by Catholics hastened with him to the spot, and protected the statue from possible vandalism by means of an iron grille, behind which it has since been viewed by hundreds of persons. The date makes it seem very probable that the statue was placed there by a French traveller, in all likelihood a missionary. The surrounding country was then populated by Indians, the Black Hawk war being fought near-by. Indeed, we can fancy how some priest or explorer wished to place the lonely stream up and down which he paddled under the dominion of his Heavenly Mother. Ought we not to prize them highly, these testimonials to a faith we love to entertain in our more comfortable—if not always more comforting—days?

"Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil" runs a proverb that used to be freely quoted in the case of such extravagances as are becoming too common among the ultra-triumphant of the Prohibitionists. One of these, the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, calls the circulation of petitions for a law authorizing light wines and beer "an anarchistic attempt against law." If Brother Bartlett possesses even elementary knowledge of

the meaning of English words, he must be aware that he is talking nonsense. The *Chicago Tribune* pays him undue honor when it discusses his statement editorially; but its comment is well worth reproducing:

There are American citizens now who sincerely believe that a Federal law taking away from them their alcoholic drinks is an unjust, tyrannical law. It may be hard for Prohibitionists to believe that these other people are sincere, but they are. They are essentially outraged by this invasion of their rights. They do not think that the use of fermented malt and fermented grape juice hurts them. Many of them now are trying by petition to persuade Congress to ease up on the terms of the enforcement act. They are not anarchistic. They are not breaking the law. They are operating under the principles of Anglo-Saxon freedom. They have the right to petition for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. They have the right to petition for the modification of the Volstead Act.

At the annual convention of the British Medical Association, recently held in Glasgow, a special meeting of the Catholic doctors discussed birth control and the sterilization of the unfit. A rather illuminating statement as to this latter subject was made by Dr. Colvin, who pointed out how hopelessly we are at sea as regards the action of heredity in transmitting characteristics from parents to offspring. He quoted a carefully examined series of forty-four families, by Lange of Denmark, that had supplied seventy mental patients to the asylum. In the family line with their collateral branches for a few generations some four hundred showed mental symptoms varying from excessive nervousness to definite insanity. But, said Dr. Colvin, the main fact was that these forty-four families produced two Cabinet Ministers, one ambassador, three bishops, eight prominent clergymen, three generals and several other high military and naval officers, three members of the High Court of Justice,

two headmasters, two directors of well-known institutions, eight hospital-physicians, nine university professors, twenty-three academic doctorates, a large number of eminent and successful business men, members of Parliament, teachers, Government and municipal officials, and others of the utmost value to the community. "Hence, it must be evident how unscientific and how disastrous it is to human progress to attempt to sterilize what we termed a mental detective until we knew how heredity acts, apart altogether from the mutilations of the human body being opposed to Christianity."

The Passion Play at Oberammergau is an event of such world-wide interest that, when legitimate news concerning it is exhausted, imaginative journalists concoct spurious statements—like the recent report of the Pope's disapproval of all such theatrical functions. Our readers will accordingly appreciate the following extracts from an article contributed to the *Westminster Gazette* by Anton Lang himself, the "Christus" of the famous Play:

Many people do not know that we Oberammergauers keep ourselves in constant practice by producing a succession of plays throughout the Winter. The community is also responsible for one big Summer production every year, with the exception of the tenth, when the Passion Play is the standing event. The versatility of some of our members would surprise strangers who know them only in Biblical rôles. Our present Judas, for instance, is an exceptionally clever comedian when occasion arises, and some of our young girls show unusual ability in domestic drama.

After stating that his knowledge of English enables him to read Shakespeare with enjoyment, and that he is also keenly interested in films, Mr. Lang offers this criticism of the present-day theatre and motion-picture:

The rubbish which for the most part is now fashionable on stage and screen in large cities

arouses my indignation. It is a perfect mania among modern playwrights to laugh at virtue; and the pictures of "high life"—often quite false—given in many up-to-date films serve no other purpose than that of stirring up unrest among the poorer classes. This is the sort of thing we must combat with all our might. Theatrical managers are greedy. Their one aim is to get rich quickly, and remain rich. Under the mask of "giving the public what it wants" they cater to the lowest tastes.

Further information about the discovery, some months ago at Ephesus, of what is believed to be the tomb of St. John, the Beloved Apostle, is furnished by the English Catholic News Service. It quotes at length from an article by M. François Léon, who considers the discovery one of the most interesting and most momentous of all the Christian historical discoveries of the centuries. St. John, it will be remembered, was the Bishop of Ephesus; there he spent his declining years; and there he was buried. St. John Chrysostom, and other writers of his time, mention the tomb of the Apostle; and the only reasonable explanation for its being so long hidden from the eyes of Christian peoples is that the flourishing Church of Ephesus perished, as St. John in the Apocalypse prophesied, conditionally, that it would. An old record states that only a single Christian was left in what had been one of the most important places in Church history.

The reason why the Turks did not destroy the tomb is that they were accustomed to allow large buildings which came into their possession to stand; and to turn them into mosques. Witness Santa Sophia in Byzantium and numerous other churches in Spain. In course of time St. John's tomb became a much-frequented mosque. Its discovery is due to the Greeks, who now occupy that part of Asia Minor. What relics the tomb contained will be learned later. The Apostle's head is preserved

in Rome whither he went during the reign of Domitian, by whose orders he was cast into a cauldron of burning oil, and afterwards banished to the Isle of Patmos. "There is an indescribable emotion," says M. Léon, "in knowing that this was the head which, at the Last Supper, reposed on the Heart of Jesus Christ, there representing man, and all mankind, so beloved by the God made Man."

New and touching appeals in behalf of priests and Sisters in Central Europe appear in several of our English exchanges. The poor are looking to them for help, and they themselves are destitute. Many have neither sufficient food nor clothing. In Austria and some parts of Germany the outlook is of the blackest. Suffering and misery are so great that partial relief is all that is hoped for. In consequence of under-nourishment, numerous members of various Sisterhoods are afflicted with tuberculosis and other diseases. Many priests are trying to support themselves and unfortunates depending upon them—impoverished sick, friendless poor, etc.—on less than five dollars a month. And conditions in Russia and Armenia and in large districts of China are much the same as those of Austria.

It is a sad reflection that, while thousands of Christians in lands of plenty and prosperity are living in comfort or luxury—faring sumptuously every day, like Dives,—so many of their fellow-creatures, children among them, should be starving and pain-racked. It is in everybody's power, in one way or another, to do something towards the relief of misery and suffering so great and so widespread.

The passing of the holidays and the approach of another scholastic year move the *Northwest Review* (Winnipeg) to proffer some advice to such

Catholic youth as may enter upon a course of studies at non-Catholic universities. American, not less than Canadian, young men may well take to heart the following judicious remarks:

Scientific circles are notoriously irreligious or, let us rather say, "Agnostic." There is a widespread belief among University students, that Science and Religion are in deadly opposition. The reasons for this belief is twofold. Professors go out of their way to discuss religious questions. Students naturally place confidence in their professors. And by the time the students reach the stage where they ought to be able to see that there is no conflict between Science and Religion, their minds, having been poisoned, they can not see it. When Sir Bertram Windle spoke in Winnipeg upon the occasion of the Catholic Truth Convention he stressed this point very expressly. There is no conflict between Science and Religion. Only a short while ago Mr. G. P. Serviss in the United States used very striking words about Science and the supernatural. He was asked to give his opinion upon some point in Spiritualism. Among other observations, he wished to have it thoroughly understood that Science does not deal with the supernatural; that, in fact, Science and Faith are absolutely distinct orders.

Consolation of various kinds is the occasional recompense for reading non-Catholic, even anti-Catholic, papers and periodicals. In a recent article contributed to a mission review we find the Rev. Dr. Lembach, while describing the attitude towards religion—sectarianism?—of the native population of the Philippines as being one of increasing indifference, in almost the same breath admitting that "the Roman Catholic Church is winning back much of the ground lost by the Aglipay schism." Discussing the revival of Catholic missionary enterprise in the United States, another contributor to the same periodical (Prof. K. S. Latourette) refers to the enterprise in question as "one of the most significant religious developments of the past few years." In the current number of one of the quarterly reviews, the Rev. Dr. Sparrow

Simpson concludes a reply to the question "Is Christianity an essentially individualistic religion, or is it a corporate institution?" with the statement that if "Apostolic Christianity is to abide, we must have a restoration among us of the corporate aspect of religion. . . . We have suffered from an exaggerated individualism from which the Apostolic religion was free. We must supplement our deficiencies by the truth which we have ignored."

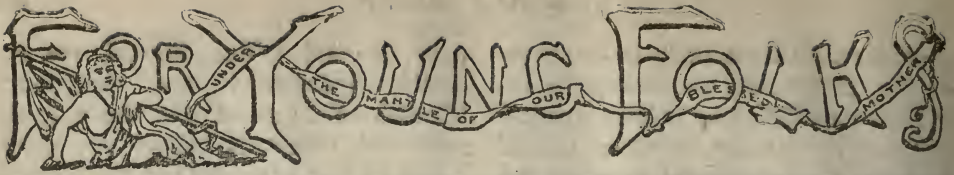
It is consoling to come upon sayings like these where one would least expect to find them. And such sayings are becoming more and more common, we are happy to notice.

Our readers will doubtless remember the various attempts made during recent years to change the name of the non-Catholic Church which corresponds in this country to the Established Church of England. "Protestant" was entirely too comprehensive; "Protestant Episcopal" was less vague, but was objectionable to the High Church element; and other designations met with other objections. Out in British India, they are dealing with the matter in a summary fashion. The *Catholic Herald* speaks of the India Church Measure Bill as a highly interesting document. It deals with the emancipation of the Anglican Church in India from London and Canterbury, thus giving it the right to elect its bishops, hold its synods, determine its statements of belief and worship, and manage its own affairs. Our Calcutta contemporary says: "If London and Canterbury are asked not to meddle, neither should we, except for a few comments of a general character. We first pay a tribute of admiration to the Anglicans' courage in foregoing the payments of the bishops and archdeacons of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. A clergy that is comfortable is

easy to deal with. Second, we can easily understand the designation 'Church of England' for the only denomination that is official and established in that country; but the designation 'Church in India,' though modified, strikes one as somewhat pompous for a denomination which is far from being the biggest in the field."

While such devotion to the Blessed Sacrament as is manifested by frequent and daily Communion is making gratifying progress throughout this country, the Nocturnal Adoration Society, with its night-watches before the Tabernacle by the members of the organization, is practically unknown outside some of our religious communities. In Spain, however, the Society appeals to thousands of laymen, and plays a large part in the lives of its members, as is evident from the following excerpt from an article written by the Rt. Rev. Rector of the Irish College, Salamanca. He is referring to the Summer of 1918 when an epidemic was raging in Spain:

We were spending the Summer on the North Coast, and one day a neighboring parish priest brought a young doctor from his native town to call on us. He was a fine type of young fellow; not yet thirty, tall, robust, frank, humorous, accomplished and intelligent. Somehow, we got to chatting about the Nocturnal Adoration Society. He was a devoted member, and spoke enthusiastically of its fruits, and particularly of the great importance just then of the regulation regarding the reception of the Last Sacraments by members. The chaplain and the chief of the Turno, or Guard, are bound to visit members who are seriously ill, and insist on their receiving the Sacraments before the fourth day of their illness. "As for me," added the young doctor, "if I had fever for two days, I should prepare myself and ask for the Sacraments." He went home the following day, and within a week I learned that he had caught the gripe in the discharge of his professional duties, had asked for the Sacraments on the second day; and on the next died a holy death, surrounded by his brethren of the Nocturnal Adoration.



On the Birthday of Our Blessed Mother.

BY ERIC WEST.

WHEN mother's birthday comes, each child
Is filled with joy, if he
Can do some little deed of love
To fill her heart with glee.
No simple pleasure he gives up
Will cause him to be sad;
No deed seems hard if it but make
The heart of mother glad.
To-day, then, every child should try
In a most special way,
To give Our Lady all his love
On this, her natal day.
For earthly mothers never knew
A love from taint so free
As Christ gave Mary for the souls
Of men on Calvary.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XII.

FATHER FRANCIS called Hugh the next morning (he had spent the night at the Mission), and said to him: "My boy, I am going to send you home to-day."

Hugh's heart gave a sudden bound; then it sank, as he felt that, after all that had passed, he had not the hardihood to confront his afflicted family. How could he venture to present himself before his father, whose authority he had defied; his mother, for whose feelings he had shown so little consideration—for he began to faintly realize the agony of suspense which his conduct must have caused her? How could he meet his sisters, or George, who for

many a day would be apt to twit him with his ignominious home-coming? The ordeal was more than he could bear.

"Oh, no, no!" he said, beseechingly. "Don't do that, Father Francis. I shouldn't dare to go. How could I face my father and mother and the others? If you'd be so good as to help me get a situation, I'd like to board here. Then after a time I could write to mother, beg her to forgive me, and tell her I was doing well, but I wanted so much to see her, and would like to go home for a while."

"My dear boy," replied Father Francis, kindly but firmly, "no doubt that would be a very nice way to capitulate without the surrender of your pride; but, believe me, it is not the best way. The courage of defeat is greater than that of victory. Is it not braver to submit patiently to the consequences of one's misdeeds than to keep on striving to justify oneself? Supposing I obtained a situation, and then you wrote home as you suggest, would you not be saying to your parents: 'I am sorry for having left you so unceremoniously; but, after all, you see, in spite of a little knocking around, I've got on very well. I said I was able to take care of myself, and here's the proof of it?' Would there not be something of the bravado of the dime-novel hero about your return? No, Hugh, it would not do! Moreover—mark this,—a boy who is refractory at home can not keep a good situation even if he is so fortunate as to get one; for in business a deference to authority and a habit of obeying orders promptly and cheerfully are qualities indispensable in a subordinate. As for your

staying here, if you had no friends you would be welcome to remain as long as you chose; but this place is not for such as you. Just think how happy any of the poor boys here would be if they had homes like yours. No, don't be faint-hearted, Hugh; go home, acknowledge frankly and penitently that you have done wrong; make no 'bones' about it, as you would say; and I am sure it will not be difficult to win forgiveness. In fact, so confident was I that you would do this, and to alleviate the grief and distress of your parents, which you do not seem even yet to have fully taken into account, I telegraphed to your father last night."

Hugh started up in dismay, but made no further remonstrance.

"This morning," added the priest, more slowly, "I have an answer. Here it is."

And he held out a yellow telegraph form. Hugh seized and read it eagerly:

"A friend in trouble is a friend indeed. Please send the boy home at once. Write by the first mail.

"HENRY COURTNEY."

For a moment Hugh was almost overcome. Here was a direct message from his father, whose voice he had sometimes thought he should never again hear. His hand trembled as he gave back the paper.

"I also sent a letter to him," said Father Francis, "to pave the way for our explanations. He probably has it by this time. And now, Hugh," concluded the kind priest, looking at his watch, "I want you to be ready to start in half an hour. I shall then be able to take you to the depot and get your ticket for you."

Hugh did not require the time for packing; he had lost his skate-satchel, and the few articles it contained, early in his wanderings. But he was glad of the opportunity to collect his thoughts, so he remained in Father Francis'

room, where the above conversation took place. When his kind friend came back, he said cheerily: "Now, young man, let us set out."

The boy accompanied him with a lighter heart than he had known since he had been in New York. After all, how good it was to be going home! He had been away only five days, but it seemed like as many years. Within a few hours he would be going up the gravelled path to the door of the dear old house; he would see his father, mother, sisters, and brother again. How would they receive him? This was the question which at intervals cut short his joyous anticipations and made him shrink from the trial before him. Many times during the short walk down Broadway Hugh, almost overcome at the sad prospect, was on the point of breaking away from his guide and making off down a side street; but an unconquerable homesickness restrained him.

As he and Father Francis stood waiting at the crossing for a car, he saw a little ragged figure hastening toward him, and gesticulating wildly to attract his attention.

"Hullo, Jinksy!" he cried, glad of the chance of saying good-bye to his whilom comrade.

"Ye're the very blokie I want ter see," said Jinksy. "I want ter show yer a piece I found in the *H'rald* yesterday. I thought perhaps it was meant for you."

He pulled from his pocket a scrap of newspaper, and handed it to Hugh, whose head swam as he read. He could not follow the details, but the point conveyed to his mind was that a gentleman had called at police headquarters, hoping to discover some trace of his son, a boy of about thirteen years of age, who ran away a few days ago. The gentleman stated that the boy was badly wanted at home, because his mother had

died suddenly of heart failure, induced by worry over his flight. No one would reproach him, however, if he would only return to his sorrowing family.

"What do yer think about it?" asked Jinksy, solicitously.

"I—er—don't know," faltered Hugh, feeling as if the sun had all at once become darkened.

"Ye'd better go right home," urged the newsboy, who had fully made up his mind that the item referred to Hugh.

"I'm—on my way," gasped the latter, choking down a lump in his throat.

At this moment the car appeared.

"Come, Hugh!" called Father Francis.

With a convulsive grip of Jinksy's hand, by way of farewell, Hugh followed and dropped into a seat in a dazed fashion. Father Francis had purposely paid little heed to the meeting at the crossing; he did not wish Hugh to get a notion that he had him in custody, and was sending him home like a prisoner who had been recaptured. Now, however, as he noticed the boy's frightened face, he asked:

"Why, what's the matter, Hugh?"

Hugh shuddered, and in a few disjointed sentences repeated what had passed between him and Jinksy.

"Let me see the paper," said Father Francis.

"I—I—must—have given it back to him," he answered, in confusion.

"Never mind. I do not think it relates to you at all," returned Father Francis; "or your father would have let me know."

He consulted the telegram again, and passed it to Hugh. But instead of satisfying the boy, it confirmed his worst fears.

"'A friend in trouble is a friend indeed.' Why, what else can it mean, Father, except that something dreadful has happened at home?" he exclaimed.

His apprehension finally made his

friend somewhat uneasy. "I think—I trust that it is not so," said he. "Keep up your courage. All will be well."

They had now reached the ferry. Father Francis crossed the river with Hugh, found a seat for him in the train, and gave him his ticket, with some money for use in case of emergency. "Now, my boy, good-bye and God-speed!" said he, heartily. And before Hugh could find words to thank him he was gone.

The train started. Hugh settled back in his seat, and tried to distract his mind from his fears and his nervous dread of the coming meeting, by watching the ever-shifting scene from the window. How familiar it all was! Only a few days ago he had gazed upon it before, and yet how much had happened to him since then, how much must have been going on at home! This thought again aroused the terror which haunted him.

"Am I not indeed the boy mentioned in the newspaper?" he kept asking himself. "When I reach home, will it be only to find that mother is dead?"

Dead! Wherever he turned the word seemed written before him in letters of fire, till he was forced to cover his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out the dreadful sight. The train sped on; but as every minute brought him nearer the end of his journey, his wretchedness and remorse increased. At length the train stopped for the fifth or sixth time, and the conductor shouted: "Hazleton!" Hugh leaped from the platform of the car, and rushed blindly through the station, intent only upon making his way home. So dazed was he that at first he did not hear the familiar voice calling him:

"Here, my boy! This way—what's the matter with you, Hugh?"

At the repetition of his name he turned, however; and there was his father, clapping him on the back and

saying, "Well, well, my son! Here you are! There—we won't say any more about it." The last few days have been hard for us all, I suspect. Come! Major and the little rockaway are waiting."

Hugh said nothing, but looked up at his father, longing yet fearing to ask the question which trembled upon his lips. At length he managed to articulate: "Mother?"

"She's right here in the rockaway, and will speak for herself—" Hugh had not tarried to hear more, but dashed to the carriage, where indeed sat his mother, smiling and overjoyed to see him.

"O mother!" he cried, scrambling into the vehicle and throwing his arms around her; "O mother, I thought you were dead!"

There was no need of further explanation. The tone in which he uttered these words, and the affectionate, boyish caress, told all that he wished to say. Thus, almost before he was aware of it, he had asked and obtained her forgiveness.

At first the revulsion of feeling caused by the evidence that his fears had been groundless nearly overpowered him; then the blood seemed to rush back to his heart, and his spirits rose.

Mr. Courtney took his seat, and Major started off briskly. Soon they turned a corner; the house was in sight. Now Hugh was at home once more. Before the carriage had fairly stopped at the steps, the hall-door opened and out flew Kate and Elsie with gay greetings. Just after them came George. There was no shadow of sarcasm in his broad smile of satisfaction, or the hearty "Hullo, old chap!" with which he grasped Hugh's hand and worked it up and down like a pump handle. Hugh mentally determined that he would "score one" for his brother for sparing him. But, to give George his due, his uneasiness at the discovery that Hugh

had fled, and the consciousness that he was to blame for having dared him to do it, had, for the time being, grieved him beyond measure, and startled him out of his playful manner.

It was at best a graceless-looking prodigal who was now led into the house; for, though Hugh's appearance had been greatly improved by a course of "tidying" at the Mission, Mrs. Courtney could hardly recognize her son in the shabby lad before her. Nobody remarked these details, however; and, to judge from the general rejoicing and happiness, one would suppose he had returned home in triumph—after having won all the honors at school, for instance. He had expected reproaches, punishment, and severe reprimands upon the folly of his act, and had nerved himself for this experience. The loving kindness and forbearance of all, from his father down to little Elsie, disarmed him, therefore.

"I—I—don't deserve this," the boy stammered, when alone with his father a little later.

"That is true, my son," responded Mr. Courtney; "and it is seldom that, after casting aside the blessings which God has given him, one can return to find them waiting for him again. But your mother and I have refrained from upbraiding you, feeling that your lesson has been bitter enough. And now, Hugh, all that we expect from you in atonement for the past is a prompt obedience in all things, and a confidence that our plans regarding you are for your own good."

Hugh was never, perhaps, quite the same artless boy he had been before his experience of roughing it and having his own way: few pass through a disease like the small-pox, for instance, without retaining some scars. But he was in many respects a better boy. The following September he was sent away to college, where, before long, he dis-

tinguished himself not only as one of the best players of the junior ball nine, but as a fellow who did his best to keep the rules. Whenever twitted with this, he would say: "Well, it's a point of honor, anyhow. And, then, I made a sort of bargain with myself to do it." He could have added that he had learned that the truest kind of grit is to do what is required of one day by day.

In turning over a new leaf, Hugh did not forget the friend raised up for him so providentially, Father Francis; nor the companions of his vagabond days, Jinksy and Nick. When Father Francis can snatch a brief holiday, he frequently spends it with the Courtneys. Jinksy, for Penny's sake, was induced to go to live regularly at the Mission. Penny is still there, and is to learn a trade. His newsboy patron goes to see him every Sunday. Jinksy learned to read and write at the evening classes. He boards with a good Catholic family, and is now the proud proprietor of a newsstand at one of the L— stations. It was Mr. Courtney who kindly furnished the funds for this venture, which has proved very successful.

Nick is assistant telegraph operator at the Hazleton depot. His mother's dream has been realized: she is very happy in the possession of a humble but snug little home in the country. During their vacations Hugh and George and Nick go on many shooting and fishing excursions together; and often, during their long tramps in search of game, or while waiting for the trout to bite, they talk about the time when they first met,—a time which to Hugh now seems like a dream.

(The End.)

A LITTLE girl being asked by her Sunday school-teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered: "I don't know, ma'am; perhaps they dried themselves first."

An Artist's Trick.

Once, the refectory walls of a convent needing a new picture, it was decided to have the portrait of a certain saint in the vacant place, and a painter of some renown was called in to do the work. The friars could not afford to give the price for which the artist stipulated, but agreed to give him his meals while the task was in progress. He was rather sorry that he had consented to this, however, when he found that his food consisted principally of thin soup, bread, sour wine, prunes, and onions.

At last the day came for unveiling the picture, when, to the great dismay of all present, it was seen that the figure of the saint stood with its back turned toward the lookers-on.

"You see, Father," said the painter, addressing the astonished prior, "the saint could not abide the smell of onions, and I was forced to paint him in that position."

No sequel to the story has come down to us. Let us hope, though, that the portrait was properly repainted, and that the mischievous artist and the poor friars had more agreeable fare.

A Hero who was Devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

On June 3, 1849, while the Garibaldians and the French troops were engaged in a deadly encounter, Major Saint-Frémond asked for a volunteer to carry a message across the Tiber. Cadi, a Lyonesse soldier, offered his services, swam across the river amid a very hailstorm of bullets, delivered his message and swam back again uninjured. "You confronted almost certain death," said his commander; "you are a genuine hero."—"I had a talisman," replied Cadi, displaying a medal of the Blessed Virgin which had come to him that very morning from his mother.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The new issue of "The Western Catholic Calendar for the Archdiocese of Glasgow" is of general interest on account of a notice of Christianity in Scotland. The first bishop of Glasgow was St. Kentigern, who was consecrated in 560. Published by Sands & Co., Glasgow and Edinburgh.

—The new edition of the Epistles and Gospels, for pulpit use, prepared by the Rev. Ferdinand Bogner and published by Leo A. Kelly, New York, has some excellent and unique features: division into paragraphs, punctuation of proper names, and numbering of verses. The print is extra large, the paper, good, and the binding durable. A silk marker is also provided. A book which parish priests especially will appreciate. Price, \$1.50.

—Catholic school teachers who are familiar with the Corona Readers, issued by Ginn & Co., will welcome the Third Reader, the fourth volume of the series of which the Corona Primer was the first. As was to be expected, the present volume contains more stories of the saints, more extracts from Bible histories, and more advanced sketches and poems than do the previous volumes. The introduction of diacritical marks, and the addition to each selection of a pronouncing-list, with brief notes, are some of the new features which will meet with general approval.

—A splendid undertaking in the field of Catholic publication is a series recently undertaken by the firm of O. C. Recht, Munich, Bavaria. The general name "Katholikon" is given to it, and it is to include reprints, carefully edited and splendidly gotten up. So far, the publishers have issued "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," "A Treasury of St. Augustine,"—the most attractive passages from his work as a whole,—and "German Sisterhoods," being a number of short biographies of holy nuns. The critical press has been lavish of praise for this series. We hope that some publisher in this country will be moved to imitate it.

—Messrs. Longmans announce an illustrated volume on "The Old English Herbals," by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. The illustrations include a colored frontispiece reproduced from a Twelfth Century manuscript in the library of Eton College representing herbs being dug up and made into medicine. The author explores the herbals from Anglo-Saxon times to

the end of the Seventeenth Century, the early manuscript works yielding fragments of the herb-lore depicted in "Widsith" and "Beowulf" and illustrating folk-custom of the period. One chapter is devoted to herbals written in connection with the colonization of America by the Spaniards and English.

—"Adorable Jack," by M. De L. Kennedy (Columbus, Ohio: John W. Winterich), is a story that will find a joyous welcome from all properly constituted boys and girls, more especially those who have not yet graduated from childhood proper and entered upon their teens. Such of these young folk as have already read the same author's "Willie Frank of Stedley" do not need to be told that the present work is full of exciting adventure, jolly games, mysterious happenings, that turn out splendidly, and almost every other contrivance by which a good story-teller manages to arrest and hold the attention of youthful readers. "Adorable Jack" is a truly Catholic tale, though the religious note is not unduly dwelt upon. Price, \$1.25.

—In noticing a recent work by F. A. D'Cruz, K. S. G., "St. Thomas, the Apostle of India," we omitted to state that it is provided with an excellent map and a number of very interesting illustrations. The Very Rev. Msgr. A. M. Teixeira contributes an informing Introduction. The bibliography, which includes the late Bishop Medleycott's learned book, "India and the Apostle Thomas," is proof of how painstakingly Mr. D'Cruz has done his work. His conclusions are based on the latest researches in connection with the time-honored tradition regarding the martyrdom of St. Thomas in Southern India. Printed by Hoe & Co., Madras; and to be had of the Very Rev. Msgr. F. A. Carvalho, San Thome Cathedral, Mylapore.

—A text-book of unusual quality and exceptional practicality is likely to be the comment of judicious examiners of "French Grammar Made Clear," by Ernest Dimnet. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) As a book for high-school pupils or college students, it is especially to be commended for what it omits not less than for what it contains. The niceties of the French language—such niceties, at least, as are unknown to many an educated Frenchman—are considerably ignored by the author; and the space thereby saved is devoted to various useful topics that constitute a novelty

in French grammars. Although the Abbé Dimnet states in his foreword that the book is meant for the learner, not the teacher, there are few teachers who will not find much of interest—and probably more of profit—to be gleaned from its pages. We cordially recommend this text-book to both students and professors. Price, \$1.50.

—A singularly charming story, told with great ability, is "Mariquita," by John Ayscough. The scene is laid in the United States, and is rendered wondrously vivid. Of the plot, all that need be said here is that it turns on a vocation to the contemplative life. The heroine may be described as a mystic of the Western prairies. Her fortunes are so graphically recorded and her rare character is so admirably drawn as to leave the reader with a distinct memory of a personality not less amiable than exalted. The other figures, which hold the story together, are true to life and claim close attention. Don Jonquin, with his cunning and candor; and "Sarella," whose kindness to Mariquita is rewarded by success in the management of the close-fisted old hidalgo, are fine achievements. Gore, it must be said, is a somewhat shadowy lover, and, like a shadow, he disappears. Mariquita, though a mystic, is the most convincing character in the book, and she fills it with charm from beginning to end. This story should be a best-seller, for the simple reason that it is so superior in every respect to the majority of best-sellers. Published by Sands & Co., London; for sale in the U. S. by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.15.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.
 "First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Patrick J. Daly, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. E. J. Melley, diocese of Scranton; Rev. William Dunne, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. Patrick Mulhall, C. SS. R. Mdme. Mary Hart, R. S. H.; Sister M. Walburga, O. S. B.; and Mother M. Stanislaus, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Paul Tibesar, Mr. Francis Jarvis, Miss Bridget Sullivan, Mrs. William Tillman, Mr. George Schulte, Mr. John Hayes, Mr. John Campbell, Mr. Patrick Lynch, Miss E. L. Meyer, Mrs. Margaret Gallagher, Miss G. R. Walters, and Mr. Charles Pfahls.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: "in memory of J. H.," \$3; E. E. W., \$5; Mrs. E. B. E., \$1; J. E. O'B., \$4. For the famine victims in Russia and Armenia: friend (Colo.), \$5; E. J. P. R., \$10. For the Foreign Missions: friend, \$1.



PIETÀ
(Francia)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE. l. 49.

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Mater Dolorosa.

BY M. B. R.

GLORIOUS QUEEN, in the days long fled
Great was thy sorrow and great thy dread
When holy Simeon with prophet tongue
A shadow over thy young life flung.
I beg by that poignant memory,
Dolorous Mother, O pray for me!

Hardships were thine in thy journeying
To a darksome land with thy Son and King,
When the blood of babies the hearthstones
dyed,
And the wail of woman was far and wide.
By the peril and danger that round thee lay,
Dolorous Mother, for sinners pray!

With anguished heart and with aching feet,
Thy steps were rapid in lane and street
Of the Sacred City on that day when
Thy Child discoursed with the learned men.
Through that third sorrow upon thee laid,
Dolorous Mother, O give me thine aid!

Matted and damp was the Saviour's hair,
Swollen and blood-stained His features fair;
With each onward motion the red blood flowed,
When He met with thee on the rocky road.
By the tender glance He bestowed on thee,
Dolorous Mother, O pray for me!

Thy sad eyes looked on the thorn-crowned
head,
On the hands and feet with the blood-marks
red,
When in mid-air high upon Calvary's side,
Between two thieves, on the cross He died,—
By all thy sorrows, in meekness borne,
Dolorous Mother, help all who mourn!

At Oberammergau.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH. D., LITT. D.



STEADILY, from decade to decade of years, has that marvellous production, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, grown in merit of presentation, till, to-day, it has won the commendation of everyone who has had the privilege of witnessing it in its quaint and picturesque setting.

Twenty-two years ago, the writer saw it for the first time. Within the intervening period, Europe—indeed the whole world—has been torn and rent by a great war; nor did the peaceful villagers of Oberammergau in their Arcadian happiness, escape a share in the tragedy. More than four hundred Oberammergauers were called to the colors, and eighty-six of these fell in the field. Anton Lang, the "Christus" of 1900 and 1910, escaped death, though he performed military service. The impersonator of Our Saviour in the great drama of Calvary is now in his fiftieth year; not, indeed, robust in physique, but well preserved. Had he fallen in the war, the whole world would have mourned his loss.

When I called on him, a few days ago, and told him that I had seen him in the performance of 1900, he replied with a note of pathos in his voice: "Then you have seen me in my first and last 'Christus.'"

The play this year is better balanced than it was in 1900. The cast of the characters, with the exception of Lang, is entirely different. The two outstanding figures of the play are "Christus" and "Judas." While the dramatic action turns upon the driving out of the money changers from the temple—this being the especially exciting incident—Judas is the instrument who makes possible the dramatic action, and around him practically revolves the whole drama. In the presentation of the play in 1870, 1880 and 1890 Joseph Mayr gave a strong, heroic and robust interpretation of "Christus"; while Anton Lang's conception of the part is that of a mild and gentle "Christus." As idealized and presented to us by painters, the "Christus" of Lang is the veritable representation of our Divine Lord—"the Lamb led to slaughter."

"Judas" is the most exacting part in the play, and affords the greatest scope for dramatic action. Those who saw the play presented in 1900 will remember the unqualified success of Johann Zwink, in this rôle. Zwink had the great advantage that he looked Judas in the rôle. This year he was a little too old for the part—he is now seventy,—and it was feared that his voice might not have sufficient carrying power to be heard in all parts of the theatre. So, this veteran of the Passion Play, who was "St. John, the beloved of Christ," in 1870 and 1880, and "Judas" in 1890, 1900 and 1910, was given this year the minor part of "Simon of Bethany."

The part of "Judas" is taken this time by Guido Mayr, and his acting has been pronounced by all who have seen the Passion Play of a very high order. The crucial test of an actor is the soliloquy; and in the four soliloquies, in which "Judas" reveals his plot for the betrayal of his Master for the thirty pieces of silver, and the remorse and despair

which follow, Guido Mayr reaches a dramatic height which it would be difficult to surpass.

The female characters in the Play are not, in themselves, as important as the male characters, and, consequently, do not afford the same scope for acting. Of course "Maria, the Mother of Christ," moves through the Play, claiming our closest attention and sympathy, because of her relation to the central figure, "Christus." In 1900 the part of "Maria" was taken by Anna Flunger, and in 1910 by Ottilie Zwink. The latter, who is now a widow, having but recently lost her husband, is the *ersatz*, or understudy, this year for Martha Veit who takes the part of "Maria."

Then there are the female characters of Martha, Veronica and Mary Magdalen. The latter character, this year, has fallen to Paula Rendle, daughter of Peter Rendle, who played the part of St. John in 1890 and 1900, and this time impersonates Joseph of Arimathea. Paula Rendle possesses strong emotional gifts as an actor, and interprets with much success the part of Mary Magdalen.

Then there are the important parts of Peter the Apostle; St. John the Beloved; Pilate the Roman Governor, and Annas and Caiphas, the high priests. Andreas Lang impersonates Peter admirably, and looks the character; Melchior Breit-samter that of St. John, and Dr. Anton Lang, the understudy for Hans Mayr in Pilate, presents the Roman Governor to the very life. The characters of Annas and Caiphas are taken by Sebastian Lang and Hugo Rutz, both sustaining their parts well, notably the latter, who, as the leader of the Jewish priests and populace, in their clamor for the crucifixion of our Divine Lord, reveals dramatic powers of an unusual order.

As you listen to the clear-cut pronouncement of an Anton Lang, a Hugo

tutz and a Dr. Anton Lang, as they deliver the lines assigned to them, before an audience of five or six thousand, you marvel that these villagers, with no other special coaching than that of their stage director, George Lang, could possibly attain such excellence.

Nothing in the play reveals more the artistic taste of those who present it than the tableaux, of which there are twenty. These are all taken from scenes in the Old Testament, and symbolize or foreshadow, when presented, incidents or scenes in the life of Christ. For instance, the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, and the fall of Manna in the desert, foreshadow the driving out of the money changers from the temple, and the Last Supper of Our Lord with His Apostles.

The Chorus consists of forty-two members, including the prologuist, the leader of the Chorus being Guido Diemer. The *ensemble* singing is certainly good, and several of the soloists, notably the leading basso, Guido Diemer, the leading soprano, Hildegard Wittmann, and the leading tenor, Herr Gottschaller, possess wondrous voices.

As regards scenes in the drama, perhaps the most beautiful and touching are: the parting of Christ from His Mother at Bethany; the washing of the disciples' feet by our Divine Lord, at the Last Supper; and the scene representing Christ in Gethsemane.

Altogether, the Passion Play is remarkably well presented this year; and I pay willing homage and tribute to these simple villagers, who offer to the world such an act of faith and such means of renewing in all souls a realization of the great drama of Calvary.

In the words of Johann Lang, who was "Caiphaz" for fifty years, when laying the corner-stone of the present Passion theatre: "May the day never dawn when Oberammergau becomes faithless to its traditions!"

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.



T was after the long strain of those exciting days on 'Change that Gregory Glassford came out early one Saturday afternoon to the House at the Cross Roads. He had received an urgent summons from Eloise, who, as she said, wanted to consult him about something important. He was full of pleasurable anticipation as he drove his car in the direction of Mill Haven.

His curiosity was excited as to what Eloise might particularly want with him. It was flattering to know that she did want him, though probably only in his capacity as guardian. It was a study to observe her in that new rôle she had chosen to play, and which he believed to be quite different from her natural self. But he remembered with a smile that her mother, whom she resembled, had always remained more or less of a problem to quiet Jim Brentwood.

The house, with its many associations, and its present atmosphere of home, that drew him, as a needle to a magnet, appeared as a safe haven after the strain of those days, which had made him feel as if he had come out of a battle. It surprised him to find how persistently his thoughts turned to Marcia, with whom he had, in fact, but the very slightest acquaintance, and whose reserve had kept him, as far as good manners permitted, at arm's length. Yet he felt her to be the very spirit of that old house. He was convinced that she had the winning personality, which had made for her father a host of friends, and the less conspicuous characteristics of her beautiful mother, which had made many in the intimate circle refer to her as a saint.

Autumn was exhausting all its loveli-

ness, as if in one final effort to make the parting with Summer less tragic and melancholy. The air had a bracing quality which acted as a tonic to the tired man of affairs. The beauty of the landscape, which penetrated every fibre of his being, became associated in his mind with those whom he was hastening to see, and that hospitable house which opened wide its doors to him. As he drove up to the door, Eloise, who had been watching through the window, came out onto the steps to receive him. She was in her most gracious mood.

"I'm so glad to see you, Gregory," she said, with something of her old familiar manner. "I have been lonely lately, and it is so long since you came."

"I have been busier than usual, of late," he answered, "and I'm glad you missed me."

She brought him, not as usual, into the living-room, where Mrs. Brentwood was sure to be at that hour, but into the drawing-room.

"I want to have a serious talk with you," she explained, "and, perhaps, this may be the very best opportunity, as Aunt Jane is napping and Marcia is busy."

"Very well," agreed Gregory; "but I have the car at the door, thinking that you and—and some of the others, might care for a spin."

"Some of the others always means Marcia, doesn't it?" Eloise answered, with an acid tone in her voice. "She is very busy this afternoon. Besides, I want to talk to you, and this is ever so much better than motor."

"This is a charming room," Gregory said, looking round it with an air of satisfaction, "though possibly less homelike than the other. Certainly these people have the art, rare enough nowadays, of making a home."

"*These people*, again means Marcia," interjected Eloise.

"I suppose it does," assented Gregory, with a softening of the tired lines of his face, which the girl noted disapprovingly. He was looking absently about the room, observing with interest its various features, some of which had once been familiar. "I should think you would like living here."

"That is just what I want to speak to you about, Gregory," Eloise responded; and, being resentful of his sentiments about the house, she spoke more decidedly than she had intended. "I am getting very tired of this place. Your ideas of a home and mine do not agree. The monotony is killing me."

"There are no exterior signs of the process," laughed Gregory, though he was vexed, too, at her want of appreciation. "I was just thinking I never saw you look better."

"Dolly Critchley has been here," went on the girl, flushing slightly at the implied praise of her appearance.

"Oh!" ejaculated the guardian.

"It is well enough for you to say 'oh,'" answered Eloise; "but Dolly reminds me of all that I have lost, and how infinitely worse off I have been since I got this wretched legacy than I was in her brilliant set."

"Let me remind you," returned Gregory—and it was his turn to speak disagreeably,—"that it was entirely your own idea to live at the House at the Cross Roads. You consulted no one as to your plans. You did not even inform us of what you meant to do, till it was all settled."

He was, in fact, annoyed at her desire to return to the worldly atmosphere from which he believed that he had rescued her; and was, perhaps, regretting her undesirable suitor. In his thoughts, at least, he did not mince matters, though he had never put his knowledge of the man and his worthlessness into words.

"If I wanted to come here," broke out

Eloise, "it was because I wanted to have my own house; and I had heard of this place, and had come here in my childhood, as to an open house, where everyone was welcome. I thought it very fine, then. But what do I find here now?"

She paused and looked at the man before her as she went on:

"A girl who is absolute mistress, and a tiresome old woman. Larry, who is different, is away most of the time. The house that I once thought so fine is shabby and antediluvian; the furniture looks as if it had come out of the Ark. Before I could receive a single friend here, it would have to be entirely done over."

Gregory, pulling his dark mustache, watched her as she spoke, giving no hint of his feeling. She wound up with the vehement declaration:

"I was ashamed of my life before Dolly, and I know what she was thinking. She called this very room Mediaeval."

"She could not have paid it a higher compliment," commented Gregory smiling.

"Yes, you may smile; but I tell you it is very mortifying."

"If that is all that troubles you," the young man suggested, "why not do the house over?"

"It would cost a fortune, and then—if I stay here at all, I must have it to myself."

She did not give him time to comment on this statement, which she knew would not please him, but hurried on:

"But apart from all that, before I settle down in this dead spot, I want to go away and see something more of that pleasant life from which you snatched me."

"Well," answered Gregory very quietly, "I shall do no more snatching. You are free, of course, to plunge into that life with all its glittering show;

and if it satisfies you, as it may for a time, I have no more to say."

"You were always prejudiced against Dolly Critchley."

"On the contrary, I admire her very much. Only, I do not think I should choose her as a chaperone for my sister, if I had one, or for anybody I cared much about."

"That's the way," stormed Eloise: for with her guardian, she usually forgot her rôle of impassivity. "You have known life thoroughly, its gaiety—everything; and now that you are tired of it, you expect me to begin where you are ending."

Gregory had risen and was standing near the mantlepiece.

"It is true," he said, "that I have known a good deal about life, as it is inevitable that men must. I have weighed and measured it, and I would not give all its brilliance—what you would call its enchantment,—for one hour of this."

"Your enthusiasm for this old house does not deceive me," exclaimed Eloise, losing control of herself in her anger; "it is something else, some one else, that is the attraction."

Gregory flushed a dull red; but, as he was partially turned away from her, Eloise could not see the expression of his face. Presently, he faced her, waving away her suggestion with a contempt that stung.

"You are full of fancies this afternoon. We need not consider them in detail. I know it is unreasonable to expect you to be satisfied at your age with the quiet life here. But you could make this place as gay and as pleasant as you chose. You could refurnish, do what you will with it, which would be an added interest. It is near New York. You can go there whenever you choose,—every day, if it suits you."

"You do not understand, Gregory. I want to feel that I am one of Dolly

Critchley's little inner circle, the best socially and the gayest in New York,—the one, in fact, in which the Brentwoods always moved, until Uncle Walter became a hermit or something."

Gregory waved an impatient arm, as though he did not wish that subject to be introduced. But he waited, while Eloise went on, though in a milder tone.

"As that can not be very well done here, at least until I am better known down there, I want to accept Aunt Dolly's invitation. She advises me to get away from here as soon as possible, if I do not wish to lose, what she was kind enough to call my charm."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Gregory, "and she thinks you will win or keep charm there, where all is false and artificial. However, I have said my say. I have felt a certain responsibility in your regard, to carry out what I believed would be your father's wishes. He constituted me, in fact, though not legally, your guardian."

The girl's eyes were raised to his, with a watchful, scrutinizing glance, as he concluded.

"And I tell you plainly, Eloise, Mrs. Critchley's is the last place on earth James Brentwood would wish his daughter to live."

For a moment, Eloise was staggered. She had been tenderly attached to her quiet and reserved father, and in her heart she knew that he would have agreed with her guardian. The latter, however, resumed the conversation in quite a different tone.

"Since I see you have decided for yourself, what then are your plans with respect to this house?"

She felt quite magnanimous as she responded:

"I have asked the Brentwoods to become my tenants at what amounts to a nominal rent, the same they would be likely to pay for an uptown apartment. I feel sure they want to stay here, and

that will give them the opportunity."

"And has—have they consented?"

"Marcia promised to give me an answer. I told her I would retain one or two rooms for my own use in case I should get tired of New York."

She spoke now with an almost caressing tone and those blandishments which she could so effectively use, especially with persons of the opposite sex, when she wanted to gain an object.

While she spoke, Gregory was rapidly reviewing the situation in his own mind. He felt something like relief at the plan which she had unfolded. For it had struck him with a sense of dismay that the old house would either have to be closed, or, worse still, invaded by tenants, who might do much to lessen, if not destroy, its charm. He had mentally seen Marcia departing; dear, simple, kindly Mrs. Brentwood missing from her armchair, and even the domestics, rare enough to be of priceless value, gone from the scene of their labors.

Gregory, in all this, gave a thought to himself, with that vein of selfishness inherent in every human creature. Perhaps, if those others remained, he might be permitted to come sometimes, if only for an afternoon.

Eloise who, perhaps, divined the nature of his thoughts, broke in upon them with startling brusqueness.

"My own impression is that Marcia will never consent to remain, upon these terms. In fact, she has as much as said already, that they would only entertain the idea of staying, if they could afford to pay, what she called an adequate rent."

Gregory caught his breath.

"You think that is her idea?"

"I am sure of it. She made a pretence of consulting Aunt Jane and Larry. But with her rests the decision. Larry's salary could never pay such a rent as she suggests."

An idea which had before occurred to Gregory, suddenly sprang into his mind with all the force of a settled resolution:

"Ah, Larry! Yes, that was it!" he decided, but he did not put his thoughts into words.

"So," went on Eloise, "we shall have to wait till Marcia has made up her mind."

Gregory nodded.

"I suppose so," he said, "and now, perhaps, we had better join the others."

Eloise had no objection, having had her say; but as they turned towards the door, she let fall an item of news which considerably surprised Gregory.

"Did you know that Ambrose Gilfillan had been here?"

Gregory stopped short.

"No. What the 'deuce—I beg your pardon—what brought him here?"

"To see me for one thing," Eloise said, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But to this house, to these people!" exclaimed Gregory, stopping short, as he reflected that Eloise probably knew little or nothing of the injury which Gilfillan had done by his venomous talk against Walter Brentwood.

"That's what I said, Gregory," declared Eloise, "and though I don't know much about all those old affairs, I can remember he seemed to dislike Walter Brentwood. And I heard once he tried to injure him. However, I was as rude to him as you could desire. But Marcia—" she shrugged again. "I expect it was partly out of opposition to me," Eloise explained, "though she said, it was because he was poor and old and one of the clan."

"What did she do?" Gregory asked, greatly interested.

"Oh, she was quite nice to him, and asked him to stay to lunch."

"And he did?"

"Yes; he looked as if he were hungry, and couldn't resist. I refused to sit at

table with him, though he has always professed to be a great friend."

Gregory remembered that he had been in love with the girl's mother.

"I wonder Mrs. Brentwood allowed it," he said, with a dark look.

"At first, she was as cold as ice to him; but you know what Aunt Jane is. She thawed, and let Marcia have her way."

"And Marcia! It was just like Marcia," commented Gregory, "and of course, she didn't know."

Eloise frowned, but she thought it better not to pursue the subject. She wondered what Gregory was thinking of, as he began to pace the room, revolving in his mind that plan, which the urgency of the moment had brought to a sudden climax. She covertly watched him, as he stood at a window looking out, with lines of deep thought on his forehead. He, for his part, was thinking, that, if his scheme was successful, it would keep him in touch with this branch of the Brentwood family, and enable him to visit, from time to time, the House at the Cross Roads. He did not stop to think whether or not Eloise would be pleased at the idea; he was far more concerned with how it might be received by Marcia.

And with this anxiety uppermost in his mind he suddenly roused himself to attend to the light and half-mocking query of Eloise:

"Why, what's the matter? I thought you were so anxious to join the others?"

They did so in silence, crossing the hall and entering the living-room.

(To be continued.)

WITH every confession man draws nearer to God, gains a clearer knowledge of his interior state, becomes more active in the exercise of virtue, more fit to merit mercy, and better disposed to receive the higher gifts.

—*St. Laurence Justinian.*

A Great Scientist Convert.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN 1896, Dr. Takamine established himself in New York, and wishing to pursue original research in medical and chemical subjects, he constructed for himself a laboratory in the cellar of number 475 Central Park West. This house might well be marked with a tablet to catch the attention of the passer-by, for a great discovery was made here. After five years of work, in 1901, Dr. Takamine succeeded in isolating adrenalin, the active principle of the suprarenal glands. The size of his laboratory and its equipment would seem, to all ordinary consideration, to be so inadequate for any such discovery, that it seems almost impossible that it should have been made in these cramped and unfavorable surroundings. It is not, however, the locality, nor the facilities that a man has, but it is the man himself that counts in research work.

Takamine's work demonstrated beyond all doubt that the suprarenal glands, from which adrenalin was manufactured, were among the most important in the body. The fact that so little was known of them probably had tempted him, more than anything else, to take up their study. When he had finished that study, adrenalin, the agent with which he enriched modern pharmacopias, proved to be a more powerful pharmacal substance than almost any that we had known up to that time. Certainly, there were not more than half a dozen of drugs out of all those that men had collected, out of all their experiences with, and investigations of, plants and animals, which could for a moment be compared with this new material in its efficacy to produce definite changes both locally and constitutionally.

Perhaps this fact, better than any other, will make the non-medical reader understand what Takamine had accomplished. He had enriched the armory of physicians with an extremely powerful agent for good that could be used particularly in certain emergencies, as in hemorrhage after removal of the tonsils, or in severe hyperemia of the conjunctiva, or in post-partum hemorrhage, in the presence of which physicians up to that time had felt rather helpless, realizing their need of some reliable agent to control blood supply to the parts affected.

After his discovery of adrenalin, it is easy to understand that Dr. Takamine devoted no little time and effort to the finding of the active principle of the other ductless glands. Since the suprarenals had yielded their secret comparatively so readily, it would seem as though the other active principles ought to be obtained without much more difficulty. His efforts proved, however, to be without success; and it is interesting to realize that though many others tried to solve the same problems they have not succeeded, with the single possible exception of the active principle of the thyroid, and that yielded to the most persistent investigation only a few years ago. When Dr. Takamine began his work, there was ever so much more known about the thyroid than about the suprarenal; but it was the very lack of information with regard to these which probably attracted him, as we have said, to the study of them. It was definitely known that they were extremely important for human life and vital function, because Addison's description of the disease connected therewith had called special attention to them. It was thoroughly appreciated that a lesion of them was almost inevitably fatal, but Takamine's discovery laid bare the secret of the gland.

The doctor worked at other subjects in the intervals of trying to solve the mysteries of the ductless glands, and succeeded in making some important additional discoveries, by-products, as it were, of his regular work. Probably, the best known of these discoveries is the isolation of a ferment, or diastase, which digests starch, and which proved to be of very great value in the treatment of those whose starch digestion had become disordered. A host of such substances were afterwards discovered, but none of them have proved to have anything like the active digestive properties of the material announced by Takamine. This came to be known as takadiastase, from his name, and enjoys, down to the present day, a very great degree of popularity among the medical profession.

This discovery was put on the market by a large manufacturing chemical firm, which, for a time, employed the acute Japanese investigator at a large salary as a biological expert in connection with the development of biological pharmaceuticals; that is, the treatment of disease by means of products obtained from animals rather than from plants. This branch of therapeutics has developed broadly during the Twentieth Century; and not a little of its success, and the interest in it, is due to Takamine's successful pioneering. The understanding with the firm referred to was that they would take over any of his products, and commercialize them under special terms.

Dr. Takamine soon realized that it would be more lucrative for him if he were to exploit his own discoveries, and so, after fulfilling the terms of his contract with the American firm, he organized a pharmaceutical corporation which was entirely under his control. He proved to have the business ability to organize this in such a way as to insure success, and thus accomplished

what so many American inventors have failed in. While he had the genius to step across the unknown, the concentration of mind which enabled him to find things where others had failed, he had also that practical character of intellect, and that knowledge of men and flexibility of disposition, which enabled him to make a success in business.

His chemical corporation enabled him to exploit another discovery of his that was of very high value from a monetary standpoint. This was the extraction of glycerine from printers' rolls. The necessity for this substance had added considerably to the expense of printing. Takamine's process reduced much of this expense by saving the glycerine, which used to be thrown away with the old rolls, for use over and over again. His chemical corporation also enabled him to be of assistance in bringing about the introduction into Japan of many useful industries, among which were soda works, factories for dye stuffs, as well as for alkali and aluminum, and manufactories of fertilizer, of which the Japanese needed much, for their soil is very limited and their population dense. The Japanese realized that if they were to compete successfully with the Western nations in a commercial and industrial way, their people must enjoy the best possible health, and be given the best possible chance to develop all the strength they could have for their labor. In this way, Dr. Takamine greatly assisted in the development of modern Japan, while doing great things for the rest of the world.

Dr. Takamine's native country recognized his abilities and his sympathetic interest by conferring many honors upon him. In 1899 the University of Japan conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Chemical Engineering; and in 1906 the same institution honored him with the doctorate of pharmacology. In

1913, as a token of appreciation and gratitude for his services to his native country, he was decorated by the Emperor of Japan with the Order of the Rising Sun, a patent of high nobility among the Japanese. While thus closely in touch with his own country, Dr. Takamine continued to do good work here in the United States, and during the War offered his services for any purpose that might be thought necessary to our Government.

In *Hakushi*, the *Who's Who* in Greater Japan, Takamine bulks large; and it is clear that all his more educated countrymen are very proud indeed of all that he has accomplished, and of the position he had come to occupy in world science. His life, as sketched there in Japanese, is doubtless as elegant as it is detailed; but some of the very curious expressions of the English sketch of him which accompanies the Japanese, show how thoroughly Oriental the editorial staff must be, and yet how they strive to present their great countryman to the Western World in the way that it can best understand him.

Dr. Takamine's conversion to the Church is a very interesting incident of our time, when most people are inclined to think of science as having made belief in religion, at least in old-fashioned religion, impossible. A well-known young scientist declared not long ago, that if a man tried to keep both religion and science in his mind, he would have to be sure to maintain them in water-tight compartments; for if, by any chance, they should mingle, religion would surely be lost in the precipitation that would take place. Such smart expressions have become current in recent years, and in their smug, scientific garb seemed to many unthinking persons to represent deep truths. A book on civilization was recently published in the United States to which some thirty of

our cleverest young men contributed. The editor tried to get some one to write on religion—as practically every other phase of civilization was introduced,—but he could find no one who cared to do this. God and religion were something not to be reckoned with in life.

It is an interesting circumstance, therefore, that within a few months after the publication of the book in question, a distinguished Japanese scientist, all of whose early life was passed under influence entirely apart from Christianity, and whose scientific career would seem to make it almost impossible for him to find a resource in Christianity at the end of his life, asked to be received into the Church.

There is no doubt at all about Takamine's thorough-going devotion to science, nor of his power by his researches known in scientific matters. His success in finding adrenalin—almost the only active principle of glandular secretion that the medical world knew for a quarter of a century,—represented something of the intuition of genius. The value of his discovery was great in itself; but it was still more important in the stimulus that it gave to investigators in a department which has proved so extremely valuable for the increase of knowledge in the field of the ductless glands in medicine. That one definite basis of information, in the midst of a large desert of theory, has encouraged conservatives to think that there may be a magnificent opportunity for development in this department, and the result has been a revolution in medical thought.

Takamine was an eminently practical man, not at all a visionary. He had, besides, an intelligence that was thoroughly developed, a heart, an emotional and affective side, that made him a complete man. His affection for his country was the public proof of that,

while his relation to his family represented another and even deeper phase of it. He had been ailing for some years, and had been really ill for long months before it was evident that the end could not be far off. As he said himself, he felt the need of definite faith in a higher power and in a hereafter. As he had witnessed for years the satisfaction of his wife and children in the Catholic religion, he sent for a Catholic priest, and was received into the Church. He needed no instruction; for he had evidently given the subject deep attention for a long while, and his intellect was thoroughly prepared. But he needed the gift of faith that could only come to him through grace. That did not come until death brought him near to the realities of eternity.

Dean Stanley once said, when he had been ailing for months, and neither his friends nor himself expected that he would ever again be up and around: "Life looks very different when viewed from the horizontal, especially if you never expect to see it from the vertical again." In a word, life looks very different when viewed through the lense of death. Colton, a hundred years ago, declared that there are three proofs for the non-existence of God, health and wealth and friends. But when health is gone and friends are but distant memories, and even closest relatives must be parted from, then there is a need in the human soul for a supreme being, and for assurance with regard to the hereafter. It is at a moment like this that grace finds a ready way into the human heart, and religious conversion becomes a very easy matter.

The story of the conversion of Dr. Takamine as told by Right Rev. Msgr. Kernan, of Passaic, N. J., who was his parish priest and received him into the Church, is as authentic an account of that incident as anyone interested in

Dr. Takamine could wish to have. He had been suffering for some time from complicated kidney disease, but some six weeks before his death had become very much better. But realizing how near he still was to the other world, he turned his attention to the question of religion. Monsignor Kernan says: "In 1885, Dr. Takamine married a Southern girl, Miss Caroline Field Hitch, of New Orleans. Two children were born, Jokichi, Jr., and Eben, both in Japan. Mrs. Takamine became a convert to the Catholic faith four years ago. She explained to her husband her happiness, but other than that she only attended fervently to her new religious duties, and prayed for the conversion of her husband. He watched her, and not so long ago asked that a priest be sent to talk to him. A short time later he became more ill.

"Dr. Takamine explained that he had been all his life trying to anchor his spiritual uneasiness to something, but had not been able to do so in a way to satisfy himself. He had read and had had explanations made of many beliefs, but wanted to inquire into the Catholic faith, as it seemed, so far as he knew, to give him rest."

Msgr. Kernan told him the Catholic reasons for belief in the divinity of Christ, the foundation of the Church, and other such religious doctrines, and then left him to the further consideration of them that his state of health would permit, and his manifest nearness to eternity would dictate.

It was not long after this interview before Dr. Takamine asked to be received into the Church. His request was granted, and he found, during the weeks of suffering that followed, his greatest consolation in his new-found faith. He declared that while all his life he had felt the need of some definite belief, he had had no idea that this need could be so amply fulfilled, yet so

simply, as by turning to the Catholic Church.

Dr. Takamine was buried from St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, on Tuesday, July 25, after his body had lain in state at the Nippon Club, of which he was the founder.

Some of the tributes paid to Takamine by the medical journals of the country give the highest testimony to the thorough-going appreciation of him entertained by the medical profession of the United States, and show the whole-hearted recognition which had been accorded to him for his work. Manifestly there was not a bit of chauvanism in their estimation of him; and in spite of the prevalent impression with regard to international jealousy between this country and Japan, there was no minimization of the value of the research work done by this Japanese scientist in the Western World. His constant, life-long endeavor to assure the best possible relations between the country of his birth and that of his adoption, instead of lessening admiration for him, rather strengthened it. Probably the easiest way for the non-medical mind to grasp something of the prestige which Takamine had gained among the people most intimately in touch with him, is to take what a representative medical journal, concerned almost exclusively with medical interests, had to say of him after the news of his lamented demise became public.

The *New York Medical Week*, in the issue immediately following his death, in a brief note under the caption "The Passing of Takamine," said: "Words are inadequate to express the sense of loss felt by his medical brethren, and the public in general, in the death in this city of Dr. Jokichi Takamine.

"Scholar, physician, research worker, a lifetime advocate of cordial relations between his native Japan and the

America of his adoption, this benefactor of his kind will be remembered for all time, in addition, by his well-known discoveries of those valuable additions to the armamentarium, takadiastase and adrenalin.

"Takamine drew knowledge and inspiration from Occident as well as Orient; and, like the charity that blesses both giver and recipient, Japan, as well as this and other Western lands, benefited greatly by his quiet, continuous labors."

The Autumn Rain.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

COME and listen to the clatter
Of the rain,—
To the steady pitter-patter
Of the rain!
Down the tree trunks slowly crawling,
From the barn eaves swiftly falling,
Hear the eager voices calling
In the rain!
Oh, I love the sudden dashing
Of the rain,
As it comes in noisy splashing
'Gainst my pane!
I am eager for its coming,
And I love its gentle humming,
Like an instrument's low strumming,
Idle rain!
How I love thy gentle sobbing,
Gracious rain!
And I feel thy great heart throbbing,
Tender rain!
Hush! The pines, low bent, are praying,
All my foolish fears allaying;
And my thoughts from thee go straying,
Wind-swept rain!
Oh, thou soul oppressed and weary,
Heed the rain!
Let it wash out all the dreary,
Needless pain.
It will soothe the ceaseless aching,
It will heal the slowly breaking
Hearts, to nobler things awaking,
God-sent rain!

The Valley of the Blue Shadows.

BY MARY FOSTER.

IV.

BEPPPO soon found himself in a cup-shaped hollow cradled in the stern mountain's bosom—a fertile little spot shut in from the rest of the world by the great arms of the hills, save to the south, which lay exposed to the sunshine. Here, the valley, hidden by clustering olive trees, sloped sharply downwards, forming a steep, natural barrier to the outer world, yet open to the lavish embraces of the sun.

Here were olives, ancient, magnificent trees, unpruned and untended—growing how and where they would,—twisting great branches, weighed down with their feathery burdens, leaning their trunks at will, supporting themselves, the one with the other, undisturbed in their growth. Just olive trees,—olive trees, and nothing more, shimmering silverly in the sun; the languid western breeze turning their delicate leaves with as gentle a caress as a mother's fingers through the curls of her child. Fresh Spring grass—untrod-den grass, ungrazed pasture—carpeted the ground; and at the foot of the rough, lichened trunks lay what looked like clear, untroubled pools, blue with the reflection of the sky.

Here about these calm, azure waters, it must be that the souls of the stainless children played. The marvellous mountain stillness was broken only by the trilling song of many birds and the busy hum of insect life. Nothing else stirred. No human being, no human habitation, was in sight—not even a cluster of stones to denote the one-time dwelling-place of man.

Beppo crept a little nearer, feeling greatly awed. But the great pools of blue that lay at the feet of the giant olive trees—surely they were the Blue

Shadows, surely. Then he saw that it was no gleaming waters that shimmered on the fresh grass, but flowers—flowers, violets, in their myriads, frail grape hyacinths, delicate blue orchises, countless starry speedwells, and other blooms, jewelled the ground with their dainty beauty, perfuming the air with their indescribable array of scents, shimmering blue-ly over the whole valley with the Madonna's own blue—blue of love, blue of beauty, blue of heaven.

Beppo tumbled forward and threw himself upon the tranquil pools of blue silence. The flowers nodded gently over his dark head, stole intrusively into his ears, his mouth, filled his eyes with their blue, his nose with their fragrance, his mouth with their sweet breath. His brown fingers clutched them to his breast, they nestled about his bare feet and kissed his sun-stained cheeks. Blue above him, gleaming through the silver of the olives from the blue sky; blue beneath him and around him from the multitude of flowers.

Languidly and more languidly they nodded before his drooping eyes, closer they crept to his face and neck as his head sank lower amongst them till they laid their tender blue coolness upon his weary lids, and soothed him with the fragrance of their perfumed breath. Even the western breeze, descending from the blue sky, wafting across the sea of flowers, seemed blue—all around danced the Blue Shadows. Then they took shape before him and smiled and laughed like children at play, and presently he could see their eyes shining, their hair gleaming gold-ly. Then frail, white arms crept out from beneath the blue draperies, and light, dainty feet twinkled upon the grass.

The air was filled with the delicious music of childish laughter—innocent mirth which came straight from God's throne in heaven. Songs, such as no bird could sing, shivered like diamonds;

trills, like splinters of breaking glass vibrated on an atmosphere which was clear and blue—as blue as heaven itself. Dainty footsteps, light as angels' wings caressed the cool grass; whispers of sweet, childish lips parted the musical stillness. Blue everywhere—even the very sounds, the scents, were blue!

How exquisite was the mystic presence of these child spirits! how beautiful it was to play with them! Surely, it was heavenly sport in which they all took part; and they seemed to draw Beppo by his willing hand to join in their revels. How pretty they were! How sweetly the little starry faces peeped out from the blue! Beppo thought that he could recognize Bimbo's face amongst them—Bimbo's liquid blue eyes, which had always shone with such an azure glamour, even when he had been a poor cripple boy on earth. Beppo drew a deep breath of utter content, and let himself sink more deeply into the mist of Blue Shadows. He did not know whether he was running or playing or resting with his heavenly companions; he only knew that he was completely happy.

When at length, Beppo opened languid eyes, all was deep-blue darkness about him, and a profound silence reigned. Not a breath touched the olives, not a sound broke the tranquillity of the warm atmosphere. It was extraordinarily warm, but even the sultry heaviness soothed the boy. He raised a drowsy pair of eyes to the vault above his head—its deep, calm expanse was pierced by countless silver stars which gazed down upon him mildly, and twinkled at him in a friendly manner.

"I expect God must have come to His Holy Mother riding on the back of a falling star," murmured Beppo sleepily. "That's why He came so quickly." And pillowing his brown face on his bare brown arm, he fell fast asleep once more.

V.

When Beppo woke again, the serene blueness had entirely disappeared, the stars had crept away, and a sinister darkness hung around, enlivened by a dull, curious glow. Distant mutterings and murmurings disturbed the air, threatening growls sounded from afar.

"That must be the devil talking," conjectured Beppo; but he remembered that the Valley of the Blue Shadows was God's playground for the white souls of His children. No devils could come here.

The child started up, now thoroughly roused, and sudden fear seized him as he gazed about him. Where was he? How had he come to this lonely darkness? Where was his mother?

"Mother! mother!" he cried, and he put out a trembling hand; but his fingers only closed over wisps of grass and dreaming flowers.

He started to his feet in terror. The sombre mountains stood faintly out from an angry sky. Low, flying clouds massed together in ominous array, and from far away dull murmurings throbbed on the now sultry air. An occasional glimmer lit the eastern sky for a brief second, illuminating the tranquil valley. Where were the Blue Shadows which had caressed Beppo with their radiant presence? Where was the golden sun which had smiled upon him with kindly beam? Surely night could not have crept up so swiftly, and cast her dusky mantle about the sporting children without their noticing her approach?

The ancient olive trees were still and gloomy; no rustling, as of whispering laughter, shook their silver leaves. The flowers, which had bathed the moss-grown trunks in their fragrant pools of blue, were either dead or asleep. In the momentary and increasing flashes of light, they glimmered greyly and sadly in the dull, colorless grass which

had pulsed with such an ardent green life in the gaudy afternoon sunshine.

The souls of the children must have been stolen back to God in heaven. Perhaps, like the fairies, they had to return to Him who sent them. But why had they left the lonely child behind them?

Once, when the approaching lightning gleamed more vividly, Beppo fancied that the gate of heaven was set ajar to let the last stragglers in. No doubt, Bimbo was lingering behind to see if Beppo would not follow.

"Bimbo! Bimbo!" he cried; and he began to run, tripping over the sprawling olive trunks, calling with all the strength of his young voice.

"Bimbo! Bimbo!"

"Bimbo! Bimbo!" echoed back to him, but he thought they were calling "Beppo! Beppo!" Another flash lit up the sky with increasing brilliancy and the thunder answered more readily with deeper note.

"Oh, God is angry! Bimbo is keeping them waiting in heaven—waiting for me. Bimbo! Where are you,—where?"

But Bimbo's voice answered:

"Where? where?"

Beppo stood still for a moment.

"Here I am!" he called out.

"Here I am!" came the reply.

"Where?"

"Where?"

A blinding glare lit up the lowering sky, followed by a crash of thunder.

"Oh, they have slammed the door of heaven!" wailed Beppo, "and perhaps Bimbo is locked outside. Bimbo! Bimbo! I want to come with you!"

"I want to come with you," moaned the weary, answering voice.

Beppo began to cry; and it seemed to him as if some one across the valley was in distress too; for, as he raised his piteous, childish wail, an answering cry of woe sounded from over the bending olive trees.

"Oh, Blue Shadows, come back!"

cried Beppo, kneeling amongst the sleeping flowers. "Come back and take me with you! I am only a little boy, and God will surely find a place for me, somewhere. And I am frightened,—oh, I am frightened! Mother! mother!"

"Mother! mother!" sounded from afar. Then Bimbo, too, was locked out, and was crying for his mother.

There was a moment's dead silence. Nature seemed to be holding her breath—waiting for something. The olive trees stood perfectly still, not a quiver ran through their leaden silver; the blue flowers slept dreamlessly; the very blades of grass remained absolutely motionless. Up in the sky, all was black, not a star peeped out, the outlines of the hills were completely blurred in the dense atmosphere.

Then the storm broke. Lightning tore the sky in swift, jagged rents, and ran along the very earth where the Blue Shadows had lingered. Thunder blared from the heights, rolled along the mountain tops, down the valley with uncontrolled fury. The North Wind awoke, lashing the olive trees till they bent and bowed and twisted in agony. Scurrying, black clouds hurried up, enveloping all in a thick, choking veil, driven by the frenzy of the blast. The frail blue flowers lay prone on the quivering grass, gasping faintly, as though the very breath were seized from them.

Beppo got up again, running hither and thither, stretching out his arms towards each flash of light.

"Oh, let me in, let me in!" he cried; and from afar the other voice repeated:

"Let me in, let me in!" only he could scarcely hear the wailing echo in the awful din.

Once, a giant olive tree, swaying and lashing in the fierce gale, was seized in the rough arms of the wind, and hurled crashingly to the ground, where it lay huddled—a mass of broken branches and distorted trunk.

Edgar Allan Poe.

Beppo watched its fall, and terror shook his small frame. He turned away from the lightning's flash, terrified now at its approach; but wheresoever he looked, it sought him out; he could not avoid its pitiless glare. And the thunder—surely, the thunder was crashing right over his tormented head, hide it where he might. He flung himself upon the grass amongst the covering flowers, and put his hands over his ears, trying to shut out the tumult; burying his face in the trembling grass, trying to hide from the terrifying flashes.

The storm was passing along now, driven by the urgency of the North Wind, and already great spots of rain were beginning to fall. Once again there was a pause, and Nature seemed to be drawing a deep, thankful breath, as the storm strode southwards. Once more the trees stood still, while the rain pattered down, and the flowers waited.

One last brilliant flash illumined the whole arc of the restless sky. But Beppo never saw it. The rumbling thunder muttered angrily in the distance, following the boisterous North Wind.

The Valley of the Blue Shadows was left in tranquillity again. All was still—very, very still. No life stirred, not a creature breathed in the lonely valley; and a mild, wondering moon, stealing over the mountain's brow, gazed sadly upon what she saw.

Towards dawn they found him, huddled against the trunk of a friendly olive tree, whose silver branches hung weepingly over him. His fingers still clutched the blue flowers; his cheek lay upon the soft, wet grass; he lay very, very still.

Only a little blue mark upon the sun-kissed brow showed that upon the gleaming shaft of the lightning's flash, God had called His child to join His white-souled little ones in heaven.

(The End.)

IN Fordham, a little distance from what is now the throbbing heart of the city of New York, stands the simple cottage in which Edgar Allan Poe, the most famous of all Southern writers, and one of the world's great literary artists, wrote some of his best poems. It was in this cottage in Fordham that his beautiful Virginia died—his girl-wife, the inspiration of his best work, his star, his shrine.

For her sake he had taken the cottage, hoping the rest and quiet would restore her health, but the hope was a futile one, for, day by day, she steadily grew weaker; and we all know the story of that bitter Winter of 1846, when, with insufficient bed-clothing to keep the invalid warm, the poet-husband would wrap his overcoat about her, and the wonderful cat, conscious of her great usefulness, would snuggle at her side to add its warmth.

And there in that cottage, in "the bleak December," the two clung to each other—the one so weak and loving, the other so brave and desolate,—blinded by the vision of the separation so soon to be. And it was during these days of suspense and poverty, when bereft of all other consolation, from the depths of his aching heart, that Edgar Allan Poe wrote "The Raven," which no one can read without being haunted by its rhythm, and which is a reflection and an echo of his own history:

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had
sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow
for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the
angels named Lenore.

His heart felt the pathos of life, and he knew how to set this pathos to music.

Edgar Allan Poe's love for his wife was the one bright, beautiful thing in his life; and in all the realms of poetry and romance, there is scarcely to be

found a duplicate of his great love and solicitude for her, and her abiding faith and true affection for him. Virginia was a child when he married her, as is told in the first stanzas of "Annabel Lee," the sweetest and simplest of all his ballads:

 She was a child and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more than
 love,
 I and my Annabel Lee;
 With a love which the winged seraphs of
 heaven,
 Coveted her and me.

After her death, the memory of their happy years together came back to him touched with pathos, but radiant and hallowed; and with the delicate tentacles of his heart reaching out, sounds the note of lasting triumph when he says:

And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

With her going, the magic went out of his life, and left him almost irresponsible, with no visible or sustaining ideal to guide him save Virginia's mother, the gentle woman whose love and faith penetrated even the deepest shadows of his life.

Edgar Allan Poe had his faults and weaknesses; but there must have been much that was high and noble in his nature to inspire such deathless devotion in the hearts of these pure women. Much of his life was enshrouded by melancholy, and it seems the very irony of fate that he did not live to garner some of the golden sheaves himself.

For more than a quarter of a century, the South's richest and rarest poetic genius slept almost forgotten in a neglected grave in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore, Maryland; but Time, the great adjuster, saw to it that Edgar Allan Poe was laurelled at last; and to-day, even the room he occupied at the University of Virginia is kept as a hallowed shrine.

The Hand of Providence.

*From "Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca,"
 translated by Sir George Head.*

AT the beginning of the year 1812 the sway of Napoleon had reached its point of culmination. It may be said without exaggeration that at that period the whole continent of Europe stood crouching in silence before him. Emperor of the French, or, in other words, ruler of a vast empire, comprising, in addition to the ancient confines of France, all the Belgic and Austrian provinces, as well as those of the republic of Holland; the most fertile principalities of Germany on both sides of the Rhine; Dalmatia; all the States of the King of Sardinia, with the exception of the island; the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, Tuscany, and Rome. He was, besides, King of Italy; and if not king by name, at least king *de facto*, of that portion of Spain occupied by his troops, as well as of the kingdoms of Westphalia and Naples. Under the majestic title of Protector, he dominated over that part of Germany forming the Confederation of the Rhine; and, elevating their princes to royal and grand-ducal dignity, he made them subservient to him, as the Reguluses to the Roman Senate and the Cæsars. This prestige was still further augmented by his family alliance with the Imperial House of Austria. . . .

Yet, notwithstanding all these earthly advantages, and his being at the time in the very zenith of power and glory, there was in preparation for him, in the councils of the same God who "shall cut off the spirit of princes: He is terrible to the kings of the earth,"* an event that, before the end of the current year, was about to eclipse his grandeur and dispose the affairs of Europe for the fall of his colossal dominion. Certainly there happened in

* Ps., lxxvi, 12.

that year nothing worthy of being mentioned in the Fort of Fenestrelle; though, indeed, about the middle of June we had intelligence that the passage of Mont Cenis was rendered for several hours impassable to travellers; and afterward we learned that it was on account of the arrival of the Pope, on his way from Savona, at the convent of monks on the summit; on which occasion his progress was accelerated in a way to endanger his life. . . .

At present I introduce the fact above stated merely for the purpose of observing that the violent, barbarous removal of the Pontiff from Savona to Fontainebleau was the last crowning sin of Bonaparte, such as, we learn by the Holy Scriptures, wearies at last the long-suffering of the Almighty, and, as has often been seen, calls forth the final infliction of His long-suspended chastisement.

It is a well-known coincidence of historical facts that on the 20th of June, 1812, the Pope arrived a prisoner, almost in a moribund state, at Fontainebleau; and on the 22d of the same month Napoleon, intoxicated by an uninterrupted continuance of prosperity for fifteen years, marched his troops across the Niemen and invaded the Russian territory; thus making a beginning of the fatal war that hurled him from his throne, and marvellously deprived him of the fruit of all his victories.

It is not the purpose of the present narrative to give an account of the memorable expedition of the French and allied troops in Russia, where, not by the hand of man, but by the hand of the Omnipotent God, one of the most numerous, well-trained armies that history ever recorded was consigned to utter destruction; but it is my object to submit to pious, religious minds the result of my own observation in an instance where, notwithstanding the idea may be held in derision by modern

thinkers, the operations of the Hand that directs the affairs of the universe were distinctly recognized. The following is the instance in question:

The Emperor Napoleon, in a letter addressed to the Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, complaining of the non-compliance of Pius VII. with some of his demands, used these remarkable words: "Is he ignorant how much the times are changed? Does he take me for a Louis Debonnaire; or does he fancy that his excommunications will make the muskets fall from the hands of my soldiers?" Nay, more: Napoleon, after the fulmination by Pius VII. of the Bull of Excommunication, in the course of repeated conversations with the Legate Cardinal Caprara, expressed himself in almost the same terms; and was heard to observe, on different occasions, in a sarcastic, ironical tone, "that the Bull had not yet caused the muskets to fall from his soldiers' hands."

It was the will of God, notwithstanding, that the falling of the muskets from the hands of Napoleon's soldiers should literally happen; and accordingly I read with amazement and stupor the identical fact recorded in the history of the proceedings of Napoleon's grand army in 1812, where it is confirmed on the authority of one of his own generals, an eye-witness of the catastrophe. The following is the passage I allude to: "The soldiers were unable to keep hold of their muskets: they dropped from the hands of the bravest." "Mémoires," etc., par J. B. Salgues. And again: "The muskets fell from the frozen hands that bore them."

Our freethinkers, no doubt, will say that it was the snow and the frost and the tempest that caused the arms to fall from the hands of the soldiers. But whom do these powers obey? "The fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind, fulfilling His word."*

* Ps., cxlviii, 8.

Memorable Thoughts.

THE reward of one duty is the incentive to fulfil another.—*George Eliot.*

LEADING a busy life is keeping the door shut in the face of the devil.

LIGHT words are often weighty sins.
—*Coventry Patmore.*

IN Palestine they say: "Who is first silent in a quarrel springs from a good family."

IF you always live with those who are lame, in the end you yourself will come to limp.—*Anon.*

IT is more ignorant to have adopted false knowledge than to be uninformed.
—*John Ayscough.*

IF conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if twice, it is a condemnation.—*Hawthorne.*

WE are all failures, and the best of us are those that know it.
—*Mgr. R. H. Benson.*

TO speak wisely is not always easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence.—*Anon.*

YOU can never be sure of anything except that you will attend your own funeral.—*A. Safroni-Middleton.*

THERE is no knowing what might be the effect of one Holy Communion less in the life of a soul.—*Lacordaire.*

LET every man sweep the dirt from before his own doors, and not busy himself about the dust on his neighbor's tiles.—*Chinese.*

THE appeal to physical force is venial in men maddened by suffering, but inexcusable in others.—*Cardinal Manning.*

SOW not wishes in other people's gardens; strive not to be different from what you are, but the very best of what you are.—*Madame Swetchine.*

THE tongue no man can tame; hence thou canst not tame thine own, for thou art a man. So thou must needs have continual recourse to God, that He may

do for thee what thou art not able to do for thyself.—*St. Augustine.*

THE character of a speaker or teacher persuades more than his words.
—*Menander.*

THERE is no use of crying over spilt milk, but there is no use either in making believe it has not been spilt.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Sow an action, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.
—*Thackeray.*

OUR human intellects are like lamps of various degrees of intensity; some are brighter than others, but they all cast shadows.—"*Abbé Pierre*," by *Jay William Hudson.*

THE practice of kind thoughts is our main help to that complete government of the tongue, without which as the Apostle says our religion is vain.

—*Father Faber.*

LIKE a man, and you will judge him with more or less fairness; dislike him, fairly or unfairly, and you can not fail to judge him unjustly.

—*George Macdonald.*

DO not to your neighbor what you do not wish your neighbor to do to you. That is the whole law; all the rest is commentary.—*Jewish Proverb.*

HAPPY the man who has a deep sense of the infinite Majesty of God, and never forgets the thought of it! Happy he who is faithful to recall this thought each time he has a sacrifice of homage to render to Him! If we were careful to raise up our eyes like Isaias towards the throne of the Sovereign Master, and consider that we stand before Him, could we possibly allow ourselves to run away after so many strange ideas and vain imaginations?... We are in the presence of God, we are addressing God, yet nothing seems less present to us than God; we are beneath His eye, and yet unconscious of His presence.

—*Bacuez.*

Forgiving and Forgetting.

WHEN the Saviour of mankind laid down the rule: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that persecute and calumniate you," He formulated a law which it is by no means easy to obey. Most arduous, indeed, of all forms of that brotherly love which is undeniably essential to our spiritual well-being, is our forgiving all injuries done to us, our showing good-will and kindness to those who have harmed us, who have been—or perhaps, actually are,—our secret or avowed enemies.

There can be no question, however, about the necessity of forgiving. Christ expressly declares: "If you will not forgive men, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your offences." Now, is it equally necessary for us to *forget* all injuries to which we have been subjected? Is the second clause of the proverbial law, "Forgive and forget," as imperative as is the first? Few moralists or philosophers will maintain that it is, for the simple reason that, while forgiving is with God's grace always possible, forgetting may easily be quite beyond one's power. The emphasized declaration, however, that we will *never* forget what our enemies have done to us very often means in reality that our asserted forgiveness is merely a shallow pretence. "I can forgive, but I can not forget," said Henry Ward Beecher, "is only another way of saying, 'I will not forgive.' Forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note—torn in two and burned up, so that it can never be shown against one."

Supposing that one really does forgive, is there no way of facilitating the process of forgetting? "They teach us to remember," says F. A. Duriyage, "why do they not teach us to forget? There is not a man living who has not, some time in his life, admitted that

memory is as much a curse as a blessing." Is there such a thing as the art of forgetting? May one acquire by any systematic procedure power to banish from the mind, temporarily or permanently, present consciousness of past thoughts, words, and deeds? Is there, perhaps some latent truth in the oft-quoted child's definition, "My memory is the thing I forget with?"

Everyone is acquainted with more or less numerous aids to memory, with various processes by which memorizing is effected; why should not the reversal of such processes contribute to our forgetting? The simplest and most common method of committing anything to memory is repetition. The schoolboy repeats his lesson over and over again until he has it by heart. His father, hearing a witty story for the first time, and wishing to add it to his collection, repeats the story for a week or two to such of his friends and acquaintances as have not yet heard it; and then feels that it is stored up in his memory for indefinite future use.

To learn to forget, the opposite plan must be practised. If I have received an injury from any one, I should, instead of dwelling upon it incessantly, examining it from every point of view, and speaking of it repeatedly to each and every member of my social circle, brush the image of it from my mind, treat its intrusion into my conscious thought as a distraction that I must banish at once, and refrain from mentioning it to any friend or acquaintance. This may be found a little difficult, or even very difficult, at first; but such efforts made immediately, or soon, after receiving the injury, will prove more successful than similar efforts made after a considerable lapse of time—after, for instance, one's weekly or monthly confession. Speaking of repetition, as a means of committing to memory, Professor Ladd says: "Repeat

as frequently as possible the first attempt at memorizing. For forgetting is rapid at first and slower afterwards."

The psychological law which explains why injuries are so hard to forget is the simple one, that vivid impressions are lasting; and it is a matter of universal experience that sharp words impress us more vividly than kind ones, affronts more vividly than compliments, kicks more vividly than halfpence. "An injury," says Bertaut, "graves itself in metal, but a benefit writes itself in water." Now, while all this is true, it proves merely what has already been granted—that forgetting injuries is difficult; it does *not* prove that such forgetting is impracticable. As a matter of fact, our will, if we could only realize it, has very much to do with our forgetting; and all too often it is the case that we lack, not the power of forgetting, but the will to forget.

Coleridge's statement about the association of ideas is pertinent to this view of our topic. He says: "The true, practical, general law of association is this: that whatever makes certain parts of a total impression more vivid or distinct than the rest will determine the mind to recall these in preference to others linked together by the condition of contemporaneity or of contiguity. But the will itself, by confining and intensifying the attention, may arbitrarily give vividness or distinctness to any object whatsoever." Obviously, the converse of this statement is also true: that the will itself, by distracting and lessening the attention, may arbitrarily give vagueness or indistinctness to any object, or sentiment, whatsoever. One thing about the matter is indisputable: the less we think about our injuries, and especially the less we talk about them, the less tenaciously will they cling to our memory—the more easily will they be forgotten.

Notes and Remarks.

Wide publicity, we are glad to notice, has been given, at least by the Catholic press, to some downright words, uttered a month or two ago by Cardinal Bourne. The latest place in which we have seen them is a paper published at the Antipodes. His Eminence said, referring to divorce and birth control: "The only witness to Christian morality and Christian doctrine, speaking with an unflinching voice, is the Catholic Church. And since her members are now the only witnesses left to these great principles and laws, they should realize that their responsibility has become much heavier than it used to be. They should take care so to live, so to speak, and so to give example, that they could never be reproached for having failed either to profess or to practise their holy religion."

These words, no less timely than weighty, can not be too often repeated by the Catholic press, or too frequently echoed in Catholic pulpits. With slight amplification, they would make a most practical sermon.

Among the lighter articles in *Our World* for the current month is "How Europe Got that Way," by Elmer Davis, of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. The Washington correspondent of a country newspaper, Walter J. Woof, has just returned from his first trip to Europe, where he has been "looking over the situation," and in his conversation with Mr. Davis delivers himself of sundry opinions, of which the following dialogue contains a graphic sample:

"I grant you that Europe has too much history, and unfortunately their schools teach it, instead of encouraging pupils to forget it as they're apt to do in this country. You and I, for example, don't get a tingle of joy every time we think of the glorious victories of Winfield Scott. Text-books pass the Mexican

War in a paragraph, and spend the rest of the space reserved for the Forties on an explanation of the growth of the factories and railroads. I wish I could be sure Winfield Scott is as thoroughly forgotten in Mexico.

"Now in Europe things like the campaigns of Winfield Scott are remembered, especially by the loser. And if you think they're forgotten by the immigrants who come to our all-receiving shores, go to a meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and give three cheers for Oliver Cromwell."

"It's a terrible problem," I replied. "And it seems to me that a man so well informed as yourself ought to be able to think up some remedy."

"I am a newspaper man," said Woof. "If I suggested remedies, my boss would tell me to stop editorializing. But I think I've done a good deal in finding out how Europe got that way."

"I wish you'd tell me," I said. "I'll respect your confidence."

"You needn't. Nobody will believe you. The trouble with Europe is the same thing as the trouble with America. They are both inhabited by the human race. But I don't see what can be done about it."

As a rule, Americans are not disposed to attribute much importance to the critical comments made by foreign visitors on our country and its institutions, our culture and our methods. The minimum of importance, perhaps, attaches to the criticisms of lady-visitors from England. And yet Miss Maude Royden, a social worker, and even a preacher in London, profited by her presence at a convention of the Young Women's Christian Association, held at Hot Springs, Arkansas a few weeks ago to give expressions to one criticism that is well worth thinking about. Speaking of education in the United States, she said:

There is too much respect for information, too little for the training of the mind. Students, even at the universities and even, I understand, when doing *post-graduate* work, are expected to "do" so many "hours" on certain (too numerous) subjects. Such a system is surely out of place anywhere but in a school. What is wanted of a university education is not the acquiring of facts in a certain space

of time, but the knowledge how to use one's mind, where to find facts, and how to estimate and handle them. Even in England, and far more in Europe where there is more culture and less instruction than with us, the trial of memory in the knowledge of facts, as shown in answers to questions in an examination, yields, in post-graduate work at least, to a demonstration of ability to *use* knowledge and to handle books, as tested in the writing of a thesis.

"For the information of the public," the Pennsylvania Railroad System has issued a circular in which it is stated that in the United States, during the past five years, no fewer than 9101 persons have been killed and 24,008 injured at grade crossings. In the hope of lessening the appalling number of such accidents, all persons who drive automobiles are earnestly requested to co-operate in the National Careful Crossing Campaign, which is being carried on by all railroads belonging to the American Railway Association, by observing the following precautions when approaching railroads and before crossing tracks:

1. Slow down; 2. Shift into lower gear to prevent stalling on tracks; 3. Look in both directions; 4. Listen; 5. Do not try to beat a train over a crossing; stop, if a train is approaching; 6. After a train has passed, make sure that no others are approaching in either direction; 7. Be doubly careful at night and on strange roads.

That it should be found necessary to urge the observance of these rules, shows how generally drivers of automobiles disregard commonsense precautions. Most of them seem to be afflicted with the speed mania at times—or all the time. The wonder is, not that accidents so often occur, but that they are not even more frequent.

We noted recently in these columns an illuminating article in the *London Month*, in which Father Boyd Barrett shows clearly that the Coué formula,

"In every respect I feel better and better every day," is merely a re-phrasing of the older statement of suggestion-therapy, "the idea inclines [helps] to the act." Discussing the question whether the wonder-works of Coué will not alarm some Catholics, as casting doubt on contemporary miracles—those at Lourdes, for instance—the same careful writer says:

The answer to such "difficulties" is not hard to find. What can be done naturally, both as to the fact and the manner in which the fact is brought about, is a natural work and not a miracle. No Catholic claims such works or wonders as "miracles." Miracles are works wrought against or above the power of nature—either as to the fact or the manner in which the fact is brought about, or as to both. And at Lourdes, to say nothing of the Gospel miracles, wonders have been wrought which seem most certainly to be beyond the power of nature in either or both of these respects. When a medical bureau, of the type of the Lourdes medical bureau, is established at Nancy, and when it can bring forward cases parallel in every respect to the medically authenticated Lourdes miracles, it will be time enough to cast doubt on the latter. Suffice it for the moment to say, first, that at Lourdes the types of "wonder-works" achieved by the New Nancy School are not put forward as authenticated miracles, but as mere "suggestion" cures; and, secondly, even the authenticated miracles of Lourdes are in no sense objects of divine faith. In regard to all of them, Catholics are free to believe in them or reject them, according to their estimate of the evidence in support of them.

A striking instance of the tendency of men—even professional and scientific men—to take for granted the truth of certain opinions very generally accepted by the world at large, although in reality quite erroneous, is given by a correspondent of *America*. In a recent symposium, conducted by the *Dearborn Independent*, fourteen professors of zoölogy, biology, psychology, etc., were invited to answer a series of questions relative to Evolution. One of the questions was: "Did Darwin ever teach that

[the ascent of man from the ape], or did he merely advance it as a speculative hypothesis?" Two of the fourteen expressed doubt as to the correct answer; one said it was his *opinion* that Darwin taught man's ascent from the ape; and only one—a priest, by the way—not only asserted, but proved, that Darwin *did* teach the doctrine. *America's* correspondent writes:

Ten of the supposed great scientific luminaries of the country assert that Darwin put forth his doctrine of the ascent of man from the ape as a mere hypothesis. To this Dr. O'Toole replies, denying any thought of an hypothesis in Darwin's mind, and he quotes Darwin's own very words in proof:

The Simiadae then branched off into two great stems, the New World and the Old World Monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and the glory of the universe proceeded. (Darwin, "Descent of Man," 2d edition, chapter VI, pages 220, 221.)

Obviously, there is some excuse for the correspondent's somewhat caustic comment: "Put candidly, and in un-diplomatic language, some professors in State and secular universities in this country do not appear to know what they are talking about."

We regret to learn from English papers just to hand of the death of Mr. Thomas Longueville, who will be best remembered in this country as the author of the delightful "Prig" books. On the other side of the Atlantic he was quite as well known for "The Platitudes of a Pessimist," "Vices in Virtues," and other works, including a Life of Sir Kenelm Digby, of whom he was a descendant. He published anonymously a remarkable pamphlet, entitled "We Catholics," which most persons seem to have forgotten, though it created a sensation when it appeared, and more than one edition of it was demanded. Older readers of THE AVE MARIA will remember a charming essay which Mr. Longueville contributed to its pages, "A Plea for Cheerfulness."

There was nothing of the prig or the

pessimist about Mr. Longueville. He was popular with all classes of persons and highly regarded by his many friends. A logical follower of the Oxford Movement, he was received into the Church in 1877 and remained a faithful Catholic all the rest of his life. He was seventy-eight when he died, and though somewhat of an invalid for many years, has left a long list of literary productions, all of high merit and genuine interest. Peace to his soul!

American humorists are rather fond of making fun of the inveterate habit, to which the average convention of any of our organizations is given, of drawing up a solemn set of resolutions, and then, "letting it go at that." The mere publication of some of these resolutions is, however, occasionally worth while. Such publication at least calls attention to conditions which public opinion is competent to improve. As a case in point, the resolution of the recent convention of the Central Verein, with regard to Sunday observance, deserves thoughtful reading on the part of Catholics generally. It runs:

We condemn most emphatically the growing tendency towards non-observance of the Sunday, evidenced not only among the unbelieving and among Christians of other than Catholic profession, but also among Catholics. Although attendance at a Low Mass is still being observed, the holiness of the Sunday is desecrated by the performance of unnecessary manual labor, by all too frequent Sunday excursions, by immoderate and extravagant amusements, and by an utter neglect of attendance at the sermon, and the afternoon or evening devotions.

Therefore, we plead with our members most earnestly to reintroduce into their families the time-honored, praiseworthy custom of properly observing the Sunday, and to begin again to live, not according to the letter but according to the spirit, of the commandment of God and the Church.

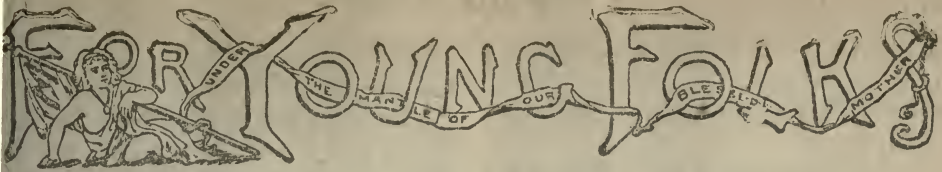
Once upon a time, in the days of the Walters—father, son, and grandson—

the *London Times* was called the "Thunderer," and enjoyed prestige throughout the whole world. At present its influence is perceptibly less than that of many another journal published in the British Empire and in our own country. One explanation of the change may be gathered from this choice bit of reasoning recently found in its respectable pages:

Men are not fit to be recording angels of books or of anything else. We find it hard enough to look after ourselves without looking after other people; and the censor himself needs a censor just as much as the authors who are his victims. Who is to insure that his sense of propriety is just, or that his political or religious opinions are right? The answer is, No one; and so, finally, his authority is and must be, on a basis of nothing. He is appointed, he has an office, he has power; but he does what he chooses, usually without knowing why. In practice, there is nothing more capricious than censorship, and so nothing more futile.

Into this argumentative balloon a writer in the *Northwest Review* thrusts a little pin-prick: "Some people seem to argue in this way: When we can get perfect men to censor perfectly, then we may have censorship. Push the theory a bit: say, When we can get perfect judges, we shall have law courts. When we can get perfect editors, we shall start newspapers."

Clients of the Blessed Virgin all over the world, in particular those who have visited the Holy House of Loreto, will be glad to learn that a new statue, to replace the one destroyed by the fire which occurred at the sanctuary a year or so ago, has been made and erected where the venerated original stood. It is carved out of an old cedar tree, felled for the purpose in the Vatican Gardens, and is said to be an exact reproduction of the old statue, as is also the beautiful golden crown which adorns it; some of the precious stones belonged to the original crown.



What Mother Says.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

I WOULDN'T care to be a judge,
And have to study law;
I'd rather be a carpenter
With hammer, plane and saw.
A doctor's life I wouldn't like,
With sick folks all the time,
I'd rather be a poet and
Make words that always rhyme.

But mother says, no matter what
A fellow wants to be,
Some parts of every work he does
Are sure to disagree.

"Look out for one thing 'specially—
Just do the best you can,
For that's the only way," she says,
"To be a useful man."

Tonyk and Mylio.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

LONG, long ago, two rich young lords lived in the land of Arvor. They were the pride of their mother's heart, for they were stalwart, brave, and true. The elder, Mylio, was about sixteen years old, and Tonyk was in his fourteenth Summer. Both had learned much; indeed, they could have been rulers over their possessions but for their youth.

Tonyk gave gladly of his riches to help the poor, and was ever ready to forgive an injury. Money passed as soon from his pocket as resentment from his heart. Mylio gave to all their exact due, but if anyone offended him, he always wanted to have revenge.

Their father having died when they were infants, it was their mother who

brought them up. She was a holy woman who feared God and had a great devotion to the angels. As they grew up she deemed the time had come to send them to an uncle who lived in a far-off country. From him they would receive good counsel and a great heritage.

When she had equipped each with a new hat, silver-buckled shoes, a violet mantle, a purse full of money, and a horse, she bade them fare forth.

The two youths set out happy at the prospect of the journey. So fleet of foot were their horses, that, in what seemed to them the passing of a shadow, they found themselves far beyond the borders of their own land, in a kingdom where everything was new and strange.

On the second morning of their journey, as the brothers came to the cross-ways of four roads, they saw a poor woman seated at the foot of a calvary, her head buried in her apron.

Tonyk drew rein, and asked the cause of her sorrow. The beggar made answer through her tears, that she had lost her son, whom she loved very much and who was her only support; henceforth she must depend on charity.

The heart of the young lad was moved; but Mylio, who had halted some yards away, cried out, mockingly:

"Believe not all you may hear. The woman sits there only to get money from passers-by."

"Hold your peace, brother," replied Tonyk, "hold your peace, in God's name; your cruel words add to her sorrow. See you not that, both in age and figure, she is like to our own mother?"

Bending over the beggar, as he held out his purse, he said:

"Take this, poor sufferer; I have no

more to give. The Mother of Sorrows will succor thee."

The woman took the purse, and made answer:

"Since my young lord has given of his bounty to me, a lone wanderer, he will not spurn my humble offering. In this nut sleeps a wasp with a diamond sting."

Tonyk accepted the nut, and, with thanks to the poor woman, smilingly continued his way.

The riders soon came to the verge of a forest. There, beneath the leafless branches, they saw a half-naked little child running from tree to tree, searching eagerly in every hollow trunk, while he hummed a pitiful air. As, from time to time, he stopped to clap his hands, the wayfarers caught the words: "I am cold! I am cold!" Tears rose to the eyes of Tonyk at sight of the poor little one.

"Holy Mother! See how this child shivers in the cold wind, Mylio."

"What matters it! The wind is not cold for us."

"That may well be; we have our coats of thick cloth and our mantles. He, poor child, has nothing to protect him from the piercing winds."

Tonyk reined in his horse, called the little lad, and asked why he was there alone in the wood, and what he sought?

"I am seeking dragon-flies, asleep in the tree-hollows," said he.

"And what would you with those winged needles?"

"When I have found them in plenty, I shall sell them in the town, and buy a coat to keep me warm."

"How many have you now?"

"But one," the child made answer sadly, bringing out a little cage of straw, wherein lay the blue insect.

"Give me your treasure, and wrap yourself in this warm cloak."

The brothers went on their way. For long Tonyk felt the cold blasts of the

north wind, and missed his velvet mantle; but when they emerged from the forest, a softer wind blew, the mist lifted, and a vein of sunlight streaked the heavy masses of cloud.

Soon they came to an open meadow. Midway therein, and beside a well, sat a poor old ragged man, a wallet for crusts of bread slung across his back. When he saw the two riders, he called to them in a voice of entreaty. Tonyk hastened towards him.

"What do you want, my poor man?" he asked, raising his hat out of respect for old age.

"Ah! my dear young sirs," replied he, "you see how white is my hair, how furrowed my brow! I have grown old and feeble, and my legs refuse to carry me longer. Here, on this spot, death must come to me, if one of you will not sell me his horse."

"Sell you—you a beggar—one of our horses!" cried Mylio contemptuously; "just tell us now, old man, how you would pay for the animal!"

"You see this hollow acorn?" answered the beggar. "Therein lies a spider who can weave webs of the strength of steel. Give me one of your horses, and I in exchange will give you the acorn and the spider."

The elder of the youths laughed loudly.

"Do you hear that proposal, Tonyk? The fellow is a fool, or he is crazy."

But the younger brother responded gently: "A poor man can but offer what he has"; and with that he alighted.

"I give you my horse, poor man," said he; "not for what you offer me in return, but for the words of Christ, who said, 'Blessed are the poor.'"

The old man murmured a thousand blessings, mounted the horse with the aid of Tonyk, and rode away across the meadow.

Mylio could not forgive this last act

of charity on the part of his brother, and broke forth violently:

"Shame upon you for journeying thus, without purse, without cloak, without horse! Doubtless you thought to share what is mine, but you shall not. Let the folly of your doings fall on your own head. Thus it may be you will learn a needful lesson."

"I never thought to share your money, your horse, or your cloak," replied Tonyk. "Have no care for me; go on your way, and may the Queen of Heaven protect you."

Mylio gave no answer, save to set spurs to his horse. The younger brother looked after him till he was lost in the distance, but there was no bitterness in his heart, as quietly he followed on foot.

Thus Mylio came alone to the entrance of a narrow valley, walled in on either side by mountains, their summits lost in the clouds. It was known as the Accursed Valley, because a cruel giant dwelt in the high fastnesses, and, from his point of vantage, tracked the traveller, as a sportsman tracks his game.

He was blind and without feet; but he was so acute of hearing that he was conscious of the movement of a worm as it wriggled through the earth. His servants were two eagles whom he had tamed, for he was a great magician: these he sent to seize his prey as he heard it approach.

Mylio, unaware of the danger, rode into the valley on horseback, and the giant awoke as the horse's hoofs clanked against the stones.

"Hola! My greyhounds," he cried, "where are you?"

The white eagle and the red eagle hastened to his call.

"Go, fetch me for my supper that which is passing," roared the orge.

They darted off as two shots fired from the same gun, and, plunging into

the depths of the ravine, seized Mylio by his mantle.

At this moment, Tonyk arrived at the entrance of the valley. He saw his brother snatched from his horse by the two birds; and, uttering a cry, rushed towards him. The eagles, however, soared upward with their prey, and disappeared among the clouds which covered the higher of the two mountains. The young lad was transfixed to the spot, looking now at the sky so far above him, now at the hard, cold, perpendicular rock. Then, with clasped hands, he fell on his knees and prayed: "O Almighty God, who art all merciful, save my brother!"

"Do not trouble Almighty God about so small a thing," cried, all at once, three little voices close to him.

Tonyk turned round in amazement.

"Who spoke, and where are you?" he asked.

"In the pocket of your doublet," replied the three voices.

The wayfarer put his hand to his pocket, and brought out the nut, the acorn, and the little cage of straw wherein the three insects lay.

"Can you save Mylio?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, yes," they replied in their three different voices. "Open our prison doors, and you will see."

Tonyk obeyed. The spider at once crawled to a tree and began to weave a web, shining and firm as steel; then she mounted on the back of the dragon-fly. He flew slowly upwards as she continued to weave, each thread forming the step of an ever-lengthening ladder. Tonyk climbed up this wonderful ladder until he reached the top of the mountain. Then the wasp flew before and guided him to the lair of the giant. The blind ogre sat in the middle of a cave which was hewn out of the rock and lofty as the nave of a church. He swayed his huge, legless body to and fro, as a mighty poplar sways in a gale of wind;

while, to a hoarse, savage air, he sang a blood-curdling song.

Meanwhile, he made ready some slices of bacon to eat with Mylio, who, like a trussed chicken prepared for the spit, lay near. The eagles stood a little distance away, waiting for their share of the feast.

So loudly did the giant sing, and so deeply occupied was he in the preparation of the bacon, that he did not hear Tonyk and his three little friends approach. The red eagle, however, spied the youth. He rushed on him, and would have carried him off in his claws had not the wasp darted forward and pierced the cruel eyes with his diamond sting. The insect then flew towards the ogre, whose anger had been aroused by the screams of his two servants, and began to sting him furiously. The roaring of the giant was like the roaring of a bull in the month of August. Though he beat the air wildly, swinging round in every direction like the sail of a windmill, he could not catch the wasp, neither could he escape its stings.

At last, in despair, the ogre threw himself flat on his face, whereat the spider crawled up to him and wove above him a wonderful web of fine steel meshes from which there was no escape. Vainly did he call the two eagles to his aid. Infuriated by the pain they had suffered, and knowing that, now their tyrant lay helpless, he was no longer to be feared, they, too, sought their revenge, and preyed upon him as he lay in his web of steel, until his bones alone remained. Gorged with human flesh, they died on the spot.

Meantime, Tonyk unfastened his brother's bonds, and embraced him with tears of joy. Together the two left the cave of the ogre and walked to the edge of the rock. There the dragon-fly and the wasp stood before them harnessed to the little cage of straw, now transformed into a coach. They invited the

two brothers to be seated, and when the spider had climbed up behind as footman, and all was ready, they set forth swift as the wind. Thus the travellers sped through the air, over meadow, and mountain, and village, until they came to the castle of their uncle.

Here their winged steeds flew to earth, and, near the drawbridge, the brothers found their horses awaiting them. At Tonyk's saddle-bow hung his purse and his cloak; the purse fuller than when he set out, the mantle edged with sparkling diamonds.

With awe and wonder, the youth turned towards the fairy charioteer to ask the meaning of this thing, but the chariot had disappeared, and in place of the wasp, the dragon-fly, and the spider, stood three angels. The brothers fell on their knees.

Then the most glorious of the angels solemnly approached Tonyk, and said:

"Be not afraid, for thou hast a good heart. The woman, the child, and the old man whom thou didst succor were none other than the Child Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, and Saint Joseph. By them we were assigned to protect thee on thy journey, and now that thou art come safely hither, we return to paradise."

At these words the three angels spread their wings, and swiftly flew towards heaven.

A Useful Device.

The originator of envelopes was an English paper-maker, a Mr. Brewes, of Brighton, who died early in the last century. Before 1808, letters were folded, sealed with wax and sent off with the frequent result that they reached their destination soiled, crumpled, and often torn open. Only after 1850, however, did the use of envelopes become general in the United States.

An American Catholic Hero.

BY F. C.

WHEN, during our great Civil War, General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland, he requested Secretary Stanton to give him Colonel Julius Garesche for his Chief of Staff. The request was granted, and the Colonel joined the Army in Nashville, in November, 1862. His almost daily letters to his wife during his absence show an unbounded affection for her and his children. His one longing desire was apparently to get back to his loving home circle. His last letter, written on the 29th of December, closes with these words: "If we should have a battle, it would be to-morrow that it would take place; but I do not believe that they will give it to us. . . . I will keep my letter open, so as to tell you to-morrow evening how matters have gone. Till then, my sweetest, good-night! I give you a tender kiss."

This letter was never finished; for when "to-morrow"—the 30th of December—came, the Chief of Staff was too busy preparing for battle to write even to his beloved wife. Far into the night of that day he worked; and when, at two o'clock in the morning, his tasks were finished, and his comrades about him were trying to snatch a little rest, he was seen on his knees in fervent prayer.

On the last day of the year, as the first gray streaks of the dawn were lighting the Eastern sky, Father Tracy, the chaplain, was celebrating Mass in a small tent, into which were gathered a few Catholic officers. The commander of the army, General Rosecrans (who also was a fervent Catholic), and his Chief of Staff knelt side by side to receive Holy Communion—for one of them it was the Viaticum.

That day the battle of Murfreesboro was fought. It was Colonel Garesche's last engagement. His bravery was the admiration of all. In the intervals of quiet during the preparations he had been seen to steal aside with his "Thomas à Kempis"; for he had made a vow to read a chapter of it every day of his life. The storm of battle changed him into another man. Instead of his usually quiet, thoughtful mien he displayed the martial valor of a Christian knight. "Gay as a youth of twenty," says an eye-witness, "with hat jauntily cocked on his fine head, he seemed, upon his lithe and spirited black steed, a perfect transformation. . . . When he dashed into the charge, his sword flew from its scabbard and glittered in the sunlight."

When word came that the right wing was being driven back, and dire disaster was imminent, Colonel Garesche rushed to the front to save the day. Into a scene of confusion, through disorganized lines and retreating troops, rode he and General Rosecrans. As they passed into exposed ground, a soldier asked an orderly: "Who are those officers?"—"Rosecrans and his chief," was the answer.—"Well," said the soldier, "if they can go out there, we can follow."

Galloping down a newly forming line, hat in one hand, sword in the other, Garesche shouted to the troops: "Don't fire till they reach the ridge, boys!" The soldiers caught courage from his very glance; and when the advancing enemy reached the fatal ridge, they were met with such a fire as made them retire, and the retreat was stayed.

Later in the day, "Colonel Garesche," to quote the words of Captain Bickham, "accompanied by Lieutenant Byron Kirby, aid to General Rosecrans, galloped through a withering fire to carry an order to General Van Clerc, who, though wounded, was resisting a renewed attack. While riding across

the field, there took place one of those chivalric episodes which are sometimes celebrated in romance. A ball disabled Garesche's horse. Kirby dismounted, and insisted that Garesche should take his. Mutually forgetful of the storm of battle, they disputed the point for some moments. Kirby prevailed on the score of duty, and walked back over the field until he found the staff."

In the afternoon, at a time when the day was going against the North, the Colonel asked permission to retire for a few moments. General Rosecrans watched him as he stole behind a clump of bushes, and knelt in prayer to the God of battles; and then, as he afterward declared, the commander felt the conviction that, on that spot, Colonel Garesche was offering his own life for the preservation and victory of the troops. If this surmise was correct, the sacrifice was accepted; for shortly after, while the two Catholic heroes were dashing side by side across an open field, "through a tumult of iron missiles," in order to reinforce a struggling line, a shell from a battery on the opposite side of Stone River whizzed by the leader, and striking Colonel Garesche on the temple, killed him instantly.

Garesche's bravery in the terrible battle of Stone River contributed not a little to the final success of the Union lines. According to a witness: "He rallied broken regiments, stationed batteries, encouraged the lines, and a dozen times rode over ground on which it did not seem as if a fox could have passed alive. His horse was twice hit; his scabbard struck by three bullets, his scabbard by two more; and a grape-shot whizzing over his shoulder, tore his uniform."

Truly amongst the heroes who perished on the dreadful field of Murfreesboro, America lost no nobler son, no brave soldier, than that Christian knight, Colonel Garesche.

A Brave Painter.

UP to the time when Benjamin West painted his great picture of the "Death of General Wolfe" it had been the fashion in pictures of that kind to portray every character in the Greek or Roman dress—the classical style, as it was called. No one was brave enough to break through this bad habit, which seems absurd enough to us to-day. But West said: "I will not have my Frenchmen running about half clad, or General Wolfe dying in a Roman toga." So the soldiers in the picture wore the uniforms in which they were dressed on that day when they went forth to meet one another on the Field of Abraham.

When it became noised about that West intended to disregard the traditions of his class and age, the Anglican Archbishop of York and the great painter Sir Joshua Reynolds went to him and tried to dissuade him. "You must not go contrary to public taste," they said. "The result will be ridicule and disaster."—"I don't care what it is," replied West, with decision. "I will not dress my soldiers as if they were fighting under Alexander or Cæsar. I think it would be absurd."

So the picture was painted, and the consequence was a great war of words and opinions. The King, for whom it was intended, refused to accept it; but Reynolds was conquered by the noble work which he had frowned upon in advance. "It will create a revolution in art," he said; and it did.

IN the Ages of Faith, the names of flowers recalled sacred events, holy seasons, and holy persons. For instance, the flower now called "sweet william" was "Saint William"; the late-blooming aster, "Michaelmas daisy"; the lilac, "Whitsun flower." The pansy was known as Trinity herb, the rosemary as Mary's rose, and so on.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We are glad to note the provision of a title-page and index for vol. I. of "The Register of the Diocese of Harrisburg," for its contents are of exceptional importance and interest, particularly, of course, for the clergy of that diocese. It was a happy thought of the Rt. Rev. Bishop thus to preserve in good form for ready reference, numerous valuable and useful things for which wide search would otherwise have to be made.

—From the press of "El Eco Franciscano," Santiago, we have received a bi-lingual brochure containing an account in Spanish and English of a pilgrimage made by sixty-four officers and sailors of the British Royal Navy to Santiago de Compostela during the Jubilee year, 1920. The author of the account—who styles himself simply a Knight of Columbus—took advantage of the presence of several warships in "Ria de Arosa" to arrange with the British Naval Chaplain, Father Anthony H. Pollen, for a visit of the Catholic officers and men to the famous shrine; and his narrative, brightened with occasional illustrations, is both entertaining and edifying.

—On page 153 of "Bunny's House," by E. M. Walker (Benziger Brothers), Mr. Warfleton informs Ernest Grills, the novel's hero: "But, young man, Tredinnick's farm isn't called Bunny's House on account of the rabbits, but on account of a man named Bunny who once lived there." The publishers term this novel an "intensely real" one, but the reader is apt to become, for the time being, another Wilkins Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up." At its close, the narrative rather suggests the advisability of a sequel. The story is wholesome and well written. Its price, \$2, for a book of only some 65,000 words, can not be called cheap.

—The following pamphlets and brochures, all of recent publication, deserve particular mention and wide dissemination: "The Cult of Psychoanalysis" and "Catholicism and Culture," both published in the *Catholic Mind*, intended and admirably suitable for book-racks; "Freemasonry," a valuable little treatise, by the Rev. Lucian Johnson, (International Catholic Truth Society); "The Nurse Ideal," an exceptionally excellent paper by Sister M. Ursula, R. N. (Bruce Publishing Co.); "Fra Junipero Serra," an interesting sketch, by Francis Borgia Steck, O. F. M. (Franciscan Herald Press); and "A Short

Catechism of Religious Vocations," by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, St. Paul, an important publication, which we hope will have many readers.

—The contents of the second and third volumes—handsome, well printed volumes—of the pastoral works of Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, Canada, are as varied as they are instructive. Pastoral Letters, Circular Letters on vital religious questions, Allocutions for all occasions, cover, in a large measure, the entire field of diocesan activities. Readers of French will find in these two volumes an inexhaustible mine of solid doctrine and practical instruction. The multiplicity of topics treated suggests even now that a full and detailed analytical index of the entire work will be a most valuable adjunct to an exceptionally important publication. Pierre Téqui, Paris, publisher.

—Among new books published by the Stratford Co., we note "South Sea Sketches," by B. A. Erdland; and "Father Glynn's Poems." The first of these works is a profusely illustrated twelvemo of 106 pages, containing twenty random narratives of the Marshall Islands and New Britain. The author's residence during twelve years in those places enables him to write with realistic effect. The last two sketches deal with cannibalism and "a tragic massacre,"—that of priests, Brothers and Sisters. The book has no index, and not even a table of contents.—To the obvious question, who is Father Glynn? a comprehensive reply is given by the President of Duquesne University: "Father Glynn... is an orator himself. He is recognized as the poet-laureate of this diocese. He is also an inventor, recognized by the Naval Commission during the world's War..." Father Glynn's verses are well printed, and the pictures of himself, his home, and his relatives, are realistic.—From Richard G. Baxter comes "The Search for the Holy Spirit," Jennie M. and Thomas J. Flynn. It resembles other books brought out by Mr. Baxter and the Stratford Co., who are of the same class of publishers, in that it contains verses the individualistic touch in which is seldom found in volumes brought out by standard publishers—very seldom at their own expense.

—The revival of interest in the personality and writings of good old Dr. Johnson leads one to hope for a new edition of his sermons,

which, on account of not being included in many editions of his works, are comparatively unknown. We once met an educated Englishman, an admirer of Dr. Johnson, too, who had never heard of his lay sermons, though they abound in thoughts like these:

Not only our speculations influence our practice, but our practice reciprocally influences our speculations. We not only do what we approve, but there is danger lest in time we come to approve what we do, though for no other reason but that we do it. A man is always desirous of being at peace with himself; and when he can not reconcile his passions to his conscience, he will attempt to reconcile his conscience to his passions; he will find reason for doing what he is resolved to do, and rather than not "walk after his own lusts," will scoff at religion.

It may, indeed, be asserted, to the honor of marriage, that it has few adversaries among men, either distinguished for their abilities or eminent for their virtue. Those who have assumed the province of attacking it, of overturning the constitution of the world, of encountering the authority of the wisest legislators, from whom it has received the highest sanction of human wisdom; and subverting the maxims of the most flourishing states, in which it has been dignified with honors and promoted with immunities; those who have undertaken the task of contending with reason and with experience, with earth and with heaven, are men who seem generally not selected by nature for great attempts or difficult undertakings; they are, for the most part, such as owe not their determinations to their arguments, but their arguments to their determinations; disputants, animated, not by a consciousness of truth, but by the number of their adherents; and heated, not with zeal for the right, but with the rage of licentiousness and impatience of restraint. And, perhaps, to the sober, the understanding, and the pious, it may be sufficient to remark, that religion and marriage have the same enemies.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washburne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

Obituary.

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

Rev. George W. Clarke, of the archdiocese of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Edwards, archdiocese of New York; Rev. John A. Schlatterer, diocese of Little Rock; and Rev. J. P. Van Treck, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Sister M. Patricia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Theophila, Sister M. Angelica, and Sister M. Raymond, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Andrew Bostaph, Mrs. Mary Slater, Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, Thomas Longueville, Esq.; Miss Miriam Scanlan, Mr. John White, Mr. Peter MacVeigh, Mr. John Knaide, Mrs. Margaret Knaide, Mr. Donald Chisholm, Mr. Timothy Hughes. Mr. Edmund Rowan, Mr. John Carney, Mr. Joseph Parker, Miss Mary Haggerty, Mr. William Flick, Mr. John A. Burns, Mr. Donald MacDonald, Mrs. Amanda O'Leary, Mr. J. R. Chisholm, Mr. John Hackett, and Mr. George Rocheford.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: M. E. P., \$2; "in honor of the Little Flower," \$1; T. H. E., \$5; J. A. D., \$2; Mrs. C. Z., \$10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: friend, \$15; friend, \$35; Mrs. J. M. P., \$2; Mrs. A. J. B., \$1; M. B. S., \$25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE. 1., 49.

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1922.

NO. 13

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Jesu Amor.

BY NOVALIS.*

THOUGH all are faltering in the faith,
 Yet keep it firm will I,
 Lest gratitude become a wraith
 That none on earth descry.
 For me the girding clutch of pain
 And sorrow's fire You bore;
 So must my heart for You retain
 Allegiance evermore.

How often bitter tears shall come
 To tell me You have died,
 And that the passers-by are dumb,
 Thrusting Your gifts aside!
 With only love to urge Your hands,
 Full many a task You've tried;
 But lone Your sacred shadow stands
 And none are sanctified.

Still is Your love a ready guest
 For those who wish You in;
 Though close their haughty doors are pressed,
 Your eyes are never grim.
 It is Your truest love that gains
 A heart's last threnody,
 A heart that weeps and then enchains
 Itself unto Your knee.

And I have seen Your tenderness,—
 Ah, do not hide from me!
 Let endless ages keep and bless
 Our love's intimacy.
 Sometime my brothers, too, shall go
 The road to heaven's mart,
 And finding You, on knees bent low,
 Bespeak Your Sacred Heart.

A Non-Catholic Champion of the Blessed Virgin.

A PREDICTION which the Blessed Grignon de Montfort uttered two hundred years and more ago is beginning to be realized. He prophesied an extraordinary increase of devotion to the Mother of God, and the mists which hitherto partially concealed her are fast disappearing. The vision of power and beauty grows daily more distinct before the mental vision of the faithful. As a result, innumerable churches and shrines, religious congregations of men and women, have sprung up in every country of Christendom; the number of Marian festivals has been increased, Marian devotions have been widely propagated. Add to this the multiplication of sodalities and confraternities—associations of all kinds—with the object of honoring the Mother of Christ.

But more striking, in a way, than all this is Mary's revelation of herself to those outside the Church. Many non-Catholics now behold the Woman clothed with the sun standing forth in increasing clearness. She is honored by them in many ways, and in some places there is the beginning of a true devotion to her. Protestant writers do not now refer to the Blessed Virgin in the terms which they formerly employed. The aim of a little volume from the pen of a learned Anglican clergyman is to show that "a devotion

* The 130th anniversary of his birth is being observed this year.

very different, both in kind and in degree, from that which the majority of Anglicans render to Mary is really her due." The writer holds that such a devotion is "not only reasonable, but also Scriptural, requiring but little support from tradition to commend it to our acceptance."

We are free to confess that the volume to which we refer,* though written by one outside the Church, has given us a clearer conception of the high place which the Blessed Virgin occupies in Christian worship. We hope that some extracts from this work may have the same effect upon our readers. There may be nothing new in the arguments presented or in the expressions which we shall quote; still, many of the thoughts and phrases have all the charm of novelty on account of coming from such a source. The reader will bear in mind that it is a non-Catholic writing for non-Catholics.

As a preliminary, our author considers the sanctification which Mary and all the saints possess in common. His first contention is that the saints who have departed this life *are not dead*: therefore, Mary is not dead. Their posthumous life is a continuation of their earthly life: Mary, therefore, is in such a condition. This after-life being an extension of their life on earth, they experience a continuation of memory, feeling, reason, speech, and apparently all their faculties whatsoever: the same is true of Mary. These two theses are shown to be in accordance with Scriptural teaching. The author then proceeds to prove from the Old and New Testaments that there exists a blessed company of the faithful, who, having lived on earth in the friendship and grace of God, ended their battle and secured their victory, are now in posses-

sion of their crowns,—whether immediately after death or an intermediate state of purgation, makes no matter. These, whom we call the *saints*, are *now in heaven*, and in enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, which is synonymous with heaven. Mary, Queen of Saints, therefore, sees God.

As a consequence it follows that the saints have an immediate knowledge of the state and concerns of the Church militant on earth, and interest themselves actively in its behalf. Mary, therefore, has a like knowledge, and interests herself in the welfare of the Church. The evidence on this point from Holy Scripture is shown to be striking and abundant. Touching on the superior knowledge possessed by the blessed and the elevated love which they bear toward mankind, the author quotes a passage from the works of the celebrated Dr. Channing, another non-Catholic. "Let us not imagine," he writes, "that the usefulness of the good is finished at death. Then rather does it begin. Let us not judge of their state by associations drawn from the stillness and silence of the grave. They have gone to the abodes of life, of warmth and action. They have gone to fill a larger place in the system of God. Death has expanded their powers. The clogs and fetters of the perishable body have fallen off, that they may act more freely and with more delight in the grand system of creation...It would be grateful to believe that their influence reaches to the present state, and we certainly are not forbidden to indulge the hope."

The opinion of Charles Kingsley on this subject is also cited. We quote the striking passage in full:

"Here I must say that, however much the Roman Catholics may be wrong in many points, they have remembered one thing about the Life Everlasting which we are too apt to forget: and that is

* "Woman, what Have I to do with Thee? A Dissertation on the Position of Mary in Redemption. With Preliminary Remarks on the Doctrine of Invocation of Saints." By Presbyter Anglicanus.

that everlasting life can not be a selfish life, spent only in being happy one's self. They believe that the saints in heaven are *not idle*: that they are eternally helping mankind—doing all sorts of good offices for those souls that need them; that, as St. Paul says of the angels, they are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of salvation. And I can not see why they should not be right. For if the saints' delight was to do good on earth, much more will it be to do good in heaven. If they helped poor sufferers, if they taught the ignorant, if they comforted the afflicted here on earth, much more will they be able, much more will they be willing, to help, comfort and teach them, now that they are in the full power, the full freedom, the full love and zeal of the Everlasting Life. If their hearts were warmed and softened by the fire of God's love here, how much more there? If they lived God's life of love here, how much more there before the throne of God and before the Face of Christ?"

The author remarks that this superior knowledge attributed to the blessed does not ascribe to them any divine attributes. Before the possibility of their possessing the knowledge we claim for them is denied, men must know the nature of a spirit, and ascertain all its relations to time and space. "Granted that the Blessed Virgin is invoked by tens of thousands of the faithful at the same time and in different parts of the world. To believe that she can hear them all is not to claim for her either ubiquity or omniscience. When we speak of the saints, we are not speaking of beings in the present state of existence, where knowledge is derived through the senses. We are speaking of beings who exist in a mode of existence of which we can form no idea,—an existence independent of conditions of time and space. The same

identically in their personality as they were on earth; for aught we know, they see without eyes, hear without ears, and stand in no need of matter either to receive impressions from this world, or to communicate with one another."

In his fifth thesis the author proves, from various passages of Holy Writ, that the merits of the saints avail with God on our behalf: therefore that Mary's merits do the same; that it is Scriptural to invoke them: therefore it is lawful to invoke Mary. "The saints can, may, and do pray for us: therefore it is lawful to ask for their prayers. . . . If for the word 'saints' we substitute the words 'Christian brethren,' we obtain a proposition which no Protestant ever controverted: our Christian brethren can, may, and do pray for us: therefore it is lawful to ask for their prayers.* If it is unlawful to invoke the saints, the only reason can be that they have ceased to be our brethren. But this is absurd, and also contrary to Scripture.† Therefore it is lawful to invoke the saints."

In gathering up these points farther on, the author says: "Of all this there can be no manner of doubt. And, taking the lowest possible ground, it must of necessity follow that as Mary is exalted far above any other creature, she must be worthy of a homage and devotion far greater than is due to any other saint; her merits, freely bestowed by the special grace of God, must surpass those of other saints; and her intercession must be far more powerful in its effects than that of other saints; and should therefore be more diligently and frequently sought."

In concluding this thesis, which, like the others, is ably defended, several objections are refuted. "The merits and intercession of Christ are enough, what

* Job, xlii, 8; Rom., xv, 30; I. Thess., v, 25; James, v, 16.

† Eph., ii, 19; Heb., xii, 22, 23.

good therefore can the intercession of the saints do?" The answer is easy. What good did St. Paul expect to receive when he asked for the prayers of his converts? What good does the sick man hope for when he begs the parish priest to pray by his bedside? What good do the objectors think they will obtain when they pray for their relations and friends? Prayer is the ordinance of God; it is a means of grace which He has enjoined us to employ.

"To invoke the saints is to leave to others the care of our salvation.' The answer is the denial of the statement. To be allowed to invoke the saints does not imply that we are bidden to place *our whole trust* in the prayers of others. It presupposes our co-operation with the grace of God, so that we diligently avail ourselves of the fruits of intercessory prayer and manifest them in our lives. It is possible to receive the fruits of even Christ's intercession in vain, and to presume too far upon the effects of it by sinning without fear or by delaying repentance. But this undue resting upon the merits of Christ's intercession neither does away with the fact of His intercession nor makes it unlawful to have recourse to it."

The objection that the invocation of saints implies worship, and that worship is due to God alone, is examined at length. It is noted that "the word 'worship' does not necessarily signify divine homage. It simply signifies respect and honor to whom they are due. Thus in our marriage service the husband says to his wife: 'With my body I thee worship,'—that is, he promises her the respect, love and fidelity which are the wife's due. We style an English magistrate 'Your Worship'; a mayor is designated 'The worshipful.' In Cranmer's Bible the Fifth Commandment was rendered, 'Worship thy father and thy mother.'"

The difficulty which Protestants have

in invoking or venerating the saints is strikingly illustrated. After quoting some words of St. Augustine on the "worship" of martyrs, our author adds this comment: "Protestants pray to their Creator, praise and adore Him; but they do no more. Ignorant of the fact that there can be no divine religion without *sacrifice*—having, moreover, no sacrifice to offer,—there is no more that they can do. They therefore naturally recoil from praying to or praising Mary and the saints, because the only offering they have to offer to the King of kings is 'the calves of their lips.' They can render no homage to the saints, because they have no means of rendering homage to the King of saints. The Catholic, however, is in no such difficulty. He offers prayer, praise and thanksgiving to God; but He offers *something more*: he offers the Sacrifice of the Mass. This he can never do to the saints. He may raise altars to God in their honor, but he can not offer the Holy Sacrifice to them. The distinction between prayer and sacrifice corresponds to the distinction between creature and Creator, and is at once apprehended by every Catholic."

The common objection against the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, drawn from Our Lord's words at the marriage feast of Cana, is admirably refuted. The assertion that the very first word uttered ("woman") has in it something of severity or harshness, and therefore implies rebuke, is dismissed with the remark that the expression "Woman, behold thy son,"* is ample proof to the contrary.

Three answers are given to the objection, under consideration, any one of which the author regards as sufficient refutation. The combined force of the three is irresistible. This portion of the work is characterized by great ability and genuine zeal for the honor of the

* John, xix, 26.

Blessed Virgin. The writer is here at his best. We do not remember to have seen anywhere a more satisfactory explanation of the much disputed text, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" The arguments are thus very briefly summed up:

"We see, then, that the apparent rebuke to Our Lady—"Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—is no rebuke, but a trial of faith. If her request was met by words which seemed to declare it inopportune—"Mine hour is not come,"—this was also the case with the Syrophœnician woman—"I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel"; for the time to show grace to the Gentiles had not yet arrived. But the seeming inopportuneness of the Syrophœnician woman's request neither stood in the way of her prayer nor evoked anything from Our Lord but entire approbation. Similarly, the inopportuneness of Mary's prayer was no inopportuneness at all, nor viewed with one iota of her Divine Son's displeasure. The declaration that His hour was not yet come is immediately followed by the fulfilment of the prayer; and as there can be no inconsistency in this, so is there no inopportuneness in Mary's request. So confidently does Mary read a 'Yes' in the seeming 'No' that she indicates to the servants, with a keen prevision of what Our Lord will do, the part which they are to sustain: 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.' And, once more, if the memorable words are held to indicate a *divergence of will* between Our Lord and His Mother, what is to be said about the intercession of Moses? Here, before Moses utters a word of prayer, the divine will seems abundantly declared. 'Now, therefore, let Me alone.' Moses, to all appearance, crosses that divine will. Yet not so in reality, for His prayer is heard. There is no real divergence of will between God and Moses. In like manner there is

no divergence of will between Jesus and Mary."

The belief that the spiritual nearness between our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother immeasurably transcends the spiritual nearness between Christ and any other of the saints either in heaven or on earth is declared to be grounded on the very texts that are urged against it. It is a reasonable supposition that whatever is found in the natural order and in the natural life should find its counterpart in the spiritual or supernatural order, and in the spiritual or supernatural life. According to St. Gregory the Great, "the kingdom of heaven is likened unto earthly things, that from things which the mind kens it may rise to things unknown which it does not ken."

We have by no means exhausted the riches of this Anglican tribute to the Mother of our Redeemer; there are some admirable passages on the title Mother of God, on the unsurpassable dignity of Mary, in defence of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and in regard to the perpetual virginity of Mary. It is significant indeed that one finds so much to quote from a book on the Blessed Virgin from the pen of a non-Catholic.*

* Not long after his work was published he joined the Church, and he has since died. R. I. P.

It is a fine notion of life to liken it to the loom. God puts on the warp in those circumstances in which we find ourselves, and which we can not change. The weft is wrought by the shuttle of everyday life: It is made of very homely threads sometimes, common and seemingly trifling duties, unpromising and unwelcome tasks. But whoever tries to do each day's work in the spirit of patient loyalty to God is weaving the texture whose other side is fairer than the one he sees.—Anon.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.



WHEN Eloise and her guardian entered the living-room, they found Marcia and Larry there. The latter, who was deep in the pages of a magazine, at once arose to his feet. Presently, Gregory Glassford suggested casually to Larry that they go and have a smoke, while Marcia gladly availed herself of the opportunity to acquaint Eloise with her decision.

"Eloise," she began, speaking with more than her usual cordiality, "I thought you might like to know, while Mr. Glassford—"

"Pray, don't be so old-fashioned," interjected Eloise; "call him Gregory if you please."

"Well, while Gregory is here, the decision which we have come to about the house. I am sure you had us in mind, when you made your arrangements; but it would be altogether impossible, under the circumstances, for us to remain here."

"And why impossible, may I ask?"

"Because, it would not be fair. You know, as well as I do, that if you were to rent this house to strangers, it would bring a far better return than we can afford to pay."

"Not in its present condition," returned Eloise.

Marcia's face, which had been pale from the suffering it cost her to reach such a decision, suddenly flushed.

"You might have spared me that, Eloise," she said, after a pause, and with a brave effort to smile her cousin's words away. "But that very remark of yours shows that you should have a different sort of tenants, who could make all necessary repairs and furnish it in modern style, or pay you a high

enough rent to make it worth your while to do so."

The other's eyes were now flashing with hereditary temper. She was vexed that Marcia should refuse to fall in with her plans, which, as she hoped, would reconcile Gregory to her residence with Mrs. Critchley. Moreover, she did not want to be put in the wrong, and bear the onus of ejecting these relatives from a house they had so long occupied. Nor did she relish the superiority it gave Marcia of declining a tempting offer, and that on reasonable grounds.

It must be said, too, that despite the veneer of selfishness, which a youth passed for some years in a worldly and frivolous atmosphere had cast over Eloise's better qualities, she was not bad-hearted. She felt sorry for Mrs. Brentwood, whom she despised, and Larry to whom she had become quite attached. So her resentment was the greater because all these mixed feelings were struggling within her. She turned away, muttering something about the Brentwood pride, and saying aloud in her iciest manner: "There is no use arguing. I shall have to rearrange all my plans."

Marcia stood still a moment after her cousin had left the room. There was hot resentment in her heart, too. That allusion which her cousin had made to the condition of the house had struck home.

"As if anyone could help it," she said to herself. "As if we hadn't done our best to keep it at least in good order." She thought of the long weeks of preparation for the coming of Eloise, who so contemptuously brushed aside all their efforts. Absently staring out of the window, Marcia watched the last leaves whirling and drifting away, and a bird darting in and out of the nest, which should soon be forsaken, the only sign of life in the still grayness of the landscape. There was a keen pain at

her heart, now that the decision had actually been made, and which she had resolved should be irrevocable, to close with the proprietor of that apartment in Harlem and leave the dear, old house without delay. Yet, how dear it was, how inexpressibly dear, now that she was about to leave it forever! Suddenly she heard a feeble, uncertain step, and, turning, saw her stepmother, drawing a little shawl closer about her, as she advanced.

"Are you here all alone, my dear?" she inquired.

"Yes, mother dear, I have been meditating, which they say is good for the soul."

She went forward, arranging the perennially disordered cap, and smoothing the silver hair. A deep pity surged up in her heart for this prematurely old woman, whose home was to be taken from her, and the daily routine of whose existence was to be brought to a sudden end.

"Marcia," said the old woman, letting her voice fall to a whisper, "where are the others? Where is *she*?"

"In her own room, I think."

"And Mr. Glassford?"

"He went to smoke with Larry."

"I like him so much, Marcia, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I do," answered Marcia.

"He is so straightforward and honorable. Your poor father used to say that, though Gregory was little more than a boy then."

Marcia did not pursue the subject, and Mrs. Brentwood sighed and went on:

"I am glad *she* is going away, Marcia. It is an inhospitable thing to say, and, perhaps, she means to be kind, but—"

Marcia tapped impatiently, after her fashion, on the arm of her stepmother's chair.

"I should like to say a great deal more than that." Then, checking herself she

rose to her feet: "But it is no use. Besides, mother, it is we who shall have to go away from here."

The girl's lip quivered, especially when she saw the wistful look of pain in the elder woman's face, as she agreed:

"I suppose we must."

"There is nothing else to be done. Larry and I have been discussing matters, and we have tried to think of everything. But even if Larry gets the raise they promised him at the bank, and even if I get that work for the library, we could never afford to pay Eloise a fair rent for this house."

"No, my dear, I dare say not," sighed Mrs. Brentwood; "besides I do not see how you could take a position with all that you have to do at home."

"There would be no question of a position. I was only asking for work that I could do here, but it wouldn't be enough. Nothing that Larry and I can do, will enable us to keep the house. All our pitiful contrivances are useless."

She made a hopeless gesture, but turning suddenly reddened to the roots of her hair. For there stood Gregory Glassford. He advanced in visible embarrassment.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," he explained. "Eloise called your brother, and he left me rather abruptly to find my way down."

Marcia's composure was perfect.

"So you happened on a family confabulation," she laughed, and the man admired the fine spirit which made her instantly put into the background, the pain and anxiety he had noted in her voice. "We have had so many of them lately, concerning the house. You see, we have got to be such old fogies, rooted to the spot."

"Larry and I have been having a 'confabulation,' too," Gregory said, "though on quite another matter; and I have almost persuaded him to do what I wish. He will best explain himself;

but I want you to throw your influence into the scale, and induce him to accept my offer."

"Naturally," responded Marcia, "I must first know what the offer is, before I exercise my supposed influence."

"Perhaps, then, I had better explain the matter myself. You see, during the recent strenuous times in Wall Street, it was borne in on me that I needed a thoroughly reliable young man to assist me. So, I have offered your brother the position of junior partner. If he decides to come in with me he will lose nothing by the change. A junior at the start usually gets something like three thousand a year."

Marcia paled and then reddened as she listened. Her sensitive temperament showed itself in the fluctuations of color. Her blue eyes looked straight into those of the speaker, with her clear, direct gaze, as if searching for the motives of his action. He had a lively fear that her pride might take alarm, if she divined what lay behind his action.

After a long look, which thrilled him in every fibre of his being, Marcia turned away, and he saw that her eyes had filled with tears.

"Miss Brentwood!" he exclaimed, and then he stopped, for he scarce knew what to say. "Surely, you do not disapprove; surely, you are not annoyed at my meddling."

"The matter will be one for Larry to decide himself."

"But you, you are not angry? At least you might say one word, which would let me feel assured that I have not offended you."

"There is only one word to say," Marcia answered in a low voice, "and that is that I thank you from my heart. It is surely very kind of you, Mr. Glassford."

Gregory's relief was so great that he almost laughed aloud. He feared that she might have thought it tactless or

officious, especially if she had penetrated his underlying motive. And he felt that not for worlds would he have displeased this girl whom he found so hard to understand. He was surprised at the attraction she had for him, without the smallest effort on her part. She had, in fact, hardly permitted him to become acquainted with her; yet her aloofness seemed in no way studied, but rather that she had other things to do, and regarded him merely as a visitor to her cousin, Eloise. He liked to talk to her on the rare occasions when she gave him an opportunity. He was anxious to hear her opinion on whatever topic might be uppermost.

He noted as he talked to her the little curls which escaped from her severely plain hair-dressing, and which constituted, after the expressive eyes, her chief beauty. He had known so many women who surpassed her in point of looks, as the sun surpasses the moon, as well as in the variety of little things that make up that mystery of mysteries, feminine attraction. Yet, here he was on whom—though he would scarcely have admitted that fact to himself—many a woman had lavished blandishments, seeking eagerly to attract one look of interest from this self-contained and strangely undemonstrative girl. He guessed little of the poetry and imagination that lay under that exterior, the warmth of heart that but few had been privileged to gauge. Yet it was precisely those qualities that were the secret of the attraction she exercised. He wondered at himself for the sentiment of gratitude he felt towards her, that she had not repulsed what was really an offer of assistance, but had seemed to appreciate his motives. Emboldened by this attitude on her part, he said:

"May I ask, as a favor, that you will lay aside the formal prefix to my name, and call me simply Gregory?"

"To be sure," laughed Marcia. "Eloise says it is old-fashioned."

"We are connections, you know. My uncle married a Brentwood."

"So, then, it shall be Gregory," said Marcia, cordially, "since you are one of the clan, and there is my hand on it, Gregory."

She held out her hand, long, slim and brown, a hand that had done yeoman service in many ways and to many people. He took it, as though it had been a gift, and held it a moment, as though he were loath to relinquish it.

"My name sounds better than ever it did before," the young man said, and there was sincerity in his tone. "It is an old-fashioned, clumsy name."

"No indeed, I like it," declared Marcia, looking up at him with a pleasant smile.

He felt moved to say—it was actually on his lips—"If you were always like that, you could win the birds off the bushes." He restrained himself, however, thinking the occasion unpropitious, and that till the matter of Larry was settled, it might cause a constraint between them.

Marcia turning to her stepmother, who had heard nothing of this little dialogue, which was conducted in low tones, but had gone tranquilly on with her knitting, said:

"Mother, here is Mr.—no, Gregory Glassford."

The accompanying little movement of her head by which the old lady repudiated the old formality and accepted the innovation was charming.

"How do you do, Mr. Glassford?"

"We are to call him Gregory now," smiled Marcia, looking across at the visitor; "and I must tell you that he has been making an offer to Larry."

"An offer," queried Mrs. Brentwood.

"That he should go into business with him."

The old lady looked puzzled.

"And give up the bank?"

"Why, yes, he could not keep both," laughed Marcia. "But Gregory is offering him more, much more. Oh, it is too generous."

At that instant, Eloise came into the room, her keen glance looking from her cousin to Gregory Glassford, perceiving that both were stirred by some deep emotion. She began to speak at once, and her tone was brusque and angry.

"Marcia has definitely decided, Gregory, that she can not remain here for the winter. She is determined to take the apartment in Harlem, which she considers most economical."

There was a slightly sneering note in the final words, which Gregory scarcely observed, so anxiously was he looking at Marcia. Was it really true that she thought of going away, and that the offer, which he hoped might save the situation, had come too late?

"I suspect," Eloise continued, "that my cousin is as tired as everyone else of life in the country, and anxious to have a taste of the excitements of town."

Marcia looked at her, with an expression in her eyes which caused Gregory to smile inwardly. He liked that little flash of temper. Then, after a moment's evident effort to regain her self-control, she answered the insinuation:

"I do not think that I shall find an apartment in Harlem very thrilling; its excitements will not be overwhelming."

Her composure, the sarcasm of her tone, irritated Eloise. She bit her lip to keep back the words that she thought it better not to say before Gregory. Marcia, in the same jesting tone continued:

"I'm after all an inveterate 'hayseed.' Isn't that the word, Larry?"

Larry nodded. He was distressed at the evident antagonism between the two girls.

"Oh, yes," he said, with an uncom-

fortable laugh; "I can hardly imagine Marcia living in town."

"Harlem will only be on the outskirts, dear boy," his sister answered,—*"a kind of compromise."*

"I should imagine you were not very fond of compromises," Gregory interjected.

"No, I don't suppose I am," returned Marcia, carelessly; "I never thought of it. Nor, perhaps, after all, need I put it to the test just now. I might make up my mind to endure the country a little longer, if Larry is so minded."

"Larry!" exclaimed Eloise, while Gregory's heart gave a leap of gladness and something like triumph.

Larry colored and laughed, saying gaily:

"There is not much doubt about my decision."

"The matter rests in your hands," declared Marcia again.

"Pray what does all this mean?" asked Eloise in a tone of irritation.

"It means," explained Marcia, seeing that her cousin was becoming really vexed, "that Gregory—you see I have taken your suggestion, Eloise—has offered Larry a position as his junior partner, which will permit us to stay here as your tenants, Eloise."

This explanation of the seeming mystery produced many and varied sensations in the mind of Eloise. It suited her best for all purposes that the Walter Brentwoods should remain in possession of the house; but she was displeased at the intervention of Gregory in their affairs, which she felt to be a reproach to herself, and which showed a remarkable degree of interest in those concerned.

"Well, I congratulate everybody," she exclaimed; "though I can't for the life of me see, why there should be all this mystery, or understand why the decision was reached so suddenly."

As no one said anything, she added after a pause:

"Probably, it is better to announce, here and now, that I shall not rent this house on any terms after the 1st of May."

If this observation was intended to dampen the general joy, it had no such effect. Most of those present felt that the reprieve from what had seemed swift and inevitable was too great to permit of any gloomy forebodings for the future. Tea was served, after which Marcia slipped away, as she said, to give some orders in the kitchen. In reality, she wanted to make her faithful friends there sharers, as soon as possible, in the general joy.

"Oh, Eliza!" she exclaimed, "we are going to stay here—to stay here after all. It's like a reprieve from execution; it is as if a heavy weight had been lifted from my heart."

"Sure I knew the Blessed Mother of God wouldn't let such a thing happen to the likes of you and old Mrs. Brentwood and Mr. Larry, and even myself," replied Eliza.

"And me," echoed a small voice at her elbow.

Eliza looked down:

"Get out of that," she exclaimed, seeing the diminutive figure of Minna.

But Marcia restrained her, asking:

"Do you really love the old place, Minna?"

Minna nodded. "Indeed I do!"

Eliza, relenting, burst into a laugh that really sounded like a sob.

"She's that aggravatin', Miss Marcia"; but she added, in a whisper, "I wouldn't part with her for a mint o' money."

Down Marcia's own cheeks were streaming the tears, that for once she permitted to flow unrestrained.

Meanwhile, Gregory had gone out onto the lawn to prepare his car. Eloise had signified her intention of going

with him for a drive, and had hinted that she preferred to go alone.

"It is so seldom I can see you, without some of the others being present," she urged, "and I do want your advice."

It was a request which he could not well refuse; and though he would have liked to include some of the others in the invitation, he did not want to disappoint this spoiled child of whom he was really very fond.

While he stood waiting for that young lady's appearance, Minna came out of the kitchen, and, dropping a curtsy, began to talk to the big gentleman, of whom she was no longer afraid.

"She's cryin' in there," she whispered, mysteriously, with a nod towards the kitchen.

"She? Who?" the young man asked, fearing something untoward had happened.

"Miss Marcia—and cook's cryin' too," declared the girl, pleased with the attention given her.

"Why, what are they crying about?" he asked.

"It's because she's goin' to be let stay here," answered Minna. "Once I saw her cryin' before, upstairs in her room, when Miss Eloise said that she wanted the house."

Gregory felt that he had already heard too much, perhaps, and walked hastily away, feeling as if a blow had been struck at his own heart. So that was how Marcia felt about it all. How like the gay and gallant spirit of Walter Brentwood to have carried it off so well!

Eloise just then came tripping down the steps in her prettiest and smartest costume, which Sarah had helped her to adjust.

"You must take me to the Park, Gregory," she commanded; "I want to see some life."

"You shall see all that the Park holds in that line," answered Gregory, laughing, as he helped her to a seat beside

him. Marcia came out of the kitchen smiling and waving to them, though a close observer could notice that her eyes were red.

"Do forgive me for running away like that," she said, "but I hope—Gregory—that Eloise is bringing you back to dinner."

"I shall be delighted to dine here," was the response, Gregory noting the little hesitation with which his name was brought out.

Marcia looked after the two, thoughtfully, as the motor passed swiftly into the distance. When they were quite out of sight, she went in to Mrs. Brentwood, and, bending over, kissed her.

"Are you very glad, dear?" she asked, and the old woman held a handkerchief to her eyes as she answered:

"Yes, very, *very* glad, my love."

The voice of Larry, who came in from the hall, then broke in upon them.

"Isn't Gregory Glassford a brick, Marcia? I think he did it to save the old house—and he thinks a whole lot of you, Marcia."

Marcia blushed. "He is a 'brick,'" she said; "and we'll leave it at that."

(To be continued.)

I Did Not Know.

BY HENRY VINCENT LYMAN.

I DID not know that pain could bring such joy,

That tears could be so sweet,
Until I laid the burden of my soul,
Dear Mother, at thy feet.

I did not know the barren way of life
With roses strewn could be,
Until I left the pathway of self-will,
To walk, sweet Maid, with thee.

I did not know that God could be so near—
I sought Him in the skies,—
Until I saw the white light of His love
Aflame within thine eyes.

The Duke of Zechringen.

I.

ONE night in the Autumn of the year 940, a monk was wandering through the narrow paths of the Black Forest, not far from Fribourg-en-Brisgau. The wind was blowing briskly through the fir-trees which rose like gigantic phantoms on all sides of the traveller; and the moon, half-veiled in watery clouds, gave them a thousand odd shapes.

The monk, a young man apparently, proceeded at a rapid pace, holding his cloak close to his body. His tall figure, his martial air, the nobility of his features—all denoted an individual superior to the ordinary man both in power of intellect and force of soul. The while he walked, he kept praying aloud. Finally, he exclaimed: "At last!"

He had seen on the mountain side, about a hundred yards above him, a cottage whose walls were covered with those fir boards that were commonly used for buildings in the Black Forest. The rear of this cottage, constructed on a narrow plateau, was backed by the mountain, great firs covered it with their branches, and the moon's pale rays lighted up its front.

The monk hastened up the rocky pathway that led to this rustic habitation. There was no light within; no doubt the dwellers were all asleep. The monk picked up a large stone and pounded on the door. He had to repeat the pounding more than once before it had any effect; but at last a young man appeared. Both his face and his hands gave evidence of the trade to which he was devoted: he was a charcoal-burner.

"What do you want, brother?" he inquired of his unexpected visitor.

"I am on my way to the castle of Baron Hoch-Felsen," was the reply, "and when I was overtaken by the night

I lost my way. Tell me, friend, am I far from the castle?"

"Yes, pretty far. Moreover, the road to it is not very easy to indicate. The best thing you can do, brother, is to stay here to-night, and I'll set you on your way to-morrow morning."

"Thanks, my friend. I gladly accept your hospitality."

Thereupon the monk entered the cottage. In the large front room he saw a very simple bed, several articles of furniture of wood, not too badly fashioned, and, to the left of the entrance, a great chimney.

The young man placed the monk in an oaken seat, a sort of armchair, near the chimney; and then, lighting the fire, he set about preparing a meal for his guest.

"Your trade, my friend, is that of charcoal-burner, is it not?" asked the monk.

"Yes; and I live here with my father and mother. Both of them are old, and just now they are asleep in the next room. And you, brother, do you live far from here?"

"Yes, quite a distance."

"Can you give me any news of our Emperor?"

"Which of them?"

"True, there are two of them. But I speak of our rightful Emperor, the eldest son of our well-loved master, Henry,—I speak of Otho, whom his mother wishes to dethrone in favor of a younger brother."

"Otho's business is going badly," said the monk in a serious tone. "He was defeated, the other day, by his rival; his army is disorganized; and he himself has fled."

"What sorrowful news! Ah, how I wish I was a powerful lord, and that I had a castle to offer him!"

"So you love your Emperor, do you?"

"I do indeed."

The monk rose from his seat; drew

himself up to his full height; and, his features assuming an air of regal majesty, he said:

"Young man, I am your Emperor."

As he spoke he threw aside his cloak, opened his woollen monk's frock, and disclosed to the eyes of Berthold, the delighted charcoal-burner, a military costume of singular beauty. Berthold bowed profoundly; he dared not speak. The Emperor reassured him; and then the young man became voluble enough.

"Your Majesty," he exclaimed, "it is God who has sent you here. Ah, blessed be His goodness! What joy it is for me to offer a shelter to my august master in his misfortune! Console yourself, however, your Majesty; God is only trying you; He is not abandoning you, I am sure."

"I hope so. If I could only organize another army! But, alas, my mother has deprived me of all my fortune; and I have nothing to offer to those who might range themselves under my standard."

"How can a mother treat a son so unjustly?"

"Silence, friend; I speak no evil of my mother. Oh, no; whatever our parents may do, we must excuse them: it is a divine precept."

When Berthold had finished preparing the modest meal on which he had been employed, he said:

"Be pleased, Sire, to sit at this table, all unworthy of your Highness."

"It is the table of a faithful subject; I am happy to be here."

"Sire, will you permit me to call my parents, that they may pay you their homage?"

"Not to-night; it will do in the morning when I am leaving."

While the Emperor was eating, Berthold, who served him, appeared to be preoccupied. At last his guest noticed it and said:

"My friend, is something troubling you?"

"You are quite right, Sire; yes, I have a secret to confide to you. With your permission, however, I'll put off telling it until the morning."

II.

Berthold had ceded his bed to the Emperor, he himself passing the night lying on some skins of wild animals placed across the threshold. He was ready at a moment's notice to make of his body a rampart, should his august guest be threatened with any danger.

At the first sign of dawn Otho arose. Berthold at once awakened his parents, and informed them of the royal visit with which they had been honored without knowing it.

The good old couple soon appeared, all confused at the great honor vouchsafed them. The Emperor greeted them in the most kindly fashion, and congratulated them upon having a son so worthy, so devoted to the interests of his sovereign. Then, turning to Berthold, he exclaimed:

"Let us be going, my friend. I am in a hurry to reach the castle of Hoch-Felsen."

They left the cottage, and descended the mountain path through the forest towards a narrow valley which they had to traverse before going up another mountain slope on which was situated the castle or manor of Hoch-Felsen.

It was a delightful morning. The Black Forest, always beautiful despite its occasional gloom, was especially so under the rays of the Autumn sun. The rustling of the fir-trees, mingling with the murmur of frequent brooks, formed a music as soothing as it was charming.

When they had proceeded some little distance from the cottage, Otho suggested that the time had come for the telling of Berthold's secret.

"Not quite yet, Sire," was the reply.

A little later they reached the valley, where they had to cross over a torrent. They stepped across on large stones,

which formed a very picturesque bridge, and then entered the woods. Arriving at a large clearing, doubtless the scene of Berthold's labors, for all around were bits of wood and charcoal, the young man took the Emperor's hand respectfully and said, "Follow me, your Majesty."

He then led his royal master into an excavation, and thence through a long corridor to a large cave. Berthold lit a torch, upset a pile of brush and stones, and drew from a recess, hidden by the pile, an ingot of gold, then a second, a third, and still others.

"What's all this?" inquired Otho.

"A treasure which I discovered a few weeks ago. It came about in this way. I had come to work in this part of the forest for the first time. One evening I prepared a big pile of wood from which I desired to make charcoal. I set it on fire, and then, according to our usual custom, covered it with earth in order to retard combustion. The earth was taken from this grotto where we are now standing. When I came back, two days later, to remove the earth from my charcoal, I found to my astonishment that with it was mixed some melted gold. After reflecting, I concluded that the gold must have come from this grotto; that I had carried it with the earth with which I covered the fire. I was not mistaken. On digging a little deeper I found other ingots. Sire, you have under your eyes all that I have discovered. Will it help you to recruit some soldiers?"

"It surely would, my friend; for these ingots represent an enormous sum. This gold, however, is yours."

"Sire, if it is mine, permit me to offer it to you."

"I accept it, my friend, on condition that I shall return it to you if God deigns to bless my arms."

Berthold then conducted the Emperor to the castle of Hoch-Felsen. It was a

handsome and solid structure, this dwelling of Otho's friend. Its lofty tower dominated the mountain side and the valley; its crenelated walls could alone arrest the progress of a whole army.

As soon as the two travellers were espied, an archer appeared on one of the turrets. A few words being exchanged with the supposed monk, the archer caused the drawbridge to be lowered: and Otho and Berthold entered the courtyard. The Emperor was at once conducted to the Baron.

"O my prince," he exclaimed, "I know of your misfortunes. My sons told me all, for they managed to escape when your troops were defeated. They are at present engaged in raising further troops."

Otho and the Baron talked for some time about the past; and then Berthold's secret was disclosed in confidence, and the generous gift of the charcoal-burner was discussed with appreciative comments.

"That's very fine!" exclaimed the Baron, "yet the conduct of the brave and loyal youth does not surprise me. He comes of a sterling race; from father to son they have always been faithful to God, the Church, and their sovereign."

Berthold was then summoned to the conference. When he appeared, the Baron said: "I know, Berthold, the service which you desire to render to your royal master. Now, I am going to give you two of my most faithful servants. Without their being admitted into our confidence, you will take them with you; and the three of you will bring here those golden ingots which will supply our Emperor with soldiers."

Berthold took leave of the Baron and Otho, the latter saying: "*Adieu*, or rather *au revoir*, my brave and generous subject."

The subject then set about his task

of conveying the treasure to the castle. So well did he perform it, that, before nightfall, the gold was all in safety. The Emperor remained at Hoch-Felsen for a few days, perfecting his arrangements with the Baron and his sons.

III.

Nature, as if celebrating a festival, is scattering flowers everywhere. How beautiful the Black Forest appears under the burning sun of June! But day is declining: the birds are singing their softest measures before betaking themselves to slumber.

At this hour we come upon Berthold, sitting on a mossy bank which adorns a large rock to the right of his cottage. It is Saturday evening. The young charcoal-burner is seated between his old parents, resting after the fatigue of the week.

All three are speaking of the Emperor. Serious news has of late been circulating through the Forest. It is said that the Emperor has raised a new army, and that he has taken the offensive.

"God grant him victory, and soon," exclaims Berthold.

"Yes," says his old mother, "God grant that we may soon see the Baron of Hoch-Felsen and his sons returning victorious to their castle. What joy, if they bring news that the Emperor has vanquished his unnatural brother!"

Just then they heard the noise of horses trampling the undergrowth of the neighboring wood. Berthold and his parents became silent and listened.

Two knights, gallant young men, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, drew near.

"They may be able to give us tidings of our Prince," said Berthold, whose emotion caused him to grow somewhat pale. He got up and advanced towards the cavaliers.

"Is it not here," inquired the elder of the horsemen, "that Berthold lives?"

"I am Berthold."

The knight dismounted and said: "Young man, we are commissioned to bring you a very pleasant message. The Emperor. . . ."

"Oh, tell me!—is he victorious?"

"Yes, God has blessed his cause. He has vanquished his brother; but he has pardoned both him and his mother. Eight days ago our august chief was solemnly crowned in Frankfort; and it is from there that we have come by his orders to take you to him."

At first Berthold and the old folks were too much overcome to be able to speak. When they recovered their composure and installed the two officers in their humble dwelling, they asked all about the Emperor's doings during the past few months. They learned that Otho had reorganized an army, had named able generals and captains, had fought and won a number of minor engagements, and that, finally, he had overcome the enemy forces in a brilliant battle, definitely ending the unjust war which his family had waged against him.

The next day Berthold departed for Fribourg. There, in accordance with orders that had been given, a conveyance awaited him, and in four days he reached Frankfort. It was morning when he arrived. The two officers who had accompanied him on the whole journey, led him at once to the palace where Otho had fixed his residence.

It is needless to describe the emotion with which Berthold, the poor charcoal-burner of the Black Forest, was seized when he entered the magnificent hall where Otho was holding court amid a throng of nobles and military officers. All the courtiers drew up before Berthold with marked respect. The Emperor himself advanced several steps and took him by hand.

"My faithful subject," said Otho, "I have had you brought here in order that

I may give you an account of our mutual affairs. As a matter of fact, to you belongs half the credit of the war which I have just ended. Let us thank God, my friend! The gold which you gave me has brought me happiness. With those ingots I secured soldiers, victory, and the throne. The throne I shall keep for myself, the victory we shall share. My friend, I make you Duke of Zaehringen. That's the name of the place where you found the treasure which came to my timely aid. There, I shall see to it that a noble castle arises,—a castle in which you and your glorious race will, I hope, live for centuries to come."

It was done as Otho said; and the race of Berthold became in truth one of the most illustrious in Germany; a race fruitful not only in heroes, but with time in princes as well.

A Better Plan.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

ALTHOUGH it was half past ten o'clock when Miss Margaret Dougherty reached home, her sister was still sitting in her invalid's chair before the fire, as she had insisted that she wanted to do. She had slept all the evening; but the fact remained that she had not gone to bed at her usual hour, and she was immensely proud of herself. The wind was high and blew the front door shut before Miss Margaret could close it after her, and it was the loud noise it made which had awakened Miss Teresa.

"You have come at last! I'm so glad!" she called; and when her sister entered the room, she added: "It's not very late, after all; and I haven't minded sitting up. I knew that I would not. It isn't every day—or every Summer, either,—that you go to a lecture, Margaret; and I couldn't possibly

have waited until morning to hear all about it. Please, change the pillows behind me, just a little; and then tell me *everything* from beginning to end."

For one who had indulged in the excitement and pleasure of a lecture, Miss Margaret was singularly silent and sad-faced. She took off her best hat, brushed it, and put it away; her gloves, she laid carefully in their box; rearranged the pillows behind her sister's weak and crooked back; and then sank wearily into the rocker which she most often used. In all this time she had said only, "No, I am not very tired," in answer to a puzzled question from her sister.

"Well, Margaret," Miss Teresa prompted, a little impatiently. To her it seemed wanton cruelty for anyone to be so slow when there were things of surpassing interest to be told.

"It—O Teresa, it is terrible! I don't know what we're going to do about it!" Miss Margaret wailed at last, to the amazement and alarm of Miss Teresa. "You know, the lecture was on the present condition of Russia—the revolution, and the—the famine, and such things; but we never dreamed—why the man was there for weeks and months—four months, I think he said. With his own eyes he saw the terrible things he told us; and they *were* terrible, Teresa—horrible! He heard little children beg and cry for food: and there was none to give them. He saw old men and young ones, and women, and children—hundreds of them,—dying of starvation on the roadsides, in deserted houses, in the streets! And all these months, Teresa, we have had as much as we wanted to eat, three times a day,—I hate to remember that." She paused, and Miss Teresa said, with evident disappointment, as well as horror:

"And that's what the lecture was about!"

Miss Margaret nodded; and after a

moment she went on to repeat the substance of the lecture: all the heart-rending story, which the whole world knows now, but was then only beginning to be told.

"What can we do?" Miss Teresa asked, when her sister was done. That they might easily do nothing did not occur to either of them. Miss Margaret made no reply.

They lived very simply, those two, and their one luxury—they considered it such—meant a thousand times more to Miss Teresa than to Margaret. She was trying to think of something she could sacrifice—she who was strong and well, and the younger by ten years,—without inflicting any privation upon her sister.

After a time Miss Teresa said firmly, if sadly, "I know what's in your mind, Margaret. We have nothing but the Ford which we could possibly do without,—the Ford, and, in consequence, Jerry. The car would bring a nice sum of money; and we pay Jerry seven dollars a week."

"But to drive the machine, and lift you in and out of it are not the whole of Jerry's work," Miss Margaret objected. "The furnace must be tended in Winter, and the grass cut in Summer; and some one must wash the windows, and scrub the porch, and do the errands. Besides, I don't think that Jerry could get another place. He is so old, and slow, and forgetful. I don't believe any other people in the whole city would put up with him. We've always had him, so we don't mind. It wouldn't be charity to let a man go hungry here, so that we could feed one somewhere in Russia."

"You're always so sensible, Margaret. I had not thought of all that," Miss Teresa said admiringly. She was convinced that her sister was the most wonderful woman in the world.

There was a long, thoughtful silence

before Miss Teresa spoke again. "It seems to me that it ought to bring five hundred dollars; you remember, we paid more than seven hundred," she said. And when Miss Margaret made no reply, she leaned forward and patted her affectionately on the knee. "You must not be troubled about me, Margaret. I'll do very well without it. I was content before we bought it, wasn't I? You and Jerry can wheel my chair up and down the veranda, when the weather is fine; besides, two or three months from now it will be too cold for me to go out, even in the car. And—and—you know how generous mother always was. She wouldn't want us to be selfish."

"I wish there was some other way. I am still trying to think of one," Miss Margaret demurred.

"There is no other; it's the only valuable thing we own," Miss Teresa said gently; and after a little thought, she added: "How can we sell it? And where? I have no idea what we have to do."

"It would be easy. There are men who deal in used cars. One has a place on Jefferson Avenue and West Spruce Street; and there is a very large one on the same street, about a quarter of a mile farther east, which is owned by Mr. Allen. You remember him? He used to live on Rochester Avenue?"

"It's settled, then. You must go early in the morning, so we shan't have too much time to dread it; and now, help me to bed, dear. You mustn't think for a moment that I am grieved. We could not do less."

"I don't see how we could," Miss Margaret agreed.

There was little sleep for either of them that night; but morning found them still determined, if inclined to be silent. Immediately after their breakfast, Miss Margaret got out her hat and gloves.

"I think I had better go at once," she said.

"Yes; and you—you will go to Mr. Allen, won't you? I hope you will."

"No, Teresa; I'll sell it to the man on Jefferson Avenue. As a rule, it is unpleasant to do business with an old acquaintance," she answered, in her most worldly-wise way. "I have learned that from experience; and I've heard Father Fitzgerald say so."

"As you like. I should find it easier," Miss Teresa said.

Miss Margaret wheeled her sister's chair close to a window, gave her a book to read—knowing well that she would not open it—kissed her on the forehead, and hurriedly left the house.

After fifteen minutes' walk she reached Jefferson Avenue and West Spruce Street, where she had often noticed a salesroom filled with used automobiles. Entering it very timidly she saw, seated at a desk in one corner, a big man in his shirt sleeves.

"Are you the proprietor? I should like to see the proprietor," she stammered.

"I'm the man. What can I do for you?" he answered, rising with some show of eagerness.

Catching her breath sharply, Miss Dougherty explained. "I have a Ford that I wish to sell. It's in good condition—almost like new. It has never been driven fast, or over rough roads, or abused in any way, and—"

"What model is it?" the man interrupted.

"It's a 1916."

He smiled broadly. "And what do you want for it?"

"We paid a little more than seven hundred; but as it is no longer new, we thought five hundred would be enough to ask."

"Five hundred!" he echoed, grinning more broadly than before; and, excusing himself, he stepped over to a man

who was seated on the other side of the office, and said in an undertone, which Miss Dougherty heard distinctly, "Here's sport for you! She's asking five hundred dollars for a 1916 Ford!" And they both laughed.

Going back to Miss Dougherty, he said: "Now, as to that Ford of yours: did I understand you to say that you want five hundred dollars for it? You meant fifty, didn't you? I might give that."

Without a word Miss Margaret turned on her heel and left the place, suppressed laughter following her to the street.

"Teresa was wiser than I. I'll see Mr. Allen: *he* is a gentleman. If the car isn't worth five hundred, he will tell me so; but I don't understand why it shouldn't be. It looks almost as well as it ever did."

Fortunately, Mr. Allen was in his office. After her recent experience, Miss Margaret would have been afraid to approach his assistant, or any other stranger.

"Why, Miss Dougherty, I haven't seen you for months! How are you, and how is Miss Teresa?" Mr. Allen inquired cordially, shaking her hand, and drawing forward the most comfortable chair in the office.

"We are both well, thank you, Mr. Allen. You know, of course, that Teresa can not walk, and never will again, but she suffers very little."

"Poor girl! She was full of life and fun when she was strong. I see you both pass here from time to time in a Ford, and—"

"Yes, it's about our Ford that I want to speak to you to-day," Miss Margaret began, too nervous to be conscious that she was interrupting, and eager to tell her errand quickly, for it lay like a load on her mind. "We—you see, Mr. Allen, we are anxious to sell it."

She paused; but remembering the

other man's questions, added quickly: "It's in good condition, but a 1916 model. That is considered an old-fashioned one, isn't it? We talked the matter over last night, and thought we ought to get five hundred dollars for it. We paid a great deal more than that. Is five hundred too much to ask?"

Mr. Allen made no direct reply. "If you want my advice, Miss Dougherty, it would be to keep your car," he said. "It must be a source of great pleasure to your sister, and it would be hard or impossible to find anything else to take its place. If you are pressed for money—we all are, from time to time,—I will gladly lend you ten times five hundred."

"You are wonderfully kind, Mr. Allen; but we have no need to borrow. We have as much money as usual; but—" And before she knew how it came about Miss Margaret was telling him of the suffering in Russia, with as much detail and as much feeling, as when she poured the story into her sister's sympathetic ears. "Of course, we must help in some way," she concluded; "and we can't think of anything valuable that we could sell except our car."

Mr. Allen answered her very gently and very kindly: "Thank you for telling me all about conditions in Russia," he said. "I am ashamed to confess, Miss Dougherty, that I have paid very little attention to the talk about the distress there. There has been so much suffering of late years—all the horrors of battlefields and trenches, and China and Germany and Austria, and other countries hungry,—that I have grown weary of hearing of it, and tired of giving. But, as you say, we must all do our bit for Russia; and I have a little plan to propose to you. I think it's a very good one. If you and Miss Teresa will keep your Ford, and enjoy it as much as you can, I will give six hundred dollars to the Russian fund; otherwise,

I won't give a penny. So, if you refuse to humor me, those poor hungry people over there will lose a hundred dollars, even if you get five hundred for your Ford from some one else."

Miss Dougherty looked at him, puzzled and doubtful, but seeing that he was smiling at her in a most friendly fashion she smiled, too, more and more broadly. "It—it would be lovely to keep our car," she admitted.

"Of course it would—lovely for you, and better still for poor Miss Teresa," Mr. Allen urged. "Besides, you will be securing six hundred dollars for the Russian relief fund."

"Well, I—think it's a good plan, if you are certain, Mr. Allen, that it's fair to you," Miss Margaret yielded.

"Fair to me! Of course it is! Didn't I propose it?" Mr. Allen exclaimed.

And so the matter was settled.

Ten minutes later, as she walked happily homeward, Miss Margaret reviewed her talk with Mr. Allen that she might be able to repeat it, word for word, to her sister; then, after a little thought, she said to herself, "I was only a little girl, and Teresa was twenty. I remember that Mr. Allen used to come to see her, but nothing more. I have heard it hinted that they would have been married if her fall had not ended everything for Teresa. I always took for granted there was no truth in the story; but he never married anyone else, and—I wonder— Perhaps, after all—"

As the hammer welds the iron into a closer mass, so the indissoluble unity of the Catholic Church is, by persecution, tested, confirmed, and revealed. For eighteen centuries the mystical vine has stood, a living tree, rising in its stature, spreading in its reach, unfolding its leaves, multiplying its fruits, showing its imperishable vitality in every branch and in every spray.

—Cardinal Manning.

James Fennimore Cooper.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

WHEN one has visited beautiful Cooperstown and the section surrounding it, in the central part of New York State, one ceases to wonder that the Indians resisted so strenuously their removal from the picturesque country with its mountains, valleys, lakes and streams; for all these combine in bewildering fashion to make of it an ideal region. And no visit to Cooperstown, the now famous village, is complete without a pilgrimage to Christ Church and churchyard, where William Cooper and his son, James Fennimore Cooper, pioneer and historian, are buried.

Cooperstown is situated on the south-eastern shore of Otsego Lake, at a point where the Susquehanna River forms an outlet for the lake. The woods and mountains and that charming sheet of water are a principal source of beauty that is rarely surpassed.

At the close of the Eighteenth Century, this beautiful region was practically a wilderness, inhabited only by the Indians, while, in the primeval forests, the wild animals roamed unmolested. But when the country was opened for settlement in 1791, from Burlington, New Jersey, where the future author was born on September 15, 1789, came William Cooper, one of the true heroes of America.

And here on the banks of the Otsego he built the home—the stately Otsego Hall, which yet stands at a little distance from the church. Otsego Hall was the beginning of the village; and, a few years later, on land given by Mr. Cooper for the erection of a place of worship, Christ Church was built, the churchyard becoming a burial ground from the foundation of the village. The plot where the Cooper family are buried, in front of the chapel, and en-

closed by an iron railing, was reserved from the original deed. Near the centre of the plot are the two low-lying marble slabs which cover the graves of the famous author and his wife.

And so in this beautiful, romantic spot, around Otsego Lake, James Fennimore Cooper passed his early days, roaming through the forests as did the Indian lads, hunting and fishing and forming that intimate companionship with Nature which, years later, was to make his books world-famous. He grew to love wood-lore as only those who are daily associated with Nature can love it. Far across the dense forests he could hear the call of the wild animals, and he knew by the cob-webs, broken and glistening in the sunlight, just how to trace the deer and bear to their native haunts. The rustle of the leaves in the trees, and the sound of the waves against the shore, were sweetest music to his nature-loving ear; and these early impressions were relived again, many years later, in the pages of his wonderful romances.

A fitting environment it was—this school of Nature, in which James Fennimore Cooper was trained for those charming stories which will live as long as literature endures. It was just the training needed for the future novelist, for no other writer has so well told the story of the pioneer and the untutored children of the forest.

Savage and treacherous as he was, the native Indian in his forest home had many generous and noble qualities; and these good traits James Fennimore Cooper embodied in his famous *Leather-Stocking Tales*—those romances, which teach a love for brave and manly deeds, and which have had such a lasting influence on the lives of the young.

The five books which make up this series of stories all have as their hero, "*Leather-Stocking*," variously known as Hawkeye, La Longue Carabine and

Fatty Bumpo. Different Indians, whom the author had known in his boyhood, and vividly remembered, became the models for these famous stories.

In a park overlooking Otsego Lake, is a statue of Leather-Stocking—a figure of a trapper standing on a huge boulder, one hand resting on the head of his faithful dog; and out in the lake, a little distance from the shore, stands the "council rock," mentioned in "The Deerslayer" as the place appointed for the rendezvous between Deerslayer and his friend, the Delaware. Near the northern end of the lake is the shoal on which Hutter built his "castle."

This book, "The Deerslayer," which has brought joy to so many young hearts, and which was the last one to be written of the Leather-Stocking Tales, although it should have been the opening book, was suggested to the author one day as he gazed over his beloved Otsego Lake, whose shores seemed suddenly to be peopled with figures of a vanished race. The story was begun at once, and the scene of it laid on the lake he loved; and in it many of the tender memories of his own boyhood are recounted.

Mr. Cooper spent several years abroad, preceded by a fame that made him very popular. In Turkey, Persia, Egypt and Jerusalem, his books were translated; and it was said that the people of Europe gained more real knowledge of the character of American independence from his books than in any other way.

The American author grew to love the Old World, and while there wrote some of his best books; but he never forgot allegiance to his homeland, and in 1833 he returned, spending the remaining years of his life in the stately old mansion on the banks of the Otsego. There he died on September 14, 1851, when he lacked but one day of being sixty-two years old.

Sermon-Dodgers.

THE Catholic who goes to Mass every Sunday fulfils the Church's law. There are some, however, who whittle down their obligation so thin that they never think of giving a moment beyond what is absolutely required of them. If there happens to be in their parish a Mass without a sermon, that is the Mass they preferably attend."

A priest with a sense of humor once said that he had in his parish a fine branch of the G. A. S. D. On being asked for an explanation of the initials, he said they stood for the "Great Army of Sermon-Dodgers." And membership in other societies and organizations, he said, did not prevent people from being members also of the G. A. S. D. "I have some," added the good pastor, "who take great pride in being K. C's, A. O. H's, etc.; but they are more faithful to the one outstanding rule of the G. A. S. D. than to any of the rules of the other societies."

"And, like most armies," he went on, "the G. A. S. D. has its sharp-shooters. I mean the men who come to Mass at the last minute, and who are so eager to get away before the rest of the congregation that they assemble at the rear of the church during Mass, and drop on one knee, like real sharp-shooters, as if they were taking aim at the priest at the altar. But, of course, they are not; their only aim is to get in as late as possible and to get out as soon as possible."

There are so many bad Catholics who never go to Mass at all that even those who give the least possible time to the service of God must be accorded some praise. But the grudging spirit is not the Christian spirit. "Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete withal it shall be meas-

ured to you again." (St. Luke, vi, 38.)

If we measure our service to God in such a niggardly manner; if we cut down the time we devote to honoring Him and praying for our own necessities to the least possible moment; if our purpose on Sunday is to get into His house and out again as quickly as we can; if we so manage our Mass-going as to avoid hearing those words of Our Lord on which, when He was on earth, He laid so much stress, how can we hope for a measure of mercy and favor "pressed down and shaken together and running over?"

"He that is of God heareth the words of God." This sentence was spoken by Our Lord Himself. Its significance is perfectly plain.

"The least-possible" Catholic, "the last-in, first-out" Catholic, the "sermon-dodging" Catholic, none of these is the edifying, the ideal Catholic. They give very poorly in return to Him "who has given us all we are and all we possess."

Reparation by France.

Realizing the inestimable harm done by Messrs. Combes, Viviani and the rest in bringing about the expulsion of religious communities from France, the present Government is now arranging for their return—not too many at a time, of course, for fear of arousing the scornful and exciting the anti-clericals, who are still numerous enough to cause embarrassment. There will be no opposition from any quarter, however, to the return of the Benedictine monks and nuns of Solesmes who, on being exiled from France twenty years or more ago, established themselves in the Isle of Wight. The number of the monks is not stated, but there are about eighty nuns, among them three sisters of the Empress Zita of Austria and the former Princess Agnes of Löwenstein, Bavaria.

Notes and Remarks.

From residents at Lourdes and pilgrims to the world-famed shrine of Our Lady there we learn that the pilgrimages this year are more numerous and largely attended than ever before. Besides thousands of pilgrims from all parts of France, there were many more from Italy, England, Portugal, Spain, and other countries. At times the Grotto and roads leading to it were thronged with people. Train loads arrived as train loads departed at the railway station. "Who could believe there were so many clients of the Blessed Virgin?" Several most extraordinary cures of various kinds are reported, but they have not yet been examined at the Medical Bureau, indeed will not be until a year has elapsed.

Another place of pilgrimage which has had an unusually large number of visitors (including not a few Protestants) during the Summer was the little Welsh town of Holywell. They came from all parts of England as well as Wales; as many as 4000 from a single parish in Liverpool. Several "miraculous cures" are said to have taken place at St. Winefride's Well, the traditional scene of her martyrdom. The walls of the church at Holywell are lined with crutches and ex-voto offerings, testifying to wondrous favors received in the past. Welsh Catholics think they have good reason for referring to Holywell as "another Lourdes."

As apt as brief is Mr. G. K. Chesterton's reply (in the *New Witness*) to a certain Mr. Maitland, who, referring publicly to the latest of "Rome's Recruits," had something to say about the "failure of Christianity." Instead of wasting words over this nonsensical utterance, Mr. Chesterton employed a little illustration: "My mother tells me not to climb a certain apple-tree to steal

apples, and I do it in spite of her. A bough breaks, a bulldog pins me by the throat, a policeman takes me to prison, whence I eventually return to shake my head reproachfully at my mother, and say in a sad and meditative manner: 'I had hoped better things of you.' Alas, there is something pathetic about this failure of motherhood to influence the modern mind; I fear we must all admit that maternity as an institution is barren and must be abandoned altogether."

If Mr. Maitland is not too dense, he will find much to think about in this rejoinder, brief as it is.

In the sphere of economics, as in every other, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The more one studies the problems of Labor and Capital, with the innumerable ramifications to which they inevitably lead, the less dogmatic one is inclined to be concerning the best methods of composing differences between employers and employees, or even concerning the strict justice of some of the plans vehemently opposed by the workers and as strenuously advocated by capitalists. The question of the "open shop," for instance, seems at first blush to admit of only one possible solution: a free American should have the inviolable right of working for whom he will, when he will, where he will; and no union has any right whatever to prevent his doing so. Yet, a study of economic authorities will disclose not a few solid arguments against the open shop and strike-breaking. Let them be duly considered.

One system of reconciling Capital and Labor—a system in vogue here and there on both sides of the Atlantic—appears to be growing in favor, namely, profit-sharing. It would seem to be fairly obvious that the more interested a worker is in the concern for which he labors, the better work he will do, and

the less inclined he will be to retard the progress of the industry by strikes or other impediments to uninterrupted production. In a recent issue of *America*, Father O'Connell, S. J., discusses the relation of profit-sharing to thrift, and sums up his conclusions in these words:

Thrift means a continued act of self-denial. It is an ideal that must make its appeal through reasons whose force is clearly discerned by a practical mind. Will-power has to be called into action. A young, unmarried workingman, for instance, needs to be aroused from the hypnotic sleep of easy spending to the long night-watches of saving as a preparation for the day when he will assume the responsibilities of the head of a family. It is no holiday task. Age and married life will bring their sobering influence to bear on the innate tendency to extravagance. Hence, it is that, whatever be the objections to profit-sharing, and they are many, it has, under the fundamental safeguard of a living-wage, the admirable feature of inculcating thrift. Certainly, the home where thrift finds a welcome needs not to fear future want and suffering. Saving brings its own pleasures, not the pleasures of the miser or "kill-joy," but the pleasures of self-respecting manhood. Profit-sharing, then, in as much as it inculcates this fundamental law of sound economics, is deserving of praise.

A distinguished American medical man—let us call him—apropos of the conversion to the Faith of the great Japanese scientist, Dr. Takamine (who was no less remarkable for nobility of character than for intellectual attainments) informs us that while pursuing his studies in one of the European capitals he once met a young Japanese, a fellow-student, leaving a theatre, where his sense of decency had been shocked by the antics of actresses who evidently had no respect either for themselves or others. "That pagan 'Jap' could not stand what was unobjectionable enough to a houseful of Christians. Such has been my experience with pagans abroad."

Our own experience with pagans in

this country has been much the same. We remember certain things said by Dr. Wu Ting Fang, which he was careful not to say publicly until his return to China. (A very keen observer and a very acute critic was the same Dr. Wu.) One need not go abroad to meet with pagans aplenty. It is questionable whether the number of them does not now far exceed that of "Protestants." Be this as it may, it is deplorable that Christians anywhere should scandalize pagans, many or few.

Among the boldest upholders of the contention that Shakespeare was a Catholic must be placed the editor of the *Catholic Herald of India*. To the objection of a correspondent, that the immortal Englishman was a rationalist, the editor replies that the objection does not touch the question at issue, since rationalism, had it been known in Shakespeare's time, would have been looked upon as a synonym for paganism rather than a substitute for religion; and a pagan, the poet certainly was not. Yet, a reply is possible, and it is given in this wise: "By the very fact that Shakespeare succeeded in hiding his faith from the attention of Queen Elizabeth and thus escaped hanging and quartering, he might escape similar treatment at the hands of Shakespearean societies. But what escaped the vigilant Queen was Shakespeare's method of bowdlerizing his sources, and cutting out whatever was anti-Catholic, leaving just enough to secure his personal safety."

One instance of such bowdlerizing is the following, which will perhaps be new to some of our readers; and is, in any case, interesting to all lovers of England's foremost poet:

Shakespeare borrowed his "King John" from the "Troublesome Reign of King John," a play written to glorify Protestantism. Shakespeare cut out its ribald stories of friars and nuns,

the Tudor claims of spiritual supremacy, John's contemptuous reply to the Pope's Bull of excommunication, his jeers at the Pope, dirges, Masses, octaves, and Requiems, Purgatory and Catholic princes, and his veiled compliments to Henry VIII. Cardinal Pandulph, who is a hypocrite in the original, becomes a wise and sympathetic statesman at Shakespeare's hands; John is altered from a good Protestant into a mean villain; and the whole play, anti-Catholic as it was, is transformed into a glorification of Papal arbitration between kings.

From such data concerning Catholic schools in this country as he has found available, Mr. H. M. Beadle has compiled some interesting statistics. The lessons taught by these statistics seem to be that not only are too few Catholic students enrolled in Catholic colleges and universities, but that too few children complete the elementary grades. Says Mr. Beadle: "Not only are Catholics deficient in the number of their graduates of higher learning, but they seem to be failing to make the most of their opportunities in elementary education. There appears to be a falling off in the numbers of students pursuing elementary education, in the 6th, 7th and 8th Grades. This may be due to the times or to local causes, but our educational directors should labor earnestly to prevent its becoming general. Are the economic conditions of life becoming so difficult that time can not be spared for the better education of our brightest boys and girls?

"The percentage of Catholic children (6-17 years, inclusive) attending Catholic schools is 47.33. The percentage of the same (6-13 years, inclusive) is 64.15. The percentage of the same (14-17 years, inclusive) is 13.51.

Pius XI. seems to be endearing himself to the lovers of open-air exercise,—walkers, mountain-climbers, and athletic persons of all classes. His approval of the plan of the Knights of

Columbus for introducing baseball and hundred sports into the playgrounds of the youthful Romans did much to win the favor of Americans; and his more recent address to a group of Belgian gymnasts to whom he had granted an audience will undoubtedly complete his conquest of athletes generally. His Holiness is reported to have said to the little Belgian group:

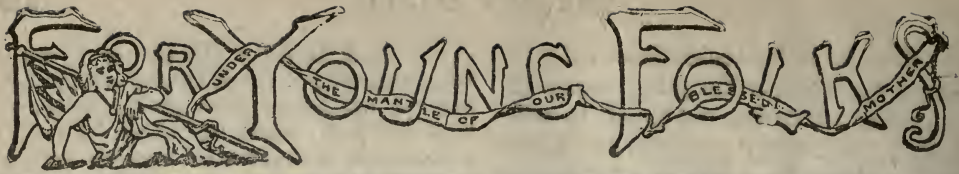
You are Catholic gymnasts: in those two words are summed up all I could wish you to be. Be what you seem—Catholics and gymnasts, for that is only putting into other words that very wise old maxim: A sound mind in a sound body. Be gymnasts—that is, keep your body strong and healthy, able to endure fatigue. Keep your body under control. Be Catholics—that is, keep your mind healthy, healthy in the noblest sense of the word; a mind that knows Christ and His law and translates it into practice in daily life. Be, then, in reality what your name implies, and you will make that name serve to a noble Christian end, for everything ought to be done by a Christian to the glory of God. Your work will really be an apostolate and your muscular Christianity a magnificent occasion to spread the beneficent influence of a good example. Your title sums up everything, and you have to show what is signified by that title by an honest, clean, straightforward life, showing that by being good gymnasts and good Catholics you are good citizens.

The first instalment of what promises to be an exceptionally interesting autobiography appears in the current issue of *Truth*, New York. The writer is the Rev. H. E. G. Rope, M. A., an English convert whose name is familiar to such American Catholics as are interested in the progress of the Church in the land once called "Mary's Dowry." The following extract is illuminating, as showing what a great many English University men, and doubtless women also, have thought—and what, no doubt, a great many others are now thinking—of several eminently important subjects:

Till the year 1900 [at Oxford] I had never doubted the Incarnation and Resurrection of

our Blessed Lord. I thought of a vague "Christianity" and not of Church or Churches, and did not realize what all the pother of High and Low Church was about. Asked by a friend, at that time an agnostic (now a professor in a Canadian university), to which Church I belonged, I shocked him by the honest, if sheepish, answer that I did not know. Certainly I believed in a real Eucharistic presence; but I shrank from inquiries which seemed to me irreverent and essentially sceptical. It was partly for this reason that I was very seldom a communicant. On the other hand, Ritualism repelled me. "Let us put on an old cope or chasuble and pretend the Reformation never happened," seemed to me, then as now, the attitude, however unconscious, of Ritualists. If they wanted Popery, I wondered why did they not go over boldly and honestly to Rome. Continuity has always seemed to me nonsense. That England was Popish before the Reformation seemed a truth so obvious and palpable that I hardly believed anyone could deny it without wilful buffoonery.

An account of a case of diabolic possession, which occurred in the village of Illfurt, Alsace, in 1864, compiled from original documents by Abbé Paul Sutter, of the diocese of Strasbourg, has been translated into English by the Rev. Theophilus Borer and published, with the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Brentwood, by an unnamed firm at 57 Blackhorse Road, Walthamstow, London, E. 17. (Price, 1s. 6d. net.) A preface is supplied by the Rev. William O'Grady, vicar general of the diocese. The narrative is a most extraordinary one, but is so well authenticated that all but the most incredulous readers will be convinced that something exceedingly unnatural must have happened in Alsace during 1864-69. A monument, surmounted by a statue of the Immaculate Conception, erected in Illfurt, bears the inscription: "*In memoriam perpetuam liberationis duorum possessorum Theobaldi et Josephi Burner, obtentae per intercessionem Beatae Virginis Immaculatae, A. D., 1869.*"



Sleepy Wink.

BY ETTA SQUIER SELEY.

MY dear, my dear, what do you think!

One night, a little Sleepy Wink
Came down our chimney—creepy-creep,
A hunting folks to put to sleep.

He saw wee Tommy in his chair,
And laughed, "There's one, right over there";
Then just as quick, he crossed the floor
And clambered up beside the door,

And kissed wee Tommy on his eyes;
Tom jumped a little in surprise,
But quicker than the thing is said,
He then began to nod his head.

Gay Sleepy Wink just laughed and danced,
Then quickly to the chimney pranced;
And, like a flash, straight up he flew
To find some other things to do.

Wherever children sat up late
He found them, just as sure as fate;
He kissed their eyes, then on he sped,
Till all small folk were snug in bed.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.*

I.



HOUSE in the city of Bordeaux was all hung with black; a long funeral procession wound slowly away from it; it was that of the owner, who was being carried to his last resting-place.

At the head of the procession, behind the coffin, which was borne by the friends of the dead man, walked a tall young man, brown-haired and pale, accompanied by a throng of people of all ages. Behind all these came a poor little boy, nine or ten years old at the

most. No one paid any attention to him, though he wept as if his heart would break. His golden curls, falling in large ringlets over his brow, mingled with the tears that bathed his attractive face.

As soon as the cemetery was reached, the usual ceremonies were gone through with. Then one of the personages of the procession began to talk. In a touching speech he enumerated the virtues of Mr. Thomas, a wealthy ship-owner, who had always been a good son, a good husband and a good father.

Soon the crowd began slowly to disperse. When the grave was deserted, the boy, who had stood a little apart, ran and threw himself sobbing on the freshly heaped-up earth.

"My uncle,—my good uncle! I shall never see you again!" he cried in a tone of despair.

This first outburst over, he raised his head. The gravedigger stood beside him.

"So the man that's just been buried was your uncle, was he?" he asked, taking as he spoke the measure for a railing that was to be put around the grave. "You probably have a father left?"

"No, sir: my father died years ago. I never knew him."

"And your mother?"

"She's dead, too."

"Can't you remember her either?"

"I was so little, sir! I can remember only a large white bed where my mother lay. It seems to me that I can still see my kind uncle standing beside this bed, holding my mother's hand and caressing me at the same time. 'Sister,' he said, 'I promise you to be a father to little Camille.' I am Camille. Then he took

* By Mme. Foa. Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA.

me to his home. I can not even remember the house where we had lived."

"Are you your uncle's only heir?"

"What is an heir?"

"Why, that means that all your uncle owned will be yours—his house, clothes and money."

"And his son's too?" inquired Camille.

"Ah! so he has a son?"

"A young man,—the one that walked behind my uncle's coffin."

"The tall, pale one,—the one that asked me to come to see him to-morrow about the stone and railing? Your cousin didn't seem to feel very badly: he didn't shed a tear, I noticed."

"Oh, he's too big to cry!" answered Camille, wiping away the tears that trickled down his cheeks. "My cousin went to Paris last year with my uncle and they stayed there three months. But good-bye, sir! I must go, for it's getting dark and Gustave might be worried."

"Who is this Gustave?"

"That's my cousin; he is to be a father to me, for my uncle asked it of him on his deathbed."

"Poor child!" thought the sexton, following Camille with his eyes, as the boy turned around from time to time to look at the spot where Mr. Thomas had just been buried.

II.

As the cemetery was quite a distance from the house of the late Mr. Thomas, it was dark when Camille reached home. The first thing he did was to inquire for Gustave.

"He has gone into his father's room," explained a servant, "and has forbidden any one to disturb him."

"That is so he can cry without being seen," thought Camille. And, taking a candle from the man's hand, he said very gently:

"Good-night, Jacques! I'm going to bed,—going to bed without my uncle!

That's sad, isn't it, Jacques? Oh, I feel so sorry! But, then, I have a cousin left."

"Hum! poor child! A cousin! He hasn't much!" murmured Jacques in an undertone.

To reach his chamber, Camille was obliged to pass his uncle's room. He could not resist going up to the door, which was partly open.

"Who's there?" cried a stern voice.

"It is I—Camille. May I come in Gustave, please?"

"Go to bed and leave me alone!" replied Gustave, crossly.

Camille dared not insist, but he tried to get a glimpse of what Gustave was doing. He was much astonished at seeing his cousin standing before an open secretary, tearing leaves from a red portfolio and burning them one after another. Not understanding the significance of these acts, Camille decided to go up to his room, wondering as he did so that his cousin was not weeping.

The next morning he came down to breakfast and found Gustave just finishing his meal.

"Why didn't you wait for me, cousin?" he asked.

"Am I obliged to wait for you?" was the reply.

"What a cross tone! Is that on account of uncle's death?" asked Camille; and, sitting down at the table, he rang a little bell.

"What are you ringing for?" inquired Gustave.

"For some one to bring me breakfast, as you have eaten everything up."

Without replying to his cousin, the young man remarked to the servant who entered:

"Have Camille served in the kitchen, and understand that from now on you are to receive orders from me only."

"In the kitchen! What does that mean?" exclaimed Camille.

"It means that I am sole master here now and that you are nothing at all."

"What! I am nothing at all? Am I not your cousin?"

"Listen to me," said Gustave. "You are ten years old, and you ought to understand this: your father and your mother had nothing, neither have you anything. This house belongs to me. My father did for you everything that it pleased him to do: he was the master. Now I am the master, and I warn you that you will have to leave this place."

"And where do you want me to go?" asked Camille, with a frightened look.

"Wherever you want to,—what do I care!"

"But afterward?" Then bursting into tears and clasping his hands, the poor boy pleaded: "What will become of me without your help, Gustave? Wherever I might go, I should die of hunger: What would people say if they should find out that you had driven your father's nephew away and let your cousin die of starvation?"

These questions made the young man more thoughtful. He remained silent for a few moments; then, suddenly raising his head, he said, in a tone of affected mildness:

"You are right, Camille. You ought not to go away from me. I am going to Paris to-morrow, where I have business, and you shall go with me."

"To Paris?—shall I see Paris?"

"Yes, you will see Paris."

"Oh, how kind of you, Gustave!"

"Now have your breakfast."

"I'm not hungry," replied Camille, shaking his head sadly. "You said such strange things just now! My heart is too full: I couldn't eat."

"As you please," said Gustave. Then he left the room.

III.

August 1, 1836, a tall young man and a boy alighted from a diligence in the general station in Paris.

"O dear! how tired I am, Gustave!" said the boy. "Three nights without sleep!"

"Wait for me here," said Gustave.

Entering one of the offices, he went up to a clerk and asked:

"What time does the diligence start for Bordeaux?"

"At six o'clock."

"Is there a place left?"

"There is one inside."

"I will take it."

"For whom, cousin?" asked Camille, who had followed without being noticed.

"What is it to you?" answered Gustave, much vexed at seeing Camille so close to him.

Handing over the price of the seat, he received for it a scrap of paper; then he took Camille's hand and they went into the street.

"Where are we going?" asked Camille.

"To the Tuileries, to regulate my watch."

"I remember that uncle always said: 'The first thing I do on reaching Paris is to go to the Tuileries and set my watch.' Poor uncle! I can not help thinking of him."

"Will you keep quiet?" said Gustave, roughly shaking the hand which Camille raised to his eyes to wipe away a tear.

This tone frightened the boy and he was silent.

The pair reached the Tuileries just as the gates were being opened. Gustave led his cousin into one of the least frequented avenues and had him sit down under a chestnut-tree, whose thick foliage served as a shade from the rays of the sun.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Yes, cousin."

Gustave took from his pocket two pears and a roll.

"Eat these then," he said.

"Are we going to stay here long?" asked Camille, eating as he spoke.

"Aren't you comfortable here?"

"Yes, but I am more sleepy than hungry."

Camille's eyes were half shut, and his head dropped first on one shoulder, then on the other. The silence which reigned at this hour in the beautiful park, and the cool shadows, all seemed to invite repose.

"It is easy enough to satisfy yourself," said Gustave. "Stretch out there and go to sleep."

"And what will you do?" inquired Camille, arranging himself comfortably for a nap.

"I have paper and a pencil with me and I will occupy myself in doing some writing," answered Gustave, slightly embarrassed. "What is that you are putting under your head?"

"It is my poor uncle's last gift—'Robinson Crusoe.' I have kept it in my pocket."

"Well, now go to sleep," said Gustave, brusquely.

Snatching the book from his cousin's hands, Gustave began to turn over the leaves.

Camille was soon asleep. Without paying any further attention to his little cousin, Gustave took from his pocket a pencil and a writing tablet, and, using "Robinson Crusoe" for a desk, he began to write.

IV.

The sun was low in the west when little Camille awoke. The first sound he heard was the striking of the chateau clock.

"Seven o'clock!" he exclaimed, stretching out his arms. "I have slept well."

He slowly opened his eyes and looked around in surprise.

"Where am I?" he thought.

Then, recalling his journey and his arrival in Paris, he said aloud:

"Why, I'm in Paris!"

Not seeing his cousin in the place

where he left him, he raised himself to look for him.

"Where is he? He's playing a joke, and has hidden somewhere to frighten me."

The boy waited a while longer, with all the patience he could command. Half-past seven struck, however, and Gustave did not appear. Then Camille began to think hard, without feeling the slightest suspicion.

"I have been asleep twelve hours," he thought, counting on his fingers. "Gustave got tired and left me here. Perhaps he has gone to dinner without me. My, but I'm hungry!" he added, speaking aloud.

"Well, little boy, I've been watching you sleep this long time," said a big man in a closely buttoned-up blue coat. "What are you doing here all alone?"

"I am waiting for my cousin, sir," replied Camille, amiably.

"Are you sure he will come back?"

"Why, yes, sir. He knows that I could not find my way around Paris."

"Do you intend to wait here until your cousin comes back?"

"I must, sir. I have nowhere to go."

"But what if he doesn't come before the time for closing the gates? He might be lost."

"Then, sir, I must stay here," answered Camille, with a sadness full of resignation.

"That's forbidden, my boy. When you hear the drum beat the signal for closing, you must leave the park."

"O sir, won't you let me stay here, if my cousin doesn't get back in time?" pleaded the boy.

"I am overseer of the Tuileries, and it is my duty to send everybody out. But your cousin must know the rules, and probably he will be back in time."

When the man had passed on, Camille could not help feeling a certain anxiety and fear.

"Dear me!" he thought. "What if

Gustave does not come back? What would become of me, all alone? Where could I go? And I'm hungry,—almost starved. But Gustave will be sure to come back; if he's lost, he will make inquiries. He knows I couldn't find my way without him. I will read so as to make the time seem shorter—if he hasn't carried my book off, too. No, here it is."

Camille sighed deeply and picked up his "Robinson Crusoe." To his great surprise, a letter addressed to himself fell out of it.

(To be continued.)

A Poet's Golden Deed.

The celebrated French poet, De Musset, was walking one evening on the beach at the little watering-place of Croisje, surrounded by a group of joyous friends. They had just left the dinner-table. Among all the gay company that day the happiest person was the poet himself, though he was usually anything but cheerful; he was the life and soul of the party. An incorrigible spendthrift, he cared little that he had nearly emptied his purse to pay for the feast. In fact, one coin was all that now remained to him—a new *louis d'or*—which he was tossing in the air, laughing meanwhile at his poverty.

As the party walked along, they suddenly came upon a little girl in rags and tatters, fast asleep, with her head resting on a heap of seaweed. The jests and laughter ceased, and the merry party stopped short. De Musset drew near and gently placed in the palm of the child's hand the *louis d'or*, his last remaining resource. His example was followed by nearly all present; and the poor peasant-child, when she awoke, must have wondered at the pile of gold pieces, and especially that one should have dropped into her hand.

Keeping a Promise.

It is related of the Persian poet Abdul Kaadir that when he left home to go to Bagdad, his mother placed in his hand a purse containing forty deniers, saying with tears: "I commend you to the protection of God. We may never meet again in this world. Promise me, my son, never to tell a lie." Abdul promised.

As the party with which he was travelling neared the city of Hamadan, they were attacked by a numerous band of highwaymen, who soon overpowered them. One of the robbers, coming up to Abdul, inquired what he had in his possession. Remembering the promise he had made to his mother, the boy answered, frankly: "Forty deniers."

The robber laughed, thinking the boy was trying to escape search.

"What have you in your possession?" inquired another of the band, looking at him with a fierce scowl.

Abdul answered as before.

When the robbers had collected and distributed the spoils they had secured from the travellers, the boy was called before the leader, who asked once more what he possessed.

"Two of your band have already inquired," replied Abdul; "and I told them I had forty deniers; they are sewed up in the lining of my coat; you can find them there."

The chief then ordered the coat to be ripped, and the coins were found as Abdul had stated. The robber then asked, in surprise: "Why did you reveal what you might so easily have kept secret?"

"Because I wished to keep my promise to my mother—never to tell a lie."

"Keep your money, boy, and go your way," said the leader of the robbers. "You have acted nobly in thus fulfilling your promise."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—To the long list of their publications Isaac Pitman & Sons have added: "Un Método Práctico para Aprender a Escribir por Medio del Tacto," por Charles E. Smith; traducido al Castellano de la Edición Inglesa. A carefully prepared and in every respect a well-produced text-book. Price, 85 cents.

—We are sorry to learn that the earlier works of the late Leslie Moore are out of print; but Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, to whom the Catholic public are indebted for so many excellent books, can supply "The Greenway" as well as her last story, "The House Called Joyous Garde." We are hoping that the demand for these delightful Catholic novels will be general enough to cause those others, "The Peacock Feather," etc., to be reprinted. They should have a hundred times as many readers as they have yet won.

—Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., has achieved such fame and prestige as an authority on the Missions of California, that any historical work from his pen is sure to be welcomed by all who are interested in the story of Franciscan missionary work on the Pacific Slope. "San Luis Rey Mission" is his latest work, one of a new series, dealing with local history. A profusely illustrated octavo of 265 pages, it contains seventeen interesting chapters, with several appendixes, an analytical table of contents, and a good index. The typographical excellence of the book reflects credit on its publishers, The James H. Barry Co., San Francisco. Price, \$2.50.

—The story of Our Saviour's Passion has naturally enough been told by many authors, and told from many points of view. What differentiates "The Man of Sorrows," by Father Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, from other books on the same subject is the fulness of detail with which the incidents of the one great day of the Passion are treated. About 300 of the volume's 376 pages are devoted to those incidents, a fact which suggests the availability of the book for spiritual reading, especially during the Lenten season. Like so many other present-day volumes which imperatively demand indexes, this volume is without one. Sands & Co.; Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.25.

—"A Dream of Heaven and Other Discourses" is a collection of eleven sermons, four lectures, a speech, and an essay, by the Rev. Robert

Kane, S. J., who for a decade and a half at least has been widely known as "the blind orator." Father Kane states in a brief preface that, as it was his high privilege to have been chosen to speak, on certain-important occasions, about matters of more than passing moment, it is but natural that those who invited him to speak should wish to have his discourses on these occasions in permanent form. The lecture, "An Ideal of Patriotism," was delivered in 1911; but we could wish that it be read and taken to heart by many of Father Kane's misguided countrymen in the present year. Longmans, Green & Co.; price, \$2.

—The Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory were well advised in editing, and causing to be published, "Sermons and Sermon Notes," by one of their most notable former members, the late Father Ryder, whose death at the age of seventy occurred in 1907. These sermons, fifty-nine in number, are arranged in series corresponding to the course of the ecclesiastical year, and will be found, for the most part, eminently suggestive. The prospective reader of the volume may have his interest stimulated by this extract from the book's preface: "Father Ryder was a master of language, at times not unworthy of comparison with his master, Newman; and, if this be not apparent throughout the volume, at any rate, here and there, his mastery of English stands revealed in his chosen words and balanced phrases." Publishers: Sands & Co.; B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$2.25.

—The main thesis of "History of Christian Theophagy," the latest book from the pen of Dr. Preserved Smith, is that the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist is but a Christianized form of a very remote pre-Christian belief; is pagan in origin, "foreign to Jesus," and interesting as history, only because "the history of man's errors and failures is often as instructive as the history of his successes." Dr. Smith displays a vast amount of erudition; he writes in a pleasing style, and he hopes that his work will be accepted "as a purely objective history in the field of comparative religion. . . ." We believe, however, that it will appeal to those only who, like Dr. Smith, are so inoculated with the rationalizing spirit as to be immune to any argument in favor of the supernatural. Like Harnack, Loisy, and the late Dr. Carus, he delves into the histories

of primitive religions and into purely mythological lore, and discovering here and there doctrines and rites and practices in some remote way, at least, similar to the mysteries and liturgies of the Christian Faith, he at once emphasizes these similarities, and then easily concludes that these latter are but modifications of the former. "History of Christian Theophagy" is a specimen of the fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and one of its kind is quite sufficient. Open Court Co.

—The works of John Ayscough are published by so many different firms that we can not at present comply with requests for a complete list of them, with the prices. As a rule, the leading secular publishers deal only in the books issued by themselves, and take no interest in those of other firms. Hence, the importance to authors of having the same publisher for all their works; hence, too, the advantage to book-buyers. From the title-pages and advertisements of books by John Ayscough brought out by the Longmans, one might suppose that he had written no others, though there are numerous others. Messrs. Benziger Brothers publish "Mariquita" (\$2.15); "Faustula" (\$2); "Saints and Places" (\$3); and "The Tideway" \$2. It seems a pity to us that every book by authors like Msgr. Drew should not serve to make known all the rest of their works.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chappelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

- "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

Obituary.

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

Rev. F. W. Ellis, of the diocese of Sacramento; Rev. John C. Sullivan, diocese of Wichita; Rev. John Flood, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Raymond O'Brien, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. George P. Kuhlman, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Terence Shealy, S. J.

Sister M. Clementine, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister Peter, Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine; and Sister M. Edmund, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. E. P. Brown, Mr. William Walters, Mrs. Mary A. Sweeney, Mr. H. B. Albers, Mr. G. W. Hartz, Mrs. Rachel Coney, Mrs. Jacob Holmberg, Mr. Charles Moussett, Mrs. Julia Lally, Mr. John Fisch, Mr. Joseph McDonald, Miss Ellen Farrer, Mrs. John R. Sweeney, Miss Mary Drahota, Mr. W. J. Stack, and Mr. Edward Mackle.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: E. L. B., \$1; J. G., in honor of the "Little Flower," \$1; W. A. Maher, \$2; a family, \$5; P. D., \$15; M. M., G. M., \$5; Mrs. H. J. Ries, \$10; E. J. Conneron, \$10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Rev. J. H., \$10; D. H. S., \$10; friend, \$5; A. W. Redman, \$25; Henry McGrath, \$10. For the famine victims in Russia and Armenia: B. A. D., 50 cents; friend (Erie), \$10; E. J. P. R., \$10. For the Foreign Missions: A. K., 50 cents.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE. I., 49.

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1922.

NO. 14

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Winds.

BY SYDNEY SNELL.

THE spirit wind of Spring with hands
caressing

The blade and blossom for their fruitage
frees,

Cherishing, like a tender elder brother,
The hopes and efforts of the little trees.

Wings of the North Wind filling earth and
heaven,

Strong angel who on mighty pinion bears
The harried sky, lash me to new endeavor,
Winnow my wheat and sweep away the
tares.

Cleanse thou my spirit from the dust of
custom;

Tear off the dead leaves from my tree of
life,

Though thou dost bring the frost of desolation,
Tempest of sorrow and the sword of strife.

Then as the forest trees with clean, bare
branches

Await new birth, quiescent and withdrawn,
So shall I wait as they, the great renewal!

Stripped of the old, the new leaves shall be
born.

AS there is no true devotion to
Christ's sacred Humanity which is not
mindful of His Divinity, so there is no
adequate love of the Son, which dis-
joins Him from His Mother, and lays
her aside as a mere instrument, whom
God chose as He might choose an in-
animate thing, without regard to its
sanctity or moral fitness.—*Faber.*

Some Favorite Devotions of Our Forefathers.

BY M. NESBITT.



NE sometimes hears particular
prayers, associations, or the
invocation of the Blessed
Virgin under this or that
title, spoken of as "modern innova-
tions"; but surely if those who urge the
charge would give only a small amount
of attention to the matter, they would
speedily discover that the newness ex-
ists principally in their own imagination.

Even a very superficial study of an-
cient documents serves to prove how
deep and how widespread devotion to
the Queen of all Saints was in ancient
times. The form of such devotion as
demonstrated in prayers, hymns,
litanies, and so forth, is practically the
same as it was hundreds of years ago.
Witness the noteworthy and most in-
teresting example of an Irish litany of
Our Lady, consisting of fifty-eight invo-
cations, which the learned Professor
O'Curry believes to be as old at least
as the middle of the eighth century.

This very ancient litany, which is
preserved in the *Leabhar-Mor*, now de-
posited in the Royal Irish Academy, is
clearly not a translation.* In truth,
no earlier litany of Our Lady appears
to be known, and there is no trace of
any such litany in Anglo-Saxon times;
therefore to the Island of Saints is due

* See "Manuscripts of Irish History," p. 330.

the glory of having composed the *first* litany of our Immaculate Queen,—that is a prayer to the Blessed Virgin in the shape of what is now known as a litany.*

The litany composed by St. Gregory the Great, and known as the Litanía Major (Greater Litany), or, to use its more familiar title, the Litany of the Saints, is unquestionably the most ancient. In this litany, as used by the Anglo-Saxons, the name of the Most Holy Mother of God stands invariably before that of any angel or saint; and it is worthy of notice that it is repeated three times. This triple invocation, which seems to have been peculiar to the Anglo-Saxons—for, in the Caroline Litany, so called because it is believed to have been composed in the reign of Charlemagne, the name of Our Lady is given only once—was not confined exclusively to the litany, as is proved by a prayer in the ancient "Book of Cerne."†

There is a ceremony called "Beating the Bounds" of parishes still observed in England. This, as a reliable authority tells us, is a "remnant of the Catholic custom of blessing the fields and crops on the three Rogation Days preceding the Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord." On these days, known to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers as the "Gang Days," a "solemn procession was made through the streets of towns and the fields of country parishes; the relics of the saints were taken out of the churches and carried round; and the Litanies of the Saints, commonly called the 'Greater Litanies,' were sung." The Anglo-Saxon homilist, Ælfric, tells us "how we also, in those days [the Gang Days] should offer up our prayers, and

follow our relics out and in, and with fervor praise Almighty God."

It is interesting to note that on such occasions Our Lady was specially invoked; for as the old lines say:

Now comes the day wherein they gad
Abroad with cross in hand,
To bounds of every field and round
About their neighbor's land;
And as they go they sing and pray
To every saint above,
But to Our Ladye specially,
Whom most of all they love.

The first Monday after the Epiphany still goes by its old Catholic name of "Plough Monday"; so called because the ploughmen on that day used to go from house to house begging alms wherewith to buy candles to burn before images of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, in order that they might obtain a blessing on their agricultural labors.

Another ancient custom very general in the Ages of Faith consisted of the recitation of five of the Psalms, which begin with the five letters composing Our Lady's name:

M. *Magnificat* (St. Luke, i).

A. *Ad Dominum* (Ps. cxix).

R. *Retribuere servo tuo* (Ps. cxviii).

I. *In convertendo Dominus* (Ps. cxxv).

A. *Ad te levavi oculos meos* (Ps. cxxii).

In England the five psalms were said in honor of the Five Joys of our Blessed Lady: the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Assumption. According to the Ancren Riwle: "These psalms are according to the five letters of Our Ladye's name. Whoso pays attention to this name *Maria* may find it in the first letters of these five psalms aforesaid, and all those prayers run after these five."

St. Bonaventure gives another version of the five psalms; which he calls the Crown of Our Lady. The most usual of all the old English devotions were the Five Wounds of Our Lord and the

* *Litaniae*, or litanies, a word derived from the Greek, is, it is scarcely necessary to state, "a form of earnest prayer and supplication to obtain the mercy of God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints."

† This volume, dated A. D. 760, formerly belonged to Cerne Abbey, in Dorset; it is now in the Cambridge Library.

Five Joys of Our Lady. There is a quaint prayer to be found in the "Speculum Christiani," which runs thus:

Ladye, for thy Joyes Fyve gete me grace in
thys lyve
To know and kepe over all thyngs Christen
feith and Godde's byddyng;
And trewly wynde all that I nede, to me and
myn clothe and fede;
Sweet Ladye, full of wynde, full of grace, and
God withynne.

There are many evidences of the popularity of this devotion. For instance, William Keye, in 1531, gave half an acre of land to provide "five gawdyes* forever to burn before Our Ladye at Garboldesham, at every antiphon of Our Ladye and at the Mass on all her feasts."

Another favorite devotion of our ancestors was the evening antiphon, or anthem, of Our Lady, which was sung in the cathedral and collegiate churches in England. At St. Peter's, Mancroft, in Norwich, the *Salve* was sung in the Lady Chapel. At Barking there was a chapel of Our Lady de Salve, or *Salve*, so called, it is believed, either because the *Salve* was usually sung in it or because the Marye Mass, beginning with this word, was celebrated there; and many bequests occur of candles to be lighted during the *Salve*. In the Church of St. Magnus, near London Bridge, there was, Stowe tells us, "a most famous gild of Our Ladye de Salve Regina"; and he adds that "most other churches had theirs."

The foundation charter of Whittington College, dated December 14, 1424, requires that "on each day of the week, at or after sunset, when the artisans residing in the neighborhood have returned from their work, a special little bell shall be rung for the purpose, and the chaplains, clerics, and choristers of the college shall assemble in the Ladye

Chapel and sing an anthem to Our Ladye."

This antiphon was also sung at other times; for, in 1365, we find that John Barnet, Bishop of Bath and Wells, made a large donation to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, London, requiring them every day *after Matins* to sing an anthem before Our Lady at the Pillar, in the nave, called Our Lady of Grace.

According to Chaucer, the anthems of Our Lady were taught to children in the schools; while the custom of singing these anthems by those travelling on sea or land seems to have been very common.

Old chronicles tell us that the poor used to sing the *Salve Regina* as they went about in quest of alms; and it is interesting to note that Blessed Thomas More alludes to this practice when speaking of his diminished income on resigning the chancellorship. He says, referring to himself and his family (who have, to quote his own words, "at this present little above one hundred pounds by the yeare"), that if the worst comes to worst, yet may they "with baggs and wallets go abegging together; hoping that for pitty some good people will give us their charity at their door to sing *Salve Regina*, and so still may keepe company together, and be as merry as beggars."

Lastly, there is an old hymn to the Blessed Virgin which our forefathers were in the habit of reciting ere they retired to rest. Its quaint wording and the depth of piety it expresses will be appreciated by the reader:

Upon my ryght syde y may ley:
Blessid Lady to the y prey
Ffor the teres that ye lete
Upon your swete Sonne's feete,
Send me grace for to slepe
And good dremys for to mete;

Slepyng, wakyng til morrowe day be:
Our Lord is the freute, Our Lady is the tre.
Blessid be the blossom that sprang, Ladye, of
the.

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.

* Candles burned in honor of the Five Joys of Our Lady were called *gawdes*, or *gawdyes*, and also "joys."

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.

WHEN Gregory and Eloise had come back from the drive, they were quite prepared to enjoy the charmingly arranged dinner which Marcia set before them. She had given to the table those homelike touches, those suggestions of warm color, that would have caught the eye of any fastidious man. Outside, the lovely Autumn day had changed to a gray and lowering dusk. The room, in its vivid contrast, was the perfection of comfort.

Marcia was unusually gay and sparkling, and her manner of cordial friendship towards Gregory filled him with delight. She exchanged jests with Larry, who was likewise pleasantly exhilarated by the improvement in their prospects. Even Mrs. Brentwood shared in the general joyousness, to which there was but one exception. Eloise had been disappointed in the result of her drive; she had tried all her blandishments to bring Gregory into the desired frame of mind with regard to her residence at Mrs. Critchley's. For though she was resolved to go whether he approved or not, and especially now that the matter of the house had been settled, still she had an instinctive love of approbation; and she particularly wanted to stand well with Gregory. She admired him immensely: his fine record in Wall Street, his secure and well-established social position; she wanted to keep him in the train of her admirers; and if she had never known Reggie Hubbard she felt that she might have fallen very deeply in love with Gregory. In fact, there were times when she was in doubt as to her real sentiments.

But that afternoon as they drove through the Park, which was disappointing, too, because they met com-

paratively few of those she knew, she realized for the first time, that whatever hold she had had upon her guardian was not only relaxed, but that she might never charm him back. Those attractions, which to more than one man had seemed irresistible, found no response in him. She asked herself, querulously, if she had only been foolish enough to imagine that she had ever held him, save for those few moments in the garden, when, under the spell of the moonlight, he had fancied himself in love with her.

During the drive, as always, he was cordial, friendly, anxious to please, solicitous for her comfort, but no more. She thought he had never looked so handsome, as he graciously responded to all the salutes from the carriages and motors they met.

"A penny for your thoughts?" he said to her one time.

"You would not care to know my thoughts," she answered sulkily.

"Wouldn't I? How do you know, but I may be pining to find out what are your impressions of life in general. Though, I suppose, they would be bounded on the north by Mrs. Critchley, on the south by her Fifth-Avenue house, on the west by the Tuxedo Club, and on the east—well, perhaps, by Palm Beach, or some other resort."

"You are absurd; and when you talk like that, I really hate you."

"You mustn't do that, Eloise," Glassford declared more gravely, "you must always look on me as a very good friend, ready to stand by you in any trouble."

"I don't care for friends."

"Whew!" exclaimed Gregory. "There is a statement! You are too young yet to see that they are one of the best assets on the credit sheet of life."

He had kept the conversation skilfully enough always on such safe lines; and so, when they had left the lights of the Park behind them, and after he had

put on higher speed for the country roads, Eloise had subsided into a sulky demeanor, which she maintained during dinner.

The evening was pleasant, the close of what Glassford felt to have been a red-letter day. As he was lingering to enjoy its last moments, Minna handed him a telegram. He recalled vividly how she had, on a former occasion, brought him a telegram which had warned him that one of his largest holdings was in danger. He had hurried back to town and saved the situation. He wondered idly, as he fingered this second yellow envelope, what it could possibly contain. When, with an apology, he did open it, he rose to his feet at once, saying, in almost the identical words he had used on a former occasion:

"I shall have to go to town, at once."

For the telegram read:

"Mr. Ambrose Gilfillan can not survive the night. Insists that he must see you on a matter of urgent importance."

The signature was that of a woman, whom Glassford rightly presumed to be a nurse. He glanced at his watch and saw there was no chance of catching a train downwards. He rejoiced that his car was waiting, for by its means, he could make almost as good time. When Larry came down to the foot of the steps to see him off, it was briefly arranged between them to meet at Glassford's office on the next day to discuss business arrangements, and sign the new articles of partnership.

"There's no use in delay," the older man declared; "we may as well arrange matters at once, unless something unforeseen should occur."

He added this proviso, with a thought of the wording of the telegram,—

"Or, that you should change your mind during the night."

"No fear of that," Larry answered,

with his boyish laugh; "and it's been awfully good of you to give me the chance."

"It will be good for me to have you, and I'm sure we shall get on all right."

As he seated himself in the car, he turned round to say:

"I've had some bad news of Gilfillan."

"Oh, I say," cried Larry, with concern, "what is it?"

"Dying probably, and wants to see me. So I must be off. Good-bye again."

Larry stepped back, and in an instant the motor was speeding towards New York, under the capable hand that directed it; and the younger man stood still a few moments, with that overwhelming sense of disaster, with which the proximity of death fills the very young. Only yesterday, it seemed, that man had been here, a more or less unwelcome guest, but sitting at the table, concerned with the most ordinary affairs of life. Larry remembered how even in his boyhood that figure, dimly recalled now, had seemed to flit in and out of their family affairs, in a somewhat sinister fashion. His name had been mentioned, too, from time to time, but never with warmth or friendliness. And now he was dying, going away from the trivialities of life to the realities. With his instinct to serve others, Larry felt sorry that he had not inquired, if there was anything he could do, any service he could render.

Larry re-entered the house with a feeling as if something tremendous had occurred in that brief interval, since Mr. Glassford had opened the telegram and he had gone out with him to the car. He did not say anything, however, till Eloise had gone upstairs. Then he told the others, and Mrs. Brentwood spoke with unusual promptitude:

"We must pray for him, all the more, because I believe he has injured us."

The hint was quite sufficient for Mar-

cia, who recalled, with a curious sense of compassion, the almost ludicrous appearance of the man, and his attempt to keep up a youthful demeanor. What if he had injured them! Everything seems so passing, so trivial in the shadow of death.

Meanwhile, Gregory Glassford, with wider knowledge of the man, his meannesses and his affectations, the things he had done, and those other things he had been suspected of doing, was speeding through the night to assist at the last act in that drama.

"It seems so strange that he should have sent for me," he thought, "when I have seen so little of him, especially during these last years."

He might have added that he had always carefully avoided him. There had been something repellent to him in the man's appearance and mannerisms, in the gray pallor of the skin, in the coldness of the light eyes, which never met one's gaze directly. It must be owned too, that, in some of his moods, the out-at-elbow shabbiness of this individual jarred upon Gregory's fastidiousness; and he wondered why on earth the fellow had not managed to achieve success, as so many others, without a tithe of his advantages, had done. He was musing upon him and his peculiar, crooked ways, to the exclusion of almost all other thoughts, when, following in their train, came the remembrance of what Eloise had told him of the manner in which Marcia had received him. He could imagine how to her generous heart that shabby figure had appealed; and the fact that he was of the family connection had stirred that loyalty, which was one of her virtues. He let his mind rest, as a pleasant relief from the other subject, on this girl, with her frank gaze, her wholesome laugh, and the ready and bright repartee, which Eloise, with all her acuteness and her wider social knowledge, could not equal.

XV.

Gregory Glassford, entering at one of the city's least crowded thoroughfares, that he might venture on a fair rate of speed, soon found himself at the lodgings in West 14th Street, where the man, who was now dying, had his abode. To vigorous life and manhood in its prime, death is naturally repellent; and Glassford, good Christian though he was, shrank from its contact. Yet, up he went resolutely where the final scene of Gilfillan's life was being enacted. His knock was answered by a nurse, who ushered him into a large, old-fashioned apartment, where threadbare shabbiness contended with a certain jauntiness in the arrangements, which had been characteristic of the man and his dress. On the brass bed, shaded electric light was falling. It enabled the visitor to see that its occupant was but a wraith of his former self, and that the hand of Death was, indeed, upon him.

A look of recognition came into the pale eyes, and a voice, strangely feeble, murmured with an attempt at the old jauntiness:

"Devilish glad to see you, Glassford! So good of you to come."

Shocked at his appearance and full of pity, Glassford sat down beside the bed, taking the wasted hand in his.

"Get as near as you can; I have a great deal to tell, and my time is short."

"Before you begin," said Glassford, "let me ask you, have you had a doctor?"

"Yes! yes!"

"More important still, a priest?"

"Oh, yes; but let me proceed, or it may be forever too late."

He had, indeed, much to tell, and it was a strange narrative, which the listener was able to supplement by his own knowledge of how the man had once been something of a social favorite, a good dancer, of apparent good nature, ever ready to oblige those whom it was

his interest to conciliate, inordinately proud of his somewhat remote connection with the Brentwoods. Glassford knew, too, how the younger Brentwood men, Walter and James, had helped this needy relative out of many scrapes, when they were both in Wall Street. But it was after James had left the Stock Exchange and gone to engineering that Walter had become disgusted with Gilfillan's dealings with bucket shops and other irregular business, and, as it was said, had turned his back upon him in public.

Gilfillan began his story, which was necessarily told with frequent pauses, and in a gasping and fragmentary manner, about the time when he had fallen violently in love with the beautiful, but spoiled and capricious Mary Warren, a sister of Mrs. Critchley. She had seemed to encourage him, at first, and elated by his hopes, he had gone into Wall Street, and plunged recklessly, with the result already stated, of being rescued again and again by his generous kinsmen.

It was just after the public rebuke of his conduct by Walter Brentwood, that Miss Warren had definitely refused his proposal of marriage, and Gilfillan had attributed her action to the influence of Walter Brentwood, though the latter had never so much as mentioned him or his affairs to the lady in question. She had subsequently married James Brentwood, and so became the mother of Eloise.

Glassford's mind went back, as he sat there listening to the various misfortunes that had fallen upon Walter Brentwood. The death of his first wife, whom he idolized, had left him so prostrated with grief that his father had sent him abroad for a couple of years. To the surprise of every one, he had remarried over there an amiable and estimable woman, whom, he believed, would make a happy home for the two

children, Marcia and Larry. Soon after his return to America, he had met with severe financial reverses, and his father had offered him the country house, that of the Cross Roads, which had been for more than two generations in the family. To that home he had retired with his wife and the two young children.

Now all these circumstances, upon which Gilfillan very briefly touched, and which Glassford already knew, brought the family happenings to a point where everything concerning Walter Brentwood was dim and hazy, at least to the mind of Glassford. He knew that something had happened to the proud and high-spirited man, whom as a boy, he himself had so much admired. The failure, so far at least as was publicly known, was in no sense dishonorable. Walter had relinquished everything he owned, and the creditors had been paid. Yet, some shadow had fallen; something had occasioned a marked estrangement between the father and son, and had caused the latter and his family to remain isolated from the Brentwood clan. Gradually, it was assumed that Walter had done something which had to be hushed up; and the solemn declaration, which he had made to his wife on his deathbed, was known only to herself.

"I have done no wrong to anyone. My father has been deceived; but remember always, whatever happens, that he is a just man." And at the same time he had warned her to beware of Gilfillan, who had been his relentless enemy.

Here and now in this room, with its shabby furnishings and its no less mean and tawdry occupant, was suddenly placed in Glassford's hand the key to that mystery. Gilfillan continued his narrative with wonderful persistence, in a voice that sounded like an echo, word by word, broken sentence by

broken sentence, how, during Walter Brentwood's absence, he had gained great influence over his father, exploiting a preference which the old man had always felt for the child of a favorite cousin. Having learned that the elder Brentwood's will left everything, save some trifling legacies, to Walter Brentwood and his children—because so much had been given to James Brentwood in his lifetime,—Gilfillan at once set to work to poison the testator's mind against his absent son. He alleged, under promise of inviolable secrecy, that Walter had defrauded a certain person of a large sum; that the matter had been hushed up, and the offender saved from the consequences of his act.

To the honorable and fastidious old man, this accusation, which, in his earlier years, he would have laughed to scorn, came as a terrible shock, now that the ravages of time had weakened his mental powers. He was only too willing that secrecy should be observed, reserving to himself the right of dealing with the offender as he saw fit, and stipulating that the person in question should be paid to the last farthing. This put Gilfillan in a difficulty, which he surmounted by declaring that, to avoid an open scandal, this must be done very gradually. The death of James Brentwood at that juncture, gave him the opportunity he wanted, and made the story seem more probable. For it was now represented that he had been the victim of his brother's dishonesty, and had kept silence out of fraternal devotion, as well as regard for the family honor, which every member of the Brentwood family cherished.

There was a long pause after that. Old-standing habits are hard to overcome; and the man, whose whole life had been a pretence of one kind and another, did not find it easy to tell the unvarnished truth, even in the shadow

of death and under the fear of divine retribution.

"I told him," gasped Gilfillan, "that it was only for the sake of Jim Brentwood's child that I spoke as I did; and, believe it or not, Glassford, that was one of my motives. I had loved the mother, and would have done anything to serve her. I was fond of Eloise too, until—until the other day. But let that pass."

Again, a pause, which Glassford believed to be final. The voice spoke once more, and he bent his ear to listen:

"Prompted by love and revenge, I induced the old man to make a new will, leaving practically everything to Eloise, in payment, as I made him believe, of what Walter had taken from his brother."

His voice had become so weak that Glassford now became alarmed. He raised the head of the dying man, and held to his lips a restorative, which the nurse had left on the table. Gilfillan lay back exhausted for a space, which seemed so long to the watcher that he was about to summon the nurse, fearing the other was dead, when Gilfillan grasped Glassford's arm convulsively and drew him nearer.

"I have confessed to the priest," he gasped, "and have been absolved. I beg God to forgive this wrong I have done. But I must tell you. I hid the latest will of all, whereby the grandfather left the House at the Cross Roads to Marcia and Larry, on condition that they give a home for life to Mrs. Brentwood. My love to Marcia—so different from Eloise—thank her for her kindness, that day, to a poor, old man."

His voice failed, as it seemed for the last time, yet, rousing himself once more, he whispered:

"The will is in the escritoire,—over there! O Lord, forgive! Jesus! Mary! Jesus! Mary!"

His fingers pointed towards a corner

of the room, but for an instant. The hand fell, the jaw dropped, and the last awful change came over the face,—every vestige of expression faded from the glazed eyes. Gregory Glassford hastily called the nurse, who quickly responded. Realizing that he was in the presence of the dead, he then fell upon his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, prayed earnestly. When he rose to his feet, he said to the nurse:

"I did not think it would have been so soon."

"He seemed just waiting for you to come," the nurse answered. "I scarcely expected he could have held out so long."

After a pause, she added:

"I see you are a Roman Catholic."

"Yes, I am a Catholic. So was he, and I am wondering if he fully understood my question, and had really seen a priest."

"Oh, yes, your clergyman called two or three times, and he brought the Sacrament this morning."

Gregory inwardly murmuring, "Thank God," asked if she could give him the priest's address. She produced a card which read:

"Rev. John O'Brien."

Underneath was written the name of the nearest church. Noting the address in his memorandum book, Gregory called the priest to the telephone, informing him of the death and arranging for the funeral Mass, promising also to pay him a visit in the course of the following day.

This done Glassford went forth into that crowded thoroughfare in the very heart of New York. On either side of it lingered, here and there, high-stooped houses of brown stone that had been part of that once imposing, residential quarter. Now it was given over to places of business, cheap cinemas, cheaper lodging-houses.

It was an immense relief, when, by swift walking, he found himself in a comparatively quiet portion of Fifth Avenue, where he could think in silence and solitude of all that he had just heard.

One thought, through all the various impressions floating through his mind during that solitary walk, was uppermost. He was rejoiced to know that Walter Brentwood, whom from boyhood up he had immensely admired, should be free from any stain, completely exonerated.

Returning to Gilfillan's late lodgings, he found everything in order, and dismissing the nurse to get needed rest, he kept for a time solitary vigil beside the bier where the man who had wrought so much evil lay at peace.

During the forenoon, a telegram was despatched to the House at the Cross Roads, which Larry answered saying he would come at once, and that his sister and Eloise would be present next morning at the church. The other relatives were duly notified, for the Brentwood family, even to its most distant connections, were punctilious about such amenities, as attendance at funerals. Some of the male relatives had even appeared, to keep watch that last night beside the body of Ambrose Gilfillan.

Amongst those who kept that melancholy vigil, was a certain wealthy and important member of the connection, who asked Glassford many questions concerning the children of Walter Brentwood. The singular terms of the grandfather's will had drawn much attention in their direction.

"The son, Larry, is in there," declared Glassford, indicating the chamber of death.

"Oh, indeed! You must introduce me," the other said. "I am told that the daughter is a fine girl. Poor Gilfillan spoke of her only a few days ago; and

he was not unduly prejudiced in favor of Walter's children."

"I have only lately made her acquaintance," answered Glassford, guardedly, "and that through the fact that Eloise is staying at the old house."

"Oh, Eloise—the irrepressible Eloise! By Jove! she is a lightning conductor!" said the inquirer, chuckling at the memory of her. "She is a stunning piece of goods, very much like her mother; but a handful, I should imagine, to handle."

Glassford was highly displeased at these remarks, but considering their source, it was impossible to show his displeasure. The other rattled on:

"I heard only the other day, that she had come back from gay Paris, where she must have made things spin at the convent. Wasn't it you, by the way, who sent her there? Only too glad, I suppose, as her guardian, to get her off your hands. But what has possessed her now to bury herself in the country?"

"The terms of her grandfather's will, I think," answered Glassford, "and a slight term of mourning, perhaps, though he forbade them to put on black. Besides, Eloise is quite changed, sobered down,—a sedate, young lady now."

"Dolly Critchley will soon see to all that. We must get her into those capable hands as soon as possible; we must have her in town and exploit her. She is worth half a dozen of these blasé chits that are going nowadays."

Gregory Glassford remained silent, though they were quite alone in the small anteroom adjoining that wherein Gilfillan lay at rest.

Suddenly the other remembered a vague rumor which he had heard of a possible alliance between the guardian and his ward.

"By Jove!" he thought, "I have put my foot in it with a vengeance, and Greg can be testy enough when he likes."

He wound up, rather lamely:

"Well, we Brentwoods have plenty of variety amongst us. All sorts of cross currents, good and bad, sprightly and the reverse; but Eloise is unique. Charming and all that. Don't forget to introduce the brother."

From that, his talk wandered to coffee futures and the prospects of the market, to all of which Glassford responded rather absently. His mind was on other subjects. That particular relative, as Glassford remarked, during those melancholy days, was not the only one to whose mind, by a singular coincidence, the demise of their ancient enemy had brought the remembrance of Walter Brentwood's children, whose existence they had apparently forgotten. More than one expressed the belated resolution:

"We must see something of these young people, Walter was such a dear!"

At the church there was quite a gathering of the relatives and connections. The older ones could remember Ambrose Gilfillan as a bright, but, on the whole, rather detestable boy. Glassford and Larry were amongst those who accompanied the remains to their last resting place. It was agreed that they should meet the two girls at luncheon, after which Mr. Glassford would drive them home in his car.

"For you know," he said to Marcia, after he and Larry had returned from the cemetery, "I am entirely at your service. My office is closed to-day."

"Then," responded the girl, "since this is Saturday, you had better make up your mind to spend the week-end with us. I know Eloise will be happy to have you."

"And you?" Glassford inquired looking down at her. She gave him an odd look which he could not fathom, and answered:

"You will be welcome."

"Welcome!" he thought. "Why she

made poor Gilfillan welcome only a short time ago." Surely, that self-contained manner of hers was aggravating. Why was she not like other girls, who so quickly permitted a man to know whether or not he was agreeable to them. It made it so very hard to advance towards anything like a better acquaintance with her.

"Eloise is a good deal upset," went on Marcia, "so I think she will be particularly glad to have you with us."

"Well, that is something to be thankful for," returned Glassford, with a kind of bitterness that struck Marcia.

"It is," she answered, "for she is very decided in her preferences.—But here she comes with Larry, to second the invitation."

Glassford turned away impatiently, and seemed scarcely appeased by the warmth with which Eloise did second the invitation.

"Oh, do come, Gregory, and do stay till Monday," she implored. "All this has been so *triste*; and that old house of mine will be dismal to-night."

"Impossible to refuse," Glassford responded. "I am yours to command"; and, as he looked at her, he thought with some dismay of the strange news he would have to impart.

He told Larry, as they drove home, that he had something of great importance to tell him later on.

(To be continued.)

A Symbol.

BY JOHN R. MORELAND.

THE beauty of the full moon pales and wanes
Till darkness hides the golden face of it,—

But is it lost? No, soon above the west

It comes newborn, a crescent exquisite.

And lovely life is brief... a drift of dust

Blown down the years as sudden winds arise;

But is death all? No, just a shade that folds

Beauty too dazzling for our human eyes.

St. Mary Magdalene in Ecton of Northamptonshire.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

ECTON under several names appears in the Domesday Book, and its "hundreds," that ancient division of English shires, the origin of which is shrouded in antiquity, were strong in the faith in the days of the Venerable Bede. The massive conventual Church of St. Mary Magdalene was dedicated to the service of God whilst yet a Saxon king ruled the land, and its power and prestige are part and parcel of the annals of Peterboro. The church of to-day stands on the exact spot of the first edifice consecrated about 976; and, as standards go in Northamptonshire, it is new and modern with a register which spans the past only until 1559. The venerable tomes in which the Benedictines of the preceding centuries recorded parochial and monastic events must now be sought in the vast library of Oxford, enriched by the new faith from the plunder wrested from its spiritual mother.

But Ecton, with its thousand years of honorable annals, is, for the ubiquitous American traveller, a discovery dating only from the past Summer, one aftermath of the World War which makes some of its horrors bearable. For the intimate association with foreign countries aroused the slumbering historic instinct; and the American, conscious of the high destiny which his nation plays in international affairs, has become interested in its founders and in the places hallowed by their memory. Ecton is the cradle of the Franklins; and for three hundred years previous to the departure of Josias, father of the revered patriot and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, the family had been bell founders and blacksmiths in the straggling village.

The comfortable house of brick and

stucco where Josias Franklin was born stands near the ruins of the smithy, and from its portals he set forth in 1685, with his wife and three children, to improve his fortunes in the New World. In a Summer, epochal for the number of Americans travelling in Great Britain, a unique difference is noted between them and those of previous years. They no longer flit through conventional scenes handled in groups by tourist agencies, rushing through the Shakespeare country, the lake regions fragrant with memories of poets, the castles of famous nobles, and the museums and galleries of London.

By the hundreds and the thousands they invaded Northamptonshire, on the patriotic impulse of seeing the hamlets associated with the potent names of Washington and Franklin. As researches have become more keen and many additional and pertinent facts are rapidly being uncovered, the travellers overflow from Ecton, Sulgrave, and Brington, into Ferrer-Higham, the English home of the family of Adams, previous to their emigration to the Massachusetts Bay colony. Beyond Sulgrave on the highroad to Northampton, the ancestors of the present head of the nation lived for several hundred years before 1624, when the first Harding set his face towards the Western land of promise. And these travellers displayed all the zeal of the neophyte in their devotion to the newly-discovered history of the forefathers of men who are held so high in national esteem.

Ecton is the venerable, time-stained village, which it probably was three hundred years ago. It is mellow and ruddy, with tiles and stucco almost of a Pompeian pink, and it has utterly flouted those methods by which some neighboring hamlets of Northamptonshire have contrived to make themselves appear as though they were built only yesterday.

Not a dozen houses along the rough, stone-paved streets but must have stood there centuries ago, during those devastating civil and religious wars, when many an owner turned away from the homes of his fathers, and went into exile and penury for conscience' sake. "Ye Worlde's End" was a thriving establishment when Bonnie Prince Charlie swept through the valley of the Ouse; and its massive, swinging sign was painted by Hogarth. The merry mill no longer turns to grind flour for mine host, but the waters rush through the moat and seem to cut off the guest at the hostelry from the busy regions without.

Ecton's main street leads by the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, whose ivy-covered tower is the dominant feature of the landscape. Beyond, the softly outlined hills enclose the valley, and in what is now remote from the urban centre, is the house called Manor Farm, where the Franklins were living at the time of Josias' emigration. It is of the prevalent pink brick and stucco; and where the hand of time has been laid heavily on the outer coating, tender vines have woven their tissues across the seams, and in the sunlight, its surface is dappled like a tapestry.

In 1758, Benjamin Franklin came to Ecton, and was received with all the honors accorded the son of the native. He had yet to climb those heights of fame which were scaled in later years, but he had obtained celebrity sufficient to warrant much municipal attention. Dr. Franklin found strangers in the home of his fathers; the smithy gone to decay. For the family's fortunes had outgrown the foundry and blacksmith establishment in Ecton, and they had removed to the larger township of Banbury and were engaged in iron manufactory. But old St. Mary's stood staunch and secure against the changes which time had

wrought in other directions. Likely it presents the same appearance to the compatriots of the great patriot and statesman as it did to him one hundred and eighty years ago.

As did the erudite Benjamin, so the American tourists crowded the dim precincts of St. Mary Magdalene, and reverently touched the yellow registry books wherein are inscribed the names of Franklins, from the building of the new church after Henry VIII.'s suppression of the convent and edifice of the Benedictines, held in the names of the Grand Prior of Peterboro since the Tenth Century. Without, the chapter house, amidst the gnarled oaks and elms of the surrounding churchyard, may be seen graves of the Franklins from the middle of the Fifteenth Century. And Franklins of the Old Faith lie beside the adherents of the Schism, and a great cross, emblem of the Resurrection, casts its shadow over all alike.

As the annals of St. Mary Magdalene partake of the glory which hallows the vast foundation at Peterboro, so the history of the Franklins intertwines with the priors at Ecton, and makes part of their noble accomplishment. Thus the first blacksmith and caster of bells obtained his grant from John of Newenham, prior at Ecton, and of a family worthily inscribed in the civil and religious annals of his day. Roger de Newenham was sheriff of Northamptonshire in the first half of the Fifteenth Century, and his name is inscribed in the stone roll in the town hall at Northampton, in company with its hundreds of officials that link the Tenth Century with the Twentieth. This first Joseph Franklin, smithy and founder, was, in 1465, granted a freehold by Prior John, whose dominion extended over all the "Ecton Hundreds." Through the patronage of the monks, the Franklin bells acquired much reputation, and were sent even to Peterboro and Win-

chester. As this yeoman stock, afterwards grafted so firmly into the American colonial fibre, increased in wealth and numbers, the holdings were enlarged, until in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, the Franklins took over the manor farm, then royal property, and to be gotten for little, if the purchaser abjured the Mother Church. The Minster of St. Mary Magdalene had, until the Spoliation, remained with the Benedictines, but some of their suburban domain has been given over to St. Andrew in Northampton; and about a hundred years before Henry committed his acts of vandalism, that romantic institution of the nuns of Catesby had a splendid convent and farmland to the south. St. Mary Magdalene is still a royal property, and its rectors, of the Established Church of England, are invariably recruited by royal favor from some of the more active of retired naval chaplains.

A quaint old document, dated about 1585, to be found in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, tells much of the temporal fortunes of the Franklins. Their bells had brought renown to the Ecton foundation; and the family had performed excellent service for God and man in both foundry and smithy,—the bells to call the faithful from distant farms to the Holy Sacrifice and other prayer, and the smithy with shoes for the dumb beasts which patiently bore them thither. So they were given more acreage and more privileges, and finally owned a considerable portion of the arable land, watered by the Nene and the Ouse. Thus may be traced that quality of thrift which so strongly permeates all that the author of "Poor Richard" gave to the world.

When Josias emigrated his father owned the manor house, eighty acres of grain land, a large square in the centre of Ecton, presumably a place for the patrons of the smithy to linger whilst

awaiting their turn at the forge, and all the privileges of a powerful pump, which to this day remains the Franklin Well. It contains pure, cool water yet, and has a picturesque wellhead and a cedar bucket, with not a hint of moss or the romantic accoutrements of the one in the song.

It is evident that the Franklins lived on amicable terms with the monks, and that they waxed rich and influential, because of the patronage from St. Mary Magdalene. That they followed the safest road when the monasteries were suppressed seems a discordant note in this rural symphony. But this should not astonish those who know the records of the tragic days. Did not the last abbot of Peterboro prove so compliant to Henry and his agents that he retained his privileges under the new dispensation? He prevented the destruction of the splendid church, it is true; but with so noble a beginning, it is sad that the Benedictine rule at Peterboro came to so ignominious an end.

Some of the historians of Northamptonshire ascribe Henry's forbearance in sparing the church and abbey to the fact that Queen Catherine of Aragon—at rest from the sorrows and wrongs which had beclouded her last years—lay beneath its great cross. But that the last abbot of Peterboro was willing to take over the new faith and sign the roster of those "who submitted," seems the more plausible explanation. As a dependency of the older Benedictine foundation, the Church of St. Mary Magdalene at Ecton was likewise spared, though immediately remodelled. And for this, the American traveller, even though his way leads from Kimbolton Castle hard by, where Queen Catherine died, to the modest tombs in the Cathedral of Peterboro, he feels one prompting of gratitude towards the recreant Tudor. For an hour or two in these solemn scenes

will set the most hurried and harassed at rights with the world. There are few more quiet and inspiring spots than the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalene where the ewe trees overlap, and a younger growth of cypress stands sentinels against the walls.

The Franklin tombs present a neat, orderly appearance, though no fund exists to care for them especially, as for the tombs of Washingtons in Sulgrave and Brington. But to the credit of the small congregation, it may be said, that it is their custom to tend lovingly the last homes of their people; and though the Franklins have gone forth these two hundred years from Ecton, these graves show as tender thought as any within the enclosure. With a pardonable pride in the Franklin association, the sexton of to-day scours the stones and resods the graves as carefully as though the great Benjamin himself were due on a tour of inspection. Two graves which invite instant veneration are those of the renowned patriot's grandparents, Thomas and Eleanor Franklin, the first committed to the earth in 1710 and the latter in 1720. They lie on a gentle knoll of some two hundred yards in extent, all carpeted with Franklin graves.

This Thomas Franklin was a man of some importance in the hamlet, besides being its smithy and bell founder. He was a vestryman of his day, and he likewise served the village for thirty years as mayor. Benjamin, his grandson and most eminent descendant, credits him with having invented a system of shorthand nearly one hundred and fifty years before Sir Isaac Pitman acquired fame. Some specimens of this pioneer's method will be exhibited by the rector of St. Mary Magdalene, who sits rather uneasily in the ancient holding of the Benedictines. But he is enthusiastically Franklin, and has collected a wonderful library of its family history.

Some of the dead and gone Franklins of the Ecton days possessed a wit more biting than "Poor Richard" admired or used in his writings. One William, who died in 1730, composed and engraved his own epitaph, and it reads:

The world's a city with many the crooked street,—

And death's the market-place where all men meet.

Were life but merchandise that men might buy,

The rich would live always,—the poor must die.

Benjamin Franklin came again to Ecton in the full pride of his renown, and when he was greeted throughout the world of affairs as the "great ambassador." Though London would have accorded him treatment far different from what he received when he represented Pennsylvania colonists against the absentee tyranny of the Penn proprietors, he did not tempt fate at the hands of George III. and his sulky ministers. He entered Ecton for the last time very quietly, in 1785, just one hundred years after his father Josias had gone forth into exile; and it may be asserted that no American family had accomplished quite as much in a single cycle. The philosopher and scholar was accorded honors commensurate with his high renown and the lustre which his name then shed upon the home of his fathers. For at this remote period, Franklin was regarded as one of the founders of the new nation and the balancing power to Washington. Without his diplomatic victories in the capitals of Europe, indeed, the achievements of the beloved martial leader would have availed for no definite solution.

American historians are gradually acknowledging this indebtedness, and in latter-day chronicles he is held up as in the truest sense the co-founder, with the venerated patriot of Mount Vernon, of the powerful republic of the Western

World. Church historians are also beginning to recognize the importance of Franklin's association with the beginnings of the Catholic apostolate in the years following the Declaration to the foundation of the American hierarchy. His part in the appointment of John Carroll of Maryland as the first prelate in the United States was not subsidiary; and this chapter of Franklin history forms one of the most illuminating in Dr. Guilday's recent volumes on the life and times of the Archbishop. He never regained the faith of his fathers; but he was broad and tolerant in theory and practice, and his patriotism was of the robust sort so needed to-day, the kind which makes one of the most precious legacies which the fathers of the nations have passed down on their descendants. Never was this intensive love of country more clearly displayed than in Franklin's relations with French and Irish prelates and Roman nuncios, when the appointment of the first bishop of the United States was focusing European attention.

Those who cherish the hope that the eventual regeneration of the American race from materialism and religious indifference will come from the things of the spirit impelled from within, must witness this enthusiastic invasion of Northampton with fervent gratitude. Every nook and corner of the grand old shire of Northampton is filled with whispers of the glorious days of the Old Faith. It has contributed most generously to the upbuilding of the American nation. To have given birth to the ancestors of Washington and Franklin would be credit enough for a domain many times as vast. And that these giants of the Republic of the West came from hamlets of this shire that lie within an hour's walk, suggest that golden nuggets of character, like those of ore, are sometimes concealed in adjacent strata.

Northamptonshire has other claims for inward communion. No Catholic can stand unmoved before the tomb of Catherine, unhappy daughter of the great Isabel of Castile, who was wed to the Tudor King under such fair promise. Near the resting place of Catherine of Aragon a brass tablet in the floor of the Peterboro Cathedral tells that Mary, Queen of Scots, once lay beneath the marble, but that now she reposes with her royal kindred in Westminster Abbey. Another tablet records that the tombs of both eminent and much-wronged women were destroyed by the Puritan army. And Huntington, where Cromwell was born, is within ten miles! A profitable Summer for those who journeyed through Northamptonshire with seeing eyes. Knowledge more precious than that which is purely historical, may be garnered at St. Mary Magdalene in Ecton.

The Zulu Queen.

BY MARY DODGE TEN EYCK.

I.

HETTY sat in the gathering shadows of the kitchen. Her fuzzy, gray head was bowed as she gazed with unseeing eyes through the window at a glimpse of the river. A long, rolling sigh sent a quiver through her ample, blue-checked form as she pondered a problem beyond her limited intelligence. Came a small sound behind her. Hetty suddenly straightened, eyes rolling about inquiringly, her Zulu soul rising in protest. Again, pirates in the pantry! The old darky sprang from her chair, and in a sure but gentle grasp caught a small boy by the shoulder.

"Yo' lil' scalawag, robbin' my cookies!"

The "little scalawag" slipped from her hold and scampered out the door. The enraged Hetty hastened in pursuit

with a volley of words flung after him.

"Stop! Yo' all's runnin'! Ain't Ah tole yo' the mo' runnin', the mo' yo' eat—an' dere ain't but jest enough with small rations!" She slammed the screen door, and tumbled across another smaller form on the kitchen porch. "Bress ma heart, Baby, ole Hetty did not know you was heah!"

This second smaller person was arranging a motley assortment of doll clothes in a little cedar chest. She put down the cover with a little sigh, clambered to her feet and stretched out chubby arms to the old darky.

"I'm tired, Hetty, won't you tell me a story?"

The "scalawag" was munching his cookie to the last crumb in the safety zone of the bottom step. As Hetty settled herself in her padded rocker and took the little girl, cedar chest and all, into her generous embrace, the brother ran up the steps. Fearlessly he settled himself at Hetty's knee, pleading,

"Yes, do please, Hetty, all about Mother when she was young" (twenty-nine was well past youth to small Quentin), "and Grandpa and Daddy and all those grand times!"

Hetty sighed again and held Baby closer. "Dem was happy days, chillun. Dis big ole house done rang with joy. Dat was befo' p'ralysis struck yo' Gran'pa. Yo' Mothah, my Miss Sue, she was de belle ob de town! Dey was parties, 'n' courtin' wid big Mista Hal Porter always on de job—until, chillun, yo' Daddy came, and of a suddint married yo' pretty lil' Mothah befo' our very eyes!"

"But there were other happy days after Mother was married," declared Quentin.

Hetty held out her huge, black hands deprecatingly. "Muh—cy, yes! Ah was de Zulu Queen ob de kitchen, as Massa Hal used to call me; but he went away and nevah came back, did Massa Hal."

Hetty hesitated a moment; then her voice grew dreamy, thoughtful. "Muh—cy, yes! good times some mo', until yo' por Daddy went to heaven, and yo' Gran'pa pahalized—and—all—de—money went—" Hetty's voice trailed off.

"What is the end of the story, Hetty?" asked a soft voice from the doorway. Before anyone could move, a young woman with silvery streaks in her brown hair joined the little group.

"Oh, Miss Sue, ma story's goin' to have a good endin'!" exclaimed the old Negress.

"I hope so." Then the mother turned to Quentin. "Will my little man run in to keep Grandpa company while I help Hetty undress Baby—and talk." As Quentin disappeared into the house, she continued: "Well, to-morrow is the auction, Hetty. Father must never know. His room will remain the same. The real estate agent has saved us the wing of the house while he rents the rest—of the poor mortgaged property. Strange, how disaster can make money melt!" The words came wistfully; then her red lips straightened firmly and the soft voice grew steady, "But the auction will pay all our debts."

"Yo' won't sell *everythin'*, Miss Sue?" Hetty pulled a small, white slipper off the Baby, with wide, horror-stricken eyes.

"Everything—even the children's best playthings—my piano—"

"No! Den how could yo' gib lessons, honey?"

Miss Sue pressed her small, aristocratic hands. "I can manage somehow. If Father would only spare me, I could get into some business, but he does not realize and wants me constantly." The young woman's voice grew businesslike: "Dr. Larkin will take us on an outing to-morrow, so Father need not know anything. And you, Hetty?"

Hetty shook her woolly, gray head vindictively. "Ah'll 'tend dat auction!"

"I'm glad, Hetty. Mr. Keller, the auctioneer, will see to everything of course. Afterwards, Hetty—you had better seek another place. I—I can't pay you half what you are worth!"

Hetty's dark skin seemed to blanch in the shadows. There was a sob in her voice. "Miss Sue, Ah ain't teched dem wages you gib me fo' two long yeahs. Ah'll gib 'em back; lemme stay for nuffin!"

A white hand pressed the big, black one. "There, there, Hetty, everything will come out all right! Of course you will keep your money and perhaps come back to us some day."

"Nebber!" scorned Hetty in a half-muffled voice. "Ah'll spend ma nights with ma 'sistah, and Ah'll jest nebber leave yo' all, Miss Sue, until Ah's carried out! Nebber!"

In the silence that followed, Miss Sue bowed her head a moment over the black hand on Hetty's knee, then gathered the Baby into her arms. From her lips came tremulously,

"God will bless you,—Mammy!" Opening the door Miss Sue gained courage. "Quentin too wants to stay for the auction. At seven he thinks he is the man of the house—so—good-night!"

II.

The auction day was bright with not a cloud in the sky. "Miss Sue," her father and small daughter set out very gaily in Dr. Larkin's automobile. Hetty and Quentin shouted and waved good-byes until they turned the corner. Scarcely had they gone when the auctioneer appeared. He was big and clever, his clear blue eyes rapidly appraising the many relics of happier days. Grand old things, these; several thousands could be raised from them and the grim debts paid. Mr. Keller, the auctioneer, had a big, kind heart too.

"Mista Kellah!"

The busy auctioneer turned to find a

huge Negress standing beside him.

"Yes, Hetty."

"Mista Kellah, yo' is not to sell Miss Sue's piano." Mr. Keller frowned a little, so Hetty continued emphatically: "It would break Miss Sue's heart. Ah's got sev'al hunnerd dollahs, and Ah'll buy it—fo' her."

"It's worth a thousand, Hetty,—at least a thousand."

A change of expression made Hetty's unlovely features less beautiful. She snarled out: "Ah thought so! Wait till Ah fixes it!" Turning, she hurried like a ginghamed Juggernaut to the kitchen and returned with an axe. "Ah'll nick dat piano, an' nick an' nick it, until it ain't wo'th nothin' 'cept fo' de music Miss Sue gits from it!"

Mr. Keller caught her arm. "Spare the piano! I'll sell it to you cheap, unhurt, and make up the difference some way. But if you nick it—I'll—"

Hetty's black face expanded in an overwhelming smile. Catching Mr. Keller by the tip of his cuff she persuaded him to another doorway. Within, perched on a tall, rollicking rocking-horse, Quentin was having a furious last ride. Hetty blinked a trifle and gently closed the door on the gallant horseman. "And Ah wants yo' to gimme Massa Quentin's fav'rite toy fo' five dollahs. It's wo'th twenty-five!" she added firmly.

The auctioneer gazed at her thoughtfully. "Granted, Zulu Queen!" Mr. Keller used to know Mr. Hal Porter. "Now what do you want to buy for Miss Sue's father?"

"She ain't gonna sell nothin' he wants, but Ah's got one mo' puhchase to make." Hetty ambled over to a table, and brought before the view of the auctioneer a tiny cedar chest, a perfect little model of Milady's handsomest treasure hold. The grain ran faultless, it was braced with brass edges, and it had a shining lock and diminutive key.

"On dat Ah's gonna bid ovah every bid until Ah wins it!"

Mr. Keller nodded. The crowd was gathering.

"Dat's all, Mista Kellah!" And Hetty lumbered off.

The auctioneer busied himself about the old house, until the auction itself was called. In his immediate background loomed the dark shadow of Hetty. Her bleary yet faithful old eyes watched the treasures grasped with greedy glances by new owners. Oftentimes she would lurch forward, looking as though murder was her only thought. Then she would tangle her humpy fingers in the gray wool, and a stray tear oozed down her cheek.

The crowd grew larger. Mr. Keller was popular and always brought his particular following. Besides townspeople, part curiosity and more than half pity, came to purchase. Many remembered or even participated in the happy days when plenty and generosity reigned in this stately old home.

"Bad investments, ill health, death! Debts, debts!" they explained to one another.

A preoccupied man strolled towards the crowd, his tall form towering over everyone. His face became a study in amazement, pity and resentment.

"Five dollars! Going, going, gone! The rocking-horse is sold to Hetty Johnson!" the auctioneer was calling out.

Miss Hetty Johnson grasped the huge toy easily in her large embrace and was carrying it behind the auctioneer to her own little appointed place. Suddenly she stopped, while her wide mouth gaped, in unconscious astonishment as she looked on the tall stranger. He did not see her.

"Mista Ha-H—" Hetty gasped.

"Hello, Hal Porter!" called the auctioneer.

It was "Mista Hal." Hetty almost screamed with delight. He seemed to

bring back the old happy days, the joy that was gone—forever! Suddenly Hetty slumped back. The rocking-horse dragged in her weakened grasp. She lowered her fuzzy old head hopelessly. Yes, gone forever! Again the voice of the auctioneer fell upon her ears.

"This handsome little cedar chest, exquisite wood, brass trimmings, one dollar and a half bid!"

"Make it two dollars, Keller!" Mr. Hal Porter was speaking. The toy horse dropped from Hetty's grasp, and she heard him add in a lower tone, "I've a niece who would like that!"

"Two dollars! Two dollars and a half bid!"

"Three dollars!" the voice of Hal Porter.

"Three dollars for the perfect little cedar chest. Three dollars and a half bid!"

"Five dollars!" said Hal Porter.

Things were coming fast on poor slow Hetty. Mr. Keller continued again, not quite so briskly.

"Five dollars! Five dollars and fifty cents—"

"Seven dollars!"

Hetty was scarcely a pace behind the auctioneer. He turned around inquiringly to her. She nodded to him, slowly, dazedly, and he called out:

"Seven dollars! Seven dollars and fifty cents bid!"

Hal Porter's brow wrinkled, then raising himself ever so slightly he looked over the big auctioneer's shoulder. His eyes widened in surprise and recognition.

"Hetty—Zulu Queen!" Hal Porter strode towards her. "And what do you want with the little cedar chest?"

Hetty's voice broke, "Ah—Ah want dat chest fo' Miss Sue's Baby!"

As suddenly the face of the opposing bidder changed. Deeply, quickly he thought for a fraction of a minute, then nodded negatively to the auctioneer.

"Seven dollars and fifty cents! The little cedar chest, going, going—gone!" called out Mr. Keller quickly, and, turning, he handed the toy to Hetty.

She clasped it in trembling hands and stumbled away bent nearly double. Mr. Hal Porter followed her closely until they and the toys were apart from the lessening crowd. He then helped the aged Negress into her padded chair.

"Now, Hetty, tell me what this is all about."

So she did in broken pre-war English, all of the sad story. The faithful old soul made a dramatic narrator, and Mr. Hal Porter's face again became a study.

"Yo' gib me hope, Mista Hal!"

He said little more, but that evening in the twilight he came to the wing of the big house. "Miss Sue's" father was sleeping after his delightful outing. Hetty vigorously extracted the children from their mother's presence as she saw the tall form approaching.

"Go, Massa Quentin with Baby and git dem cookies,—Ah specs we's goin' to hab a cel'bration!"

Quentin and his sister did not wait for further urging, but in astonishment flew to the cookie jar. Hetty lingered, eavesdropping, with no blush of shame. The joy she saw in the faces of her beloved Miss Sue and Mista Hal Porter when they met gave her sudden assurance of happy days to come. With gathering force she enacted a barbarian dance in the pantry hall, then leaped for the children's bedroom. There she caught up the little cedar chest, hugged, caressed and kissed it. Then in a sudden frenzy of joy she straddled the rocking-horse, prancing above it like a huge black Amazon. At last a maroon tinge crept over her entranced features. The two children, their mother and Mr. Hal Porter stood gasping with astonished merriment in the doorway, and Mr. Hal Porter exclaimed,

"Behold! Our Zulu Queen!"

A Memory of the Blessed Curé of Ars.

From "Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne."

...I have been to Ars to-day [May 11, 1854], and have seen the Saint. . . . A good priest led us through a side door of the church, and the first object my eyes fell upon was his head and face, and little shrunken figure, never to be forgotten. He was saying his Office amidst a crowded nave of people waiting for him; though several omnibuses had already left, returning with those who had been there all night. His face was shrunken, worn, and sallow, with many traces. His hair and expansive forehead were white, his brow smooth and clear, his mild eyes remarkably deep in shadow and covered with their lids.

He soon moved to a little side tribune, and, leaning against a pillar, as if to sustain the feebleness of his frame, he began to preach. As he opened his eyes, they sent forth over the audience a light so pale yet so bright,—preternaturally bright and tranquil. As he went on, the vivacity and vigor of his spirit mantling through his feeble, suffering frame increased in energy. His voice, soft yet shrill, rose into cries of anguish as he spoke of sin; his hand doubled up, pressed itself between his eyes, on his forehead, his eyebrows shrank together, and he wept, as he always weeps when he speaks of sin. Then he opened his eyes again, and those deeply-shaded recesses became full of light; and he threw his feeble hands appealingly toward the people, who listened in profound attention, and even awe. Then his eyes were cast up, and his whole figure seemed to follow. He spoke of God, so good, so amiable, so loving; and his whole being seemed to circle round his heart, on which his hands, his shoulders, his whole person seemed to concentrate. It was impossible not to feel that God was

wholly there, and drew his whole being to that centre. Then there was one word about being in the Heart of Jesus; and in that word I felt he himself was there in a way I shall not easily forget. He spoke with animation of spirit, but with feeble bodily force, for twenty minutes, with a self-abandonment, a naturalness, a simplicity, a variety of tone and action as his subject changed, all spontaneous from the heart. . . .

His reception of us was beautifully free and simple, so full of humility and charity. None of the cringing gesture or tone which is so often mistaken for humility; but such a simple, disengaged, pure humility, combined with the genuine politeness of a saint. . . . The smile on his wasted but most expressive features was angelic. I was speaking of prayer for England, and was describing in a few words the difficulties and sufferings of our poor Catholics for their faith, when he suddenly interrupted me by opening those eyes—which are so deeply shaded by the depth to which they enter when listening or reflecting,—and streaming their full white light upon me in a manner I can never forget, he said, with a voice as firm and confident as though making an act of faith: "Why, Monseigneur, I believe that the Church of England will return to her ancient splendor."

I then asked the saintly Curé to hear my confession and manifestation. At each point which tended to a question his words were few, simple, and penetrating, but exceedingly large in their charity. With him the spirit is everything; the form and manner of action, of little consideration so long as God is the object of the soul: the Spirit of God, the protection of the Blessed Virgin. On one practical point he was precise, clear, and satisfying. He knelt by my side when he had concluded, as he did before he began; and I felt it was a moment of grace.

Through the Rosary.

A YOUNG officer of the French Army, whose life was far from being a model one, had, however, bound himself by a solemn promise to say the Rosary every day,—which promise he faithfully kept for several years.

But to everyone who pledges himself to any rule occasions must come when the rule grows irksome; and so it was with the young man in question. One day, during the Crimean War, he returned at nightfall to his tent, so utterly worn out with fatigue, that he threw himself at once on his cot and soon dropped into a sound sleep. Before midnight he suddenly awoke, and remembered that he had not said his Rosary. As may be imagined, he felt not a little disinclined to get up and recite it; and, for a while he lay still, debating what he should do. At last he said to himself: "I never broke my word to a man, and I will not break it to our Blessed Mother."

He sprang up; and as one after another he "told his beads," feelings of contrition for his past sins began to steal into his heart. By the time the Rosary was finished, he was conscious of an intense desire to go to confession. Kneeling down, he made a firm resolution to do so, saying aloud, "I will go to confession to-morrow morning."—"And why not now?" inquired a familiar voice out of the darkness. It was that of the army chaplain, who happened to be passing at the moment, and overheard the officer's exclamation. Impressed by this coincidence, he readily consented to the proposal.

Early on the following day he attended Mass and received Holy Communion. A few hours later the troops were called out to attack the Russians. Almost the first volley fired by them struck the young officer, killing him on the spot.

Presence of Mind.

BOTH the phrases, "presence of mind" and "absence of mind," or absent-mindedness, are clearly metaphorical rather than literal. In the literal sense, all sane persons have presence of mind; only the insane or demented are absent-minded. In the figurative use of the phrases, however—the use which has become universal,—the expressions have quite a different significance. When we speak nowadays of presence of mind, we mean a calm, collected state of the mind, with its faculties ready at command, enabling a person to speak or act without disorder or embarrassment when taken by surprise; or, more briefly, quickness in meeting the exigencies of sudden and trying occasions. So, too, absent-mindedness means habitual or temporary forgetfulness of, or inattention to, one's immediate surroundings.

Thus understood the terms are, obviously, less contradictory than at first blush they appear to be. Literally, if a person is not present at a meeting, he is absent; but it is not true that because a man does not display presence of mind, he is therefore absent-minded. It is possible, indeed, that a person who habitually shows notable presence of mind may occasionally have a fit of absent-mindedness; just as it is possible for a person distinguished for being generally "up in the clouds" to manifest on occasion exceptional quickness of thought or action in an emergency.

Most persons can recall by the score instances of their own lack of presence of mind, times and occasions when 'if they only had thought of it' they might have acted so well, spoken so wittily, retorted an argument, or shone in repartee. Comparatively few, perhaps, have missed the experience of remembering, the day after a discussion, a number of "good things" with which they might

have enriched the dialogue, had they 'only recalled them at the time.' Still fewer, possibly, are they who can not remember sudden emergencies when, far from showing that they had their wits about them, they grew as excited and confused as the helpers at a fire who carry the mattresses downstairs and throw the mirrors out the windows.

The paradox that "presence of mind is greatly promoted by absence of body" is quite in harmony with physiological and psychological principles, and means simply that one's mind is most likely to be ready, quick, and alert when one's body is in perfect health. According to Sir Andrew Clarke, "health is that state of the body in which all its functions go on without notice or observation, and in which existence is felt to be a pleasure"; and such a state is obviously more conducive to mental alertness than is a condition of bodily discomfort—a bad headache, a sore finger, or an uneasy stomach.

Dr. Arthur Thomson, of Aberdeen University, sums up as follows the essential qualities of presence of mind: "(1) readiness of effective response in difficult situations; (2) an all-round imaginative anticipation of probable contingencies, and (3) an even less definable quality which might be described as a selective control of attention so that irrelevant distractions are not allowed to interfere."

Each of these essential qualities is capable of cultivation; or, rather, the cultivation of the second and third will automatically ensure one's possession of the first. A teacher can readily anticipate the questions likely to be put to him by his pupils concerning any given lesson; a debater can anticipate the objections that will be urged against his arguments by his opponents; a parliamentary orator can anticipate the challenges and interpellations to which he will be subjected while advocating

a specific bill; and a witness at a trial can anticipate many of the questions that will probably be put to him in cross-examination.

A "selective control of attention" may likewise be cultivated. It is only another name for concentration, or keeping the attention fixed on one subject, to the exclusion of all others. In the spiritual life, such concentration at prayer is secured by the habitual turning aside from "distractions" of all kinds, and repeatedly bringing the mind back to the subject upon which one is meditating,—a process in which "practice makes perfect." The close student learns in the same way the secret of concentrating upon the book he is reading, or the lesson he is committing to memory. The habit of presence of mind is, like other habits, formed by a repetition of acts; and acts of anticipation and concentration, if persevered in, will eventually result in alertness of judgment and rapidity of decision.

Our Lady of Loreto.

The transportation, from Rome to Loreto, of the replica of the famous statue of Our Lady of Loreto was in the nature of a triumphal progress. After being blessed and crowned by the Pope himself, the statue was exposed for veneration for a day in the basilica of St. Mary Major, and then conveyed in the Papal motor car to the restored Santa Casa at Loreto by Cardinal Gasparri, two other cardinals accompanying him. The niche in which the statue stands is of Oriental lapis-lazuli, from the Vatican, exquisitely ornamented with gilt bronze. The walls of the restored Santa Casa are left bare, as they were before the fire; but the pavement is a fine piece of work of Grecian marble, with blocks of yellow African marble and an edging of white.

Notes and Remarks.

A certain attitude maintained by the non-Catholics of this country towards the public schools calls for occasional comment. It is an attitude of exclusive ownership and responsibility, as if Catholics were in no wise concerned with the curriculum of these schools or their management. "We don't interfere with your parochial schools; why should you interfere with ours?" is a not uncommon question among American Protestants, and a silly question, since the assumption that the public schools belong to Protestants, as distinguished from Jews or Catholics, is quite erroneous. Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg, in a recent address, had something to say on this subject, as follows:

Moreover, if it be true that we criticize public schools, who dare question our right to do so? The public schools are public institutions, established by the State and supported by taxation raised from all classes of people. They belong to no particular class. We Catholics can say properly and justly that the public schools are our schools as much as they are the schools of non-Catholics. Because Catholics in great numbers do not use the public schools, it by no means follows that they lose all right to say how they shall be conducted and on what principles of education they should rest. The Constitutional right of Catholics in regard to public education should not be forgotten by those who profess to be the particular guardians of the public schools of the country.

In the course of the same address a point was made which has more than once been emphasized in these columns—that Catholics are neither the only nor the most severe critics of the public schools. The Bishop declared:

Again, it is not true that Catholics are the only ones who criticize the public schools. The strongest arguments for the principles on which the Church bases her system of education are found in non-Catholic writers. The hard things that are said about the public schools are spoken not by Catholics, but by non-Catholics. For instance, if I decided to quote authorities to show that the policy of

the keeping of religion out of the schools is an unsound, dangerous policy and is pregnant with disaster to the country, I would not quote Catholics; I would read for you extracts from a book written by the senior Senator from Pennsylvania, the Hon. George Wharton Pepper. This book, called "A Voice from the Crowd," is made up of a course of lectures delivered a few years ago by the Senator at Yale University. In the second place, I would quote from the President Emeritus of the Central High School of Philadelphia, the Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson, a Presbyterian minister, and one of the most scholarly men in the State of Pennsylvania. Finally, if I deemed it proper to say ugly things about the public schools, I would not quote Catholics but non-Catholics; I would not repeat as my opinion of the public schools statements made within my own hearing by a Protestant minister, the pastor of one of the principal, if not the principal, Episcopal churches in the city of Philadelphia.

The Catholic newspaper is a target at which many words have been shot, but scarcely anything more substantial,—such words as these: Here we are, Catholics by the million, with no one to supply us with a reputable and appealing daily press, even as a strictly business proposition. Purely disinterested firms have taken on weight by manufacturing rosaries and statuary; others, of Hebraic extraction, are prosperous dealers in candles and vestments. But no one has seen fit to supply that most readily marketed of all products, the news. The situation invites disagreeable parallels with well-furnished editorial offices, controlled by Christian Scientists, Socialists and Sensationalists. Several Catholic universities with schools of journalism (in need of larger class-room space and more instructors) watch the progress of their graduates (those who took the ethics of journalism seriously) on newspapers from Chicago all the way round to Chicago. Every day, perhaps, some thousands of people throw the evening paper upon the floor, and, while gasping for breath, invoke the Catholic sheet which is not forthcom-

ing. Mr. George N. Kramer, writing in the *Catholic World*, lays the blame for the failure of what press we have upon the principle of charity, whereby subscriptions are collected on the basis of duty rather than of satisfaction. We should say rather (though it comes to the same thing) that what has been wanting is business ability, a matter declared by the unknowing to be quite common. Catholic America needs the square-root of literary dabbling and the square of enterprise.

From three different sources we learn that the Sister who heroically sacrificed her life in the wreck of the "Egypt" was an Anglican nun, a member of the community of St. Mary the Virgin. She was on her way, it seems, to join a mission of the Church of England in India. It is no compliment to us to insinuate that we might be unwilling to state these facts. Sister Rhoda, as Miss Neville or Neille, published an able exposure of theosophy, from which she was a convert, entitled "From Theosophy to Christ." Had she lived longer, she would probably have passed from the Church of England to the Church of All Lands; and she might have written another work with some such title as "From the City of Confusion to the City of Peace." Pilgrims like Sister Rhoda never lose their way for long. The "kindly light" was surely leading her, and she was not one ever to close her eyes to it. Light everlasting and peace perpetual be her portion!

Many of the resolutions adopted at the Sixty-Sixth General Convention of the Central Society might well be taken to heart by every Catholic. We quote a short but weighty comment on the subject of education: "Parents who wish to permit their sons and daughters to study at a high school, academy, college or university, should, whenever it

is at all possible, select a Catholic institution. The duty to provide a Christian training for the young does not cease with elementary education. They must be allowed to continue in such training, not merely for the sake of their eternal salvation, which is the most important matter, but as well because of the influence which the cultured man or woman can wield over those about him. And how can any one stand forth as a whole-souled Catholic, who has sat at the feet of teachers for whom Christ is not the foundation of all learning?"

In these days, when we are so busy exerting ourselves in the refutation of false ideas about the union of Church and State, we may overlook the full significance of what the action of the Church in society really means. A passage like the following, from a sturdy old German, Von Droste, supplies the necessary tonic:

"God wills that all men live in those social alliances which we call States; but God wills also that the same men, who are citizens of a State, should be members as well of His Church, so that a definite interpenetration of the two, Church and State, is an obvious necessity. This interpenetration can, however, only be friendly if the intention of the Creator is observed. The State is concerned with man's relation with this earth during the short span of his life upon it, and thus acts upon certain limited aspects of his nature; the Church, on the other hand, seeks all men and all the man, concerning itself with the whole of eternity. Her task is to educate everyone of us for heaven, to educate us so that we shall be prepared for citizenship in everlasting life. By means of doctrine, example, public worship, the holy Sacraments and the subjugation of passion through discipline and practice, she lays the axe

to the root of evil, and directs, preserves, vivifies and renders strong the gaze of man towards the affairs of heaven; she implants and carries abroad the True Faith, and arouses and fortifies holy Hope; the sacred flame of Love she feeds with inexhaustible fuel; and thus she sanctifies and blesses individual men, whether they be the most destitute among beggars or the greatest among kings, just as she sanctifies and blesses whatever inner or outer relations are formed between men, the union of two persons in matrimony or the conjunction of millions in the State, in whatever they undertake or accomplish. That is the mission of the Church of God."

What appears to be the common-sense view about Ireland is again expressed by Archbishop Curley, who spent the Summer in his native land and made a careful study of the situation there. Many other Irish-Americans have expressed themselves in almost the same words as these: "The Irish people, by an enormous majority, are desirous of accepting the Treaty and of making the best of it. It follows, then, that the country ought to settle down to work the Treaty, to solidify its position, and to advance the interests of the nation, and develop its resources; then, in twenty-five or fifty years—a small period in the life of a great nation—they may decide to change their position and reassert their demands as they think fitting."

Archbishop Gilmartin, of Tuam, in a recent appeal to his fellow-countrymen to make peace among themselves, declared that the right way to settle the difficulties that have arisen was "to listen to the voice of Patrick, which is the voice of Christ. It is human to err; it is divine to forgive. Humiliation is the way to glory. Life is short, even the life of a nation is short. Whatever

is not eternal is nothing. Oh! that the scales would fall from our eyes, that through the sickening welter which lies heavy on the land we could catch a glimpse of the Kingdom of Peace which has no end. That the peace of God may come speedily to Ireland and that it may return to us to make the new Ireland as Christian in prosperity as she was in adversity, will now be my daily prayer."

Let this be the prayer of every Irishman and of all who love Ireland.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane hits the nail on the head, as he generally does, in saying: "Lord Lascelles [who married a daughter of King George of England]... is kicked in the chest, very gently, by a race horse. He 'immediately reassures the princess.' And the newspapers of the world immediately put the great news conspicuously on the front page. That's more than they did with news of the forty-eight men trapped in the California mine, burned or choked to death. Rank still counts in this world, even in democracies."

So it does and so it will continue to do. Democracy is largely a thing of the imagination. Mr. Brisbane might have added that few newspapers expressed any sympathy for those unfortunate miners, or thought it expedient to declare that this class of workmen can not be paid too high wages, considering the great hardships they endure and the many risks they run.

English Catholics who visit this country are so uniformly prone to praise—not to say, overrate—the strength and progressiveness of the Church in America, that there is perhaps some danger, if not of our taking too much credit to ourselves, at least of our underestimating the virility of Catholicism in England. It is accordingly good to have so intelligent an

observer as Dr. John A. Ryan give us his impressions of our co-religionists in the kingdom of George V. He was at Oxford during the Summer, delivering a course of lectures. He testifies: "It is impossible to overestimate the earnestness and faith of English Catholics; and their determination to increase their number is reflected in the increasingly large number of converts to the Church. In Leamington I met Canon William Barry, who has there a large parish, composed, he told me, largely of converts and descendants of converts. The converts to Rome come chiefly from two classes, those of the Anglican Church, who become tired of its emptiness, and those of Non-Conformists, who, seeking the Anglican Church in search of a real religion, are soon disillusioned and turn to Catholicity."

It is refreshing to meet with a partisan who does not allow the intensity of his desires to obscure the clarity of his judgment. Mr. Roger W. Babson, the well-known statistician, is such a partisan. Commenting on the result of the recent vote on Prohibition secured by *The Literary Digest*—a vote showing that only thirty-eight per cent of those casting ballots are in favor of the continuation of the present law—Mr. Babson declares: "The *Digest's* vote is simply another evidence that legislation and even Constitutional amendments are of little benefit excepting as the desires of men and women are changed. I believe in Prohibition—voted for it and always will vote it 100% 'dry'—but as a statistician I fully realize that the vote was put through under the stress of war and without changing the basic desires of a sufficient number of our people."

The eminent statistician gives evidence of clear thinking in another statement which he makes in the same connection: "What does permanently

change the desires of men and women? Only one thing—namely religion. This has always been true throughout the ages, and it is true to-day."

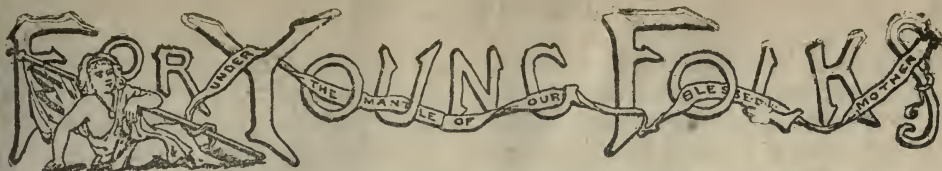
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Apropos of voting—on Prohibition or any other question—the Spanish litterateur, Ramon Perez de Ayala, in an address delivered a few months ago at the Barcelona Exposition, made the following interesting distinction:

Votes express the people's will, not their understanding. A ballot does not record a judgment, but a desire. As expressing desire, the vote of Judas would be as weighty politically as that of Christ, and if the majority voted with Judas, his will would prevail. That happened in Judea in the time of Tiberius. It is clearly impossible to decide by ballot the distance of the earth from the moon, the merits of the "Iliad," or the validity of Kant's philosophy; but for verifying what people wish, there is no better way than a popular vote. There lies the distinction. The people possess sovereignty, whose instrument is the will, and whose realization is the transitory act; but they do not possess authority, whose instrument is the understanding, and whose realization is the immortal masterpiece.

Walking a thousand miles in as many hours is probably regarded as a notable feat even by hardened "hikers," or professional pedestrians, if it is preferred thus to designate them. But it is on record that an old Hungarian pilgrim, named Stephanus Christ, walked from Budapest to Lourdes, a distance of twelve hundred and ninety-two miles, in fifty-two days; thus averaging nearly twenty-five miles every twenty-four hours. Although seventy-one years of age, this stalwart client of Mary habitually slept in the open air, and ate but sparingly during his long journey.

Think of the fervor that prompted such an undertaking,—especially as the pilgrim went to Lourdes, not to ask for favors, but to return thanks for spiritual graces already received through the mediation of our Blessed Mother!



God Never Forgets.

BY L. M. C.

Each mighty forest tree,
Each little flower bright,
Is a creature of God's love
Which He cares for day and night.
If they are athirst,
He bids the raindrops fall;
For God, our Father, ne'er forgets
His creatures, great or small.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

V.

CAMILLE opened the letter which had dropped from the book, and read as follows:

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I am not rich enough to keep you with me. Besides, I am under no obligations to you. On the contrary, you are indebted to me for what education you have received, for your support up to this time, even for the clothes that you have on. But I am not reproaching you for this, only you must provide for your future as best you can, and forget that you have a cousin in existence. Paris is not a deserted island: it is a large city, full of resources. You know how to read, write and cipher pretty well: this will come useful to you.

Good-bye, Camille! Do not search for me, for when you read this I shall be far away. I am master in my own house; I have the right to turn away any one who does not please me. So never think of coming back.

I do not consider it best to sign this letter. You can easily guess who wrote it. Think of me as dead and never again

address me. Good-bye for the second time, and forever!

VI.

After reading this cruel letter, Camille was completely dazed for a moment; then he set about rereading it word by word, pausing to reflect between the statements, and quite unable to bring himself to believe that he was really abandoned.

"It would be so dreadful," he said to himself,—“so dreadful that it can not be true! My cousin only wants to frighten me.”

The boy was so agitated that he was no longer hungry; one thought only filled his mind. Alone! alone! What should he do, and where was he to go? He could no longer remain where he was. He rose and began to walk straight ahead of him. He did not weep,—he dared not, poor boy! He soon began to realize that he was faint from hunger. Then a feeling of anger took possession of him for a moment and he exclaimed:

“God will punish my cousin!” This exclamation brought God to his mind, and he added: “But the good Lord will not abandon me: He will take pity on me.”

He had barely ceased speaking when a little dog, evidently wounded, ran yelping to take refuge behind his legs.

“Get away!” shouted Camille, trying to drive the animal off. Then he reflected: “I just asked God to have pity on me and I have no pity for a poor brute!”

Stooping down, he picked the dog up in his arms.

“Ah, so that is your dog, is it, my boy?” said an old gentleman who was passing by. “Tie him up, if you don't

want him killed. He has had a hard time to get to you, I can assure you. Every time the policeman struck him with his club, I thought he was killed. He wasn't though; he jumped up each time and escaped at last. Take my advice, and tie up your dog."

"This dog isn't mine, sir; I don't know whose he is. But he is hurt, and perhaps you will take him home with you,—for you have a home, I suppose."

"What a delightful little boy!" said the old man, laughing. "Of course I have a home, but I don't like dogs: they have to be looked after too closely."

"What a selfish old fellow!" thought Camille, patting the dog, which uttered a plaintive little howl. "Poor thing! it is hurt," he said, examining a wound from which the blood was flowing.

The dog had been struck by the club in the foot; the skin had been torn off, leaving the bone exposed. Camille forgot his grief and hunger to care for the poor little beast that had no one else to protect it. He looked around and spied a fountain, the basin of which was full of water. He went over to it and washed the blood from the wounded foot; then, tearing a strip off from his handkerchief, he bound it up. The poor dog licked his benefactor's hand, and looked at him as if to say: "How good you are to me! I thank you!"

Camille felt a sweet satisfaction at this. Then, as if they understood each other, by a common gesture, the boy stroked the dog's head and the dog licked the hand that caressed him.

It is fitting, in this place, to give my young readers a description of Camille and the lost dog.

Although our little hero was ten years old, he did not appear to be more than seven, he was so small and slender. His features were regular and his mouth was somewhat haughty in its expression; but the tenderest and

noblest of hearts and the finest sensibility seemed to have taken refuge in his large, blue, almond-shaped eyes.

Nothing could be neater, more elegant even, than his attire. He wore a plaited, lace-trimmed shirt, a new silk necktie, pale grey trousers, a blue cloth coat, white stockings, and patent leather shoes. The little abandoned boy had the appearance of a rich child waiting for relatives or friends who were temporarily absent.

The dog was a small black spaniel, with a tan spot on his forehead, one on each of his paws and on the end of his tail. His coat was silky and his long ears almost reached the ground.

When night came on, Camille and his dog were still looking at each other. Both were very hungry. A roll of the drum made them raise their heads suddenly.

It was the signal for closing. Camille then remembered that he must leave the park when this sounded. He rose, took his dog under his arm, picked up his book and his cousin's letter, and walked to the large gate which opens on the Rue Castiglione.

"Well," he thought as he trudged along, as if to prop up his courage, "I am better off than Robinson Crusoe was. He had nothing on his deserted island: here there is everything."

He walked down the Rue de la Paix, looking with wonder at the shops dazzling with light; he could not help expressing his astonishment.

"If Robinson Crusoe had been deserted in such a place, no one could have written such a big book about his misfortunes. But I am forgetting that I have eaten nothing except a piece of bread and two pears since morning."

Continuing his walk at random, he soon found himself near a baker-shop.

"They will surely give me a piece of bread in there," he said to himself; and he entered the shop.

A young lady was seated at the counter.

"Mademoiselle," asked Camille timidly, "will you please give me a piece of bread?"

"With pleasure, my little man," replied the girl, rising quickly. She took a loaf and said, with a smile, before cutting it: "How much?"

"How much? Why, as much as you please, Mademoiselle."

"Shall it be two sous' or three sous' worth?"

"Are you going to make me pay for it?" asked the boy, with a comical frankness.

"Do you think we give bread away here for nothing?"

"Amanda," called out a stout woman from the back of the shop, "you will please not stand talking with customers, but wait on them at once. Cut that child two sous' worth of bread; if that isn't enough, cut him four."

Amanda obeyed.

"Here's two sous' worth," she said, giving him the bread with one hand and stretching out the other to receive the money.

Camille searched in his pockets and blushed as he drew out only one sou. It was all the money he had.

"I haven't any more," he faltered, his eyes fixed on the piece of bread, which he feared was going to be cut in two.

"Sh! take it quickly," said the kind girl, giving him the whole piece. Then, with an anxious glance toward the back of the shop, she let Camille's sou drop in a drawer with force, so that it jingled loudly against the other coins.

The poor boy thanked the girl and hurried away with the dog to eat his bread.

VII.

Camille ate with unusual eagerness for a few moments as he walked along; then, by the light of the lamps, he noticed that his dog was eyeing him

with a wistful expression. At every mouthful the boy took the dog wagged his tail; then, seeing that there was nothing for him, he sat down on his haunches, licked his jaws, and looked so disappointed that Camille exclaimed:

"Poor dog! he is hungry too. I haven't any too much for myself; but no matter, I will share it with him. I have suffered too much to-day not to have pity on everything." So saying, he stopped and sat down beside the dog.

After this conclusion, Camille did not take a single bite without giving one to his dog. The poor animal was overjoyed at each mouthful offered him. He did not know how to manifest his pleasure; he jumped up and wagged his tail, or rolled over and crawled about at the feet of his new master, regarding him with an expression which seemed to say: "I am your dog now: I belong to you. You saved me, and I will never leave you."

"I'd like very much to know your name, my little friend," said Camille, talking to the dog as if he could understand him. Then he began recalling all the dogs' names he had ever known. He named them over, one after another, watching for the least movement of his companion's ears; but the dog made no sign at any of them.

"Perhaps the dogs of Paris have different names from those of Bordeaux," thought Camille.

Just then a man wearing a cocked hat and a dark blue overcoat, passed by, whistling to a large greyhound and calling "Fox!"

Our spaniel made a bound as if to run to the man; then he came back and lay down at Camille's feet, with a little low growl of pleasure.

"Aha! so your name is Fox?"

The dog wagged his tail in token of assent.

"Well, Fox, we've had our supper, haven't we? But we haven't had any-

thing to drink, and I'm very thirsty. Are you thirsty too?"

As if he understood, the dog started off toward another street, looking back at every step to see if the boy was following him. In this way he led his new master to a public square, in the centre of which stood a fountain. Sparkling water spurted out from its two faucets. The dog began to drink eagerly out of the basin and Camille put his mouth to a faucet, to satisfy his own thirst.

"Thank you!" said the boy, after he had drunk. "I gave you some bread and you have given me water, so we are even. Now we must manage the best we can for ourselves, and sleep out of doors. Fortunately, it is not cold to-night."

As he spoke, Camille sat down on the sidewalk and was cuddling up for a nap, when the man with the blue overcoat, who had been watching him, came up and addressed him.

(To be continued.)

P's and Q's.

"Mind your *p*'s and *q*'s." There are two different origins assigned to this expression. One is that it arose from the custom of chalking up behind alehouse doors the debts due from customers, the number of pints or quarts owed for being indicated by strokes opposite the letters P and Q.

Charles Knight, the editor of the "Penny Cyclopædia," thinks that the expression originated in a printing office. The *p*'s and the *q*'s in small Roman type are so much alike that they are always puzzling to a printer's apprentice. "Mind your *p*'s and *q*'s" means, "Do not be deceived by apparent resemblances; learn to distinguish between things essentially distinct but which look the same; be observant, be cautious."

Friends Not to be Parted.

Once there dwelt in Paris a man who had been wealthy, but was so reduced in circumstances that he was obliged to be a weekly applicant for alms from the poor-fund of the parish. He wrote a note to the curate one day, saying that his supply of bread was insufficient, and that he should have more for supper. The priest was surprised, and in his answer asked him to call upon him, which the man did.

"Do you live alone?" asked the curate.

"I have not a friend or relative in the world," replied the man.

"Then what can you want of so much bread?"

The poor man, much embarrassed, hesitated, then finally said: "I have a dog, and he—poor fellow!—is hungry too."

"Now, my dear sir," said the curate, "the parish fund is not for dogs. There is no objection to keeping one, surely, when people can afford it; but we can distribute food only to very poor persons; not dogs. You surely can not expect it. Sell your dog, and you will be comfortable and have enough to eat for yourself."

The man's eyes filled with tears. "He is all I have," he said; "my only comfort, my only friend on earth. I can not sell him: I would rather starve with him."

At that the kind priest put his hand in his pocket, saying, "I can't give you the parish money; but this is my own to do what I please with. Keep your dog if you will, and go at once and buy yourself and him a good dinner."

FOR many centuries Ireland was called Scotia. Perhaps that is why so many people think St. Patrick was a Scotchman.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is gratifying to learn that "Maria Chapdelaine," by Louis Hémon, is near the top of the current list of best-sellers and also among the books most in demand at public libraries all over the country.

—We regret to learn that, owing to the ill health of Mr. Silas McBee, founder and editor of the *Constructive Quarterly*, "a journal of the faith, work and thought of Christianity," publication has been discontinued. This admirably edited periodical had numerous Catholic readers and contributors who will share our regret, also our hope that Mr. McBee may soon be restored to health.

—Announcements of new publications by the Macmillan Co. include "The Gates of Olivet," by Lucille Borden, which is described as "a Catholic novel of the new order," whatever that is; "Mother Machree," a story of a choir-boy with a phenomenal musical gift, by Martin J. Scott; a new collection of poems by Padraic Colum; and "Cloister and Other Poems," by Charles L. O'Donnell, Ph. D. The title poem, "Cloister," is said to be the most beautiful thing in this volume.

—Too few writers have the facility of F. A. Forbes to make the dry facts of history glisten with interest. The simplicity and charm with which she tells the life story of a saint is again illustrated in her recent volume, "St. Benedict." It is one of the series, Standard-Bearers of the Faith, and is written pleasantly, also completely enough to give children, and their elders, too, a great deal of information about the Saint, his trials and his victories over the barbarian leaders of the time. P. J. Kenedy & Sons; price, \$1.10.

—The excellent impression made by Father Martindale's introductory volume in the Catholic Thought and Thinkers series is intensified by one's perusal of "Erasmus of Rotterdam," by Maurice Wilkinson. The author states: "The object of this small book is to set out in a popular, and it is hoped accurate manner, the life, work, and influence of one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other time." That object has been very effectively attained. In the case of many of Mr. Wilkinson's readers, we have no doubt, there will be aroused a desire for a much fuller account of his subject's life, character, correspondence, and works. For the benefit of those who have not seen the introductory volume by the editor of the series, it may be well to quote from

Father Martindale's preface to the present book: "These volumes are not meant at all as propaganda or apologetic. They hope to supply an organic survey of Catholic thought and a 'live genealogy' of Catholic thinkers." For sale in this country by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$1.75.

—The September issue of *The Annals*, a bi-monthly, published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, is a special number devoted to a discussion of "Industrial Relations and the Churches." The editors in charge of this number are the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, and the Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, director and organizer of the research department of the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Among Catholic contributors to this interesting and important periodical, we notice, besides Dr. Ryan, the Rev. Dr. Kerby, Father Edwin O'Hara, P. H. Callahan, and R. A. McGowan, of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

—Half a dozen pamphlets, lately come out our table from "Our Sunday Visitor Press," Huntington, Ind., are of varying size and timeliness, but of uniform utility. The briefer ones are "Explanations for a Stranger Attending Catholic Services," "The Klan Unmasked" and "Learn of Me." This last, being first lessons in catechism, is the work of Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. "Judas" is "a study of possibilities," by Michael Andrew Chapman; "The Anti-Catholic Motive" is an analysis of the causes of organized hatred of the Church, by Dominic Francis; and "Defamers of the Church" is the fifteenth edition of an exposure which we have already noticed in former numbers of this magazine.

—Those who remember the "martyred priest," Father James E. Coyle, of Birmingham, Alabama, will be glad to learn that a memorial volume of poems, written at odd moments during his life, has been published by devoted friends. It makes up a charming little book. The author had a genuine verse-making instinct; and his songs of faith and patriotism, though composed with no thought of publication, reveal a fellowship with Father Ryan, the "poet-priest." We think—and perhaps the dead author would have enjoyed such thinking—that the best thing in the book is a humorous skit called "De Lingua Latina." It is almost supremely good satire, and brings its own

pathos to the memory of a regretted victim. The volume has a preface by Mrs. Isabel Beecher, and is issued privately by and for the subscribers.

—There are books on scientific subjects that are not popular, and popular books on scientific subjects that are not science. The former do not enlighten ordinary readers, because they are not read by them; the latter, though read by them, do not enlighten, because they contain no light. Genuine science presented to the ordinary reader in a style that is intelligible is, therefore, an achievement worthy of serious notice and generous praise. It is for this reason that such notice and praise are due the Rev. George A. Kreidel, of Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, for his "Notes of a Catholic Biologist." In nine most interesting chapters—totalling 266 pages—the author discusses such questions as "The Origin of Life," "Pollen and Flower," "The Wonders of Instinct," "The Locust in Ancient and Modern Times." This volume is not a dry cataloguing of facts; for, as we are told, "the facts of science should not be allowed to stand by themselves, isolated and alone. Ultimately, such facts are not self-explanatory, but rather contain in themselves an appeal beyond. They aid us in making the step from Nature to the Author of Nature." It is the emphasis laid on this point of view which makes of the book a splendid antidote to the mass of pseudo-science set forth in Sunday newspapers, and which makes of it a book deserving of wide circulation. Herder Book Co.; price, \$1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chappelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew. (John Lane.) 16s.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. C. Daw, of the diocese of Alton; and Rev. Francis Cytronowski, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Sister Blandina, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Narcissa, Sisters of Charity, B. V. M.; and Sister M. Loretto, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mr. John Ilges, Mr. Samuel Byrne, Miss Mary Spitzig, Mr. Daniel Colwell, Miss Anna M. Sherlock, Mr. Henry Meyer, Mr. John Staed, Mrs. C. Kane, Miss Elizabeth McCall, Mr. Joseph Paschell, Miss Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly, Mrs. Marie Doremus, Mr. James Husband, and Mr. William Husband.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: R. M. Cook, \$5; Mrs. H. B. K., \$2; J. M. O'B., \$2; L., \$25; L. B. La B., \$5; K. McM., in honor of St. Anthony, \$5; Mrs. P. H. W., \$5; G. B., \$10; "five friends," \$14; L. H. F., in honor of St. Anthony, \$5. For the famine victims in Armenia and Russia: G. B., \$10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: reader, "in thanksgiving," \$2; Agnes E. Desmond, \$10; Mr. and Mrs. M. D., \$1.



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

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Thanksgiving.

BY S. M. M.

THE grateful earth to heaven lifts up
 A simple flower;
 The night pours into day's bright cup
 A twilight hour.
 O heart of me, wilt offer less?—
 This flower of love;
 And, soul of me, such thankfulness
 Speech knows not of.

The October Devotion.

BY THE REV. A. M. MULLIGAN.



HAT detracts from the merit of much that is written upon the subject of the Holy Rosary is the too little stress laid upon the importance of meditation, which, in reality, constitutes its very life and soul. While we read a good deal about the origin and history of this beautiful and widespread devotion, and the numerous indulgences to be gained by its means, meditation would appear to be quite a secondary consideration. To show, therefore, what is the proper way of reciting the Rosary, and what is the immediate fruit to be sought in its devout recitation, is the object of this short, unpretentious paper. The prayer sometimes recited after the Rosary clearly suggests these two points of practical interest:

"O God, whose only-begotten Son by

His life, death and resurrection has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that *meditating* upon these mysteries in the most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may both *imitate* what they contain and obtain what they promise."

The Rosary, as we know, is composed of fifteen decades, each consisting of one "Our Father," ten "Hail Marys," and the Doxology, which are recited in honor of some mystery in the life of Our Lord and His Holy Mother. As we go through them they unfold before us the sublime story of the Incarnation, the awful scenes of Christ's passion and death, and then the triumphant joys of the Resurrection. What once they were to Mary so now they should be to us—subjects at the same time of joy, of sorrow and of triumph.

Now, in seriously *thinking* of these mysteries and in the pious affections our thinking should excite is contained the true nature of the devotion of the Rosary. It is obvious, therefore, that this devotion does not consist, nor was it ever intended to consist, in a mere vocal repetition of "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," together with a mechanical fingering of the beads. The Rosary has two parts—a body and a soul, so to speak. The "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" and the beads form merely what one may call the body of the Rosary; while the meditation is its very life and soul. For it is by meditation that one strikes out sparks of love

from the heart, and it is in the affections of the heart that the real value of the Rosary is found.

As regards the beads, they serve their purpose. It is to them that the indulgences are attached, and they enable the teller of his beads to keep accurate count of the necessary number of "Hail Marys." Their main service is to prevent distraction, inasmuch as they act as an outlet for our habitual mind-wandering and restlessness. The very movement of the beads through the fingers helps as a reminder of what one is about, and thus one is enabled the better to concentrate one's attention upon the sacred subjects placed before the mind. Not seldom do we find people who can not fix their thoughts on any given subject for any length of time unless they are at the same time engaged in some mechanical action. We have all heard of the preacher who could not deal ably with the matter in hand, nor give expression to the current of his thoughts, save when twisting a thread.

From what I have said it will be observed that the purpose this material part of the Rosary serves is to aid and dispose the mind the better for meditation. The prayer already quoted teaches us that it is by meditating on the mysteries of Christ's life, death and resurrection that one may hope to imitate the virtues of our Divine Lord and His ever-blessed Mother. Meditation, therefore, is the end one should strive to attain when reciting the Rosary.

This brings me to the second part of my paper—viz., the consideration of the immediate fruit of the Holy Rosary. We have just seen that the *soul* of the Rosary lies in meditation; consequently, from meditation will be reaped the immediate fruit.

What makes the sublime devotion of the Rosary so insipid and tedious to many Catholics is the fact that medita-

tion plays little or no part in its exercise, as it should do if it is to be truly fruitful. In many cases, especially of the less cultured, meditation is not attempted, as being a feat altogether beyond their capabilities. This is quite a delusion. Did we but picture to ourselves the scene that is set before us at the beginning of each mystery, and fix it well in our mind's-eye as we go through the mystery, there would not be the difficulty that is often complained of. To give an illustration of what I mean, let me select for our example the third Joyful Mystery—the birth of Our Lord.

We set before us in spirit the bleak, open Stable of Bethlehem, and, lying in a manger, the newborn King. Beside Him are Mary and Joseph, kneeling in fervent adoration; and before Him, on bended knee, the humble shepherds, who, at the bidding of the angel, have left their mountain steeps, where they have been keeping their night-watch over their flocks. "You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." What abundant and varied material for thought is enshrined in this grand mystery! "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us; and we saw His glory, as it were the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." "He who dwells in light inaccessible," "before whom angels veil their faces," has actually become, not in mere appearance but in very deed, a *viator*, a child,—a member of the human race as we ourselves.

Here I would point out that with each mystery is connected a corresponding virtue,—not that any particular virtue may necessarily impress itself upon the mind to the exclusion of all others; but there is some virtue to be gathered, as piety may suggest, from the contemplation of each succeeding mystery. In the case of the mystery in question, one

virtue that shines out lustrously from Jesus in the crib is obedience—the fulfilment of His Father's will at the cost of such stupendous condescension and dire poverty. One, therefore, may make this applicable to one's daily life; and may pray, as one goes through this mystery, for the grace to follow out the will of God as seen in the commands of the Church or in the wishes of our superiors,—in a word, for help to be faithful to the dictates of conscience at all times and under all circumstances. Or, again, we are supplied with the thought of the divine charity glowing in the Sacred Heart of the Emmanuel,—a charity that drew the "Word" from heaven's glory to become incarnate for our sakes and dwell in this world. Is this charity, we may well ask ourselves, reflected in our conduct toward our neighbor, made, as we, to God's image and likeness and redeemed by His most precious blood?

The Rosary recited after this manner would not be wearisome and monotonous, as it too often is; but it would be all too short, and would work its intended salutary effects upon our lives. For by the consideration of Our Lord's life, the great Exemplar according to which we are bidden to fashion our own, we are naturally led to a more perfect imitation of Himself.

Just as the sculptor takes a mass of roughly-hewn stone and with untiring labor chisels it and fashions it, until by dint of skilful workmanship the shapeless block is clothed with beautiful forms and reflects the artist's thought, so by a frequent and devout study of our Saviour's life—a study eminently afforded by the Rosary—ought we to strive to reproduce in our own life something of the virtue that shone out so resplendently in His.

THE joy of a good death is well worth all the pain of a mortified life.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.

GREGORY GLASSFORD had never fully realized the meaning of home until he saw the lights of the House at the Cross Roads beaming down upon him like friendly eyes. After the gloom and the dreariness of those last days, which had carried him all over the borderland of time and into close touch with eternity, there was something warm and reassuring in this vision of an earthly abode, untouched by sin or evil, far removed from the worship of those false gods which swayed the masses of men in the vast metropolises. With a new light in his eyes and a warm glow in his heart, he helped the two ladies from the motor.

In the living room was Mrs. Brentwood, tremulous, excited, joyful at the return of her beloved stepchildren. Gregory, observing her, felt that he could have embraced her, she was so much the embodiment of simple domestic life, now so rare and precious. He almost resented it when Eloise, stepping forward, touched her cheek with cold lips, and set her cap straight. He saw Marcia put her arms around the feeble old lady, and it gave him an exquisite feeling to hear her murmur:

"Poor mother, were you lonely?"

"Yes, dear, just a little. I am so glad to have you back."

Marcia threw off her wraps and moved about, giving a touch here and there; the very goddess of home, Gregory thought. And how comfortable the room looked, after the chill breath of the night outside. Marcia left Larry, as she said, to look after the guest, on whom she had bestowed one of her bright, smiling glances. She paused at the door to say:

"It's a nice old place, isn't it?"

He felt the wistfulness in her voice, and saw how the blue eyes darkened with the thought that she might soon have to leave it.

"Oh, it is more than nice," Glassford replied. "It has a charm all its own."

"Thank you," Marcia responded, "even if it be a bit of flattery."

She vanished, and Larry brought him to his room, adding his own sincere and heartfelt welcome to that of his sister. Later Gregory sat down beside Mrs. Brentwood who, knitting as usual, began to talk to him of Ambrose Gilfillan.

"Poor man!" she said, "it is very sad to hear of him dying alone in lodgings. He has been in my mind all day."

"He died a very good death," suggested Glassford.

"Did he? I am glad to hear that. Not that I pretend to say he was a very wicked man, but—"

Gregory smiled. This simple, charitable soul thus strove to throw a mantle over the evil that the other had wrought.

"You know," she said next, "he did, I believe, some great injury to my husband, I don't know what; but, perhaps, he didn't intend to do so much harm."

"I'm afraid he did," Gregory answered, and his face was very stern.

"Well, that is all over now," put in the old lady, hurriedly. "I hope God will have mercy upon him."

"I hope so," said Gregory, "since he tried to make what amends he could."

"Did he?" inquired Mrs. Brentwood again. "I am glad of that; and, after all, as Marcia said, he was a pathetic figure that day he came here. She felt very sorry for him. Marcia has such a kind heart,—you can't imagine what a kind heart she has."

"I can," said Gregory, softly. "I can imagine anything good and noble that you care to tell me about her."

Mrs. Brentwood looked faintly surprised, noting the warmth in his tone.

"Only Larry and I—yes, and Eliza,—know what she really is. If she ever marries, she will make some man very happy."

"Yes, the happiest of men."

"I talk to you like this," Mrs. Brentwood continued, "because I feel that you are a friend, and—you really are a connection of the Brentwoods. Besides, on account of Eloise, and all that, you will perhaps, be more nearly related."

The poor lady stopped, rather flustered. She feared that she should not have referred to that subject, though she perceived nothing of the change that had come over the listener's face.

"Eloise is so attractive," she continued after a pause; "no wonder that you are so fond of her, and, at times, she is very pretty, and—"

"And you think that she, too, will make some man very happy?" Gregory added with good-natured irony.

Now Mrs. Brentwood was very truthful, and so found herself in a difficulty.

"I can not speak so definitely for her as for Marcia. I don't know her very well, and she might be—well, more exacting. But you need not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," laughed Glassford. "If only she marries the proper man, Eloise will be all right."

Mrs. Brentwood was puzzled at his tone; but, being just as glad not to pursue the subject, she at once changed it.

"Larry is so pleased at the prospect of being with you in Wall Street."

"Not more pleased than I am to have him," Gregory answered.

"It is so very kind of you."

"You mustn't give me overmuch credit. I am sure it will be to my own interests."

"Do you think so? Well, Larry is clever. You see they made him a teller at the bank; but it is no less kind of you to give him the opportunity."

Not waiting for any disclaimer from

Gregory, Mrs. Brentwood then asked:

"You knew his father?"

"Yes, and admired him more than any man I have ever known."

The old woman beamed with delight.

"How pleased Marcia would be to hear you say that. There are so few now who remember or speak of him."

Mrs. Brentwood, discarding her knitting, fumbled for her handkerchief and silently wiped her eyes.

"You are mistaken in that," said Glassford, warmly; "there are many who remember and admire him."

"Please tell Marcia that. Talk to her of her father. Nothing will please her so much."

"And I would do a great deal to please her," Gregory declared so emphatically that Mrs. Brentwood was quite startled and could not suppress a sigh; she just checked herself in the thought that it was a pity he was going to marry Eloise.

"I shall have a great deal to tell her one of these days," said Gregory, thinking of Ambrose Gilfillan and his disclosures, "which will please her and all of you very much."

Eloise, who was entering the room at the moment, wondered what it could possibly be, and highly resented, as she had done on several recent occasions, the intimate attitude which Gregory assumed towards these people.

Eloise's manner of showing her resentment was to go up to Gregory, who had arisen at her entrance, and assume her air of proprietorship.

"You dear old Gregory," she said, passing her arm through his, "there is Marcia coming downstairs, and I am going to ask her if we shall have time to take a stroll together. There are so many things I want to ask you."

Now this was precisely what Gregory least desired. He felt that he could not talk confidentially to her, with the newly-acquired knowledge he had

gained from Ambrose Gilfillan. He could not impart that secret to her at present. He felt a certain disloyalty in withholding it. Yet, there was the small head leaning against his shoulder, and the face, which, for a brief period, he had thought supremely attractive, looking up into his. However, he was genuinely fond of her in an elder brother fashion, and he could not mortify her by a refusal. Marcia told them there was half an hour to spare.

"For, you see, Eliza expected us later," she explained.

"Well," agreed Gregory, "we shall go then, though, why on earth, you spoiled child, you should care to go out walking in the darkness, I'm sure I can't tell."

"Just to be with you, Gregory," Eloise answered in a quite audible whisper. "There are so many things I want to say."

"The trials of a guardian!" cried Glassford, trying to give a light turn to the situation, and glancing at Marcia, who answered, laughing:

"They have their compensations."

Gregory was genuinely vexed, though he showed no trace of it; and Eloise had more than one object in arranging this little scene. In the first place, when Gregory assumed such over-friendly relations with "these Brentwoods," which, in Eloise's mind, always resolved themselves into Marcia, she was anxious to assert her prior claim to Glassford. If other inferences were drawn, well, that would not be at all displeasing to her inordinate vanity; and surely they could not be distasteful to Gregory, who once, at all events, had forgotten the conservative rôle of guardian. In the second place, Eloise wanted an opportunity to impress upon this man, who had always exercised a control over her capricious fancies, the need in which she stood of a change to a livelier scene of action.

"It is so *triste* here, Gregory," she murmured, clinging to his arm as they walked down the lane leading out to the highroad. "If you still had authority over me, I should rather you sent me back to the convent than force me to live here."

"Why, my dear, little girl," said Gregory, "use your common sense, and it will show you that I had nothing at all to do with your coming here to live. I should never have thought of such a thing."

For a moment Eloise was silenced.

"It is that wretched will of grandfather's, then?"

"You would be perfectly free to refuse such a legacy," Glassford retorted.

"Oh! don't be absurd, Gregory. How could I refuse a legacy, when I was as poor as a church mouse! And this old house is well enough. If I once had it to myself, and could put it in good order and have my friends here."

Gregory remembered with dismay how he had used those very arguments to persuade her to remain; and now, there was no possibility of her remaining, save as the guest of Walter Brentwood's children. It surely was an awkward situation; and, knowing not what was best to say, Gregory remained silent.

"And then, this death has upset me very much," Eloise went on. "I shall always see that wretched Gilfillan sitting in the chair in the living room and staring at me. Why, on earth, did he come?"

"Nonsense, Eloise! you must put all such morbid fancies out of your head," exclaimed Gregory with unusual sternness.

"You are as cross as a bear, to-night," Eloise retorted, throwing aside, as she usually did with him, that extreme polish of manner which always appeared artificial.

"Am I?" laughed Gregory, looking down at her. "You see, a guardian to a wilful young lady has no bed of roses. But, if you are really bent on going to Mrs. Critchley's, to Mrs. Critchley's you must go. Only, why ask my advice?"

"Because I want you to be pleased with me, you dear old guardian."

There had been a time when her manner, her voice, and the positive beauty which shone in her face, would have made this man instantly respond to such an appeal. As it was, it left him cold. He answered quite gravely:

"On your father's account and your own, I want you to be as happy as possible. But, you know, as well as I do, that he did not approve of the frivolity, the heartlessness, and the utter worldliness of that circle in which you are anxious to live."

"A circle in which you have lived all your life, Gregory," said Eloise, quickly.

"Granted, but the cases are entirely different. I had interests of many sorts outside of that; and a man is quite capable of guarding against such influences."

"A wretched argument," answered Eloise, "since more men than women go to pieces in the gay world."

Gregory laughed.

"I am afraid you are right there," he conceded. "So far you have the best of the argument."

"While we women," went on Eloise, in a voice that grew tremulous with emotion, "only want our little day—and a woman's day is so short—of pleasure and gayety."

"Which often brings lasting unhappiness," commented Gregory. "But, my dear Eloise, you are forcing me into the very disagreeable position of mentor, or preacher, which, out of church, is detestable; and yet, little girl, I know so well the hollowness, the falseness of it all,—and I did love your father."

Eloise was touched. That part of her

nature which had responded to the convent influences, and would, perhaps, have kept her very happy in the cloistral peace, made her feel for a moment that she would be willing to relinquish her visit to Dolly Critchley. If only Gregory would have asked her to do it for his sake, she might have decided to forego the gay life for which she had yearned, and the infatuation for that typical product of Vanity Fair, Reggie Hubbard.

Gregory, however, was thinking of something very different, and his next words put such an idea entirely out of her head.

"Under all the circumstances, Eloise," he declared, "I suppose it is best for you to go to Mrs. Critchley's, until we can decide what else can be done."

"Why do you speak like that, Gregory?" Eloise asked, stopping suddenly. She felt the strangeness of his tone, and it alarmed her.

"Why," the young man said, evading the issue, "I thought that was how you wished me to speak; according my gracious permission, if that were not an idle form, to go to Mrs. Critchley's?"

She had an uncomfortable feeling that there was something unusual in his voice and manner; but he presently reminded her that the half hour was over, and that they must not keep the others waiting. Gregory glanced up at the lighted windows of the living room. He spoke impulsively.

"I love that house."

"Or perhaps, some one in it," Eloise said, spitefully.

"Everyone in it," Gregory answered; and his face was turned so that she could not see him flush.

"I never would have believed you were so ready to make new friends," Eloise remarked, with the same acrid tone in her voice.

"Oh! these are not new friends; they are Brentwoods," declared Gregory,

easily; "and I had lost my heart to their father—let us see,—almost before you were born."

"How absurd, Gregory, to make yourself out a patriarch!"

"Well, you were born, probably," conceded Gregory, throwing back his head and looking at her with laughing eyes—"a stirring baby, no doubt, making things lively in the nursery."

"Gregory, you are only ten years older than I am."

"Twelve," the young man corrected,— "that is in years; and half a century in experience. I was only twenty-eight when your father gave you into my charge, and you were sweet sixteen."

"How long ago it seems!"

"A matter of four years or so. But when I was about twelve or fourteen, I first saw Walter Brentwood, and he became my beau ideal."

"I thought it was my father you adored."

Eloise spoke quickly and resentfully.

"Oh! that was later, after I went to college. Your father was in his last year when I entered. He did me many a good turn, and although our ages were different, we struck up a friendship that ended only with his death. He was a splendid man, too; but very different from Walter, quiet and retiring, always keeping himself in the background. He had a beautiful wife."

"Yes, my mother, they say, was lovely," assented Eloise.

"She was, and so was Walter's wife. Did you ever see her?"

"Yes, when I was very young."

"She was most devout; a saint, they used to say."

"And my mother?"

"Well!—she was different."

It was on Gregory's lips to say: "Oh, heavens, no!" But he merely answered:

"No. Everyone can't be a saint, and she was a great social favorite."

"Which, according to you, would keep

any one out of the kingdom of heaven," exclaimed Eloise, hastening up the steps with the sudden reminder:

"Here we are standing talking while Marcia, no doubt, is fuming."

"I feel sure that Marcia never fumes," said Gregory.

Nor did she upon that occasion, but sat tranquilly, playing with the cat, which had stolen in to the comfort of the hearth.

After they had sat down to table Eloise remarked:

"Gregory keeps telling me that he is in love with my house. After a while, I suppose I shall begin to feel that way myself."

"Poor old house!" commented Marcia; "I think we have all got into the way of talking and feeling about it as if it were something living."

"I feel," said Eloise, "as if it were haunted."

"All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted," quoted Marcia.

"But this in particular," persisted Eloise, "because there is grandfather,—and, lately, old Ambrose Gilfillan, who always seemed to be an evil genius to the family."

Gregory looked down at his plate, thinking how little she realized the truth of what she said.

"Why doesn't some one quote, 'Speak no evil of the dead?'" Marcia asked. "Larry, that would be quite in your line."

Larry laughed uncomfortably.

"It would be waste of time to pitch into the dead," he declared, "they're out of everything for good and all."

"Anyway, the late Ambrose was a great admirer of yours," observed Gregory, turning to Eloise.

"Until the other day," she laughed. "Had he lived, I should have numbered him among my enemies."

"And he was an enemy to be reckoned with," remarked Gregory. At which

remark, Eloise gave the little contemptuous shrug she had acquired in France.

"I wish all my enemies were as insignificant," she exclaimed.

"It never does to underrate the importance of friend or enemy," argued Gregory. "A very small insect can sting. The bite of an asp is fatal."

"Stop making epigrams, Gregory; they don't suit you."

"You prefer what—glittering generalities?"

"They can't very well be applied to Ambrose Gilfillan."

"Let Ambrose Gilfillan rest in peace," decided Gregory, "as long as he will do so"; and, he added, in a low tone, "we may hear from him later."

"Dear me, I hope not!" cried Mrs. Brentwood. "Surely, you do not believe in that dreadful spiritualism?"

"Accuse me of anything but that, dear lady," replied Gregory, "with its mixture of absurdity and deviltry, it is setting the world crazy."

"Well, I hope," said Eloise, flippantly, "the poor man will realize, wherever he is, that he will be just as unwelcome now in my house as when he was alive."

"A good bit more, I should think," laughed Larry.

"Don't let us talk about him any more," decided Marcia. "I shall always remember what a miserable expression he had on his face when he turned to go away. He looked as if he had found life altogether too hard."

"God rest his soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Brentwood, to which the others vocally or mentally said "Amen!"

Which prayer effectually put an end to the conversation, except for a further, piquant remark from the irrepressible Eloise:

"Wouldn't it be awful, if he did suddenly walk into the room. He would like nothing better than to give us all a fright."

Eloise started, as the door, which Sarah had discreetly closed, after serving the coffee, was noiselessly opened, and, as Eloise could have sworn, by no visible hand. But it was only Minna with a perfectly mundane whispered message from the cook to Marcia, who said aloud:

"Eliza wants to know, now that we are all together—what will be the breakfast hour to-morrow, in relation to the Masses?"

Eloise cast an indignant glance at the messenger, as though she had been involved in some fell conspiracy; and, in a perfectly audible whisper, inquired of the young mistress of the house how she could permit that barbarian in the kitchen to send up such messages to the table.

Marcia, controlling herself by an effort, answered:

"It is a bit unconventional, but Eliza is old and has been up early. No doubt, she wants to go to bed, and, perhaps, she does not look on Mr. Glassford—or Gregory—as a stranger."

She added the Christian name, in answer to an appealing glance from the visitor.

"So, good people, one and all, please give Eliza the information she asks for—and decide for yourselves the hour of breakfast."

That was quickly done, and as they all went out of the dining-room, Eloise said to Gregory:

"Nothing would induce me to keep that dreadful old Eliza."

"That paragon of cooks," exclaimed Gregory, lightly; "why, you would be lucky if she would consent to stay."

He glanced at Marcia whose blue eyes were flashing. She went out upon the porch, where Gregory presently followed:

"I am in a fighting humor, and have come out here to cool off."

"But you won't fight with me,"

pleaded Gregory, "since I have not offended."

"No, of course not," said Marcia, "and it is absurd of me to take fire at a chance word. But Eliza is the apple of my eye. I can't bear anything that touches her. You see she has stood by us in sorrow and trouble; she is a part of the old house, a part of the family."

"A treasure rarely found in these days," said Gregory.

"But after all, I suppose, it is natural," Marcia admitted, "that Eloise should not feel the same. To her, Eliza is just an ordinary servant. But don't let us talk of it. I'm afraid you won't want to come to the old house any more."

"I shall come just as often as you will let me," Gregory declared, in a tone which surprised and disconcerted Marcia.

"Well, that is settled, then. As long as we are here, you will be welcome."

"And, I think, I may assure you," said Glassford, "that *that* will be for a very long time."

He said no more; and Marcia wondering what he could possibly mean, and seeing that he had no intention of explaining any further, gave the signal to go in.

"Eloise will wonder what the conference is about," she said, frankly, "and please don't tell her. But I did so want to do something violent when she called Eliza a barbarian."

"Dear lady," answered Gregory, "you will never know how often I have wanted some outlet for my feelings since I was appointed guardian to yonder little lady. Yet, she is a dear, captivating creature; and, under all her airs and affectations, somewhere there is a good heart."

"I suppose so," assented Marcia. Then she added, as her natural generosity came to her rescue, "I am sure of it. Circumstances have been against her. She is uncertain and unsettled, and she

finds our homely ways aggravating."

"And, in consequence, is as aggravating as possible herself," declared Gregory.

"She only needs sorrow and trouble," said Marcia, "to make her into one of the best of the Brentwoods."

"Perhaps," said Gregory, struck by the remark; though, as he reflected, in character and disposition, Eloise was probably more like her mother's people, of whom Mrs. Critchley was a type.

"And yet," he said to himself, "I am fond of her, in spite of all."

Just for an instant longer they lingered. Gregory felt a strange sense of peace and well-being encompass him. He would like to have stayed much longer with that tall, slender figure beside him.

"You," he said, "strike me as being altogether a Brentwood."

"Not in appearance," Marcia argued; "but I am said to be like my mother."

"Your beautiful mother, yes!" he agreed, "they used to tell me she was a saint."

"It is so dear of you to remember and to tell me this," cried Marcia; "I love you when you talk like that."

It was an idle phrase on the girl's lips. But it moved Gregory to the very depths of his being, and he stood silently beside her, not trusting himself to speak. Perhaps Marcia felt something unusual in the silence, for she said, hastily:

"Eloise won't mind my saying so,—for soon you will be, after all, a near relative."

"Not in the way you think,—never in the way you think," Gregory declared. Marcia drew back alarmed at his vehemence, feeling, for the first time, the possibility of a tragic mistake somewhere. She opened the door firmly without another word, while Gregory, remarking that he thought he would have a smoke, and wondering if Larry

would join him, went down on to the lawn. He thought of the strangeness of it all, and of the anomalous position in which he had been placed with regard to Eloise. He reflected upon her future, and whimsically came into his mind, the axiom of an old, maiden aunt of James Brentwood: "You will have to marry that child yourself, Gregory, if you want to keep her in order."

He smiled at the thought.

"Fortunately, that child has never thought of such a thing, at least since she has been launched into society," he said to himself.

And in this he miscalculated his ward's worldly wisdom, and underrated the real affection she had for him.

By the time Larry came out to join him, he had quite regained the composure which Marcia's chance remark had disturbed. Through the window, they could hear, as they strolled up and down, Eloise peevishly playing at the piano, for she often made that instrument a vent for her annoyance.

"I shall be glad when they are gone away from here," she repeated over and over to herself. "I shall never enjoy my legacy until they are gone."

And by *they* she meant Marcia; for she had really grown rather fond of Larry, and felt a half-indulgent, half-contemptuous friendliness toward Mrs. Brentwood.

(To be continued.)

At Dusk.

BY JOAN HANFORD.

WOOD thrush sings the day to sleep
 With a woodland lullaby,
 As we watch the gray dusk softly creep
 Over the earth and sky.

Our Lady fair stoops down to bless
 The world in the fading light;
 And the peace of God, like a caress,
 Enfolds the Autumn night.

The Convent School of the "Little Flower."

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

FOR those who visit the little Norman city of Lisieux, drawn thither by their devotion to that saint of our own days, the Venerable Sister Thérèse, the "Little Flower of Jesus," the chief points of interest are the home of her childhood, "Les Buissonnets," where she lived from 1873 to 1888; the Carmelite Convent, where she spent the brief years of her religious life from 1888 to her death in 1897; and her grave in the cemetery, now a place of pilgrimage. There is a fourth place of interest in connection with her life, though it is not so well known, namely the Benedictine Convent, where she went to school for the greater part of the five years from 1881 to 1886.

It is a convent with a long history. In 1911, it celebrated its ninth centenary. It stands in the western suburb of Lisieux outside the circle of the boulevards that mark the line of the old walls which defended the city in Mediæval days. To reach it, one follows the Grande Rue, the main street of Lisieux westward; and, crossing the bridge over the river, one takes the sharp bend to the left of the Rue de Caen (the beginning of the highroad from Lisieux to that city). A couple of hundred yards farther on, where the street turns again to the westward, facing one is a high wall, over which appear the apses of two churches—one of these is the chapel of the Benedictine Convent, the other the old parish church of St. Désir.

The history of how the Benedictine Convent was founded is linked with a romantic love story. In the last years of the Tenth Century, Duke Richard II., the great-grandson of Rollo the Sea Rover, reigned over Normandy. His people called him "Richard the Good"

He had a younger brother, Count William, and a sister Emma, who married the Saxon King Ethelred the Unready, and was the mother of St. Edward the Confessor. The annals of the Norman line of Rollo are full of records of strife between brothers, and despite Duke Richard's goodness, his brother William headed a revolt against him, and on its failure found himself a prisoner in the castle of Rouen.

Turketil, the governor of the castle, had a daughter, Lesceline, who fell in love with her father's prisoner. They had no doubt plenty of opportunity for chatting together, for Turketil would treat his prisoner, the brother of the reigning Duke, almost as a guest, taking only such measures as were needed to prevent his leaving the castle. But one morning his room in the donjon tower was found empty, and a long rope hung from its window to the ditch below. Count William had escaped in the night. It was Lesceline who had secretly provided the rope. Once at large he sought and obtained the pardon of his good brother, and then married Lesceline.

They went to live on lands granted to them by Duke Richard at St. Pierre sur Dives (about 15 miles southwest of Lisieux), where they built themselves a castle. Legend says that one day, while it was being built, a woman, who was on her way to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Notre Dame de Courcy, stopped at St. Pierre, knelt and prayed in front of the unfinished building, and then handed to the master builder a small sum of money, saying it was her contribution to the good work. The mason told her she was strangely mistaken, for they were not building a monastery but a castle; but she replied: "I know as well as you do what you are building; but I give you this alms because you are really raising up a temple to our Lord Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Whatever may be the foundation of this pious legend, the castle had not been very long completed before it became a convent. Count William died at St. Pierre, in 1011, leaving Lesceline a young widow with three orphaned children. The eldest, her only son Hugh, was sent away to be educated for the priesthood; and she invited some Benedictine nuns to make her castle their convent home, where she would live with them as their guest, protector and benefactress.

The Benedictines of Lisieux count 1011 as the date of their foundation. Twenty-eight years later, the community migrated to Lisieux. It was a stormy time. Duke William (afterwards known as "the Conqueror" of Saxon England), a grandson of Richard the Good, was reigning in Normandy. Aided by the Bretons, the barons of his western dominions were in revolt against him, and there was war along the borders of the Duchy. The Benedictines felt insecure in their castle convent of St. Pierre sur Dives; and Hugh, the son of their benefactress, Lesceline, now a priest of the cathedral at Lisieux, and soon to be its bishop, invited his mother and the nuns to remove to that city. He had inherited a large part of his father's wealth, and he offered to help in the building of a new home for them "in the suburbs of Lisieux, in the place known as St. Désir," on land given by Duke William for the foundation of a Benedictine Convent. This was in 1039.

Not long after the community was established in the suburbs of Lisieux, the Countess Lesceline, who had so long lived with the nuns as their guest, expressed a wish to enter the Order. Her daughters had now been educated and provided for, and her son had been chosen Bishop of Lisieux. It was from his hands that she received the Benedictine veil. Thanks to her influence and

that of her son, who was a cousin of the reigning Duke, the convent received a charter from the Conqueror, confirming its privileges and possessions. Notwithstanding her rank and her position as foundress, she held no office in the community, but lived as one of its choir Sisters, till her death on January 26, 1058. Her remains were entombed in her former home at St. Pierre sur Dives, where a community of Benedictine monks had replaced the nuns on their migration to Lisieux.

The convent was known in the Middle Ages as the "Abbaye de Notre Dame et de St. Désir." Towards the end of the Sixteenth Century it came to be known as the "Abbaye de Notre Dame du Pré" ("Our Lady of the Meadow"). Its first church, built in the Norman style, with rounded arches and timbered roof, was a large edifice, and served both as the convent chapel and the parish church. It was large enough to receive thrice a year a numerous congregation, when, headed by the canons of the Cathedral Chapter, all the parishes of Lisieux and its suburbs came in procession, and the office of Tierce was sung and there was a sermon. These processions took place on Palm Sunday, on the feast of the Assumption and on the Wednesday of Rogation week. Later on, a separate parish church was built. The abbess had the privilege of nominating its curé.

Most of the older records of the Abbey were lost in a fire which destroyed a large part of the conventual buildings and the newer of the two churches in 1571; but from what survives of its annals, we learn that though it was endowed with wide lands and some house property in the neighborhood of Lisieux, the Benedictine community had often to struggle with narrow means, and, at times, to endure absolute poverty. This was partly the result of the poor quality of much of the land, and the heavy ex-

pense of keeping it under cultivation; partly of the obligations the community had assumed in connection with its many charitable works. In 1279, Guy de Merle, Bishop of Lisieux, forbade the abbess to maintain or receive more than thirty religious in her house on account of its limited resources. In 1538, the Abbess Marguerite de Montblaru and Cardinal Leveneur, Bishop of Lisieux, petitioned the king for help for the abbey. Whatever was the result, more than a century later, when, in the reign of Louis XIV., Charlotte de Matignon was chosen abbess, we find further evidence of the poverty of the great house. On the day of her arrival at the convent, the administratrix asked her, "What am I to give the Sisters for dinner?" The abbess told her to prepare whatever she had already planned, and was startled by the reply, "But we have absolutely nothing in the house."

Luckily for the convent, its new head belonged to a wealthy and generous family, who could enlist their help and that of the King. Her brother was Bishop of Lisieux and contributed liberally to the reorganization of the convent's affairs. The old Norman church was in a dilapidated state, and the architects decided that it must be rebuilt, or rather, replaced by a new structure. A large cruciform, domed church was erected, the work being begun in 1674. There was already a day school attached to the convent. A *pensionnat*, or boarding school, was now added to it. The convent already possessed a hospice for the sick. Another of its good works was a home for ladies whose narrow means made it possible for them to pay only part of the cost of their living in illness and old age.

The building of the great church proved to be a mistake. The vast mass of masonry was too heavy for the foundations, which had not been carried deep enough into the soft ground of its

site. There were dangerous subsidences; and forty-eight years after its erection, the architects condemned it. The Abbess Pérette de Cullan had it taken down, and erected in its place a smaller building, now the parish church of St. Désir.

It is remarkable that though large sums of money were thus expended—not always prudently—on church buildings, little was done to remodel the older buildings of the abbey. This was perhaps fortunate, for instead of ranges of buildings in the mixed style of the French Renaissance, the convent still possesses quaint rows of timbered and gabled houses fronting upon its two courtyards, and dating from the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. One wonders if there is any other ancient abbey in the world whose buildings thus consist so largely of ranges of houses in the style of the street architecture of the later Middle Ages, instead of Gothic cloisters or buildings in the Italianist style of the Bourbon times. Some new buildings along the Rue de Caen were erected for the boarding school by the Abbess Lancelotte de Créquy, on the eve of the Revolution, the cost of the work being largely met by the generous gifts of her friend, Madame Elisabeth, a sister of Louis XVI.

Lancelotte de Créquy was one of the valiant women of Catholic France. In 1792, the Revolutionists expelled her and her community from their convent. But under her courageous guidance, instead of completely dispersing, or seeking refuge in England, they held together in little groups, wearing a secular dress, and hiding in various places in Lisieux and its neighborhood, keeping their rule so far as it was possible. She herself found refuge with friends, but had to change her hiding-place from time to time,—it was usually at one of two country houses, the châteaux of Manerbe and Fumichon, both within a few miles of Lisieux. But

though these were the headquarters of her hidden rule, she was frequently on the move, visiting the various places where her nuns were to be found living two, three or four in some poor lodging. She made her journeys dressed as a widow with a heavy veil and a black silk hood over her head.

With the help of good friends she was able to bring to her nuns gifts of food and clothing and some little comforts. There was another disguised visitor who came to them from time to time, a gardener, tramping the roads around Lisieux, a bearded man wearing the workman's blouse and with spade and rake on his shoulder. He was the chaplain of the scattered community, Père Hyacinthe, a Franciscan of Lisieux; and he brought with him to the hiding-places of the nuns the Blessed Sacrament to give them Communion. At the Château of Manerbe he and Mère de Créquy prepared a hidden chapel. Its tabernacle was the hollow in an old wooden statue of St. Catherine. The community not only lived on, but actually found new recruits. In the secret chapel at Manerbe postulants were "clothed," and novices took their vows. For more than a year, this life of continual peril went on without the abbess, the chaplain or any of the nuns being discovered by the enemies of religion. At last the abbess and some of her Sisters were denounced and arrested. They were expecting to be sent to the guillotine when the fall of Robespierre suddenly put an end to the Terror.

The abbess, released from prison, was soon able to gather her nuns together in a house not far from their old convent. The abbey had been confiscated and sold as "national property." It was not until 1808 that they were able to rent a portion of it, and return to their old home. They opened a free school for the children of the poor; and as they gradually acquired more and more of

the buildings, they opened a day and boarding school, which soon counted amongst its pupils children of the leading families of Normandy, and added considerably to their resources. Before long, thanks to generous benefactors, they were in possession of the whole of the old abbey buildings. The Church of St. Désir had to serve the needs of the parish, and for some years their chapel was one of the larger rooms of the convent. In 1846, however, the new convent chapel was completed with a wing outside the enclosure open to externs.

Until the attack on the teaching orders by the French Government in 1904, when it was closed by official orders, the Benedictine school of Lisieux was one of the best schools for girls in northern France. Amongst its pupils, there were many vocations to the religious life, not only in the Benedictine Order, but also in many others—the Sisters of Charity, the Augustinians, the Ursulines, the Visitation nuns and the Carmelites.

Of one of these last vocations we have all heard. Thérèse Martin—Sister Thérèse of the Carmel of Lisieux—came as a pupil to the convent school in 1881, when she was just eight years old. She was a day scholar until 1886, when she became a boarder for a few months. When I visited the convent, during a stay at Lisieux last August, I had the privilege of an interview with one of her teachers. The curtain of the convent grille was drawn back, so that we spoke face to face. It was a remarkable experience thus to speak with the aged nun who, forty years ago, knew familiarly one who is now declared by the Church to be "a Venerable Servant of God," and who will, no doubt, before long be raised to the altars and invoked in the Holy Sacrifice.

There was a happy smile on the Sister's face as she told of her affection

for the little Thérèse in those far-off schooldays. "How often I had kissed her," she said. "Well, I am eighty-nine, so I hope very soon to see her again." She told how, while she was a day pupil, her father used to come nearly every day to walk home with her to Les Buissonnets. It was in the convent chapel, at the grille of the nuns' choir, that she made her First Communion.

One sees this chapel from the wing open to externs. The pilgrim to Lisieux is also allowed to visit the little chapel on the first floor of the convent buildings near the street, which, until the school was closed in 1904, was the chapel of the girls' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which Thérèse was a member. Among the treasures of the convent is a letter which she wrote to one of her former teachers in December, 1888. It is written from the Carmelite convent, which she had entered in the preceding April. She was still a postulant. Her noviceship was to begin early in the following January. In that December of 1888, the Sodality at the Benedictine Convent was celebrating its jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of its formation, and there was a gathering of former pupils who had belonged to it. The programme of the day had been sent to Thérèse, and she wrote a long letter in reply. It runs to three pages of fine, clear writing, full of gracefully turned phrases that seem to flow so readily from the pen of a highly-educated French writer, and are so difficult to translate adequately into English. She thanks her former mistress for having sent her the programme of the celebration. She can never forget the Sodality, and she will be with her old comrades in spirit on the day of the Jubilee, which for her will be full of happy memories of the day of her consecration to Our Lady and the day of her First Communion. She tells how she has no doubt that the special grace of

her religious vocation had its germ on her First Communion day, and recalls how, after her thanksgiving, she went to the Sodality chapel to renew her consecration to Our Lady, who has now made her still more closely her child in leading her to Carmel. She assures them that since she became a Carmelite she feels even a more tender love for all her teachers to whom she owes so much, and tells them how she delights in repeating their names to our Blessed Lord as she prays before Him.

One hopes that now that peace is being restored to the Church in France, the Benedictine Convent of Lisieux will, before long, be able to reopen the school which has thus in our own days proved itself such a school of sanctity.

Of the great convent buildings, the ordinary visitor to Lisieux can see only the parts open to externs,—the old Church of St. Désir, the newer church of the convent, the parlor and the little sodality chapel. The two churches and the massive façade of the Eighteenth Century buildings front the road. The older and more interesting buildings are hidden away behind them. Through an opening in a gateway I had just a distant view of the quaint, timbered façade of the Hospice, built in the Fifteenth Century, with its walls framed in great beams, between which the brickwork is built up; its high pitched roofs of tiles, with dormer windows; its pointed gables, and here and there irregularly-placed windows—a façade to delight an artist. The convent includes more than one range of these Old-World buildings.

Let me note in conclusion that the nuns receive as paying guests ladies visiting Lisieux. Friends of mine who have thus included in their pilgrimage to Lisieux a stay at the convent school of the "Little Flower," speak enthusiastically of the place and of the kindness of the nuns.

Robert Drummond's Mistake.

BY MARY CROSS.

ROBERT DRUMMOND felt no little difficulty in realizing his own happiness. To him it seemed less like truth than a fairy-tale that a gentle, gracious, charming girl should love him well enough to trust herself entirely and forever to his care. Yet truth it was, and Clare was his promised wife.

He had the reputation of a hard man. In truth, much of the tenderness with which he had begun life had been kicked and cuffed out of him by a stern step-father; and what survived that species of abuse had succumbed to another—the selfishness and duplicity of pretended friends. His dogged industry had won him wealth; but he shunned society, and was rather prone to be distrustful of his kind. But now, behold a change! He saw the world with altered eyes. Frozen fonts of sympathy welled up again with a desire that others also should have sunshine, with a longing to gladden hearts and lives that were as empty and forlorn as his had been until Clare came into it like a breath of Summer air or a strain of lovely music.

Love had certainly quickened his perceptions. When he entered his counting-house, nodding good-morning to his busy clerks, he observed for the first time the sharpness of a certain pair of elbows and the shininess of the sleeves that covered them. He reflected that the lad's father had been absent through illness from desk and stool for many weeks,—a fact that suggested another: that there was a large family; and it likewise occurred to him that the doctor's bill would be heavy. He touched the young fellow's shoulder as he passed him, and whispered:

"Come into my room before you go home, Leslie. I have something to say to you."

Fred, shy, sensitive, chronically hungry in body and mind, blushed an affirmative, his heart in his mouth. Though poverty had not wholly destroyed youth's buoyancy in him, he nevertheless took it for granted that he was not wanted in the private office for anything pleasant. Perhaps he was about to be told that his father's situation could no longer be kept open for him.

At the specified time he entered the sanctum, all but surprising the sedate "merchant prince" in the act of saluting a young lady's photograph. It was now the elder man's turn to blush, and he hurriedly thrust the picture out of sight.

"Why didn't you knock?" he asked, still confused.

"I did, sir," said Leslie.

"Oh! They say love is blind: it must be deaf as well," Drummond inwardly murmured.

"Just give that to your father with my compliments," he said, remaining embarrassed and self-conscious; and he handed Leslie an envelope.

"Yes, sir." The lad added eagerly: "Father will be at business in the morning."

"Glad to hear it, if he is able. If he is not able, another week or so at home will do him no harm; tell him so from me," said Drummond.

Whereon the boy thanked him and withdrew, agreeably surprised.

On the following day Leslie senior occupied his usual place in the office, gaunt and worn after the illness which had left additional burdens upon his already heavily-laden shoulders. Leslie's salary was always anticipated: he never had a superfluous penny. In the course of the day he had to go into the private office with some letters, and Mr. Drummond gave him a kindly greeting.

"I don't think you are quite up to the mark yet," he said, in a friendly tone; but Leslie replied that he was so,

very nearly, then quickly glanced at his employer as if he expected him to make some further remark. None being forthcoming, he took an envelope from his pocket with a deprecating air.

"My illness has left me rather stupid, sir, I'm afraid. I really don't understand your message of yesterday. Fred brought me this with your compliments, but I don't quite grasp the meaning."

"Well, I should have thought it was plain enough, upon my word!" said Drummond, quizzically. Misinterpreting the other's change of color, he went on: "You don't need to have any scruples about it, surely. Illness is a costly thing, I know; and—and—bless my heart, I didn't think you'd take offence if I paid your doctor's bill, that's all!"

"You are more than kind, sir. I—I don't know what to say. I am very grateful. Of course I was not aware that you had paid the doctor. That, then, was what your card meant?"

"Why, but you really are somewhat dense to-day! That was what the note was meant to convey. My card was mere matter of form or compliment, just as you like."

"The note?" repeated Leslie.

"There was a five-pound note in that envelope, if we must come down to the alphabet of the thing."

"No, sir—not when I got it," said Leslie.

Drummond surveyed him silently, stroking himself on the chin.

"Yes, there was when I gave it to your son," he said, rather dryly. "But perhaps you had better call him in here, and we'll get the air cleared."

In a moment Fred Leslie entered the room, meeting his employer's eyes with perfect serenity.

"Look here, young man, what was in that envelope you gave to your father yesterday?"

"Your visiting card, sir," answered Fred, looking surprised.

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing. Neither father nor I could understand it," he added, diffidently. "Father thinks I may have forgotten something you told me to say. I am sorry if I have been so careless."

"Was the envelope open or closed?" asked the mystified Drummond.

"Open. It never had been closed, sir."

"Hum! Did you go straight home? Didn't you examine the envelope on the way there?"

"I went straight home. I didn't touch the envelope again until I gave it into father's hands."

"Are you quite sure that part of the contents did not slip out?"

"Well, I think I may say so," replied Fred. He dived into his breast-pocket and produced a few letters and a timetable. "There is nothing here but my own belongings."

Drummond played a little tune on his desk with the end of a pencil, and shot a glance at the young fellow from under suddenly contracted eyebrows.

"I'll talk to you about it to-morrow," he said. "In the meantime you might try to remember if there is anything you have forgotten. It will be as well for you to do so."

The manner in which that ambiguous sentence was delivered caused Fred's cheeks to tingle.

"What does Mr. Drummond mean, father?" he inquired, as they walked homeward together. "He never spoke to me so *raspingly* before. What does he think I've done? Have you any idea, father?"

Leslie senior briefly explained the position, and for a minute or two wrath rendered his son speechless.

"Does he think, then, that I took the money—robbed him and cheated you? Well, he *is* a brute!"

"Hush, my boy! Have you never heard of One to whom supreme in-

justice was done and who yet found excuses and forgave? Where is your faith in your patron, St. Anthony? Can't you ask him to find what is lost?"

The boy's heart swelled. He looked at the thin white face, the silver hair, and thought of the labors, the crosses and cares that had made his father old before his time, yet had left him in unquestioning faith even as a little child.

"You don't doubt me, at any rate, father?"

"Don't I know my own son through and through? We must have a search for the note. I was reading when you came in, and it might possibly have slipped between the pages of the book. We must search for it."

"But Agnes returned the book to the library this morning," said Fred. He did not mention that the pence, which otherwise would have gone in car-fares, had provided literature to relieve the tedium of convalescence for his father. Life for the Leslies was made up of sacrifices, great and small.

On arriving at their unpretentious home, they found that Mrs. Leslie had gone to bed with neuralgia, leaving ready a meal of Spartan simplicity. They were glad to spare her the knowledge of this new trouble.

Father and son had scarcely sat down to table when there was a ring—a gentle, nervous ring, as if the person responsible for it were in doubt as to his reception. Agnes answered it, and presently ushered in Mr. Drummond. His strong, rugged face was quivering, and when he spoke his voice was hoarse and unsteady.

"If you want to see a man who is thoroughly ashamed of himself, look here!" he said. "Leslie, I have come to ask your son's pardon. I was mean enough to think that he might have appropriated that five-pound note, when, as a matter of fact, I had not given it to him at all. I have just

found that out, and came here at once to say—what can I say? Fred, I am heartily sorry. I do beg you to forgive me. I can't tell you how my injustice has humbled me, and how I regret my suspicion and my harshness."

"I hope you will not say any more, sir," said Fred, deeply touched. "I must grant that appearances were against me."

"Appearances! I was in such a flurry when you came into my room that I scarcely knew what I was doing, and so omitted to enclose the note; and the cause of the flurry was—hm—er—well, to cut it short, I am going to be married in a couple of months, and—oh, you will understand all about it when your own time comes, Fred! You have forgiven me; will you go a step farther and wish me happiness?"

It is unnecessary to say how Fred replied.

That episode is now several years old. Call Robert Drummond a hard man and you will be laughed at. Possibly a small Clare has completed the softening process which her gentle mother began. Leslie senior has retired on a generous pension. Fred is now a partner in the firm and high in the confidence of his principal; and is likely to be his son-in-law, "they say."

MERE external facts give us knowledge and wisdom only as we meditate them and penetrate their meaning. Animals have as keen senses as men, and often keener, and they have before them as broad a range of sensible facts; but they lack the mind that sees in the sensible fact the sign of an intellectual and spiritual truth, and that can attain by meditation to the truth signified. The great reason why we moderns fall so far below the men of antiquity, or of the early ages of the Church, is that we speculate more and meditate less.

—Dr. Brownson.

Due to St. Patrick.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

TOWARD the close of February, 1862, a young soldier was brought to the military hospital at Mound City, Ill., in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and which at that time contained about eight hundred patients. He was suffering from a slight wound, and a slow fever brought on by exposure. At first his case did not seem critical; early in March, however, his symptoms awakened the apprehensions of the Sister in charge of his ward; and when the doctor confirmed her fears, she ventured to inquire of the young Federal if he had ever been baptized. He did not seem pleased at the question, and answered that he had not been, and had no wish to be, baptized; adding that if such a ceremony were necessary his mother would not have neglected it. The Sister said nothing further for some days, when a conversation with a comrade again introduced the subject of religion; and she asked him once more if he did not wish to be baptized, telling him frankly that the doctors held out but slight hopes of his recovery. This time he answered angrily: "No, Sister; and if I knew I were to die to-morrow, I would not be baptized."

Suffering brings hearts close together. During the long and weary days in the hospital, the sick and wounded grew to be quite friendly; and all took kindly to poor George M——, who, though so young, was fast nearing his end. The hours dragged slowly, and any diversion was welcomed; so when, on the 16th, Sister —— told "the boys," as the patients were called, that she was going to decorate the ward in honor of St. Patrick's Day, all became interested at once. Many a brave Irish heart beat quicker at the proposal; and as the men who were able twined

branches of evergreen into garlands and hangings, tears dropped upon them,—tears that told of hearts in exile. All, irrespective of nationality, were eager in the work; and soon the ward, with its pretty white curtains and green arches and trimmings, looked like a fairy bower. George M——, who was too weak to use his hands, smiled on his companions, and remarked to the Sister that the preparations must be on account of his eighteenth birthday, which falls on the 21st.

The 17th dawned clear and bright; and the morning rays gilded the soldiers' votive offerings to St. Patrick on all sides. After the stir attendant upon the breakfast hour, and the duties of early day, the Sister Superior of the hospital passed through the ward on her regular round. On seeing the decorations, she asked what it all meant. The boys enjoyed her pleased surprise, and explained that it was in honor of St. Patrick's Day. "Why, this is charming!" she said. "And, Sister, you should dedicate your ward to St. Patrick. Give him full charge of your patients." And with renewed exclamations of admiration at the graceful hangings, she passed on to the next ward.

The idea of giving St. Patrick charge of the patients seemed to Sister —— a very good one; so as soon as she was free she went to the chapel, where she offered fervent petitions to the great Apostle of Ireland; and, as she herself related, she told him he was to be responsible for every patient in her ward,—that he was to see that no Catholic died without the Sacraments, and that none should die unbaptized.

The following day Sister —— spoke of removing the decorations; but as the soldiers begged her to leave them a little longer, she said, smiling at their eagerness: "Well, then, we'll celebrate St. Patrick's Day with an octave."

The fever was slowly but surely con-

suming the vitality of "our George," as the men now called him; and though he often alluded cheerfully to his birthday, his comrades felt that it would likely mark his birth into a new life. On the morning of the 21st, the doctor made his usual rounds, detailed the ward assistants for the day, and Sister — was free to go to the pharmacy on the next floor to attend to some needed prescriptions. She had been there but a short time when she was hastily summoned back to the ward by a messenger, who said: "George is dying, Sister!" Hurrying to his bedside, she found it was indeed true; and before the doctor could render any assistance, there was a long sigh, a quivering of the young soldier's lips, a shuddering of his frame, and then all was still.

A hush fell over the men in the ward, and many a stout heart almost ceased beating, lest it might be heard by Death, that dread visitor who had come so near. The doctor passed on, and the Sister sent her assistants to bring the bier, that the body might be taken to the "dead room." The sudden call and the incidents following had not given her time for reflection; but while waiting, her eyes caught sight of the green garlands, and the thought flashed upon her that the patron of the ward had not done his duty, and her heart framed this hasty reproach: "Are you in heaven at all, St. Patrick? If you are, you are not so zealous as you were on earth. Here you have let this poor young man die without Baptism!"

At that very moment George M — sat up in bed, grasped the Sister's arm and exclaimed: "Quick, baptize me, Sister!—baptize me! I'm dying!" Every man in the ward started at the sound of that voice; and the Sister, with the death-hold on her sleeve, reached over, and with trembling hands poured the water upon his head, as her white lips pronounced the words, "I baptize

thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The fingers of the dying man relaxed, he sank back upon the pillows, and, with a smile on his face, his spirit passed from earth.

The doctor heard of the occurrence with unfeigned surprise; but soon mastered the expression on his face, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about "suspended animation." But the Sister knew it was all due to St. Patrick, to whom she made a most humble apology, as she offered her prayers of thanksgiving; feeling sure it was his powerful intercession and zeal for souls that had wrought so unexpected a marvel.

A Timely Sermon.

MGR. DE CHEVERUS, who died Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux in 1836, was Boston's first bishop, presiding over that See from 1810 to 1823. The saintly virtues which had endeared this prelate to his American flock continued to elicit the reverence and affection of all with whom he came in contact up to the very close of his beneficent career; and his memory is still held in the deepest veneration on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was during his incumbency of the archdiocese of Bordeaux that Cardinal de Cheverus took occasion one day to deliver a brief charity sermon, as unexpected as it was opportune and effective. A wealthy lady had requested the Cardinal himself to baptize her newly-born son. The prelate at first declined to do so, on the plea that other families would be offended and grieved if the same favor were not extended to them. The mother, however, continued her entreaties, and when she finally had recourse to tears, the kindly Cardinal consented to perform the ceremony.

He took good care, however, to enforce the lesson that the Church knows no distinction between rich and poor, the great and the lowly; for he caused one of his chaplains to seek out in the poorest quarter of the city another infant as yet unbaptized, and he conferred the sacrament on both at the same time. The ceremony finished, he turned to the congregation—some half dozen relatives of the child of poverty, and some scores of the fashionable friends of the other's parents—and said:

"These two children are equally great before God, equally dear to His heart. Both are destined to the same glory in eternity, but they are to attain it by different paths: the wealthy one, by the charity which comforts and relieves his needy brethren; the poor one, by a humble and laborious life. Heaven will open to him who suffers, because of his patience; to him who relieves, because of his compassion. The characteristic virtue of the one should be generosity, of the other gratitude; and they must begin, each of them, from this very moment to fulfil their respective destinies.

"This poor child can not solicit, and his heart as yet knows nothing of gratitude: I will be his interpreter and I take upon myself his debt of gratitude for all the good that you may do him. His rich little brother Christian can not give, and his heart as yet knows nothing of generosity: it is you," and the Cardinal turned to the well-dressed throng,—“it is you who must be his representatives, you who should take upon yourselves to be generous in his stead. The alms you offer in his behalf will be the greatest proof of tenderness that you can show him; it will sanctify his entrance into life, and will cause his whole career to be blessed by that God, who calls Himself the Father of the poor.”

Without further words, the Cardinal took one of the collection boxes and per-

sonally went through the assembly, receiving the contributions, which, as may readily be imagined, were more than generous. All were touched and charmed with the appositeness of his brief discourse, and the ingenious grace with which the baptism was made to introduce so naturally a most effective charity sermon.

Opposition to the Shamrock.

THE idea of Ulster's (or rather that anti-nationalist and anti-Catholic part of Ulster which arrogates to itself the name of the whole Province) separateness from the rest of Ireland is so intense that some of the people there are now suggesting the use either of the flax flower or the crimson carnation as a special emblem typical of Ulster, as opposed to the shamrock which for centuries has been used to symbolize Ireland as a whole. But the movement has by no means the support of all the people, Protestant though they be, of that section. The shamrock is still dear to them by reason of its religious significance, since they believe in the Trinity which the “dear little plant” typifies.

That the shamrock has its champions as against the flax flower or the crimson carnation, may be seen from the following letter in the *Belfast News Letter*. The writer is evidently a Protestant, but he protests against the suggestion of any other emblem in place of the “ancient Irish emblem, the shamrock.” He hopes the movement for a change will go no further, and he gives these excellent reasons:

Surely, we have already too many distinctions in our unhappy country, and too many gulfs separating class from class and creed from creed without adding to the number. Is it not high time that we thought of the things we have in common, and cherished them? One of our common sentiments gathers round this little plant, and men north and south, east and west,

unite in venerating it. According to tradition the shamrock dates back to St. Patrick, and enshrines the faith that all Irishmen profess, however various their interpretations of that faith may be. Also, if our knowledge of history serves us aright, it was in Ulster that Patrick did a large part of his work. On the Antrim Mountains he toiled as a boy. Near Downpatrick he landed as a missionary, and here, too, is his grave. We have been very forcibly reminded of his work recently by the renovations carried out at Island Magee, where one of his followers founded a religious settlement.

I can not understand any Irishman, with any true love for his country, wishing to supplant the sacred emblem of our land by any other. The flax flower is a dainty bloom, but its significance is confined to trade, and its adoption as an emblem would only serve to widen still further the chasm between the commercial North and the agricultural South, which surely, every right-thinking man—above all every business man—must earnestly seek to bridge.

As for the crimson carnation, we know not of what that would remind us except of the crimson flow of blood with which our land has been drenched and which we all wish to forget. The shamrock stands for those lofty ideals of our common faith which will survive all the temporary expedients of our time. Therefore, let us think more of these ideals which we hold in common, and less of those that divide, that the common sores of our land may be healed.

This is the sort of sentiment which should prevail in Ireland. It is a gospel but little known or understood in that section of Ireland in which the newspaper, from which we have just quoted, is published; but with the coming of a new day let us hope that it will be more widely heard and heeded.

Just at present poor Ireland's troubles are not in Ulster only, nor are they caused by difference in religion. Men and women of the same old historic faith are now aligned against one another, and the blood of brothers has been shed by those who both wear the shamrock and venerate, in the same Church, the faith which tradition says was typified by St. Patrick with the triple leaves of green.

Notes and Remarks.

More than a century ago, a brilliant Irishman, John Philpot Curran, declared: "It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition, if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt."

One of the gratifying signs of the times at present is the increasing number of judicious Americans who are exercising vigilance with regard to the encroachments of the Federal Government on the rights of individual States. Recent instances of warnings against such encroachments are the following statements of Dr. Samuel Paul Capen, and Chief Justice Floyd E. Thompson, of Missouri. The former, speaking of the proposed national education bill, said: "The Government establishments for the promotion of child welfare, for the improvement of individuals, for scientific research and for education, have all started off in the same way. Originally, all were designed to secure information to serve as foci for leadership and mold great national interests by the authority of facts and ideas. Generally, these original purposes have been overlaid by administrative functions involving the enforcement of laws or implying the control that inevitably follows Federal subsidies."

Mr. Thompson, discussing "Some Dangerous Tendencies in Government," spoke in much the same sense: "Probably, the greatest single menace to the continuance of our form of government is the tendency to abolish autonomy of the State and to establish in its stead an unrestrained centralized national government. In this country the fountain of all authority is the citizen. The individual is surrounded by the town,

the county, the State and the nation like so many concentric circles, and each, in proportion to its nearness to the citizen, was, by our fathers, invested with the greatest possible jurisdiction. Then and now, between the tyranny of centralization and the freedom of the citizen, stands the integrity of the State."

Many an apparently innocuous Bill proposed in Congress would, if made law, prove to be the thin edge of a wedge that would assuredly destroy the symmetry of State integrity.

For keenness, directness and quaintness, commend us to Richard Rolle, the English mystic of the Fourteenth Century,—“one of the greatest of Englishmen,” according to Prof. Horstman, who edited an edition of Rolle’s works, now unfortunately out of print. In the treatise on “Our Daily Work,” which, like the others, is to be read in bits, we find such blunt counsels as this: “Every man should ask of God with fear, that he ask and pray his Lord that if He see that his prayer be necessary and reasonable, that He will fulfil it: and if it be not necessary and reasonable that He will withdraw it. For what may help and what may harm, the leech knows better than any sick man. But one of these two shall we trust to have through prayer; either, that we pray for, or that which is better for us.”

* * *

The treatise on “The Form of Perfect Living,” addressed to a nun, contains many exhortations “not quickly to trust all spirits, but to ask counsel of knowing men”; and by way of emphasizing his words, Rolle relates this quaint legend: “I find written of a recluse, that was a good woman, to whom the ill-angel oft-times appeared in the form of a good angel, and said that he was come to bring her to heaven. Wherefore, she was right glad and joyful. But, nevertheless, she told it to her shrift-

father, and he, as a wise man and wary, gave her this counsel. When he comes, he said, bid him that he show thee our Lady, S. Mary. When he has done so, say *Ave Maria*. She did so. The fiend said: ‘Thou hast no need to see her; my presence suffices to thee.’ And she said by all means she would see her. He saw that it behooved him either to do her will, or she would despise him: so he brought forth the fairest woman that might be as to her sight, and showed to her. And she set her on her knees and said, *Ave Maria*. And so quickly all vanished, and for shame never after came he to her.”

* * *

One thing which the great mystic would have all men “wit well” is the uncertainty of their last end. “We wot never when we shall die, nor where we shall die, nor how we shall die, nor whither we shall go when we are dead; and Almighty God wills that this be uncertain to us, for He wills that we be aye ready to die.”

This year’s general assembly of the Catholics of Germany, held in Munich, was opened with a sermon by Cardinal Faulhaber, which had a stirring note of genuine religion. Coming at a time when the intellectual and moral life of the former Empire is in a state of upheaval no less serious than its economic disruption, his Eminence set fearlessly before his hearers old, elemental doctrine. Among numerous notable things, he said: “Being a Catholic means being an apostle by means of the Church’s dispensation of grace. Catholic courage and confidence are developed by that grace. Celebrations like this are not parades or demonstrations, but simple proofs of Catholic confidence, Catholic hope in the future, Catholic strength of purpose. These things, be it remembered, are born out of sacramental soil. To be a member of the Church, a man

must be able to bend his knee and recite the prayers and hear the mandates of his Mother. And because Catholic faith is apostolic faith, the spirit of faith is essentially apostolic. Our apostolate is to heal the religious dissension of our people; to heal it, however, with love, with the brotherly charity of Christ and not with cunning or force. It is, likewise, to declare before the world what Catholic faith and morals are, to carry the alms of religion unto the desperately needy, and so to preach the A B C of our Catechism."

Declarations like the following, which we find in the Report of the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lambeth Palace (just published) indicate that the movement for Christian Unity is steadily, if slowly, advancing:

As there is but one Christ and one life in Him, so there is and can be but one Church.

This one Church consists of all those who have been, or are being, redeemed by and in Christ, whether in this world or in the world beyond our sight; but it has its expression in this world in a visible form. Yet the Church, as invisible and as visible, is, by virtue of its one life in Christ, one.

This visible Church was instituted by Christ as a fellowship of men united with Him, and in Him with one another, to be His witness and His instrument in the spread of His Kingdom on earth.

A circular accompanying the Report exhorts every person into whose hands it may fall "to give himself to prayer for the guidance of the movement"; and prayers like the following appointed for the Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost have been suggested:

"Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us an increase of faith, hope, and charity; and that we may deserve to obtain what Thou dost promise, make us love that which Thou dost command. Through Jesus Christ, etc."

Not without gratification does one learn from Mr. Edward A. Salesbury,

a correspondent of the *Asia Magazine* in Samoa, that our country is not attempting to force its form of civilization on the natives. In not a few respects their own has been found superior, and they much prefer it. They continue to live according to their own old-time customs. The women are chaste; the men are industrious; and the children are carefully trained. "The Americans have established schools, and many of the younger generation now speak English... The Department of the Navy has done wonders for American Samoa. Natives do not die of white men's diseases there. An American hospital with naval doctors and trained nurses has been established. All inhabitants receive free medical treatment. They are inoculated against small-pox and protected by quarantine against disease from outside sources. When the United States took over the Islands, the population was 5679, now it is 8058. And that is not immigrant increase. There are only 180 whites on the Islands... The purchase of land by whites is not permitted."

There has been some talk recently about establishing a junior branch of the Knights of Columbus. Pending its becoming a reality, there is apparently no good reason why our coreligionists in different parts of the country should not encourage, and increase the membership of, the Catholic Boys' Brigade, which seems to be accomplishing excellent results in those places where the organization has been introduced. For the information of such of our readers as are not familiar with the Brigade, it may be stated that it was organized in 1916 at the request of His Eminence Cardinal Farley by the Rev. Thomas J. Lynch. It has been blessed and enriched with indulgences by his Holiness Pope Benedict XV. The Brigade aims to provide a thoroughly Catholic organization for

all Catholic boys. Under the motto: "For God and Country," it seeks to build up the character and health of the members by means calculated to be beneficial to the mind as well as to the body. All activities it engages in are used to obtain the end proposed,—to make our boys faithful Catholics and patriotic citizens. Although the Brigade has chosen the military form of ancient knighthood as being the best suited for its work, it has nothing to do with modern militarism. It encourages military virtues, inculcating discipline, honor, self-restraint and respect for lawful authority, all of which it strives to supernaturalize, and all of which are greatly needed to-day. The success of the Brigade has proved its usefulness and adaptability. It has its own uniform, neat but inexpensive.

Having read some recent statements reflecting on the honesty of the Filipinos, Mr. J. J. Rafferty, of San Francisco, who, from 1902 to 1918, was either Collector of Customs or Collector of Internal Revenue in the Philippines, writes: "Filipinos under me in that period collected hundreds of millions of pesos, making, on the whole, a record for honesty that speaks for itself and is really a credit to their race, and will compare most favorably with similar work on the part of any people, not excepting our own. As Collector of Internal Revenue for four years, I had 500 Filipinos working under me in Manila and 800 men more in the provinces. These men averaged as worthy of trust and confidence as any similar body of men I have ever come in contact with. The taxes were collected at a low cost of collection, impartially, and, speaking generally, without abuse of authority and duly accounted for. From 1918 to 1921, I, as Director of the Bureau of Commerce and Industry, had supervision over thousands of men; they

handled no Government funds, but showed a most commendable faithfulness in caring for the property. . . .

"I had, during my residence in the Philippine Islands, on an average, three servants, a cook, a chauffeur and house-boy, in my home. The opportunity to pilfer was always at hand, but nothing ever was taken worthy of mention. Filipinos are honest, not so much because they fear arrest for dishonesty as because their conscience forbids such conduct. . . . The Filipino ranks high in personal honesty."

A puzzle to Christians in the Holy Land is the seeming indifference of Christians elsewhere to the Zionist movement, which, if successful, will place Palestine under the control of the Jews. A Dominican priest in Jerusalem, in a communication to the current number of *Blackfriars* ("The Fate of the Holy Land") protests against the Balfour Declaration, and denounces the Zionist policy in these very plain terms: "The natural end of this policy is to render the Jew predominant in Palestine; and if it does not succeed in the long run, it will be through no fault of its own. He is a fool who makes himself believe that the Jew is coming to Palestine without the intention of being master here."

For the benefit of that large class of Catholics who are perennially interested in the practical details of the moral law, we reproduce the following bit of moral theology from a recent issue of the *London Catholic Gazette*:

Strictly speaking there are three other kinds of works besides servile, *viz.*, liberal, common and forensic, though in practice forensic spells servile. i. *Servile works* are those which, mostly done by bodily labor, bear immediately and directly upon bodily utility, and which were performed of old by serfs or slaves or servants, *e. g.*, tilling the land, making roads, building houses, whitewashing walls, tarring fences, felling trees, making or mending

clothes or curtains or carpets, *i. e.*, sewing. ii. *Liberal works* are those which were done of old by free men, and which relate directly and immediately to the mind, *e. g.*, reading, writing, teaching, embroidering, sketching, or painting pictures. iii. *Common works* are those which include the means to both servile and liberal works and which minister or relate to both mind and body, *e. g.*, travelling, fishing, hunting, playing games (indoor and outdoor), and, adds Prümmer, cooking. iv. *Forensic works* are those which are performed in the law courts or in the market-place, or in places of business, *e. g.*, buying and selling, running shows and cinemas. In general, we may say that liberal and common works are allowed on Sunday, and that servile and forensic are by the law of the Church forbidden.

It need scarcely be added that, in case of doubt, the prudent Catholic always consults his pastor, and abides by his decision as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any specific work on Sundays and holydays of obligation.

No Catholic writer that we know of has done more than John Ayscough to destroy the prejudice against the contemplative Orders of the Church, which used to be so general among Protestants and is still common, also unpardonable, among Catholics. "What is the use of monks and nuns who separate themselves from the rest of the world in order that they may just pray?" In an address at the opening of a new Carmelite convent in England recently, Cardinal Bourne declared that no reasonable person who admits the sovereignty of God can ask such a question. "Has not God the right to invite His creatures to devote their lives to prayer and supplication and dependence upon Him, as a supreme recognition of His sovereignty?" In several of John Ayscough's books this thought of his Eminence is enlarged upon and emphasized. We quote a passage from his new novel, "Mariquita":

We approve the vocation of nuns whose work is for our own bodies; we can not easily

see the splendor of *direct* service of God Himself, who has no material needs of His own. That God's most usual course of Providence calls us to serve Him by serving our fellows, we see clearly enough, because it suits us to see it; but we are too purblind to perceive that even that service need not in every case be material service, and it scandalizes us to remember that God chooses in some instance to be served *directly*, not by the service of any creature; because the instances are less common, we are shocked when asked to admit that they exist. If Christ were still visibly on earth, millions would be delighted to feed Him, but it would annoy almost all of us to see even a few serving Him by sitting idle at His feet listening. Hardly any of us but think Martha was doing more that afternoon at Bethany than her sister, and it troubles us that Jesus Christ thought differently. It was so easy to sit still and listen—that is why the huge majority of us find it impossible, and are angry that here and there a contemplative nun wants to do it.

Of liberty we prattle in every language; and most loudly do they scream of it who are most angry that God takes leave to exist, and that many of His creatures still refuse to deny His existence; that many admit His right to command, and their own obligation to obey. These liberty-brawlers would be the first to concede to every woman the "inalienable right" to lead a corrupt life, destructive of society, and the last to allow to a handful of women out of the world's population the right to live a life of spotless whiteness at the immediate feet of the Master they love.

The musical world mourns the death of the venerable Sir Charles Santley, K. C. S. G., the great baritone vocalist of England. He was almost as well known in Canada and the United States as in his native country. Besides being a singer, he was a composer, and published numerous songs and piano pieces, religious and secular. His memoirs ("Student and Singer") are stored with interesting reminiscences of contemporary celebrities, many of whom were his intimate friends. Sir Charles was a fervent convert to the Church, and his charity rendered him no less beloved than his genius caused him to be admired. *R. I. P.*



The Day that Never Comes.

BY GEORGE A. BROWN.

UPON a time, as stories go,

A barber of Seville

Devised a plan to help his trade,

And so his pockets fill.

He hung upon the wall this sign,

Where everyone could see:

"My friends, I beg to tell you all,

To-morrow I'll shave free."

Of course the morrow never came;

And he would blandly say,

When questioned: "See! the poster reads

To-morrow, not to-day."

Ah! sometimes, too, the little folk,

I fear, are wont to say,

When angels whisper gentle thoughts:

"To-morrow, not to-day."

To-morrow never comes, my dears.

There's danger in delay;

Whatever good you have to do,

Be sure you do to-day.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

VIII.

"WHAT are you doing here at this hour, little man?" asked the officer. "Do you know that it's very late?"

"You can see, sir: I'm talking to my dog," replied Camille.

"I thought you were a lost child, but I see by your clothes that I was mistaken."

"If I had been a lost child, what would you have done with me, sir?"

"I should have tried to find out where your parents lived, then taken you to them."

"You're very kind," said Camille, rising.

"I am a policeman, and it is part of my duty."

"But, sir, what do you do when the lost children have no homes?"

"Then, as homeless children are mostly vagabonds and rogues, I take them to prison."

"But they might not all be vagabonds or rogues. Suppose it was a little cousin that a big cousin lost to get rid of?"

Amused, doubtless by the boy's questions, the man began to laugh, and answered:

"The big cousin would indeed be a very bad cousin."

"Well, what if that really happened?"

"I should take the little cousin to prison just the same. It's against the law for any one to sleep in the streets; and the prison isn't such a bad or lonesome place. Once there, the little cousin would be examined; and if no relatives came to claim him, he would be placed in a home where he would be well cared for and taught a trade."

"Would it be like a boarding-school?"

"Not exactly; for he couldn't go away, as he wouldn't be free. Then, too, he wouldn't be allowed to have such a pretty little dog as you have for a companion."

Camille looked thoughtful.

"It's forbidden to sleep in the street," he reflected. "That's strange."

Then he said aloud:

"I thank you, sir, and bid you good-evening!"

So saying, he took his dog under his arm and walked away, thinking what to do next.

"Really, I am worse off than Robinson Crusoe. Where shall I go to find a place to sleep? If I could only see a house that is abandoned like myself, it

would suit me, and Fox too. Isn't that so, doggie?"

Camille had reached this point in his musings when his attention was attracted by a lantern burning in the middle of the street. He saw on his right two houses in process of building, and a scaffolding, in front of which another lantern shed a bad-smelling smoke.

"Hello!" he said to himself, joyfully. "Here are two houses without doors or windows and probably without any one in them. Let us go in, Fox; we'll see."

The poor boy was deceived, however; for scarcely had he put his foot on the scaffolding when a hoarse voice called out:

"Who goes there?"

Camille's heart nearly stopped beating. Fox answered the voice with an angry growl.

IX.

Camille soon saw coming toward him an old soldier with a wooden leg, leaning on a cane. "So it's you that's making all this noise, you young rascal!"

"It didn't seem to me that I was making very much noise, sir," replied Camille, dejectedly.

"If it wasn't you that was disturbing my sleep, it was your dog. A man can't sleep in peace even here in this deserted place."

"Were you sleeping, sir? You are lucky to find a place," said Camille, in the same tone as before.

"If I had a dog like yours," said the soldier, "he would watch for me and I *could* sleep. The police poisoned my poor Austerlitz. He found a meat ball in the road and it tempted him. As a result, he came to die in my arms. Poor Austerlitz! He was my friend,—my only friend. We found each other at the battle of Austerlitz, where we were both wounded. Since that time we have both, as the song says, 'floated together

down the river of life,'—that is, until last Friday. My poor Austerlitz ended his days here. Won't you sell me your dog—or give him to me, rather? If I had to pay for him, it would be a trifle difficult, as my purse is for the moment almost empty. Give him to me! I should be very thankful for him. I would name him Austerlitz. What do you say?"

"This dog isn't mine: I can not give him away or sell him. But if you will let him and me sleep here, we will both keep him."

"Agreed, my boy! Come in! The room is airy; four walls for hangings and the sky for a roof. Are you hungry or thirsty?"

"I have had nothing except a piece of bread since morning, sir."

"Poor boy! Here are the remains of some cold veal which a pretty young lady next door gave me to-day. As for wine, upon my word I never have any left. It is a habit I formed in the army. But here I am chattering on like an old magpie, without asking you how it happens that, neat and clean as you are, you find yourself on the streets of Paris, hungry and alone!"

"I can't tell you that, sir," answered Camille. "It's too wicked."

"Have you been doing something bad, with that angel face of yours?" asked Père La Tuile. That was the old soldier's name.

"Not I, sir,—but my big cousin. So, on account of that—because—that's why I can't speak ill of my big cousin."

"If in the army they hadn't explained our duties to us any more clearly than you have told the story of your big cousin, we should have made sorry soldiers. But you must be very tired and sleepy. Good-night, comrade! Keep watch, Austerlitz!"

The old soldier now withdrew into a little tent arranged between the timbers, while Camille lay down on a bundle of

ay in a corner. A few moments later, after a short prayer, the poor boy, wrapped in a sweet sleep, had forgotten all his troubles.

X.

At daybreak Camille was startled out of his sleep by his dog, which barked loudly, and looked with a half-threatening, half-timid expression at a large crowd of workmen who invaded the part of the house where his master and the old soldier were resting.

"Ho, ho! The old soldier, Père La Tuile!" exclaimed one of the men. "But who are these new tenants, who don't wait for a house to get finished before coming to live in it?"

"Well, what is it?" asked La Tuile, raising the canvas of his tent and glancing at Camille, who shrank back behind the bale of hay, as if ashamed. "I gave these new tenants a welcome. Where was the harm, after all?"

"There is no harm," replied one of the men, who seemed to be the overseer; "but I think, Père, that instead of making the little chap welcome, you would have done better to take him home to his parents, who must be worrying about him."

"I have no family, sir," said Camille, rising and shaking the hay out of his hair.

"No father nor mother?" inquired the man.

"I had only an uncle, and he's dead."

At the remembrance of this, Camille brushed away a tear that glistened on his cheek.

"No father nor mother?" repeated the men in chorus, surrounding the boy in surprise.

"And you didn't know where to go to sleep?"

"What did your uncle do?"

"Did he leave you anything?"

To these quick questions Camille replied:

"I am from Bordeaux. I came to

Paris yesterday morning. An hour later I was left in the park. That is my story."

"Left there? By whom?" asked the men all at once.

"That I can't tell. It would be a disgrace for the guilty one. When people met him on the street, they would throw stones at him. Besides, it would pain his father, who was so good and who is now in heaven. No, I can't tell you, sirs."

"What ought we to think of it?" the men said among themselves. "The boy probably doesn't know where to go for his breakfast."

"That's true," remarked Camille, a tear rolling down his cheek.

"As for your breakfast, my boy, we can each give you a bit of our lunch, and that will make you a good one."

Just at this moment a buggy drove up in front of the building and a man alighted from it. The workmen instantly dispersed; one seized a trowel, another a shovel, and in a twinkling all were at work. Camille was left alone in his corner.

Alone, did I say? I was wrong. Fox was with him.

(To be continued.)

A Topsy-Turvy Country.

If you should visit China you would think it a very topsy-turvy land. If you met a citizen who wished to salute you, he would shake his own hand instead of yours, and would keep his hat on instead of taking it off. You would notice that if he had just made a fine toilet, his boots would be whitened instead of blackened. The needle of his compass would point to the South instead of the North. If he ate a melon he would include the seeds. If he received bad news he would smile blandly. He would consider the left instead of the right the place of honor.

Hornbooks and "Cats Cradle."

WHAT was known as a hornbook was a book of one page, therefore not a book at all, but a thin piece of wood covered with a sheet of paper upon which was printed the alphabet in large and small letters, some short syllables and the Lord's Prayer. This was covered with a piece of transparent horn, the whole bound firmly with some flexible metal. At the bottom of the wooden back there was a handle in which was an aperture for the string which was to hold the hornbook about its owner's neck or waist, or across his shoulders when it was not in use. These strange books were employed by all teachers in former centuries.

The alphabet on the hornbook was always prefaced with a cross; whence it was called the Christ Cross Row, or, afterward, the Criss Cross Row. The use of the frame was to protect the letters, as we read in some old verses:

Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are
To save from fingers wet the letters fair.

Vast numbers of hornbooks were in use in the American Colonies, but very few of them seem to have survived. A penny hornbook sold recently in London for sixty-five pounds. Hornbooks were sometimes called horn-gigs, horn-bats or battledore-books. Sometimes they were embroidered or written, instead of printed; and the letters were even carved out of a solid piece of wood. Strangest of all were the hornbooks made of gingerbread, which were promptly eaten by their happy possessors.

To Master John the English maid
A hornbook gives of gingerbread;
And that the boy may learn the better,
He steals away and eats the letter.

The Dutch, too, had hornbooks which they called *a-b-boardjes*, and, like the English, they used to copy them in

dough, then eat them. When you eat a "cooky" you enjoy what the Dutch spelled "koeckje" but pronounced much in the same way, and often their cooky moulds were made so that they cut out a hornbook, letters and all.

There is a game, played often, no doubt, by our young people, in which the words Christ Cross or Criss Cross of the hornbook survive. This is what is called "Cats Cradle." In it one player stretches a long cord over his fingers in a certain way, and the second player takes this cord upon his own hands in a different form. The game was formerly called Cratch Cradle, *cratch* being the ancient word meaning crib or manger; and the string on the fingers was supposed to represent the manger where the Christ Child lay. The youngsters used to say "Criss cross, criss cross," when they took the cord from other hands.

The sampler, an embroidered piece of canvas upon which was worked the alphabet, some pious verse and often crude pictures, has been called a needlework hornbook; and often we find upon these relics of old times the little crosses of the "criss cross row."

The First Omnibus.

The first London omnibus was a gorgeous vehicle, brightly painted, with accommodation for twenty-two passengers inside, and was drawn by three handsome bay horses. The coachman and conductor were dressed in livery that matched the fine coach; the conductor being so fine a French scholar that many persons took passage merely for the purpose of chatting with him in order to improve their French accent. Newspapers and books were provided for the passengers, so one could travel and improve his education at the same time at small expense.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Many of our readers will be gratified to learn that the third volume of Letters of St. Teresa, translated by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook, will soon be published.

—A new edition of "Bœwulf," edited by Prof. Frederick Klæber of the University of Minnesota, has just appeared. It is supplied with a glossary and aids to study.

—From Pierre Téqui, Paris, we have received copies of third editions of two well-known devotional works: "Petit Manuel des Congrégations de la T. S. Vierge," and "A Jésus par Marie, ou La Parfaite Dévotion à la Sainte Vierge." The latter work is an amplification of the Marian devotion of Blessed Grignon de Montfort.

—General readers will find much to interest them in the new volume of the excellent translation of the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. It treats of piety and its opposite vices, fortitude and "fear, fearlessness and daring," the vices opposed to the virtue of fortitude. The work is for sale by Benziger Brothers; price \$3 per volume, averaging over 325 pages.

—Lists of new and forthcoming books include the "Life of Sir Mark Sykes," by his cousin, Shane Leslie, with an Introduction by Winston Churchill; a third volume of Katharine Tynan's memoirs, entitled "The Wandering Years"; "Western Mysticism: The Teaching of Saints Augustine, Gregory and Bernard on Contemplation and the Contemplatives," a book of "neglected chapters in the history of mysticism," by Abbot Butler of Downside; and "The Childhood of Christ as Seen by the Primitive Masters," an illustrated work, by M. Emile Cammaerts.

—Miss Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly, for the repose of whose soul we asked the prayers of our readers last week, was well known to the reading public, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, for her contributions, on varied subjects, to numerous periodicals and for some excellent books, the most important of which is "How France Built Her Cathedrals." A new edition of this scholarly and sumptuous work, which was enthusiastically acclaimed in this country and unstintedly praised in France, has just been brought out by the Harpers. During the war Miss O'Reilly served as a nurse. She was a daughter of

the famous John Boyle O'Reilly, and possessed the same qualities of mind and heart which caused him to be so greatly admired and beloved. Again peace to her soul!

—A biography that will charm all practical Catholics, more especially such of them as have a tender devotion to the Sacred Heart, is "A Jesuit at the English Court," by Sister Mary Philip, of the Bar Convent, York, England. The Jesuit in question was the Venerable Claude de la Colombière, the famous director of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque. This interesting Life has a special claim on the Catholics of England; for, as Father Bliss, S. J., remarks in his preface to the work, "Father de la Colombière brought the devotion [to the Sacred Heart] straight to England from its cradle at Paray-le-Monial. He taught it here before it had been preached even in France." The occasion of the French Jesuit's going to the English Court was his appointment as confessor to the Duchess of York, a position which he filled for two years (1676-1678). The book treats of the full life of its subject, a period lasting from 1641 to 1682. Benziger Brothers; price, \$2.

—Pending an extended review of "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature," by Prof. George N. Shuster of the University of Notre Dame (Macmillan Co.), we have pleasure in reproducing some appreciative references to the work by the writer of "Et Cætera" in the London *Tablet*:

The whole question of "The Catholic Spirit of Modern English Literature" has been wisely and ably set forth in a volume of that title, the work of George N. Shuster, which comes to us from the United States. Following on chapters about Digby and Newman, we have one on "Francis Thompson the Master." Many of the citations from critics show precisely how the work of Francis Thompson has influenced the whole literary trend of the time: "Many a young poet, like Walter de la Mare or Richard le Gallienne, walked the streets oblivious of everything except the haunting stanzas of 'The Hound of Heaven.' Even the doubting critics came to see the genius in their midst and believed. To-day there is no Francis Thompson controversy." The author cites, without necessarily adopting, such opinions as that "he is comparable only to Shakespeare," "the greatest of Catholicism in England during the nineteenth century." He adds: "'Sister Songs' are in everybody's hands; . . . it would be no very arduous task at this date to bring into evidence a goodly company of men and women whose first enquiries into the authenticity of Catholicism were due to their love for 'The Hound of Heaven.'"

The author treats of living Catholic writers with a very just discretion, and it is with particular pleasure that we note the tribute paid to Mrs. Parry Eden, a lady who has not yet come fully into her own in the

riches of praise due to current song: "This sturdy and altogether admirable convert to the Church is the author, as everyone ought to know, of two distinctive volumes of verse, 'Bread and Circuses' and 'Coal and Candlelight.' These are songs of a woman with a home and children, songs that seem so obvious a part of daily life that their realism is one of the most brightly optimistic facts in modern letters."...We find it in our sympathy to be sorry, on a larger issue, that the late Lord Salisbury, troubled about the existence of suffering, and helped to an understanding of it by the words of Mrs. Augustus Craven and Mrs. Hamilton King, had not by heart the tender words of a third Catholic woman:

Sweet sorrow, play a grateful part,
Break me the marble of my heart;
And of its fragments pave a street
Where, to my bliss, myself may meet
One hastening with piercèd feet!

There is a chapter on Robert Hugh Benson, in which a preference among his novels is expressed for "Initiation" and "The Sentimentalists," and in which it is well said: "His novels, like Bourget's, are demonstrations, but they are individual instead of social. Philosophically, Benson was an egoist who did not consider sufficiently, perhaps, the nature and value of environment." Which is true enough to Benson; but Benson is also true to life, as his own strange history of the appearing of a Catholic priest in the household of an Archbishop of Canterbury abundantly shows. One novelist in the States, one who, like Dickens, did a great social and domestic deal for humble contemporary conditions, we are glad to see included: "Nor could anyone excepting a poet originate the haunting figure of Uncle Remus. Although none of Joel Chandler Harris's work is distinctly Catholic, it developed from that genuine charity and kindly faith which he crowned with his conversion."

On both sides of the Atlantic, it seems the Catholic spirit is informing more and more the literature that goes into the hands and hearts of readers of taste and intelligence—of readers whose taste and intelligence, in its logical ultimate, is increasingly put to the test.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Connor, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chaptelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

- "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

Obituary.

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

Rev. August Vassal, of the diocese of Columbus; Rev. David J. Slattery, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. Bartholomew Randolph, C. M., and Rev. John Masterson, S. J.

Brother Amadeus, Brothers of Charity.

Sister M. Jeromina, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Colma, Sisters of St. Benedict; Sister M. Josephine and Sister M. Edmund, Sisters of St. Dominic.

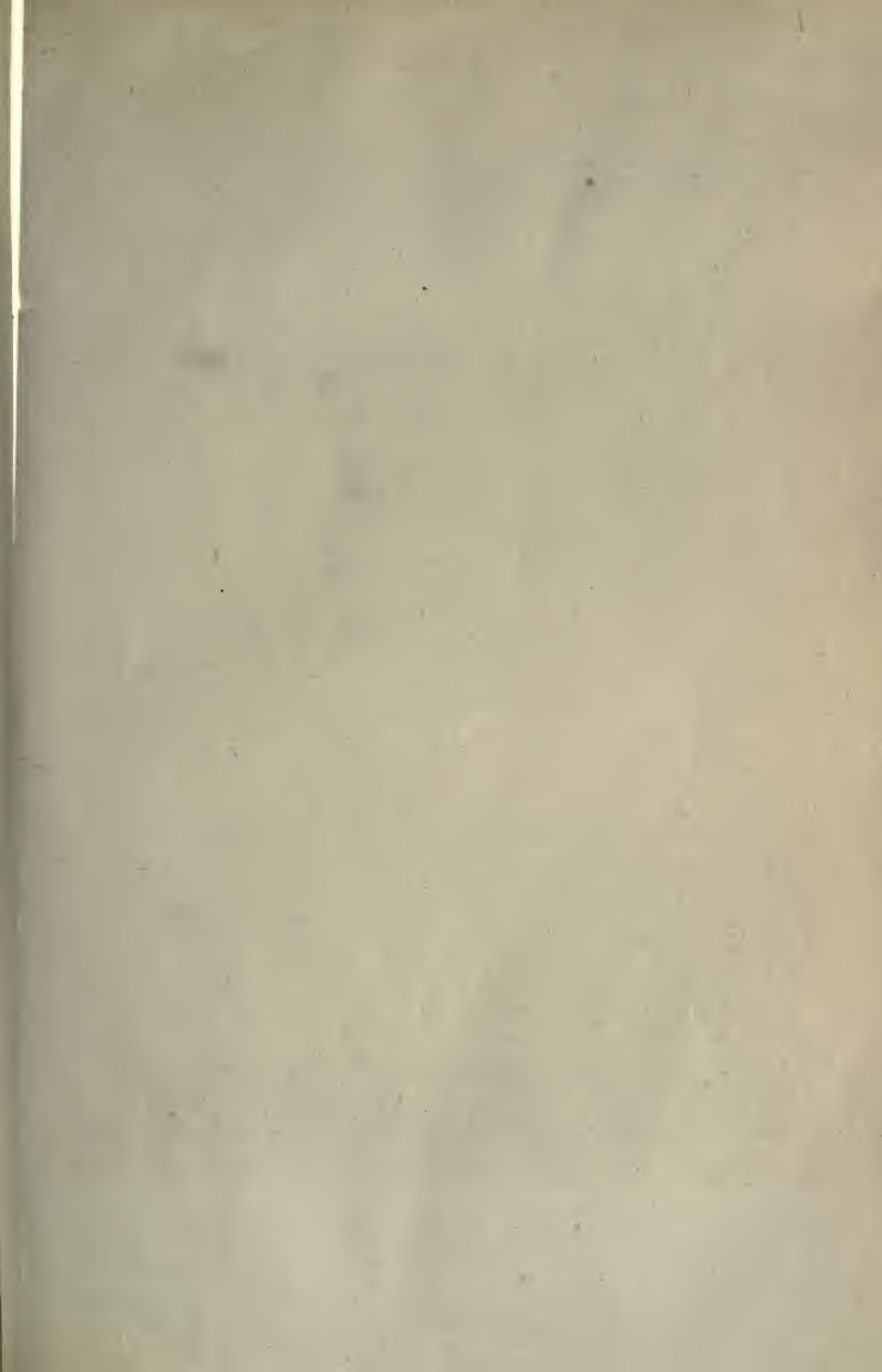
Dr. Horatio Storer, Mr. Frank Eberhardt, Col. Daniel E. McCarthy, U. S. A.; Sir Charles Santley, Mrs. Margaret Hanauer, Dr. Jokichi Takamine, Mrs. Mary Gallagher, Mr. John F. Buckley, Miss Gertrude Lemper, Mr. William Becker, Mrs. D. O'Connor, Mr. Michael Zwack, Mrs. Rose King, Mrs. Johanna Moloughney, and Mr. Napoleon Hebert.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: R. M. N., \$20; Rev. R. McD., \$2.50; C. Keating, \$2.50; friend (Seattle), \$10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: B. S. S., \$1; Margaret Crawley, \$5; friend, in honor of the "Little Flower," \$5; Isabella McCaffery, \$2.50; "in memory of my father and mother," \$5. For the famine victims in Russia and Armenia: Sister V., \$2; Justine Eberhardt, \$1. For the Foreign Missions: Justine Eberhardt, \$1.25.





MADONNA AND CHILD,
(Giovanni Bellivio.)



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

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 14, 1922.

NO. 16

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The First Rosary.

BY CARL LYNDE.

"AVE!" spake the love-winged Angel,
And the heart of nature stirred,
And the music hushed in Eden—
Song of blossom, brook and bird—
Pulsed again in happy cadence,
Echoing that tender word.

From the sea and from the mountain,
From the cloud-wreaths overhead,
From the limpid lakes far inland,
Rose a chorus, angel led,
Singing, "Ave, gratia plena!"
And the first Rosary was said.

The Case of William Barlow.*

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

IN the controversies of the latter part of the Nineteenth Century on the question of Anglican ordinations, our separated brethren were inclined to rest their cause greatly, if not chiefly, on the assumed validity of the consecration of Matthew Parker by Barlow, the lawfully deprived Bishop of St. David's. The point has not had for the last twenty-six years its former consequence from the Catholic side; the Holy See, in accordance with unvarying practice, in 1896 declared such ordinations to be

absolutely null and void *in the Catholic sense*, because the form used, though amended a hundred years later, was entirely inadequate to convey the *summum sacerdotium* to the so-called bishops of the Established Church. Pope Leo XIII. in the Bull *Apostolicae Curae* did not enter on the question of Parker's consecrator; there was no need to do this; the matter was decided on purely theological grounds. If Elizabeth had succeeded in securing one of the diocesan bishops as Parker's consecrator, the invalidity would have been the same if the insufficient form of the 1550 Ordinal had been used. Because that form was a repudiation of the whole Catholic conception of the priesthood, and the *summum sacerdotium* was not even mentioned in it. As Lingard truly said, it might as well have been used for the installation of a parish clerk. Whatever the emendation of 1662 might conceivably have effected, it came a hundred years too late, and the point is, therefore, purely an academical one.

Yet—though Barlow's status does not really affect the value of Anglican ordinations—Monsignor Barnes has done well to bring into the compass of a comparatively brief and deeply interesting volume, the weighty arguments that at least make it impossible to assert with any confidence that William Barlow possessed the episcopal character. Other writers, notably Canon Estcourt, have discussed the subject, and many years ago the Catholic Truth Society

*"Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders: A Study of the Original Documents." By Arthur Stapylton Barnes, M. A. Longmans, Green & Co. 1922.

published an excellent pamphlet by Serjeant Bellasis, entitled "Was Barlow a Bishop?" Msgr. Barnes has developed the argument of these writers, and put the case in a still more convincing shape than it has hitherto been presented. Of course no one can say dogmatically that Barlow was never consecrated to the episcopate; but in the face of the evidence, he would be a very bold man who should declare that he *was*.

There are three main considerations which at least make the fact of the consecration dubious in a very high degree. By far the most serious being the entire absence of any documentary evidence whatever. "Every step of his history," writes Msgr. Barnes, "is in order and can be proved by documentary evidence until we come to the crucial moment. We know all about his election, the royal assent to his election, the confirmation of the election by Archbishop Cranmer. But there the series stops short. For anything further we have neither privy seal nor enrolment on the Patent Rolls. The State records are as silent as the ecclesiastical, nor is there any chance mention of the fact in any contemporary authority to supply the gap. So far as external evidence is concerned, the effort to prove the consecration of Bishop Barlow completely breaks down. It is a very remarkable circumstance, quite inexplicable, if the consecration ever really took place, and absolutely unparalleled in the case of any other bishop of the period, or, indeed, since careful records of such matters in England first began."*

Now there should be at least thirteen documents, any one of which would be sufficient to prove the consecration: there might easily be fifteen or more. In chapter vii of his work, Msgr. Barnes gives valuable information as to the apparent destruction of a number of these papers. It is at least an

extraordinary coincidence that the diocesan episcopal registers—two of the three dioceses to which Barlow was appointed by Henry VIII.—should be imperfect precisely during the years when he held the Sees. In the Chapter Records of all three dioceses the fatal hiatus occurs; the same applies to the Archdeacon of Canterbury's register, and in the register of the dean and chapter of the Metropolitan Cathedral. The Patent Rolls for 1536 have apparently been mutilated, an expert in the Record Office giving it as his opinion that this is the case, and that "the mere fact of removal [of one or more of the parchment membranes of which the Roll is composed] appears to argue some very special and unusual case." All this at least gives color to Msgr. Barnes' contention that, in order to cover the lack of any record of Barlow's consecration, other records have been abstracted from the various registers and the Patent Rolls, that Parker's presumed consecrator might not stand alone in this respect.

In connection with all this it is important to notice the trial of the Bishop of London, Dr. Edmund Bonner, who was summoned from the Marshalsea Prison to take the Oath of Supremacy before Dr. Horne, the intruded Protestant bishop of Winchester. Bonner, of course, refused the Oath; the prelate who had weakly fallen into schism under Henry was a confessor for the Faith under his apostate daughter. But his refusal was based on the quite unexpected ground that Horne was no bishop, being appointed contrary to the law of both Church and Realm; neither elected nor consecrated, and consequently incompetent to administer the Oath. The judges declared that if this were so, Bonner could not be condemned. For two years the case was before the Courts, but in the end was dropped. Such action, or inaction, on

* p. 42.

the part of the Government is almost inexplicable, unless Elizabeth, Cecil, and Parker were aware there was something wrong. And, from their point of view, what could that be but the validity of Parker's consecration? Msgr. Barnes shows that there is at least good reason to believe that the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Creagh, then a prisoner in the Tower of London, was approached with the hope of inducing him to consecrate one or more of the new prelates, and so make good whatever defect existed or was suspected.

Whatever may be the secret history of the whole transaction, it is certain that the Act of Parliament (8 Eliz. cap. i) was passed to stop the common talk throughout England that the new prelates had no standing either in Church or State law. The only alleged ground for the passing of this "Act declaring the making and consecrating of the archbishops and bishops of this realm to be good and lawful and perfect," was "the possible illegality arising out of the fact that the Ordinal was not originally a part of the Prayer Book, and therefore was not necessarily authorized by an Act which named the Prayer Book only."* Any flaw in the appointment, consecration, and status of the new bishops was thus retrospectively made good in statute law. But why was this necessary? Elizabeth, as supreme governor of the new Establishment, had inserted in the commission for Parker's consecration a clause validating, by her royal authority, any possible legal defects,† of which there were certainly sufficient to make even a Tudor uneasy. But this new Act, whatever may have been the real reason—and Msgr. Barnes is convinced that we must look for it in Barlow's lack of the episcopal character—was undoubtedly passed in order to cover more than a mere technical flaw which, on Tudor principles, had already

been amply repaired (if it existed at all) by the exercise of the royal supremacy.

For some reason or other the Government was afraid to press Bonner's prosecution; though, after the manner of those times, the Bishop of London was left in prison until his death. Even after the Act just referred to was passed, his condemnation was not attempted. There was obviously a dread that something might emerge to the discredit of all concerned in the unhappy change of religion. The only other explanation that seems conceivable is that Elizabeth, who neither believed in, nor had any love for, the Church she had created as a political engine, was determined not to permit the extreme penalty to be inflicted on a bishop in whose character she *did* believe. She may also have dreaded the result of such a judicial murder both in England and on the Continent. Yet her father had murdered an English bishop who was also a prince of the Church; and she had inherited a full portion of the Tudor spirit of reckless self-will, to be gratified at whatever cost. Msgr. Barnes' argument, therefore, while it can not be termed conclusive, is undoubtedly strong. It forms one of a converging series of facts which all point towards the conclusion—that there was something decidedly wrong about William Barlow's position.*

It is a commonplace to urge on the Anglican side that not only Barlow's consecration, but those of Bishop

* A third reason for seriously suspecting the fact of Barlow's consecration lies in the apparent likelihood that Henry, at the time of his appointment, was inclined to the Lutheran Theory (held by a few obscure theologians) that the *summum sacerdotium* is contained in the priesthood. It is certain, from his own words, that Barlow himself did not believe in the necessity of anything beyond the royal nomination, and that Cranmer shared his opinion.

* p. 107.

† p. 90.

Gardiner and other bishops, are lacking in the Lambeth Register, and that other documents which should record or imply the consecration are not forthcoming. This is true enough; but in no case, we believe, is *every one* of the fourteen or fifteen documents, that must have existed, missing, except in Barlow's. Evidence that a presumed Catholic bishop consecrated another successor of the Apostles, or ordained priests, would be indisputable evidence of his own episcopal character. But Barlow appears never to have attempted to confer the Sacrament of Holy Orders. Msgr. Barnes also shows, as we have seen, that there is a very suspicious gap in a number of the diocesan registers which should contain his name, or which refer to the years during which he held the temporalities of the dioceses to which he had been appointed by the royal pleasure.

Msgr. Barnes is, further, convinced that the record of Parker's (so-called) consecration in the Lambeth Register is an interpolation. That the function took place no one now doubts, we suppose; but he believes that the whole account was rewritten in order to insert the statement that—in direct contravention of the express rubric of the new Ordinal—the four prelates concerned all repeated the form "Take the Holy Ghost," as they imposed their hands on Parker. It might seem not very likely that they did so; but if not, the idea was a clever afterthought on the part of Cecil or Parker himself, or some other follower of the new State religion. For one of the prelates concerned was John Hodgkins, consecrated, of course, by the Catholic Pontifical, as suffragan Bishop of Bedford in 1537, a man of no principle, who had changed his side with every shift of the political and ecclesiastical balance. Even if the statement of the recitation of the form by the four prelates is accepted, the position is not

really affected, as it has always been understood that the officiant alone consecrates, and the assisting bishops are only witnesses and in this way co-operators, like the priests who impose their hands with the bishop at the ordination of a priest. In each case, the Order represented welcomes a new member to itself, and, as it were, endorses the action of the officiant.

But Cecil, or some other crafty person, may well have seen in the fact of John Hodgkins being reputed to have pronounced the words in question along with Barlow, Scory, and Coverdale (the two last of whom were not Catholic bishops at all, being "consecrated" by the new Pontifical) a way to meet any challenge to produce a proof of the validity of Parker's episcopal character. It would be urged in defence, when dealing with people who knew no technical theology: "Even granting that Barlow, Scory, and Coverdale are mere laymen, here is Hodgkins, as much a bishop as the Pope himself. And as he repeated the form of consecration, Parker's episcopate is, on this ground alone, derived from a Catholic source." Of course, the plea is ridiculous, and, if used by a well-read man, dishonest; though it might well serve the "turn-coats" and time servers of the Elizabethan Court. But whether, as a matter of fact, the four ever repeated the form, we can not hope to know. If they did—and Barlow was no bishop,—Matthew Parker's case is not helped in the least degree.

But that the record in the Lambeth Register is not a forgery seems to be practically the united opinion of all authorities. Of course, it is just possible that an incorrect statement may have been from the first inserted in an otherwise genuine record. The document is a very strange one, burdened with quite irrelevant and absurd details as to cushions, chairs, and the different

costumes of the officiant and his assistants. Yet we have the weighty authority of Dr. Lingard for believing it to be authentic and contemporary; and in such a matter it is a very bold debater who would cross swords with the great historian. Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., in an able review of Msgr. Barnes' book in a recent number of the *Month*, considers the Monsignor's theory, as to the wholesale rewriting, with the introduction of new material, of the original folios of the register, to be quite impossible. One certainly has the impression, with regard to this part of a very valuable book, that the dovetailing is almost *too* perfect! The whole story of the register, as drawn out by the learned author, *might* be absolute fact, but the evidence is either deficient or may be interpreted in more ways than one. It is certainly somewhat incredible "that 107 vellum folios had been forged, or, at any rate, rewritten, in order to introduce the statement that the words 'Take the Holy Ghost' had been spoken by all four consecrators, and not by Barlow alone... the labor would be prodigious. Surely, some device would have suggested itself by which, since the volume was not then bound up, certain leaves could have been substituted without rewriting the whole."

To Anglican churchmen, the question of Barlow's ecclesiastical status is a matter of the most serious importance, for he is the single link on which the supposed validity of their ordinations depends. They appear not to doubt the validity of the form used at Parker's consecration, so that on their theory Barlow's episcopal character, if he really possessed it, would convey the *summum sacerdotium* to Parker and his successors. When so much is at stake, it is surely madness to risk all on a "perhaps." Yet, how can our Anglican friends deny the peril? It is impossible

to affirm with dogmatic certainty that William Barlow was never consecrated bishop; it is no less impossible to find a scrap of conclusive evidence *that he was*. But so far as the known facts take us, they lead to the conclusion that his consecration is, at the best, unlikely to have taken place. Catholics are aware that neither alternative makes the slightest difference. But to the Anglican Churches of England, Scotland, America, and the dominions overseas, everything turns on which alternative is true. On their own theory, if Barlow was no bishop, they have never possessed the *summum sacerdotium*; their "bishops" have never conferred the Sacrament of Holy Orders, and their "priests," though clad in the vestments of the Church, have never offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is the terror of this doubt, based on whatever grounds, that has led a certain number of Anglican clergymen to seek Sacred Orders at the hands of some schismatic, though duly consecrated, bishop. In such a case, even the shadow of a doubt is intolerable to a believing and devout soul. And who can pretend that in the question of Barlow's consecration there does not exist doubt of the gravest kind?

GREAT as was St. Paul's devotion to Our Lord,—much greater was that of the Blessed Virgin; because she was His Mother, and because she had Him and all His sufferings actually before her eyes, and because she had the long intimacy of thirty years with Him; and because she was, from her special sanctity, so ineffably near to Him in spirit. When, then, He was mocked, bruised, and nailed to the Cross, she felt as keenly as if every indignity and torture inflicted on Him was struck at herself. She could have cried out in agony at every pang of His.

—Cardinal Newman.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVII.



It was already Sunday afternoon, and Gregory Glassford was still wondering if he should inform Eloise of the disclosures made by Ambrose Gilfillan, and the consequent changes in her relation to the House at the Cross Roads.

"Poor Eloise," he thought, "she is laying up new mortifications for herself in her arrogant assertion of ownership. I wonder what has got into her that she seems to forget good breeding and good taste." And all the time, Eloise was priding herself on her perfect manner and the polish that she had acquired by her contact with Mrs. Critchley's brilliant circle.

However, Gregory finally decided that he would wait until the girl had left the House at the Cross Roads and was settled at Mrs. Critchley's. He fancied that in the excitement of that brilliant circle, she would receive with more equanimity the startling news of a change in her grandfather's will.

Glassford had found in the notes, which Father O'Brien had handed him, a statement of how the elder Brentwood, apparently after his last visit to the House at the Cross Roads, had made a new will, leaving the house, with a certain sum of money to the children of Walter Brentwood, with the sole condition of providing a home for their step-mother till her death. The reason for this sudden reversal of his previous disposition of the property did not appear. But Gilfillan, as he stated in the notes, discovering, just before Mr. Brentwood's death, that a later will had been made, managed to obtain possession of that document, which had been placed with others, for safe keeping, in a vault. Fortune had favored his wicked scheme. The will had been drawn up by a

strange notary, an aged man, who died quite suddenly; and though two servants of the house had been called to witness the deed, they scarcely realized that it was in the nature of a will, and could not by any means have contravened Gilfillan's assertion that no later will than that of a few years previous was in existence.

Now this later information, supplementing that which Gregory had received from the lips of the dying man, was procured by a careful reading of the priest's notes. The will itself, Glassford did not feel authorized to examine, until he had submitted it to the late Mr. Brentwood's lawyer. But there was no doubt whatever in his mind that Ambrose Gilfillan, both in speech and writing, had stated the truth. He wondered, as he continued to read, if Gilfillan would ever have admitted his guilt and striven to rectify the wrong he had done but for the power of the confessional.

"There's no power like it," he reflected. "If those outside could only realize that truth!"

Glassford made up his mind that he would talk the matter over with Larry, whose judgment and discretion he held in high opinion. Marcia, too, might be let into the secret; but Eloise, he decided, must be kept in ignorance, at least until the lawyer had been consulted, and the girl herself was settled safely at Mrs. Critchley's.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "and since she has set her heart upon a visit to her aunt, it is better she should leave here. She might reproach me afterwards for allowing her to remain where she had no legal right, and where her repeated assertions of ownership would now render her ridiculous."

"So," concluded Gregory, with a laugh, "I shall give my gracious consent, for which she probably would not have waited, and advise her to hasten her departure to the city."

So, when lunch was over, he suggested to Larry that they should take a walk.

"We shall not be gone so very long," he announced to the girls. "We shall probably be back by five, at the latest; and, if you ladies would care to take a drive, there will be plenty of time before supper."

Eloise spoke for both:

"We shall be ready by five.— So be sure you don't keep us waiting."

The two men walked briskly and, at first, almost in a silence which Gregory broke by saying:

"Poor Gilfillan's death interfered a bit with our plans, but to-morrow, if you are still in the same mind—"

"Why, of course I am," put in Larry.

"I was going to say," Glassford resumed, "if you are still in the same mind, after you hear something I've got to tell you, everything can be signed and sealed."

Larry was conscious of a lively curiosity to know what that something might be which the older man had to tell; but he was quite aware that the chief purpose of this walk was precisely to tell him. So he asked no questions, but merely said:

"I think it would be pretty hard to make me change my mind concerning the prospect you have offered me."

"You may think differently, Brentwood, when I tell you that there is no longer a question of saving the house for yourself and the others."

"Why, what do you mean, Glassford?" stammered Larry, "are you telling me that it will be impossible after all for us to remain there, even temporarily?"

"No," answered Gregory, "it isn't that, but—"

"That nothing I can do will keep us there?" Larry exclaimed. Gregory had never seen the young man so moved and so excited.

"You won't have to try," Gregory

responded quickly, "that part has been made easy. I am glad to be able to tell you, that it is almost certain the house belongs to you and Marcia."

Larry stood still.

"You don't mean this for a jest, Glassford?" he said, almost pleadingly.

"No, it would be a cruel and meaningless one. Let us walk on and you shall hear how your grandfather, who was a just, if basely deceived, man, altered the will in your favor."

"In our favor!" cried Larry. "Oh, my God!"

The ejaculation fell from him involuntarily, reverently even, as though it had been a prayer. For there rushed in upon him like a torrent the brave struggles he and Marcia had known, their deprivations, and finally, their grief, which they had so bravely concealed, at the thought of losing their dearest possession upon earth. He thought of the poor, old woman, who, for the most part sat helpless in a chair, but who had been an integral part of their life, and had helped to keep their minds and hearts in the straight path of duty and religion; how hard it would have been for her to go; how joyful to be allowed to remain. His thoughts were flying even to the kitchen and its presiding genius.

"I know you are rejoiced," said Glassford, breaking the silence, full of emotion, "and, believe me, dear boy, I share your joy."

"I can scarcely believe in this good fortune. It has been so long in coming. But—I say, Glassford, what will happen to Eloise?"

"That, of course, is a problem," answered the other; gravely; "though I am convinced, when the new will is examined, that ample provision has been made for her."

"Because, you see," went on the young man uneasily, "Marcia and I are used to struggling and all that, but she

is different. I am afraid she will take it very hard."

"On the other hand," argued Glassford, "she will feel no personal grief at giving up the old house. It may even be a relief to her not to have to live here. You see, it will leave her very free."

"I hope she will take that view of it," the younger man agreed, snatching at this more hopeful idea. "She doesn't care a fig for the old barn, as she sometimes calls it."

Gregory was not so certain of this as he chose to appear. He knew that his ward had shown on many occasions a pride of possession, and had possibly enlarged upon the demerits of the house partly out of contradiction to Marcia, who was its virtual mistress. Still her heart could not be in it as Marcia's was.

"Dolly Critchley will marry her off in no time," Gregory said. And then he felt a twinge of something like remorse. Had he been in any way disloyal to his great trust, just because his own heart had gone out in another direction? To whom would Dolly Critchley marry his poor little Eloise, who was, after all, little more than a child? His brows knitted in perplexity; but what was there that he could do? Not marry her himself, a course which had now become unthinkable, even if Eloise had been willing. He did not impart any of these anxieties to Larry, who was joyfully keeping pace with him.

"Well!" inquired Gregory, when they had walked a considerable distance, each busied with his own thoughts, "what do you say now, about our plan? Does it still hold good?"

"Why, of course, it does!" responded Larry, "now more than ever. I will have more incentive, more encouragement in my work. I shall be of ever so much more use to you."

Gregory laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"You will certainly be of use to me; and I feel a certain selfish regret in the fact that I can not be, as I believed, of assistance to you and yours in the great matter of keeping the house."

"We shall always feel ourselves just as much indebted," exclaimed Larry; "for we know that that was your real motive in giving me such a chance in Wall Street."

"Poor Marcia!" the younger man said, after a pause. "You don't know what a brick she has been."

"Well, I don't suppose it is possible for me to know it all," responded Glassford, "but I can guess a great deal. Some day, perhaps,—" he began, but he did not finish.

It would be premature, and, in fact, absurd, to disclose, even to this sympathetic companion, the hopes which had begun to take shape in his mind. So he led the conversation away from that topic, which to him was of all the most desirable, and instead explained to Larry as much as he thought fitting of Ambrose Gilfillan's confession.

Larry, simple minded and ingenuous, scrupulously honest in all his dealings, as beseemed his father's son, was appalled at the depths of treachery, cunning and meanness into which Gilfillan had fallen. Unlike Marcia, he could not, at once, feel that death had settled the account. He was conscious of a burning resentment.

"The mean sneak! the dirty hound!"

Glassford laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I felt the same," he declared. "I had scarcely patience at first, to hear his story; but since then, dear boy, you and I have seen him in his coffin, powerless for further evil, judged, we hope forgiven."

Larry breathed hard, as though he had been running. He was trying to reach that goal which Gregory placed before him.

"You see," said the older man, "in my years of life, I have seen so many fellows begin well enough and sink down to the very depths. He hadn't the opportunities that some of us have had. His father before him was a ne'er do well, and then—" Gregory's voice sank lower, and he hesitated a little. "You will realize, perhaps, when you are older, how much harm a woman can do. Gilfillan was led on, encouraged, and then thrown down. On his weak, poor nature, the experience had a sinister effect. There's that much excuse for him."

"I should like to see the woman who should make me do such—"

"My dear boy," laughed Gregory, "don't miscalculate the power of women. I tell you they can make or mar us, especially if they get hold of us while we are young."

Glassford then changed the conversation to making arrangements for the morrow. Larry would drive down with him, and all matters concerning their new partnership could be settled without delay.

"And then, there is that matter of the will," he said, thoughtfully; "I should like you to be with me when we call upon the lawyer."

"If you wish, of course, I shall go with you," agreed Larry; "but do you really think it is advisable for me to appear until this new will is proved?"

Glassford reflected.

"Perhaps you are right, being, as Gilfillan made me understand, a beneficiary under this instrument. I shall go alone, and keep you advised as to results."

He continued after a pause:

"It seemed to me a gruesome business that night, when I was left alone in the death chamber; I examined the escritoire, where, according to Gilfillan's statement, the will was concealed. I tell you what, old man, I never did anything more disagreeable."

Larry nodded. He could picture to himself the scene; there, at midnight, in those shabby lodgings, with the dead man.

"I had a creepy feeling that the poor chap's eyes were following me and his finger was still pointing."

He stopped, with an embarrassed laugh:

"Such children as we are in some emergencies! However, I found the will. It was carelessly enough contained in a bundle of papers. I suppose, Ambrose had argued, that no one would suspect him, or come spying about in his desk. He was too insignificant."

After a glance at his watch, Gregory decided that they had better turn homewards, if the girls were not to be disappointed in the promised drive.

"How delighted Marcia will be!" exclaimed Larry, suddenly.

"Yes," assented the older man; "and I was thinking of asking you a favor, to let me have the pleasure of telling her. Perhaps it is too much to ask."

If Larry thought so, he gave no sign, and the other said:

"I shall take the first opportunity of speaking to her on the subject; and if it can not be to-night, I shall run out again early in the week."

However, fortune favored him in that matter. Eloise and Marcia were ready when the two men returned, and the motor was speedily at the door. Mrs. Brentwood could never be persuaded to trust herself in one of what Eliza called "them outlandish machines." At Glassford's suggestion, it had been previously arranged that they would not wait for tea.

"Shall it be east or west?" called out Gregory, as he took his place at the wheel with Larry beside him.

"Let us go west," decided Eloise, "and then we can stop at Claremont for tea."

So the motor sped away with them

over towards the beautiful stream that winds upwards to Albany and downwards to the sea. The driver directed his course towards that famous hostelry of which Eloise had spoken, with the hope in his mind, that, perhaps, he might be able to have a few moments' conversation alone with Marcia. When he was about to order tea, Eloise again gave her commands:

"Don't order tea yet, Gregory. I would like to walk about a little, here near the river."

He, of course, agreed; and whether or not she noted that he kept rather close to Marcia, as the four took their way towards the water, she seized Larry by the arm.

"Come on," she said, "Gregory is so slow. I want to get as close to the river, as I can."

"Marcia," Gregory turned towards her with a suddenness that surprised the girl, "I am glad this has happened, for I want of all things to talk to you alone."

"What a tragic tone!" laughed Marcia, "one would think it was a matter of life and death."

"It is not exactly that, but I want to have the pleasure of telling you myself something which must be a secret for all, except Larry, for some time to come."

"A secret!" echoed the girl.

"It is this, Marcia. I know how you love the old house. You *do* love it, don't you?"

"How can you ask that question?" said the girl.

"Well, it is yours—yours and Larry's. I believe no one can contest your right to it!"

He watched, with the eager eyes of one who loves, the change that came in her face. The incredulity, the hope, and, at last, the certainty. To his dismay, he saw, that, after a woman's way, she was on the verge of tears. But she con-

trolled herself by an effort, and then she spoke, in a low voice:

"This seems too wonderful to be true, only that I have learned to trust you, and to rely on your judgment—and, Gregory," she continued after a pause, "you have been our good genius. You have brought us good fortune ever since we first saw you."

Gregory was feeling a happiness greater than any he had ever known, as he listened to her tremulous, broken words. He had not believed that such happiness could exist.

"But Eloise!" exclaimed Marcia, suddenly, "won't it be hard for her! How can it possibly be arranged that her interests will not suffer?"

"Let us sit down here," said Gregory, pointing to a bench, "and I will tell you in a few words what has happened. Her interests must suffer, so far as losing the house; but, I believe, she is well provided for, and I do not think she appreciated having the old place."

He then proceeded to tell her all that he had discovered, cautioning her, however, to say nothing to Eloise until the new will had been examined.

"It is best she should know nothing, till she is settled at Mrs. Critchley's," he concluded.

Marcia agreed with him that it would make the situation easier for her to be absent when that disclosure was made.

"Poor Eloise!" she said. "She may take it harder than we think."

"Oh! do you think so?" questioned Gregory; "why, I fancied it would be rather a relief to her; and I understand her grandfather has given her the equivalent in money."

"Oh, if that is the case, surely she will be reconciled; and there is nothing for us to do but to be joyful. And, Gregory, you can never understand what a joy it is."

She looked at him with a light in her eyes such as he had never seen there.

"And I shall associate this greatest joy of my life with you."

He sat beside her mute, embarrassed. He did not want to spoil the perfection of that moment by any premature declaration of his own sentiments, and yet it was hard to say nothing, to ask from her not one little ray of hope.

"So you see," she concluded, as Larry and Eloise came in sight from the river, the latter holding a great bunch of late flowers, which she had found lurking amongst the rocks by the shore,—“so, you see, whatever happens I shall always have a warm corner in my heart for you.”

"Why, Gregory," exclaimed Eloise, "you look as if you had been at a funeral or something, and Marcia—" with a penetrating look at the girl,—“as if she had been at a wedding.”

Marcia laughed aloud.

"I had all the joy to myself, you think," she observed, "and it doesn't say much for my powers of entertainment, if you find Gregory so doleful."

"Gregory is not very easy to entertain," Eloise responded, in her most acrid tone; "if you knew him as well as I do, you would have found that out."

"I have been somewhere between Purgatory and—Paradise," Gregory declared, enigmatically, disregarding the sharp glance which Eloise cast at him. "And now, good people, it is time for tea; and you will have to decide the momentous question, whether it will be muffins and jam, or toast, or sandwiches."

It was only after they had reached home that Glassford found an opportunity to say to Marcia:

"I am thinking about our talk at Claremont, and it has left me with a doubt."

Marcia looked inquiringly:

"Yes; I have doubted my own wisdom in speaking on the subject of the will

at all, until it has been examined by a lawyer. For it has since occurred to me that some opposition might be made."

"Do you mean that what you have told me is not quite certain?" asked Marcia, her face clouding.

"My doubt amounts to that."

"Well, then," said the girl, bravely, "we shall be no worse off than we are now, and you will, at least, have given me a delightful hour."

"What a genius you have for cheering people," exclaimed Gregory; "but you may imagine how I felt when it suddenly occurred to my very stupid mind, that, if any objection were made to the will, it should have to come through me, as the legal guardian of Eloise."

"If that is your duty, you will have to do it, of course; and he shall understand, even if things should go against us. And, indeed, we would never consent, my brother and I, to any litigation."

"Larry and I will get the best legal advice," Gregory then assured her, "so that both sides may be protected. I don't want little Eloise to lose anything that she values, but I do want you—and Larry—to have this property secured to you."

So that eventful day ended, and the next morning, Larry went down with his friend and partner to begin a new life in Wall Street, while Eloise set about her preparations for an early migration to the world of fashion. She did so with some misgivings. Gregory had so suddenly yielded to her request, and even seemed anxious for her departure. She felt that he must have some reason; and not only was her curiosity excited, but a feeling of jealous resentment. What, if Gregory Glassford should pursue his intimacy with these other Brentwoods; and with her out of the way, continue his visits to this house which he had said he

loved. Still, the die was cast. She had promised Dolly Critchley, whose friendship she could not afford to lose.

"I shall be living again, instead of vegetating in this old house, which is a regular white elephant. I wish Grandfather had never willed it to me; then Gregory Glassford would never have come here, and everything would be all right."

She looked wrathfully, as she spoke, at the shabby appointments of her room, which she had found so depressing at the time of her arrival. Then, putting aside all other thoughts, she made her preparations for a hasty departure.

(To be continued.)

Combat.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

WE saw the White Dove flying through the dark,

And heard the swish of eagles poised for prey;

We knew that snarling leopards left their mark,

And traitorous blades we parried in the fray.

Does the moon-rose fade because the sun is fled?

Nay, climbing fragrance crowns each rounded hour;

And we were chrismed knights that loved the dead,

With armor wrought from the deathless amaranth-flower.

Soon, lights sprang forth and bathed our straining faces,

Great, shimmering wings shook out a laughing wind;

Our strokes grew swifter—into savage places

The Foe was beaten back—defeated, blind....

The White Dove wings across the starry pool,
Eagles and leopards choke abysses deep;

We drink the peace of evening, clear and cool,
Within the roofs of Christ-anointed sleep.

A Winner of Souls.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

SOME months ago, THE AVE MARIA informed its readers that a book had just been published in France relating the apostolic labors of a Jesuit, Father Louis Lenoir, who, during the war, was chaplain to a colonial regiment. The characteristics that make this biography interesting are, not only the priest's sympathetic personality and singular gifts, mental and spiritual, but chiefly his fervent devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist. Realizing that the presence of Our Lord is the supreme source of strength and sanctity, he achieved wonders when he impressed this truth on his rough Colonials, whose evil reputation was proverbial in the army: they were brave men, but that was all.

That Père Lenoir was a remarkable character may be gathered from the few lines written by General Gouraud. They serve as a preface to the present volume; and are all the more valuable because the General is well known to be reticent and measured in his words. We may believe him when he writes that, although it was his privilege to meet "many admirable military chaplains," he remembers none to equal Père Lenoir in "apostolic fire, patriotism and courage."

Born in 1879, Louis Lenoir was blessed in his parents, to whom he remained, throughout his life, tenderly devoted and closely united. They gave him an excellent education to which he did justice. His brilliant gifts made him an apt pupil at college, and his charming manners, proficiency in sports and bright temper a delightful comrade in holiday time.

He was sixteen when he first thought of consecrating his life to God as a reli-

gious, and in succession, the Dominicans, Benedictines and Carthusians attracted him; whereas, towards the Society of Jesus he felt only a "marked repulsion." Then, after many earnest prayers, this entirely disappeared, and, in 1897, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Canterbury.

The two years that he spent there were followed, according to the rules of the Society, by two years of study; after which the young religious, whose health was always delicate, was sent to the Jesuit College of Beyrout for change of air and comparative relaxation. Here, his brethren realized that this earnest young scholastic was born to lead men; or, as his biographer puts it, was a "preneur d'âmes," literally, a winner of souls. The pupils with whom he had to deal were externs—Mahometans, schismatics, as well as native Catholics. They were generally looked upon as an unsatisfactory element; but in Père Lenoir's hands they became trustworthy and docile: "He is a sorcerer," said a small Mahometan, wanting to describe the newcomer's influence.

After Beyrout, came a stage of three years as professor at the French Jesuit College of Marneffe in Belgium; then at Ore Place, near Hastings, he went through the course of theology that prepared him for the priesthood; finally, in 1912, he was sent back to Marneffe, his "dear Marneffe," of which he once wrote that he could find his way there "with his eyes shut," so familiar were its surroundings.

During two years more, Père Lenoir was the most popular professor of the college. His methods with his boys were those that he had used with the Syrians at Beyrout and that he was to apply later to his Colonials. He commanded the lads' loyalty by his confidence; he believed and taught that to win their trust, to develop their conscience and responsibility, was the

only method that could produce lasting results, because it made them the helpers and auxiliaries of their masters in the work of their own education. His winning personality and brilliant talents did the rest. Many of his Marneffe boys continued to cherish his memory long after death had taken him.

Devotion to the Holy Eucharist dominated his spiritual life; it was so inspiring, that, in many souls, it laid the foundation of a fervent Christian life. "No one ever spoke to me of the Holy Eucharist as he did," wrote a Marneffe boy to Père Lenoir's biographer.

Among other duties in the college, he had the care of the servants, who share the work of the Lay Brothers; among these willing, but homely spirits, he preached devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and encouraged frequent Communion. At the same time, he provided for the servants' comfort and amusement; he organized evening classes and football matches for their benefit, and placed a library at their disposal. This was characteristic of him always: he cared to give pleasure as well as to do good. The two objects went hand in hand in his dealings with others; they were made to serve the same high purpose.

Père Lenoir was at Marneffe when the war broke out, in August, 1914. Like all his brethren, who were of an age to serve, he immediately started for France. The eagerness with which the exiled religious—Carthusians, Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, missionaries of many Orders—hurried from the ends of the earth to serve the country that, in times of peace, had rejected them, is one of the magnificent lessons of patriotism given by the priests of France. Père Lenoir, whose ill health debarred him from other service, was, to his intense joy, appointed chaplain to a Colonial Corps, and to his superior, not to his family, he wrote that the

military authorities had warned him that the post was a dangerous one, and that these troops were the first to be sacrificed. He aspired to win souls to God at the cost of his life; and one of his fellow-religious remembers that on receiving the appointment, he radiated happiness: "divine visions seemed to pass before his eyes."

II.

On August 11, Père Lenoir joined his post, and from that day, he sent his parents short, bright letters that prove how, while giving his whole heart to his new mission, he kept a tender spot for those who were closely united to his apostleship by their unselfish sympathy and generous assistance. His home letters enlarge on the "immense consolations" of his new life; seldom, if ever, do they allude to its hardships and perils. Some of his more intimate personal thoughts, however, are noted on a poor little calendar, that has fortunately escaped destruction. At the beginning, it gives us the keynote of his spiritual life, the secret of his success in winning souls to God: "Jesus in the Host is with Me; He is strength, life, salvation, victory."

Among the many fighting men, who, during that month of August, sought Père Lenoir's ministry, one deserves special mention: Ernest Psichari, the grandson of Renan, a writer, an explorer, and a fervent convert; and, had his life been spared, a future priest, who made his last confession to the chaplain of the Colonials on August 22. The impression made on the chaplain by the young officer was a deep one, and the former owns to his sorrow when, a few days later, he heard that the Colonial artillery, to which Psichari belonged, had been cut to pieces. Two generals and many officers fell on this occasion, among them Renan's grandson, whose Rosary was wound round his wrist.

The tragic retreat of the French

armies brought Père Lenoir his first experiences of the horrors of war, but he faced them gallantly. His frail health seemed, at first sight, to unfit him for the hardships that fell to his lot, but his will power was almost superhuman; it fired him to do more than his duty. Never, day or night, was he out of touch with his men; he was always at hand to absolve, cheer and encourage. On September 5, while helping to remove some wounded soldiers, he was made prisoner; but on September 11, the battle of the Marne drove the Germans from Vitry-le-François, where he was detained. They went, leaving their prisoners behind; and that same evening, mounted on an Arab horse, that a friendly officer put at his disposal, Père Lenoir, an excellent horseman in his youth, started to join his Colonials. There was much to do among them, for the battle still raged at certain points. He went to and fro among the dead and dying, and was often, as his home letters prove, deeply impressed by the sights that he witnessed. Once, for instance, a dying soldier, a mere lad, who could not speak, his throat being blown away, made his confession by signs, and left messages in writing for his parents, his fiancée and his confessor. The last words that he wrote, on a bloody scrap of paper, were: "Remove the others first; only come back for me if you have time."

When, for a brief space of time, his Colonials were less actively engaged, their chaplain delighted in organizing High Masses for their benefit. On St. Michael's day, 1914, he gave Holy Communion to six hundred officers and men, who were starting for the line of fire; he notes, another day, that some artillerymen being billeted in a church, where the Blessed Sacrament had been left, he elected to spend the night there, to guard It, and stretched himself to sleep on the altar steps. His fervent

love for Our Lord, no less than his winning ways and constant kindness, impressed the rough men with whom he lived. "Grace works miracles among these poor soldiers," he writes. "I have already given thousands of individual absolutions, without counting the general absolutions. I shall never forget the joy that lights up the eyes of the dying when I open heaven to them in the name of Our Lord. . . . If these consolations were not the result of so much sorrow and so many atrocities, I should be living the happiest time of my life."

The next post held by the Colonial Regiment acquired a tragic celebrity. Massiges, in Champagne, is closely connected, in the memory of those who loved him, with Père Lenoir's methods of apostolate. On Holy Rosary Sunday, he gave Holy Communion to five hundred men: chasseurs, colonials, and artillerymen. He spent his days and nights hearing confessions in barns, in ruined churches, on the roadside; and, if an attack was pending, he gave the men Holy Communion from the ciborium, that never left his person. Though he wished, above all things, to bring his charges to consider the Blessed Eucharist as the centre of their spiritual life, he was careful in public and in private to explain to them the necessary conditions required for a worthy Communion. We intentionally lay stress on this point, Père Lenoir having been charged with making Holy Communion too easy.

Again, General Gouraud's testimony may be quoted; in a letter to the Father's biographer, he insists that the chaplain, whom he knew intimately, never failed to explain to the soldiers to whom he gave Holy Communion when they were not fasting, that, being in close danger of death, this Communion might be considered as their Viaticum. He also, says the same witness, never failed to insist that a

general absolution given at the moment of an assault, when there was no time for individual confession, did not prevent it from becoming desirable as soon as circumstances permitted. The matter of the soldiers' Communion was eventually laid before a Roman Congregation, whose approval of Père Lenoir's methods showed that he had judged aright.

It was General Gouraud who was deputed by the French Government to bestow the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the chaplain whose fearless courage and absolute self-devotion were now legendary among the men of the Fourth Colonial Regiment. The proposition originated with the military doctor. It was favorably received at headquarters, where, without being informed of what awaited him, Père Lenoir was summoned on March 17. He found the General waiting to decorate him in presence of the troops. General Gouraud, on this occasion added a personal note to the official ceremony, when he expressed his satisfaction at the honor bestowed on his friend, a satisfaction that was evidently shared by all present.

In a letter to his Provincial, the hero of the day begins by excusing himself for accepting the decoration without referring to his superior; then he notes what in the day's ceremony impressed him most deeply—the cross was pinned above the ciborium, that he carried on his breast; and he adds: "On this occasion, it is to the Blessed Sacrament alone that the honor was due."

The feast of Easter, 1915, was, says General Gouraud, "never to be forgotten" by the Fourth Colonial Regiment. All through Lent, Père Lenoir prepared his men for the approaching festival; and we have the testimony of an eye-witness as to the goodwill with which these rough fighting men responded to his appeal.

On a certain Sunday in Lent, Père de Belinay, entering the village church of Courtemont to say Mass, found it so crowded with Colonial soldiers that it was with difficulty he made his way to the sacristy. He expressed his surprise to a priest who had just said Mass; the other replied that five or six hundred soldiers had received Holy Communion at every Mass celebrated since early morning. "This," he added, "is the doing of Père Lenoir." Père Belinay soon discovered that the chaplain of the Colonials had an influence that seemed incredible to those who knew that these men, although brave soldiers, were often lacking in morality and discipline. He realized that a whole division of these rough fighters was penetrated by the supernatural spirit that seemed to radiate from their chaplain. "It is clear," he declares, "that Père Lenoir's quick intelligence and exquisite nature could not alone explain this result. He had earned the blessing that attended his labors by an exemplary life, and by years of scrupulous fidelity to the minute duties of community life." Père de Belinay's testimony of his fellow Jesuit's extraordinary influence is all the more striking because, as we shall have occasion to mention, Père Lenoir honestly believed himself useless, inefficient, incapable of worthily filling his post. His letters, however, mention many pathetic incidents that prove how on soil that seemed unpromising, God's grace can bring forth sudden and exquisite flowers of sanctity.

When his "children" were called upon to fulfil a particularly dangerous task, Père Lenoir was close to them; he was present when, in a hand-to-hand fight in the dark, the Colonials took back a lost position. In one letter he writes: "The Fourth Colonial is marvellous. The colonel attributes this to the christianization of the regiment"; and he humbly adds: "In presence of these

men, I am thoroughly ashamed to wear my decoration."

About the same time, the regiment being at rest for some days, Père Lenoir organized a *fête* in honor of Jeanne d'Arc at which twelve hundred officers and men went to Holy Communion. This celebration was long remembered by the officers present, as well as by the men; and the chaplain's address on the occasion made a deep impression. "In this respect he was exceptionally gifted," writes a captain. "I shall never forget," adds General Berdoulat, "his short, strong sentences. He spoke like a chief giving orders: soberly, clearly, concisely, straight to the point." He never indulged in empty rhetoric; his plain, earnest, uplifting words carried conviction. A soldier expressed what all felt when he said of Père Lenoir's sermons, "The authority of his words, enforced by his splendid example, was irresistible. One could not discuss with him, but only fall down on one's knees."

(To be continued.)

WHO has explained the inborn wisdom of the birds of passage, in whose migration the young birds, hatched and nested in the North, who have never seen the South unless in their dreams, lead the way over leagues of land and sea, age and experience following humbly behind? Or that more individual and impressive return of the carrier-dove, borne hundreds of miles by the road he knows not, in a dark and miserable confinement, and there set free? Let it be noon or night, cloud or mist or tempest, he rises, circles once, and departs straight for the place he knows and loves but can not see; delayed by no doubtful wanderings, by no devious and searching failures, but direct and unerring as the soul's flight to God in death. Who has explained this?—A. C. Farquharson.

Our Kathleen.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

THE day she came to us my mother was ill. The cook had departed suddenly, without notice,—as cooks sometimes will; the chambermaid had developed a painful felon on the first finger of her right hand; and I, a young, inexperienced girl of seventeen, just from school, was launched for the first time on the sea of a housekeeper's experiences. And, oh, what a troubled, stormy sea it was! Therefore my heart bounded with hope when I led the pretty grey-eyed Irish girl, who came in response to an advertisement in the morning paper, to my mother's room.

"You look very young, my dear," said my mother in her sweet, kindly voice, as I lifted the blind a few inches that she might see the face of our prospective handmaiden.

"And sure I *am* young, ma'am," she replied, as one surprised that her state of youth should have been detrimental to the cause in hand. "But I always heard it was good to be young when one is strong, and I'll be growing older every day. Praise be to God that brought me under a Catholic roof this morning! And I hope you'll let me try, ma'am, and see what I can do for you. It's sorry I am that you're lying on your back this beautiful Spring day. But we'll have you up before long, I hope, ma'am, please God."

There was not the slightest hint of forwardness in this speech, though to the reader it may seem familiar as falling from the lips of a "greenhorn" not two days "landed." It was simply the delicious innocence of youth and inexperience. We both felt it. I looked quickly at my mother as if to say, "Is she not delightful?" and she answered my thought with a smiling glance of comprehension.

"But what can you do?" she inquired. "Where have you lived?"

"At home in Ireland I could do all there was to be done in the house, ma'am," she answered. "But here I don't know the ways. They are very strange entirely. But I can learn, ma'am, and I'm not slow."

"You do not mean that you have never been at service in America?"

"Yes, ma'am, I mean that. It would be very wrong and foolish for me to pretend otherwise; though some women on the cars told me if I acknowledged the truth, it would prevent me getting a place. I think myself it would be far worse to say I could do the things I know nothing about, and then when I came to do them be betraying myself."

"My dear child," observed my mother, "I fancy you will have to be taught almost everything."

"Your fancy isn't far from right, ma'am," was the instant reply. "But I'll try my best; and maybe the young lady will teach me a little till you are on your feet again."

The domestic situation was explained to her, my own inexperience, also the temporary disability of the chambermaid, who had gone home that morning.

"I do not know what to do," said my mother, as she finished the recital of our woes.

"Let me stop, anyway, till yourself are better and you can find one to suit you," was the prompt response. "I can wash the pots and pans and scrub the floors for the young lady, so that she'll not be soiling her hands too much entirely."

Her eyes met mine: Youth spoke to Youth.

"Do let her stay, mother!" I pleaded; and the easy victory was won.

Afterward we both laughed heartily at the mistakes Kathleen made in the beginning,—mistakes that would not have occurred if I myself had not

been so inexperienced. But by the time she had been in the house three weeks everything was running smoothly; though our fortunes, already failing, made it necessary that we should do without another servant. Before she had been with us six months my father died; the large house was rented, and my mother, Kathleen and myself moved to a smaller one which we owned in the suburbs.

I do not know what we should have done without Kathleen in that dreary time: I had a spell of typhoid fever, and after I had recovered, my mother fell and broke her arm. Kathleen bore all the burdens—was cook, housekeeper and nurse all in one. She seemed to grow prettier every day; everything she wore was fresh and becoming, though her attire was of the simplest. She was never out of humor, never tired: work seemed to her but play.

She had been with us about a year and a half when we learned the story of the little romance which had sent her to America. One day a letter came for her,—the first she had received. This did not surprise us, however. She had told us she was an orphan, with no connection that she knew of but a step-mother, with whom she could not agree, and so had come to this country. When I handed her the letter she turned it over several times in a puzzled way; then said, with an embarrassed smile:

"Maybe you would read it for me, Miss Florence, please? I don't know writing at all."

I was surprised, as she seemed fond of reading.

"How is that, Kathleen," I asked, "when you are such a great reader?"

"I am very fond of reading," she rejoined; "but I can hardly make out writing at all. After my mother's death I never went to school."

"I am so sorry!" I said. "But after this we will have a writing lesson

every evening, when the work is done."

"Oh, that'll be just what I'd like!" she replied, with radiant countenance.

I opened the letter; it read as follows:

DEAR MISS BLAINE:—This is to let you know that your stepmother is dead, and has left it upon you as her dying request that I am to be your husband. Times were bad, and my lending her money leaves her and you my debtors to the amount of one hundred pounds. The same I will remit if you promise to come home and marry me. It can not be that you will allow the good woman who raised you as her own to languish in Purgatory for a debt you can repay.

By this time I should judge you were tired of the hard work in America, which I learn from Martin Clancy you have been doing. Kindly let me know if you receive this, and I will send passage money; forgiving the past, and always

Your faithful friend,

PETER BREEN.

Kathleen sat gazing into space, with a troubled look in her grey eyes, her lips tightly shut, one foot nervously tapping the floor. At last she spoke:

"Tell me, Miss Florence, would that debt he mentions be on me *at all*, think you? Would there be any obligation? God knows I wouldn't like to be the means of keeping the poor creature one hour in suffering, though she was no mother to me."

"No, not the smallest obligation," I answered promptly. "Of course I do not know the particulars, but unless you made a promise, Kathleen—"

"A promise, is it! To that man!" she exclaimed. "'Twas on account of him mostly that I ran away to America."

"Tell me all about it, Kathleen."

"I will, Miss. Sure, why should I have any secret from yourself or the mistress? I'd have told it long ago, if I thought there was any need for it. And I'm afraid he'll pursue me, now that he knows where I am."

"But he can not take you, Kathleen, if you do not want to go with him."

"I'd go to my grave first, Miss Florence," she replied.

At this moment my mother entered the kitchen, and the letter was read once more. I think I should have called her if she had not appeared; knowing well that Kathleen's story could not fail to be interesting to her.

"Ma'am," she began, "I'd not think of bothering you and Miss Florence with my little affairs if it were not kind of forced on me by what's happened. I was down town one day and I met a boy from my own place, and it's he that has told where I am. He asked if he could come to see me, and I told him I didn't care for any company; but I was foolish enough at the same time to tell him where I lived. It's my stepmother that's the cause of it all. My father was an old man when he married her; and after he died nothing would do her but that I marry another old man and join the two farms."

"Why didn't she marry him herself?"

"They were cousins, Miss," Kathleen replied. "And if they weren't I don't believe they would have had each other, they were both that cross. She put me herding the sheep and wouldn't allow me to go to school; though we had a boy tending them before, and my father left her comfortable. But she couldn't make me marry Peter Breen, though she made my life so miserable that I ran away from her at last. I placed myself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, trusting that she would take care of me; and I say her Rosary every day. And that's all the story. Did I do wrong, think you?"

She was speedily assured that she had not done wrong, and that was the end of the episode. No reply was ever sent to Peter, and for two years longer we rejoiced in the possession of our little Kathleen.

But one Spring day, while we were having some repairs made, a handsome young carpenter made her acquaintance, and not long after Kathleen blushing asked permission to receive him as a visitor. The inevitable end soon came to pass. Felix was apparently all that could be desired, and reluctantly we gave our treasure into his keeping. They returned to Pennsylvania, whence he had come; and we had several cheerful letters from Kathleen. The oil fever was at its height at the time, and she wrote that he was making splendid wages putting up machinery for the operators.

Misfortune continued to follow us. Our little house with all its contents was burned to the ground, leaving us almost penniless. Then a bank failure completed the ruin. Not only myself but my poor mother was obliged to seek for employment. So Kathleen passed out of our existence.

For a dozen years or more I had been housekeeper in a large hotel. The responsibility was great, but my duties were not arduous; and my mother was with me. She employed her time in mending and marking the linen, and we were happy in each other. One day I was requested to prepare the finest suite of rooms in the house for the family of an oil king, whose riches were said to be fabulous, and of whose charities and those of his wife the papers had often made mention.

"By the way, they are of your religion, Miss Donaldson," said the proprietor. "It was specially asked whether this house was in easy reach of a Catholic church. I wrote them that there was one around the corner."

They arrived in the afternoon; but, as my duties did not call me in the direction of their apartment, I had not seen any of them. The chambermaid who attended the party described the mother as a very beautiful woman, the

girls lovely, and the boys remarkably handsome.

About nine o'clock my mother and I were in our little sitting-room, reading, when some one knocked at the door.

"I beg pardon!" said a very sweet voice as I opened it. "But they told me you were Catholics and would let me know the hours for Mass."

The lady had advanced within the room while she was speaking. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a face, nor one so full of amiability and kindness. But before I could answer her she had my mother's hand and was exclaiming:

"O Mrs. Donaldson!—you—you here! O dear, O dear!"

My mother looked helplessly at me, but I had already recognized the stranger.

"It is Kathleen, mother!" I said. "You remember our Kathleen?"

"And you too, Miss Florence!" she cried. "Ah, *you* have changed! I would never have known you. But why are you here—working? What happened that you did not write to me?"

She drew us both to the sofa and sat in the middle, now looking at one, now at the other, while tears ran down her cheeks,—indeed we were all crying. After we had accounted for ourselves, she told how her husband, in his occupation of carpenter, had secured some oil lands which had proved of enormous value. For years she had vainly endeavored to find some trace of us; "for I wanted you to share in my good fortune," she said.

We talked laughingly of Peter Breen, who, we hoped, was happily resting in a better land. She told us of her dear husband, who would soon join her, and of her children, whom we must see that very night.

In the midst of it came a girlish voice, following a tap at the door:

"Mother, are you here? We have been worried about you."

"Is it you, Mary?" the mother said. "Come in, come in, darling!—but first call Frank and Cyril and the other girls, and bring them here."

A black curly head was thrust in the doorway to learn the meaning of this extraordinary request, then disappeared.

"I knew there were only two persons in the world that mother could be so delighted to see," the child said afterward when we had become acquainted.

In a few moments she returned with her brothers and sisters.

"Here, children dear," said Kathleen, gathering them all up to us in a loving embrace. "It is Mrs. Donaldson and Miss Florence, for whom I have been searching the country over, and of whom I have told you hundreds of times. Here they are, thank God! But they will not be here long. To-morrow morning will change all this."

They proved to be as lovely, as kindly, as affectionate and as grateful as their mother,—those handsome, unspoiled children. Glad in her gladness, rejoicing in her joy, they surrounded us and bore us off with them to their own rooms, where we talked and feasted till midnight. Next day we were the heroines of the place. Unashamed of the lowly station in which we had known her, Kathleen and her blessed family told the happy story everywhere. Henceforward we were numbered among their own; and, though in spite of all entreaties I declined to give up my position on the instant, Summer found us established in their seashore cottage.

My dear mother died several years after, with my arms about her, and Kathleen's hand in hers. The boys and girls are all married now, but are constantly flitting to and from the maternal nest. I believe I am almost as dear to them as their own sweet mother; they and their children call me "Aunt Florence."

A Close Imitation—Superficially.

"WANDERING around Boston, this Summer," writes a recent visitor to that city, "I came upon a church called St. Marks. On the door was a sign which said that the church was open, and another sign stating the hours of Masses, Benediction, and other devotions. Entering through the vestibule (where there was a sign entreating the people to pray for the souls of some benefactors, whose names were on the tablet), I passed into an auditorium which was very beautiful with a soft, subdued kind of beauty. There was a high altar with the sanctuary lamp burning before it and side altars; yet, in spite of all, there flashed across my mind the suspicion that this was not really a Catholic church.

"Crucifixes, statues of the Blessed Virgin, stained-glass windows with the name of some saint thereon, and the invocation in Latin, '*Ora pro nobis,*' shrines with votive candles, and even a box for offerings for St. Anthony's Bread,—all these gave an appearance of Catholicity which tended to make one feel 'at home'; but in spite of all the beauty and all the care taken to give an atmosphere of Catholicity to the place, there was something lacking.

"Now there was no one to tell me whether this was a Catholic church or not, and I was a stranger in the city, but I felt 'in my bones,' as the saying is; that it was only an imitation, albeit an imitation which was much more artistic than most of the originals. I learned afterwards that St. Marks is the church of the Cowley Fathers, an Order of 'priests' in the Protestant Episcopal Church who are more Catholic, in their dress on the street, than any Catholic priest, and who may often be seen going hither and thither in Boston. I saw one not long after my visit to the church. He was in a subway car, far from his

headquarters, and wore a long loose cassock with a black cord cincture. He had on a black clerical hat, such as one sees in pictures of French *curés*."

One can not but admire the earnestness of these men; yet a Catholic can not help feeling how very sadly mistaken they are to take the shadow for the substance—to be apparently quite satisfied with Catholic appearances and clothing and not enter into communion with Catholic life. "Is not the life more than the raiment?"

It is said that there are two confessionals in St. Marks where confessions are heard as regularly as in a Catholic church. And the story runs that more than one real Catholic, unacquainted with the city, has been misled into *almost* going to confession there. They tell of one Catholic young man from outside Boston who actually went in, made his confession, and was not undeceived until the "priest" within began to give him absolution *in English!* This caused the penitent to look up in consternation when, greatly to his chagrin, he recognized in the "priest" a Protestant young man beside whom he had roomed in one of the Harvard College dormitories, when they were both students there.

This is a very bad kind of false pretence, no matter what the Cowley Fathers may think of it. Or do these men ever stop to think? If Catholics feel indignant about such masquerading, one may be sure that other members of the Protestant Episcopal Church do not take such "imitation of Rome" with very good grace either.

It is always a puzzle how the Protestant Episcopal Church can contain, at one and the same time, two groups so far apart in faith and practice as the Cowley Fathers and their congregation, and some of the Low Church ministers and people to whom everything that savors of Rome is an abomination.

Yankee Customs Then and Now.

ALTHOUGH many books about life at sea have appeared during the last fifty or sixty years, few are more vivid and more interesting than "Two Years Before the Mast," written by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and published in Boston in 1840. As most people know, this book is the personal narrative of a Boston boy of good family and easy circumstances, who, hoping to cure some weakness of the eyes brought on by study, shipped aboard the brig "Pilgrim" from Boston to California as a common sailor. The narrative is a true "voice from the fore-castle," and was written from a journal and notes made by the author as he lived and worked among the sailors, becoming one of themselves during the voyage.

It is said that this book has been read more widely than almost any other American publication. It is still in demand in our public libraries, especially among youthful readers. If any young boy happens to have romantic notions about a "life on the ocean wave," "Two Years Before the Mast" is well calculated to correct them.

California was then a Mexican possession, and much of what the author says about the Mexicans and Spaniards is as uncomplimentary as notes made about foreign people usually are. But it is interesting to notice what he has to say about the life on board a Yankee ship as compared to life aboard a vessel from a Catholic country like Italy. When ships were in port on a Sunday, the sailors got "shore leave"; but at Eastertide the sailors of the Italian ship were allowed to go ashore for several days as well as on Easter Sunday itself. This caused some bitter reflections among the Yankee sailors, which are given expression by the author in this way: "After breakfast we had the satisfaction of seeing the Italian

ship's boat go ashore filled with men gaily dressed, as on the day before, and singing their *barcarollas*. The Easter holidays are kept up on shore during three days; and their boat being a Catholic vessel, the crew had the advantage of them. For two successive days, while perched up in the rigging, covered with tar and engaged in our disagreeable work, we saw these fellows going ashore in the morning and coming off again at night in high spirits. So much for being Protestants. There's no danger of Catholicism's spreading in New England; Yankees can not afford the time to be Catholics. American ship-masters get nearly three weeks more labor out of their crews in the course of a year than masters of vessels from Catholic countries. Yankees don't keep Christmas, and ship-masters never know when Thanksgiving comes...."

No doubt things have very much changed aboard Yankee ships since the above reflections were put on paper in the thirties of the last century; and certainly things have changed in Yankeeland itself. Catholicism has spread in New England. A good many of the old-time Yankees or their descendants have found time to become Catholics, and among them are near relatives of our author. And the influx of Catholics into the New England States have made the keeping of Christmas and Easter so popular as to make it seem to some people that the present customs must always have prevailed there. But it was true, in the days in which "Two Years Before the Mast" was written, and for many years afterwards, that the Yankee looked with abhorrence upon everything that had the appearance of a "Popish holiday." No doubt, as the author of this book intimates, this abhorrence was not altogether unconnected with the Yankee's desire to get as much work as possible out of his men.

Notes and Remarks.

Those holders of, or aspirants to, political office who are now expressing, in very general terms, opposition to religious intolerance, cautiously avoiding direct reference to the Ku-Klux Klan, will bear watching. A vote is a vote; and they fear to offend the organized enemies, (there are so many of them) of Catholics, Jews and Negroes. Representative Walter M. Chandler, of New York, is a different kind of politician. He has convictions, and he has the courage of them; he has a platform, and he is willing to have his fellow-citizens see every plank in it. His speech in the House of Representatives against the Ku-Klux Klan on the 11th ult. (to be found in the "Congressional Record" for Sept. 22) is a distinctly important and eminently timely service for this reason, as stated by Mr. Chandler: "In no period of our history since the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution has the menace to religious freedom been so great as it is to-day. Race prejudice, religious bigotry and lawlessness of every kind are running riot in the land. The alarm sounded by the President a few months ago should be heeded by patriots everywhere, and friends of freedom in every State should rally round the Constitution and the flag."

Mr. Chandler denounces bigots in general and the "Ku-Kluxers" in particular, using language so plain that no one can misunderstand it, and so forceful that only those who are castigated will fail to admire it. Though a Presbyterian, he protests with all his might against "the widespread anti-Catholic agitation in America," and deplares the fact that numerous publications which poison the public mind with infamous lies and libels, are permitted to pass through the mails. "During the last

two years," he declares, "scarcely a week has passed that I have not received at my office in Washington, from every section of the country, trashy and treasonable literature intended to excite prejudice and hatred against Jews and Catholics...."

Mr. Chandler's speech should be re-issued as a public document, and spread broadcast throughout the country. It is so strong that its effect would be that of a disinfectant in an epidemic of diphtheria. A thousand times better than tons of printed matter to combat race prejudice and religious hate from the victims thereof would be this single speech of a citizen who declares that he is "alternately angered and made sick at heart," by the propaganda of prejudice and persecution now in progress in the United States.

In selecting "Our Bishops" as the general intention, during the month of October, for the members of the League of the Sacred Heart, the Sovereign Pontiff calls attention to a duty which is as important as it is all too often disregarded, at least by the laity. The laudable sentiment that one is a sinner, unworthy of God's favors, becomes an altogether perverted sentiment when it prevents one from begging our Heavenly Father to protect and bless one's ecclesiastical superiors. The Boston *Pilot's* comment on the matter is very well put:

St. Paul insisted that it was not merely a privilege, but also a duty, for the faithful to pray for their bishops. In praying for them, we co-operate efficaciously in their ministry; we strengthen their arms with the might of God's omnipotent power which our fervent prayers draw down upon them; and we console and comfort them in their trials and troubles. By the very nature of his office, the bishop is alone. His name itself, *episcopus*, means one who stands above and watches. How few there are who understand the isolation of his position, the grave responsibilities that weigh upon him, and the worries and anxieties

that afflict his heart. He must make momentous decisions, take the initiative in important matters, speak with authority on vexatious questions, and conserve the multiple interests of the vast flock under his jurisdiction. He must keep vigilant watch over his flock, restrain the over-zealous, stir on the lagging, reprove the erring, lift up the fallen. His is a life of responsibility that few would care to undertake, and none would dare to fulfil without the consciousness of supernatural aid.

While no particular form of invocation is prescribed, when interceding for our bishops, the following prayer, habitually recited by very many religious every day, may serve as a model: "O God, the Pastor and Lord of all the faithful, look down with a propitious eye on our Holy Father the Pope, on all the pastors of the Church, and particularly on our bishop. Grant, we beseech Thee, that their words and example may be serviceable to those whom they guide, that, with the flock entrusted to their care, they may attain eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Dr. Bratt, the liquor controller of Sweden—which country recently voted strongly against Prohibition—is reported as saying to an American journalist: "Of course, when you can do away, at one stroke, with the saloons, as you have in America, Prohibition must bring some immediate benefits. But it itself provokes forces that may be very dangerous. It means doing away with the legal trade in liquor. When you do that, you take away the best competitor to illegal trade. . . . I want our people to think as little about alcohol as possible. The surest way to make them think much about it is to make it hard to get."

A practical argument is furnished by the authoritative statement of Dr. James Whitney Hall, chairman of the Medical Commission on Insanity for Cook Co., Illinois,—a statement to the effect that Chicagoans are going mad at the rate of one hundred and fifty a

week: "The victim of alcoholic liquor in the pre-Volstead days became shiftless, unable or unwilling to care for his wife and family, unkempt,—in fact, a 'bum'; but the present-day victim presents a far more terrible spectacle. He becomes a maniac, a train wrecker or a house breaker. He assaults innocent women and children. In many cases he dies of the effects; in others he becomes blind or insane, and he can not be cured. It is a peculiar pathology entirely different from what we had before the wholesale distribution of wood alcohol and other rank poisons."

The difficulties and evils connected with the enforcement of the Volstead Act made it altogether probable that the next popular decision on the liquor question will be less of a snap judgment than was the last.

The tercentenary of the canonization of St. Teresa is now being observed with fitting ceremonies all over the world—from October 6 to October 19, the feast day of another great Carmelite, St. Peter of Alcantara. Three hundred years ago last March, Pope Gregory XV. raised to the altars of the Church five saints: St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Philip Neri, St. Isidore and St. Teresa.

Two recent Popes have called the attention of the faithful to the virtues of St. Teresa for their imitation, and to remarkable responses to prayers invoking her intercession. The world looks askance at saints, and considers contemplation as a form of hysteria; it has no reverence for silence, or solitude, or self-immolation. Ernest Hello pays a beautiful tribute to St. Teresa, and all like her, in saying:

"If St. Teresa had been what rationalism and materialism would have us believe, she would have piled error upon error, folly upon folly; but it happens that she was skilful, shrewd, as prudent

as she was ardent, and a good 'man of business,' if ever there was one. The tree is known by its fruits. If, instead of being a saint she had been an hysterical subject, Mount Carmel, far from producing fruits and flowers, would have disappeared under an avalanche of catastrophes."

American upholders of the "Irish Republic" go too far in accusing such men as Archbishop Curley, Bishop Turner, and Dr. John Ryan of being, wittingly or unwittingly, "British propagandists." One valiant supporter of the De Valera ideal has taken issue with the editor of the *Catholic Standard and Times* on the question of the Republic, and puts the case as strongly as it admits of being put. Our contemporary answers, in part:

From all reports that come from Ireland, it is apparent that the majority of the Irish people acquiesce in the existing government. It is, therefore, the right and legitimate government, and is entitled to obedience. It is claimed that as high as ninety per cent. of the people favor the Treaty and accept the authority that has been established on the basis of the Treaty.

By this subsequent approval, prior mandates, whatever may have been their nature, are revoked. Even if it be granted that, in the beginning, the Free State Government was not the legitimate government, it has subsequently become legitimized, and now without question represents the legitimate authority, because it has behind it the will of the people. The people can give and withdraw power, and no one can continue to hold power against the will of the people. Dr. Michael Cronin says: "The position of a usurper could at any time be legitimized by the consent of the legitimate and dispossessed ruler; and, therefore, if the people are themselves the legitimate sovereign, as in the case of a republic, they are the persons whose consent is required." ("The Science of Ethics.") A people may also change its form of government. Consequently, if it is admitted that at the outset the Irish people contemplated a republic, nevertheless, it is³ their right now to sanction the Free State, and to give up their original intentions. It can not be said to the people: "You must

now take the Republic because you once wanted it; you can not have the Free State, because you once aspired to something more." No one has a right to impose a form of government, which he regards as an ideal on a people. What form seems good for them, it is for the people to say.

The conclusion of a stirring Pastoral Letter on "Starving Russia" by Cardinal Mercier is translated as follows for readers of the *Catholic Tribune* by J. Van der Heyden. "The Way Many Starving Russians Die" is the title he gives to this pathetic passage:

Whilst they can, the faithful still throng the churches. Their old-time piety towards Mary is as warm as ever. The Christian Faith and the spirit of expiation are as yet to the fore in numberless hearts. Listen to this pathetic trait! Not a few of those starving Christians, when they feel the end approach, kneel for a last orison before their beloved icons, tutelar images of the family hearth, and then, alone, or leaning upon one of their kinsfolks, they drag themselves to the cemetery. There may be none to perform the last rites for them, but they'll at least have the consolation to breathe their last sigh in consecrated ground. Here in God's acre, after uttering a prayer for their dead, they sink down upon a tomb, clasp the cross planted upon it and—wait! Hundreds, thousands, die in this supreme embrace.

Sublime sign of their faith! Symbol of resurrection! That death, that Cross, are presages of a new life for agonizing Russia. Powerless has human aid been; but the crucified and risen Christ keeps count of all those sufferings, of all those tears and expiations. He commiserates, He saves.

We have had occasion to reproduce, now and then, interesting paragraphs from the "Impressions of America," which a special correspondent is contributing to the *London Catholic Times*. As a rule, we have found these impressions well worth while; but in a late instalment there is an item which challenges inquiry:

As every detail, no matter how small, concerning early Irish immigrants to America is of interest to an Irish visitor, it was with rapt attention I listened to an aged American of

Irish blood tell the other evening the chief reason why so many Protestants, descendants of good Irish Catholics, are spread over the United States. One of the reasons, of course, is that many immigrants settled where there was neither church nor priest. But there is a more important one, he averred. Fifty years ago lorries laden with children of Irish parents might be seen every week leaving New York for the interior of the country. They had been got hold of by paid proselytizers and were carried off to be made into Methodists, Baptists or something else. The Church, he continued, was weak in New York fifty years ago, and it was not able to stop this traffic. That is why we meet so many Protestant Murphys and Kellys and O'Briens.

Is not "fifty years ago" a typographical error? It is scarcely correct to say that the Church at the period mentioned was "weak" in New York. In 1872 Father Tom Burke was lecturing in that city against Mr. Froude; Archbishop Hughes had died only eight years before; and Archbishop McCloskey, who succeeded him, became Cardinal only three years later. The aged American of Irish blood may have been quite correct as to the activities of the proselytizers; but those activities certainly did their greatest damage long before "fifty years ago."

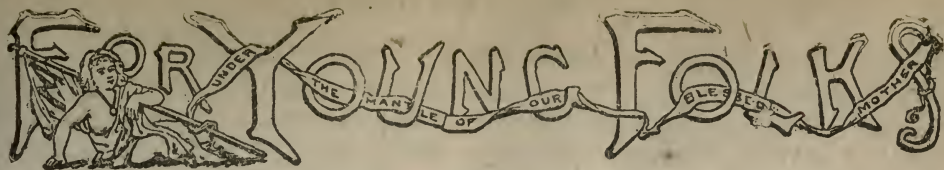
At a time when so much is said about the reunion of Christendom it is important that Catholics, as well as non-Catholics, should have a clear understanding of the necessary conditions. To one who suggested as the first step a union of the Anglican and Catholic Churches, Bishop Milner made answer: "If we should unite ourselves with the Established Church, the Universal Church would disunite itself from us." Commenting on this faithful saying, Cardinal Manning wrote: "We can not barter or give that which is not our own. The divine and infallible authority of the Church sets the limits to our powers and our desires. We can offer unity only on the condition on which we hold it—unconditional sub-

mission to the living and perpetual voice of the Church of God. . . . It is far more truthful and charitable to say, firmly and plainly: The Church of God admits of no transactions. Recognition of its divine office, acknowledgment of previous error, submission to its divine voice,—these and no others, are the conditions of reunion."

As to individual reunion, another distinguished convert in Scotland, the late Father George Angus, wrote: "Supposing the Church of England bishops had, in the name of their Church, reunited themselves with Rome, still every individual Episcopalian would have to make his own individual act of reunion, submission, and profession of faith. The baptism of everyone would have to be inquired into, and, if deemed necessary, conditional baptism be bestowed; everyone, ecclesiastic or lay person, would have to go to confession to a priest in communion with Rome, and in due course be admitted to Confirmation and Communion."

This is the truth of the matter, in a nutshell. Uniting with the Church is a one-sided process for organizations and individuals. The Head of the Church can not meet people half way; they must go to him all the way.

One of the most remarkable of recent cures at Lourdes was that of a Sister of a convent at Bordeaux, who for some years had been afflicted with tuberculosis of the bones, and for months had been unable to move without assistance. Her cure, which was instantaneous, took place during the French national pilgrimage. She was restored to perfect health after an immersion in the miraculous water, and walked without help. Since her return to Bordeaux, she has continued to increase in strength, and her lower limbs, in which the disease was chiefly located, have become normal.



Your Guardian Angel.

BY C. S. CROSS.

HE is your friend in sadness,
Your playmate when you play;
He kneels by your head when you go to bed,
Guarding you till the day.

When you go to Communion
He walks up the aisle with you;
And while God rests upon your breast,
Your angel leans there too.

When you are good, he is joyful,
And it grieves him when you are bad;
So try each day, in work or play,
Never to make him sad.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

PART II.

I.

NOT at work yet!" angrily exclaimed the man who had come up in the buggy. He was the architect, and he was not deceived by the sudden scattering of his workmen.

"I will explain the matter to you, Mr. Dumont," said the overseer in reply. "We were all listening to this boy, who interested us in his story."

"And what is the story?" inquired Mr. Dumont, looking hard through his eyeglass at Camille, who hung his head.

"We couldn't tell it to you any too well; but it's interesting, just the same."

Then, as the old soldier noticed that Mr. Dumont was looking attentively at the sad, sweet face of the little waif, he told how he had found the unfortunate boy, and that he had not wished to name the relative who had so cruelly abandoned him.

"Fiction probably," grumbled the

architect, still looking at Camille, who stroked his dog to hide his embarrassment. "What's your name?" he asked the boy abruptly, after a pause.

"Camille Fernand."

"And you have neither father nor mother—no family?"

Camille bent his head and began to cry.

"And you say you were abandoned yesterday morning in the Tuileries Park by a person you don't wish to name?"

Camille nodded his head sadly.

"What can you do?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Did your parents teach you nothing?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! My uncle had me learn a little Latin, geography, arithmetic, and to play on the violin and dance."

"So your uncle was rich, was he?"

"I suppose he was, sir."

"And this uncle is dead?"

For reply Camille wiped his eyes.

A moment of silence followed. The architect seemed to be reflecting, as he steadily gazed at the slender figure of the little waif.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"Do you know how to ride?"

"Yes, sir,—with or without a saddle."

"You are small and lean: you will make a good groom. Would you like to enter my service?"

"No, sir," answered Camille, somewhat haughtily.

"So you are displeased. For what reason?"

"Because I don't want to be a servant."

"You'd rather be an idler and a beggar, I suppose?" said the architect,

angrily. "Well, get out of here! If I find you around here again, I'll have you arrested and put into prison, like the vagabond you are. The idea of refusing to be a groom!"

"Oh, I beg you not to do that!" cried Camille, clasping his hands. "I'm neither an idler nor a vagabond. I don't want to be a servant; but if you will give me work here, I'll do it willingly. I'll carry brick and stone, and I'll learn the mason's trade if you wish."

"Get out of here, and never let me lay eyes on you again!"

The architect raised his cane over Camille, who said with dignity:

"Don't strike me, sir! I'm not your servant."

Then, motioning to his dog to follow him, Camille turned around and started down the street.

The deserted boy was walking along dejectedly when a "*Hsit! hsit!*" made him look around. He saw the old soldier hastening after him.

"Wait! See what the workmen sent you!" said the kind-hearted old man, giving the boy a large piece of bread. "You're a brave boy, and you talked right. If you don't know where to sleep to-night, come back here."

"I'd be afraid to," said Camille, tossing his head. "That man is wicked."

Thanking the soldier, he took the bread; and the two friends parted with heavy hearts.

II.

The sun was sinking in the West, and the waiters of the Café de Paris raised the awning from over the steps.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" said one of them to Camille, who had sat down under the sheltering canvas.

"Nothing," replied Camille, sadly.

"Then go away!"

"Mayn't I stay here a little while, sir?" asked the poor boy in a discouraged tone.

"No: it's supper time and children are

not allowed to block up the entrance. Go away, I say!"

Camille rose and his dog did the same; then both looked at each other as if to say:

"Where shall we go now?"

As if by instinct, Fox led the way to the kitchen side of the Café, which was on the neighboring street. Camille followed; what did it matter to him whether he took this street or another?

The dog soon smelt a most appetizing odor exhaling from a narrow alley leading to the kitchen. He stopped and wagged his tail. All at once he made a bound, darted up the alley and disappeared.

Being small and black, he escaped the notice of the cook and his assistants. But his stomach, as empty as that of his young master, had asserted itself. With his nose in the air, his tail upturned, the hungry animal began to sniff around the turning spit laden with juicy roasts, the range decorated with saucepans, and the tables covered with viands.

"What a pretty dog! Where did he come from?" exclaimed one of the little scullions.

As if he detected a note of friendliness in the boy's voice, Fox ran up to him. The boy leaned down and stroked the dog, who in turn licked the hand that caressed him.

"Poor fellow! See how friendly he is!" said the little scullion.

Just then a waiter brought out a dish on which were some scraps of chicken.

"Throw that away and wash the plate," he ordered.

The boy turned away from the dog to obey; but the latter looked up at him with a humble, hopeful air, and in his eyes, which wandered from the plate to the boy himself, there was something so beseeching, that the scullion put the dish down on the floor and said:

"Are you hungry? Eat this!"

Fox looked about as if undecided; but when the boy repeated his order and made an encouraging gesture, the dog seized the scrap of fowl and ran quickly out of the kitchen.

"Well, where are you going?" cried the scullion.

In spite of his desire to chase after the dog, it was necessary for him to perform his duty, which was to wash the plates. He had just piled them up when he felt the warm breath of the little dog on his bare feet.

"So you're back again, are you?" he said joyfully. "What do you want of me now?" Then, as the dog kept eyeing him wistfully, he added: "I haven't anything but a piece of bread. Do you want that?"

As he spoke he offered Fox half a roll. No urging was needed, and the dog ran off a second time.

"That's queer," said the boy. "Where can he go to eat what I give him?"

"What are you grumbling about all by yourself?" called out the cook. "Upon my word, little dishwasher, you are talking to your plates!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Chipart!" replied the boy, pleasantly. "But it's to a queer sort of customer, just the same."

"What customer?"

"A pretty little black dog, that accepts very politely all the scraps I give him and runs away to some place to eat them."

"If he comes back, let me know."

"Here he is now."

"What a pretty little fellow!" said the cook, looking at the dog, who stood with his mouth open, as if willing to take whatever any one wanted to give him. "His tongue is hanging out: he's thirsty. Give him some water, Baptiste. Take care of him,—I can't leave my cooking. See that he doesn't get away."

"See, Mr. Chipart: he doesn't want to drink," said Baptiste, pointing to Fox, who stood in front of the bowl of water

and looked at the scullion as if begging him to render him still another service.

"Perhaps he wants to go to drink in the same place that he ate," said the cook. "Take the bowl and carry it after him, and don't lose sight of him."

When Fox saw the boy take up the bowl, he ran to the kitchen door. Finding himself understood at last, he led the way out, and Baptiste followed.

(To be continued.)

An Old Fable with a New Moral.

A middle-aged grasshopper, trembling with cold and half dead from hunger, came one day at the approach of Winter to a well stored bee-hive, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his misery with a little of their honey. "I am hungry as a wolf," he said, "and crippled with rheumatism."

One of the bees asked how he had spent his time all the Summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food.

"To be frank with you," answered the grasshopper, "I led a gay life—eating and drinking, and dancing, and singing, never thinking about Winter."

"Our plan is very different," said the bee: "We work hard in the Summer to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee that we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing, in the Summer, must expect to starve in the Winter. We have no honey to give you, so be off with yourself. Remember that 'wilful waste brings woful want.'"

The poor grasshopper limped away, resolving to be industrious the next year; but he perished miserably in the first frost, and never had time to put his good resolution into practice.

An aged cricket that heard of his sad fate remarked: "After all, I would rather die thus repenting of my folly, than to live on the fat of the land, and feel that I had been cruel-hearted."

A Gentle Art.

TO historians and antiquaries heraldry is one of the useful arts; for the events of a century may be indicated on a shield by the strange little quarterings and bars and figures which are so great a puzzle unless one understands them.

From the time mankind was divided into families, it was the fashion in some localities to designate each one by a particular emblem. Countries, too, did this; the Danes, for instance, displaying a raven upon their standards, and the Saxons a white horse. Heraldry, however, did not come into use until armor was universal.

The first armor was mailed or linked, hence we speak of a "coat of mail." Then came plate armor; and then simple metallic protectors for various parts of the body. You can imagine the effects of a hard shower or the hot rays of the Summer sun upon garments of steel; and will understand why, to protect from rust and heat, an outer coat of cloth was devised, and this was the "coat-of-arms." Upon it, to distinguish the wearer from his fellow-nobles, was embroidered the emblem of his family, which in time became designated by the same name—coat-of-arms. After a while, the knights, not content with displaying their heraldic emblems upon the battlefield, had them worked upon the fine suits worn at Court; and their wives, following their example, displayed them upon gown and mantle.

In the infancy of heraldry each son started out afresh with his own device; but as time went on the arms became hereditary, those of the eldest son always differing in some degree from the others. When the use of heraldic designs was confined to the battlefield no woman entered into the question; but finally they were demanded as a right by wives and daughters.

But though womenfolk could embroider their arms upon clothing, and paint them upon carriage panels, and engrave them upon teaspoons, they could not use the crest—the little design which surmounts the shield, and almost invariably rests upon the six strands of twisted silk which represent the turban of the Saracen and indicate Crusader blood. And why could they not? Because the first crests were the plumes upon the helmet, the reward for distinguished bravery on the battlefield; and women, of course, did not go to war and win crests.

At first the crest was not hereditary, every man being obliged to earn his own,—as indeed he ought to be. But with the debasement of a noble science came great license; and any masculine possessor of arms, bought or inherited, used his ancestor's crest, if he so chose.

At last, so many disputes arose as to various claims to heraldic devices that it became necessary to have an authority with power to decide between rivals. In England this is called the Herald's College, and its head is the Earl Marshal. Each Englishman, who seals his letters with his arms, pays a guinea a year into the Royal Exchequer. If a lady has her arms upon her automobile, two guineas are paid.

Heraldry has shared the sordid spirit of the age. A coat-of-arms no longer means that one's ancestor was true or brave. It is more likely to mean that he has induced some one to design him a pretty shield and pleasing motto. If he happens to have a name which corresponds with one already honored, this is easier still; for "all Stuarts are cousins to the King."

HUGUES CAPET, Duke of France, subsequently King and founder of the Bourbon dynasty, derived his surname Capet from the cape of St. Martin, which was in his possession.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Sisters of Loretto, through the Franciscan Herald Press, publish "Language Busy Work—Grade I," an excellent primer, and a very well illustrated one. It contains a hundred pages and has a flexible cover. It is cheap at 25 cents.

—"Manna Almanac for 1923," for the young folks, published by the Society of the Divine Saviour, at St. Nazianz, Wis., is copiously illustrated and contains about one hundred pages of reading matter, much of which will interest the grown-up members of the family as well as the little ones.

—We have received the prospectus of the Notre Dame High School and Training Institute for Teachers. This institution is now established in Montreal and will, while under the auspices of the Congregation de Notre-Dame, receive the concourse of many distinguished professors from Canada and the United States.

—The departure of the Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., from the editorship of the *Catholic World*, a position he held during eighteen years, will be good news only because of the work he is to do for the National Catholic Welfare Council. Father Burke's personality made itself felt in the steady improvement of the magazine, still our best monthly. To the Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P., the newly-appointed editor, every one will join in wishing strength and success.

—"The Wonder Story," by Marion Ames Taggart, is an attractive picture book which very young children will enjoy and profit by. It tells in simple words and by means of nicely-colored illustrations the story of the Infant Saviour's first years on earth. The print is large and the binding durable. This picture book will make a sensible gift for the little ones at Christmas. There is an edition in Polish and French. Benziger Brothers, publishers; price, 35 cents.

—"Adventist Doctrines," and "Collapses in Adult Life," by the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J., are the latest brochures to reach us from the Examiner Press, Bombay. Like all the previous reprints from the columns of the *Examiner*, the present ones are of genuine interest and of real educational value. The first deals with a subject that can hardly be called hackneyed: it will probably have the character of novelty for the average reader. The second is a sequel

to that admirable little treatise, by the same author, "The Formation of Character." These publications may be ordered through the Herder Book Co., St. Louis.

—Among the excellent pamphlets recently issued by the Paulist Press, special mention should be made of two timely treatises by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.: "The Ethics of Labor" and "The Ethical Basis of Wages." A study of these pamphlets will help to clarify one's opinions on subjects of everyday discussion. "What Is the Catholic Church?" by the Rev. Richard Felix, O. S. B., contains much matter in small space. A pamphlet of a quite different character, and of twice the size of the foregoing, is "The Flight of an Eagle," an exceptionally interesting biographical sketch, by Dr. Blanche Mary Kelly, of Mme. Gurdon, R. S. H. It should find a warm welcome, not only among religious of the Sacred Heart and their pupils, but among Sisters of every Order and Catholics generally.

—If Mrs. Lucille Borden's new novel, "The Gates of Olivet," had nothing more to recommend it than a technique remarkably skilful for a first attempt, many readers might be found for it. But the author has tried one of the most difficult of possible themes—the conflict between divine and human love in the soul of a young girl. Damaris, in going from David to the contemplative life that had already fascinated her during convent-days in California, enters the mystical world through the doors of a strange experience. This involves her with a host of lovable, recognizable French men and women, all of whom meet and settle things under the shadow of the Grotto of Lourdes. There is, perhaps, no other novel by an American Catholic author to compare with this one for intimate analysis of the spiritual life; for similar books one must turn to French literature—to Huysmans, Leon Bloy (though the realism of both is strictly avoided) and Colette Yver. Mrs. Borden's book is not of even excellence, and there are passages to which a judicious editor might well have applied the scalpel. All in all, however, it is a novel which lovers of idealistic fiction will advise their friends to read. The Macmillan Co.; price, \$2.

—If it is profitable sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, it is also indisputable that much good may come from others seeing us as we see ourselves. That men do not

always discern the good to be found in their fellowmen individually, experience amply testifies; and when we come to consider bodies of religious men, or Churches, this blindness is not only not altered, but often accentuated. The result is, of course, especially in missionary countries, suspicion, envy, sometimes slander, and not unfrequently scandal. It was with such unpleasant and deplorable facts in mind that Dr. Gilbert Reid, a Protestant missionary in China, undertook to write his book, "A Christian's Appreciation of Other Faiths." It is not a treatise on Comparative Religion, as that term is commonly understood, but an attempt to point out the elements worthy of genuine and universal respect in all the chief religions of the world, with the purpose of promoting harmony and peace through a better mutual understanding, and to further as much as may be unity of religious belief and practice. That his aim is a laudable one, all will agree; that perfect unity will thus become a reality, no one, Dr. Reid included, expects; but that it is an aim worthy of united effort is surely indisputable. Catholics will be especially interested in the chapter dealing with the "Church of Rome" wherein the author, in a most intelligent and respectful manner, mentions a surprising number of good things that others as candid as he might as easily see if they only cared to look, and which, if they did see, would bring about, we believe, more unity than even Dr. Reid allowed himself to hope for. His book is published by the Open Court Publishing Co.; price, \$2.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Patrick James Donahue, bishop of Wheeling; Rev. A. J. Gaydusek, of the diocese of Fargo; and Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. A. Connolly, archdiocese of St. Louis.

Sister M. Francis, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Liguori, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. James Bell, Mrs. M. A. Alt, Mr. Daniel McKenna, Mrs. M. J. Clark, Mr. Walter Grace, Mr. J. T. Thorpe, Miss Catherine Courtney, Mr. James Waters, Mr. H. J. McNichols, Mr. Edward Welby, Miss Margaret Kaney, Mr. B. M. Venneman, Mr. Edward Schall, Miss Mary Lynch, Miss Annie Magee, Miss Edna Harris, Mr. T. W. Gans, Miss Mary Ryan, Mr. Peter Tully, Mrs. Ronald Smith, and Mr. James Hawkins.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: M. L., in honor of St. Anthony, \$3; Mrs. T. E. Goodell, \$5; Miss K. Kelly, \$2; T. A. K. M., \$3. For the famine victims in Armenia and Russia: A. B., \$10; E. J. P. R., \$20; S. F. B., \$10; T. A. K. M., \$2. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: C. J. Leinen, \$2.50; T. A. K. M., \$5.



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

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 21, 1922.

NO. 17

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The Watcher.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

UP BOVE the hill's dark verge, the evening
star,
Beyond the star, unnumbered worlds afar;
And ever watching through the starry screen—
Eternity, unchanging and serene.
How can the acts of men be mean and base
Who look upon that dark, eternal face?

The Holy House of Loreto.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D.D.

"The city of Loreto was chosen by Divine Providence as a shelter of the Holy House of Nazareth."—(Letter of Pope Pius XI. to Cardinal Gasparri. August 17, 1922.)

THE appearance of the work by Dr. George Hueffer, which was reviewed in the last number of the *American Catholic Quarterly* and in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for June, has once more drawn attention to the famous shrine on the shores of the Adriatic, and raised once more the question of its genuineness. All the world knows that it purports to be the very House in which dwelt the Holy Family at Nazareth, thence carried by angels, first to Tersatto, in Croatia, and thence again to the shores of Italy.

So far as I can gather from the notices of Dr. Hueffer's work that I have seen, his criticism of the Lauretan tradition runs on the same lines as that

of Canon Chevalier in his "Notre Dame de Lorette." Both writers seek to show that the abode of the Holy Family at Nazareth was a cave, not a walled structure built of stone, and that the present Santa Casa existed at Loreto long before 1291, the date assigned to the miraculous translation.

Against the contention that the abode of the Holy Family was but a cave, I set the following facts. St. Luke tells us that, after the three months' visit to her cousin Elizabeth, Mary "returned to her own house." (i, 56.) About the year 570, the Pilgrim of Piacenza visited Nazareth. He describes what he saw there in these words: "The House of the Blessed Mary is a basilica." The language is too terse to be easily intelligible; but, at any rate, it is a "house" that is spoken of, not a cave. The house is said to be a basilica, because the great church of the Fourth or Fifth Century, whose foundations may be seen to-day at Nazareth, was prominently visible, while the house was hidden in the crypt below. The Pilgrim Daniel, who came to Nazareth at the beginning of the Twelfth Century, while the ancient basilica, restored by the Crusaders, was still standing, found underneath it what he calls "the house of Joseph," comprising a grotto or cave, and "on one's right a cell into which there is a small entrance, and in which the Blessed Virgin lived with Christ." That this cell was a walled structure, house, or cottage, we gather from the

fact that it was separated by a wall of stone, through which there was the "small entrance," from the cave that is still to be seen at Nazareth; and from the further fact, which Daniel states explicitly, that, according to the living tradition of the place at the time, Our Lord "was brought up in this sacred cell, which contains the bed in which Jesus slept." The grotto or cave one may see at Nazareth to-day. I have seen it; but where is "this sacred cell"?

John Phocas, who followed Daniel to Nazareth in 1177, saw this "cell," which he calls "the ancient house of Joseph." He found "in the place of the Annunciation a cross of black stone cemented into white marble, and over it an altar, and on the right of the altar... a little room, in which slept the ever-Virgin Mother of God. On the left is seen another chamber, without light, in which Christ our Lord is said to have lived after the return from Egypt." Plainly, this was not a cave; for the room where Our Lady slept had a window, as is implied in the statement that the room occupied by Our Lord was "without light." And, in fact, the Holy House of Loreto has one small window, on the west end, which would answer exactly to the description given by John Phocas.

The testimonies of these pilgrims are cited by Chevalier in the work referred to above. What I would lay particular stress on is this: that the numerous pilgrims who visited Nazareth after 1291, and whose testimonies are also cited by Chevalier, found nothing there but a grotto hewn out in the rock, and that one of them, Nicholas de Poggibonsi (1345), expressly speaks of the house as having been there: *E era la casa appoggiata ad una grotta di sasso*—"And the house stood up against a stone grotto." The grotto, which he calls a "camera," or chamber, he found there, but not *la casa di nostra Donna*—"The

house of Our Lady." This disposes, once and forever, of the allegation that the house wasn't there in the time before 1291. To clinch the thing, I will add that at Bologna there is a fac-simile of the House of Nazareth, dating from the Fifth Century, and one at Walsingham, England, dating from the Eleventh. These are fac-similes of a cottage, not of a cave.

In 1620, Thomas of Novara, Provincial of the Franciscans, having cleared out the *débris* that had settled in the place while in possession of the Saracens, discovered before the grotto at Nazareth the foundations of a cottage, whereof the measurements corresponded exactly to those of the Holy House of Loreto. "Now, therefore," are his concluding words, "that which some have sought to find out from a religious motive, others from curiosity, or the desire of knowing the truth, is in our day made clearer than the noonday sun." Chevalier quotes his words at page 86. The fact that foundations were discovered by himself before the cave at Nazareth, having exactly the same measurements as the tiny stone structure which stood, and still stands, without foundations under the dome of the great basilica at Loreto, was regarded by Thomas of Novara as putting beyond question the genuineness of the Laurentan tradition. Modern critics are not so easily satisfied.

Coming to the next point, I admit at once that there existed, years and years before the date assigned to the miraculous translation, a parish church known as St. Mary of Loreto, in the district of Loreto. It is described in extant documents as the "Church of St. Mary *in fundo Loreti*," the "Church of St. Mary of Loreto, *in fundo Loreti*," "the rural Church of St. Mary of Loreto." Under the first of these titles, it is mentioned in a document bearing date of January 4, 1192. On that day the Bishop of

Humana ceded the church and all its belongings to the monks of Fonte Avellana. The wording of the document is important, as showing that this was an ordinary country parish church. Chevalier refrains from citing the words; though he does cite, word for word, numberless documents of vastly less consequence. I find them, however, in a work, entitled "La Sainte Maison de Lorette," by the Abbé Milochau. Among the belongings of this church there are mentioned "books, and chalices, and bells, and vestments, and parishioners, with lands and vineyards, olive and fig trees, and mills, and mill-waters, and meadows, and pastures."

To any one who has seen the Holy House, the idea that it can be identified with this rural parish church will appear, on the face of it, absurd. Plainly, Santa Casa was never built for a parish church. It is but 31 feet long by 13 feet wide; it has only one small window, and that at the (west) end; before the time of Pope Clement VII., there was but one door, which opened at the side, not at the end. It is made of stones that look like bricks; and, in size and shape and physical qualities, are unlike the stones of churches built in Italy since the first church was built there. To crown all, its walls stand on the bare earth without foundations. This was made plain in 1531, when workmen were digging around it with a view to encasing it in marble; again, in 1672, when a new pavement was being laid down. Once more, in 1751, during the pontificate of Benedict XIV., the same thing was made manifest, as is shown in an official report placed in the archives of Loreto. In the Spring of 1920, after the fire which destroyed the ancient statue of Our Lady and the altar, the late Pope Benedict XV. sent a deputation to Loreto. They verified once again the fact that the Holy House stands without foundations,—a fact

which they regarded as miraculous. And, indeed, it may well be so regarded. I asked an expert builder in New York last Summer: "Could you construct a building of stone that would stand on the earth without foundations?"—"Yes," he said, "to-day we could bind the walls together with steel bars in such a way that the building would stand anywhere."—"But suppose you had nothing but cement?" I said.—"In that case," he said, "the thing could not be done: the building would eventually sag and fall to pieces."

The house is thus its own witness that it never was a parish church. But there is, besides, plenty of extrinsic evidence. On page 156, Chevalier cites a document bearing date, October 23, 1315, in which the judge-general of the Marches of Ancona passes sentence upon a band of Ghibellines who had robbed the sanctuary of Loreto two years before. It is absolutely certain that the sanctuary there spoken of as "the Church of St. Mary of Loreto, situated in the district and diocese of Recanati, and belonging immediately to the Church of Recanati and the *mensa* of the Lord Bishop," was no other than the Holy House. But it is just as certain that this was not the rural Church of St. Mary of Loreto, spoken of in the document of 1193. The latter is described as being a parish church; as being *in fundo Loreti*, or the lowlands of Loreto; as having mills and mill-waters and meadows; as having been ceded by the Bishop of Humana to the monks of Fonte Avellana; as having for endowment lands and vineyards, olive and fig trees. The former, on the other hand, is said to be situated in the district and diocese of Recanati, where it stands on a high hill; to belong to the Bishop of Recanati, who has placed there a chaplain, not to do parish work, but to collect and have a care of the offerings of pilgrims. In short, it is a shrine and place of pilgrimage,

whereas the other was a country parish church attended by the monks of Fonte Avellana. I have seen the site of this church, in the plain of the river Musone, on the meadows of Loreto, about a mile and a half from the high hill where stands the Holy House.

Signor Gianuzzi, the old Italian advocate who is archivist of the Holy House and knows the locality well, pointed out to me the last time I was at Loreto, in 1914, how absurd it was to seek to identify, as the critics do, St. Mary of Loreto in the district and diocese of Recanati, in other words, the Holy House, with St. Mary in the meadows of Loreto. The latter was served by the monks of Fonte Avellana, to whom it had been ceded by the Bishop of Humana. They could easily descend to it from St. Mary of Recanati, which was theirs, and which stood on the hill immediately above it. On the other hand, there was at the time a parish church within a few hundred yards of the spot where stands to-day the Holy House; and we can not suppose that there should be set up a rural parish church so near it. Still less can we suppose that it would be given in charge to monks who lived three or four miles away, and who would have to descend a hill, cross a river and a plain, and ascend another high and steep hill to reach it. A knowledge of the topography both of Nazareth and Loreto would have saved our armchair critics from putting forward assertions that serve only to advertise their own ignorance.

The Holy House is its own witness. Its testimony is irrefragable. No amount of cross-questioning can pick a flaw in it. The materials of which it is built, both stone and mortar, are Palestinian, and the stone in particular is found only in and around Nazareth.

In the Summer of 1884, on my way from Rome, I visited the Holy House of Loreto. I was there again with the

Canadian Pilgrims in 1900. In January, 1909, after my consecration in Rome, I again went to Loreto, before going to the Holy Land, and carefully examined the stones of the Holy House. They are cut in the form of brick, but are of uneven thickness. The color is grey, with a slight admixture of red and yellow. The stone is almost as hard as flint, and the grain is very fine. I saw nothing like it in the course of my travels in Judea; but in Nazareth I found a sample of it inserted in the wall of the Holy Grotto. Afterwards, on the way to Mt. Tabor, about a mile beyond Nazareth, we passed through a field which was full of the same kind of stone. But I noticed in some of these stones round holes about the size of one's little finger; something I had not noticed in the stones of the Holy House. On my return to Italy, in March, I went again to Loreto, taking with me bits of the stone I had picked up about Nazareth and a bit of stone from the Holy Grotto. I found it to be exactly the same as the stone in the walls of the Holy House, both in color and in fineness of grain. What is more, on closer examination, I found in several of the stones the same little holes I had observed in the field stones of Nazareth. Indeed, I have no doubt that the stones of which the Holy House is made are field stones; they are so small and so uneven in thickness, ranging from one to four or five inches. Quarried stones are larger and more uniform.

The Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga, of Ancona, had averred in an open letter, published shortly before, that the same kind of stone as that of the Holy House was to be found in quarries at Monte Conero, not far from Loreto, and that he himself had seen quantities of it cut and dressed in the same way for use in building the hospital Umberto Primo at Ancona. I asked Signor Gianuzzi, archivist of the Holy House, whether

there was any truth in the Marquis' statement, and he said, "No." But he had never been to Monte Conero. So, next morning, we went together, I taking with me my samples of stone from Nazareth. We were lucky enough to find at Humana, a quaint old town nestling at the foot of Monte Conero, on the shores of the Adriatic, the man who quarried stone up the mountain. I showed him my samples of stone, and asked him if he could get any like them. He said he believed he could, and went and brought a sack of them, though I wanted but a few bits. On comparing them with the stones I had, he saw himself at once that they were not the same. Those that he brought were limestone, indeed, but of a rose-red tinge, and the grain was much coarser.

Eight years ago, in May, I was in Loreto for the fifth time. Being in Ancona, on my way to Tersatto, I went to see the hospital Umberto Primo, where the Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga said he saw the same kind of stone as that of the Holy House. The institution occupies two separate buildings, one at the foot of the little hill just outside the city, the other on its slope. Both buildings are made entirely of brick; but on examining from within the foundations of the one on the slope of the hill, where they are exposed to view, I saw some pieces of the rose-red limestone of Monte Conero. The man who was with me gave me a bit of it, which I found, on my return to Victoria, to be exactly the same as the sample I had myself got at Monte Conero five years before, and altogether different from the stone of the Holy House. There is no truth in what the Marquis said.

Of course, I was not the first to verify the identity of the stone of the Holy House of Loreto with the stone of Nazareth. In his "History of the Holy House," written at the close of the Sixteenth Century, Torsellini recounts

how Pope Clement VII. sent three men to Nazareth, who brought thence samples of stone found to be identical with the stone of the Holy House. "It is a well-known fact," he adds, "that there is no such stone in Picenum (the district of Loreto); all buildings, however old, being made of brick, because of the lack of stone suitable for building" (bk. 2, 26). I may say here that I found one building at Loreto made of stone from the quarries at Monte Conero. But the quarries had not been opened in Torsellini's time. There are still living in Loreto people who were there when this particular house was built by a Canon of the Cathedral about the middle of the last century.

In 1855 Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Bartolini visited Nazareth. He brought back two samples of stone, got permission from Pope Pius IX. to take two bits of stone from the walls of the Holy House, and sent the four specimens to Prof. Razzi, of the Sapienza, Rome, for analysis. The latter pronounced them to be, both chemically and physically, the same. The detailed and elaborate statement of Bartolini on this subject lies before me in a copy of the pamphlet published at Rome in 1861, under the title, "Sopra la Santa Casa di Loreto" (Ib., pp. 72-79). To cite one other authoritative testimony, Father Ratisbonne, who was converted from Judaism by an apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the Church of San Andrea delle Fratte, Rome, tells us in the "Annals of Our Lady of Sion" (vol. iv, n. 10, 1858), how a teacher of chemistry in Oxford University, of the name of Faller, went to Loreto and to Nazareth of set purpose to disprove the identity of the House of Loreto with the House of Nazareth, but ended by being so convinced of their sameness that he became a convert.

"Handle and see" is the test of identity given by our Lord Himself. I, too,

as well as Bartolini and Faller, have handled and seen the stone of Nazareth and the stone of the Holy House of Loreto, and I do solemnly declare that they are the same. I have handled and seen, and have in my possession bits of stone from the quarries of Monte Conero, and bits of the stone of Nazareth; and I am as sure as that I have eyes and fingers that they are not the same. I have made this declaration in print several times before. I now repeat it, and challenge any one to prove it untrue. Let the armchair critics of the time-honored tradition of Loreto go to Loreto and to Nazareth, as I have done, and see for themselves.

Not only is the stone of the Holy House from the environs of Nazareth; the mortar is as well. And so the house must have been built in Nazareth. An examination of bits of the mortar was also made by Prof. Razzi, at the instance of Bartolini. At page 79 of the pamphlet cited above, the latter says: "The people of Nazareth, who, as we have seen, are more conservative of tradition than any of the other inhabitants of Palestine, make the mortar for their buildings in this way: they pulverize the soft, white limestone, known as Nahari, mix it with charcoal, and, in the case of persons who are well-to-do, with a little asphalt, which they can easily procure from the neighboring Dead Sea." He goes on to tell how he brought with him some pieces of this mortar, and got Prof. Razzi to subject them to a chemical analysis. "The substance found by your Excellency," reports the latter, "adhering to a piece of stone taken from an ancient monument, and sent to me for analysis, is composed of powdered limestone, or chalk, mixed with tiny bits of charcoal." "I ask any one who has any sense at all," concludes Bartolini, "where there ever has been used in Italy mortar made of limestone, or chalk, and charcoal, when

the soil abounds in volcanic substances that make the best mortar in the world" (Ib., p. 87). Signor Gianuizzi, the archivist, told me eight years ago at Loreto, that he was with Dr. Schafer of Bavaria, when he examined the walls of the Holy House in 1905, for Dr. Hueffer, and that he saw with his own eyes bits of charcoal in the mortar.

The tradition is that angels carried the Holy House from Nazareth to Tersatto in 1291, and some three years later, across the Adriatic to Loreto. I visited Tersatto eight years ago, and found the tradition of Loreto duplicated there. In the Church of the Franciscans is a fac-simile of the Holy House, and in and about the place are many evidences of its stay there. I held in my hands and made extracts from the manuscript copy of the history of the translation of the Holy House to Tersatto by Glavinich, who was Guardian of the Franciscan Monastery, and wrote his account shortly after a fire had destroyed the monastery, with the archives, in 1620. The shrine at Tersatto is also famous for its pilgrimages and its miracles.

Our critical friends fight shy of this tradition of Tersatto, and not without reason. On their theory that St. Mary of Loreto, now known as the Holy House, is an old parish church, or, as some would have it, a fac-simile of the House of Nazareth, how account for the fac-simile at Tersatto and the tradition entwined about it? But the proof I have given, that the House of Loreto must have been built in Nazareth, by itself disposes of all the conjectures of the critics regarding its origin.

Teremanus was the first historian of the Holy House. He came to Loreto in 1430, and wrote his account of the miraculous translation sometime before 1472. He found no documentary evidence of the fact; for the documents relating to it had perished in the sack

of Recanati by the Pontifical troops in 1322. He therefore rests his account on the living traditions of the place, and cites witnesses. One, Francis Prior, declared on oath that he remembered hearing his grandfather, who lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and twenty, telling how the house came to Loreto in his boyhood. This account of Teremanus was translated into several languages, and carved on huge tablets of stone in the basilica that encloses the Holy House. There are but four of them left. I saw and examined them eight years ago. They are in Old English, Broad Scotch, Gaelic, and Welsh. At the foot of the English translation are the words:

"I, Robert Corbington, Priest of the Society of Jesus, have faithfully translated the premises out of the Latin original hung up in the said church."

Part of the Gaelic translation I copied also, and have in a notebook.

There is to be seen to-day a very interesting fresco of St. Louis of France on the west (end) wall of the Holy House. The dust and smoke of centuries had all but blotted it out. It was restored, however, some years ago, and is now distinctly visible. The saint is represented as standing before Our Lady with the Child in her arms. The chains of his captivity at Mansourah hang from his wrists. This painting is plainly a memorial of his visit to Nazareth and its Holy House about 1250, in thanksgiving for his deliverance. Canon Chevalier cites the reports given of this royal visit by Geoffrey of Beaulieu and William of Nangis, at page 44 of his "Notre Dame de Lorette." In the fresco the saint wears a halo, which enables us to fix the date of the painting as at least later than 1298, the year of his canonization. Researches made by Signor Gianuzzi in the archives of Loreto have brought to light the fact

of Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, was governor of the Marches of Ancona, which includes the district of Loreto, from 1300 to 1302. He had come as a pilgrim to Rome on occasion of the great jubilee proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1300; and the Pope made him governor of the Marches, hoping, no doubt, that the prestige and influence of so distinguished a man would help to calm the bitter strife between Guelphs and Ghibellines in that distracted territory. He, of all men, would be the most likely to have the picture of his famous and sainted grandfather painted on the wall of the Holy House. But why set it up in this tiny chapel, when there were so many great churches and cathedrals within the territory that he presided over? The thing speaks for itself. The visit of St. Louis to the House of Nazareth had taken place but fifty years before, and was matter of record. And where could the memorial of that visit be more fittingly set up than in the very house in which the saint had paid it? At any rate, the whole thing hangs so well together as to form one more link in the chain of evidence which binds Old Nazareth to the New on the shores of the Adriatic. Our critical friends have missed much by not going to Loreto.

But why should God have sent His angels to bear the Holy House away from Nazareth? It is not for us to assign a reason for what God does. Still it is lawful to indulge in pious speculation. No doubt, it was mainly to save so holy and so venerated an abode from profanation at the hands of the Mohammedans. We may also conceive of another reason. The Crusades had proved to be, humanly speaking, at best a magnificent failure. God only knows what bitterness filled the hearts of the remnants of those heroic forces that had rallied to the standard of the Cross as

every mark upon them of defeat. To no purpose had they poured out their treasure and their blood in defence of the Holy Places. As Bulwer (Lord Lytton) sings:

Slowly the last Crusader eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain.

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
And vain the famine and the strife;
In vain the faith that bore the Cross,
The valor prodigal of life.

And vain was Richard's lion soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind;
Like waves on shore they reached the goal
To die, and leave no trace behind.

It seemed as if God Himself had abandoned them. But, lo! here comes to them, borne by angels, the House of Nazareth, as a visible pledge that God's arm is not shortened, and that Our Lady is not unmindful of the service rendered by her gallant knights.

The Holy House is enclosed in a beautiful casing of white marble, designed by Bramante. Some of the best sculptors in Europe helped to adorn it with figures of Prophets and Sybils foretelling the advent of the Redeemer. All around the base, about eight inches above the pavement, is a ledge of marble between ten and twelve inches wide. The whole way around, there are two deep furrows in the marble, made by the knees of devout pilgrims, as for hundreds of years they kept circling the Holy House in prayer. The faith that wore those furrows in the stone has peopled heaven with saints. That faith can never die.

—
MERE strength of body is not a test either of endurance or of vitality. We die from sensual excess, or from dependency, or from both. Indulgence and disappointment kill more than work, which, if it be full of joy and hope, brings length of days.

—Bishop Spalding.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XVIII.

MRS. CRITCHLEY was the wife of a millionaire banker, who, in his time, had lived abroad and had been attached to the diplomatic service. He was some twenty years older than his wife, and he treated her with a careless and indulgent kindness, as though she were a child. She was nominally a Catholic, but the Catholicity, which, in some of the Brentwoods had been so strong and virile, or so deeply spiritual, was in her little more than a convention. It is true, that even Dolly's slight hold upon religion exercised a restraining influence which prevented her from going too far. Her husband, who was a Protestant, in so far as he practised any religion, noted the circumstance, with half-amused toleration.

Her entertainments were amongst the most exclusive; her clothes the very latest in fashion, the most costly of their kind; her diamonds were reputed to be amongst the finest in New York; her strings of pearls were famous. The house in Fifth Avenue, which she occupied for a very few months of the year, combined luxury with elegance. Her servants, so many that her friends often wondered why she required such a staff, were thought to be the best trained. In short, her household was perfection, and she had long reigned as a very queen in Vanity Fair. She was a recognized leader, not only of the newly-rich, but also of the old, conservative dwellers in the metropolis.

"You know, some of us have nearly always been here," Dolly Critchley used to remark, in her careless fashion; "there have always been some Brentwoods or Warrens in New York, since the time when the Indians ran about here."

"They seem to have kept their scalps," her husband was heard to say dryly, "judging by their portraits. Most of them have a fine crop of hair."

"Well, you know what I mean,—the Indians weren't scalping anybody in New York. Just selling fish they caught at Far Rockaway, and other things."

"Well," argued Mr. Critchley, "they had other lines of activities up State, which, I think, included dealing in hair."

"Don't be absurd, Nick," his wife exclaimed, and so the discussion usually ended.

Into such an atmosphere, so congenial to her pleasure-loving soul, Eloise Brentwood was presently transported. Mrs. Critchley was delighted to have her back again, this new plaything, which had previously lightened the tedium of many an idle hour. She flitted in and out of her niece's room, which, in its perfection of detail and luxurious daintiness, offered so strong a contrast to the shabbiness of her apartment at the House at the Cross Roads. The experienced woman of fashion suggested a touch here and a change there to the Parisian costumes, which Eloise, extravagant from the moment she was declared her grandfather's heiress, had purchased. In general, they met the approval of Dolly, who presided at her toilet with a genuine anxiety, which no other circumstance of life ever called forth. She was particularly concerned with Eloise's appearance, for the Critchleys were dining at home with a carefully chosen party.

"We go on to the opera, Eloise," the careful aunt reminded her; "you can't imagine how conspicuous that new box of ours is, so that you will have to be prepared at all points. Then, there is the dance at the Stevens' afterward; so that you will meet or will be seen by practically everyone worth knowing."

She called her own maid to make a

change in the girl's coiffure. The servant who had been assigned to Eloise had proved not quite satisfactory.

"She must take some lessons from my Julie," Mrs. Critchley decided. The experienced Julie recommended the application of a little—oh, so very little—artificial color to the cheeks. Against this latter embellishment; Eloise at first protested, and by a curious, mental process, as she gazed at her transfigured image in the glass, came the scene in the orchard at the convent, and the appearance of the girl who had tossed apples in the sunshine, and the appearance of the chapel on that last solemn festival before she came away. She somehow felt that she had parted with her joyous girlhood on the day that she had chosen to sail for home.

"I hate rouge, Dolly," she cried, petulantly, "it is so—"

"Yes, I know, dear; but now everyone touches up a little, and Julie does it so scientifically."

"Why, it used to be—"

"Yes, indeed, dearest. In my mother's time it was the hall-mark of I don't know what."

"Till a great deal later than that, Dolly."

"But now it is different, and I want you to make an impression."

When the maid had left the room, Mrs. Critchley surveyed the finished work with satisfaction.

"And now a little word of advice. Try to forget that you ever were at a convent. Don't talk *Sacré Coeur*. No one does; it is out of fashion."

"I have been quite in the fashion, then," laughed Eloise, "for I have scarcely mentioned the subject to any one. I have put it all behind me."

"Of course," went on the worldly-wise little woman, "there may be some men who like that kind of thing. But it is not a safe experiment, and moreover, it is not your type."

She shook out her own shimmering skirt, which caught the light, and adjusted her attenuated shoulder straps.

"I wonder," laughed Eloise, "what Marcia would think of my costume, and the—"

"Marcia,—oh! yes, that is your cousin. A high-bred looking girl, and very effective! I should like to have the dressing of her; but it would be quite in another style."

Eloise was not altogether pleased by the implications of this speech.

"And, perhaps, you would even permit her to talk, well, not exactly *Sacré Coeur*, for she never was there. She was at that lovely convent up the Hudson."

"It wouldn't be quite safe to dictate to her," smiled Mrs. Critchley, "for she is not almost my own child as you are. She belongs distinctly to the other side. Her mother was a Livingston, and very *dévôte*. She was lovely, too."

"Was *she* attractive?"

"Walter found her so. He was mad about her, and other men, too. There are such cross currents amongst the Brentwoods and their connections. For instance, there is Gregory Glassford and your own father, who used to talk about *noblesse oblige*, and what a Catholic should be. There was that Gilfillan on the other side and— But I must really run away, and you had better be down soon. Everybody will be coming in about half a minute. Be sure to take a cocktail when they are passed around."

Now, there was a great deal in all this chatter that displeased Eloise. She felt herself to have been placed, despite the many flattering allusions, on a different, if not a lower, plane than Marcia, and as following a current opposed to that which had included her father and Gregory and what was best in the Brentwoods.

However, when she was left alone,

Eloise surveyed herself earnestly in the long mirror. The result was eminently satisfactory, though she would have preferred trusting to the natural color which usually came into her cheeks in the evening. For instance, what would Mère de Villiers of the *Sacré Coeur* have thought! She dismissed that reflection, with a faint sigh, for another reflection of vastly more importance.

Gregory Glassford was to be among the dinner guests, and she had hoped—how she had hoped!—that, seeing her thus escaped from the chrysalis state, he would bow down before her.

Her visit to Dolly Critchley, which she desired from every point of view, had, for one of its main objects, the subjugation of Gregory Glassford. He had proved, as she surmised, recalcitrant; and his pride must be brought low, and her own vanity satisfied. Even, if it were true, that he belonged to that opposing current of the Brentwoods, she knew that there was a well-recognized axiom,—that men are inclined to like their opposites. She gave a fleeting thought to Larry. He was a nice boy, of whom she had grown fond, and who she felt sure admired her, though in a cousinly way. Some softness stole into her heart at the thought of that brave, quiet lad, who had struggled so hard to keep up the old house, which she, for a mere whim, was anxious to wrest from him.

"Oh, this is life!" she reflected, looking around on the evidences of luxury everywhere, "the life which suits me. I have no taste for poverty."

When Gregory Glassford met her downstairs, there was nothing in his voice or manner to suggest that he disapproved of the extravagance of her costume, or of the "improvement," which she knew his quick glance perceived, and which gave an unnatural brightness to her eyes. Consummate man of the world—that world which he

was in but not of—he differed outwardly in no respect from the men about him. Only certain things were known about him and his standards, which caused the more frivolous to regard him as an anachronism. As he stood there in the drawing-room, he towered above many of the others in height. His good looks were proverbial, and he had a distinctive way of wearing his clothes.

“Gregory,” said Mrs. Critchley, “I have been bringing our dear Eloise, as I tell her, out of the chrysalis state.”

“Into a very charming butterfly,” supplemented Glassford. “Wouldn’t that be the correct expression?” and the girl winced at the cold aloofness which she felt under the careless speech.

“Am I going to take you into dinner?” Glassford inquired, as Mrs. Critchley fluttered away to receive a later coming guest.

“No, Glassford,” said a voice at his elbow, “you mustn’t expect to have all the good fortune.”

This was in allusion to Gregory’s late successes in Wall Street in the face of dire disaster, which had stirred the financial world so profoundly. Glassford turned quickly, and, at the same moment, Eloise recognized, with a rush of mingled emotions, her quondam admirer, Reggie Hubbard. Into her cheeks crept a burning blush, which put to shame Julie’s artistic touches. An ice-cold hand seemed to clutch her heart, and her voice, so ready always with conventional phrases, momentarily failed. It was a very dramatic moment, too, as she felt with a curious elation. For here was Gregory, who had sent her away chiefly to escape the attentions of this other man, now put aside to make way for him. And trivial as was this matter of the dinner partner, it was gratifying to Eloise, who had been conscious all along of a secret resentment against Glassford, because he had

chosen to take up the attitude of intimate friendship with those other Brentwoods—with Marcia.

Moreover, the old fascination came over her with almost overpowering force, as she looked into the cold eyes, which she felt were keenly appraising her, and heard the cool, deliberate tones of that voice, which she had so often longed to hear.

As for Glassford, he greeted Reggie carelessly, giving no sign of the annoyance he felt at his presence, or at this open recognition of his claim to intimacy with Eloise.

“What could Dolly Critchley be thinking of?” he asked himself in vexation. But aloud he merely remarked:

“I thought you had gone South, Hubbard.”

“So I had, my dear fellow, as far as Palm Beach. Glorious weather and all that down there, and we had some good golf. But how fortunate I am to get back about the time Miss Eloise emerged from her conventual seclusion.”

“I emerged some weeks ago,” laughed Eloise.

“Still you will allow me to call it a happy coincidence.” His eyes were on her, and he made her feel all that his words were intended to convey. It was a situation which she peculiarly enjoyed, standing thus between the two men in whom she was particularly interested. She felt that Reggie might serve as an instrument to punish Gregory for his late misdemeanors, and, perhaps, bring him, by the spur of jealousy, to the desired frame of mind.

She did not stop to question further as to what should happen in the event of Glassford becoming a declared admirer; or, whether she should then prefer him to Hubbard, with whom she fancied herself in love before going to France. Gregory had, meanwhile, been asked to take into dinner the wife of a

political magnate, whose recent achievements had set all Washington by the ears. Gregory had on his other side the hostess herself, to whom he found an opportunity to whisper, indicating Eloise and her partner as he spoke:

"Why in the world did you do *that*?"

"My dearest boy," cried Mrs. Critchley, "it was not I at all, but Nick. Reggie begged for a place beside Eloise, and Nick, who is the best-natured being in the world, hadn't the heart to refuse. But, I see, your old prejudice against poor Reggie is as strong as ever."

"Put it more strongly. My knowledge of the man makes me consider him a most undesirable friend for any girl, most of all Eloise."

"Why most of all Eloise?" inquired Mrs. Critchley.

"Because she seemed to favor his attentions in her schoolgirl days, and also because I have a certain responsibility for her, which I have not for any other of her set."

"I was hoping you were going to say a certain fondness."

"Put it that way, if you like. I have much more a certain fondness for Jim Brentwood's daughter."

"I wonder," thought Mrs. Critchley, "if the green-eyed monster has anything to do with it! One never can judge of Gregory as of other men."

Aloud she said:

"Reggie can be so charming when he wishes."

"Since he never wastes his charms on his fellowmen," responded Gregory, "I am not in a position to contest the statement. But, if true, it is all the more reason for keeping him out of a nice girl's way."

"You are unreasonable, you dear, old Greg; for you know as well as I do, that if you were to inquire into the lives of half the men we meet—"

"Go muckraking? No, that sort of

business has no attraction for me. But that is no reason why, in the face of obvious facts, I should stand by and see Eloise, my ward, throw herself away upon a—"

He was about to say 'blackguard,' but restrained himself, and the acute little woman beside him expressed regret that Nick should have done so unwise a thing as to thus make Eloise conspicuous on this occasion.

Gregory, having delivered his warning, turned from her to his dinner partner, with whom he was soon engaged in very lively badinage. She remarked upon Eloise and her partner:

"That is a most attractive looking girl over there."

"She is," answered Gregory; "the latest of the Brentwoods to appear on the social horizon."

"How interesting! And the man beside her?"

"His name is Hubbard."

"He seems very devoted. Is it a case of love at first sight?"

"You Southerners are very romantic. No, he has known Eloise for a good many years."

"And she? Is there a romance in the wind?"

"I hope not."

"Why?"

"Because her friends have other views for her. She is an exceptionally nice girl."

"Ah! but my dear Mr. Glassford," the lady continued, with odd persistence, "in these days and in our free America, it is not the friends who decide for a young girl. And that is right, that is best, is it not? lest poor women should become bound by uncongenial ties."

"They may be bound by what is worse," Gregory answered, almost sternly; "but now we are in deep waters, indeed, and how can a mere bachelor pretend to be an authority on such matters?"

Glassford, though he tried to give a light turn to the subject, was really very much vexed by this conversation, for he saw that Reggie Hubbard was deliberately making his attentions as marked as possible, and Eloise—well, it was evident that she was in no way discouraging him, but was apparently carried away by the man's charm.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "it looks serious; and yet, what can I do?"

Eloise, meanwhile, was enjoying herself very much. Hubbard was putting forth his very best efforts to please and to attract, and the girl felt the full force of her old infatuation. She was drifting with the moment, with no definite purpose in her mind, save that Gregory's disapproval lent a keen zest to her satisfaction. She hoped that this renewed relation with that social favorite might stimulate Glassford. For, in her crude philosophy of life, she had great faith in jealousy as a potential ally.

So the dinner came to an end, and the company without exception motored to the opera, which was "Butterfly," with its passion and its pain and its wild protest against cruel destiny. Gregory, a lover of music, was keenly responsive to its charm. As for Eloise, the vibrant voice of the young soprano and the notes of the famous tenor pleased and excited her; but she was too much absorbed in her own drama, and the man who resolutely claimed and kept a place beside her, to be aware of its musical value or its pathos.

Glassford, who was becoming greatly annoyed by this public display of intimacy with the objectionable Hubbard, wondered if he should have spoken more plainly to Eloise, when he expressed his disapprobation.

When the opera was over, instead of proceeding with the others to the dance, Gregory quietly withdrew, to the chagrin of Eloise and the vexation of Mrs. Critchley, who was anxious to ex-

ploit this hero of finance, whom so many voices had been loud to acclaim. Moreover, she was far from satisfied with the position of affairs.

"I must really see that Reggie Hubbard does not make his attentions to Eloise so conspicuous. It would be most unfortunate, if she, or anybody, took the affair seriously."

(To be continued.)

A Winner of Souls.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

III.

IN the Somme, where the Colonials were sent in June, 1915, their chaplain had to solve a problem that had especial importance. During the preceding month of February, Rome had issued a decree that confirmed Père Lenoir's views as to the possibility of giving Holy Communion to his men without requiring them to fast. It stated that all the soldiers who were "*appelés au combat*,"—on the point of attacking or being attacked—were sufficiently in danger to communicate without fasting. Here in the Somme, the Colonials were further from the Front, though not out of danger; and their chaplain, knowing that the Roman decree was interpreted in different ways, consulted the venerable curé of the village where he was quartered. The old priest asked for time to pray for guidance, and in the end decided that, given the circumstances, Père Lenoir was justified in considering his men in danger of death, and their Communion as a possible Viaticum. The verdict confirmed his dearest wishes.

The Colonials did not remain long in the Somme. Their next post was close to the spot where they had lost their bravest and best, Massiges in Champagne. All knew that an attack was pending; Père Lenoir prepared for it in

his own fashion. Day and night, with his precious ciborium on his breast, he went from one post to another hearing confessions and giving Holy Communion. The responsibility that weighed on him when he thought of the souls that God had trusted to his care became at times a torture; he was haunted by the fear of neglecting his duty, and his letters were in marked contrast with those that were written by the men themselves. While the latter sent home enthusiastic accounts of their chaplain, "the bravest of the brave," the "best officer in the regiment," (said the colonel), the subject of this admiration felt himself totally inadequate to his task. He was pursued by visions of unconverted souls. "Pray for me," he writes to a fellow religious, "pray for the poor soldiers, whose souls I am not saving. . . . I shall have one day a terrible account to give. . . . Pray that I may not be an obstacle to the grace of God. . . . Anyone would have done ten times better here than I am doing. . . ." Exaggerated though they seem, these expressions of humility are absolutely genuine; to the delicate conscience of Père Lenoir, the value of an immortal soul could not be too highly estimated, and no sacrifice was too great to secure its salvation.

On the eve of an engagement that he knew would bring death to many and suffering to all, he multiplied his visits and his instructions; these were delivered every morning, and were attended by all the men who were free. Yet, Père Lenoir never concealed from his hearers the magnitude and peril of the task demanded of them: he spoke to them of death, of sacrifice, of the happiness that God has in store for his faithful children. Every morning, during the days that preceded the attack, and often in the evening, too, three or four hundred men received Holy Communion. On these occasions, their chaplain led

the prayers and recited the acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, which were repeated after him. He used words that they would understand and that went straight to their hearts. A captain, who was present, wrote home: "I saw generals, colonels, and other officers and soldiers, go up to Holy Communion and kneel side by side, as they will soon lie side by side on the heights of —."

The attack came, and the Colonials faced, in a splendid spirit, the "formidable task" that lay before them. Père Lenoir's friend, Colonel Pruneau, gave the signal, the men went forward steadily, and their chaplain was with the first line. Later in the day, a wound in the hip disabled him, and, greatly to his sorrow, he was sent to the hospital of Autun, where his memory is still revered by the Sisters of Charity in charge. They remember how he firmly declined to leave the common ward, although a private room was put at his disposal; how his thoughts were ever with his men at the Front. He writes that he can not be "indifferent" to the separation; "you understand my anguish, my regrets, my impatience to go back."

His parents came to see him at Autun; they were the auxiliaries of his apostleship; he never appealed in vain to their generosity on behalf of his men, and this interchange of loving services between parents and son, the supernatural comprehension of the first and the filial tenderness and trust of the second, are very charming.

Early in November, although he was still lame, Père Lenoir was permitted, to his intense joy, to join his regiment. It had lost many men in the recent encounters, and its chaplain's one thought was to take up his work among the survivors. He refused to go to Versailles, where his parents lived, and he assumed that they would understand and approve. "Each day," he wrote, "repre-

sents so many deaths, so many men whose courage needs bracing, so many souls that need to be fed!" Two days later, he had given nearly one thousand Communion; but his wound, being but imperfectly healed, hampered his movements, and, by the Colonel's orders, he was removed to the hospital of Braux.

During the weeks he spent at Braux, Père Lenoir, without leaving the ward, where he elected to remain with the wounded soldiers, made his yearly retreat. A notebook, to which we have already referred, reveals something of his inner life, and, more especially, of his keen sense of his own deficiencies. These, we hasten to add, were noticed only by himself; his General assured his biographer that he had never discovered a flaw in him; his Colonel voted him "a saint." Commander de Belinay, writing of his absolute unselfishness, adds: "In his presence one could not but feel very small."

The subject of these eulogiums, the man whose devotedness was now proverbial throughout the regiment, writes in his notes that, as a result of his retreat, he must correct his want of charity, impatience, reluctance to serve others. The points on which he believed himself wanting are precisely those that the sharers of his daily life most admired and extolled. Another note explains this extreme humility; it came from the priest's high ideal of his calling. In the same book, he owns that death had no terrors for him, except the fear of having imperfectly responded to God's designs.

In January, 1916, his wound being healed, Père Lenoir consented to take six days' leave—his first leave since the beginning of the war. His men were, temporarily, less exposed, and he was anxious to arrange for the publishing of a little book of prayers for soldiers. The matter was happily settled; the little book proved a success.

Soon after he had joined his post, the Colonial Regiment was sent back to the Somme, where it moved from place to place during a dreary Winter, when the attention of the nation was centered on Verdun, the key of France. Père Lenoir made use of this period of comparative quiet to become better acquainted with the men. His letters mention many conversions. Some of the young soldiers proved themselves messengers of grace; they brought their comrades to the chaplain, whose love for these neophytes breaks out in his home letters. He gave them much time and attention, and, in some cases, became a friend of their family.

IV.

The conversions that, in many cases, rewarded Père Lenoir's zeal, were truly surprising; he attributed them less to his own efforts than to the many prayers offered for his men. First and foremost among the souls on whose intercessions he counted, were the Carmelites of a certain monastery. These nuns were worthy daughters of St. Teresa, whose apostolic spirit they had inherited; they prayed and did penance for the Colonials whom they had adopted; the chaplain's letters were eagerly read and discussed during the recreation of the community. If he reported that the conversions slackened, the nuns promptly concluded that they had not prayed enough, and strove to make up for past deficiencies. At other times, certain passages of the letters rejoiced their hearts. Thus, the Father once wrote that an apostate Catholic had, when grievously wounded, rejected his ministrations. This man not only refused to speak to the priest, but did his best to keep his comrades from the Sacraments; and he had warned Père Lenoir that he would drive him away "like a dog," if he came near him. By chance, this soldier one day passed close to the spot where the chaplain was say-

ing Mass; an invisible force arrested his progress, and, after Mass, drove him to confession. He gave every sign of sincerity and contrition; and his old Catholic instinct, that had long been dormant, suggested the explanation of his sudden change: "Some one," he said, "must have been praying for me very earnestly." Père Lenoir was convinced that he owed a great deal to his Carmelite friends. "If," he says in one of his letters, "Our Lord takes me to Himself during this campaign, as I hope He will, I shall humbly join my prayers to those of the saints of the regiment to bless you from above."

In October, 1915, it was reported that the Fourth Colonial Regiment, to which our Jesuit belonged, was to be sent eastward. He broke the news to his parents with his usual considerateness, assuming, as a matter of course, that they would unite their sacrifice to his, and offer it for the salvation of his men. On November 27, having spent a few hours at his home in Versailles, he left Marseilles in the "Britannia." A few months before, another Jesuit, Père de Daran, who accompanied a Colonial Regiment, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. He was last seen by survivors, giving absolution to the men around him; he took off his safety belt to put it on a soldier who had none, and went down with the ship. We imagine that, in similar circumstances, Père Lenoir would have done likewise.

After a short halt at Athens, the regiment landed at Salonica, and thence, not without many difficulties, made its way inland, over a mountainous district where, as much from official mismanagement as from the climate and rough country, the men suffered greatly. Their chaplain was, like them, but for other reasons, somewhat disheartened; it was impossible to keep Sundays as he would have wished, and even Christ-

mas Day passed almost without notice.

At last, on January 14, 1917, at Eşkissou, in a rocky space, hemmed in by mountains, he was able to arrange for a Solemn Mass, at which were present, not only his Colonials, but artillerymen, cavalrymen and two generals. Again, at Kailar, in a disused Greek church, he arranged regular religious functions. He seems practically to have lived in this church, always at the disposal of his men. His orderly reports that, during a whole month, he never had but one real meal in the day. The officers' mess being at some distance, he gave up going there in the evening, for fear of missing the soldiers who flocked to see him, and, for his supper, ate figs and nuts, brought to him by his orderly. He gave Benediction and addressed the men daily. His sermons, of which the notes remain, were always short and plain, generally on the Gospel, and they had a chivalrous note that appealed to the soldiers' best instincts. The month at Kailar was a happy one; it brought our lover of souls very close to his flock, and he writes that the "work of grace is intense."

From Kailar, the regiment proceeded to Kozhani, where the Greek cathedral was placed at the disposal of the Catholic chaplain. Here, he preached to his men with an earnestness and unction that impressed them deeply. One passage of a certain sermon is still remembered. After speaking of the price of an immortal soul, the preacher went on: "Our regiment is a regiment of heroes,—ah, if it could be also a regiment of saints! For this, I would give my life; indeed, I would gladly give my life for one, single soul among you." Words that later, when his sacrifice was accepted, were recalled by officers who had never forgotten his earnestness, and who knew that the words came from his heart.

In the Palm-Leaves.

SURELY, the Lord was in this place!
 I slept, and knew it not;
 The mantle of His careful grace
 I felt, and then forgot.

He led me through the shadowy wild,
 A long and lonely way;
 Always the Father, I the child
 Whose food was safe each day.

Then onward in a quiet place,
 We sought the quickening shade
 Where palm trees wove gigantic lace,
 And the cool shadows played.

I slept; in dreams that midnight weaves,
 Then guiding breezes came,
 And whispered through the humble leaves
 The Saviour's awful name.

ANON.

Mary Dempsey's Rheumatism.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

WHEN the bishop sent Father Lonagan to Bulwer's Point, he warned him that there would be no priest within seventy-five miles; that his lot would be cast among poor, uncouth and uneducated people of many nationalities, most of them Catholics in name only. "It will be very different from life in a seminary. You will be lonely; we must both face that," his Lordship had said; and he had added kindly: "When the isolation becomes too much for you, don't hesitate to tell me so, and I will relieve you. Some one else may then take his turn at Bulwer's Point."

And Father Lonagan had set forth the next day, with a cheery face and an aching heart. Priests and students had crowded around him to say good-bye, and he had wrung each hand fervently, loathe to let it go; for he loved the seminary which, for twelve happy years, had been his home as student and professor, and shrank from the dreariness of the life before him.

All this had happened in the early Autumn, twenty years before; but it was of the bishop's words that Father Lonagan was thinking, as he prepared his solitary breakfast one morning not long ago, in the neat little parish house which, with his own hands, he had helped to build at Bulwer's Point. More than once, during the intervening years, the bishop had offered to relieve him; but each time, Father Lonagan had replied that he was interested in his work, and devoted to his people, and content—more than content—to remain where he was. The last time the bishop had laughed at his enthusiasm when he had recounted some incidents to prove the goodness of his notoriously troublesome flock. "When I stationed you here I did not think you would hold out for a year," the Bishop had admitted, adding these hearty words of commendation: "Your courage and perseverance are an example to us all."

But for a month or more Father Lonagan's courage had failed him. The ignorance and uncouthness of his people had grated upon every nerve and fibre, and the loneliness of his lot had weighed on his heart as never before, until he had begun to feel that he could not bear his companionless life much longer. That morning's mail had made matters worse by bringing a cordial invitation to a reunion of the alumni to be held at St. Mary's Seminary. His former classmates would be there, he knew; some of his old professors, and his only brother, whom he had seen but once since their ordination together. Father Lonagan longed to go, but it was out of the question. The trip would cost far more than he could afford to spend on it; besides, it would be impossible to get a priest to replace him in Bulwer's Point for ten days.

Father Lonagan hardly tasted his murky coffee and two-days-old bread. Rising from the table, after toying with

them for a few minutes, he listlessly left the house, locking the door behind him, and crossed the street in the direction of the little school which he had built after years of collecting and saving, and supported at the cost of many a personal sacrifice. He had promised to be present at a spelling match and to award the prize—a baseball that he carried in his pocket.

The anxious-faced boys who were lined up before the platform, waiting for him, did not know how heartily Father Lonagan wished they would all miss quickly and let him be gone. They struggled manfully with long, and deceptive words, and sat down, utterly crestfallen, when they made a mistake. The contest ended at last; and after he had given the prize and expressed his heartfelt wonder that the boys had been so slow to fail, Father Lonagan hurried away.

On leaving the school, Father Lonagan went to a carpenter's shop to arrange for some repairs to be made within the church. More than once he had done a like job himself, but he felt too weary and dispirited to attempt such work now. It took him sometime to reach an agreement with the man, who was perverse and ill-tempered at best, and in a particularly bad humor that day. He began by demanding quite an exorbitant price, and declaring that he could not begin the work for three or four weeks, and ended by sulkily agreeing to do it at once, for not greatly more than half the figure he had at first named. Father Lonagan sighed as he left the shop. The morning's routine work seemed meaningless and uninteresting; the people with whom he had to deal provokingly full of human failings. Yet he was not done.

Down the village street he passed, going toward the last and poorest cottage on it, to visit Mary Dempsey, an old woman, who, after years of painful

sickness, was failing fast, and could not live longer than a few days. She had been Father Lonagan's housekeeper during his first three months in Bulwer's Point—so slow and shiftless and incompetent a one that, when she became crippled with rheumatism, he had decided to do his own housework as best he could.

Father Lonagan had found a home for Mary Dempsey with Mrs. Menduni, a penniless widow, who was glad to shelter her for the sake of the pittance she was able to pay, and she had been there ever since. During all the long years of her semi-invalidism she had been one of the small annoyances of life to Father Lonagan. Lonely, and always longing for some one to talk to, like many lonely people, she became a bore, because she did not realize that other people's time may be precious, their hands and minds and hearts full. "She is a simple, pious, good old soul, for all her wearisome ways; and I am glad I never allowed her to see how she bored and annoyed me," Father Lonagan thought, as he approached the cottage.

Mrs. Menduni's house was small and incredibly disorderly, considering how bare it was of furniture. Pots and pans were apt to be seen in the "parlor," articles of clothing and remnants of meals were always there. Mary Dempsey's room, opening from it, was hardly more than a closet, which a narrow bed almost filled, but although he was far from slender, Father Lonagan had little difficulty in crowding himself and a small chair into the space between the bed and the door. Practice had taught him how to do this.

Mary Dempsey neither spoke nor opened her eyes, and, bending over her, Father Lonagan said slowly and distinctly: "Do you know me, Mary? It's Father Lonagan."

A faint smile flitted across the wrinkled, waxen old face.

"I'm glad you've come again, Father," she said weakly. "Please, give me your blessing. It will be the last time."

She paused, waiting for him to do so; and after the murmured Latin words had reached her ears and Father Lonegan had seated himself again, Mary went on brokenly, but not indistinctly:

"I've been thinking of you all morning, Father. I am glad you stayed in Bulwer's Point. It's been lonely for you here, but I'm glad you did not go away. I saw when you came that people were going to like you: they were afraid of Father Fischer. But I was afraid you would not stay. No one else ever stayed long, not long enough to know us well, and I saw—I saw—"

Her faint voice sank into silence, but only for a moment.

"I never had much schooling—only a few months in Wintertime when I was small," she began again, irrelevantly, so it seemed to Father Lonegan. "I can't read or write easily: you know that; but I always learned some things just by noticing; and I knew how you felt when you came here: lonesome and discouraged and worried. You thought you couldn't stand it long, any more than the others had. So I promised Our Lord to say my beads for you, on my knees, every day; and if that was not enough, why, I said I'd take without grumbling any trouble He would send me, if He would give you courage to stay. And I've said my beads as I promised, though my knees were often stiff and sore; I did till a month ago. And He sent me the rheumatism, too. It was only something like it that He could have sent. I had no means to lose, and no loved ones left. And so He sent the rheumatism. It's never left me for a day; but you have stayed these twenty years—God be praised! And think of all the good you've done in Bulwer's Point! Now—"

Again the faint voice died away; but

soon it began again, expecting no response and getting none, for Father Lonegan's face was buried in his hands.

"And now I am going, and some one else will have to help you. You, poor priests, are only human, for all you're God's ministers, and you need help. We owe it to you; sure we do, with you forgiving our sins, and preaching to us, and giving up your lives for us, and bearing with our selfish, stingy ways. And—and now—some one else—will have to help you."

Father Lonegan's face was very tender in its gratitude and reverence, as he bent over her. "Mary," he said—and paused.

If Mary Dempsey heard him she gave no sign, but after waiting for a moment, he continued, in the hope that she would understand, "Mary, I could never tell you how grateful I am. I am certain that I would not have had courage—" But it was so plain she heard nothing that Father Lonegan stopped. The poor woman had looked for no thanks, and was to get none this side of the grave.

Father Lonegan sat by her bedside for half an hour longer, but she gave no further sign of consciousness. Mrs. Menduni came to the door, looked at her, and shook her head. A clock in the kitchen struck noisily: Father Lonegan remembered that Mary used to say it was company for her; a dog barked shrilly; the old cat, which Mary had loved, stole into the room and curled itself into a ball on the foot of the bed and went to sleep; and all the while, Mary lay, hardly breathing, and almost as motionless as if her long rest had really begun. At last, Father Lonegan slipped away and went slowly homeward. He had never felt more humbled or more at peace.

It was only an hour later that the mail carrier and a small boy reached his door together. The boy had been sent by Mrs. Menduni to tell him that Mary

Dempsey had died a few minutes before. The mail consisted of a week-old newspaper and a letter from the bishop, directing Father Lonagan to come to the seminary for the alumni meeting, and to remain as professor of pastoral theology. His perseverance deserved a change and lighter work, the bishop said.

Father Lonagan's face was white by the time he reached the end of the letter. He had longed with all his heart to be present at the reunion; and to live once again within the seminary had been his dearest wish; but at that moment he was conscious of bewilderment rather than of joy.

Blackthorn and Whitethorn.

THERE is no kind of walking stick in such demand among the Irish people, both at home and abroad, as one fashioned from the wood of the blackthorn or sloe. The wood is very durable. The shrub probably derives its first title from the fact of the contrast of the greyish white blossoms with the bare, black, leafless boughs. In a late March or early April gloaming the blooming boughs look ghostly white.

The partiality of the Irish for the blackthorn as an ordinary walking stick, or as a weapon, comes perhaps from the legend that tells how Saint Patrick, during his stay with Saint Martin, his kinsman, once sat down to rest on a Winter night beneath the bare thorns that grew along the banks of the Loire. The shrub immediately put forth blossoms which Patrick blessed; and ever since the blackthorn blooms ere the leaves of the plant appear. A village near the scene of the miracle bears the name St. Patrice; and

In fair Touraine they tell this wondrous story,
When snows lie white and deep,
And show the shrub which, for the dear saint's
glory,
Wakes from its Winter sleep.

Both in Ireland and Scotland jelly made from sloe berries is considered an excellent cure for hoarseness and some forms of sore throát. In the latter country many villagers manufacture a drink called sloe-gin for which there is a large demand.

Whitethorn, or, as it is better known, hawthorn, blooms in May. Its blossoms are much whiter than those of the blackthorn, and have a delicious perfume.

In Ireland hawthorns are regarded with much respect as belonging to the fairies, and certain large trees all over the country are known as "gentry bushes," gentry being a name by which fairies are sometimes designated. The cutting down of one of these old thorns was supposed to bring bad luck. In Sir Samuel Ferguson's poem, "The Fairy Thorn," reference is made to the disappearance of one Anna Grace, who went to dance under one of the ancient bushes. It is likewise believed that to carry a spray of hawthorn into a house forebodes the coming of death to one of the inmates. In the south of England, the fruit is called "pixies' pears."

Legend says that it was from a hawthorn that the Jews cut Our Lord's crown of thorns, and that ever since the whitethorn has had curative properties. In several countries a decoction of the leaves is used in pleurisy, and it is held that a cloth dipped in the water in which the leaves are boiled will relieve festerings.

The badge of the Tudors was a red-berried bough of hawthorn. When the usurper, "Crook-backed Richard," was slain at Bosworth Field, his crown was taken from a thorn-bush to designate the victor. The old English proverb, "Cleave to the crown though it lie in a bush," refers to this incident.

JUDGE not thy neighbor till thou art
in his situation.—*Willet.*

A Reminiscence of Pius IX.

A YOUNG freethinker—he called himself a freethinker—once accompanied some Catholic friends and relatives to an audience with the well-beloved patron and venerated namesake of our present Holy Father. Every other member of the party solicited some spiritual favor, but this youth preserved a sullen silence. Finally, Pius IX. turned to him with a kind smile, saying in his gentlest tone:

“And you, my son,—have you nothing to ask of me?”

“Nothing, your Holiness.” (The young fellow was at least polite and had learned from the others how to address the Head of the World Church.)

“Are you quite sure? Nothing whatever to ask of me?”

“Nothing, your Holiness.”

“Is your father still alive?”

“Yes, your Holiness.”

“And your mother?”

“My mother is dead, your Holiness.”

This answer was given in a voice that had suddenly become unsteady.

“Well, then, my child, if you have nothing to ask of me, I have something to ask of you.”

The young disciple of Voltaire, as he prided himself on being called, looked at the Sovereign Pontiff in open-eyed astonishment.

“My son,” continued the Holy Father, “I beg you to do me the favor of reciting with me an ‘Our Father’ and a ‘Hail Mary’ for the repose of your good mother’s soul.”

His Holiness knelt down; so did the young man, and when he arose tears stood in his eyes. The gentleness of the kindly old Pope and the remembrance of his mother had quite overcome the freethinker’s indifference; and as he left the audience chamber he was sobbing like a child. There were tears also in the eyes of his friends.

Our Lady’s Feasts and the Church’s Trials.

THE confidence which, in time of trial, the Church reposes in the Blessed Virgin is not the result of enthusiastic piety on the part of Catholics: it is founded on authentic historical facts. Mary comes to the succor of the Church in all her dangers. This assertion is clearly proven by the very existence of the festivals of Our Lady. For the most part, they are connected with the principal events in the history of the Church—with her struggles, her sufferings, and her triumphs; they are the expression of gratitude to her who is a secure refuge in the tempests that assail the Church militant. An examination of the origin of a few of these festivals will convince us of the truth of this.

In the thirteenth century, the College of Cardinals (the Holy See being then vacant) had recourse to the Blessed Virgin in order to be delivered from the persecutions with which Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, oppressed the Church; and, in the conclave which named Celestine IV., they bound themselves by vow to add an octave to the ancient Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Pope Innocent IV., who succeeded Pope Celestine, accomplished this vow.

At the beginning of the great Western Schism, Pope Urban IV., in 1389, proclaimed the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin a festival of universal observation, in order to obtain the cessation of one of the severest trials through which the Church has passed. The sequel proved that the confidence he placed in Christ’s Mother was not in vain. Following the example of his illustrious predecessors, Pope Pius IX. raised the same festival to the rite of a Double of the Second Class. He did this on his return from Gaeta, through gratitude, as he states in the Brief authorizing the

change, for the protection which Our Lady had accorded to the Church in pressing difficulties.

On October 7, 1571, at the very hour when the Rosary procession ordered by Pope Pius V., of saintly memory, started from all the churches of Rome, the Catholic fleet won, in the waters of the Lepanto, a decisive victory over the Moslem squadron, and so delivered Christendom from one of the greatest perils that ever threatened it. In commemoration of this victory, St. Pius instituted the festival that we celebrate under the title of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary.

The victory of the Christians over the Turks at Vienna, Austria, in 1683, was so universally attributed to the special protection of the Mother of God, that Pope Innocent XI., in memory of the event, established the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

Delivered by a succession of unexpected events from the captivity in which he had groaned for five years, Pius VII. declared that he owed his constancy in tribulation and his return to the Holy City to the Blessed Virgin, whom during his exile he had never ceased to invoke. Out of gratitude for this particular assistance, he established in honor of Our Lady a new festival under the title of Help of Christians—*Auxilium Christianorum*. He fixed it for May 24, the memorable day on which he regained possession of the Chair of St. Peter.

Pius IX., finally, placed in Our Lady's hands all the interests of the Church and of society in declaring her Immaculate. On the solemn day of the proclamation of this dogma, he pronounced these memorable words, on which every Christian would do well to meditate at the present time: "We repose with absolute confidence in the certitude of our hopes: the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, who crushed the serpent's head,

will through her powerful patronage bring it to pass that, all obstacles being removed, all errors vanquished, the Holy Catholic Church will grow strong and flourish more and more among all peoples and in all countries,—will reign everywhere, so that there will be but one fold and one shepherd. Her prayers have omnipotent influence; what she wishes she obtains; she can ask nothing in vain. Let all our well-beloved children of the Catholic Church give heed to these words."

Are We Facing Revolution?

THOUGH a friend of immigrants and president of a league which has done much to better their condition, Mr. Daniel Chauncey Brewer, a prominent Boston lawyer, who has specialized in international law, is strongly of opinion (expressed in a new book, "The Peril of the Republic: Are We Facing Revolution in the United States?") that immigration is imperilling American institutions and quickening the drift to political revolution. His figures are impressive. He assures us that the body of aliens which has entered the United States since 1880 is "numerically greater than any other body of human beings which has ever moved across the earth's surface in a like period of time." As a result, the foreign-born population now far outnumbers the native-born in those regions of the country that are industrially most important. Mr. Brewer contends that in recent years the prevailing type of immigrant has brought with him, in consequence of the oppression he has suffered at home, a hatred of authority; and he is tenacious of his racial characteristics. When he sets himself to spread seditious doctrines in the country of his adoption, he finds a field ready for his propaganda. According to Mr. Brewer, the revolutionary group among ill-disposed

immigrants have drawn up a concrete programme for revolution; and he is "driven to the conclusion that democracy in America has every prospect of a pitched battle with forces alien to it, but which are already entrenched within its territory."

Our author very severely censures the Government and Congress for neglecting to supervise, protect, or direct the newly-arrived immigrants. The rough treatment they receive on arrival sows the first seed of disaffection, and they are the victims of shameless exploitation. They are naturalized wholesale, often being induced to become American citizens as a condition of employment.

Mr. Brewer has an illuminating explanation to offer for the failure of the attempts to Americanize the alien element. The political life of the nation has become debased. There is a sharper cleavage between rich and poor, and the flaunting of wealth has fostered popular discontent. The country has suffered from a "perverse" education, which has left the multitude in a state of "intellectual villenage." There is a lack of virile leaders and of informed and right-minded citizens. What remains, indeed, is only "the shell of democracy." It is of the moral and intellectual weakness of such a community that the revolutionary spirits among the alien immigrants take advantage when they circulate broadcast their inflammatory appeals, and lay their plans for a revolt against the established institutions of the country.

There is truth in all this, pessimistic as it seems. If our author had as much faith in religion as he has in education, he would doubtless have taken occasion of his censures to advocate an immediate and thorough reform of the "perverse" education to which he refers. It is perverse for being, to a great extent, Godless. "Intellectual villenage" is the natural result of it.

Notes and Remarks.

The speech in the House of Representatives of Congressman Chandler, to which we called attention last week, was not only a denunciation of the Ku-Klux Klan, but a defence of Catholics against whom the activities of that infamous organization are chiefly directed. In answer to the charge that the Church is hostile to the American Republic, and that Catholics are trying to undermine our Government, Mr. Chandler said:

"What have these anti-Catholic propagandists, who charge that Catholicism is a menace to free institutions, to say when they are told that nearly every Republic on this earth, more than 20 in number, excepting the pagan Republic of China and the United States, is overwhelmingly Catholic in population? Far from being antagonistic to free institutions, is there not a strong suggestion in this fact that Catholicism and republican government are identical? Is there not a further suggestion of republican heredity, when we consider that nearly all the Catholic races of modern times are direct descendants of the people of the ancient Roman Republic?"

"Are the anti-Catholic agitators, we may ask, ready to declare that Catholics of other Republics are advocates of freedom and are friendly to free institutions, while the Catholics of the United States are hostile and unfriendly? Would not such a charge be a gratuitous insult to the patriotism and an ungrounded slander upon the heroic conduct of American Catholics in every crisis of our history? Is it not a matter of common knowledge that Irishmen, chiefly Catholics, have always been foremost as defenders of American liberty? Has there ever convened a single Congress of this Republic in which Irish Catholic Members were not present and ready to defend American constitutional

freedom if occasion arose and necessity required defence? Has there been a single battlefield of this Republic upon which their blood has not richly flowed in defence of liberty and of the Union? Then why this unfounded calumny, these ungenerous insinuations, these cruel attacks upon their religion and their patriotism?"

According to the "Congressional Record," from which we quote, Mr. Chandler's speech received applause. It would be particularly interesting to know how cordial and general it was, also the names of the gentlemen who failed to join in it.

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Chesterton's very interesting book, "What I Saw in America," deals with "Prohibition in Fact and Fancy." He begins it by stating that he came to this country with some notion of not discussing the question at all; but soon found that well-to-do Americans were only too delighted to discuss it over the nuts and wine, and were even willing, if necessary, to dispense with the nuts. Then follows this forthright utterance: "But if I am to deal with Prohibition, there is no doubt of the first thing to be said about it. The first thing to be said about it is that it does not exist. It is to some extent enforced among the poor; at any rate it was intended to be enforced among the poor; though even among them I fancy it is much evaded. It is certainly not enforced among the rich; and I doubt whether it was intended to be. . . . Prohibition never prohibits. It never has in history, not even in Moslem history; and it never will."

It is too bad that G. K. C.'s visit to this country did not synchronize with the recent amazing ruling of our Attorney-General in the matter of liquor-bearing foreign ships. International law, to say nothing of inter-

national comity, is to go by the board, apparently; and Uncle Samuel, it will be said, not content with minding his own business in alcoholic affairs, now proceeds to occupy himself with the business of the world at large. It is scarcely conceivable that our Supreme Court will uphold the surprising contention of the Attorney-General; but if it should do so, the parties to be congratulated will be, not the "Drys" but the "Wets." In the meantime, Chesterton's chapter on Prohibition needs a supplement—and we should like to read it.

Heresies we have always with us; but any single heresy, when one comes to think of it, is scarcely ever more than a day's acquaintance. This point is brilliantly made by Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in a paper contributed to the October *Catholic World* under the beguiling title, "The Blessings of Heresy." As links in his argumentative chain, the author writes these paragraphs:

Within our own half century we have seen a scientific heresy, that started with great waving of flags and beating of drums, meekly admit that there was something wrong with the cause for which it was fighting and something decidedly shady about its leaders. But the admission at this late date can not give back faith to the weak souls whom it fooled and befuddled, with proofs that did not prove and arguments that cracked like glass.

About that same time, Higher Criticism started to handle the Bible as a very young child handles a very precious book. It ripped it chapter from chapter, broke it down the back, and started to chew the battered remnants. The Pentateuch written by Moses? Let's talk sense! For instance, as a simple argument, is it possible you don't know that men did not learn to write for almost five hundred years after Moses had been gathered to his fathers? As for the New Testament, we have proved conclusively that it was written about two hundred years after the death of the Apostles.

But time has done its usual smashing work. History knows now that men wrote for almost five hundred years before the birth of Moses, and it has proved, to the satisfaction even of

those who reject Christianity, that the New Testament was written at the time it claims to have been written, and by men who were essentially truthful in their relation of facts. God pity the poor deluded Christians who were frightened by a phantom that they took for a living proof; and God pity still more the historians and critics who dared dress up a pumpkin and a broom, and frighten weak children with a Halloween ghost!

We are minded just here of what a clear-headed Protestant minister once said to a young man whom he was trying to "win to the Lord," but who declared that he couldn't be a Christian, because he didn't believe in the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. "Be converted to the Lord *now!*" exclaimed the minister; "and when you get to heaven, you can hunt up Moses, and ask him who wrote the Pentateuch." Also in order here is the very homely but very pat comparison of an heresiarch attacking the Church with a flea that says, "Now see me fell this creature!" The man does not know he is touched until he feels the flea on his neck, then he half unconsciously brushes it off.

Socialists naturally have more *bêtes noires* than other folk. The two chief ones of Mr. Bertrand Russell are America and the Y. M. C. A. "American public opinion," he says in his new book, "The Problem of China," "believes in commerce and industry, Protestant morality, athletics, hygiene and hypocrisy, which may be taken as the chief ingredients of American and English Kultur." The Y. M. C. A. he considers a grave danger to the "intellectual Chinaman, who may learn from it 'the mystic efficacy of cold baths and dumb-bells.'" All the Western Powers are "foolish and wicked" in Mr. Russell's opinion; and he holds that the Washington Conference did more harm than good. "It is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or peace and freedom out of capitalism." This

declaration is decidedly blunt, but it can hardly be called elegant. Not so are philosophers wont to express themselves. (Mr. Russell holds, or did hold, the chair of philosophy in the Government University of Peking.) He greatly admires in the writings of the Chinese sages their restraint and understatement; but if he has made any efforts to imitate these qualities, his book affords no proof of it.

More important than the average foreigner's impressions of the Vatican are those which Vladimir Poliakov records in a recent number of the London *Daily Telegraph*. We quote certain of the more striking passages:

There is yet another difficulty when one discusses anything connected with the Vatican. Time there is not measured according to our accepted forms. While we think in days usually, in months not always, in years very seldom, and in generations nearly never, the Vatican thinks in centuries ordinarily, in generations fairly often, in years only under the pressure of unusual circumstances, in shorter periods never. It is this difference in the measurement of time which makes the Vatican such a difficult subject for the secular political investigator. There is no time limit, in the usually accepted sense, for the Vatican's political thought. At least it is not limited by a lifetime. The cardinal, who, at the time of writing, is at the head of the Vatican's Foreign Office—Segreteria di Stato—is a very old man, who for thirty years has been connected with political affairs. But he continues to look ahead into the centuries. He, I believe, is the only statesman in Europe who can and who does coolly discuss the possibility of Russian Bolshevism, under some form or another, enduring for fifty years yet. What are fifty years for the Vatican? Imagine any other European statesman, anxious for the success of his butterfly career, talking in this cool way about Moscow!

Discussing the much-talked-of coming reconciliation between the Vatican and Italy, M. Poliakov observes:

I doubt if such a reconciliation can take place in the near future. The position of the Vatican is regulated by the so-called Law of

Guaranty, which was passed by the Italian Parliament after the Temporal Power of the Pope had been abolished in 1870. By this law, which the Popes have not ratified, the exterritoriality, the right to diplomatic relations, and several other privileges of the Vatican have been recognized. But the law is a national statute passed by the Italian Parliament, and therefore can be changed by it. If the Vatican accepts it now, as many of its friends advise, where is the assurance that at some future date a Socialist or a Communist parliament will not abrogate it? The Pope would then find himself reduced to the position of a simple citizen or, perhaps, to something even less. Therefore, the Vatican can not accept the Law of Guaranty until out of a national statute it is transformed into an international instrument, recognized by all the civilized States assembled in special conclave on this question. One fails to see when and how such a guaranty can be achieved.

There were a great many Catholics all over the world who expected international settlement of the Pope's status in Europe as a by-product of the Great War; but their hope, like many another in connection with that unprecedented conflict, was doomed to die.

In a recent address the Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., repeated what he has said more than once in his sermons and lectures,—that the prevalence of divorce is the most serious evil in this country at the present time, though it is not generally recognized as such. He clearly states the Church's opposition to all attempts to weaken the marriage bond when he says:

"Divorce is a form of anarchy undermining the home, one of the cornerstones of the nation. The Church has always championed the sanctity of the home. In the darkest period of history since the Crucifixion, at the time when the so-called Reformation had torn most of the nations of Continental Europe from the bosom of the Church, the most powerful ruler of the time declared that England too would operate under

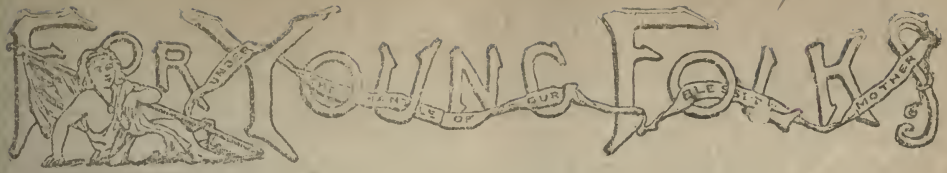
away his lawful wife. He was blinded by the passion of lust.

"The Popes have been accused of saving the Church by diplomacy and compromise. The reply of the Pope to Henry VIII. is the answer to that charge. Though universities and prelates approved of Henry's demand, the courageous Pontiff defied his threat, and threw the mantle of his protection about Catherine of Aragon, thereby defending marriage and motherhood. The fact that all the English-speaking nations are predominantly non-Catholic to-day, is the price which the Church paid for upholding the inviolability of the marriage bond."

"Ignorance," says Robert Hall, "gives a sort of eternity to prejudice, and perpetuity to error." Only on some such theory as this can we explain the recrudescence of the Know-Nothing spirit noticeable in different parts of the country—from Georgia to Oregon. This ignorance of the typical anti-Catholic—whether he works in the open or conceals his enmity under the guise of pure Americanism—is due to some one of the four basic reasons which Bacon says are at the bottom of all human ignorance, if indeed, it is not, as seems probable, the result of a combination of all four such reasons. They are "First, trust in inadequate authority; second, a force of custom which leads men to accept without question what has been accepted before their time; third, the placing of confidence in the opinion of the inexperienced; and fourth, the hiding of one's own ignorance with a parade of superficial knowledge."

In the matter of the Oregon proposal to compel attendance at public schools, it is pertinent to say, with George Eliot: "Ignorance is not so damnable as humility, but when it prescribes pills it may

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Flowers' Death.

BY X. Y. Z.

WHEN the earth lay calm and lovely in the warm embrace of Summer, When the breezes were all gentle and the heavens were all blue, Nestling in the shady bowers, shyly bloomed the fairest flowers— Dainty blossoms rich in perfume and of myriad-tinted hue.

Flaunting not with pride their beauty in the public park or garden, Lowly hermits—surely Autumn might have spared them longer days. For their death he gives as reason: they have lived a flower's season, And in dying, as in living, still promote their Maker's praise.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

PART II.

III.

WE left Camille sitting near the entrance on the kitchen side of the Café de Paris, looking up the alley in which his dog had disappeared. With a full heart, he awaited his return.

Quite a long time passed. Our little Robinson Crusoe was beginning to fear that he should never see his friend again, when suddenly Fox stood beside him. The faithful animal held something in his mouth, but Camille could not at first make out what it was. Fox laid it carefully on his master's knees; then, sitting down on his haunches, he watched Camille, wagging his tail and licking his jaws, as much as to say:

"Eat, but don't forget me!"

"That's a fine morsel of chicken," said

Camille. "It's as good as that which was served at my uncle's table. But, Fox, I need a piece of bread to eat with it."

The dog started back, as if he really understood. It was not long before he returned, carrying in his mouth the piece of roll of which our readers have been told. Then the two friends set about enjoying the chicken and bread, which were gone very soon, as you may imagine.

"Now, friend Fox, we must have a drink," said Camille, after they had finished eating together.

Knowing still better that he felt the same need, Fox fled up the dark alley once more. This time he did not return alone: some one was following him. It was doubtless the angry man whose chicken had been stolen. Camille felt a little frightened.

"Perhaps he is only coming to see what became of the chicken and bread," he thought.

He ventured to raise his eyes, and, instead of an angry man, he saw a boy not much larger than himself, with a fresh, smiling face, carrying a bowl of water.

"Aha!" said the boy on seeing Camille, who was still picking at the chicken wing, with Fox crouching at his feet. "So the chicken and bread, and the water too, I suppose, are for you?"

"Yes," answered Camille, now reassured. "I hope you aren't angry at Fox for having shared with me."

"He's a queer dog!—a queer dog!"

And, in his astonishment, the boy would have dropped the bowl of water if Camille, seeing the danger, had not taken it out of his hands.

"Wait for me to come back," said Baptiste, turning around and starting up the alley.

"We will," replied Camille, stroking his dog. "Now you see, my little Fox, that a kind act is never wasted. You shared your dinner with me, and now, I think, we are to be given another. Poor fellow! If I had driven you away when you came, covered with blood, to hide behind me, I wouldn't have known where to find a drink yesterday; no one would have given me a place to sleep, and I shouldn't have had any dinner to-day. We will never part, poor fellow! I love you, don't you love me?"

As if the spaniel understood these words, he began to roll at the boy's feet, looking at him affectionately and uttering little grunts of satisfaction.

"Yes," continued Camille, "you are not wicked like my cousin. But let us forget him. The boy is coming back. Now, then, we'll finish our dinner, for I am still very hungry."

The little scullion now appeared, carrying a covered basket.

"Do you like your dog so very much?" he asked.

"Yes, very much indeed."

"Then follow my advice. Take this basket of food and be off; for the cook intends to get your dog, with or without your consent."

Quite overcome by the fear of losing his only friend and consolation, Camille called Fox, took the basket and, after returning many thanks to the kind boy, started off again on his wanderings. It was evening, but the street lamps made it almost as bright as day.

IV.

Camille was not very far away from the building which had furnished him a shelter the night before, and he decided now to go back to it. His heart beat fast as he approached the house.

"What if the old soldier won't let

me in?" he said to himself. "How dreadful it is not to know where to go to sleep! O Gustave!"

On reaching the place, he rapped on a plank which had been put up across the entrance. A hoarse voice almost immediately called out:

"Is that you, Austerlitz?"

"Yes, sir, and little Robinson Crusoe, too. Will you let us come in, please?"

"You're very late, comrades," said the old man, coming forward and taking down the plank to admit the pair.

"Were you expecting us?" asked the boy, in surprise.

"To be sure I was! In this Paris, where nothing opens except to money, you couldn't find any other shelter. Come right in! Your bed is ready, and here's your supper, and something for Austerlitz too."

"Thank you, kind friend!" said Camille. "But I have something for supper."

"Keep that for your breakfast. Now tell Austerlitz to watch."

"I will, sir. Good-night!"

Shortly afterward Camille, the old soldier and the so-called Austerlitz were sleeping soundly in the unfinished house.

The next morning Camille awoke very early. When the masons appeared, he presented himself to them and said, timidly:

"Will you teach me your trade, please?"

"You're too puny for it, my boy," replied one of the workmen.

"But I have to do something."

"Every trade needs an apprenticeship, and every apprenticeship here has to be paid for."

"If you'll teach me, I'll teach you what I know."

"What do you know?"

"I know—I know how to play on the violin."

"Thank you! I don't use one."

"I know how to write"

"I'd have to learn to read first."

"Well, I'll teach you how to read, and you can show me how to cut stone."

"Agreed," answered the workman.

"Now, just listen to that!" exclaimed the old soldier in delight.

"I'll teach *you*, to read too, if you want me to," said Camille.

"Oh, I'm too old to learn! But you may read to me about some of the battles I've fought in."

"I have an idea, comrades," said one of the men. "The boy is too small to do anything at the mason's trade: as some of us don't know how to read, he can give us lessons during lunch hours. In return, we'll give him his food, and the old soldier will give him his bed. In this way he will know where to eat and sleep for a time, anyway."

At the lunch hour the little schoolmaster gave the men their first lesson out of his "Robinson Crusoe." When this was over and the pupils had gone back to their work, the old soldier brought out a bundle of torn newspapers.

"Now read to me about my battles. It will carry me back to the good old days."

"To the good old days when we boys were whipped," said Camille, laughing.

"And when a man was never sure of finding himself whole when night came."

"That was anything but a good time, I should say. And there came a day, when you didn't find yourself whole," answered Camille, glancing at the old man's wooden leg.

"I'd gladly give the other one to be back again in the army!" exclaimed the old soldier, with enthusiasm.

V.

The masons who had taken little Camille for their teacher were ten in number. They were all young and sturdy, and they were working in Paris merely to complete their year as

journeymen. All masons considered it their duty to belong to a trades-union. Before being received into it, they had to make a tour of France, working in every city through which they passed.

One thing that had never occurred to Camille was that some day the house would be finished and the young masons would go away. In that event, there would be no more pupils, no old soldier, and no shelter for the night.

Alas, that day arrived too soon! It was a radiant Monday in the month of August. The sun rose in a cloudless sky, and Camille had expected to pass the day alone with the old soldier; great was his surprise at seeing his ten pupils suddenly appear.

"Good-morning, little teacher!" they called out cheerily.

Each one shook hands with the boy, and even Fox came in for his share of their greeting.

"Do you want a lesson this morning?" asked Camille, opening his book as he spoke.

"Don't you know?" inquired one of the men.

"No, he doesn't know," said another. "We've come to say good-bye."

"Are you going away?" asked Camille, in astonishment.

"We're going back to the country. Sunrise to-morrow will see us well on our way. We should like to have you spend to-day with us,—with your friend's permission, of course."

"That's all right!" said the old soldier. "Take the boy with you, comrades, and give him, and his dog, too, a good holiday."

Soon Camille started off in company with the ten young masons. Arm in arm, with the boy and his dog in the centre, they strolled along up the Champs-Élysées Avenue. The men talked gaily of their departure and their home-going. They spoke of fond parents and friends who would welcome

them; and jests and laughter were on their lips. At last they reached the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. Passing through, they found themselves in front of an inn "For Union Men."

"That must have been put up in our honor," said one of the masons. "We'll have to go in and take a drink of wine to that sign."

So saying, they entered the place. Camille followed and sat down beside them at a long table. Without waiting for an invitation, Fox jumped up and took a place beside his master.

Although it was early when the party sat down at the table, evening still found them there.

"Isn't it time for me to go back?" inquired Camille, timidly.

Without paying any attention to this remark, one of the men, heated with wine, exclaimed:

"I have an idea, boys! The night is fine; each one of us has his money, and our luggage is light: let's start to-night. In my opinion it's better to travel by moonlight than by sunlight in the month of August."

"Agreed, agreed!" cried the rest in chorus. Then, rising, they called for the landlord to settle their account.

"What about me?" interposed Camille's plaintive voice.

"That's so: there's our little school-master!" said one of the men rubbing his ear in perplexity. "What shall we do with him? We were forgetting him."

"I'll tell you, comrades," said the oldest of the company. "Let's take up a collection for our little school-master, and he can go back to the city in a cab."

Each man at once took a twenty sou piece from his pocket and thrust it into the boy's hand.

"Follow the road to Paris," explained one. "Go through the gate, and you will see some hacks standing just inside. Get into the first one and tell the driver to

carry you to No. 24 Louis-le-Grand Street. Now say good-bye to us, little friend."

"I hope you aren't going to make a fuss," said one, as Camille hesitated about keeping the money. "Haven't you earned it? Didn't you teach us our letters and how to spell a little? All work deserves pay. That money is yours; put it in your pocket, and look out for thieves. Now good-bye! A hand-shake for the boy, a paw-shake for Fox, and let's be off, comrades!"

With tear-filled eyes Camille saw them depart. Then, putting the money into his pocket, he started off toward the city with a heavy heart.

(To be continued.)

The Kilkenny Cats.

Everybody has heard of the quarrelsome cats of Kilkenny that are said to have fought till nothing was left but their tails. Strange as the story seems, it has a foundation of fact.

During the Rebellion in Ireland in 1803, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a troop of Hessian soldiers, who amused themselves in the barracks by tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them across a clothesline to fight. The officers, hearing of this cruel practice, resolved to stop it, and deputed one of their number to watch. The soldiers, on their part, set a man to watch for the coming officer. One day the sentinel neglected his duty, and the heavy tramp of the officer was heard ascending the stairs. One of the troopers, seizing a sword, cut the tails in two as the animals hung across the line.

The two cats escaped, minus tails, through the open window; and when the officer inquired the meaning of the two bleeding tails being left in the room, he was coolly told that two cats had been fighting and had devoured each other—all but the tails.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A posthumous work by Dr. J. C. Cox (a convert to the Church, we believe) on "English Church Fittings, Furniture, and Assessories," forming a companion to his study of "The English Parish Church," will be published during the Autumn.

—Attention is drawn to the high quality of the poetry contributed to our Irish contemporary, *Studies*. Most of it is religious in tone; but the art of expression it reveals has called forth enthusiastic comment from many critics, non-Catholic as well as Catholic.

—"Spiritual Energies in Daily Life," by Rufus M. Jones, D. D. (Macmillan Co.), is a collection of papers on various religious subjects considered from the non-Catholic point of view. While of interest, and very possibly of utility, to outsiders, it conveys no new message to the members of Mother Church.

—Cardinal Gasquet's long-announced book, "The Mission of St. Augustine, and Other Addresses," has just been published by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, London. The friends of the venerable English Benedictine rejoice to know that he has recovered from a recent severe illness, and, with his admirers, hope that he will live to write many more books, besides seeing his great work in Rome far advanced.

—The purpose of Father Garesché's latest book, "The Values Everlasting," is succinctly announced in its sub-title, "Some Aids to Lift Our Hearts on High." Each of the fourteen brief essays is an incentive to cleanse one's mind and soul from the dust and soot of worldly thoughts and desires, in order to allow free access to the consideration of the things really worth while. Some of the more attractive chapter-titles are: "The Greatness of the Little," "The Cheering Thought of Heaven," and "Celestial Company." Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.25.

—"Health and Happiness," by the Rev. Francis J. Dore, S. J., Ph. D., M. D., is an elementary text-book of personal hygiene and physiology based on Catholic principles. Seeing that its author is a priest as well as a medical doctor, the presumption is that the work is worth while,—a presumption which even a cursory examination of its interesting pages thoroughly corroborates. The book is differentiated from the general run of such works by its fuller insistence on the natural

twelvemo of 230 pages, it is well printed and illustrated, is furnished with a series of questions after each chapter, and—not the least of its merits—is equipped with a good index. Joseph F. Wagner; price, \$1.25.

—The Catholic Truth Society, of London, is fully sustaining the reputation, long ago acquired, of doing splendid work in the dissemination of all kinds of Catholic literature,—doctrinal, devotional, controversial, historical, biographical, sociological, scientific and even fictional. As we have frequently remarked in these columns, the various series of its two-penny pamphlets afford an opportunity of acquiring a really valuable Catholic library at a cost not prohibitive to even the poorest of our people. The most recent of the pamphlets to reach our table are of the usual varied interest and importance. Space limitations forbid more than a mere mention of their titles and authors; but all may be cordially recommended.

In the series dealing with narratives of conversions, and other matters of a more or less controversial character, we have "Freemasonry," by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J.; "My Religious Experiences," by the Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C. S. P.; "Papal Infallibility," by the Most Rev. John McIntyre; "Catholics and the Bible," a Catholic Evidence Guild pamphlet; "Two Conversions," by B. C. and C. F. Trusted; "The True Church Visibly One," by the Rev. H. P. Russell; and "The Methods of a Fanatic," by the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R.

Five pamphlets from the biographical series are: "The Apostle of the Rocky Mountains," by Dom Norbert, O. S. B.; "The Life and Legend of St. Ildefonsus," by Abbot Cummins, O. S. B.; "St. John Berchmans," by C. C. Martindale, S. J.; "Ven. Thérèse Haze (1782-1876)," presumably by a member of the community which she founded, Daughters of the Cross; and "Lister Drummond," by Robert E. Noble. The subject of this last-mentioned biographical sketch was a Knight of St. Gregory whom Judge Noble styles "a lay apostle of the faith and the pioneer of Catholic Evidence Guilds."

The doctrinal pamphlets received include: "The Religion to Be Born In," by Dom Columba Stenson, O. S. B.; "The Problem of Evil," in which M. C. D'Arcy, S. J., M. A.,

"The Immaculate Conception," by J. B. Jaggard, S. J.; "The Real Presence," by the Rev. F. Mangan, S. J.; "The Doctrine of Self-Discipline," a most suggestive little treatise, by Dom Justin McCann, M. A.; and "The Words of Life," by C. C. Martindale, S. J.

Of sociological interest are: "Catholic Social Reform Versus Socialism," by Hilaire Belloc; "Family Life," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; "Why We Resist Divorce," by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J.; and "The Duties of Parents Towards Their Children," by the Rev. Bertram Wolfertan, S. J.

Pamphlets dealing with historical and quasi-historical matters are: "Christadelphianism," by J. W. Poynter; "The Church in England in 1922," by Fr. Bede Jarrett, O. P.; "Canterbury—a Guide for Catholics," by the Rev. John Morris, S. J.; and "The Miracles at Lourdes," by the Rev. F. Woodlock, S. J.

In fiction, we have: "Two Stories," by G. R. Snell; and "Trumpeter's Rock," by a Nun of Tyburn Convent.

Finally, of miscellaneous interest, will be found: "Life and Its Origin," by B. J. Swindells, S. J.; "The Doctrinal Witness of the Fourth Gospel," by the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P.; "Catholics and the League of Nations," by G. Elliot Anstruther; "Catholic Foreign Missions," by the Rev. T. A. Sullivan, B. A.; "What Cranmer Meant to Do and Did," by the Rev. Jos. Rickaby, S. J.; and the leaflets "Do Babies Build Slums?" by Halliday Sutherland, M. D.; "The Institute of the Good Shepherd," and "The Church and the Religion of Christ."

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John W. Dunne, of the diocese of Mobile; Rev. Michael J. Henry, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Joseph Lindebner, S. J.

Brother Adelbert, O. S. B.; and Brother Arthur, C. S. C.

Sister Concordia, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister M. Magdalena, Order of Mt. Carmel; and Sister M. Frances, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Charles Martin, Mrs. Elizabeth Thame, Mr. Simon Knapp, Mrs. Edward Halford, Miss Bridget Byrne, Mr. Joseph Butcher, Mr. Philip Meyers, Mr. C. M. Heil, Mr. Patrick Casey, Mrs. Margaret Cusack, Mr. Joseph Chavaux, Mr. John Hodgins, and Miss Katherine Weber.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: J. A. M., "in thanksgiving," \$50; Mrs. E. M. S., \$2. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: M. A. D., \$1. For the victims of the famine in Russia and Armenia: C. B. P., \$1; Mrs. F. R. F., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$5.



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

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 28, 1922.

NO. 18

[Copyright, 1922: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

O Satis Felix! Speculator Alti.

(St. John of the Cross.)

BY A. G. MCDUGALL.

① GREATLY happy gazer on the secrets
Of the high Godhead, Martyr in thy
yearning,
Virgin in penance, Prophet aye remembered,
Mystical teacher!

Ofttimes with Christ and with His Virgin
Mother

Heldest thou converse, living 'midst the angels;
Thence do thy writings gleam with light of
knowledge

Gained from high wisdom.

Thou, with thy mind illumed with rays from
Heaven,

Tell'st of the steep path up the mystic moun-
tain.

Tell'st of the soul's dark night, and of the
living

Flame that love kindleth.

When thou dost ope the sacred word's high
meaning,

Flees from our souls the ignorance of dark-
ness;

Since thou hast made night's shadows bud
with glorious

Light all-illuming.

So to the Three in One doth John give glory,
For whom the Lamb the Book of Life in
Heaven

Loosed from its seals, the Father and the
Spirit

Blessed with light's dowry.

—◆—◆—◆—
We attain to Heaven by using this
world well.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Thoughts for the Eve of November.

AMONG all the truths that the
Church proposes to our belief,
if we except those touching
immediately the perfections of
God, the Incarnation and the like,
or the prerogatives of the ever-Blessed
Virgin, there is none perhaps more
beautiful or more consoling than that
of the Communion of Saints. In ac-
cordance with this dogma we believe
that every faithful child of the Church
is benefited by the prayers and good
works of all his brethren. We are con-
fident that we receive a share of the
graces merited by the innumerable
Masses daily celebrated throughout
Christendom; and that our spiritual
wealth is increased by the austerities
of the anchorite in his cell, the labors
of the missionary among the heathen,
the devotion of the virgin in her
cloister,—in a word, by the super-
natural good works performed by all
Catholics in every quarter of the globe.

Nor are these the sole consequences
of this cheering doctrine. This sweet
communion exists not only among
Catholics here on earth, members of
the Church militant, who are still
struggling against the world, the flesh,
and the devil; but between us and the
countless multitudes of the Church
triumphant, the glorified saints who
have finished their struggle and are now
at peace in the Heavenly Jerusalem;
between us, too, and the members of

the Church suffering,—those holy souls whose combat is over, but whose probation still endures; who have won indeed the victory, but have not yet received their palm. Yes, we are bound together on earth in an intimacy that allows us to participate in one another's merits; we are united to the saints in heaven by a bond that entitles us to the assistance of their petitions; and are linked to the souls in Purgatory by a tie which gives them, in turn, a right to our prayers and good works.

Our loving mother the Church, anxious that we should benefit to the utmost by this triple union, has established particular feasts for the purpose of preserving and strengthening those gracious bonds. Thus, on the 1st of November she celebrates the triumphs of our brethren in heaven; and on the very next day she commemorates her suffering children of Purgatory. On All Souls' she calls on us to mourn with her the sad exile of our departed brethren, whose entrance to eternal bliss is being preceded by a preparation of great, purifying pain. Throughout this whole month she would have us reflect frequently on the probable fate of relatives and friends who have passed before us, beyond the boundaries of this earthly life; would have us lend an attentive ear to the touching plaints that are unceasingly echoed by the mournful November breezes: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"*

The doctrine of the Church regarding Purgatory is as simple as it is reasonable. Grievous or mortal offences against God merit both eternal and temporal punishment, and both are remitted by the Sacrament of Baptism. The absolution pronounced by the priest in the Sacrament of Penance remits only the eternal punishment; the tem-

poral must be undergone in this world or in the next. The object or purpose of these temporal pains is to expiate the abuse of the grace of Baptism, and to fortify against new lapses; and this is why the ministers of the Church impose on repentant sinners works of satisfaction, such as prayers, fasting, and almsgiving. The trials and troubles of life, when supported with resignation, may also serve as expiatory works. Purgatory is the place, or state, in the other life in which those souls, who did not while on earth undergo the temporal punishment due to their sins, remain until complete satisfaction is made. The Church has not defined the nature of the pains endured in Purgatory, nor has she pronounced on their rigor, their duration, the manner in which they purify souls, the extent to which the sufferers are solaced by the prayers of the living and the Sacrifice of the Mass, or how this Sacrifice effects their deliverance. What she has defined in the Council of Trent is that Purgatory exists, and that our prayers and good works are efficacious in aiding its inmates, either by lessening the intensity or diminishing the duration of their untold sufferings.

Even were the Church silent as to the existence of Purgatory, there are abundant proofs which conclusively demonstrate the reality of such a state. In the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew we read: "But he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Some sins, then, are forgiven in the other world, else these words of the Evangelist mean nothing. Now, sin can not be forgiven in the other world as to the eternal punishment due to it,—“out of hell there is no redemption”; hence there must be another place, condition, or state, in which the temporal punishment may be expiated.

* Job, xix, 21.

In the Second Book of Machabees (xii, 46) occurs this passage: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." The Jews, then, believed in Purgatory before the coming of Christ. Protestants reject, it is true, the canonicity of the book in which we find these words; but even they must admit the historical testimony therein given as to the practice of offering prayers for the departed. Some of the Reformers pretended that the Rabbi Akiba, who lived under Adrian, was the author of this Jewish custom of praying for the dead. Renaudot refutes this error; and, after proving that prayers for the dead have been in use from time immemorial in nearly all synagogues, and that the Rabbi in question merely formulated a certain particular petition for the deliverance of souls, he adds the following remark: "The Purgatory of the Jews is not our Purgatory; for they believe that almost all Israelites go there, that they remain there for one year, and that then the souls and, according to some even the bodies, pass by subterranean channels into the land of Israel, whence they afterward proceed to Eden."

Belief in Purgatory among us dates back to the very origin of Christianity. It would take up too much space to cite here passages from Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. John Chrysostom, St. Epiphanius, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Fulgentius; but an examination of their works shows that they all fully accepted this dogma. It is true that the earlier Fathers do not use the words "purifying flames" or "purgatory"; but they professed the doctrine such as the Church teaches it,—since they recognized that souls might be subjected to expiatory pain after death, and proclaimed the utility of prayers and almsdeeds offered for their relief. St. Augustine recalls the

ancient and universal custom of the Church to make express mention of the dead in the Holy Sacrifice, and affirms that it was offered for them.

Protestants in our day do not all reject the usefulness of prayers for the dead. The Ritualistic branch of the Anglican clergy accept the doctrine, and in doing so are more consistent than their ultra-Protestant brethren; for, as Bossuet has shown in his "Variations," their principles demand that they recognize the existence of Purgatory, since they admit that just souls may leave this world without being entirely purified; and the Holy Ghost has said that "nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of heaven." The earlier Reformers were not so inimical to this dogma as are most of their successors. Luther, Grotius, and others, did not condemn the practice of praying for the dead.

In fact, the dogma of Purgatory, as defined by the Church, is in full and perfect accord with the conclusions to which our reason leads us; the weakness of our nature forces us to recognize its necessity; and the heart discovers in the belief an abundant source of consolation. So true is this that we find a belief in Purgatory, coupled with a mixture more or less gross of superstition and error, in the traditions of all the nations of antiquity. The ancient philosophers and poets proclaimed it. Plato and Plutarch speak of sins *curable* in the other life, and Virgil sings this cure in his *Æneid*. It may be added that the belief is professed to-day even by non-Christians. *Araf*, a middle place between paradise and hell, is the purgatory of the Mussulmans.

Of the existence of this place of temporal punishment in the other life, then, there can be no rational doubt; of the efficacy of our prayers and good works in alleviating the torments of the holy souls, the Council of Trent assures us. For the rest, powerful

motives are not wanting to urge us to give them all the aid we may.

In the first place, these inmates of Purgatory are God's friends. He loves them with an infinite love. They are destined to increase His accidental glory by the additional praise and worship and thanksgiving that will redound throughout the courts of heaven when their deliverance shall have been effected. God's justice ordains that they shall undergo their punishment until every obligation is cancelled. He can not give them graces; for from the moment of their death their opportunities of meriting were gone forever. But He calls on us to pay their ransom. He places in our hands, so to speak, the keys of their prison. How can we be reluctant to accomplish so loving a duty!

Who are the souls that languish in Purgatory? All are our brethren in Jesus Christ; we and they are children of a common mother, the Church; and hence the precept of fraternal charity, "Love your neighbor as yourself," imposes on us the obligation of coming to their assistance. They all are fellow-Christians; but some are joined to us by nearer and dearer ties and by still closer bonds. Some are our parents, our relatives, our friends, with whom we lived in closest intimacy, who rejoiced when we were happy, who mourned when we wept. The touching supplication, "Have pity on us, have pity on us!" is borne from Purgatory to earth by the fond ones we dearly loved: the father or mother whose daily toil was all for us, of whose deep affection we were ever sure; the spouse with whom at God's altar we were made one; the brother or sister on whose tender sympathy we so confidently relied; the darling son or daughter who turned to us for comfort in every grief or trouble; the faithful friends, whose worth and example so often gave us strength and cheered our life's dark way. Imprisoned

now afar from God—imprisoned perhaps for faults that we occasioned, cancelling debts perhaps for us contracted,—they call on us to give testimony of our love. They conjure us by those vows of undying affection so often interchanged on earth, by all the tender reminiscences that survive of bygone days, by the love that was the sunshine of the home wherein they dwelt, to pour on them the stream of mercy that Christ has placed at our disposal,—to open their prison doors of which He has given us the key.

Our own interests, therefore, not less than theirs, demand that we remain not heedless of their cries. We dread hell, but in our saddest moments we do not expect to go there. To do so would be to despair. On the other hand, it would be presumptuous to believe ourselves so perfect that we shall escape God's prison-house beyond the tomb, and go direct from earth to heaven. Hence we believe that, sooner or later, we shall experience the pains of Purgatory. Then shall we, too, wail out those plaintive words: "Have pity on us, have pity on us!" And then shall we understand the full meaning of that sentence: "The measure of mercy you deal unto others, the same shall be dealt unto you." If while here on earth we neglect to help the faithful departed, others will neglect us when we are gone.

It behooves us, then, to have compassion on these prisoners of the King, and show ourselves generous in paying their debts. Our generosity will not go unrewarded. Once in heaven, these grateful souls will beseech God to shower His blessings upon us; they will prove our constant benefactors whilst we remain on earth; and when our turn comes to endure the suffering from which our prayers have delivered them, their intercession will procure for us a brief probation, and a speedy entrance into our eternal home.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XIX.



LASSFORD, glad to escape from the dance, indulged himself in his favorite remedy for vexations of all sorts,—a long walk. He bent his steps to the comparative solitude of Riverside Drive. As he walked along, motors flew past him, limousines, yellow and black taxis, taking gay parties of people homewards from the opera, onwards to a ball. He was jostled by hurrying crowds; or past him scuttled bedraggled figures of the night. How calm and majestic the face of the waters; how delicious the breeze that fanned him, after the atmosphere of falsehood and artificiality, from which he had emerged! His first thoughts were of Eloise. He frowned in perplexity; and he inwardly raged at the social conventions which permitted such a man as Hubbard to be received in the very best houses, simply because of his social qualities and his connection with one or more prominent families.

Before him rose the face of James Brentwood, earnest, inspired by his very real, though not obtrusive, religious spirit. He seemed to hear that quiet voice, so finely modulated always, begging of him to look after "his little girl," in so far as might be possible, to keep her, whenever practicable, amongst those of her own faith; and, if it should come to a question of marriage, to oppose strenuously her union with an unbeliever. Yet, here was Eloise moving in that very circle of which her father had been afraid, and making herself a target for gossip with the type of man whom James Brentwood would have abhorred.

Once before, as Gregory told himself, he had intervened, and had contrived to send the girl to the safe shelter of a

convent at a distance from New York and all its dangers. He wished that she would only have remained there, at least another year, to allow the holy influence of the cloister to sink in and mould her character. But the experiment could not be repeated. Her grandfather's will had made her independent. She had returned strangely matured and sobered, but with a determined will of her own, against which he had no weapon, save, possibly, that which he was unable to use. She was entirely in the hands of Dolly Critchley, who represented all that was gayest and most alluring, and who enjoyed the sensation of bringing out into society this attractive young girl.

"She used to be a madcap, charmingly daring and irresponsible," decided Mrs. Critchley, "now she is something of a sphinx."

"That trip we took to Egypt unsettled your mind, my dear," commented her husband, to whom this remark had been confided, "or you would never think of comparing this pretty convent girl to that enigma of the ages."

"That smile of hers!" exclaimed Dolly, who was obstinate.

And Gregory Glassford, walking swiftly up the broad promenade, and listening with ears that did not hear to the lapping of the stream against its banks, was of the same opinion.

"I can not understand her, and there is no possibility of controlling her."

And under his breath, the young man muttered expressions highly uncomplimentary to the self-appointed chaperone of this wilful girl, to society and its votaries in general, and to Reggie Hubbard in particular. He had walked so fast and so far that he presently found himself in front of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, which looks out upon the Hudson, a rebuke, as the young man thought, to all the materialism that was seeking to gain an empire

over the hearts and minds of the people. There, erect, slender, exquisite, upon her horse, she sits brandishing the blade of her sword, a symbol of faith and love and of high idealism.

Glassford stood and looked at the statue and mused awhile. Then he realized, with a laugh, his own absence of mind, and turned to go downwards toward the apartment which he occupied in Park Avenue. He noted as he went, that the lights were out in many of the handsome houses which lined the way; while on the river, boats, hurrying upwards or downwards, glowed like jewels with many-colored lights. Suddenly, Glassford, who had abandoned his perplexities about his ward, and given his mind to a more entrancing subject, was conscious of a profound emotion, which held him breathless.

The seasoned man of affairs, the social lion, the eligible match, for whom mothers had angled and daughters had sighed, realized this new and compelling force, which, in all his varied existence, he had not before known. The knowledge made him light-headed; it imparted a new joyousness to everything, and as he walked and walked, it seemed to him that the solitude about him and the flow of the romantic Hudson must forever afterwards be associated with this exquisite feeling. He had been aware of previous premonitions; and half-pleased, half-unwilling had followed a path which had led him, he now knew, with certainty, whither?

He began to consider, with a new diffidence, the obstacles which might have to be overcome—he, who had never permitted difficulties of any sort to daunt him! He was impatient for the night to be over, and any other days or nights that separated him from the objective that promised immeasurable happiness. He knew everything now with certainty, and understood all his late actions, which had been tending in

one direction. It icked him to think that there were other things to be done, and that the morrow could not be given up to that sole pursuit which seemed of value.

Next day, at his office, he formally introduced Larry, and found him almost immediately helpful in the routine of the work. He took pains to call upon the lawyer with whom he had left the will for his decision. It was important that he should know it, and without delay. The lawyer, who received him in one of those luxuriously-appointed offices, which would have made his progenitors in the legal and judicial world stare, was quite prepared with his answer. He had made all possible inquiries, consulted various authorities, and was convinced that no possible objection whatever could be made to the validity of the will. He declared that it could be admitted to probate, with little delay.

"That much is decided for good or evil," Gregory exclaimed, drawing a long breath.

Early in the afternoon, he mounted the steps of Mrs. Critchley's house, to call upon that lady, whom he hoped to find out; and upon Eloise, whose presence there he had ascertained by telephone. He had decided not to tell her yet of the new developments in her grandfather's testamentary disposition. There was that other thing to be settled first, if settled it could be. He presently found himself, not without trepidation, in the presence of Eloise, who ran forward, with both hands outstretched, to thank him for the flowers he had sent her that morning.

"You dear, dear Gregory," she cried, "it was the sweetest bouquet I ever saw. How did you manage to put such artistic ideas into a florist's head?"

"It was the feminine of florist who took the order. Perhaps, that accounts for the artistry."

"No, no; I know that was your doing, and everything you do is perfection."

"You are too sweet to be quite wholesome, to-day, Eloise. It is not good for a staid member of the Produce Exchange to hear such sugar-coated remarks."

"Now, you are trying to be disagreeable," replied the girl, "and I want to tell you how wonderful everything was at the dance. My card was filled before I was ten minutes in the room."

"That was a foregone conclusion; but I hope you gave all those poor fellows a chance who lined the walls."

Careless as were the words, she divined what he meant, and her color rose; but she was not going to incriminate herself by admitting that she had danced, or sat out, more than half the dances with Reggie Hubbard.

"Now," began Glassford, drawing his chair nearer to her, "I am going to talk to you very seriously."

"You nearly always do, and that is just the trouble, Gregory."

"Is it?" he said; "well it is quite possible that I do not shine in the rôle of guardian. I never attempted it before, and most certainly shall not again."

"You would be ever so much nicer in some other rôles," the girl said, with a pretty, little droop of her eyes.

"Well, let us hope so, for that is one of my preoccupations just now: to succeed in quite another part."

Eloise began to feel quite flustered. She had not hoped for such immediate success; and she asked herself, could it be possible that in addition to her delightful walks and talks with Reggie, she was to bring to her feet, by the simplest possible devices, the difficult Gregory Glassford.

"My dear little Eloise you are in for a lecture."

The girl's face fell somewhat. She looked at the man beside her, with a

cold, inscrutable glance, wondering, as she did so, at the brightness of his face and the increased geniality of his manner. Those external symptoms were not quite in accord with the purpose, which she believed, had brought him there. So she attributed them to his various successes in Wall Street. For it was bruited about in their circle, that, in addition to stemming the tide of a panic, he had, in a short time, carried through what was known as a big deal, and achieved an additional fortune. So, she prepared herself to listen, with what complacency she might, to what Gregory chose to call a lecture, the subject of which she readily divined, but which she, in her conceit, regarded as a manifestation of masculine jealousy. Glassford, who was so human with all his superiority, and, she had to admit, so lovable, was not in her belief above the amiable weakness of disliking to see another preferred before him. So Eloise settled herself in what she considered a becoming attitude, and said:

"Proceed, *Monsieur le predicateur!*"

"Eloise," began the guardian, with a dreaminess in his eyes, which the girl noted and resented, since it seemed not to be taking cognizance of her graceful attitude, "you know, or you must often have heard it remarked, that there are strong cross currents in the Brentwood family and its connections. The one, ran to earnestness, religion, faith; the other, well, it went in opposite directions. It ran all the way to downright wickedness.

"In the first current ran your father, James Brentwood. He was, in all respects, one of the very finest men I have ever known, and his strong religious convictions increased rather than lessened his popularity. I admired him immensely, and he was one of those to whom I owe whatever is best in me. It was splendid to hear him talk, with his fine enthusiasm, on the subjects

that most men are afraid to broach."

Now this opening to the lecture, being different from what she had anticipated, made Eloise uneasy. Forgetting her affectation, she sat bolt upright, with that in her aspect which had caused Marcia and Larry to discover a resemblance to her grandfather.

"Now, my dear little girl," went on Gregory, taking her hand to emphasize what he had to say, "your father, as he lay on his deathbed, said some very serious things to me concerning you and the people he desired for your associates, and above all, concerning the man whom he hoped you would marry. First and foremost he desired that he should be a practical Catholic."

Eloise, with a curious eagerness, wondered if Gregory were thus pleading his own cause, though she had an instinctive feeling that he was not likely to bring her late father's influence into his own suit.

Still, it might be the manner in which this clever Gregory, whom at that moment she particularly admired, might introduce such a subject. The reference to her father, to whom she had been so devoted, profoundly stirred the better side of her nature, and made her realize that nowhere could he have found for her a suitor more to his taste than this successful financier and social favorite. She felt the strength which seemed to emanate from him, and which had enabled him to surmount triumphantly the daily temptations, social or commercial, that beset his path. It is possible that she might still have been persuaded to lean upon that strength, and thus be guided into a safe harbor, had Glassford been able to appeal to her affections and offer her his own love.

"So that is why, Eloise," Gregory continued, "I feel so great a responsibility. I interfered once to save you from apparent danger. I am powerless now. But you know very well, dear

girl, what rocks you are nearing, and into which of the Brentwood currents you are drifting."

He looked at her to see the effect of his words, and he saw that she avoided his eyes.

"Eloise," he urged, "for your father's sake, for my sake, who am so many years older and who knows life as you can not possibly know it, I do beg of you to promise—"

"To promise what, Gregory?" Eloise asked in a strange voice, that he hardly recognized, so agitated it was by a variety of emotions.

"Can't you guess?"

There was a breathless pause.

"Gregory!" Eloise exclaimed. Instinctively, Glassford dropped the hand he held. He hastily answered:

"That you will not become entangled with a man who is unworthy of you."

What the girl expected, it is hard to say, but she laughed a bitter laugh.

"So all that fine flow of words, Gregory, was directed merely against poor Reggie Hubbard!"

"Make the application as you will," Glassford replied in his sternest tones, though with a sinking heart, "I am only obeying your father's instructions, warning you against danger."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," retorted Eloise, throwing back her head. Something in her aspect, and in the very words, softened Glassford.

"Are you, little Eloise?" he inquired, bending towards her, with the old, brotherly solicitude. "I fear not, any more than a flower can take care that a storm shall not destroy it."

She bent her head that he might not see in her face the hot wave of anger that was sweeping through her.

"For all your fine sentiments," she burst out at last, "you are like most other men, reckless in destroying character, jealous—"

He flushed, and then smiled, because

of another thought which stole in sweetly to his mind at the moment. But he answered sadly:

"I am but the watchman on the tower."

"Are you? then you have chosen a most uninteresting rôle."

"Granted. Who would ever choose to play the part? And yet a watchman may avert a shipwreck."

Eloise rose and swept him an ironical curtsey. Her eyes were sparkling, a scarlet flush was in either cheek.

"I am deeply grateful, Mr. Gregory Glassford, for your kind interest in me and my affairs, which you have been so careful to assure me is entirely for my father's sake."

"You are unfair," the young man said earnestly, "for your own sake, because of my regard for you, I would speak out and tell you what I think."

"I am sure," Eloise broke out, losing control of herself for the second time, "it is just petty spite and envy that make you men decry Reggie Hubbard."

"I wonder at your blindness, Eloise," Gregory said, in turn, losing patience, "and how a girl with proper self-respect, or even common sense, can permit her name to be coupled with his."

The wild, irresponsible nature, which had caused Eloise to be called a madcap, had arisen to throw down the barriers in her.

"I would rather have Reggie Hubbard's little finger," she exclaimed, "than a dozen canting pharisees who denounce him!"

"In that case," said Glassford, though with admirable patience and self-control, "I am afraid there is no more to be said. I have done my best."

He took his hat and cane, moving towards the door. His voice was perfectly even and composed as he said:

"Good-bye, Eloise. You will never know how sorry I am to hear you make

such an admission, which God grant may not be true."

Eloise, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, ran after him.

"Don't go like that, Gregory. You are making me so unhappy."

The young man stood irresolute, not knowing what he could say.

"I can not take back anything that I have said," he declared at length, "no matter how you may asperse my motive."

"I know," Eloise answered, "that your prejudice against poor Reggie is deeply rooted. But I suppose, I should apologize. I did not mean all I said."

Gregory laughed.

"I accept the apology. I scarcely supposed you did. So now, we can at least part friends, can we not?"

"Say something nice to me, Gregory," Eloise pleaded, her voice tremulous, her eyes full of tears.

"What shall I say?" exclaimed Gregory, "only that you would be the dearest and best little girl in the world, if you would let us wiseacres guide you into the safest of the Brentwood currents."

And then he shook her hand and went away. Nor did he know that she threw herself down upon a divan in a fit of passionate sobbing. She knew instinctively and with a bitter heartache, despite her infatuation for the unworthy Hubbard, that, if she had ever hoped to win Gregory as a lover, that hope was dead. For in the interview that had passed between them, there were many passages that would have forced even the least ardent of lovers to declare himself. But amid all those varied emotions Gregory had remained cold. He had been kind, even tender; he had been impatient, even angry; but he had never been betrayed into any tinge of sentiment, any warmth of emotion.

A Winner of Souls.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

V.

AT Monastir, their next station, the Colonials found themselves once more engaged in a war of trenches; but at Cégel, Père Lenoir was able to celebrate Easter after his own heart. He knew that an attack was pending, hence his anxiety that Easter should bring the men all the spiritual assistance that he was able to give. His instructions, of which the plan was carefully prepared, seemed to become even more earnest and more convincing as time went on; and they remain a sacred memory among those who heard them. He was too cultured to speak otherwise than in good French; too refined and too holy to be ever trivial or commonplace when dealing with sacred subjects; the value of his instructions lay in his power of expressing supernatural truths in plain, forcible language. His constant contact with the men made him acquainted with the points upon which they needed to be enlightened, such as God's dealings with men in times of trial, the existence of evil, heaven, hell, etc.

His biographer tells us that the men never complained that he preached above their heads. On the contrary, as those who know the adaptability of the Latin mind will understand, they entered so readily into his views that, by degrees, they found themselves trained to a high level of spirituality. This spirituality was combined with the human element that made Père Lenoir so lovable. He spoke to his hearers of God, but also of their families and their homes; he braced them to meet pain and death in the fulfilment of their duty, by appealing to their noblest aspirations; instead of encouraging delusions, he recognized fully the difficulty of the task they were called upon to perform, but

he taught them that with Holy Communion it was made easy and fruitful in spiritual results, the only ones that really matter.

VI.

The attack foreseen by the Colonials' chaplain took place in a hilly country, where the Bulgarians held strong positions that, on all sides, dominated the advance of the French troops. As if he knew that he was nearing the end of his pilgrimage, Père Lenoir, during these tragic weeks, led a life of superhuman self-sacrifice. Officers and men marvelled that, frail in appearance, he could, day and night, be on duty, at the service of his flock. The colonel of the regiment assured Père Lenoir's biographer that, for weeks together, he visited every night the outstanding posts where the Colonials were stationed; and, he added, that, solid and enduring though they were, not one of the soldiers under his command could have stood the physical and moral strain that their chaplain endured.

After spending the night without sleep, often in rain and snow, he returned to say Mass in his tent; and, at 11, he would appear at the officers' mess, "always clean and neat, calm and smiling," added the colonel. His orderly describes him starting every night for his rounds, laden with chocolate, cigarettes, newspapers, etc., and returning at dawn empty handed, drenched with rain, or white with snow. To his servant's affectionate remonstrances, he invariably answered: "I *must* see the men just at present"; and, in a letter written a week before his death, he reveals the secret of his supreme endeavor to win souls. "Grace," he writes, "is doing wonders in their souls; these divine redemptions can not be too dearly bought." He professed to sleep in the daytime, but his tent was open to all, and a steady flow of visitors invaded it at all hours;

the orderly had his master's instructions to wake him if he happened to be asleep; but *never* to send away a visitor, whatever might be his errand.

Père Lenoir's anxiety to keep up the men's faith and courage at any price was stimulated by his knowledge of the enormous difficulties of their task. In the opinion of a military chief, they were expected to scale slopes "quite as impossible as the face of a pyramid." Their chaplain knew this, and never ceased to speak words of encouragement and of hope; but, more than ever, he trusted to the supernatural aid of the sacraments. Hence his ceaseless activity.

During the first days of May, the Bulgarians, who held the heights, attacked the French troops in the valleys. Père Lenoir continued his rounds at night, and on May 8, he went 'under fire' to assist the wounded soldiers in a ravine close by. On returning to his tent, he was kept busy till late by his soldier visitors. When the last had left, he gave his orderly some instructions as to what he must do in case of his death; then he took his ciborium and placed it on his breast, gathered together the provisions intended for his men, and prepared to start. As he was leaving the tent, he turned round to his servant and said: "I do not know, Joseph, when I may see you again. Thank you for all you have done for me and for the chapel. God will repay you." When he reported this speech, the poor soldier added: "Those were his words, and they made my heart very sore."

Another soldier, a devout lad, spoke to his chaplain that same night. He was awakened by Père Lenoir, who said to him: "I am bringing you Our Lord; He will give you courage to do your duty as a Christian soldier; and if you fall, He will welcome you to heaven. . . . We may, perhaps, not meet till we are in heaven; I am on my way to join the

companies that are to lead the attack. I want to go up with them."

At half-past six in the morning of the 9th of May, the attack began, and, in a very short time, the regiments that were sent to storm the Bulgarians' positions were well-nigh cut to pieces. Père Lenoir was at the most dangerous post, assisting the wounded and dying. At two that same afternoon, he came across the young soldier to whom he had that morning brought Holy Communion. The lad was impressed by the sadness with which he spoke: "There are," he said, "close to the enemy's lines, many wounded men, who will not be removed till to-night; twice, I have been able to take them some water. I must now join the first and third company." These companies being at an advanced post, the soldier and his comrades entreated him not to go. "You will be a dead man," they said. But the Father only smiled. He filled his flask at a spring close by, then, on his knees, he began to crawl up the fire-swept slope. A young officer, who was stationed at some distance, afterwards reported that he saw Père Lenoir creep through the long grass, and fall dead under the discharge of a *mitrailleuse*.

A few hours later, the same young soldier made his way to the body and identified it; but, being in charge of a wounded man needing immediate care, he was not able to remove it till the night of the 12th, when, at the head of seven volunteers, he successfully brought it back to the French lines. The dead priest's crucifix was safe, so was the ciborium that he carried. "Our Lord will take care of Himself," Père Lenoir often said, when fears were expressed that the Sacred Host might be desecrated, if its bearer was killed. Against the ciborium were folded three papers stained with blood: the Father's resolutions, written after his retreat in 1915, a letter for his family, and one

for the regiment. The latter was read before the assembled troops two days later, after an official communication, in which the colonel praised the dead chaplain's "patriotism, kindness and holiness"; adding: "He was the friend, confidant, comforter and benefactor of our brave men." The letter ran thus:

"I say *au revoir* to my beloved children of the Fourth Colonial Regiment. I thank them for the affectionate sympathy and confidence that they always showed me; and if, unwillingly, I caused pain to any, I sincerely ask them to forgive me. As a Frenchman, I beg them, from my heart, to go on doing their duty bravely; to keep up the heroic traditions of the regiment; to endure and to suffer, as long as is necessary, for the deliverance of their country, with an unshaken faith in the destiny of France. As a priest and a friend, I implore them to secure their eternal salvation by their fidelity to our Lord Jesus Christ and to His law, by purifying their souls and by uniting themselves to Him in Holy Communion as often as they can do so. I give them *rendez-vous* in heaven, where we shall be together forever in the true life, the only happy one, for which God created us. For them, for this intention, I gladly offer to Jesus Christ, our divine Master, the sacrifice of my life. *Vive Dieu, vive la France, vive le Colonials!*"

When this letter was read, many officers and men shed tears and, with the deepest love and gratitude, they assisted at a religious service celebrated on the spot. The Father's body was afterwards removed to Cégel, to be buried; and, by a happy coincidence, four Jesuits, chaplains or soldier priests, were present at the ceremony. Since then, Père Lenoir's remains have been brought back to France and interred in the family vault.

His letter to his father and mother—a sacred relic—expresses the tender

affection that never ceased to bind him to his home. Père Lenoir's religious vocation never loosened ties that made his parents the sharers of his apostolate. So, in this supreme farewell, he wishes them to consider his death, "for God and for France," as the greatest honor that his Master could bestow on him, after the grace of the priesthood. "Thank Him, as I do, for this last proof of love, and do not weep for me." Then follow some tender words on the happy meeting above.

The remembrance of their chaplain is still alive among the survivors of the regiment that he so truly loved and so devotedly served. The ill-spelled, but affectionate letters written by the men to Père Lenoir's family, the many testimonies of fidelity quoted by his biographer, the marble slab bearing his name, placed at Montmartre by the soldiers,—all these things prove that the seed he sowed fell on good ground.

As a final tribute, we may refer to the official document of General Grossetti, who, at that time, commanded the French army in the East. After praising Père Lenoir's devotedness, patriotism and self-sacrifice, he mentions his last act of heroism,—when, to assist wounded men who lay helpless and isolated, he climbed in broad daylight, the fire-swept slope, where the angel of death was awaiting him.

(The End.)

Non Sum Dignus.

BY M. PARKES.

LORD, though my many sins as scarlet glow,
 Though crumbling be the shrine Thou bidst
 me build,
 And the garden that I should have tilled,
 Yet, in Thy mercy speak the word, and, lo!
 My wilderness shall blossom like the rose,—
 A temple fair invite Thee to repose,
 And my stained soul be made as white as
 snow.

My Lady Takes Accounts.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

"BE sure," my lady repeated to her maid, "to get out the wine-glasses with the gold rim, and to prepare plenty of those little cakes with the sugar on them. The Count always liked to have everything very nice for his people when they came to transact business."

It was the day for the yearly reckoning, and my lady took accounts now in the small apartment in town which was the only home left her. The great castle in the Sabine Hills, the broad lands, and the title had passed by entail to a nephew who was not too cordial; but my lady held still four or five minor properties, by her deceased husband's will, for her lifetime. Afterwards, they, too, were to revert to Joseph. And as it had been the old Count's habit to receive all the peasants to reckoning on one day of the year, so my lady continued to do. They came by train together (each one having previously walked or ridden from three to five miles from their respective homes to the railroad station), and the notary, who had been the old Count's agent for fifty years, accompanied the little group.

The Count used to take accounts in the big stone-floored hall of the castle; my lady must needs take them in the small sitting room of her apartment in the city. Alone with her intimate friends, she would sometimes give her aristocratic shoulders a slight twitch. "My dear, Joseph has married a wife, and two mistresses in one house are not desirable." None knew what it had cost her to leave the antique, splendid home which had been hers for over seventy years; but she never went back. "I am too old to travel," she would explain, "and my little place in town is very comfortable." But on such a day as this, her thoughts drifted back, with an

altogether unspeakable tenderness, to the noble, gentle, pitying man, who had always been so extraordinarily understanding, and so humane in his wide outlook upon men and things. The wine-glasses with the gold rim, the little cakes with the sugar on them, were his yearly welcome to these poor people of his, who, living close to the soil, in a way would always be children; and, in another way, they were so tragically grown-up, owing to that same nearness, and the hardness of the long years of toil.

He had always loved so much these people of his who, five hundred years ago, at the time the castle was built, in their ancestors, were serfs to his. Yet, in 1420, the Abbot of the neighboring abbey lodged a complaint against the Count of his day, appealing to the Pope against him, for his unjust oppression and taxation of the glebe. Times are indeed changed! For the peasants of 1920 the trip to town was a pleasure. They were delighted to see their good lady again, and there was a certain sense of importance and of honor in the informal reception at which they were treated as welcome guests. They had but little love for Count Joseph who had recently ordered extensive thinning of the woods upon the mountain-side; for their own mistress, the old Countess, however, their affection knew no bounds.

My lady was very handsome, with a fine, proud head of white curls, not one of which was ever out of place; and the maid who brushed them knew that every snowy hair of that elaborate coiffure was my lady's own. Her eyes were very expressive, and dark, between dark lashes; the eyes of a beauty, if we must tell the truth. She always dressed in black now, with white lace at the breast and falling over the hands, and antique jewelry in the folds of it. Nobody had ever taken a liberty with

Madam the Countess, and nobody ever would; yet she was not haughty, and she always seemed to be thinking of the person with whom she was speaking, rather than of herself.

At noon the peasants arrived. They took seats first in the hall, while my lady and the notary examined the books together, and Madam was very exact and particular in her accounting, holding them all to their duty; for, after her, the small fiefs would revert to Joseph, and he must receive his inheritance undiminished. The land was the Count's; the peasants occupied the homesteads free, and the produce, or the price of it, went half to the owner and half to the laborer. Of late years, they had been in the habit of selling at the market, except what they required for their own use; and they brought their "mezzanìa," or halving, only in cash. This arrangement seemed best for their mistress, too, for she had little else to depend upon.

The notary was a personage of great importance. Grey hair, and aggressive moustache; short stature, and a slight roundness at the waistline where a heavy gold watch-chain fell. He could remember, as a child of six, the revolution of 1848, and he had from the lips of his father, the story, which never grew less in the telling, how he had stood at the foot of the hill to greet the Pontiff in person, when the great Gregory XVI. deigned to visit the historic castle, in the time of the old Count's father, the noble owner coming, accompanied by torches, to the outer gate of the keep. The notary was slightly fussy and pompous in manner.

"I trust your ladyship keeps well? Yes, yes, we miss your esteemed presence more and more, Madam. We, especially, who were accustomed to the kindness and graciousness of our late lamented lord. I find myself growing older every day, Madam."

My lady sometimes smiled a little when Giacometti was speaking. "It is an experience others have as well, my friend."

"Not you, my lady, surely?"

"I happen to be reminded of it more vividly to-day, for it is my birthday."

"How could I ever overlook the date! A thousand congratulations, Madam! One would never think of the passage of years with you."

"You belong to a generation which was still courteous, Giacometti—one for which I grieve! But, at my age, the milestones stand out with an appalling distinctness. Perhaps you do not realize that I am ninety-one years old to-day?"

"Impossible, my lady!"

"Not impossible, though almost unbelievable even to myself. The day draws near, I think, when I, too, shall be coming to the accounting...and Another will hold the books!"

"Indeed, we trust it will be many years, Signora Contessa."

"He who is Lord of all knows best. Sometimes I am a little tired, sometimes a little wishful... But those poor people must not wait."

"I regret extremely, my lady, that we were not able to come on the day you had appointed, but I was obliged to attend at the Municipio that morning."

"It is a pleasure I should not otherwise have had,—to see you all on my birthday."

"You are far too good, my lady. Will it please you I should call?"

"Nay, I will ring. Giustina, I will see Giorgio first."

There was a reason for the precedence. He was the oldest of the *coloni*, and the property he worked was the most valuable; but my lady was too just even to say that it would have been her pleasure to favor in any case, all other things being equal, her man from the estate of S. Angelo, which she loved best.

The man summoned was a grizzly

rustic, well past sixty, and showing in his lanky, misshapen body, and iron-hard hands what half a century of stooping to the soil will do. He walked clumsily, as most countrymen do; but his cheeks had the bright ruddiness of ripe apples, and his eyes sparkled with keen life and the twinkle of shrewdness. In his hands this rude peasant held a nosegay, and it was made of crisp, aromatic pinks, blue-grey lavender, and herbs of various and sweet scents.

My lady lifted her hands for joy: "Oh, flowers from S. Angelo! How wonderful!" For a moment she buried her face in them, perhaps conscious that suddenly, unbidden, moisture had dimmed her eyes. "How very, very kind of you!"

The man's face beamed and reddened in the confusion of happiness. "I remembered, my lady, that this was your *compleanno*" (the completion of a year of life), "and I made bold to bring you some of the carnations and sprigs you like. My mother used to tell me that when you came to S. Angelo as a bride, you said the flowers there were sweeter than any you had ever known."

"I have not changed my mind: they are still the sweetest. . . though I was eighteen then."

"The good soul of my mother remembered you well as you were then, my lady, and your first coming. She was wont to say she never saw so fair a bride, if you will pardon the freedom; and, on Winter evenings around the fire, she often described for us the dress you wore; the stiff silk that almost stood, and the blossoming sprays that crossed the white, with silver veins between them."

The Countess laughed gently, as it were beneath her breath. "And how are they all at S. Angelo?"

"Well, Madam. I thank you. The wife had her rheumatism as usual during the cold weather, but we can't complain.

She sends her duty, my lady, and the children the same. We had a good year, too, except for the drought."

Instinctively, as he said it, he produced a wallet, but she motioned, by the slightest indication of her fine head, the notary sitting with the open book upon the table in front of him, and the man turned to him. In a dozen words, he made his statement orally, and simply and frankly, laid down the amount of the "*mezzanìa*" which he had named.

"Is that correct, my lady?" the notary enquired.

"As far as I know, it is correct. And you may trust Giorgio." The peasant bent to kiss her hand and thanked her as he left the room.

"Don't go away," she called after him. "We will have a glass of Marsala when this is finished. And, Giorgio, I will tell you once more, that you may remember it always: the flowers of S. Angelo are just as sweet to-day as when I was a bride!"

The widow from the little hold on the mountain-side came next; and that, too, my lady loved exceedingly, for it was planted with wheat and olives on the long slopes that seemed uptilted to catch the last of the amethyst and gold of evening, when the sun was about to set. Balbina wore the black dress which she only donned for funerals; it was very tight and ill-fitting, so that her form in it resembled those of sedate women in the Quattrocento paintings, with their arms folded in front of them. On her head was a silk kerchief with roses printed along the border, and the whole atmosphere around her was redolent of the loam and hayloft; but Balbina had a countenance upon which the tragedy and sternness of life had stamped their indelible sign. Her eyes were very wonderful, for they had a certain quality of looking mistily far forward, as though she was not bounded

by the common limits of sight; and in color they were blue-green, like the olive trees of her hold, changing, by flashes, to the azure of the Summer haze over the mountain valleys. Balbina, too, kissed that white, aged hand under the lace, but she did not smile: she seemed to have forgotten how.

"I am happy to see you so well, my lady. Yes, it has been a fairly good season, thanks be to God; but the grapes did not do so well for the want of water; they were small this year. My girls and I have had to work early and late to make ends meet; that earth is a bad one on the slope, and, with no men to help, it's difficult harvesting. Nunziatina is to marry soon, Signora Contessa, and that will give us a man on the place again. It has been very hard since the war."

She did not say, because it was not necessary, how terribly she missed the two fine lads, fallen, the one at Carso, the other on the snowy heights of the Alpine frontier.

"It is always hard after our husbands go," my lady said, having good reason to say it. But the other woman had a more recent sorrow.

"And our sons, my lady."

"I never had a son, *figlia mia*; that was grief enough."

"Nay, but it were better never to have had them, than to lose them so!"

"You had the joy of their childhood and youth, my dear, and you must not say that you have lost them, for you raised them up to love and serve God, and He will keep them for you now, until you can go and join them. It is not death to give your life for your country."

"You speak the truth, my lady, for at times, when I grieve sorest for them, I seem to hear their voices chide me. When I kissed Lello at the crossroads, we did not cry, neither he nor I, and I myself said to him: '*Sta forte*' (Be

strong); he did not answer, but I knew his heart. Giannino wept when his turn came, he was such a child, but it was only because he was leaving me. Lello died laughing. You speak the truth, my lady, I should be proud!"

"And your girls are worth their weight in solid gold."

"More than that, my lady. Look, Signora Contessa," and she lifted her overskirt with complete abandon to dive into a deep pocket in the petticoat, from whence she produced a roll of bills; "look my lady, heaven has blessed us, for with all the scarcity of water, and never a man on the land, we have done better than last year."

The business details were settled in a few minutes, and Balbina went back to her seat in the hall, heaving a long sigh of satisfaction. She did smile as she went out; but her long gaze, resting affectionately upon her mistress, seemed through that eerie, misty azure to say: "You are very old, my lady; we have loved you and revered you much; but for how long will you be with us?"...

If there was one of the *coloni*, my lady liked less, it was the tall, spare, long-handed fellow who entered now. Her paramount sense of justice urged her to have no favorites, and in her dealings with them equity reigned, but Tommaso was trying. He shuffled, he contradicted himself, he was full of grievances, and meanwhile his sharp eyes were incessantly on the watch for his own interest.

"My respects to your ladyship. I hope your ladyship is in good health. I wish I could say the same for my family; we have had nothing but sickness this year. My wife with bronchitis, my son with stomach trouble. Impossible to get laborers on hire, and the drought to cap it all. Such a year as this, my lady, I can never remember; and prices sky high—hay, feed, fodder, everything, to say nothing of the cost of living."

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble. Is your wife better?"

"Yes, Madam, but she still coughs. And the boy can digest nothing. We seem to be cursed. I am bringing a check; I hope your excellency will be satisfied; it is not very large."

"I should like an itemized statement, Tommaso. It is more satisfactory to you, too, I believe, Giacometti?"

"I can accept nothing else, my lady."

Tommaso moved his shoulders and his feet. "I am not very good at figuring, Madam; I thought the total was all that you cared to have."

"You did business for a good many years with the Count, my man, and you know how he wished it done."

The Count had found Tommaso indifferently honest, and my lady had often heard him express anger at the subterfuges and tricks attempted by him.

"Come," she urged, "let us not waste time. Tell Signor Giacometti what you have received for grapes, olives, wheat, tomatoes, potatoes and chestnuts. He will do the reckoning."

"Well, you see, my lady, I sold different lots at different times, so it's hard for me not to make mistakes."

"You won't make them to your own disadvantage, my friend."

"How, my lady! You do not think I could do any underhand thing, especially to your ladyship?"

"But, my good man, you went to school, you can add plain figures, and divide by two, can you not? I warrant, you might even be able to do something in the way of subtraction."

Giacometti broke into a short laugh, unconsciously, and covered his indiscretion by blowing his nose hard. The man looked around at him with a puzzled expression, then answered the question regretfully:

"Yes, my lady, I can do arithmetic; but this accounting confuses me."

"You must have summed up your

figures," the notary interposed, "since you present a total. I should like to see those figures, if you don't mind."

With an injured air, the peasant drew forth a pocketbook from an inner vest. "The Count did not make so much trouble as you do," he muttered with an unpleasant glance at the notary; "yet you have known me all your life, and call yourself my friend."

"I render you a service by insisting upon straight dealings."

Ten minutes later, the Countess heaved a deep sigh of relief, after Tommaso's departing back. "Two of his kind would send me to bed with a headache. What a stupid fellow!"

"Not only stupid, my lady, but absolutely unable, apparently, to deal with simple rectitude. You are too much at their mercy, even when they are honest."

She knew that well. "Call Lorenzuccio," she added. "He is a tonic in his uprightness."

A strapping young fellow entered the room; he was clean, alert, bright-eyed, and there was a certain dash and *brio* about him that suggested a distinctive and unusual personality. The stamp of the army days was clear upon him still in erect carriage, poise of the head, and a certain attitude of respect as he stood before the aged lady. He did not kiss her hand, because he belonged to a new generation; but his awkward bow was full of deference and of genuine homage. "How do you do?" my lady asked, full of kindness. Lorenzuccio pleased and interested her, and she had been wont to say before he married, that, born in another class, the lad would have been a gallant.

"I thank your ladyship. My father sends his respects, Signora Contessa, and begs you will pardon if he does not come in person. He fell from a ladder some days ago, and is not able to walk. I have the account here."

"Very good, my friend. I hope your father's hurt is not serious?"

"Not very, my lady, but he must rest."

"And you are quite recovered from your wound?"

"Oh, yes, my lady, perfectly. Only when the weather changes it gives me a twinge. I have a piece of news for you, Signora Contessa,—we have a little son since last Tuesday." He could not keep the intense, warm happiness from his face. It fairly beamed and shone. My lady's lit up in sheer sympathy.

"That is good news indeed! And a splendid boy, I'm sure?"

"A young giant, Signora!" And the father flashed his pride and joy from sunny brown eyes and gleaming teeth.

"I am so glad; we must find a little present for him. And the mother is doing well?"

"She is up already, my lady."

The Countess tossed her head with a complete understanding of their ways and habits, only a slight elevation of the eyebrows denoted criticism: "But tell her to be careful,—do! You young people are so imprudent."

"Nothing could hurt Norina, my lady; but I will tell her—from you. And there is another matter, I wanted to mention to your ladyship. . . ."

For the first time, the lad showed a trace of embarrassment; but his straightforward manner soon reasserted itself, in answer to a nod of encouragement from her. "It is this, my lady: I love our little farm very much, and I should like to own it, provided your ladyship has no objection. Of course, I have not got the money to pay for it; but I understand that one can take a ninety-nine year lease, paying rent, and by contract obtain possession at the end of that time."

My lady looked long at Lorenzuccio. It was the first time, in over seventy years of experience with them, that a

peasant offered—in the feudal lord's face—to buy a portion of his land from him. The Countess was not angry; she saw it exactly as Lorenzuccio saw it, and felt as though it was not to her, but to that other presence, of the dead man who had always understood, that the descendant of the one-time serf's made his request. Yet my lady gasped, for she felt that times were indeed changed.

"I believe that some such contract does exist legally," she slowly answered; "does it not, Giacometti?"

"It may be made, under given conditions, if the landlord is agreeable, Madam; at least in this district."

"So that you would have to see Count Joseph about it, Lorenzuccio; for at my death, all the lands, of which I now enjoy the income, revert to him."

"And would you speak a good word for me, my lady?"

"I will do what I can, my lad. But I wonder if you have reflected that ninety-nine years from now, in all probability, you will have been dead at least twenty-five years; and I am letting you live to the age of one hundred to give you a good chance!"

Lorenzuccio smiled at the grace. "I have thought it out, my lady. I shall be dead—and plenty!—but the boy might live to be one hundred; and, if he doesn't, he will certainly have sons by then. I was thinking of my son and my son's children. I have no complaint, my lady; how could I, under the Signor Conte and you? But I should like to think of the boy, or of his boy, if needs be (he may come along in my own lifetime). I should like to think of his owning the land I am now working."

My lady still looked at Lorenzuccio; and she knew now how he was indeed different from the common cast, as she had always known that he was; for they never look forward, never; and she knew the wondering, dull eyes with

which they would tell you that the next generation, one puny child, might easily die; and that, as to a third generation, it might never exist. But Lorenzuccio was full of some wide hope, and generous mental swing forward, that would make him take the fighting chance. Was this native to him, or had the war done it? My lady did not know. She was not sure that the Count would have liked to sell even the small tenure of Treggia, upon which Lorenzuccio was born; but she thought perhaps he would have been willing to yield it to one so worthy of his esteem. I will speak to Count Joseph for you, I promise."

"And I shall not be displeasing *you*, my lady?" He spoke as a gentleman, and she answered him accordingly.

"I could not be displeased at anything that will make you happy."

"A thousand thanks, my lady." He kissed her hand now, effusively, and went out, and the Countess nodded her head after him. "Good stuff, that!... I wish I had a dozen like him."

The notary seemed less enthusiastic. "But the impudence of actually asking you to sell him the land, a whipper-snapper like that! The old man, his father, will probably give him a thrashing for it; and he deserves it, richly."

My lady contracted her shoulders. "I thought his manner most respectful, deferential even."

"No doubt, Madam; he could not act like a bandit. But, oh! the irreverence of this age."

"Let us make allowances for it, Giacometti. You and I are of the old school, and cherish the memory of it, as all who knew its charm must; but these are the children of a new generation. The desire to own his own land is entirely natural; I should say even just. And if he attains his end by his labor and perseverance, he deserves all credit for it."

"Madam, your ladyship was for many

years the disciple of the most fair and liberal-minded man our town has boasted in many generations, so that I should not presume to argue with you. Will it please you to glance over the entries?"

He carried the big book to her arm-chair that she might see it more conveniently, but she barely glanced at it. "A little later, Giacometti. I am fatigued just now. Will you kindly ring for my maid?"

They all re-entered the sitting room together, and sat awkwardly upon the edges of chairs and divans, while my lady poured the old wine into the frail, gold-rimmed glasses, with her white hand that trembled a little; and the small maid, who had grown grey in my lady's service, handed the refreshments upon a silver salver. There was no talk of business any more, only loud cordial comments upon weather and family life, and the doings of the village neighbors; but it was evident that the aged hostess was growing tired, and the guests speedily withdrew. It was significant of their affection for, and confidence in, the good Countess, that they asked permission to leave their bags and satchels in the hall, while they went to see the town and do their shopping, before taking the train for home.

After this preliminary leave-taking, she sat alone for a few minutes, with, on the table beside her, the ledger and the long, black tin box in which the notary had been depositing the money. My lady hated money; it was always so dirty! But to-day, her fingers touched, idly, the heap of sordid bills; and she was thinking upon all the labor, all the toil; the early risings and late hours; the days of heat and the days of rain, they represented—though she could see the beauty, too; sunrise over the hills, the azure haze of the valleys in mid-summer; the long, hyacinth lights of sunset upon the slopes; the garden of

S. Angelo, so full of fragrant flowers; Balbina's land of wheat and olives; and Lorenzuccio's thriving farm, in the midst of garlands of vineyards. After all, every one of them was happier than she was; for they lived in the open, and they had never been forced to leave that green corner of the world which they loved so much!

With her hand upon the box, my lady lost herself in some dim dream of herself long ago, coming to S. Angelo, in her stiff brocade, sprayed with blossoms of antique design, and with threads of silver woven between. Giorgio's mother was making deep courtesies, and presenting a large bouquet (strange that of them all Giorgio alone had remembered her birthday); and she remembered how the Count had nodded and smiled, so happy, so proud to show her to them; and she remembered even how the sun had shone upon his hair, bringing out its peculiarly beautiful chestnut color, "Taify," she had called it in sport! How long ago it all was! And yet, no more lost or effaced to her than yesterday.

Giustina appeared at the door, unbidden. "May I serve your luncheon, Signora Contessa? Your ladyship must be worn out."

"In ten minutes, my dear. I am not quite ready. And, Giustina, I shall not see my people again this afternoon, they would hardly expect it. But be sure to bring Signor Giacometti into my sitting room when he comes, for I am very anxious to speak to him. Don't forget that!"

"I will not forget, my lady."

And still the Countess sat. Then she took four envelopes, and, upon each one of them, she wrote the name of one of the *coloni*; and, consulting the book of accounts, placed in each envelope the amount of money which each peasant had brought that day.

The notary was the first of the visitors to return, and his face denoted

astonishment as he was ushered into her presence.

"You wished to see me, my lady?"

"I wanted to thank you for your faithful kindness and good services, my dear Giacometti; and also to ask you to do me the favor to take these envelopes with you, and to distribute them to the *contadini* when you separate at the station."

"Might I enquire the nature of their contents, Madam?"

"A trifling gift from me, on the occurrence of my birthday."

The man was visibly disturbed, and kept glancing from her to her open desk. "Your ladyship will pardon my presumption, but I do not think you are in a position...."

"Tut, tut, man, is it not my birthday?" At that moment he happened to look into the black tin box, and saw that it was empty.

"No, Madam, no! Forgive me, but I can not permit this. The Count would never have suffered it! That money is your income, and a slender one at that. Indeed, my lady, they have less need of it than you—believe me, for I know whereof I speak. They will not even find pleasure in your self-sacrifice."

"They will for once have a little more ease; the possibility of satisfying some innocent, perhaps long cherished, desire."

"But, my lady, you do not think of it! The land is your capital which they, not you, are using, and they return but half of the interest to you. They do you no favor in cultivating the soil! They live upon it."

"Ay, but each one of them is poor notwithstanding, and they are, like the Lord Christ, in labors all their days. Let me be liberal for once, Giacometti, as I have so often vainly desired to be. They are my people... and I, too, have my wish at heart, which I have never been able to satisfy, towards them."

"Madam, it is insanity! What are you going to live upon this year?"

"I have a little money saved. And God will provide! Perhaps you do not remember that I am ninety-one years old, Giacometti? How much longer do you expect me to live? And think what it will mean to Giorgio who, I happen to know, is burdened just now with doctors' bills, in spite of his cheerfulness. And to poor Balbina, with no sons to help her, fighting, struggling, and scraping to marry that girl of hers decently, and, as they understand it, with honor. And to that nice Lorenzuccio, who is so fine and so manly."

My lady laughed gleefully, and, to the notary, her merriment sounded actually wicked. She divined his thought.

"I suppose you are quite shocked at my revolutionary sentiments?"

"Madam, I should suggest taking up a collection for poor Tommaso, who is the only one you have overlooked."

"You are positively vicious, Giacometti; but I did not overlook him. I return him just as much as he brought, though it is not as much as he owed me. But I am disposed to-day to forgive him all his sins."

"Madam, it is beyond words of mine... it is unspeakable."

"Please take them, Giacometti."

"My conscience cries out against it."

"Quiet your conscience because you will be making me so happy... Nay, do not shrug your shoulders, it would be failing me in courtesy. Look, Giacometti, I ask you as a favor to take this to them; you surely can not refuse me? And I will tell you my innermost thought, which must remain a secret between us. On this day the Count always gave alms in honor of Our Blessed Lady—he said he did it in thanksgiving (for me!)—and, since he died, I have always given alms this day, in her honor, in thanksgiving—for him."

"Madam, you shall be obeyed."

A Lesson for Organists.

BISHOP MARTY, the missionary bishop of Dakota, had gone to St. Boniface, Manitoba, to spend a few days with his friend, Mgr. Tache, for the purpose of taking some much-needed rest. The cathedral organ had just been erected; and as it was something new in Manitoba, it was the subject of much comment. Bishop Marty expressed the desire to hear it, and asked one morning if the organist would do him the favor of playing for him. The organist was more than willing; and the bishop, with some companions, repaired to the cathedral, and, after greeting the gratified organist, seated themselves in the nave, near the sanctuary.

His Lordship expected to hear graceful modulations on each of the registers, so that he might have an idea of their timbre, and learn something of the details of the instrument. An organist who knew his business would have proceeded in this manner; but the performer opened the great instrument with all the couplers of the claviers, and with tremendous vigor attacked—the overture of the "Caliph of Bagdad!" It was a veritable tornado; the windows rattled, and the bishop half started from his seat. He had expected to hear very different music.

"After a moment or two," relates one of the prelate's companions, "Bishop Marty said, 'Let us go up to the organ-loft.' We went up. I supposed that his Lordship desired simply to examine the instrument more closely; but what was my surprise when he asked the organist to let him take his place for a while! The bishop took the seat, settled himself in true artistic fashion, pushed back all the registers and surveyed the mechanism of the organ; then, drawing out the stops one after another, he treated us for a half hour or more to the richest of harmonies. We were as much

surprised as gratified. Such music is seldom heard except from masters; but Bishop Marty, when a young man, was a pupil of Rinck's School, and, altogether unknown to us, had been an organist for twenty years.

"When he had finished playing, he turned to the astonished organist, and, with a kind smile, gently remarked: 'My dear sir, when you play the organ, always play it for Him who dwells in the tabernacle.'"

Anti-Catholic Books: Whom Do They Injure?

WHEN Tom Clarke, who was shot, at the age of fifty-eight, for participation in the Irish Rebellion of 1916; was a young man he was imprisoned for many years in England as an Irish rebel. For sixteen years he was herded with the off-scourings of English life in the convict prisons of Portland and Chatham. In the story of his life, he specifies one refinement of cruelty practised on him, and doubtless on other Irish prisoners of his type, in the effort to belittle and degrade them.

"For a long time," he writes, "I never got any but girls' and boys' trashy storybooks, when I was due for a library book. When I complained to the governor about the matter, and asked to be given some books that would be adapted to my educational rating, he ordered the escort to take me away; and the next time I became due for a library book, they gave me a volume of nursery rhymes. . . ."

"Sometime later, they gave me an extraordinary book. I forget the title of it; but it was one of the fiercest 'anti-Popery' books I ever read, although I had read through some 'hot stuff' of that kind up in Ulster, where I was reared. The next time I became entitled to write enabled me to put my complaint on record. I told of the trashy books I

had been getting, of my complaint to the governor, of the nursery rhymes' result, and the virulent 'anti-Popery' book given me—a Catholic—that was especially marked for 'Protestants only.' My letter was, of course, suppressed."

The inscription on this "anti-Popery" book, "for Protestants only," suggests the thought that it is not so much Catholics who are hurt by such literature, as Protestants. Catholics usually have enough sense, enough knowledge of the Church's teaching and practice, to render the lies and misstatements which such books contain practically powerless to affect their faith, or to change their attitude toward the Church; but the Protestant, who has no knowledge of our holy religion, and who has no reason to suspect the source from which the "information" he is receiving emanates, falls a victim to its falsehoods. His mind is abused, maybe for a whole lifetime, by the book intended "for Protestants only."

In view of this, it is quite astonishing that there appears so little in the better class of Protestant papers about the dangers their readers run in books of such kind. Intended to "open the minds" of Catholics to the "evils" of Catholicity, such books only succeed in closing the minds of Protestants to knowledge of the truth.

Catholics may be irritated by such books (as doubtless poor Tom Clarke was at the petty injustice and lack of respect for the common decencies of life shown by his superiors in giving him something to read that was insulting to his religious belief); but the irritation is in the class of "righteous indignation," and only results in greater love and deeper respect for the religion so assailed, and more fervent devotion in the practice of it.

Which is only another example of the way in which God continues to bring good out of evil.

Notes and Remarks.

Writing recently of the cult of Our Lady, we remarked that there is a notable diminution of the insistence with which the old-time charge of Mariolatry is preferred against Catholics by those outside the Fold; adding: "No fairly educated Protestant, however inimical he may be to the Church and her tenets, will stultify himself nowadays by maintaining that we consider the Blessed Virgin equal or comparable to God, or that we believe her other than entirely dependent on God for her existence, her privileges, her grace, and her glory." We wrote in good faith, sincerely believing that only the uneducated, not to say the wholly illiterate, among Protestants, continue to repeat charges that have been exploded thousands of times already, and have been avoided by scholarly non-Catholics ever since, and before, the time of good old Dr. Johnson. We regret to say that we have been mistaken. The *Star*, of Toronto, quotes the Rt. Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve, (Church of England) of that Canadian city, to this effect: "Our keeping of the Second Commandment is something not followed by the Roman Church. The Bible states that there shall be no worship of graven images, yet the Roman Catholic erects and worships images of the Virgin Mary."

One of two things: either the Rt. Rev. gentleman is grossly ignorant of matters about which it is inexcusable for one in his position to be ill-informed; or, he is simply a calumniator, bearing false witness against his Catholic neighbor.

The sixty-second General Assembly of the Catholics of Germany, seen in retrospect, is worth much attention and suggests more than one earnest reflection. Sincerity and unity were present from first to last and gave a very

definite reality to the enthusiastic resolutions adopted. So many similar conventions seem to consist of—applause and delegates. The Munich assembly did not shun to stress either the ancient, immovable fundamentals of our Faith, or to bring forth bravely those aspects of contemporary civic life with which religion only can deal satisfactorily,—though the right of religion to do so is often denied. The first address of Cardinal Faulhaber, referred to in a previous issue of THE AVE MARIA, sounded like a doctrinal instruction; the last address, on the Church as an influence towards Peace, had some of the vigorous appeal to action of Peter the Hermit. Other speakers dealt ably with social and educational movements, the support given to which is evidenced by the straightforward method Catholics have adopted to save religious schools and by the steady growth of Catholic labor organizations. Of course, the Assembly was magnificently attended and its splendor was apparent, Munich being a marvellous background.

While Americans do not accept parades without a tinge of irony (Coxey's Army is still too redolent a memory), our gatherings might profit by an effort to borrow a little of Munich's solemnity and splendor—as well as a bit of its concentration on matters of genuine importance.

"In union there is strength" is an adage which applies to Catholic civic centres not less than to other social and industrial activities. Father Garesché, S. J., who may well be called an authority on such matters, pleads in *America* for a national organization of such centres. The establishment in any town or city of a Catholic civic centre is, beyond doubt, an excellent work; but its effectiveness would just as undoubtedly be increased in a notable degree if the various centres through-

out the country were united, as are the councils of the Knights of Columbus, or the groups of the Y. M. C. A. "To this conclusion," says Father Garesché, "converge the experiences of many zealous workers in this field. We must somehow achieve unity of name, of plan, of purpose, and management for our Catholic civic centres. Like all great enterprises, this one promises much toil and trouble in its beginning. The sum of that toil and trouble will pay for the success of many Catholic centres, both those now in existence and others yet to be."

We must rid ourselves of the uncomfortable feeling that in a recent article about the Cowley Fathers, a community of the Protestant Episcopal Church, sufficient indignation was not expressed over their masquerading as priests—"offering Mass," hearing confessions, etc. Their piety and zeal we do not question, but their false pretence we must condemn. It should be altogether unnecessary to remind them that the validity of their Orders, which depends on the consecration of William Barlow, is altogether questionable. If it is impossible to affirm positively that he was never consecrated bishop, it is no less impossible to prove that he was. The shadow of a doubt on a matter so grave should give pause to the Cowley Fathers. Let our indignation at their posing as priests and confessors be expressed in the words of Father Dalgairns, a great convert priest of England and an associate of Newman. A stern rebuke is this:

"While my whole soul revolts with indignation at the presumption of those who, without mission, without jurisdiction, without the requisite gifts, presume to take upon themselves the guidance of souls, I feel the deepest compassion for those, who are their victims, and who are on their way with them

to the inevitable ditch. To us who are looking on, it seems nothing less than a judicial fatuity to put oneself under the guidance of men, who never speak of a sacrament, without betraying a confusion of thought, which shows them to be incapable of seeing clear into any theological question whatsoever. How dare they touch the Keys without a semblance of jurisdiction? With what face can they urge any one to make a confession when they inform the penitent that, after all the misery and the agony of the avowal of guilt, forgiveness might have been cheaply purchased without it? How can they pronounce an absolution which they themselves loudly assert to be unnecessary?"

Not in a spirit of ridicule were these words written. They are indeed a severe rebuke; but who that has any genuine abhorrence of sham sacraments and false guides will say that it is not richly deserved?

We sincerely advise those who are interested in American religion to follow the experiences of the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, as chronicled by him for the *Atlantic Monthly* (September and October numbers) under the title, "Preaching in New York." Dr. Newton is, of course, ultra-liberal, but the fruits of this attitude are very refreshing just now. Here is a passage *à propos*:

As a lad, I knew nothing of Catholicism, save as a strange superstition called "Popery," which I heard denounced as Antichrist, and every kind of ugly name. So, reading in the paper about Cardinal Gibbons, I made bold to write him a long letter, telling him of my case and the awful things I had heard about his Church. In closing I asked him to name a book from which I might learn what the Church really taught, and something of its history. In due time came a letter, two pages long, written with his own hand, gentle and wise of spirit; and a few days later an autographed copy of his little book, "The

faith of Our Fathers." To-day I attended the service in his memory at the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, drawn equally by veneration of a noble character and gratitude to a great man who took time to answer the scrawling letter of a little boy eleven years old. Once more I felt the power of the Church, opening its arms alike to rich and poor, to the learned and the unlearned, flinging across their lives the mantle of an august memory and an eternal hope—flooding the mortal scene with music and color and the romance of holiness!

Readers who look for style will be arrested by the closing paragraph of the instalment of Dr. Newton's article from which we quote:

How God must love beauty! Every evening I watch the Divine Artist painting a new sunset over the New Jersey hills, and marvel at His masterpieces. Last night the whole sky was aglow with gorgeous colors shining through long bars of clouds—awe-inspiring in its loveliness. First a mass of molten splendor—like Dante's great rose of gold,—with a foundation of dark vapor. Gradually the gold changed to delicate, tender green, then to pale lavender, deepening into soft purple as night came down—like a shade slowly drawn over a latticed window in the City of God.

It seems significant that the best study of the Ku-Klux Klan to have come under our notice is contributed to *Le Correspondant* by an anonymous Frenchman, presumably associated with the Embassy. He finds that while the organization may have been set in motion by a bigot with aspirations to wealth, its growth and influence have been due to the response of "anti-alien" sentiment prevailing in large sections of the American public. Everywhere, men have begun to worry about the preservation of our national spirit, and have ignorantly sought the renowned colored woodpile inhabitant not merely among the non-Caucasian races, but also among groups somehow associated with Europe. The Frenchman admits that much of this feeling is traceable to the unpopularity of the war, which "millions of Americans refuse to admit for a moment was their war"; he asso-

ciates with it various other phases of public opinion on this side of the Atlantic, and calls Europe to witness that the United States have been educated beyond the sentimental A B C's of Mr. Wilson. From the Catholic point of view, the Klan is an association for the benefit of ignorance. Still, we ought to realize that its acceptance by the public is based upon other issues also. The notoriety-seeking Protestant minister is a poor apostle of Americanism in any true sense; but we doubt that much which passes for Catholic opinion is a better guide.

In the September issue of the *Catholic Magazine of South Africa*, there appears an interesting paper by the editor on the religious freedom of Canada. Several of its paragraphs are worth reproduction. Speaking of the English conquest of Quebec, 1759-1760, the writer remarks: "At that time there was no freedom of worship for Catholics under British law. But the Canadians had refused to surrender to Gen. Wolfe, unless they got a guarantee that their faith would be exempt from the persecution which it suffered then throughout the rest of the British Empire. Thus 'the liberty of the Catholic religion' was guaranteed in Canada, by the conquerors, and was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Catholics in other parts of the British Empire do not always realize how much we owe the French Canadians in this matter. They made the first breach in the terrible system of religious tyranny, so long in vogue in Great Britain, which we know as the Penal Laws."

Our Revolution was one cause of England's conferring upon French Canada privileges which would otherwise probably have been withheld.

The outstanding fact, therefore, of the Canadian situation since 1774 is that the Catholic Church and the British Government

have always had the best of reasons for working harmoniously: mutual interest. But since 1841, when responsible government was granted to Canada, the Church had to do with the Canadian Government, and only indirectly with that of Great Britain.

The South African editor pays a well-merited tribute to two laymen who did much for religious freedom in Canada, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and, bringing the history up to our own times, he declares:

Canada is not a Catholic country to-day, as Catholics are only a little more than one in three of the population. But they have, by their own energy and moderation, secured that freedom which we have the right to claim in every democracy worthy of the name.

In the development of religious liberty within the British Empire, Canada has played the same leading part that she has played in the development of nationality. It was Canada, and especially French Canada, which compelled Great Britain to relinquish step by step the policy of persecuting the Catholic faith, which was practised unblushingly at the period when Wolfe conquered Quebec, and was a legacy from the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Though St. Peter of Alcantara was a Franciscan, as a correspondent has been at pains to inform us, the great reformer of the 16th century is regarded as a member of the Order of Mt. Carmel also, having given St. Teresa her first inspiration to found monasteries of Carmelites. She had the utmost veneration for his wisdom and sanctity, and he was one of her chief counsellors. The names of these great saints are forever associated, not only in hagiology, but in the annals of Carmel; and the feast of St. Peter, which falls in the present month, is celebrated with as much fervor among the Carmelites as by the Franciscans themselves.

As a rule—an almost universal rule—a parish priest is buried from the church of which he has been the pastor. There was an exception to the rule the

other day in New York city. Father Michael J. Henry, for a full quarter of a century pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary and director of the Home for Irish Immigrant Girls, was buried from New York city's largest religious temple, St. Patrick's Cathedral. The *Catholic News* thus explains the departure from the normal custom: "Father Henry will be buried from St. Patrick's Cathedral. There are two very good reasons for this arrangement. In the first place his work in caring for Irish immigrant girls was of a diocesan and even of a national character, its influence extending to every part of the United States. In the second place the chapel at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary would be entirely too small to accommodate the clergy and the laity who will wish to attend his obsequies."

We have more than once had occasion to call attention to the excellent work done by this devoted priest, and we bespeak for his soul the prayers of our readers everywhere.

Of Sir Charles Santley, the greatest of English baritone singers, whose death is mourned by friends and admirers all over the world, a writer in the *London Tablet* observes: "Of the eighty-eight years of Sir Charles Santley's mortal life, forty-two were lived as a Catholic, the larger half of his maturity; and his voice was, in a singular measure, the utterance of his creed. . . . He lived his ideals; and what these were we may best gather from a few words he addressed 'as a lay Catholic to lay Catholics' at a meeting some sixteen years ago: 'We can deny ourselves some pleasure. Our prayers can remove mountains. We can have recourse to Our Lord in daily Mass and Holy Communion. I say that, no matter what happens, we will be true to the Church of God.'"

FOR YOUNG FOLK

THE WANTS OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER


Happiness.

BY D. A. C.

JANE is happy playing house
With dolls and things like that.
Jack is happy when he has
A baseball and a bat.
Baby's bored at dolls and balls,
For him they have no charms—
He's not truly happy
Till he rests in mother's arms.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

VI.

S he had been instructed by the masons, Camille went up to a cab, after passing through the gate of the city.

"How much will you charge for taking me to Louis-le-Grand Street?" he asked the driver.

"Thirty sous for the trip, my little man, and whatever it will please you to give me extra."

"Thirty sous!" repeated Camille; then he began to reflect.

Nothing sharpens the wits like misfortune. During the fifteen days that had elapsed since he had been abandoned, our hero had learned more about managing than he had ever known during the ten years at his uncle's house.

"If I take thirty sous from my ten francs, I shall have only eight francs and ten sous left," he reasoned. "With thirty sous I can buy a package of tobacco for my friend the old soldier; that will please him greatly and be much better than to pay it out for riding in a carriage."

"Well, aren't you going to get in, my

little man?" said the driver, holding the carriage door open.

"No, sir, I've decided to walk."

"You've decided that you haven't the money, you mean? That doesn't make any difference: get in and your parents will pay for you."

At this Camille turned and hurried away. The man's words brought all his sorrow back to his mind.

I wonder if my readers have ever noticed that a street passed over once in the daytime takes on an entirely different appearance at night. So, in the long deserted avenue, lighted by occasional lamps that flickered like stars against a foggy sky, Camille could scarcely recognize the brilliant, sunlit avenue he had seen in the morning, filled with a happy, gaily-dressed throng. Although he did not remember his way, he did not pause but walked on toward a distant point of light at the end of the long street.

As he went on his way, Camille wondered what he should do in the future to gain his living. Absorbed in his reflections, he had not noticed that, ever since the masons had given him the money, he had been followed by two evil-looking men; neither had he remarked the excitement of Fox, who, growling, passed back and forth between the men and his master.

On reaching the most deserted part of the avenue, the men separated: one went to the right of Camille, the other to his left; and the first one then said:

"My little man, will you direct me to the Rue d'Orleans?"

"I'm not from Paris," replied Camille. "I know only one street—Louis-le-Grand. I was about to ask you the way to it."

The second man now came up.

"What are you asking each other about?" he inquired.

"I want to know the way to the Rue d'Orleans," said the first man.

"And I to Louis-le-Grand," added Camille.

"It is lucky you met me," remarked the second man. "Those two streets are near together. I have to cross both on my way. We'll go together."

"That's very kind on your part," said the first man. "I'm from America, and I'll pay you for myself and for this boy, as he hasn't any money, I suppose; for I saw him stop before a cab without getting in."

"Oh, yes, I have!" exclaimed Camille imprudently. "But I didn't want to spend any of it to ride when I could walk and inquire my way."

"That was very wise, my boy," replied one of the obliging strangers. "Have you lived in Paris long? Are your parents rich? How do you happen to be alone at ten o'clock at night in such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

Then, without mentioning his cousin's name, Camille frankly told them the story of his abandonment and his experience up to this time. While he was talking the two men came close together; and if the boy had had more knowledge of people and things, he would have found it surprising that two persons who a moment before seemed not to know each other should lock arms and talk together in a low voice.

"Bah!" said one of them, in a tone loud enough to be overheard. "Ten francs is always ten francs."

"What did you say? Ten francs?" asked the boy, without any suspicion.

"I was merely proposing to reward this man with ten francs for showing us both home," was the reply.

Camille was about to say that the cabman did not charge that much, when he thought that such a remark and the

comparison might offend the obliging guide, so he kept silent and followed the two men. He now noticed for the first time the uneasiness of Fox, who seemed to want to lead him to a less solitary part of the avenue.

"Let's go over on the other side," suggested the boy. "I see people and lights over there. It won't be so lonely."

At this the men exchanged quick glances.

"What's the difference?" said one. "The street will soon be darker and more deserted."

Camille would have liked to ask the explanation of these strange words, but he dared not. Then, too, Fox distracted him by the joy he showed at getting near other pedestrians.

As they were crossing a side street Camille heard groans. Pausing and looking around, he saw an old man lying stretched out on the ground.

PART III.

I.

Prompted by his kindness of heart, Camille rushed up to the spot where the old man lay.

"Did you fall, sir?" he asked. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"Alas, I'm blind!" was the reply.

"And couldn't you find your way?"

"I'm blind,—I'm blind!" repeated the old man.

"Let us take this poor blind man home," said Camille, turning to his two companions.

"Do you think our business is to take all stray people home?" roughly answered one of the men, at the same time taking hold of Camille's arm and trying to force him to come along.

"Oh, I beg you to help me care for him," urged the boy. Then, addressing the man who pretended to be an American, he continued: "Since you are willing to pay so much to have us two shown the way, give a little to this old man, out of pity."

"I pay only when it pleases me to do so," retorted the man.

"Do you live very far away?" said Camille, still occupying himself with the blind man, in spite of the desire of the two men to continue on their way.

"Alas, my child—for I can tell by the sweetness of your voice that you are young,—that isn't what worries me the most!"

"What is it, then?"

"Come on, boy,—come!" insisted the American.

"In just a moment, sir," said Camille. "Remember this man is blind. Perhaps he, too, has been abandoned." Then to the old man: "Did you come here all alone?"

"No: I came with my dog; he always leads me. But he must have been poisoned; he died here. O my poor Medor!"

"Come on, now!" said one of the men, impatiently.

"Just a moment more, please! You have been so kind to me that I should think you might be the same to this poor man. Would you like to have me get a carriage to take you home?" continued Camille.

"Home? No: I don't want to go there," answered the old man, sorrowfully. "My poor wife and daughter—"

"You have a wife and daughter, and don't you want to go home to them?" asked the boy in surprise.

One of the strangers now took hold of Camille's arm and said:

"Come! We can't wait any longer."

"Not yet. I know what it is to be left all alone; and I'm not blind either."

"And you didn't have your arm sprained, perhaps broken," said the blind man.

"Is your arm broken?" inquired Camille, eagerly.

"After my dog died, I tried to walk alone," explained the old man. "I fell down here, and now I can't use my arm.

Only for that I could have earned enough with my violin to pay my rent."

"With your violin?" repeated Camille.

"Yes, my boy."

After reflecting a moment, during which time the evil-faced men were whispering together, Camille said:

"Does one have to play very well to earn money?"

"Why, bless me, I know just one tune, and I leave most of the notes out of that! I've been playing it for thirty years. With what I earn that way, a little sewing my wife does, and some herbs my daughter sells, we manage to live,—poorly enough, but still we live. I don't say anything of my son, a mason, who drinks on Sunday what he earns during the week."

Camille now turned quickly around to his companions.

"This man can play only one tune and I know four. Wait a little while longer, please,—just time enough for me to play my four tunes, and perhaps I can earn some money for him so that he can go home. After that I'll go with you."

"This boy is crazy!" exclaimed the pretended foreigner, forgetting in his anger to speak bad French. "We've waited for you long enough; come on!"

"Why, how well you speak French now!" replied Camille, looking at the man in surprise, and noticing for the first time his false, wicked face.

"My child," observed the old man, without paying any attention to Camille's last remark, "you're a good and brave boy. I thank you for your kind intentions, but you must obey your relatives."

"Those men are not my relatives," replied Camille. "I don't even know them. They offered to take me to the place where I sleep, and I accepted their offer. I don't have to obey them; and, since they are so hard-hearted as not to want to help you, let them go. Good-night, sirs!"

"Do you know," said the man who had played the rôle of foreigner, "that we can force you to come with us?"

While making this threat, each of the men laid a hand on Camille's shoulders. The poor boy was terrified; and, taking courage from his very fear, he exclaimed:

"Let me go,—let me go! If you don't I'll cry 'Thieves!'"

This last word had scarcely been uttered when the two men disappeared.

"Have you any money about you?" inquired the old man.

"I have ten francs."

"Did those men know it?"

"Yes: I didn't hide it from them."

"Then they had bad intentions: they were thieves, you may be sure. Thank God for having inspired you to come to my aid. Your kind heart has saved you from a disagreeable adventure."

"Thieves!" exclaimed Camille, in a frightened tone. "Let us go over there where there are more people passing. Can you get up and walk?"

"I'll try. My arm hurts me; I don't think it's broken, though. Will you give me your hand to guide me? Where do you live?"

"On the Rue Louis-le-Grand," replied Camille, letting the old man lean on his shoulder.

"I live near there. If I don't get home by midnight my daughter will come for me, and I can take you home; so have no fear, my boy."

"And while waiting I'm going to earn some money for you with your violin," said Camille. "Come, Fox, let's go on!"

"So you have a dog?" said the old man, whose hand Fox was now licking.

"That's strange," remarked Camille. "You are dressed no better than those two men were, and yet my dog Fox is making friends with you."

"Dogs have singular instincts," answered the blind man.

(To be continued.)

A Stalwart Earl.

A CERTAIN Sir John de Courcy was, under King Henry II., made Earl of Ulster and given high honors. He was a man of great size as well as of much bravery; and when King John ascended the throne there were not wanting jealous rivals of puny stature who put forth lies concerning the stalwart Earl. Unfortunately, the King believed them; and the Earl was taken to the Tower of London, with a life sentence upon his head.

In about a year King John became involved in a dispute with the King of France, and it was agreed to settle the matter by an appeal to arms, each monarch to furnish a champion to do battle in his name. The French King had no difficulty in securing a nobleman who would fight for him; but King John, being very unpopular, was not so fortunate. Finally, however, he thought of Sir John de Courcy. Would he, so the messenger asked him, undertake the combat for his King if promised his freedom and estates? "Most certainly I will," was the reply.

The day came and the champions appeared; but as soon as the French nobleman caught sight of the Irish giant he got away as fast as he could, leaving the victory with the English.

"You have a wonderful fellow here," said the French King. "What can he do?"

Thereupon King John, now beginning to realize what a treasure he had been keeping under lock and key, ordered a massive metal helmet to be brought; and at a sign from him, De Courcy cleft it with one blow of his sword.

IN the north of Sicily snow is sold at a halfpenny a pound. It is gathered from the mountains in felt-covered baskets, and brought to the towns for refrigerating purposes.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The monthly bulletin of the College of Saint Bede, Manila, P. I., is a well-printed Spanish periodical that would put to shame not a few American collegiate journalistic enterprises. The college is under the direction of the Congregation of the Infant Jesus of Prague.

—The Librairie de l'Art Catholique plans to issue soon a new translation of the "*Divina Commedia*," in French unrhymed verse, by André Pératé. Specimen passages, which have come to our notice, bear out the statements of leading French critics, that this is the best translation of Dante that has been done in their language.

—"A Simple Life of Jesus for His Little Ones," by a Sister of Notre Dame (Sands and Co.; B. Herder Book Co.), is a book of 89 pages with several illustrations. It contains a brief summary, in word pictures, of the chief events in the life of Our Lord, with emphasis on such incidents as show forth His divinity. An excellent little volume for mothers to read to the little folk. Price, 85 cents.

—"My Ain Laddie," by David Dorley (Stratford Co.), is a short Catholic novel in which letters from the two principal characters are substituted for the ordinary narrative form. It is primarily a love story, but one refreshingly free from neurotic sentimentalism; and, although the dénouement is not perhaps what the average fiction-lover would desire, still the story has what may be called a happy ending. Price, \$1.75.

—"The Great Experiment," by the Hon. Thomas Dillon O'Brien (Encyclopedia Press), is described by the publishers as a contribution to the current discussion upon governments and governmental powers. Although it contains only some twenty thousand words, wide spacing and generous margins have expanded it into a volume of 122 pages. The subject-matter is of interest and importance; but it would be more available if the book were supplied with a good index, or, at least, a table of contents. Price, \$1.25.

—Pierre Téqui, Paris, has just published a new work by that indefatigable French Bishop, Mgr. Tissier, Chalons-sur-Marne. It is "*Figures françaises et Pages nationales*," a brochure of 360 pages, the contents of which are a number of panegyrics of great personages and national glories, treated with the lucidity and eloquence that distinguish all the

works of this eminent French churchman. M. Téqui has also brought out new editions of two other of Mgr. Tissier's excellent books: "*Le Christ de la Jeunesse*," and "*La Parole de l'Evangile au Collège*."

—"Indulgences as a Social Factor in the Middle Ages," by Dr. Nikolaus Paulus, translated by J. Elliot Ross, is published by the Devin-Adair Co. A twelvemo of 121 pages, the book discusses indulgences for ecclesiastical and charitable objects and indulgences for socially useful temporal objects (bridges, dams and roads, harbors, etc.) Father Ross has done the work of translation satisfactorily, but it is difficult to forgive him for his failure to supply an index. Price, \$1.25.

—In the October number of the *Catholic World*, "John Ayscough" writes entertainingly "Of Some Americans"—Hawthorne, Cable, Bret Harte, Howells and James. Upon the last-named, he comments thus: "The majority of us do not care so much for the mechanism of a watch as to look at its face and ascertain promptly what time of day it is. Mr. James was a little too much of a watchmaker, and cared too much to bid us consider his minute skill in fashioning its insides. Your desire to be told what o'clock it is, he thought impertinent and trivial."

—An imposition perpetrated recently on an editor who need not be named, recalls how the *Fortnightly Review* was once "badly taken in." It was during the editorship of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who knew more about the orbits of the celestial spheres than the tricks of "literary fellers." James Whitcomb Riley was then a struggling poet whose productions were oftener rejected than accepted by the editors to whom they were submitted. In a spirit of fun, he one day laid a wager with a friend that if the worst of his verses were signed by some great name in literature, they would not only be gladly accepted, but widely copied and praised. Accordingly he wrote a little lyric of two stanzas, entitled "*Leonainie*," signed it "E. A. P.," and introduced it by a paragraph telling how a mysterious stranger, evidently the worse for dissipation, left the lines on the fly-leaf of a book in a country inn in return for hospitality which he could not requite in the ordinary prosaic manner. The lines were then sent to a newspaper published at Kokomo, Ind., and—Riley won the bet! The

lines were quoted, copied and treasured. Mr. Wallace had an article on the "Unpublished Poem by Edgar Allan Poe," praising it to the skies, declaring it to be a thoroughly characteristic production, indeed far superior to much of the great poet's work, and speculating as to "what he might have given us had the final catastrophe been averted."

—A common complaint against the novels of to-day is that all too often they turn out to be,—not novels at all, but treatises, text-books, autobiographies, studies in psychoanalysis, and so forth. Such books are, no doubt, all well enough in their place; but when a reader takes up a novel he usually desires to be entertained by a story, rather than to be involved in the solution of a problem. This is one reason why Joseph C. Lincoln's books enjoy so wide a popularity, and, incidentally, why his latest volume, "Fair Harbor" (D. Appleton and Co.), will be rated among his very best. The story hinges on the return to his home town of Captain Sears Kendrick, incapacitated for further work at sea. Circumstances lead to his becoming manager of "Fair Harbor, a Home for Mariners' Women"; and the progress of the narrative is marked by amusing incidents, the development of lovable and laughable natural characters, and human interest—with never a knotty problem to interfere with one's enjoyment.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Innocent Wolf, O. S. B.; Rev. Charles Parks, archdiocese of New York; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick Smythe, diocese of Newark; Rev. William Carter, C. M.; Rev. Anthony Baar and Rev. Adalbert Blahnik, O. S. B.

Sister Mary Margaret, of the Order of St. Ursula; Mother M. Michael, Sister Scholastica and Sister M. Colette, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Flora, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Humbeline, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Ghislain, Helpers of the Holy Souls; Sister M. Alphonse and Sister M. Edith, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

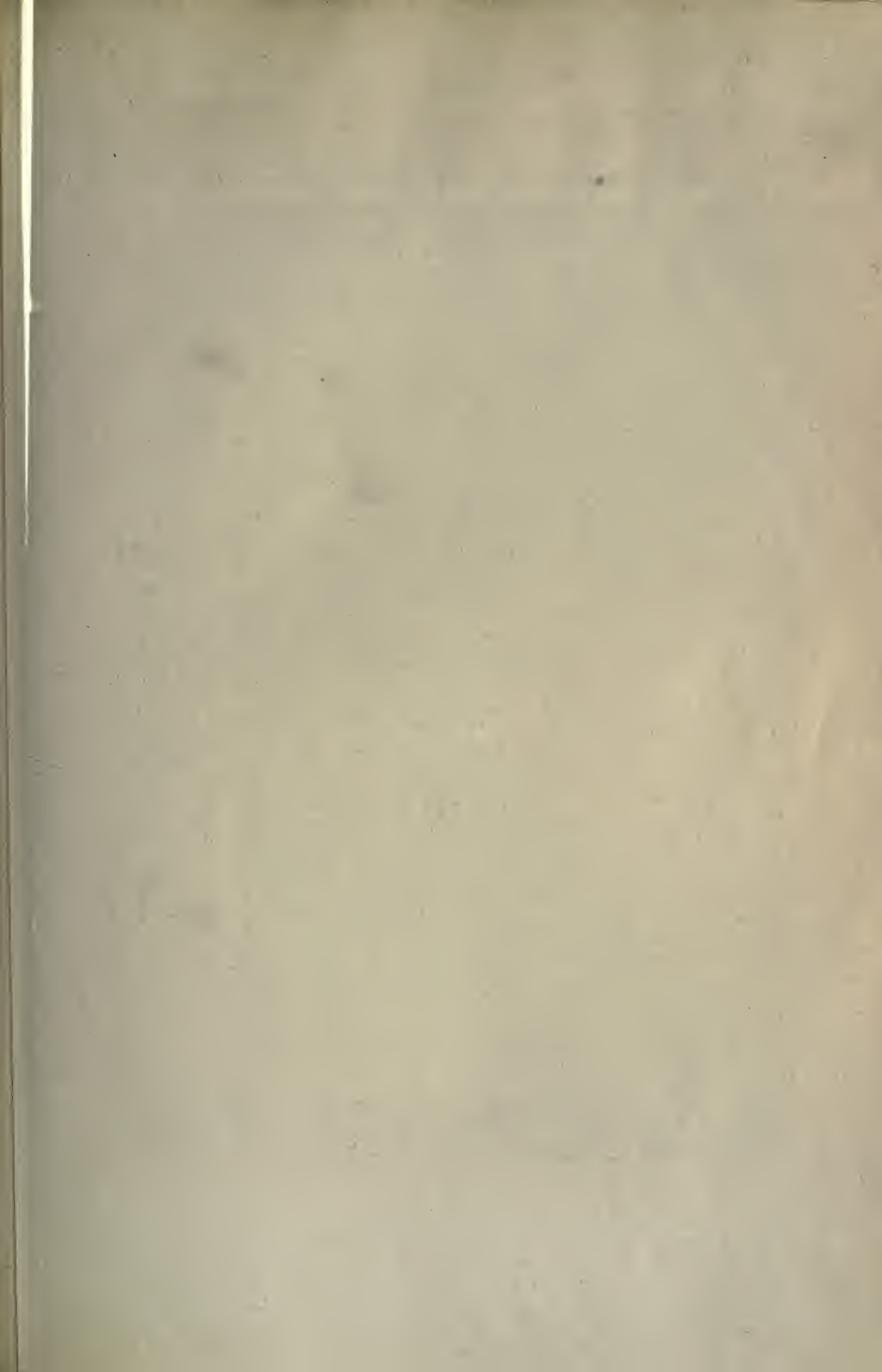
Mr. James Bolton, Mr. John Russel, Mrs. Ronald Smith, Miss Bridget Kennedy, Mrs. Jane Huff, Mr. Robert Patterson, Mr. John McDonald, Miss Julia Kelly, Mr. George Winkel, Mr. E. C. Smith, Mr. P. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. John Curran, Mr. William Moore, Mr. F. P. Leqnard, Mr. T. H. McGillicuddy, Mr. Timothy McGillicuddy, Mr. H. J. Kaufmann, Mr. John Fritz, Miss Bridget Byrne, Mr. John Ellison, and Miss M. B. Johnson.

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

Our Contribution Box.

"They Father, who seeth in secret, will repay them."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: M. J. B., 50 cents; Joseph P. Sherer, \$25; D. McM., "in honor of St. Vincent de Paul," \$5; M., A., and I. Morris, \$3; E. T. S., \$1. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: L. K. Hammett, \$1. For the famine victims of Russia and Armenia: E. P. and H. S., \$10.





MADONNA AND SAINTS.

(Annibale Carracci.)



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

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 4, 1922.

NO. 19

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A Spirit in Prison.*

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

My soul refused to be comforted.—*Ps. lxxvi, 3.*

THOU speakest peace! I have no peace nor rest,

Nor any comfort. Hope, retired afar,
Scarce more than marks the gloom; or, like
a star

Across a dim-lit sky, withdraws her beams
When I would upward look. It ill beseems
Me now to dream of comfort. This is best—

To suffer. Yea, I bless these healing fires
Whose throbbing agony is all my life;

Yet not so keen as this sad, lonely strife
Wherein my being onward to its Love

With urgent force would tend, yet may not
move

To meet the Blissful One of my desires.

O Love! O Pain! O Sin that binds me here!

O Lord! O Light! O life supremely dear!

Sweet Mother Mary, Spirits Blest, kind friends
On earth who loved me, lift pure hands for
me

In merciful petition; so may He

More quickly bring me where all sadness ends!

* Suggested by Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 2.

“WOULD you honor the dead?” says St. Chrysostom. “Do not spend yourselves in unprofitable lamentations: choose rather to sing psalms, to give alms, and to lead holy lives. Do for them that which they would willingly do for themselves, were they to return into the world; and God will accept it at your hands as if it came from them.”

As One Other Sees Us.



SEEING ourselves as others see us, if not invariably a gratifying experience, is always an interesting one. Especially is this the case when the observer through whose eyes we view ourselves is not merely a litterateur of exceptional versatility and brilliancy, but a profound thinker whose genius is acknowledged and admired by the most authoritative critics of our time. “The greatest prophet of our generation, a man of genius with a spiritual message for his age—a message mightier than any other sounding in our ears,”—such is the verdict of the world at large, summarized by a forceful writer in the *London Observer*, in a critical appreciation of Gilbert Keith Chesterton. It is accordingly not too much to say that, not since Dickens and Thackeray visited this country, and subsequently recorded their views upon our manners and customs, civilization and culture, laws and institutions, has there been published an occasional survey of the United States so well worth reading as Mr. Chesterton’s “What I Saw in America.”*

The title of the book, by the way, is scarcely comprehensive enough accurately to describe its contents. The author gives us not only what he saw during his visit, but what he has long

* Dodd, Mead & Company.

thought and judged and determined about a variety of sociological and economic and historical problems that incidentally suggested themselves to an observer of so keen a mentality and so logical a method. The volume is no mere guide-book to American cities, no mere Who's Who of American personages; but a thoughtful study of many of the questions intimately connected with the progress of our civilization and the permanence of our institutions. It is accordingly a book which will justify more than one reading, and a much more leisurely reading, too, than is usually accorded to ephemeral literature.

As for the style of the book, no one at all familiar with the author's previous volumes needs to be told that it is startling, brilliant, witty, and paradoxical. His fondness for the paradox possibly lessens the effect, on some minds at least, of Mr. Chesterton's cogent logic; although we do not remember having ever heard St. Paul criticised for such paradoxes as this: "As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

One reason why the casual reader of this volume will be inclined to give due weight to its author's opinions is that he displays no tendency to exalt his own country as compared with ours. He is a patriotic Englishman, but, for that very reason, he is frankly outspoken concerning English faults, national and individual. Here, for instance, is a typical extract from an early chapter: "It is a commonplace that the Englishman has been stupid in his relations with the Irish; but he has been far more stupid in his relations with the Americans on the subject of the Irish. . . . We [English] say in substance something like this: 'We mean no harm

to the poor dear Irish, so dreamy, so irresponsible, so incapable of order or organization. . . . They are like children; but they are our own children, and we understand them. We accept full responsibility for acting as their parents and guardians.'

"Now the point is not only that this view of the Irish is false, but that it is the particular view that the Americans know to be false. While we are saying that the Irish could not organize, the Americans are complaining, often very bitterly, of the power of Irish organization. While we say that the Irishman could not rule himself, the Americans are saying, more or less humorously, that the Irishman rules them. A highly intelligent professor said to me in Boston: 'We have solved the Irish problem here; we have an entirely independent Irish Government.'"

In his discussion of the American business man, Mr. Chesterton gives some suggestive differences between English and American ideals and practices. On the general subject of work, he says: "It is the great achievement of American civilization that in that country it really is not cant to talk about the dignity of labor. There is something that might almost be called the sanctity of labor, but it is subject to the profound law that when anything less than the highest becomes a sanctity, it tends also to become a superstition." There is in this statement genuine food for thought on the part not only of labor leaders, but of capitalists, captains of industry, efficiency experts, and Americans generally. Here is another reflection worth reproduction: "Another objection to the phrase about the almighty dollar is that it is an almighty phrase, and therefore an almighty nuisance. I mean that it is made to explain everything, and to explain everything much too well; that is, much too easily. It does not really help people

to understand a foreign country; but it gives them the fatal delusion that they do understand it."

Acknowledging himself to be the most unbusinesslike person in any given company, our visitor was rather astonished to find that he was not the most unpunctual person in many an American company, and was further surprised to learn from a number of ourselves that American unpunctuality is really very prevalent. Here is his explanation of the matter: "The American is not punctual because he is not punctilious. He is impulsive, and has an impulse to stay as well as an impulse to go. For, after all, punctuality belongs to the same order of ideas as punctuation; and there is no punctuation in telegrams."

On the question of Prohibition, Mr. Chesterton is downright, forcible, and—in the opinion of not a few—convincing. We believe him to be mistaken when he doubts whether it was ever intended to be enforced among the rich; we are willing to believe that very many of the Prohibitionists are sincere in desiring liquor to be kept away from all, rich and poor; but the majority of philosophers in other countries, and possibly a few in our own land, will assent to this doctrine:

"What are the rights of man, if they do not include the normal right to regulate his own health in relation to the normal risks of diet and daily life? Nobody can pretend that beer is a poison as prussic acid is a poison; that all the millions of civilized men who drank it all fell down dead when they had touched it. Its use and abuse is obviously a matter of judgment; and there can be no personal liberty, if it is not a matter of private judgment. It is not in the least a question of drawing the line between liberty and license. If this is license, there is no such thing as liberty. It is plainly impossible to find any right more individual or intimate.

To say that a man has a right to a vote but not a right to a voice about the choice of his dinner, is like saying that he has a right to his hat but not a right to his head."

In the chapter on "Lincoln and Lost Causes," there are a number of views with which the average American reader may not find himself in sympathy, but which he will nevertheless do well to think about. When Mr. Chesterton gets to discoursing of the *Mayflower*, Plymouth Rock, and the Pilgrim Fathers, he writes in a strain not likely to gratify the members of the multitudinous New England Societies in many of our larger cities. For instance:

"It is not strictly true to say that the Pilgrim Fathers discovered America. But it is quite as true as saying that they were champions of religious liberty. If we said that they were martyrs who would have died heroically in torments rather than tolerate any religious liberty, we should be talking something like sense about them, and telling the real truth that is their due. The whole Puritan movement, from the Solemn League and Covenant to the last stand of the last Stuarts, was a struggle *against* religious toleration, or what they would have called religious indifference. The first religious equality on earth was established by a Catholic cavalier in Maryland."

We have been enticed into quoting more copiously than was our original intention; but the temptation is strong to add yet another passage. In his concluding chapter, "The Future of Democracy," the author displays the wisdom of a genuine philosopher and the prevision of a seer. The world, he tells us, can not keep its own ideals. The secular order can not make secure any one of its own noble and natural conceptions of secular perfection. What has become of all the ideal figures and institutions of past centuries?

"We have lived to see a time when the heroic legend of the Republic and the Citizen, which seemed to Jefferson the eternal youth of the world, has begun to grow old in its turn. We can not recover the earthly estate of knight-hood, to which all the colors and complications of heraldry seemed as fresh and as natural as flowers. We can not re-enact the intellectual experiences of the Humanists, for whom the Greek grammar was like the song of a bird in Spring. The more the matter is considered the clearer it will seem that these old experiences are now alive only where they have found a lodgment in the Catholic tradition of Christendom, and made themselves friends forever. St. Francis is the only surviving troubadour. St. Thomas More is the only surviving Humanist. St. Louis is the only surviving knight.

"It would be the worst sort of insincerity, therefore, to conclude even so hazy an outline of so great and majestic a matter as the American democratic experiment, without testifying my belief that to this also the same ultimate test will come. So far as that democracy becomes or remains Catholic and Christian, that democracy will remain democratic. In so far as it does not, it will become wildly and wickedly undemocratic. Its rich will riot with a brutal indifference far beyond the feeble feudalism which retains some shadow of responsibility or at least of patronage. Its wage-slaves will either sink into heathen slavery, or seek relief in theories that are destructive not merely in method but in aim; since they are but the negations of the human appetites of property and personality. . . . There is no meaning in democracy, if there is no meaning in anything; and that there is no meaning in anything, if the universe has not a centre of significance and an authority that is the author of our rights."

We conclude with the reflection with which we began: that Mr. Chesterton's book is thoroughly worth-while, and that it is not only the most readable, but the most valuable collection of "impressions of America" that has been published since the days of Thackeray and Dickens.

The Brentwoods.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.

LARRY BRENTWOOD found a keen pleasure in familiarizing himself with the various details of his new occupation. He was interested from the first in that office which had played so important a part in the history of Lower Wall Street, and particularly of the Coffee Exchange. There, almost from time immemorial, had gathered at leisure moments many of the most remarkable figures of the Produce Exchange; and, sitting on those long benches conveniently placed about the wall; they had indulged in the gossip of the Street, relating or hearing old reminiscences.

Larry became at once an object of attention, and was received by everyone with a cordial friendliness that was most gratifying. An ancient chronicler and one-time successful operator, who had now, in his decline, full leisure for retailing present-day views, delivered the popular verdict:

"That's a fine lad old Greg has got hold of; a Brentwood, I should judge,

* SYNOPSIS.—The House at the Cross Roads, an old country residence of the Brentwoods in New York State, had been left to Eloise Brentwood by her grandfather's will. She returned from Paris, where she had attended a convent school, anxious to take possession of her inheritance. Two children, Marcia and Larry Brentwood, lived with their stepmother in the House at the Cross Roads. They were exceedingly attached to the place and were rueful at the thought of leaving it. Eloise

to the tips of his fingers—frank, honorable, gentlemanlike. Why, it seems only yesterday that Walter, his father, came on 'Change. He was with Arnold at first, but afterwards went on his own, and was wiped out in the big smash of 1903, more's the pity! He was a gentleman every inch of him, and an honest man, if there ever was one."

Those of his hearers, who had known Walter Brentwood, cordially assented, and the old man continued:

"Would to God that more of our brokers and merchants were of the same stripe as those Brentwoods and Glassfords! They're true gold, everyone of them."

So it was that interest was excited in the quiet young man. He had been reckoned at the Bank as very skilful with figures, and that stood him in good stead. With a resolute will, he set himself to master margins and preferences, high bids and low, reactionary tendencies, quotations and fluctuations in prices, and all the mysterious jargon of the street. He interested himself in the past history of the coffee trade, its sharp declines, and no less sensational upward soarings. He knew how the various kinds of coffee had come into favor and gone out again, until Brazil practically dominated the market. He

arrives and begins to make things unpleasant. She is spoiled, capricious and beautiful; she has a distaste for the House, and no great love for her cousins.

Mr. Gregory Glassford, a prominent member of the Produce Exchange in Wall Street, and a relative of the Brentwoods, had been appointed Eloise's guardian by her father. Glassford goes to visit his ward, and becomes very much interested in the family of Walter Brentwood, who were poor and estranged from their relatives and friends by an unhappy chain of circumstances. Although kind and considerate to Eloise, he likes Marcia very much better, to the great discomfiture of Eloise, who takes no pains to conceal her jealousy. She is interested in Reggie Hubbard—an idle, wealthy youth, who is unworthy of

had a bowing acquaintance, as it were, with the great figures of the past—Arnold and Arbuckle, Havemeyer, the O'Donoghues, O'Sullivan and Minford, Montgomery and Osborn.

He was assisted in his researches by the veteran, who loved to talk. Larry liked the very appearance of this quaint gentleman, with his clothes that belonged to another day, and his somewhat worn, silk hat, the memento of a time when no member of the Exchange would be seen without one. He usually sat upon a chair which he found convenient for tilting backward, and he chose an hour of the day, when he was aware that Larry would be alone. For Glassford, himself, had heard all the old-time stories, and the heart of this dweller in the past, rejoiced to have found a new listener.

"You see, my boy," he launched forth one day, when the gray shadows of a late Autumn afternoon were falling, "Wall Street has had its share of wild-cat schemes, which brought many a venturesome young fellow to ruin,—and some of them, mark you, had to do with the Produce Exchange."

He paused, checking off his list with impressive finger:

"There was Electric Sugar that developed into a scandal."

her affection. Glassford takes Larry into partnership with him.

Ambrose Gilfillan, a distant relative of the Brentwoods, who has exercised a sinister influence over various members of the family, visits the House and shortly afterwards dies. His deathbed confession reveals that he had induced Grandfather Brentwood to suppress a will by which he left the House to Marcia and Larry. Gilfillan had hoped to marry Eloise. Glassford hesitates to tell her that she is no longer mistress of the House at the Cross Roads, and yields to her wish to go to New York City and stop with her wealthy and worldly aunt, Dolly Critchley. She does so, meets Hubbard again, and again refuses to heed the advice Gregory gives her about choosing a worthy, Catholic husband.

"Electric Sugar?" echoed Larry.

"Yes; the great idea was that sugar might be refined by electricity. Some fellows got together, put up a big plant, and caught a lot of fish with the bait of quick returns. They were an audacious set of rascals," chuckled the old man, shaking his head. "When they found things were going against them, why, they sent out invitations to everybody in the trade to come and witness their experiments. They got together a big crowd, all on the tiptoe of expectation."

"And what happened, then?" inquired Larry, as the old man seemed lost in his recollections, literally shaking with the mirth they had provoked.

"What happened? Why, they made the experiment to show that raw sugar could be converted into white. The raw sugar was placed in hoppers on the upper floor; and a quantity of the granulated was taken from a spurt on the lower. They took a big harvest: the gulls were numerous."

"Gulls!"

"Yes; lots of fellows rushed into what seemed a tiptop investment until some one gave away the secret."

"The secret?"

"Why, boy, the granulated sugar was put there."

He laughed as heartily as if he heard that merry jest for the first time; and Larry joined, less because he found it excruciatingly funny, than in sympathy with the other's merriment.

"I like your laugh, Larry. Is that what they call you? Short for Lawrence, I suppose. Yes, I like your laugh: it's wholesome and it's natural. It's like your father's."

"So that was a wildcat scheme?" Larry asked, pursuing the subject. "I suppose there were lots of others."

"Yes, but not so barefacedly dishonest as that one was, though the 'Anchor Barrel Co.' and its venture came pretty close."

"What was that?" inquired Larry, settling himself to listen.

"It was a company that set out to manufacture one-stave barrels. They advertised their wares by driving a wagon load through the streets, and they talked big. To hear them, one would think they had the whole United States Treasury at their command. There was a rush for stock. Every speculator within miles jumped at their offers. Law! How the young fellows, and some of us old ones, swallowed the bait whole!"

The old man's eyes grew dreamy, as he looked backward into a past, which was more real to him than the present; a past on his own part of daring achievement, checkered with alternations of loss and gain.

"The upshot of it all," he continued, seeing that Larry was waiting with a look of interested inquiry for the end of the story, "was that a fire started in the factory, destroying the plant. During the investigations of the insurance people, the bubble burst, and with it, my boy, went many a rosy vision."

Larry waited, and the once-daring investor continued presently:

"There were a number of others within the past three or four decades, such as the 'Little Pittsburgh Mine' excitement and the 'Secor Boat' scheme, which, it was claimed, would change the whole future of boat building. Fortunes were swept away in both of those, like the castles in the sand we built as boys."

In his rambling fashion, he passed, from the topic of bubbles that had burst and frauds that had been exposed, to the achievements of the business men of Lower Wall Street, who had banded themselves into a powerful association.

"You should have seen us in line during the gold excitement, somewhere in the nineties—about '95, I think. You

were in your cradle then. Well, we took part, two thousand strong, in a monster parade for sound money; and every one of us carried a yellow satin banner fringed with gold, and wore a yellow chrysanthemum. We helped to rout the silver agitators."

He smiled with legitimate pride at the achievement, and resumed:

"You may have noticed that fine arch there on Front Street, at the foot of Wall Street."

Larry agreed that he had.

"It was our men put that up, to commemorate the centennial of the inauguration of Washington as President. Perhaps, it never occurred to you, that he landed at that very spot, a hundred years before. It was called 'Murray's Wharf' in those times!"

He scratched his chin reflectively.

"Let me see, that arch went up in 1889, just about the time we began the new Exchange building."

He dwelt at some length on the various collections that had been taken up in Wall Street to alleviate some misery.

"It never made a bit of difference," the old man declared, "whether it was in South America, in Russia, in Asia or Africa, for that matter. Once rouse the sympathy of Wall Street and the money flows in like—"

He paused for a comparison, and, having found one, came to his peroration—"like water into a tank, and often there was an overflow,—too much money raised to fit the object. I tell you, boy, that nowhere on God's earth is there larger-hearted liberality than in the city of New York, and right here on the Street."

Startled into a realization that it was growing late, by a glance at the darkening streets and his own antiquated time-piece, he brought his budget of ancient chronicles to an abrupt close, with a solemn exhortation to Larry, emphasized

by a nod and an uplifted forefinger:

"Now, Brentwood, you're little more than a boy, just beginning, while I am nearly ending; I have gone on the rocks, many times, and swam often enough in deep waters, and I bid you have a care. Walk straight always. Follow in the footsteps of Gregory Glassford and his father before him. If they lost, it was like honest men; if they won, it was by fair means. You saw what Gregory achieved within the past month by sheer pluck. Take a leaf out of their books, and avoid crooked ways, as you would poison."

Larry looked very slender and young as, rising, he thanked the old man for his advice. There was an earnestness in his quiet words that pleased the experienced financier.

"You'll do," he said, "especially, if, like Glassford, you look to that higher Power, the Street so often forgets."

"I always try to do that," the young man said, simply.

Glassford came in, as the veteran went out.

"Still here, Brentwood," he remarked. "I thought you usually caught the 4.45 train? But I see you had a visit from old Tompkins."

"I didn't like to interrupt the old man," Larry said. "I'll catch the 5.15."

"He is a good, old chap," said Gregory, "full of anecdote. Interesting, too, in a way. He is a walking encyclopedia of happenings in Wall Street."

"There's a spark of the old fire in his eyes, at times," observed Larry.

"It dies hard, that spirit. But what progress did you make to-day?"

Larry briefly told him. Gregory laid his hand kindly on the other's shoulder;

"You're bound to succeed; you have gripped the situation already, and you've got the qualities."

"Thank you," answered Larry simply, answering this brilliant master of finance, as he had answered the old,

worn-out speculator, with a natural grace and curtesy. He added immediately:

"Any success I shall have will be owing to you."

"And, you know, how glad I am to have been able to help you."

"I do know it," Larry answered, and confronting each other thus, in the shadows of the office, the looks that the men interchanged were those of sincere esteem and friendship.

"I must be going," Larry said, presently. "Marcia will be on the lookout. I don't want to keep her waiting too long."

Marcia! The name, the picture it conjured up, made the successful man of affairs quite envious of the younger man who was going to such a home. As Larry hurried out of the office, Gregory said to himself:

"If I had had any decent excuse at all, I should have gone with him to-night. But it is better to be patient."

He walked up and down the narrow limits of the office with a step that suggested he was anything but disposed to be patient.

"I shall go there one of these days," he decided, "I can not wait much longer; and then I shall know!"

"Know what?" he asked himself. "Something which would plunge him back into the dull, drab twilight of absorption in business, or?—"

Interrupted in his walk and his reflections by the office boy, asking him if it were time to close up, Glassford gave the order and started towards the Subway. He felt almost resentful that Larry had not suggested a visit to the country. Then he laughed at the idea; Larry probably supposed him to be entangled in a round of gayeties with Eloise.

When the Subway had wafted him, with magical celerity, to the very block near his apartments, he was presently

called to the telephone. It was Eloise, begging of him to come with her and Mrs. Critchley to a ball at the Van Dolmans', in honor of a couple of foreign celebrities.

"A real fancy ball, as you must have seen by your card," continued Eloise. "I am going as Cinderella. You will dine here, of course, Dolly says, just a half dozen of us; and oh! Gregory, I have such a bewitching frock. You must come and see it."

"I have a prejudice against going to see frocks; they don't understand my language."

"Don't be absurd, Gregory."

"I mean their wearers don't, if you want to be literal. I never can fittingly express my delight. Besides a half dozen may mean?"

He was warily trying to find out if Hubbard were to be of the party; but Eloise was as warily determined not to tell him what she knew would act as a deterrent to his coming. So she ignored his question.

"I have been calling you up so often. You were late getting home."

"Yes, Larry and I were late."

"Larry, oh, he is such a nice boy! Dolly raves over him, and has been trying hard to launch him into our set."

"Leave the boy alone!" said Gregory sternly.

"Oh! he is quite safe; pleads business, and, so far, refuses to come."

"He is going to be a success," prophesied Gregory, "a coming man on the Exchange."

"I am glad of that," responded Eloise, with real feeling in her tone; "he was always so kind. But, Gregory, aren't you coming?"

"I'm afraid not. It's scarcely possible. But I might look in for a few minutes, quite late. The half dozen had better move without me."

"I don't know what has come over you, Gregory. You are so changed,

so, so—disagreeable, so disobliging.”

There was a suspicion almost of tears in her voice. “You might do it for my sake.”

“It wouldn’t be for your sake at all, dear little girl,” the young man answered. “It would merely be to grind at the same old mill; I would exchange half a dozen words with you, and have, perhaps, the pleasure of a dance with Miss Eloise Brentwood.”

“I’ll keep at least three for you, Gregory,” the girl eagerly urged.

“You would never be able to keep such a promise with the competition there will be for your hand—I mean, of course, in the dance.”

“You will end by making me hate you!”

“I asked you before, for good and sufficient reasons, not to do that. A refusal more or less will scarcely tip the balance against me, and if dancing and dining are the only roads to your friendship, why, a busy, tired broker will have no chance.”

She shut off, with a bang, but almost immediately after rang up again, to beg him to look in, if it were only for five minutes.

“Perhaps, I shall be in time to try on the glass slipper, Cinderella,” he suggested; “but no, of course, that would have to be another fellow, the real Prince. Choose a fine one, little girl, and I shall be glad.”

Eloise did not care for that sort of philosophic resignation of his place to another. But she wanted to carry her point, so she answered, very sweetly:

“There will be no prince half so charming as you.”

“I accuse you of gross flattery,” said Gregory, “and I won’t try any glass slippers on so false a little girl.”

“Well, you needn’t, but you will see my dress.”

After she had left the telephone, he reflected:

“I suppose Hubbard will be one of the half dozen, and I shall certainly not countenance that intimacy by appearing in his company. Besides, I don’t want to see and talk to Eloise, until I have told her all about the will. I feel like a deceiver with that in my mind.”

However, very reluctantly he did appear at that brilliant ball, where Eloise was costumed as Cinderella. Wearing a domino, which had seen service in other days, he went up to her and advised her not to stay too late, lest her coach should turn to a pumpkin.

“You dear, dear Gregory,” she cried. “I know it is you, and I am so delighted.”

“Really and truly, as the children say; and how about the glass slipper? I suppose some merry gentleman has it in his pocket, and will be falling down before you to try it on.”

“Not till after supper.”

“I should have preferred it before supper, were I Cinderella. The gesture might be more graceful.”

“How absurd, and you haven’t even looked at my dress.”

“I am looking with all my eyes.”

“What do you think of it?”

“I was thinking more of your lovely face, which is quite enough, I should fancy, to fascinate any old fairy god-mother.”

“And some others, too. I have had great success to-night.”

“I am glad,” Gregory said warmly, “glad of almost anything that pleases you, as I used to be when you danced with delight about a new doll.”

“You used to buy me such lovely ones.”

“I wish I had the power to choose one for you now, Eloise. It would be straight and tall, true gold in and out—not a pretty lady at all, but an honest, sterling gentleman.”

Eloise was moved, yet half displeased at the thought which she knew was in

his mind. She felt sure that he never would have chosen her favorite partner.

"And now, Mr. Gregory," she said, saucily, "it's the time to say—the pleasure of a dance."

"Come, then," the young man responded, and drew her hand within his arm.

"I thought we were engaged for this," spoke the voice of Reggie Hubbard.

Gregory answered carelessly, "Cinderella has promised to be mine for the moment."

"Have you?" Hubbard inquired, looking down at the girl.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly. "I did not remember that you had engaged this one."

"Nor had I," thought Hubbard. But he persisted till Gregory pushed him aside.

"Come, Cinderella," he said, "or it may sound midnight before we get our dance."

Hubbard looked after them with half-closed eyes, and a sneer on his lips. But in another instant he was bowing before one of the belles of the entertainment, who wore the costume of Juliet. When he next encountered Gregory, it was quite his easy-going and apparently good-natured self that spoke:

"You scored that time, Glassford. You're always a lucky dog. But Cinderella isn't going away till she gives me, at least, another dance."

Gregory looked at the girl, and there was warning in the glance; but the eyes of Reggie Hubbard were fixed upon hers with that expression which fascinated her.

"Gregory says Mrs. Critchley is anxious to go, but I will have this dance with you, Reggie," Eloise declared, with defiance in her tone.

"Thanks, Cinderella," the other responded, hastily concealing his look of triumph under a conventional polite-

ness. "I don't think Dolly will mind waiting a bit."

"No," answered Gregory, with the cold and careless manner he usually adopted towards Hubbard, "I daresay not. She is a most complacent chap-eron."

He watched the two, whirling away in the mazes of the dance, with a stern and perturbed expression. The conclusion that he reached was that nothing could be done, since he had both warned and entreated his wilful ward.

"The responsibility must rest on her," he said, referring to Mrs. Critchley, "and it might as well be placed on a piece of eider down."

He was glad to escape from surroundings that had long since begun to pall upon his maturer judgment, and he tried as far as possible to dismiss Eloise and her future fortunes from his mind. He strove to reassure himself with the thought:

"It may turn out all right in the end. Some other fellow will come along and take her fancy. She could never consider Hubbard seriously, and Dolly Critchley is not quite idiotic."

(To be continued.)

Death.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

DEATH puts an end to Time's brief reign,
To play and toil, to song and sigh,
To suns that never seem to wane,
And days that all too quickly fly.

Success and failure, loss and gain,
Shall be as one when years go by;
Death puts an end to Time's brief reign,
To play and toil, to song and sigh.

To Summer joys, to Winter's rain
An ending now, perhaps, is nigh:
Then, wherefore boast, or why complain?
Why value wealth or honor high?
Death puts an end to Time's brief reign,
To play and toil, to song and sigh.

A Sunday Trip to San Luis Rey.

BY N. WINIFRED HILL.

THE road leading from the "Sun-kist Vale" to the valley of the San Luis Rey is like all Californian highways and byways, for it follows where the feet of grazing animals, of savage Indians, of the old Padres with the Cross, or the Spanish cavalier once trod. These survivals of the old trails seem fraught with surprise and unknown danger to those used to a level country, for one seems to see the path ahead vanish in a clump of trees or into a mountain; but when one arrives at the spot, a new vista of mountains, foothills and trees is just ahead to lure one on and on.

Here and there, in unexpected places, are prosperous ranches, and here and there also, the inevitable blot on the California landscape, deserted homes, silent witnesses of heartache and defeat, of death and desolation. The few old, decaying "adobes" along the route do not seem sad, because they belong to a generation so long gone—it is just "earth to earth" with them,—and into an understanding heart they whisper old, yet ever new, tales of joyousness and romance.

Just past Rancho Buena Vista the road divides. Taking the one to the right, we are on the old Camino Real, "The King's Highway," the olden pathway that linked the missions, and over which our car skims along uphill and downhill, past vineyards and hayfields and fields of succotash. Uphill and down are wide vistas of mountains and hollows—cañons filled with sumac, elderberries in bloom, cactus and live oaks; creeks overgrown with olive-green willows, and, bordering the roadside, sumac and white sage and clumps of the golden-yellow, wild mustard in bloom. Downhill into Bonsell, the road

makes an abrupt curve, and follows along above where the San Luis Rey River leads; then up again, and, from the heights, one gets at length an unexpected glimpse of the White Mission, stately standing in the morning sunlight against a foreground of green trees and a background of rolling, brown hills, which stand firm and determined behind it,—like ghosts of the brown-robed Franciscans of the past, watching over their beloved mission.

This venerable old mission is quite imposing, and a fine example of Spanish and Moorish architecture blended into that type that is almost original in itself—Franciscan Mission architecture. The outside is white, weathered to a delicate cream, with markings of red. High over the main entrance, resplendent in blue and gold, is the militant statue of the good King Louis of France. On either side of the entrance are empty niches—mute witnesses of early vandalism. No one now seems to know just what saints' statues once guarded these old portals.

To the left of the church stretches a cool, inviting corridor, with thirteen arches restored, where once were thirty-two. The monastery rooms have been built above the corridor since the restoration; in the old days, they were behind the corridor, and opened upon a court which now stands in its utter desolation of crumbling walls and mounds of earth that once were walls; and, over all, trying to cover with their kind hearts this sorry scene, the poor little brothers of the flowers—the weeds—run rampant. Only a pepper tree, the boldest in California, and some decrepit olive trees, stand guard in this once beautiful garden of the Fathers, where feet—long since still—walked in ordered paths.

One enters the doorway of the old church reverently; for in its high vastness is a sense of brooding quietness

and infinite peace. Opposite the door, far away in the dimness, is the high altar, in white and blue and gold, with its lights and numerous statues. A Franciscan friar in white and gold vestments, instead of his coarse brown habit, was at the altar as we entered; and from high overhead, through the aperture in the thick walls, a ray of sunlight fell softly, like a blessing, upon altar and priest.

The center motif of the altar is a likeness of Our Lady of Guadalupe in her gilt frame,—a quaint picture with a beautiful legend. By this title the Blessed Virgin is called the Patroness of Mexico; and devotion to her, as such, began in 1531, when an Indian, Juan Diego, saw her, as he was going over Mount Tepeacac, one morning to attend Mass. Out of a glorious and brilliant cloud, this radiant Lady spoke to him, saying she was the Virgin, and wished a church in her honor to be built upon the spot whereon she stood. She directed him to go to Bishop Zumarraga, of the Franciscan Order, and Mexico's first bishop. The poor Indian went, but the bishop was unconvinced. On his return, the glorious Lady once more appeared; and, falling on his knees, the Indian begged her to choose a more suitable messenger, but she insisted it was he she had chosen.

The next day he returned to the bishop who, for answer, asked for a sign. The Lady then told Juan to go to a place he knew was barren and pick roses he would find growing there. After taking them in her hands she put them into his mantle, and directed that the bishop be shown them as a sign. When the mantle was unfolded, no roses were to be found; but this very likeness of the Virgin was imprinted on the mantle. The bishop, now convinced, hung it in his oratory; and when the church, Santa Maria de Guadalupe, was finished, he hung it over the altar.

All around the base of the walls is a rude imitation of black and yellow and red and bluish-green marble separated by a quaint border from the cream-colored walls. Indian hands have left queer markings and streaks of blue, green, pink and red borders around all the arches. On the walls hang ancient Spanish oil paintings. The Stations of the Cross are done in oil and are also very old.

To the left of the entrance is a little dark room housing the baptismal font, and at the right, the restored mortuary chapel. It is a beautiful little octagonal room with domed roof and an altar with a carved statue of the Sacred Heart, and about His feet fresh flowers from the Sisters' garden. Unlike the church, this little chapel speaks loudly of newness. A door in the left wall leads into the cemetery. Here, on rude wooden crosses, are many a name to conjure with,—names once noted in California: Bandini, Alverado, Ortega, Serreño, Osuna. How many Indians were buried here is not known, as the records of the church are missing.

A lay Brother of the Order showed us the treasures of the mission in a room off the corridor—old books signed by the mission's builder and first priest, Father Peyri; old vestments; enormous hide-bound volumes of chorals, printed by hand in colors on heavy parchment, and many more relics, besides some statuettes brought in the early days from Mexico. The Brother's dark face shone with religious pride as he tenderly lifted down a beautiful little ancient statue, hand-carved in wood, of the Mother of Sorrows and said, "See what wonderful carving—what a beautiful face!"

Our Constitution seems so far in the past that it is almost impossible to remember that it is only nine years older than this ancient church, the history of which briefly is this:

"On June 13, 1798, Father Presidente celebrated the founding, assisted by Fathers Peyri and Santiago. The church was named for Louis, King of France, the whole name being San Luis Rey de Francia, though the last word is seldom used now. The King reigned from 1226 to 1276, and was noted for his piety at home and abroad in the Crusades. In 1297, during the reign of his grandson, Philip the Fair, Pope Boniface VIII. canonized King Louis, the Church thus recognizing him as one of her saints.

"Peyri remained here thirty-three years, completing in 1802 the church, which, unlike many missions, is the original, besides finishing many other buildings connected with it. Not satisfied, he asked permission to build a better church, and being denied, built an assistant mission, Pala,—pictures of whose bell tower are scattered all over the world. Many large rancheros he started, principally Santa Margarita, Las Flores, San Onofre and San Mateo. No other mission was so wealthy—none had larger herds or fields of grain. After secularization, it was the only one that flourished; but with the Picos, especially Pio Pico, who, though born at a mission, was the worst enemy of the missions, came ruin. As they and others began their work of destruction, Father Duran, the Presidente, on Dec. 17, 1831, wrote Father Peyri to put his mission in charge of some other priest, and, keeping his reason secret, go to Lower California with Governor Victoria; then on to the College of San Fernando and to the Government of Mexico, and represent what oppression the missionaries were suffering and the true state of the missions, and ask for help. He ended the appeal: 'I declare to you that your services of these missions for the period of thirty-five years are praiseworthy to an heroic degree, and entitle you to all the honors of the

Order.' So after thirty-three years' service at San Luis Rey, of putting into the building his stipends, earnings, donations and loving care, one night Father Peyri quietly slipped away with two Indian boys, destined for a college in Rome. Who can say what bitter longings filled him as he reached the top of the hill, and turned and looked back upon his Mission for the last time.

"The next morning, when his Indian 'children' missed him, five hundred sprang into saddle and raced for San Diego to bring him back. They arrived as the 'Pocahontas' was putting out to sea—too late, except for a last glimpse of his beloved form, and to see his hands raised in a last blessing on them.

"Secularization came upon the Mission in 1834. In 1843, Gov. Micheltorena handed it over to Father Zalvidea, who brought San Gabriel to its highest efficiency, and started the present Mission of San Gabriel, the stone church of which still remains,—poor Father Zalvidea, who sleeps his last sleep under the altar. How disheartened he must have been in his feeble old age to receive back this despoiled Mission with only four hundred Indians left out of three thousand, and how glad he must have been for rest!

"Help did not come; and in 1846, Pio Pico sold the mission, on no authority other than his own, to his brother and José Cot for \$2437, a sum not one hundredth part of what it was worth. In 1847, the Mormon Battalion occupied it. It was bombarded during the Mexican war, and finally abandoned to its fate. Then, in 1892, Father O'Keefe from Santa Barbara—full of intense religious zeal, beloved by everyone, Catholic and Protestant, and those of no religion also,—came with the one burning desire: to rebuild the abandoned mission into a monastery for his beloved Order of Friars Minor. May 12, 1893, rededication exercises were held with

three old Indian women in the congregation, witnessing again the service they saw at the founding. Father O'Keefe has gone to join the departed Franciscans, but Father Dominic, assisted by other members of the Order, still 'carry on.'

"The Sisters of the Precious Blood, under Mother Emma, came at Father O'Keefe's request to his assistance, and are now, under Sister Anetta and eight other Sisters, caring for eighty-five pupils from far and near."

The lay Brother stood in the cool corridor smiling his farewell to us as we left by the road Father Peyri had travelled that silent night; and from the heights we, too, looked back for a last glimpse of the mission, seemingly cheerful in the sunshine, though lonely brooding over its memories.

The Way of Mrs. Garvey.

BY JANE CONDON.

I.

INSTEAD of going to the pulpit that Sunday morning, Father Donovan remained at the altar, where, for a full minute, he stood facing the people, his hand clasping that of a boy about four years old whom he had beckoned from the sacristy. Then, just when the bewilderment of the people was on the verge of suspense, he spoke:

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And, as his glance turned from the congregation to the sweet, shy face at his side, the gaze of the congregation followed. "My friends, this boy is my sermon to-day. Our diocesan orphan asylum is overflowing with children like him, boys and girls, whom people with homes do not seem to want; and the Sisters have no room for the children who are daily being orphaned. If each family in this parish, that could

afford it, would take one child into their home, our asylum would soon be emptied: emptied to make room for those helpless bits of humanity to whom its shelter must now be denied. My friends, look at him! Were Raphael's cherubs more angelic? If you would introduce a bit of heaven on earth into your homes, suffer one of these to come unto you. . . ."

Then Mary Ellen Garvey stole a glance at her husband, but he was engrossed in his devotions. She touched his arm, and, when he looked up, whispered: "David, couldn't we take that little boy home with us?"

"Of course not, Mary Ellen. Tend to the Mass, woman, and don't be distracting the people."

For an instant her face clouded, but as she, too, became engrossed in the Mass, the cloud lifted; for, though she had prayed in vain for ten years for this same boon, she felt that now the time was near at hand when the Lord would see fit to grant her desire. After Mass she would again plead with David to allow her to adopt an orphan.

When the little groups that gathered after services to inquire into the health and doings of friends and acquaintances had dispersed, and David and Mary Ellen had started up the little hill across the courthouse square, she again broached the subject that occupied her mind and heart. "David, did you see the Bambers take the little lad home?"

"I did so. And I hope they'll never regret it."

Rebuffed, but not discouraged, she approached the subject from another angle. "David, wasn't that the grand sermon? And didn't it carry you back to the dear old church in Tipperary, where, as boy and girl, we used to sit paralyzed with wonder at the eloquence of Father McCarthy?"

"Oh, 'twas good enough! But Father McCarthy was the man after my own

heart; the Lord never made his equal."

"Did you mind that the Father said the asylum was overflowing?"

"Yes, yes, so he did. But if everyone of those two hundred orphans was to be taken out, there wouldn't be over fifty or so homeless young ones to replace them."

"But, David, you know that not everyone who can will adopt one of those poor babies without a mother or a—"

"No, they won't; but there'll be enough of them adopted by people that mean well, but don't know much of the world."

"I suppose so. Still and all, David, an asylum is not a home."

"'Tis the next best thing, to my notion. Mary Ellen, I'll give my share and more to support the orphans; but not a one of the little baggages will I take into my home, to bring sorrow and disgrace to it, and the gray hairs of grief to your head, like its father or mother before it, maybe. If 'twas the child of a relation of yours or mine, no matter what its parents before it might have been, I'd feel duty bound to give it a home; but I owe no such call to the child of a stranger. I'll pay toward their upkeep at the asylum, but that's as far as I feel called to go. And many a fine man has thought any place he was raised in a good home. Now, let this be the last time I'll have to be after saying 'No' to this, Mary Ellen."

Glancing at his stern face, Mary Ellen repressed the sigh which was rising from her heart to her lips, as a wave of pity inundated her soul. David who had so longed for a child of his own; who often came home loaded with presents for the children of the neighborhood; who was not afraid to take big risks in business, feared, not for himself, but for her, to risk the sorrow which a child of unknown heritage might bring upon them.

At their own door they overtook Amos Weed, a thin, humped, little man, who lived across the Great Northern tracks, about six blocks farther on. As David hailed him with a hearty, "Well, Amos, and how are you at all?" his grimy face, from which he was never quite able to remove all the traces of his calling as janitor of St. Luke's Orphan Asylum, became several shades lighter under the glow of the flattered smile which spread over it.

"O fair, fair sir! I can't complain," and he stopped to snuffle; "but I'd get on a lot better if they hadn't taken the job in the courthouse away from me."

"Did they, now? 'Tis a dirty shame!"

Mary Ellen forestalled Amos' answer. "And how is herself and the children, Amos?"

"Oh, the kids are fine! All they want is enough to eat. But the Missus has been reduced to taking in washing to stretch our wages far enough to cover the seven of them."

"I thought it was a long time since I saw her pass the house. I must go to see her, now that she hasn't the time to drop in for a bit of a chat." And, nodding a cheerful good-bye, Mary Ellen went in to get her dinner.

"What was behind the ousting you out of a good job, Amos? Politics?" asked David.

"I guess that was it; but, anyway, with this crick in my back, I'm afraid I wouldn't have been able to stand it. Perhaps it was well I lost the job."

"If you should be after needing help, Amos, you know where to come for it?"

"Thanks, sir, but I don't need it yet, though we might before the Winter's over." And thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, he shambled home.

As David walked jauntily up the steps and into the house, he looked ten years younger than the forty-five which he carried so gallantly upon his broad shoulders. He was as straight, and tall,

and strong, and his red hair as flaming, as when he had married Mary Ellen. Time had passed him over without a brush of the wings. And well it might, for success had stalked his trail from the moment he had left old Michael Burke's employ as an apprentice carpenter to undertake his first job as a contractor, to the present, when he was established in his own office in the yards of the Hurlbert-Shumway Lumber Company, directing the energies of twenty young builders, whose work was scattered about the city.

Passing into the living-room, David took up the *Sunday Beagle* to beguile the time until Mary Ellen should have the dinner on the table. Though he had often urged her to get a maid, she had steadily refused to do so. "Sure, what would I be doing with a maid under foot? 'Tis little enough I find to do as it is, with you as careful as a woman about the house." But he soon laid the paper aside, and, tiptoeing down the hall to the kitchen, peeped in at Mary Ellen, who was bent over the electric range making chicken gravy.

But in spite of his cautious approach, she sensed his presence, and looked up with a gay nod. "Is it starving to death you are, David?"

"Almost, and I thought maybe I could help a bit with the dinner."

"Go back to your paper. I'll have the dinner on the table in no time, and then you can tell me all the scandals, the way the stylish folks do."

He went back to his paper relieved. She was as cheerful and as glib with a joke as ever. Evidently, she had not taken his refusal so much to heart as he had feared she might, knowing, as he did, that a child was her one desire which had never been fulfilled. And, reconciled though she appeared, he felt that hope would never fade utterly from her heart. How she would love a child! And that was just why

he must not weaken now; he must see to it that no ingrate youngster should use her love as a dagger to pierce her heart. He had seen too many instances of that sort of thing.

As he sat facing her at the table at dinner, he was more than ever convinced that he was right in persisting in his opposition. For no sign of care had lined her face. Though she had just passed her fortieth birthday, her cheeks still retained the rosy ripeness of an apple, and her erect form a good deal of its rotundity as well. But there the analogy ceased. There was no tart flavor to her temper, and only a mild and sympathetic humor gave spice to her calm patience and gentle kindness, which, though he did not realize it, was the growth of years of resigned acceptance of the denial of her heart's desire. For Mary Ellen was designed by nature and inclination to be a mother; but Fate, or God, as she would say, had ordained otherwise. And, though she still besieged the Lord with prayers to bless her home with a child, her petitions always ended with "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

When David sat before the fireplace after supper, puffing a contented and thoughtful pipe, instead of taking her accustomed low rocker at the other side of the hearth, Mary Ellen came over to David and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Happy?" he could not refrain from asking, as he caught the wistfulness behind her smile.

"God forgive me, David, I ought to be; but I'm that contrary I'm not satisfied entirely."

Contentment fled from his face, and he shifted uneasily in his chair. "Well, Mary Ellen, you know you have health, ease, and reasonable content. And nobody else seems to have them all. Why long for perfect happiness? I misdoubt it's to be had on earth."

"'Tis not perfect happiness I'd be wanting, David. But if we could only have one of the orphans, I'm sure I'd be as happy as anyone could hope to be this side of heaven."

"Now, now, Mary Ellen, don't open up the old discussion. If you had one of them, you'd only be courting sorrow."

"I'd be willing to run the risk."

"You don't know what you'd be inviting."

"I know, David, that I'd have to expect some grief to sweeten my happiness. Happiness wouldn't seem worth much if we didn't pay something—"

"We'll have no orphan! Now, let this be the end of all your foolish talk." And he put his pipe back in his mouth, and puffed resolutely.

"If you'd only consent to me bringing one home on trial—"

"No orphan, Mary Ellen, trial or no trial, will ever come into this house! You know, as I have told you time without end, that I'm acting for your good." And, getting up, he thrust his hands into his pockets and paced the floor, as he always did when excited. "How would we know what its father or mother might have been?"

"And would the child have to be wicked because of its parents? Look at the fine young man Jimmy Martin is; and look at what his father and mother were,—a convict man and a drunken, misfortunate woman!"

"Jimmy is one man in a million. Look at Marian Stevens that the Widow O'Brien took in as her own child; she eloped with the chauffeur!"

"Well, and if she did, wasn't he a good boy? And aren't they living happy together now?"

"But look at Mrs. O'Brien, heart-broken at the ingratitude of that young hussy, running off with the chauffeur when she might have had a respectable wedding with Clarence Walsh, a fine young lawyer!"

"As long as Marian's man is all right, I have little sympathy for Mrs. O'Brien. If she wants the lawyer in the family, let her marry him herself."

"And, look at that scalawag the Howards adopted! There's not a decent hair on his head. There's been no devilment in this town since he was sixteen that he hasn't been into. 'Tis only a matter of time until even the money of Mack Howard won't be able to hold him out of prison. And look at the Howards! Not five years older than ourselves, and they look every day of sixty-five!"

"Sure and maybe that's not all the fault of the boy. Look at the way he was brought up; all the money he could spend, and never a check upon his will until it ran wild. David, if we had an orphan, that's not the way we'd be after bringing it up."

"Will you give me no peace? We'll have none to bring up, and that's the end of it!"

"David, do you think that's generous? To be so afraid of the result of a good deed that you refuse to venture it!"

"Not generous, is it? When I'm after giving you everything a reasonable woman could want! Mary Ellen, 'tis yourself that's ungrateful to the Lord for all He's given you."

"'Tis not me that's ungrateful, David, but yourself. If you were grateful to the Lord for the blessings He's showered upon you, you'd be willing to share them with a poor helpless child. Have you no faith in the goodness of God at all, at all, that you're afeared to undertake a simple act of charity?"

"'Tis uncharitable I am now, is it? Who gives more than I do to keep up that same asylum? Tell me that now!"

"Sure, and that was no great charity for you, that has money plenty and to spare! Be generous, and take one of those children into your home. That would be practial Catholicity for you!"

Will I tell Father Donovan you'll take one of the orphans?"

"Tell him nothing for me! I know what you'll tell him for yourself. I can see you're determined to have one. But don't expect me to live with it,—I might be the ruin of it! I'm stingy, and ungrateful, and I'm not a decent Catholic! Maybe, you'll find a better one at the asylum!"

"Now, David, don't be foolish—"

"There's no peace for me in this house!" And flinging his pipe into the grate, he stalked out of the room.

Mary Ellen gazed after him in bewilderment and regret. She had seen him treat others like this, but never herself. Well, if this was the way he felt about it, she must give up the idea of adopting an orphan. And such a shame as it was, when they could give a good home to one who might never know a home otherwise! She followed him out into the hall, but he was already at the door; she called him back, but the slam of the door drowned her voice. This was the first time he had left the house like that, and she must see to it that it would be the last. How ungrateful she was! As he had said, she had more than other women seemed to need to make them happy. And how many who had little enough were less exacting!

She seated herself before the fire to await David's return. Where could he have gone? Down to the K. C. Club, maybe. He'd hardly go to any of their friends without her. Poor David! Of course, she knew that he was the soul of generosity; that it was his desire to protect her from the sorrows of life that made him refuse her request. But sorrow was something which no barriers could shut out; it came into the life of everyone. If you were of the right metal, it sweetened your happiness; if you were not, it soured your whole life. Poor David, he couldn't see that at all!

She waited for her husband until twelve o'clock, and ten was their usual bedtime. She locked the house, for he had its latch-key, turned out the lights, and went upstairs to her room. That night the Rosary slipped through her fingers more times than usual. She prayed God to forgive her for going against His will, and that no harm might come to David in his rash anger. One o'clock, and no David. It was no use to wait up longer. He must have gone to a hotel for the night. She would drop a letter in the mail box early in the morning, and it would reach his office in the forenoon.

"Dear David," she wrote, "if 'tis a choice between the orphan and yourself, I'll choose yourself. We'll have baked potatoes and sirloin steak for dinner to-day, and don't be keeping me waiting until it's cold."

The next morning she was up before her usual hour, and went down to put her note in the mail box before the postman should have made his early round. When she lifted the cover she spied a letter in the box, and she seized it with misgiving, and her knees went weak beneath her, for she recognized David's scrawl.

"Dear Mary Ellen," it ran, "you will draw all the money you want at the bank as you always have. I'm leaving town, but I've told Wentworth to look after your business affairs. And if you need any business advice, go to him. David."

She sighed in relief; no harm had come to him. Then her heart sank, and the note slipped from her relaxed fingers. He had gone away indefinitely, perhaps never to return, driven from home by her stubborn insistence upon having her own way. Surely, now the Lord was punishing her for refusing to recognize that her desire had been contrary to His will. Well, if she had not been truly resigned before, she would

not persist in her mistake. Impossible though it seemed, she must make the best of life without David; then perhaps God, in pity on her loneliness, would forgive her stubbornness and send him back. "'Tis better," she consoled herself, "to make the best of the little than to make little of the best that life gives us. For, after all, 'tis the will of Almighty God."

She took up her daily duties as though nothing had happened to take the spice out of life. And if her prayers were more frequent, her expression of their object to others, or, as she would have said, her criticism of the ways of God, was forever stilled. In visits to the less fortunate of her neighbors across the Great Northern tracks, she sought to fill out the leisure of her days.

If these visits brought little profit to her in the way of forgetfulness, they brought much of material and spiritual aid to those she visited. For her patient and brave acceptance of her unhappiness inspired them to make a like attempt to accept the trials of life. Nor was her activity without a certain profit to her, because when her days were filled with good deeds, her nights were nights of blessed oblivion in sleep.

(Conclusion next week.)

A FATHER may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all. In good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent. Still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture; the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.—*Washington Irving.*

Arlington.

ARLINGTON! What memories are stirred by the mention of this name, for it is associated with one of the greatest generals and noblest men who ever lived, and within its sacred precincts sleep the silent hosts who died in the War for the Union.

The Arlington Mansion, which stands on the brow of a hill that overlooks the National Capital and the Potomac River, was built in 1802 by George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the Father of our Country. Mount Vernon was the home of young Custis until after the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Washington, in 1802. In that same year he built the beautiful mansion on the west side of the Potomac, and brought to its portals as his bride, Mary Fitzhugh Lee. Here he gathered together a rich collection of family portraits and numerous relics of our first President and the Revolution. Some of these were later restored to Mount Vernon while others are in the National Museum in Washington.

The master of Arlington House enjoyed that honored distinction as the adopted son of the great American, and his home became noted for its hospitality. Among the honored guests entertained there, was Lafayette, the great French hero, who carried to his grave in far-away France the scars of battle received in fighting for our liberties, in what to him was a foreign land. Standing on the wide veranda, with its massive columns, the venerable hero, looking off toward Georgetown and Washington, with a long stretch of the Potomac in the foreground, with wooded hills and valleys making a background of dark foliage, declared the scene one of the rarest and most perfect he had ever beheld.

A little daughter came to make the big house merry, and among her play-

mates was a little boy who used to come up from Alexandria to romp on the big lawn at Arlington. Years later, as a young cadet from West Point, he came again, and it is not surprising that he went back engaged to the charming heiress of Arlington. On June 3, 1831, in the drawing-room of Arlington House, where to-day visitors register their names, Robert E. Lee and Mary Custis were married. Some years later, on the death of her father, the historic mansion passed into the hands of Mrs. Lee and her children, and the Lee family went to live in Mary Custis Lee's ancestral home.

When, in April, 1861, Lee went to Richmond to take command of the Virginia troops and after to become the commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army, his family accompanied him. What a different picture Arlington House then presented! The mansion was converted into headquarters for the Federal troops, and the grounds were made into a camp. As the war went on and battles were fought, it was necessary to provide a hospital for the sick and dying, and the old mansion witnessed many a piteous scene. Other available cemetery grounds no longer sufficing for the burial of the dead, the level plateaus and grassy slopes of the Arlington estate were ordered to be devoted to the purpose of a military cemetery; and thus was begun the great City of the Dead—Arlington National Cemetery, where to-day the headstones stretch in endless lines.

It savors of sacrilege that this historic place, toward the end of the war, should have been sold for delinquent taxes. But such was the case; and in 1864, the United States Government bought it for \$26,100, and later adjusted the rightful claim of George Washington Custis Lee, legal heir under the Custis will, Arlington thus becoming Government property.

The grounds have been beautified by the art of the landscape gardener with beautiful trees and shrubs and great beds of flowers; but Nature seemed to have foreseen what was to come, and was over-gracious in molding the spot and making it ready for its final great purpose as a resting-place for the nation's heroic dead. Many thousand soldiers lie buried there, the cemetery representing the glorious toll of four wars. Stones worn with age mark the graves of eleven Revolutionary officers, who were re-interred in this hallowed spot. The long lines of headstones speak of the conflict of the Civil War; and many who perished in the Spanish and Philippine Wars are buried here. Scores of new-made mounds tell of the Great War through which we have so recently passed.

No true patriot would consider a visit to Washington complete without a pilgrimage to Arlington, which was once the home of a great man whom all America honors to-day.

A Definition.

WHAT has been called the most abstract definition ever drawn up is this one of Evolution, by Herbert Spencer: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that this definition provoked several travesties. One of the best of these is that of Kirkman: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-alikeness, to a somehowish and in-general talkaboutable not-all-alikeness by continuous somethingelseifications, and sticktogetherations."

The Case of Galileo Again.

COMMENTING on a recent Italian book dealing with Galileo, Mr. Thomas Okey, M. A., Professor of Italian at Cambridge University, England, has an article in *Discovery*, an English scientific publication, entitled "Galileo, the Roman Inquisition and Modern Italian Philosophy." This title seems too ambitious for an ordinary magazine article; but inasmuch as the writer is presumably a non-Catholic scholar, it is interesting to note what he says about the knowledge, or rather, lack of knowledge, concerning Galileo. To quote:

If we may imagine the symbolic man-in-the-street to be set before a paper, "Write what you know about Galileo," he would probably (if he answered at all) reply that Galileo was an Italian astronomer who taught that the earth was round and not flat; that it went around the sun instead of being stationary; and that, when tortured by the Roman Inquisition, and made to recant, he muttered between his teeth, "*Eppur si muove.*" (Still it moves.) Marks would be low, for the good Galileo never was put to the torture, and never said, "*Eppur si muove.*"

This, of course, is an old story to Catholics who have done any worthwhile reading about Galileo and the way he was dealt with by the Roman Inquisition. But it is refreshing to have the untruth combated, especially by a non-Catholic. Prof. Okey denies, in the first place, that the Medieval astronomers taught that the earth was flat; and comments as follows upon the great knowledge of astronomy that was to be found among scholars in those times:

I imagine there are but few readers of Dante's "Vita Nuova" nowadays who are not made to sit up when they discover that to understand the reference to Beatrice's age, in the very first paragraph, a knowledge of the precession of the equinoxes is necessary—an astronomical phenomenon known to every Medieval student, although regarded from a geocentric standpoint. If there is one thing

more than another which distinguishes the modern from the Medieval student, it is his ignorance of practical astronomy—of the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. If any one would form a conception of the astronomical knowledge of the Medieval scholars, let him get a sight of the perpetual almanac compiled by Profacius (Machir Ben Tibbon) of the University of Montpellier, in the latter half of the Thirteenth Century, from which the courses of the moon and planets and the eclipses were accurately calculated. And if one remembers that such calculations were rendered much more complicated and difficult by being based on a geocentric theory of the universe, one's respect for the range of early astronomy will be tenfold.

Pre-Galilean astronomy had been elaborated and perfected during the progress of eighteen centuries; it adequately explained the apparent phenomena, and served all practical purposes of civil life—an astronomy rendered almost sacred to the Medieval mind by the infallible authority of Aristotle,—an astronomy which Sir Thomas Browne regarded as a proof of God's wisdom, and which Bacon refused to reject in favor of the Galilean theory.

It was this astronomy—settled for so many centuries,—that Galileo's theory came in to disturb and to overthrow. No wonder there was opposition! As Professor Okey remarks:

Imagine what would be the feelings of our scientists of to-day, if a new discovery were to render obsolete all modern physical science, vitiate our heliocentric astronomy, make all our text-books and professors back-numbers: some conception may then be formed of the feelings of mathematicians in Galileo's time.

Then the professor makes a further remark which should be noted by people who seem to feel that a "scientific fact" is the very last word in all argumentation. "There is nothing absolute," he says, "in what is termed scientific truth. Our system is true so long as it satisfactorily explains phenomena as we know them; and that is precisely what the geocentric system did in pre-Copernican days, and did it more satisfactorily than Galileo's new theory."

Besides the newness of the Galilean theory, and the fact that the geocentric theory had worked satisfactorily for so

many centuries, Galileo had not a very attractive way of setting forth the theory which he wished the scientific world to accept. "He was," to quote Professor Okey again, "a born controversialist," and "his mordant sarcasm was ill calculated to win over opponents."

As to Galileo's treatment by the Church authorities, it was remarkably kind and indulgent. There were no ropes, chains or dungeons for him. He was received at the Holy Office with great courtesy, treated with due consideration, and allowed much freedom of movement. When finally adjudged guilty, his sentence was, imprisonment during the Pope's pleasure, and the obligation to recite weekly the Penitential Psalms!

This imprisonment "during the Pope's pleasure" did not interfere much with Galileo's pleasure. His first place of "incarceration" was the Tuscan ambassador's beautiful palace and gardens, where he was treated most kindly by the ambassador and his wife. Later, he was assigned to the archiepiscopal palace at Siena where he enjoyed the friendship and discourse of the prelate. Growing weary and desirous of change, he was permitted to return to his villa outside Florence.

Galileo was in constant correspondence with his two daughters, who were nuns, one of whom took upon herself the burden of her father's penance; and throughout Galileo's whole correspondence of that time, there is not one word about torture; and the fac-similes of his signatures to the depositions from first to last show no variation.

Yet, we suppose the legend of Galileo's torture and his alleged muttering of "Still it moves" will stand for history for a long time to come with a great many people, just as firmly as does the legend of Martin Luther's "discovery" of the Bible in the monastery where the future "Reformer" was a novice.

Notes and Remarks.

Of rather unusual interest, in this Month of the Holy Souls, is the recent action of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in Portland, Oregon. Among the Commissions appointed was one for the purpose of revising the Book of Common Prayer, and the members boldly proposed three prayers for the dead to be inserted in the Burial Office. One of the three reads: "Remember Thy servant, O Lord, according to the favor which Thou bearest unto Thy people, and grant that, increasing in knowledge of Thee, he may go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in Thy heavenly kingdom, etc." This action means simply that one non-Catholic religious body has publicly accepted what very many individual members of that body must have long privately believed,—the efficacy of prayers for the dead. True, the petition just quoted says nothing about the possible detention of the soul of the departed in "the cleansing fires of Purgatory," or of the purification in some "middle state" of that soul; but it does recognize that the welfare of the deceased may be helped by the prayers of surviving friends—and that is a radical departure from Protestant doctrine.

During the course of the week, a letter reached us from a little Austrian girl to whom one dollar had been sent through the kindness of a reader of THE AVE MARIA. The fabulous value of this sum in Austria was equalled only by the humility of the child's thanks; she promised "to pray always for my dear benefactors who have made great sacrifices for my sake." How small a dollar really is when measured by our needs and abundance; how great when set face to face with the stark hunger of millions for whom life, through no fault

of their own, has become almost an unbearable burden! If the Saviour stands ready to open the doors of His kingdom to those who, in His name, give a cup of water to a little one, what an easy and transcendent opportunity these days afford! For God's sake, let us not become hardened to misery because it is far off, and because its clamor is so incessantly repeated!

America always has much to spend, and certainly much to give. From somewhere in those darkened lands whence the splendor of kings has gone, and hunger tyrannizes, and nakedness shivers ashamed and impotent, the ancestors of many Americans came. There the culture of Christendom was battled for and saved, the memory of God was kept alive by the blood of optimistic martyrdom. Was all of this accomplished that we might sit by in comfort and indulge pleasure with prodigality unequalled, while millions of our fellow-creatures perish for want of bread? Surely, our country, so generous and heroic under the surface, will continue to man the lifeboats.

To learn of a Catholic bishop (Mgr. Heelan, of Sioux City, Iowa) urging women to vote, is proof, not only that the world is changing, but doing so faster than most people believe. Not so many years ago it was almost generally regarded as "near heresy" to advocate woman suffrage, and those who did so were roundly abused on all sides. That clamor has happily ceased. It is now realized, as the bishop declares, that women who stand for morality, must use the ballot. "By exercising their right of franchise, women can make for the future peace, prosperity and freedom of the nation." The potency of the ballot for good or evil needs no emphasizing; and, considering the political corruption that exists, it has become the solemn duty of women to

oppose it, now that they have the power to do so. In view of the fact that only about half of the men in this country ever vote, the women, by following the opposite course, will be setting a good example as well as performing an imperative duty.

Only when conduct fails to square with profession, is religion ridiculed nowadays, according to President Hibben of Princeton University. He holds that wider knowledge is producing greater tolerance; and, in a recent address, declared that, as a rule, intolerance is shown only for cant, pharisaism, hypocrisy, and the like. "Where there is sincerity, consistency and straightforwardness, religion is not only respected but honored." Surely so in the long run. A recent traveller in Asia tells how he learned to respect some Mohammedan bricklayers from hearing them invoke Allah while at work. The man at the top of the ladder would call out, with all the solemnity of a muezzin, "Brother, in the name of Allah, toss me up a brick"; and the man below, in the act of compliance, would gravely reply, "In the name of Allah behold another brick, oh, my brother."

That traveller would be listening a long time before hearing the Deity invoked in this sense by bricklayers, or any other class of workers, in Christian lands. In our country, however, he would hear, often enough, the most famous word in the language.

An excellent bit of advice to all such Catholics as are not experts in Bible study is the following paragraph from an article appearing in a recent issue of the *Bombay Examiner*:

If we treat the Bible as God's vehicle of revealed religion for all ages, and recognize the Church as the providentially guided organ of its interpretation precisely as a vehicle of religion; then it does not matter in the least

what puzzles and controversies arise round its accessory contents. We have the reality, and these things are the shadow. Even in this controversial area, we have a general assurance that the Bible is worthy of the Author who inspired it; and anything which would make it look otherwise must be fallacious one way or another. This being assured on a broad ground of faith, we need not feel in the least uncomfortable about difficulties against Scripture. Some we can solve to our own satisfaction, but others we can not. Very well, do not let us resort to subtle and unconvincing ingenuities to force a solution. Let us rather recognize our limitations, and leave the puzzle unsolved, convinced that, at least, God knows the answer, if we don't.

Incidentally, let it be said that the wisest of men have no hesitation in acknowledging their ignorance in many fields of science and art; and the ordinary Catholic need feel no shame in avowing himself only an amateur in Biblical interpretation.

The average American father probably does not cherish any hope that his youthful son will one day occupy the exalted position open to all good citizens of this Republic (except Catholics); but he does fondly persuade himself that his boy so far resembles our first great president that he "can not tell a lie." It is a generally received convention, at least among us, that Americans, boys and men, are nothing, if not truthful; although, of course, we know that we all told frequent fibs in our youth. Writing in the *New York Herald*, an educationist comments on the fact that many fathers don't know their sons at all well. As an instance, he mentions one father who holds his hopeful by the hand and says: "One thing I can say, and that is, My boy never lies."

"I have been a headmaster for nineteen years," declares the educationist, "and I'm proud and fond of nearly all my boys, past and present; but I've never met one who wouldn't lie. It's natural for a little fellow to lie. Often

it's a lie for self-protection, more often it's a lie caused by pure nervousness. 'Kids,' as well as men, bristle up when they are called liars, and their determination then is to keep it up. But I have found by making a distinction between lie and liar they come quickly to an open confession."

Even though one might utterly discredit most of the stories of "frightfulness," related by conscienceless propagandists during the late war—as all but those blinded by prejudice now discredit them,—still, one knows well that warfare, even at its best, involves many things of a shocking nature. These are regretted, but they are not unexpected. What one does not expect, however, among civilized nations, at least, is that unnecessary hardships and unjustifiable humiliations should be inflicted upon a vanquished foe. It comes, therefore, as a shock, inexpressibly sickening, to learn that, four years after the signing of the Treaty of Peace, the same heartless attitude is maintained toward Germany as during the war. The German nation was conquered; it is disarmed, broken in spirit, torn by internal political strife, on the verge of bankruptcy, suffering from poverty and privation of all kinds. Yet, we are informed by a correspondent of *Il Paese*, an Italian journal of good standing, that on the Rhineland there are still encamped as many as 140,000 soldiers of the Allied Army. For their officers, from commander-in-chief down to the pettiest under-official, together with their respective families, the very best houses have been requisitioned, remodelled and refurbished; twenty-five theatres, fifty-one movie-halls, and hunting reserves, to the extent of 60,500 hectares of land, have been exacted for the comfort and amusement of officers and men. To care for the soldiers, the German Government, besides turning

over numerous public buildings (including 627 schools) was obliged to construct 190 recreation halls, provided with every comfort and convenience; barracks totalling in cost for the four years 1,778,251,000 marks; to vacate 11,000 hectares of the most fertile and arable land for aviation fields, rifle ranges, athletic sports, etc.; to maintain near all barracks—and sometimes within them—houses of ill-fame; to defray the expense of heat, light, water, railroad and water transportation, telephone and telegraph communication and, most incredible of all, to repair the damage done to buildings by members of the army. A terrible indictment, not of course of the French people, but of the French Government.

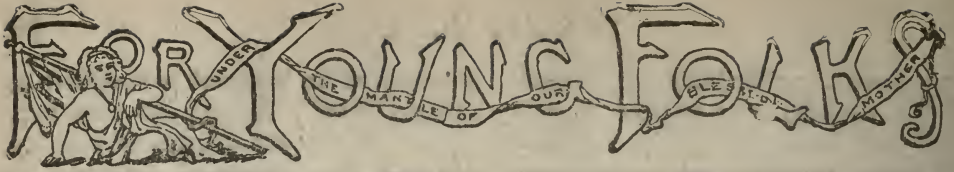
The total cost to the German Government of all this extravagance up to March 31, 1922, amounted to the fabulous sum of seven milliards of gold francs, plus 14 milliards of paper marks. And yet France, with a standing army of 800,000 men, and with the promise of support from her allies, tells the world that all this must be done to prevent a possible attack from Germany! Meanwhile the press is notoriously silent. Inhumanity and misery and shame grow apace, and with them anger and hatred; but the spirit of magnanimity, of justice, of benignity, of charity toward the stricken foe is crushed. It has long been but too evident that no spirit of Christianity pervades the councils of the victorious nations; but at least it was hoped that the commonest sentiments of humanity might remain, to temper somewhat the bitter consequences of a war that, after all, was a war for gold and oil.

Stealing somebody else's thunder, a phrase used literally by the dramatist, John Dennis, in the Seventeenth Century, has long been a figurative expression for plagiarism, or for an imitation

so close as to warrant a suspicion of literary theft. Among the prominent educators who are discussing and condemning the proposed Oregon law against private schools, several seem to be stealing the thunder of the Catholic hierarchy and the Catholic press. Here, for instance, is an expression of opinion from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University: "The parents of the child are responsible before God and man for its upbringing and its preparation for an honorable and useful life. It is an essential part of their civil liberty to train their children in such wise and in such form of religious faith as they may prefer and choose. It is in no sense the business of the State, in our political philosophy, to attempt to monopolize education, or to prevent the free choice by parents of the teachers and schools of their children."

This is, of course, perfectly true; but the average Catholic is surely warranted in declaring it anything but novel doctrine, whatever it may seem to other people.

As was naturally expected, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has had novel and noteworthy things to say about his conversion to the Church. He declares that it was effected by the chief Protestant leaders in the Establishment, who convinced him that it is not Catholic, not a branch of The Church, which teaches with authority, speaks strongly, and has united action. The answers to those who were curious to know why the author of "Orthodoxy" didn't "go over to Rome" sooner, should satisfy them. It was a long way to go. He didn't realize how far away the mountain was, though the city seated on it was ever in sight. It is never hidden except to those who shut their eyes, and is sure to be reached, sooner or later, somehow or other, by all who do not wilfully go astray.



The Eskimo.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

CONSIDER well the Eskimo—

He builds his house of slabs of snow,
In which with one thin cake of ice,
He makes a window clear and nice.
The doorway is so very small,
It leaves just room for one to crawl;
And when the family's in the hut,
And father wants the door to shut,
He takes some snow the hole to bar.
And that's the door. And there you are!

The igloo has no cellar where
A furnace overheats the air,
And generates a lot of steam,
Enough to make the sleepers scream.
The air inside may not be pure,
But freezing stays the temperature,
Lest snowy walls and ceiling sweat,
And get the sleeping babies wet;
And so, perhaps, bring gloom and woe
Unto the faithful Eskimo.

The children of the Eskimo
Are much accustomed to the snow,
So all their games of various sorts
Must be described as Winter sports.
But, all the same, those little folks
Enjoy themselves and have their jokes.
Upon their mothers' backs they ride,
Adown the long white hills they slide;
And, if they happen to be lads,
They go a-hunting with their dads;
And none of them is sad, I know,
Because he's just an Eskimo!

WHEN you make a fire of brush or dry leaves, you call it a "bonfire." Formerly these fires were lighted to celebrate a victory or the arrival of good news; hence "good-news fire," which in time became good, or bon, fire.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.*

II.

AS Camille and the blind man walked along, looking for a good place to stop, the boy told the old man his story and all that had happened to him since he came to Paris.

"Where shall we stop?" he asked after he had finished.

"Stop in front of a *café*, if you can find one."

"There's one right here."

"Choose a table where there are children. They don't know much about music: it pleases them though, whether it's good or bad."

"Here's a table where there are a gentleman and three little girls."

"That's all right! Have your dog sit down on the ground, place this cup in front of you, and begin to play."

Camille drew his bow over the strings in a way that surprised the old man.

"Why, you're skilful!" he exclaimed. "Good,—very good! Are the people gathering?"

"Yes," replied Camille, much disturbed. "I must tell you that I'm afraid, for I've never played before any one except my uncle and my teacher."

"Have courage, my boy! I hear sous dropping into the cup. But there must be many to make up twenty-six francs.

* THE STORY THUS FAR:—On the death of his uncle in Bordeaux, France, Camille is left without relatives except a cousin, Gustave. This cousin is determined to be rid of Camille, although he promised his uncle he would take care of the boy. Gustave takes Camille to Paris and abandons him in the Tuileries Park. The boy had fallen asleep, and when he awoke his cousin was gone. Camille has no money, nothing but a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," in which he finds a letter from Gustave, tell-

Your stroke is growing weaker and you are slowing the measure. What's the matter?"

"I'm covered with sweat," replied Camille. "I didn't think it was so hard to play in public."

"You are saving a family from suffering. Let that thought drive away all fear. If you are too warm, take some money out of the cup and buy a cool drink in the *café*."

"No, no!" answered Camille. "That money mustn't be touched!"

"Then take your bow and play again, my young friend. You have had pity on a blind man, and God will bless you."

"What I'm doing is very simple. Now I've played all the tunes I know. Shall I begin again?"

"Yes, if you're not too tired."

"I'm beginning to get used to the crowd now. You'll see that my tones will be better this time."

And, in truth, Camille played like a master; and, in consequence, the rain of sous was more abundant. Everyone admired the grace and neatness of the little musician, and many were the compliments and words of encouragement. But the hour was late, the number of passers-by grew smaller, and soon the neighborhood became deserted.

Camille stopped playing, and said:

"There's no one left."

"Well, count the money, and let us divide it," said the old man.

"Divide it!" exclaimed Camille. "No, indeed! I played to help you. I have

ten francs of my own, you know."

The old man smiled as he took the money from the boy's hand. Just then a young girl came up to the place where they sat. On seeing them she cried out in surprise. It was the blind man's daughter, Marie.

"O father, how anxious you have made mother and me! It is almost midnight!"

"What could you expect, Marie?" replied the blind man, cheerfully. "I lost my dog and fell down and sprained my arm. But for this little angel here, whom the good God sent to cross my path, no one knows when you would have seen me again. Sit down here, daughter, and count the money."

"If it's only enough!" said the girl, putting the sous in piles. "The landlord was at the house this evening and he was very angry. He says if we don't pay him the whole sum to-morrow before noon, he'll put us out of doors and keep everything we have—our furniture, clothes, and even our pigeons! We were hoping brother would bring his pay, but he hasn't come home, late as it is. How any one can have the heart to go to the public house and spend money when his family are in need, is more than I can understand. Here's the money all piled up; my! there are twenty sous in each pile; now let me count the piles."

"How much have you?" asked the old man, eagerly, as Marie counted the piles, one by one.

ing him he will have to provide for himself.

A little dog, to whom he gives the name of Fox, comes to comfort him. Together they start off in search of food and lodging. At last wearied from tramping the streets, they seek shelter in a house in course of construction. There in the dark they find an old soldier who is kind to Camille. A few days later the workmen, who are full of pity for the boy, decide to start together for their homes in the country. They take Camille with them for a day's outing; and at nightfall they give him ten francs and tell him to take a cab back

to Paris. But the boy prefers to save his money and starts to walk. He is overtaken by some rough men, who try to rob him. Before they can do so Camille finds a poor blind old musician who had fallen down and hurt his arm, so that he could no longer earn money by his violin. Camille, who knows how to play the instrument, takes his place, earns a small sum and makes a friend. Just as Camille and the old man are starting to walk back to Paris, the man's daughter, Marie, meets them. She had come to look for her father, when it grew late and he had not returned home.

"Seventeen," replied Marie. "I've counted them twice over. O father, we are lost!"

Camille had watched the girl as her fingers moved from pile to pile. Much affected by her despair when she stopped at seventeen, he took his ten francs from his pocket and, putting them down with the sous, he exclaimed: "And ten more make twenty-seven."

"Your ten francs?" said the old man, moved to tears. "I don't want them: keep them. Marie, give the ten francs back to the generous boy; it's his whole fortune—all that he has in the world,—and he would give it to me! May God bless him!"

"Since you need twenty-six francs to pay your rent, and since I earned only seventeen for you, it is but right that I should give you the rest," said Camille.

"But right!" cried the old man, excitedly. "Have you given him back his ten francs, Marie?"

"Well, father—"

"Do as I tell you, daughter; and not only that, but divide the receipts too."

"But I don't want your money," insisted Camille. "I want you to take my ten francs. My poor uncle used to say that men should help one another. I'm not a man; but, you see, if I help you to-day, to-morrow you may be able to help me in your turn."

"Accept the boy's money, friend," said a stout gentleman who, seated at a neighboring table, was listening to the debate between the blind man and Camille. "Take it, and don't worry about the pay. I'll return it to him myself, if you can't. But it's late now, and I can't stop to talk with you any longer. To-morrow I hope we shall see one another again."

Then, going up to a carriage stationed at the curb of the Champs-Élysées, he called out to his coachman:

"Pierre, drive these good people

home, and notice where they live, so that you can take me to the place to-morrow. I'll go home afoot. Good-bye till to-morrow, my friends!" he added, helping the blind man into the carriage.

"Where shall I drive?" asked the coachman.

"No. 24 Rue Louis-le-Grand for the boy, and No. 3 Rue du Port-Mahon for me," replied the old man.

Camille found the stout man's act perfectly natural; and after seeing Fox safely inside the carriage, and shutting the door, he called out:

"Good-bye, sir!"

"Good-bye," replied the stout gentleman. The carriage then started off at a swift pace.

III.

Camille slept on his pallet of straw as sweetly as if it had been the softest of beds. On awakening, he saw the stout man and the old soldier standing beside him, talking in low tones.

"So you were abandoned, my poor boy; and a scruple prevents you from naming the monster who behaved so badly toward you?" said the stout man, as soon as Camille opened his eyes. "Well, to begin with, here are the ten francs I promised you. Now, let's see how we can help you. What do you know how to do?"

"I can read, write, cipher, and play the violin, as you saw last night, sir," replied the boy, accepting, with polite thanks, the money offered him. "But although one can earn money by playing in public, I don't like it at all. If it had not been to help that poor old man, I could never have done it."

"All trades are honorable, my boy," said the stout man. "I made my fortune in manufacturing men's night wear and socks. At present I have retired from business, and I come to Paris only once a week. I own an enclosed field near Beaujon, at the end of the Champs-Élysées. There are some old boards,

tools and fruit-trees in it, and for this reason it is a constant temptation to trespassers. I should like to put a watchman there, who, by blowing a horn, could give the alarm to the neighboring guard in case of marauders. Would you be afraid to stay?"

"Afraid of what, sir?" asked Camille. "Of thieves? I have only ten francs, and I could hide them so carefully that it would take a sharp man to find them."

"Then do you want to come with me?" asked Mr. Raimond.

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted the old soldier. "But what pay will you give him for guarding your field?"

"Not a great deal," responded the other, laughing. "Neither board nor lodging, as there isn't any house on the place; but the little fellow will be at liberty to make himself a cabin out of the boards he will find there. Then he can eat all the fruit he wants, and I'll give him seeds to plant a garden. Besides, I'll send him provisions from time to time."

"All right, sir!" said Camille. "I'll guard your field for you. I'm ready to go now; but I will ask you to wait just a few moments."

Then he started off on a run, returning soon with a package of tobacco and a clay pipe.

"Here, my good Père La Tuile!" he exclaimed, offering the objects to the old soldier. "I denied myself a ride yesterday that I might be able to get you some tobacco and a pipe. Accept them, please, and bid me good-bye.—I am ready now, Mr. Raimond. Come on, Fox! Ah, my book! I came near forgetting that."

"By the name of the great Bonaparte, but you're a fine young fellow!" cried the old soldier, much affected. "Good-bye and good luck to you!"

"So you've broken into your ten francs already," observed Mr. Raimond,

placing Camille and Fox on the front seat of the carryall, then getting in himself.

"Yes, sir, so as to give that good old man a surprise."

"What book is that you have there?"

"It's the story of Robinson Crusoe," answered Camille. "It's about a poor shipwrecked sailor, who was less needy the first day on his deserted island than I was in the midst of a great city."

"But not the second day."

"That's true, sir; but it's because I've found out that in Paris one must work for a living."

They soon reached a field, which was fenced in partly by old boards and partly by a crumbling wall.

(To be continued.)

Illuminated Manuscripts.

BY F. L. S.

DURING what are called the Dark Ages, when the Northern barbarians were devastating Christian lands, and the learning of the world was preserved in monasteries, people, having no other way of making books, wrote them out by hand. Each letter represented a labor of love. Every floral border or gilded arabesque or fine initial letter was made by fingers of which devotion was the guide; and so beautiful was this ornamentation that none is to be found to-day which can equal it, and the illuminating of manuscripts is classed among the lost arts.

In every monastery the Scriptorium was an important room. Here sat the monks writing the books which, as I said, surpass all that we, with our modern appliances, can accomplish. Over the door there was usually a motto inciting to labor and purity of heart and mind. Each manuscript was the work of many hands. One monk prepared the parchment, others drew the lines, others made the simple letters; then

came more skilful artists who produced the wonderful initial letters and the scrolls of gold.

Even the young pupils were employed. At first they were set to copying letters, just as boys to-day write in a copy-book. Sometimes it was found that a boy who was dull at his books was very clever with the pen. But only men, learned and holy, were employed on the Gospels or Office books. Some of the wisest did nothing but correct the manuscripts.

It is pleasant to think of all this work going on in the Scriptorium,—the quiet writers with their parchment and colors before them, and perchance some flowers near by as patterns for the ornaments of the fair pages. But we must remember that there was only a poor way of heating those large rooms, and in Winter many of the workmen suffered, not only from writer's cramp but from chapped hands and frost-bitten feet.

Parchment was usually made by the monks themselves, from the skin of the wild beasts so sadly plentiful in the forests. Pens were but the quills of fowls, sharpened. Ink was the product of the gallnut. Colors were home-made with recipes handed down and treasured from remote times. Experts find as much difference between the colors of an old manuscript and a new one as they do between the tints of an antique rug and a modern reproduction. Sometimes when the Gospels were copied, or an especially fine volume was destined as a gift to pope or king, all the letters were of gold.

Portraits in miniature were often introduced, and the old initial letters have preserved for us the features of good and holy men. Charlemagne was especially fond of ordering his own portrait carefully painted in the books of which he was so generous a patron. History, architecture, animals, and the

everyday life of the period found faithful recorders in the scribes of the Middle Ages.

The first books were but a long roll. Thus we have to-day in England an official who is called Master of the Rolls. There was no title-page, or, in fact, any page whatever. The title of the book was inscribed on what was called a label—a strip of leather—and fastened securely to the binding.

The bindings of early books were as wonderful as the writing itself. Wood was commonly used, but it was not unusual for a volume to have entire covers of the precious metals.

Here and there, at home and abroad, we see these triumphs of patient industry and marvellous skill. They are preserved in museums, hidden in fire-proof vaults, kept with utmost care in churches and monasteries. There are missals worth a king's ransom, copies of the Holy Scriptures for which their weight in gold would be scant payment. But, sad to say, those that exist are few compared with those which ignorant vandalism and, later, sectarian bigotry destroyed. Many of those precious volumes which the barbarians spared met their fate at the hands of the "Reformers." The ruffians of Cromwell, for instance, had orders to destroy every manuscript that had any indication of belonging to those of the Old Faith. So well did they obey that of the peerless collection at Oxford only one manuscript was left.

The Baker's Dozen.

Sometimes when you are sent to the shop for a dozen cakes the baker will give you a "baker's dozen," or thirteen. Formerly there was a heavy penalty for giving short weight of bread; and the baker was accustomed to throw in an extra loaf when twelve were ordered, so as to avoid all risk.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of poems by Emily Hickey, which, we hope, will include contributions to THE AVE MARIA, is soon to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, London.

—A collection of tales, sketches, essays and personal experiences, by Sir David Hunter-Blair, is to be published during the Autumn, under the title "Flying Leaves." The book will be illustrated with reproductions from a series of photographs.

—"Stones Broken from the Rocks" is the title of a volume of extracts from the manuscript notebooks of "Hawker of Morwenston," the Anglican parson, poet and mystic, just published by Mr. B. Blackwell, Oxford. It will be remembered that Hawker, who died in 1875, was a convert to the Church.

—"Rafferty's Poems" (published by the Rafferty Publishing Co., 376-380 West Monroe St., Chicago) are songs of "life, love and liberty." They were originally contributed to various Irish-American periodicals, and will convince any one both of Ireland's vitality and the author's vigorous patriotism.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have just issued a cheaper edition of "The Maid of France," by the late Mr. Andrew Lang, with a preface by his widow. It is a careful and beautiful study of St. Joan of Arc, well deserving of many additional readers. Though a non-Catholic, Mr. Lang had the highest veneration for "the saintly martyr."

—"Augustinian Sermons," by the Rev. John A. Whelan, O. S. A., is a new collection of instructions on the principal truths of religion, and on the Ten Commandments. The twenty-three sermons, which form the contents of the volume, are chiefly notable for their copious quotations from Holy Scripture and the Fathers, also for the adequate synopsis with which each is prefaced. The preacher who uses this book will consult the synopsis rather than the sermon itself, for, as a rule, the instructions are somewhat longer than modern usage demands. Published by the Blase Benziger Co.; price, \$2.15.

—Very frequently, in this age of many books, one decides that it is better to read good reviews than poor books. Something like this may have inspired Prof. Felix E. Schelling to publish a neat volume of short critical essays, entitled "Appraisements and Asperities."

He is consistently genial, no matter how commonplace a book under discussion by him may be, or how little his own sympathies are involved. In opposition to the scathing individualist critics of our day, he seems to have issued a manifesto of benevolent tolerance. The books discussed range from Rose Macaulay's "Potterism" to Odin Gregory's "Caius Gracchus"—which is a respectable distance. J. P. Lippincott Co. publishers; price, \$2.

—For twenty-five pounds, Messrs. Dobell, antiquarian booksellers of London, offer a manuscript Bible in Latin *cum Apocryphis*, of the early Fourteenth Century. It is on fine thin vellum, very neatly written on 518 leaves in small Gothic characters, double columns, forty-five lines to the page (57-16 by 37-8 inches), with a large initial letter in blue on a gold ground on the first page, another in red and blue at the beginning of Genesis, extending the whole length of the inner margin; besides numerous other hand-colored initials with ornamental pen-work. The binding is boards, silk covered. We can never hear of a literary treasure like this being offered for sale without hoping for its acquisition by some large Catholic library.

—During the first half of the past month, there was celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, and the event is commemorated in a handsome brochure of 47 pages, under the title "A Story of Seventy-five Years." Profusely illustrated with exceptionally clear portraits and other pictures, this souvenir pamphlet gives an adequate summary of the history of the parish, its successive pastors (of whom the Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S. S., is the actual representative), its varied societies, and its manifold activities. Americans, priests and others, familiar with Montreal in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century will recall the name and fame of the greatest of St. Patrick's pastors, Father Dowd, S. S., whom this brochure very properly styles "one of the dominant clerical figures throughout the whole Dominion."

—Some years ago Mr. Charles F. Lummis caused a mild sensation by reproducing illustrations and extracts from "The Hesperides; or, The Golden Apples," an imposing Latin volume written by Ferrarius and printed at Rome, in 1646. The peculiarity of this volume is the absolutely conclusive proof it

affords that the culture of oranges, lemons, limes and citrons was practically as far advanced in 1646 as it is to-day. As Mr. Lummis says in his racy fashion:

The resurrection of this visible proof that orange culture has made no important discoveries or advancement in 250 years was received with general wonderment; and it was in nothing short of an astounded awe that even the "best-read" looked upon Ferrarius' perfect picture of the "navel" orange, which is the most important and exclusive product of California, but which was familiar to the orange-growers of 1646. That really was "rubbing it in" on the part of an ungrateful antiquity. To think that our invention and pride, our golden lure to the tenderfoot, the spinal marrow of our material development, had been unblushingly plagiarized nearly two and a half centuries before we knew of it ourselves!

By another ancient volume in Latin ("De Re Metallica," by Georgius Agricola), Mr. Lummis has shown that antiquity plagiarized also all our modern devices for mining. "The inconsiderateness of this book for our feelings," he writes, "is that it proves, by text and illustration, that hardly one invention of the first class has been made in mining in 350 years. With the exception of the use of quick-silver, the cyaniding and other new chemical treatments of ore, our mining appliances are simply adaptations of devices that were in use long before any man that could talk English had ever sat down in the New World. We build our machines better, but we build the same old machines."

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Blackburn, of the diocese of Fargo; and Rev. Anthony Wertner, O. S. B.

Sister M. of the Martyrs, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. William Joy, Mrs. Lina Newman, Mr. Frank Mallette, Mrs. John Gossman, Mr. William McCarthy, Mrs. Charles Cumberworth, Mr. Alexander Bedard, Mrs. Rose Gallagher, Mr. William Scott, Mrs. James McGann, Mr. William Arbing, Miss Nora O'Connor, Mrs. T. H. Clark, Mr. Henry Smith, Mr. A. D. Horne, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Mr. Philip Hughes, Mr. M. J. O'Farrell, and Mrs. Patrick Cunningham.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: a Trenton reader, \$2. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Kathryn Donnelly, \$2.50; M. C. Wirthman, \$5. For St. Anthony Bread: E. M., \$130.



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

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The Sorrowful Mysteries.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

I.

BY that stress and struggle there
 In the agony of prayer;
 By the sweat of blood that fell
 For that woe unspeakable,
 Sin upon the Sinless laid,—
 Jesus, harken! Mary, aid!

II.

By the scourge that rent and tare
 Flesh divine in shame laid bare;
 By the blood that drenched the ground;
 By the body one vast wound;
 By the stripes our healing made,—
 Jesus, harken! Mary, aid!

III.

By the crown of plaited thorn;
 By the robe of purple scorn;
 Reed for sceptre, mocking knees,
 Blows, and spitting,—by all these,
 Liege defied and King betrayed,—
 Jesus, harken! Mary aid!

IV.

By the cross they laid on Thee;
 By Thy way to Calvary;
 By that fellowship of woe
 Only Mary's heart could know;
 Shepherd, seek and save Thy strayed,—
 Jesus, harken! Mary, aid!

V.

By Thy crucifixion dread;
 By redemption finishèd;
 By the priceless gift decreed
 For Thy mourning children's need,
 Mother of God our Mother made,—
 Jesus, harken! Mary, aid!

A Glorious Triumph of the Madonna.

BY P. L. CONNELLAN.



ON the 23d of February, 1921, a strange accident occurred at Loreto. A fire destroyed the sacred and very ancient image of the Virgin Mother and Child which stood conspicuous in white, shining and jewelled robes at the rear of the altar. This was the chief—it might be said the only—disastrous effect of the fire. The gold of the crowns on the heads of the figures resisted total destruction, but the ancient, carved wood statuettes of cedar from Mount Lebanon were reduced to ashes. These statuettes were found in the Holy House when it was transferred from Nazareth, and set down on the shores of the Adriatic in the year 1291.

There is no longer need to array the evidence and proof of the authenticity of the Holy House at Loreto. Pope Clement VIII. himself ordered an inscription to be placed at the side of the hallowed edifice which reads as follows:

“Christian traveller, whom piety has conducted hither, thou beholdest the Loreto House, renowned throughout the world for its divine mysteries and glorious miracles. Here the most holy Mary, Mother of God, was born; here she was saluted by the angel; here the Eternal Word of God was made Flesh. Angels transferred this habitation from Palestine to Tersatto in Illyria [Dalma-

tia], in the year of salvation, 1291, Nicholas IV. being then Sovereign Pontiff."

The inscription having thus made known the mode of transfer of the Holy House by the hands of angels, relates the changes in its site, which occurred thrice in that year of 1291, finally resting where it now stands on the summit of the tiny hill of Loreto, three miles distant from the Adriatic Sea.

"Do thou, stranger," continues the inscription, "devoutly venerate the Queen of Angels and Mother of Grace, that by her intercession thou mayst obtain from her most loving Son pardon of thy sins, and eternal joys."

The destruction of the venerable image of the Madonna and Child at Loreto in the month of February last year was deeply felt by the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV., and the Catholic world. The Pope immediately commissioned the Vatican sculptor, Signor Quattrini, to make use of a cedar of Lebanon growing in the Vatican Gardens, and to carve a fac-simile of the lost original, which an ancient tradition attributes to St. Luke the Evangelist. The height of the new statue is 33 inches. Crowns, adorned with jewels, blessed by the Pope, were placed on the heads of the figures to replace those that were spoiled by the fire, and new gem-adorned, white robes provided.

Thus completed, the venerated statue was borne to the great church of the Madonna in Rome—Saint Mary Major—and exposed at the high altar for the veneration of the Roman people. They flocked here during the twenty-four hours of its exposition. The vast majority of the people, devout as they are to Our Lady of Loreto, had never visited her sanctuary on the other side of Italy; and it is safe to say that comparatively few of them will ever see it again. On the evening of September 6, 1922, the statue was brought back to

the Vatican, the Romans crowding the spacious square. Meantime repairs were made at the Holy House. Benedict XV. had passed to his reward.

At the early hour of four on the morning of the 7th of September, the cardinals and distinguished prelates and the Noble Guards assembled in the Vatican; and at half-past four a cortege, consisting of fourteen autos, in one of which—that given to the new Pope, Pius XI., by the ladies of Milan—was placed the image, moved at a brisk pace across the great Piazza of St. Peter's out into the streets of the Prati di Castello, and thence through the Porta del Popolo, along the old Flaminian Way.

The road passes close to scenes in which deeds were enacted that have left their traces and effects in the story of mankind. Here is the *Saxa Rubra*, or "Red Rocks," in front of which Constantine the Great engaged in battle with the Roman Emperor Maxentius, who was drowned in his escape. Constantine here turned the course of the world's history. With his triumphal entrance into the Eternal City came freedom that began the extinction of slavery, liberty to worship Almighty God, and other similar blessings. A couple of miles farther on is Prima Porta, on the site of the villa which Livia, the wife of the Emperor Augustus, built for herself. In the ruins a very beautiful and grand marble statue of the Emperor addressing his army, was found in the year 1863. This effigy of Augustus, made during his life, brings to mind the birth of the Saviour, whose image is in all the civilized, and even semi-civilized, world, while that of Augustus is a mere artistic curiosity.

As the dull day advances amidst intermittent showers, that are succeeded by blue skies and sunshine, the dwellers in the towns on the way gather into the

principal street to welcome the Madonna. The bells ring joyously as the first auto comes in sight; mortars are fired off; and the people, arrayed in their brightest and best, then flock to the open door of the church where the parish priest awaits the cortege. Little girls dressed all in white carry laurel branches which they strew on the road before the procession, which stops for a few minutes. Flowers, fresh from the gardens, are everywhere now. They cover the autos and beautify the streets. In the intervals of the loud notes of the town brass band, rises the chorus of "*Evviva Maria!*" in which all join, followed by the singing of hymns.

And this is the story, with slight variations, to be told of every town or village on the route between Rome and Loreto. In Umbria, on the high slopes of the Apennines, where occasionally the polygonal lava blocks declare that the ancient road is followed amidst the silent mountains, one asks with the poet:

What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain, built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

In the cities, such as Terni—a stronghold of socialists and communists—the houses are decorated with tapestries, whose colors age has toned down to rich harmonies, and with bright flowers, and pictures of the Madonna. And I remember Terni, when the chief name of honor on the lips of the people was Garibaldi, and where even the women were Garibaldians! Now the vast piazza in front of the cathedral was crowded to discomfort, and the enthusiasm of the people found expression in various acclamations of joy and devotion. One would imagine that Terni had been converted again, so fervently did its people surround the Madonna; and this change of spirit is met in a particular manner in a neighboring town, where the mayor, who is a communist, accompanied the archpriest, and begged the

Cardinal Legate, his Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, to pass through his town and stop there for a time, a solemn welcome having been prepared.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who had been passing a few days at Rieti, came to Montefranco to meet the cortege and the Cardinal Legate who had been staying at Visso,—his native place. The reception of the people to the Madonna at this place touched him deeply, and his eyes were filled with tears. And so it was all along the route.

Night came down, and rain and thunder accompanied the procession, but in every little town lights were multiplied and a joyous spirit was displayed. Everywhere "*Evviva Maria!*" resounded through the darkness.

At Loreto no fewer than 40,000 persons, mostly pilgrims—with their families, and provisions for two or three days,—who had been on the road for many hours, came into the little city, and prayed in the church and waited in the streets, and shouted again, with renewed enthusiasm, the familiar "*Evviva Maria!*"

Midnight struck, and still no sign of the approaching cortege. The spacious church, which loomed over the throng that filled the square and sought shelter under the magnificent portico which surrounded it, was finally invaded by the autos of the cardinals and the members of the delegation from Rome. The sacred image was then borne to its destination, and Mass began in the magnificent church which forms so grand a sanctuary for the Holy House of Nazareth, which stands under the dome, and is surrounded by a marble casing, carved in high relief by the most eminent sculptors of the Seventeenth Century.

In the centuries that have passed since this Holy House was set upon the hill of Loreto, the highways that lead to it have been continuously trodden.

First in honor and dignity come the Popes, of whom, beginning with Celestine V. in the Thirteenth Century, and coming down to Pius IX. in the Nineteenth Century, as many as forty-six have come here to pray. Dante chronicles the visit of Pope Celestine:

I in that place was Peter Damiano;
And Peter the Sinner was I in the house
Of Our Lady on the Adriatic shore.

The Pontiffs were generous of their gifts, and lavish in the spiritual privileges granted to pilgrims.

After the Pontiffs come the mighty ones of the earth, the emperors and kings, and queens and princes. The Emperor John Paleologus, of Constantinople, was followed by Charles IV. and Frederick III., and the great Charles V., the mightiest of them all, whose taciturn, long-jawed countenance looks out of the Titian portrait in the Prado Gallery of Madrid. In 1355, Charles IV. came to Rome to receive the imperial crown; but he would not make himself known there till he had, first of all, gone in pilgrim habit to visit the Church of the Apostles, and thence on to Loreto. Kings followed, beginning with Alphonsus II., King of Naples, and, continuing, two Johannas of Arragon—both queens—for whom a new road, called the Queens' Way, was constructed, and which still exists. These royal pilgrims, with others of lesser degree, brought to the shrine precious gifts of many different kinds.

The glorious company of the saints has trodden the paths that lead to Loreto. Here are four bearing the name of Francis: Francis de Paola, of Sales, Borgia and Xavier. St. Ignatius of Loyola, desirous of placing his newly-founded Order under the protection of Our Lady of Loreto, came here. So did St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and St. Stanislaus Kostka, and St. Charles Borromeo. The great Archbishop of Milan, on one occasion, in the year 1579, left the town

of Fossombrone on foot for Loreto—on foot, a distance of 50 miles,—and when he reached there, he passed the whole night in prayer in the Holy House.

Other celebrities in history came here—Don Juan of Austria after the Battle of Lepanto, which destroyed the naval power of the Turk; and Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, the author of "Don Quixote," who was wounded at Lepanto; Dante, and many others.

It is impossible to tell the beauty of the works of art which, painted in fresco, adorn the walls of the sanctuary of Loreto. The two greatest painters of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, Cesare Maccari and Ludovico Seitz have there immortalized their names.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXI.



T was a beautiful day, one that Autumn gives to console us for the death of Summer, and to soften the way towards future desolation.

"I think we shall close up earlier, to-day, Brentwood," Mr. Glassford announced, "and I shall drive you home, if there is no objection."

"They will be delighted to see you of course," answered Larry. "Perhaps you will stay the night, and we can come back together in the morning."

"I don't think that will be possible," objected Glassford.

When they were seated in the car, he added:

"It seems quite a long time since I saw everybody, and the old house. It positively fascinates me."

"It is a nice old place," said the gratified Larry, who had, however, no suspicion, as yet, of how far the man beside him was influenced by the charm of Marcia.

"Do you know, Larry," Glassford continued, actually stopping the car in the earnestness of his pronouncement, and turning towards his young companion, "I believe you have the only surviving home in the whole Island of Manhattan."

"An extreme statement, surely!"

"Extreme, I suppose; but look around; see how materialism is seizing upon us and our splendid possibilities. It is giving us apartments, crowded tenements, palaces, if you like, in exchange for the homes of yesterday. I would give the finest mansion in any of the avenues for the comfort and the charm that I have found at the Cross Roads."

Larry scarcely knew what reply to make; and Gregory, whose manner was shaken from its ordinary calm and poise, went on:

"Yes, my dear boy, materialism is a curse. It makes a man's heart sick."

It seemed strange, Larry reflected, to hear such sentiments from a man who was still young, attractive, sought after in society, admired in the Street.

"In short," Gregory added, with a laugh, and giving a lighter tone to his remarks, "I should regret having taken you as my partner if I were not quite sure that you appreciate your home."

"You need have no doubts on that score," Larry replied warmly. "I will say, it is not to be beaten for comfort."

It was almost dark as they drew near their destination, and the late moon had not yet arisen. Gregory became very silent. His mood had changed, and he scarcely spoke a word; he was full of an inward agitation. Larry, though not much of a talker himself, was perplexed by the sudden silence on the part of his companion.

"I never thought the way was so long!" Gregory exclaimed suddenly.

"It is quite a stretch," Larry assented.

The young man was no little startled when Glassford asked him, the question coming after a long silence:

"Did you ever care very much for any one—I mean, of course, for any woman?"

Larry laughed uncomfortably.

"Not since my college days. A lot of us used to rave over the village beauty."

"That was not love, Larry."

"No, of course not," the other hastily replied.

"That was a pleasant pastime; but there's another kind that hits a grown man hard."

"It's never come my way," Larry responded, simply.

"No. I suppose it will, though, some day; and may you have good luck!"

"I'll have to see what Wall Street can do for me first," Larry declared.

"Yes, I suppose it is right to make ones way first. But, take my advice, Brentwood, and seize it when it comes. Grapple it hard. If successful, love is the best thing in life."

Larry could not help wondering, if all these somewhat contradictory opinions were suggested by Gregory's own attitude towards Eloise.

"I suppose that must be it," he decided, "and she is, sure enough, an attractive girl. But—I wonder—"

He did not go further in his surmises. They seemed too much like prying into another man's affairs; and he had no wish to depreciate that cousin, whom he admired, and for whom, unlike Marcia, he had quite an affection.

"It will be rough on her, when she finds out that grandfather changed his mind," he thought; but his final conclusion was: "if she marries Glassford, it won't matter; and, of course, she will marry him, if he asks her."

They saw the lights of the old house gleaming out from the group of leafless trees, that framed it in a sort of

tracery. Gregory drew a deep breath, and in his heart he felt that the red glow from the lamp in the drawing-room was as a haven in the dreariness of the Autumn night.

"Go in and tell them I am here, while I put the car in the garage unless—"

His heart gave a sudden leap, for there was Marcia at the door, her blue eyes peering down at them, her lips smiling.

"Larry, dear, is that you?"

"Yes, and Gregory!"

"May I come in?" the latter asked, with sudden diffidence. "I realize now, I should have sent word. It is too inconvenient."

He spoke rapidly to hide his nervousness.

"We don't require notice from our friends," responded Marcia, with a quiet sincerity, that seemed to the listener the sweetest thing he had heard in many a day. "They ought to know they are always welcome."

"I will put up the car," offered Larry, and Glassford going up the steps, shook hands with Marcia.

"Marcia," he said, "how glad I am to see you again!"

He held her hand so long that he suddenly realized with some embarrassment, that she must have thought it strange.

"Come in," Marcia said, showing none of the surprise she felt at his voice and manner; "mother will be so glad."

There was mother in the same old chair, with knitting needles that she dropped to greet him.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Glassford. I was just saying to-day, it was a long time since you were here, and that you would forget us, now that Eloise had gone away."

"Were you really thinking that?" the other responded, sitting down and taking her tremulous old hand, "when I was feeling every moment an hour—"

He said more than he had intended to say in the joy of being in that room again, with its every detail dear to his heart and impressed on his memory, so that he would not have had one of them changed. He looked up to catch Marcia's blue eyes fixed on him with some astonishment, and hastily explained:

"I am like a schoolboy coming home. I do so like this old house."

"And the people in it, too," jested Mrs. Brentwood. "I hope you like everyone of us."

"Yes, and some of you," he added in an aside, "not wisely but too well."

Marcia heard, not without wonder.

"We shall be having dinner very soon," continued Mrs. Brentwood, "which must be good news after your long drive. Marcia will hurry it, I know. She did not expect you so soon."

"She did not expect me at all," laughed Glassford, "and so my apologies are due. Nor can I lay the blame on Larry. I am a self-invited guest."

Mrs. Brentwood attempted an aside, which was quite audible to Gregory, who had stooped to pick up some of the lady's wandering balls.

"See that everything is all right, my dear."

"The dinner will pass muster I think," laughed Marcia, quite aware that the guest had overheard; "it is one of our days of plenty. Eliza told me she was going to have something very nice."

"Tell Sarah, at least, that Mr. Glassford is here."

"Quite unnecessary, dear mother; you may be sure Minna ran with the news and three pairs of eyes have been peering at the motor."

Marcia sat quite unconcerned by her stepmother's evident anxiety, and directed the conversation quite nonchalantly to Gregory, who had recovered the last of the balls.

"We are all impatient, Gregory," said

Marcia, "to hear of Eloise and her successes. She has written only a couple of short notes since she went away."

"He will tell us during dinner, my dear. I know what men are. They never care to talk when they are hungry."

Gregory who was not particularly hungry, just then, laughingly said that he was quite able on the moment to furnish the required account of Eloise and her doings.

"She is in her element," he declared, "as long as the fancy lasts. She dines and she dances; she motors and she lunches. Then there is the theatre, of course, and the movies; and it is really a pleasure to see how thoroughly she enjoys everything."

"I am sure she is very much admired," put in Mrs. Brentwood; "I am afraid you will have a great many rivals for her favor."

It was a strange look which Gregory gave Marcia, as he listened to this speech; and he wondered if it were only fancy, or if in the blue eyes was a light of mockery, as they steadfastly met his own.

"She is very much admired, of course," he added, composedly, "quite a new sensation, as one might imagine; and Mrs. Critchley enjoys it all, pulling the wires and causing her puppet to dance."

"You shouldn't call Miss Eloise Brentwood a 'puppet,' it's disrespectful," laughed Marcia, "and very likely it is the other way round. Eloise will probably do the wire pulling; she has a strong will."

"Yes," assented Gregory, thinking of her attitude with regard to Hubbard, "she has a strong will. Yet, it is Mrs. Critchley who arranges the scene."

"She must have looked what Larry would call stunning, as Cinderella."

"Yes, she did. Her costume, they said, was a marvel."

"I think, though," Marcia went on,

"there were other characters that would have suited her better. Something straight and tall, with a modern touch to it, and yet old, that would have brought out all her possibilities."

"And she has possibilities," Gregory agreed; "it is remarkable how well she can look at times."

"That is one of her great attractions," Marcia added, "that she changes: no one can ever say she is monotonous."

"No, neither in looks—nor in disposition; as a distracted guardian can testify," Glassford declared.

He was glad when Sarah appeared at the door. During dinner he tried to lead the conversation into other channels feeling it difficult to talk of Eloise and her affairs, when they were all under that absurd and irritating misapprehension. He tried to make Larry talk of his experiences in Wall Street, of old Tompkins, of anything at all, but Eloise. But the talk always veered back to that difficult subject. Apart from himself altogether, he could not tell them about Hubbard, with whom she was making herself conspicuous, and who was quite possibly keeping others away.

The dinner was excellent. Eliza had kept her word, and had given them something really nice—roast duck and her own currant jelly, a deep apple pie, some whipped cream with macaroons, and coffee.

Gregory ate heartily and said, "Eliza has a genius for her craft, and no club or hotel ever gives the flavor that she does to her dishes."

"She will be delighted to hear such encomiums," said Mrs. Brentwood. "You must tell her, my dear Marcia."

"Every word of it," agreed Marcia.

"Oh, I am an ardent admirer of Eliza's," added Gregory; "the world has no such treasures now—" to quote the old song.

When dinner was over, they came into the warmth and comfort of the living-room.

"What a heavenly evening!" Marcia said, pausing at the window.

Glassford took advantage of the opening.

"What would you say to a walk?"

He was pale with the suspense of that moment. If she refused, he saw himself going away with no doubt set at rest. Marcia answered quietly:

"Should you like a walk? I shall get my wrap. It will be lovely."

Quite unconscious of the agitation, which kept Gregory Glassford silent, they passed over the lawn.

"Isn't it lovely, Gregory,—too beautiful for words!"

He would have liked to have prolonged those moments which gave him so deep and tranquil a happiness, and yet, he was feverishly anxious that the opportunity should not pass until she knew, and her mind was disabused forever, of that fatal error about Eloise.

"Where shall we go, Gregory?" continued the girl.

"Anywhere!" he was about to say, "so long as I am with you," but he answered hastily:

"Anywhere at all."

"I see you are like me, you don't want to talk in the moonlight. Everything seems so commonplace."

"But I *do* want to talk, Marcia, and it can't be commonplace, for it's about you."

"About me! Why, Eloise would think that commonplace, indeed. But let us go down the lane and out onto the highroad, and then we shall see."

"Yes, we shall see," echoed Gregory. He fancied her words seemed hurried, showing some perturbation. But for all that he had said he wanted to talk, Glassford was still strangely silent. So it was Marcia who began to tell him, instead, how Larry had been relating

wonderful tales of his partner's popularity, and how his action during the recent panic and his successes were on every tongue.

"I am telling you this," the girl said, "because we are so grateful for what you have done for Larry—for us,—though, perhaps, you are loftily indifferent to the plaudits of the multitude."

"No; we all like salutations in the market place," Gregory replied, carelessly, "though praise is chiefly to be valued for the source from which it comes."

"Larry says it comes from all sources."

"That is not exactly what I meant," Gregory responded; "but let it go at that."

They had extended their walk down to the end of the lane and were on the highroad.

"You are not tired?" Gregory asked; "you will not mind taking a longer walk? I have so much to say."

He noticed a hesitation in her manner, but after an instant's pause, she said, brightly:

"If not, why not? The moonlight is so lovely, and, for one thing, you have not told me half of the doings of Eloise."

"The columns of the society journals will tell you all that." Glassford spoke somewhat impatiently. "It is about other things I am thinking."

"About Larry, perhaps?"

He wondered if she were deliberately provoking, or so absolutely unconscious.

"No, not about Larry; though I may say, briefly, that he is doing splendidly, and measuring up to all the traditions of the Brentwoods."

"It is like you to tell me this, Gregory, and you know that nothing pleases me more."

"And now," said Gregory. "I am com-

ing to what I really meant to talk about, and that is you, you alone, or rather you and me."

"About ourselves, in short?" Marcia said, with a little laugh.

"I was thinking to-night, when I drove up to the door, of the day when I first saw you—"

"Covered with flour, probably, clad in a kitchen apron; for Minna had come to tell me there was a big gentleman outside, and the kitchen was all in a ferment."

"Well, I was not adding all those details to my picture," Gregory said with a smile. "I saw only one person,—I have been seeing her ever since."

His voice broke, but, controlling himself, he hurried on:

"I am not going to tell you all about it. There will be plenty of time for that, if you care to hear. The moonlight is too solemn for what is called love-making,—the pretty nothings a boy whispers to his first sweetheart. I want to tell you, Marcia, what you have persistently, perhaps, deliberately ignored, that I love you."

"Love me?" The words were faintly spoken.

"I am offering you a man's best gift, his love; and if there is anything in you which can respond to that sentiment, I want you to be my wife."

"Your wife?" the tone was one of unfeigned astonishment. For in that first moment, Marcia was startled, even shocked.

"To be your wife?" she repeated. "Oh, no! no! no!" and she moved away to the farther side of the road, as if to show the distance between them. Then, to Gregory's amazement, she broke into a laugh. Deeply wounded and indignant, he questioned:

"Is it so very ridiculous?"

"No, not exactly, but positively—outlandish; and, I tell you, I can not listen to it."

"You are not very flattering."

"Is this a moment for flattery, or for anything that isn't real? You are destined to marry my cousin. It is as clear as any destiny can be."

Gregory was silent, with a momentary feeling of sheer hopelessness.

"And then, you know," Marcia went on, coming nearer to him and holding out her hand, "you will be, as the old books say, 'my right trusty cousin.'"

The gesture with which she said this, in naturalness and grace, was simply perfect. The young man refused, at first, the hand she thus extended. Then he seized it, and held it against his heart.

"Dear hand!" he exclaimed, "I must accept you on any terms."

In her blue eyes, as he could distinctly see, tears were gathering, and the two stood thus an instant, while Marcia spoke in a low voice:

"I should be so sorry to hurt you."

"Hurt I must be, unless you should change your mind, and begin to think of me as I would wish."

She stopped, as if pondering, and then between tears and laughter she said:

"Oh, Gregory, it must be a mad fancy! Even if there were nothing else, I can not desert my post. Think what mother and Larry would do without me!"

"Your mother is not really your mother at all," argued Gregory, with some bitterness; "and Larry will be marrying, one of these fine days."

"Yes, no doubt he will," Marcia said, sadly. "He is quite grown up. And then, the old house?"

"Do you prefer even that to me?" Gregory said, half jesting; "and yet all these things might be accommodated; there might be a way—you will never marry a man who loves the old house as much as I do."

"Try to forget all about it," urged

Marcia, "for you really must marry Eloise, once she has had her season at the Critchleys."

"Oh! I can tell you, Eloise has other interests to occupy her, just now."

"Is that why you came?—is it after all a fit of pique?"

"If that is what you think of me, Marcia, my case is, indeed, hopeless."

"I shouldn't have said that," Marcia conceded. "But you know that you can save Eloise from all sorts of dangers."

"Am I to be sacrificed for an irresponsible child?"

"Most men would think it anything but a sacrifice to marry Eloise Brentwood," Marcia said, with some heat, as though the old clan spirit for which the Brentwoods were famous, was asserting itself.

"And I might think so, too, if I had never met another Brentwood," Gregory protested; "and I am as fond of Eloise as if she were my sister."

"It seems to me," said Marcia, slowly, "that there are noble elements in her character. It will require a great love, or a great deal of suffering, to bring them out."

"I feel sure you are right," Gregory said.

"If she loved you, for instance?" Marcia ventured, tentatively.

"She does not," answered the young man vehemently; "she is fond of me, as a guardian; she would like, perhaps, to have me for a plaything. So far, I believe, she could neither feel nor inspire the sort of love for which hearts may be broken."

"Isn't it a pity," moralized Marcia, "that love should be such a disturbing element, and always at cross purposes."

"Do you know how adorable you look in the moonlight, and with those cruel words on your lips?"

"Are they cruel?" Marcia asked, wistfully. "I think, Gregory, they are only sad."

"You are an enigma."

"Riddle me, riddle me right."

"Don't jest. I can not bear it. I am all earnest. You have made me suffer keenly, and you won't so much as give me hope."

"By yon bright moon above, that can change like man's love," quoted Marcia, still striving to give a lighter tone to the conversation.

"It is a mighty thing while it lasts, Marcia, if you will have it your own way."

"It is a perplexing, puzzling, disturbing thing," said the girl. "Why didn't you let us enjoy the moonlight in peace?"

"Because I was not at peace, and, like all men, I am selfish."

"Well, don't talk about it any more now, Gregory," said Marcia.

"May I talk of it again, some other time, Marcia," implored the young man.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Marcia. "I think it would be better if you went away and never came again to the House at the Cross Roads."

"Would you deprive me of that, too?"

"Oh, no! I don't want to deprive you of anything that is good."

"Except yourself."

"Except myself! And that is what you really want?"

"That and that alone, as Heaven is my witness."

There was no gainsaying his earnestness, and Marcia all her life would remember his face, and the gallant figure he made, standing there on that moonlit road, with the bare trees waving hopeless branches in the still air. But the idea that had taken so strong a hold of her mind was not to be so quickly dislodged. He belonged to Eloise, if she wanted him, by the right of what seemed a prior claim; a claim which her cousin had seemed to make from the very first time she spoke of Gregory Glassford.

After all, Marcia thought, this might be but a passing fancy. As if he had read her thoughts, Glassford said deliberately, almost sternly:

"For one thing, put it out of your mind, forever, that Eloise can ever be anything to me, save her father's daughter and a dear, little sister, even if she wished to change the relation between us, which I am very sure she does not."

Of the truth of this latter statement, Marcia could not be quite convinced; and her natural rectitude made her fear that she had unwittingly encroached upon what belonged to another.

"Some day, you will thank me, Gregory," she declared, as they reached the lawn near the house, "that I was not carried away by to-night's romance."

"You do not forbid me to come here?" Gregory pleaded.

"How could you think so?" cried Marcia, impulsively, laying a hand upon his sleeve, "come whenever and as often as you like."

He raised her hand to his lips.

Silently, it was withdrawn, and the two entered the house, out of the enchantment of the moonlight that was flooding the earth.

They found Larry on the hearthrug with a book, and Mrs. Brentwood playing Patience at a table.

"Had a nice walk?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Marcia, "the moonlight was wondrous."

"I hope you won't take cold, my dear. She is very imprudent, Mr. Glassford."

"Is she? Why, I should have thought she was absolutely the reverse."

There was a slight bitterness in his tone, which made Larry for the first time wonder, if he, if they all, had been mistaken. Glassford did not prolong his stay, remarking that he must get back to town in good time, as he had an early appointment in the morning.

He was far from being elated; and yet Marcia had left a loophole for the further discussion of the subject.

He would have given worlds to know what were her thoughts, now that he had left her. Had she chosen a course of action to increase his determination to win her in the end, it could not have been more effective. (But he knew that she was acting from some principle of loyalty towards her cousin, and the doubt, at least, remained as to whether that problem being solved, she might not have considered his proposal in a favorable light.

(To be continued.)

A Great Convert Physician.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

WITH the death of Horatio B. Storer on September 18, 1922, there passed from American life, well on in his ninety-third year, a man who had deeply influenced medicine in this country from the scientific as well as from the professional, and, above all, the ethical standpoint. He had been for some years the oldest living graduate of Harvard University, the only survivor of the class of 1850, which contained a number of men who had attained prominence. He retired from the active practice of his profession on account of ill health in his early forties, but not until he had deeply impressed himself upon American surgery; and after that he devoted himself to many different phases of special work relating to medicine which have rounded to his reputation. His work as a physician and its significance has passed almost completely out of the memory of even his professional colleagues, the physicians of the present generation; but those who are familiar with the course of medical history and professional ethics in the United States have continued to appreciate how much

Dr. Storer accomplished for the solution of some very thorny problems in professional life in his middle years.

During the years when he had the opportunity for deeper thought with regard to the meaning of life and the place of religion in it, prompted particularly by prolonged ill health, he was very much attracted toward the Church; and just before he reached his fiftieth year, in 1879, he became a convert to Catholicity. Since then he often said that the most important event in his life was his conversion, and that the Church had proved to him a continuous source of consolation, of strength and satisfaction in the trials of life. During his retirement he lived mainly at Newport, and became its most prominent citizen. He was the senior consultant to the City Hospital, a director of the Redwood Library, to which he gave many valuable books, and a member of the Sanitary Commission which planned for the health of Newport as it grew, and so provided the wholesome, healthful municipal condition which made it the favorite Summer home of a great many wealthy people. Dr. Storer had a long life, full of very human interests, in which he accomplished a great deal for others; and, in spite of no little physical suffering, manifestly enjoyed much happiness. As a typical American of the old stock, intelligent far above the average, with a will intent on the good of others, and a determination to do all in his power for mankind, Dr. Storer's life is well worthy of deep attention, now that its end has come.

Dr. Horatio Robinson Storer was born February 27, 1830, in Boston, Mass., the son of Dr. David Humphreys and Abbey Jane Storer. His father had been professor of obstetrics and medical jurisprudence in Harvard University. The Storer family was descended from some of the oldest blood in the State

through Gov. Dudley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and Gov. Langdon of New Hampshire. In his early years, he attended a Quaker school on Cape Cod, and then, in the true old family way, the Boston Latin School from which he went to Harvard University, in 1846, to receive his A. B. at the age of twenty, in 1850. Taking up medical studies, he was, for a time, at Tremont Medical School, and afterwards at Harvard Medical School until he received his degree of M. D., in 1853. After this he spent two years abroad; the first divided between Paris and London, and the second spent at Edinburgh as assistant in private practice to Sir James Simpson. This second year was to influence his life more deeply than any other. He returned to his native country at the age of twenty-five to become his father's assistant at Harvard.

But everything was not plain sailing for Dr. Storer in those early days, in spite of the fact that he began his career with distinguished family prestige behind him, and with his father occupying the chair of the diseases of women at Harvard. Dr. Storer, Jr., had come back from Edinburgh a thoroughgoing disciple of Simpson, the first to recommend chloroform as an anæsthetic. This was not long after the discovery of the anæsthetic value of ether here in America; but the introduction of ether in England was delayed very much by Simpson's strong recommendation of chloroform. Indeed, chloroform continued to be used in England for many years, and was considered by not a few prominent physicians and surgeons as less dangerous than ether in a great many cases. Probably, there was a certain amount of truth in their contention in the days before the method of using ether had been perfected; and undoubtedly in certain cases, as in the old, or those who had been weakened by previous disease,

and who were liable to suffer from pulmonary complications as the result of the amount of ether used, chloroform was probably safer.

As ether had first been used in the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, the physicians of the city were, almost without exception, its strong advocates. This made Dr. Storer's loyalty to Simpson, and his insistence on his belief that chloroform, in some respects at least, especially in obstetrics, was preferable to ether, a stumbling-block in the way of his professional success. He lost his position as assistant to his father's chair, and also the prospect of a full professorship of the diseases of women, which had been promised to him, as a result of the recognition of the significance of the special studies that he had made.

This was a grievous disappointment. Writing about it to me more than sixty years later, and the very year of his death, he said: "As I look back on it now, it seems to me perhaps as well that the disappointment came when it did, though it cost me much grief before I could see this. Because if I had continued to have everything my own way, and each day had proved happier than the one before, I might never have become a Catholic." Looking back on some forty years in the Church, when he was ninety-two years of age, he fully realized that the most important thing in his life had been his conversion, and that nothing could have made up to him for that. His temporal success, then, or failure, seemed a very little thing in memory, though that reverse in his early years, when he was just beginning his career, must have seemed a misfortune indeed.

At the age of thirty-five, Dr. Storer became professor of obstetrics and medical jurisprudence (two chairs that usually went together in those days) in the Berkshire Medical College, then con-

sidered to be one of the rather important medical schools of the country. He spent five years there, and then gave up his professorial work, feeling that he would thus be enabled to devote himself more effectively to the development of the specialty which he had chosen for himself, that of the diseases of women. He invented a whole series of instruments, as well as modifications of technique in operations, and demonstrated how much more could be accomplished by surgical procedures than had previously been thought possible. He was the first to suggest the use of rubber gloves in surgery; and though at first his recommendation was scouted and somewhat contemptuously laughed at, like Laennec's stethoscope, his device was to prove one of the most important additions to surgical technique ever made.

What brought Dr. Storer into great medical prominence, however, was not so much his work in his specialty, though this gave him an important position in his profession, as his taking up a crusade for the protection of unborn children. Many sad abuses had crept into the practice of the physicians, the rights of the unborn child to life being sometimes utterly unrecognized. Medical ethics had lapsed in this matter, and Professor Storer took up the task of setting the house in order. It was not an easy thing to do; above all, it was not a popular thing to do. He himself has told how many misgivings he had in the matter. It seemed as though he might appear to be setting himself up as better than the rest of his colleagues. There were other considerations, too. His devotion to this cause even threatened to interfere with his consultant practice, for it inevitably would lead many patients, present and prospective, to conclude that he was more conscientious — perhaps they would think him over-conscientious, or

even too scrupulous,—than the rest of his colleagues; and, with issues of life and death for matters hanging in the balance, they would be tempted to avoid employing him.

While Dr. Storer seemed, then, to be risking the success of his whole career, the outcome proved altogether different from any of these unfavorable anticipations. He saw a good work to be done; and though there were many possible selfish considerations against it, these carried no weight with him. There were certain serious evils to be corrected; there were certain still more serious developments, which were quite inevitable, if some one did not take up the unpopular work; and so he turned to it whole-heartedly. The result was that he won the admiration and regard of his colleagues among the regular physicians of the country, so that, when he was still under forty years of age, he was chosen vice-President of the American Medical Association, the representative organization of the scientifically trained physicians of the country. Before this, a special prize had been awarded him by the Association for his monograph relating to the right of the unborn child to life; and he received, besides, the tribute of a widespread distribution of his pamphlets among the leading physicians and lawyers. His work in this regard came at a time when it was sadly needed, as he showed very clearly by statistics, and when conditions were rapidly growing worse. It awakened a genuine sense of honor among the better class of physicians, and accomplished an immense amount of good. His election as vice-President of the American Medical Association gave him position and prestige, which furthered the magnificent moral purposes that he had set himself to promote.

In order to help in the solution of the legal problems associated with the questions involving the right of the unborn

child to life, Dr. Storer devoted himself to the study of law, and took time to attend the Harvard Law School, where, in 1868, he received the degree of LL. B. This gave his writings on the important subject of the legal rights of the child a standing among lawyers, and made him realize the legal difficulties they were under, enabling him also to offer further suggestions that would be helpful to them.

His work proved eminently successful, and attracted widespread attention. Honors flowed in on him. He was made corresponding member of the obstetrical societies of Berlin, London and Edinburgh, and of the Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York medico-legal societies, honorary member of the California State Medical Society, the Chicago Gynecological Society, the Louisville Obstetrical Society, the Canadian Medical Association, the Medical Society of the Province of New Brunswick, also of the medical societies of Finland and of Sorrento, Italy.

Dr. Storer's interest in legal matters never abated, and he continued to give serious attention to lawmaking and the application of laws, feeling it a duty to serve the community in which he lived by taking an active part in all matters of public welfare. He was one of the fathers of the city charter of Newport, which is said to be unique among municipal charters, and one of the nearest approaches to government by the whole people that has been devised. When the Newport Civic League was founded, Dr. Storer was made a member of the advisory council; and his wise suggestions have, perhaps, done more than anything else to contribute to its success. On his last birthday, February 27, 1922, he was, by a unanimous resolution, made a member of the Newport County Bar Association. This proved a source of sincere gratification to him, as had the conferring, ten years before, of the

honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Fordham University.

He believed in the necessity for intimate association among professional men, if they were to work for the benefit of the public; more than fifty years ago he suggested the value of frequent conferences among physicians. He kept up his college affiliations, attended the reunions of his class at Harvard, thoroughly enjoyed them, and remained honorary president of the Edinburgh University Club of North America until his death.

For several years before that event, Dr. Storer, as has been stated, was the oldest living graduate of Harvard; he was of the class of 1850; the last survivor, beside himself, being Mr. T. J. Coolidge of Boston, at one time Ambassador of the United States to France. As secretary of the class, it had been incumbent on him to furnish the obituaries of its members as they died. He wrote: "It has been my sad duty, as their 'Old Mortality,' to give each his send-off in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. When the last had gone, I anticipated my own post-obit, by saying that all that could be justly recalled of myself was by the quotation, 'He lived; he died. Behold the sum and abstract of the historian's page.'" But there were fortunately others who appreciated very thoroughly how much more than this his life deserved of recognition for unselfish work and efforts in the cause of righteousness.

Like many another man who had lived a long life in the enjoyment of health and strength, mental and physical, Dr. Storer early in life developed a hobby. It was the collection of medical medals, jettons and tokens struck in honor of medical events and medical men. He collected more than 5000 of these objects from almost every country of the world. He devoted himself also to the study of his collection and the broader subject of

numismatics, to which it was related, until he became a recognized authority on this hobby. The *Newport Herald*, the day after his death, in sketching his life, said of this phase of his activity and the recognition which came to him because of it: "As a result of his activities in the field of medical numismatics, he was made a member of many of the leading numismatic societies, not only of this country, but of other nations. At the time of his death, he was an honorary member of the American Numismatic Association, the American Numismatic Society, and the Boston Numismatic Society; a foreign member of the Royal Numismatic Society of Belgium, of the Kon. Nederland, Genoot Munten Penning, Amsterdam, and of the Royal Society of Vienna."

In 1872, when Dr. Storer was only forty-two years of age, he met with one of those terrible accidents which sometimes occur to even the most careful of surgeons. While performing an operation, he received such a serious wound that his life was almost despaired of; for a time, indeed, it seemed as though he could not possibly recover. When recovery set in, there were complications that delayed his convalescence; he suffered from joint infection, and, as a consequence, one of his knees became ankylosed; that is, so firmly fixed by an adhesive inflammatory process that it could not be flexed. This affliction remained with him all the rest of his life. For a while after his convalescence, as he once told me, he feared that the inactivity which his stiff knee imposed on him would surely result in the shortening of his days. As he lived to be nearly ninety-three, however (and, indeed, when he spoke to me was well past eighty), it is easy to understand now how groundless were his fears.

It was while he was thus ill that he became interested in the Church, and eventually joined it. Life had seemed

very different when viewed from the horizontal, especially as there was little likelihood that it would ever again be viewed from the vertical. At the time of his conversion, it looked as though he would not have many years of life in the Church; as a matter of fact, however, as in the case of Cardinal Newman, Dr. Storer was to enjoy nearly as many years in the Church as he had lived out of it. More than once, he assured me that nothing had been the source of so much satisfaction to him as his becoming a Catholic. With the passing years, it became harder and harder for him to understand how he could have had any real joy in life apart from the consolation afforded to him by the Church. He was one of those who, in spite of scientific training and intimate contact with men of education, from whom modern science had taken away nearly all faith in a hereafter and a spirit world, have never had a serious doubt of the divine character of the Church. Difficulties he had, of course, as everyone has, for we are in the presence of the greatest of mysteries; but he would have been the first to suggest that a thousand difficulties do not make a single doubt.

A Prayer.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TAULER. BY FRANCES BEVAN.

AS the lily of the valley,
 White and pure and sweet,
 As the lowly violet trodden
 Under wandering feet;
 As the rose amidst the briars
 Fresh and fair is found,
 Heedless of the tangled thicket,
 And the thorns around—
 As the sun-flower ever turning
 To the mighty sun,
 With the faithfulness of fealty
 Following only one—
 So make me, Lord, to Thee.

The Way of Mrs. Garvey.

BY JANE CONDON.

II.

ONE night about three months after David, in his quick flare of temper, had left home, Mary Ellen was aroused from sleep by a pounding at the door. Her heart leaped, and then fell; David had a latchkey. It must be Amos Weed; she had promised his wife to be with her when the baby should arrive. She dressed hurriedly; all thought of David fled in her solicitude for Mrs. Weed. "Sure," she thought, "the Lord gives us all an equal, if not a like, portion. She that has seven children already, hasn't enough means without the help of others to feed them; I that have none at all, have money to spare to her."

At the door she found Amos huddled, shivering, against the house. "The Missus wants you, ma'am," he chattered.

She disappeared within the house, reappearing a moment later with a fur coat. "Put this on you. 'Tis David's. Have you called Dr. Summers?"

"No, the Missus said not to, because we're depending already on charity."

"Get him at once. 'Tis not charity, but common decency, that'll bring him."

Amos fled at her command. He was quick enough once his decisions were made; all he needed was some one to make them for him.

When Mary Ellen reached the Weed home, she found Amos and the doctor there. Throwing off her wraps she followed the physician into Mrs. Weed's room. Amos, constantly tiptoeing in and out of the house, made more noise than if he had not attempted to be quiet. Finally, his aimless wanderings were stopped by Mary Ellen, who came out with a basket swathed in blankets.

"Amos," she said with a proud and tender smile, "take a good, long look at the darlings."

"Darlings!" he gasped. "It never rains, but it pours."

In amazement, Mary Ellen witnessed his distress. "What's the trouble with you now? You were expecting them, weren't you?"

"Not two!"

"Well, 'tis glad you should be that the Lord has been so generous."

"They'll have to go to the asylum, ma'am. We can't take care of the seven we have now, without help from the parish. And they're docking my wages the first of the month."

"They'll not go next nor near the asylum then! I'll adopt them myself, if you and herself are willing."

"But David—"

"I haven't David now, so I may as well have the children. Besides, there were not so many adopted at Christmas last but what the asylum must be full enough. I'm half believing that 'tis the will of God I should have them."

"All right. I know the Missus would rather give them to you than send them to the asylum."

"Have Dr. Summers telephone the City Hospital for a nurse; I'll look after the expense. I must go in now till I see how your wife is." And she passed into the room, from which in a short time the doctor emerged.

"Everything's fine, Amos. I'll drive around and get the nurse. Mrs. Garvey has told me of her intention. She's a fine woman, Amos, a wonderful woman!"

"She is, Doctor; I have good reason to know it. We hated to do it, Doctor, but what better—"

"You couldn't, Amos, nobody in your circumstances could have done better. And if it hadn't been for that whole-souled woman, you couldn't have done half as well."

Dr. Summers took Mary Ellen home in his automobile. She carried her precious burden up the slippery steps.

As she unlocked the door misgiving seized her, but she shook it off. "Things can't be much worse than they were before; and if the worst comes to the worst, I'll have the twins anyhow."

Tenderly she laid the basket down on her own bed, and, unwrapping the outer coverings, made the babies comfortable. She did not go to bed herself, but kept silent watch fearful lest the covers might smother them.

During her vigil she composed a note to David, telling him that at last the Lord had seen fit to answer her prayers; that He had blessed their home with twin babies, born that very day; and that, as one of them was a boy, she would need his help to bring the little lad up properly.

Early next morning, a few minutes after she had dropped the note into the mail box, Doctor Summers arrived with a nurse.

"Mrs. Garvey, this is Miss Barnes. She is in on the secret, and is the very essence of discretion. Where are the twins?"

Mary Ellen led them upstairs to her room. As he bent over the basket he chuckled, "Fat as little guinea-pigs! By George! did you notice, Mrs. Garvey, how much the little lady resembles David?—red hair, pug-nose, blue eyes. Let her get a little sun, and I'll bet she'll grow freckles, too."

"That's what gave me the idea, Doctor, of making out to David that the babies are ours. I only hope it turns out all right."

"Sure it will! I'll bet all David needs to bring him home is a word from you." And, shaking her hand heartily, he departed.

Mary Ellen turned to Miss Barnes, and the sympathy she saw in the warm brown eyes reassured her. "Miss Barnes," she said, leading the way to an adjoining room, "just make yourself at home here. You'll not find me a very

finicky patient until David gets home, and then I suppose I must make out to be a very sick woman. But, in the meantime, as long as I don't know when to expect him, and as Mrs. Ferguson's Annie will be in pretty soon to do the work, I suppose I'd better go to bed."

Miss Barnes agreed. "You'll be a much more convincing patient there, Mrs. Garvey."

And so Mary Ellen went to bed, and, in the presence of Annie, played the part of a wan but happy patient. In the absence of the girl she showed a growing uneasiness; never before had she been confined to her room for a whole day; and there was the additional anxiety about David. Suppose he should never return! Though she confided none of her fears, the nurse, who was an observant young woman, guessed them, and strove to keep her mind occupied with other thoughts.

That evening a knock at the door of the sick-room sent Mary Ellen, who had been walking about the room for a little exercise, back to bed. The nurse went to the door, where she held a whispered conference, then nodded and closed the door.

Mary Ellen sat up in bed. "Who is it? Annie's mother?"

The nurse shook her head and approached the bed.

"David?" The glad, half-sobbing cry brought tears to the nurse's eyes.

She nodded and laid a warning finger upon her smiling lips. "Remember, you're sick. Snuggle down, and let me tuck you in a bit before he comes in."

Mary Ellen obeyed with docility.

A second knock called Miss Barnes to the door, and David stood on the threshold, looking in at Mary Ellen, who was very still, and pale and flushed by turns. Miss Barnes smiled reassuringly, and left the room. Hesitatingly David approached the bed. Mary Ellen smiled her welcome.

"David, I was afraid—afraid you—" Her voice broke.

Sitting on the bed David took her hand, and his own voice trembled. "There, there, dear. If I'd known, I'd never have gone. But I didn't know Mary Ellen;—I didn't know."

Mary Ellen was happy, and held tight to David's hand.

"I didn't know then myself. And I didn't know where to get you. You left the house so angry with me, dear. I was afraid, too. But when the babies came I knew you'd want to know."

Remembering, David looked about the room until his glance rested upon a white crib.

"Go look at them, David. The girl's the very spit of yourself, even to the turned-up nose."

David went to look, while Mary Ellen fearfully watched him. After gazing on the babies a moment he took a little hand, and, when the tiny fingers clutched his finger, a tender smile broke out over his homely face, and he said, "Mary Ellen, I believe the little red-headed colleen knows me."

"And why shouldn't she?" she replied. "David, how did you get here so soon?"

"I was worried about you, Mary Ellen; and I used to come back to town now and again to find out how you were getting on. Wentworth knew that it was about time for me to show up at the office; so when your letter came this noon, he didn't forward it, and when I got into town to-night I found it there. So here I am."

When Miss Barnes came in she saw that things had gone well.

"Yes," Mary Ellen conceded, "he never thought of questioning me. But why should he? Sure, I never deceived him before."

As the days passed, Mary Ellen convalesced plausibly, and the twins wound their way deeper and deeper into her

own and David's heart. After she got up, and Miss Barnes had departed, he assisted in the care of the twins, clumsily at first, but with growing dexterity. When Ellen, for he had insisted upon naming the girl after his wife, awakened them at night with an insistent wail, he carried her downstairs out of earshot of Mary Ellen, and walked the floor until sleep again wooed the baby into oblivion. And when Emmet lost his bottle over the side of the crib, David retrieved it with the willing slavery that knows no impatience.

But, though the desire of ten patient years had been fulfilled, Mary Ellen grew daily less happy; for the deceit which she had practised preyed upon her mind. She longed to undeceive her husband, and so unburden her mind of its strain. But if she told him the truth, David, who was as naturally truthful as herself, but had never known the saving humiliation of a fall from veracity, would have no sympathy for her. She dreaded to contemplate what he might do.

Day by day she became more introspective and nervous. The smile, which in the old days had mounted to her lips, in answer to one of David's witty sallies, was now forced. At times, she looked up to perceive him regarding her wonderingly. When he repeated what he had said, she flushed. She grew so unlike her old self that David was worried. He, who had repeatedly suggested a nursemaid, now insisted. When the new maid came, Mary Ellen was deprived of the care of the twins, the only distraction which had helped to soothe her.

As Easter Sunday drew near, David's anxiety for her lessened; and he became so engrossed in plans for such an Easter as had never before been celebrated in their home, that he failed to notice that his wife's enthusiasm did not match his own. The enormity of her offence

became clearer and lay heavier upon Mary Ellen's heart.

Good Friday afternoon David came home early. "Put on your hat, and I'll drive you over to the church before the crowd gets too thick around the confessional," he said to his wife. "From now on until the last minute to-morrow night the crowd will be growing. You know how they all flock to Holy Communion Easter mornings. We'll go to confession now before—"

The crash of breaking glass stopped him; the milk-bottle, which she was filling, had slipped from Mary Ellen's hand. She looked down at the glass, up at him, down again at the glass, terror on her face.

He ran to her. "What's the matter? Are you sick?" But she waved him away.

"I can't go to confession, I can't—"

"You're sick."

"No, but I tell you I can't go."

"Well, why then if you're not sick—"

"I can't, I tell you." And she began to cry.

Comprehension dawned on David, and Pity pursued Fear over his countenance. "There, there, dear, you don't have to go," he said soothingly. "You're not well." And he strove to lead her from the room.

But Mary Ellen refused to stir.

"'Tis not sick I am, David, nor crazy, but I can't go to confession, not—until I tell you first, David."

"You don't have to tell me anything."

"I must, I—David, the twins are not our own children."

David, his heart wrung with pity, protested, "Don't excite yourself, dear; don't tell any more."

"The twins are not our children, David," she repeated.

"I know it, Mary Ellen,—I know it."

"You know it! How did you know it? And why—why didn't—you—tell—me?" she sobbed.

As the bewilderment increased in David's face, she reiterated: "David, I tell you 'tis not mad I am. Mrs. Weed is the twins' mother. They were going to put them in the asylum, so I adopted them. I was very lonesome while you were away."

As the truth slowly dawned upon David he trembled a bit with relief. Then he said: "But they are yours now, aren't they, dear, if you adopted them?"

She looked at him sharply. "But I deceived you, David."

"So you did, so you did." And shaking his head with mock severity, he added: "But don't let it happen again."

Not quite satisfied, she persisted. "And you're not angry with me, David?"

"And why should I be? Would I have the twins, little mother, if it hadn't been for you?"

(The End.)

Doles.

BY E. BECK.

THE Irish custom of providing refreshments at wakes and funerals came in for a good deal of censure in bygone days. It is true that the practice was too often carried to excess; but not in Ireland alone was it the custom to feast at funeral obsequies. Amongst the Jews, it was the invariable practice for the acquaintances and neighbors of the dead person to prepare a feast for the mourners, so that the immediate relatives of the deceased might not be troubled in their sorrow with household cares. In pagan Greece and Rome the feasting at funerals took the form of sumptuous banquets.

The Fathers of the early Christian Church diverted the pagan custom of feasts at funerals to the pious practice of almsgiving for the benefit of the souls of the dead. St. Chrysostom asked the early Christians: "Would you honor the

dead? Then give alms." The softening influence of charitable almsgiving insensibly calmed the grief of the relatives of the departed, while it benefited many needy people. As time went on, the amount of food and money to be expended at death came to be mentioned in the wills of the dying under the term of doles. Very frequently these doles took the form of bread.

The famous Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, noted for witchcraft, died in 1399, and decreed that fifteen poor men should carry torches at her funeral; for this service they received clothes, as well as a money gift equal to twenty pounds. Joan, Lady Hungerford, who died a century or so later, appointed poor women as torch-carriers at her obsequies, for which they were to be suitably provided. Lords Poyning and Windsor are mentioned also as leaving gifts of clothing and money for those assisting at their burial.

"The Wayfarers' Dole" of bread and beer can still be received, by those who ask for it, at the Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, England. This dole was established in the reign of Stephen near the "almshouse of noble poverty," founded by Cardinal Beaufort. A native of Winchester, who died in the Sixteenth Century, left property to provide sixty loaves to be distributed annually at Whitsuntide at his tomb.

Many of the doles yet existing in England are paid at specified times. The vicar of Hallarton, Leicestershire, holds land on the condition of providing "hare-pies, ale, and penny-buns" to be "scrambled for" on each Easter Monday on the ground known as Hare-Pie Bank. The vicar of St. Bartholomew's, London, drops each Good Friday, on the grave of a lady long since dead, twenty-one sixpences which are to be picked up by the same number of respectable widows.

In other days a charity something like that of St. Cross at Winchester,

existed at Sprotborough near Doncaster in York. On a cross the following invitation was given:

Whoso is hungry, and lists to eat,
Let him come to Sprotborough for his meat;
And for a night and for a day
His horse shall have both corn and hay.

But the most widely known of all English doles is that established by one Dame Mabella Tichborne in the time of Henry II. The lady had been for a long period bedridden; and, legend says, when her time came to die she petitioned her lord, Sir Roger, a very valiant knight, that he would give her ground to establish a dole of bread for the needy on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Perhaps Sir Roger was not very generous. At any rate, he promised the lady the ground she could encircle in a certain time for her pious purpose. The venerable dame caused her attendants to carry her to a part of her husband's estate. If her limbs were crippled her faith was strong. To the utter bewilderment of her husband and friends, she, with incredible energy, got round a goodly number of rich acres before she could be stopped. Immediately afterward the pious lady died. The field she encircled is yet known as "the Crawls," and the number of loaves baked formerly for distribution was nineteen hundred.

Fish doles were also numerous. In the Sixteenth Century, John Thake left his house and lands to establish the custom of distributing white and red her-ring among the poor of Clavering, in Essex, on the first Friday of Lent, and at Newmarket in Suffolk on the same day, there was a like bequest made by a native of the district.

It is the likeness of Christ in the pastor that transforms the members of the flock into the likeness of Christ.

—*Bishop Hedley.*

Ireland's Young Apostles of Clean Literature.

ALTHOUGH distressful news has been coming from Ireland regarding the civil war raging between the provisional government and the upholders of a republic, we occasionally catch glimpses of an Ireland more understandable to those in America who love her. For example, an association has been formed among the boys and girls of the Irish schools which has three objects. First, to clear the country of the filthy reading which is to be found on the news-stands and in the periodical shops, and which comes almost entirely from abroad. Secondly, to attempt to bring about a reform of the moving-picture houses, so many of which show unclean or dangerously suggestive pictures. Thirdly, to try to get the boys of Ireland to abstain from smoking until they are of age. This triple resolution reads as follows:

For the glory of the Sacred Heart; to show our love for Mary, His Immaculate Mother; for the honor of our ancient country; to prove ourselves worthy children of our ancestors; to help in building up a better and a holier Ireland; and to preserve in our homes the perfume of the Lily of Purity planted there by St. Brigid, we resolve:

"1. Never to buy, or borrow, or read, filthy literature, especially the Sunday weeklies that come from across the Channel; and, following the advice of the Archbishop of Dublin, to boycott, in every way we can, the shops of those people who carry on an unholy traffic by the sale of such publications. 2. Never to visit a picture house or theatre until we first find out the character of the entertainment given there. And if anything contrary to purity or morals should be exhibited, to immediately leave the place. 3. To avoid the use of tobacco until we reach the age of twenty-one (As the habit of smoking is unwomanly, the limit of age does not apply to girls).

"The badge 'To God and Ireland True' will stand for all three resolutions."

An appeal for a crusade against immoral and dangerous reading issued by the director and organizer reads:

There are at present shiploads upon shiploads of immoral, filthy and unhealthy Cross-Channel literature pouring into this country. They are being bought and read by the Irish people; and, if they are not immediately boycotted and done away with, they will ruin the minds and souls of both the Irish children and the entire people!

News agents, stationers, and booksellers are requested, in the name of God and of Ireland, not to stock, sell, or buy any more of this immoral filth, published in the dens of London and elsewhere by persons completely in league with the devil.

The Irish children and entire Irish people are also asked, in the name of God and of Ireland, not to buy or read any more of this immoral filth, and to boycott all persons stocking or selling or buying the same.

Earnest workers are wanted to start crusades in all parts of Dublin and county.

The young people who take the resolution quoted above are called Apostles of Clean Literature, and the title is a worthy one. Ireland is not the only country that needs such Apostles. Here in the United States, young people banded together with some such resolutions as those taken by the Irish boys and girls, would find plenty of work to do; for, without the shadow of a doubt, unclean reading and unclean movies are doing the devil's work among us.

Franciscan Missionaries.

Most Catholics, we think, will be surprised to learn from recent statistics that the three branches constituting the First Order of St. Francis represent, all told, about the tenth part of the whole evangelizing work of the Church in the world to-day. The different Franciscan congregations of women form one-fifth of the missionary Sisterhoods. Among the Franciscans, the Capuchins hold a very important part in missionary activities. Scattered amongst the different Capuchin missions to the heathen, there are now, on active service, no fewer than 759 Fathers and 280 lay brothers.

Notes and Remarks.

The need of more vocations to both the sacerdotal and the religious state in this country has of late years become more and more evident. Not only the adequate religious instruction of the faithful at large, but the educational formation of our young people, imperatively demands a more numerous force of priests, Brothers, and Sisters. Prelates in different parts of the United States have, from time to time, made special efforts to increase the number of boys and girls willing to listen to the call of God; and now, Bishop Schrembs, of Cleveland, has taken a long step towards the desired goal. He has solicited and secured from the Holy Father a Plenary Indulgence for those who make a public novena for the purpose of increasing vocations to the sacerdotal state and the religious life throughout the country. We quote the specific prayer that has been formulated for this novena:

Antiphon: Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go ye also into my vineyard. *Response:* Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest.

Let us pray: O God, who dost not desire the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live, grant, we beseech Thee, through the intercession of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and of all the saints, an increase of laborers for Thy holy Church, who, co-operating with Christ, may give themselves and spend themselves for the salvation of souls. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

In common, very probably with a good many more Americans, we have been giving Mr. Towner, of the Towner-Sterling Bill, credit for more intellectual honesty than is strictly due him. In the report of a speech of his delivered before the University of Illinois—a report of which appears in the Masonic organ, the *Builder*,—Mr. Towner is represented as saying that illiteracy is

not a question affecting Georgia any more than the rest of the country. The facts, according to him, do not warrant the conclusion that the problem is peculiarly a Southern one. For proof he cites, as against 389,000 illiterates in Georgia, 406,000 illiterates in New York. He does *not* cite the respective populations of the two States,—2,895,000 for Georgia, and 10,385,000 for New York. Nor does he quote the proportion of foreign-born to native-born among the illiterates in question. This is palpably dishonest arguing, and Mr. Towner must know it. We have hitherto believed him merely mistaken as to his views on education; we now consider him utterly unreliable as an advocate or a witness.

Very much to our liking, for reasons which most readers will consider unnecessary of explanation, is the answer made by Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Chicago to the Rev. Father Vernimont, who had applied to them for information about a certain "female lecturer," whose repertory includes an attack on their convent and themselves. They wrote: "Dear reverend Father, we have received your letter, and in reply ask you to pray for us and for all who believe what our enemies say against us. As our divine Lord Himself was maligned and persecuted when on earth, we, as His followers, can not of course expect to meet with praise or appreciation."

In a letter to the *Daily American Tribune*, Father Vernimont declares that Catholic editors should expose calumniators. So they should, when it is worth while to do so. Defamers of our Sisters, and those who listen to them, expose themselves.

The adoption of the constitution of the Irish Free State gives timeliness to a discussion of "The Judicial Office,"

contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of September by the Rev. David Barry. As a theologian, the author deals with a variety of cases in which the morality of a judge's acts may be open to question; and furnishes both intrinsic reasons and external authority for the conclusions at which he arrives. We have been especially interested in the two following paragraphs of Father Barry's important paper:

In England, some time since, a good deal of criticism, mostly emanating from legal circles, was directed against a well-known judge, because, instead of confining himself to the law of the case, he sought, independently of counsel at both sides, to elicit facts and to put forward explanations alternative to theirs. And, however natural and proper it may seem to try to discover the whole truth, and to supplement the meagre information furnished by partisan advocates, the theologians are not much in favor of the judge's intervention for this purpose. They rather deprecate it, and regard it as, generally speaking, unwise and unwarranted interference, liable to expose his impartiality to suspicion; especially if competent advocates are engaged on both sides. . . .

To whatever extent the administration of justice was likely to be biassed by considerations not so grossly unworthy, abuses, due to bribery and corruption, have been almost, or quite, unknown among us. So I need not discuss the views of the theologians as to the responsibility incurred by a judge who has been given a bribe, with a view to inducing him to give a particular verdict—whether a just or an unjust one.

This second extract is an incidental, though an exceptionally high, compliment to the character of such judges, English or Irish, as have been holding Court in Ireland.

Among questions which pupils under twelve of a public school in Maryland were lately called upon to furnish answers ("home work"), under penalty of having to "stay in," we find these: "How do people in countries that are not Christian number the years?"—"Is our Government a democracy?"—"What would have happened to the world if

the Persians had conquered the Greeks, instead of the Greeks conquering the Persians?"—"What is meant by the statement, 'The blood of martyrs became the seed of the Church'?"

Such questions put to children not yet in their teens are calculated to make martyrs of them—very unwilling martyrs, though; victims of educational abnormality they might be called. Our parochial schools, as everybody knows, produce none such.

Others besides the representative of one of the leading American periodicals, who lately applied to us for reference to a remarkable saying of Dr. Johnson on matrimony, will welcome the following further words on the same subject; also to be found in his "Lay Sermons" (part I., sermon I., page 14). We know of but one edition of the work, and few persons seem ever to have heard of it:

...Whoever is to choose a friend, is to consider, first, the resemblance or the dissimilitude of tempers. How necessary this caution is to be urged as preparatory to marriage, the misery of those who neglect it sufficiently evinces. To enumerate all the varieties of disposition, to which it may on this occasion be convenient to attend, would be a tedious task; but it is proper to enforce, at least, one precept on this head,—a precept which was never yet broken without fatal consequences, "Let the religion of the man and woman be the same." The rancor and hatred, the rage and persecution, with which religious disputes have filled the world, need not to be related: every history can inform us that no malice is so fierce, so cruel, and implacable as that which is excited by religious discord. It is to no purpose that they stipulate for the free enjoyment of their own opinion; for how can he be happy who sees the person most dear to him in a state of dangerous error, and ignorant of those sacred truths, which are necessary to the approbation of God and to future felicity? How can he engage not to endeavor to propagate and promote the salvation of those he loves? Or, if he has been betrayed into such engagements by an ungoverned passion, how can he vindicate himself in the observation of them? The education of children

will soon make it necessary to determine, which of two opinions shall be transmitted to their posterity; and how can either consent to train up in error and delusion those from whom they expect the highest satisfactions, and the only comforts of declining life?

How thoroughly disillusioned people are becoming in regard to the World War! While it was in progress, the conviction was general that bettered conditions would result, and international peace be firmly and forever established. Justice was to triumph and goodwill to abound. The great criminals of the war were to be properly punished, and their victims—all that remained of them above ground—were to be helped and protected. But instead of being better, conditions are worse than when the strife began; and international peace is as remote as ever. The great criminals enjoy immunity in their retirement, and the wrangle over reparation still continues. The Turk has returned to Europe and become stronger than before. The remnant of Armenia has been delivered to its destroyer. The allied nations are bickering among themselves and drifting straight toward outright estrangement. All this is as plain as sunshine. Not until the world returns to God will justice triumph and goodwill prevail.

The disillusionment of the soldier and the longing of all whose ideals have not perished are well expressed in an article contributed to the current number of the *North American Review* by Margaret Prescott Montague. As coming in disjointed whispers from a soldier who lost an arm in the war, she presents this indignant outburst:

For God's sake, next time, give us something better than war to die for! Preach danger to us, and hardship, and something big to die for, and you'll always get us, always get the young men—only, for heaven's sake, don't set us to killing one another again. Mind, I

think our side was right, and if it had to be, I was glad I was in it—only why in God's name didn't some of you wise ones see it coming, and dig in to resist it years ago? We didn't know. How should we—that's not our job. We only follow a good lead. We're always there, I tell you, red-hot and ready for anything big. We're straining on the collar, and always ready; and then suddenly some of the big ones go crazy, and slip the leash, and in an instant we're at one another's throats, killing each other for a big idea—*killing* each other! God, what a — waste! There it is, I tell you,—all the red-hot youth and idealism of the world, always there, a flame in the heart—always to be called on! But they *never* call on it for anything but war! Oh, can't you give us something better than that to die for?...Oh, you think the war's over and the world—what's left of it—safe now—I tell you it's *never* safe! Something will happen again; and in a second, before you realize it, you'll have us at one another's throats once more. Oh, I'm safe enough now! [he glanced at his empty sleeve] but there are always more of us! Great God, you could do *anything* with us—move mountains, turn the world over, make a new heaven and a new earth—but all you ever do is to set us to murdering one another. Oh, for God's sake—for *Christ's* sake, preach us something better than war!

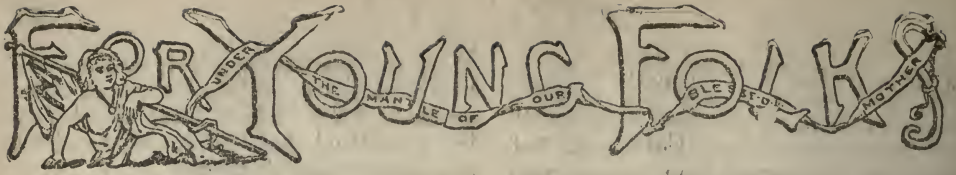
If there are still people who believe that the world has made, and is making, steady progress towards the industrial millennium; or if others are convinced that the erection of a swarming railroad centre is a greater achievement than the building of a city like Bruges or Rheims, they have steady and determined opposition from a constantly increasing number of authorities. The following bit is culled from Mr. Carleton H. Parker's, "The Casual Laborer":

In Florence, around 1300, Giotto painted a picture; and, the day it was to be hung in St. Mark's, the town closed down for a holiday and the people, with garlands of flowers and songs, escorted the picture from the artist's studio to the church....We produce, probably per capita, one thousand times more in weight of ready-made clothing—Irish lace, artificial flowers, terra cotta, movie films, telephones, and printed matter,—than these Florentines did; but we have, with our

100,000,000 inhabitants, yet to produce that little town, her Dante, her Andrea del Sarto, her Michael Angelo, her Leonardo da Vinci, her Savonarola, her Giotto,—or the group who followed Giotto's picture.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., whose death was announced by cable last week, will be remembered as a zealous priest, eloquent preacher, and fearless writer. His piety was in keeping with his patriotism; and if he was sharply criticised sometimes during the War for utterances which seemed at variance with his profession, those who knew him personally were sure that he meant well, and attributed his lack of prudence to his excess of zeal. If he seemed to hate the rich, it was because he so sincerely loved the poor. He sometimes overshot the mark, for fear of not hitting it; he talked in italics in order to be sure of being heard. His honesty and unselfishness, however, were never questioned. He had many critics and opponents, but many more admirers and friends. A great priest and a great Englishman, with the defects of his qualities, was Father Bernard Vaughan. Peace to his soul!

Having learned that an anti-Catholic paper was being circulated in their city, members of the Catholic Women's Club, of Tacoma, Washington, visited all the news-stands and, by their protests, had the sheet withdrawn. And the news dealers were taught a lesson which they are not likely to forget. Men would have sat round, talking and agreeing that this really ought to be done; the women went out and did it. Perhaps there was some talking among themselves over the matter, but they did more than talk. Incidentally, the common opinion that women, more than men, are given to mere prattle, is disproved by any gathering of the sex that is supposed to be superior.



In a Garden Long Ago.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

PACING gently to and fro

In a garden, long ago,
Mary and her little Child
At the hours smiled.

Tenderly she stroked His brow,
Smooth, and fair, and rosy, now,—
Visioning a thorn-crowned head
Mary's heart oft bled.

Though her joys held more of pain,
Never once did she complain.

"Full of grace!"—and Mary knew
But His will to do.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

IV.

LIGHTING from the carryall, Mr. Raimond opened a low gate and let Camille and Fox pass through into a large field, which was perfectly square. Three-fourths of this enclosure was uncultivated and covered with weeds and thistles; the rest was planted with trees, whose spreading branches were laden with fruit. In one corner lay a pile of old boards, rusty tools, gardeners' implements, and broken stones. The surrounding wall was high in some places and broken and low in others, where one could see the traces of trespassers.

"Here is your garden and your orchard," said Mr. Raimond, jovially. "Above all things see that the robbers leave some fruit on the trees for you. You can plant potatoes over there; they are easy to raise. Let the grass grow on this other side. When it gets tall you can cut it, and all the fruit-dealers

in the neighborhood will buy it for their rabbits. You will be as happy as a king here, if you are industrious."

"And do you give me *all this*?" inquired the boy in surprise.

"I give you *nothing*," was the reply, "but I permit you to use everything."

"That means that I can go and come as I please, dig up the earth, and build me a house with those boards over there?"

"You are free to do just as you like,—yes, entirely free."

"How can I thank you, sir!"

"By keeping good watch, so that no one can come at night to tear down the walls and carry off my fruit. That will be easy for you. As soon as your dog warns you of the presence of trespassers, you have only to blow this horn and rouse the guards."

"I understand, sir. And now, with your permission, I will set to work to build me a little cabin before dark."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, but I'm obliged to start off to-day on a trip, to be gone a month or two. Fortunately, it's warm, and you'll have plenty of time before Winter to build your house. Still, if you want to begin right away, I'll give you some good advice. Take that angle of the wall over there; it will shield you from the north wind and will furnish two sides of your cabin. At any rate, you'll be better off here than in the streets, and you'll have a better shelter than you had last night. A carpenter lives close by. I will recommend you to him so that you can borrow any tools that you may need."

"Thank you, sir,—thank you very much!" said Camille. "You have made me very happy!"

"So you're contented, are you?" said

Mr. Raimond. "Well, good-bye, my little Robinson Crusoe!—good-bye!"

As he went out to the carryall with his newly-made friend, Camille saw a young girl coming down the street toward them. It was Marie, the blind man's daughter. She carried something which moved about in her apron, and Camille heard a soft cooing.

"At last I've found you, my little friend!" exclaimed Marie. "My father sent me to thank you and to tell you that he would never forget the kind favor you did him. As soon as he can pay back the ten francs he owes you, he will do so."

"He doesn't owe me anything," answered Camille. "Mr. Raimond has had the kindness to—"

"To give you ten francs," the ex-hosier hastened to explain; "but not to pay the ten francs the blind man owes you."

The boy made no reply.

The girl then took from her apron a pair of white pigeons and gave them to Camille.

"These are to show our gratitude," she said. "Please accept them."

"A pair of pigeons for me?" exclaimed Camille, with wide-open eyes. "What shall I do with them?"

"Why, bless me! Eat them, of course," said Mr. Raimond, laughing, as he got into his carryall. "Good-bye, Camille!" he called out again, as he prepared to drive away. "Take care of my field. Don't let anything get stolen."

Mr. Raimond now drove off at a gallop, and the carryall soon disappeared from view. Marie went away too, not without again expressing her gratitude to the boy, and receiving from him many thanks for the pretty pigeons.

Camille then turned back to his field, and, looking around over the large enclosure, he exclaimed:

"Here I am on my desert island!—only Robinson Crusoe's was surrounded by water and mine is hemmed in by

stones. But I have a dog and two pigeons—more than he had."

Notwithstanding his courage, the solitude to which he was so unaccustomed oppressed Camille a little. He turned to his dog and pigeons—his only companions.

Soon the slanting rays of the sun made him think of preparing his shelter for the night. He went up to the pile of boards and set to work. He chose the corner indicated by Mr. Raimond, and began to make a floor by laying boards of equal length side by side. Then he tried to make some of them stand up for the walls, but this was more difficult, and he had to give it up.

"I must sleep over this," he said to himself. "I'll have my supper, put my pigeons to bed, and go without a roof for to-night."

So, after eating a piece of bread, which he shared with Fox, he pulled some grass and made a nest for the pigeons. Then he lay down on his boards, but found them very hard.

"If I only had a bundle of hay or straw!" he thought.

Then glancing at the nest he had made for his pigeons, he decided to make a like one for himself. He rose, went out and pulled up large handfuls of grass, with which he covered the boards. He then lay down again, with his dog at his feet; and soon both were sleeping soundly.

V.

When Camille awoke next morning he was quite stiff and lame, but his heart was light. He ate a breakfast of bread and fruit, and fed his dog and pigeons from the loaf. Having the whole day before him, he decided to arrange a better lodging for the coming night.

"Those boards will never do," he reflected. "There are stones over there—plenty of them,—but I need mortar to hold them together; I wonder where I could get some."

Later, as he was walking along the road outside of the field, going to get some water in a cup Marie had brought, he saw a body of masons on their way to work. He followed them, resolved to ask their advice. By the time he had composed the little speech he intended to make, in order to enlist their sympathies, he had reached the house they were going to repair at the same time they themselves did.

Addressing the youngest of them, he said: "Would you kindly do me a favor?"

"I?" inquired the young mason, turning around abruptly.

"You or one of the others," replied Camille, somewhat abashed. "I have a little house to build in that field over there, and if you would please—"

"Build it for you?" said the young mason.

"Shall it be four stories high or seven?" asked another.

"How much will you pay us a day?" said the head mason, with a roar of laughter, which excited the mirth of all his companions.

Overwhelmed by these unkind jests, Camille did not reply for a moment. Then, taking courage, he raised his head and said:

"I don't know how to build houses, but I can read and write and play on the violin."

"Well, read, write, and play on the violin, and make yourself a house with that," replied one of the men.

"You don't understand me, sir," said Camille, much disturbed. "If any one of you would like to learn to read and write, I will teach him, and in exchange he could give me a helping hand with my house."

"I'll give you a helping foot rather," retorted the young mason, advancing toward Camille with a gesture to suit the threat.

Just as he raised his foot a young

girl tapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, brother?"

"Why, it's Mamselle Marie! Good-morning, Mamselle!" said the masons, with much politeness.

"And who's this young fellow?" asked Marie's brother, roughly.

"Who he is I do not know," said Marie; "but I can tell you of his goodness."

Then, in a tone of gratitude, the girl told what Camille had done for her father. As she talked, the men drew near to the boy and gazed at him with respect. And when Marie mentioned the ten francs so generously given to complete the sum the poor blind man needed, the enthusiasm was general.

"Good!—good! Shake hands, my boy! Forgive us for hurting your feelings. You're a good and brave lad. Shake hands!"

All the rough hands were quickly stretched out to Camille, who took each one in turn in his delicate white palm. One of the men, however, did not approach: he stood apart, sobbing. It was the youngest of the masons—Marie's brother.

"So, Paul, you're repenting for having spent your money at the inn, while this boy didn't hesitate to part with all of his to help our father?" said Marie.

"Let me alone!" answered Paul, harshly. "I'm a miserable fellow! I don't deserve to live."

"Oh, that's idle talk, brother!" said Marie. "Come, eat your soup while it's warm," she added, taking a bowl from a basket she had carried on her arm.

"I don't want it," said Paul. "Give it to that boy. I'll live on bread and water the rest of the week."

"You're right, Paul," observed one of the men. "You really ought to punish yourself. Let the boy have the soup."

"Do you think I forgot him?" said Marie, showing a second dish.

"What! Did you bring some for me, too?" cried Camille, his eyes sparkling at the thought of good soup, which he had not tasted for so long.

"Yes; and I remembered, too, to bring you a jug for water, a plate for your pigeon pie, a pewter spoon and a knife."

"Oh, how rich I am, and how good you are!" exclaimed the boy joyfully.

"Child," said the eldest of the masons, addressing Camille in a tone of much solemnity, "you live in Raimond's Field, don't you? Well, go back there and take it easy. There are two hours of daylight left after our day's work is done. There are ten of us, and it will be strange if your house isn't ready by bedtime. You helped a blind man, the father of a comrade; and we're all going to help you. Good-bye till our work here is done. You may depend on your friends!"

"Yes, you may depend on us," added Paul.

As soon as the sun had set, the ten men went to Mr. Raimond's field, carrying trowels, buckets of mortar, and all that they needed to build with. Camille showed them the corner he had chosen, and they set to work.

It was a pleasure to watch them lay stone upon stone, cementing the whole together with mortar. After finishing the wall, they put boards over the top for a temporary roof, and laid bricks on them.

"To-morrow we'll finish it," they said.

"I'll bring a door," remarked one.

"And I a mattress," added another.

"And I a chair," said a third.

"Don't think I'll be left behind," said still another. "I'll bring a table and a blanket."

"Oh, how kind you all are to me!" exclaimed Camille, with a sob.

"You deserve it," replied the men with one voice.

The masons then bade Camille good-night and started homeward. The boy went for the first time into his little house, and, kneeling down, thanked God for all His goodness and mercy. He had just finished his prayers, when Fox, who was lying on the threshold of the open space where the door was to be, began to growl and look toward a corner of the field.

(To be continued.)

A Quick-Witted Minstrel.

EVERYBODY knows that the troubadours of the Middle Ages had a wonderful power over the feelings of the audiences to whom they sang. One of them, who was called Pierre de Chateaufeuf, put this power to good advantage on one occasion.

He happened to be taking a journey through a thinly-settled country infested with brigands; and, while riding along with a merry heart and singing one of his songs, was unfortunate enough to be captured by a party of those "Knights of the Road," who are no respecters of persons provided they have well-filled wallets. Their first act was to transfer the money of our troubadour to their own pockets, which done, they bade him hand over to them the fine clothes he wore. Having nothing else to be robbed of, Pierre thought that he would be allowed to escape with his life; but, after a consultation, the rascals ordered him to prepare for death, saying: "Dead men tell no tales."

"My friends," said the troubadour, standing there shivering, and longing for the warm coat he had been obliged to give up, "I am thought to have a little gift at verse-making. Often, too, I sing the songs I write. Will you not allow me, before leaving this world, to favor you with one of my songs?"

The brigands consulted together once more, and then the leader said: "We are

fond of songs. We will not kill you until you sing. Now, do your best!"

"You will confess, gentlemen," replied the troubadour, "that I am placed in rather an awkward position; and if my voice has not the sweetness which my friends are kind enough to attribute to it—"

"Sing!" said the chief, sternly. "We did not ask you to preach. Do you suppose we are all monks?"

The minstrel sang a song in praise of the free life of the forest so sweet and tuneful that the brigands began, one by one, to crowd around him with smiles and tears,—they who had, a few minutes before, been so willing to murder him lest he betray their hiding-place.

"Sing on!" they cried, as he stopped for very weariness. "You are a kind of nightingale." And so he sang and sang until they saw that his voice could endure no more fatigue.

"Come with us!" they cried together. "Live with us this beautiful life of which you have sung."

But the troubadour shook his head. Though well meant, the proposal was not at all to his liking. If he could not go back to his wife and children, he said, then he would rather die then and there.

"You shall go back," said the chief, and ordered his horse made ready. Another stepped forward with his fine coat, and yet another produced the money which had been taken from his pockets.

"One more song!" they demanded; and as it ended the captain, overcome with delight, threw him his own well-filled purse, saying: "Master Singer, this is your due: your fine voice has saved your life."

Then they bade him a loud good-bye; and, throwing themselves upon their horses, clattered off into the forest, leaving our quick-witted troubadour thankful to God for the talent He had given him.

President Lincoln's Kindness.

A COLLECTION of stories showing the kind-heartedness of President Lincoln includes two which should be of great interest to young Americans.

It is related that a little boy in Springfield, Ill., was introduced to Mr. Lincoln and shook hands with him when he was leaving there to go to Washington. After his departure, when the boy boasted of the honor to his classmates, they made fun of him and questioned his word. Then he wrote to Mr. Lincoln, stating the situation; and the great man of many cares replied as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

March 19, 1861.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I did see and talk with Master George Patten at Springfield, Ill.

Respectfully, A. LINCOLN.

On one occasion when several prominent men were waiting to speak with the President on important business, they were obliged to be patient until he had finished his conference with a boy who was seeking a situation as page in the House of Representatives. When told by Mr. Lincoln that such appointments did not rest with himself—that the proper person to apply to was the doorkeeper of the House,—the lad said:

"But, sir, I'm a good boy, and I have a letter from my mother and one from the mayor and one from my Sunday-school teacher; and they all told me I could earn enough in one session of Congress to keep the family comfortable all the year."

Mr. Lincoln glanced over the boy's papers, then wrote on the back of one of them: "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified.—A. Lincoln."

Anagram.

What is Christianity? It's in charity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Chesterton's account of his conversion will appear piecemeal in *Blackfriars*, the new English Catholic review, and the *Catholic World*. It is sure to be an exceptionally fascinating narrative.

—Admirers of René Bazin's, "Charles de Gaulle," of which a résumé, by the Countess de Courson, appeared in THE AVE MARIA, will be pleased to learn that the book is now in its fiftieth thousand.

—All who know the merit of "The Ritual of the New Testament," by the late Fr. Bridgett, C. SS. R., a work which has long been out of print, will be glad to hear that a revised edition of it has been prepared by the Rev. Francis H. Prime, and published by Sands & Co.

—"The World's Classics," issued by the Oxford University Press, contain in appealing and convenient form a number of books especially interesting to Catholic readers—the "Imitation," "Don Quixote," Keble's "Christian Year," etc. The price, for a good leather binding, is only \$1.50 per volume.

—A really important publication is the "Organ Accompaniment to Lauda Sion," edited and composed by Canon Griesbacher; it abundantly redeems the promise made in the foreword to "Lauda Sion," already noticed by us. Canon Griesbacher is a connoisseur of Gregorian Chant, and, incidentally, a composer and critic of world-wide reputation. His present work is a sure guide in the solving of doubts and difficulties concerning the musical phrasing, the pauses, and the proper interpretation of melodies. It will be welcomed by organists and choir-masters everywhere. Users of "Lauda Sion" can not afford to be without this accompaniment. Franciscan Herald Press; price, \$3.

—The title of a new devotional work, "God's Wonder Book," the Missal, which is the book's subject, will remind lovers of Ruskin—if there are any in this un-Ruskinlike twentieth century—of a passage in which that great artistic critic discusses that same "wonder book" and its contents. The passage might have been written by an impassioned Catholic:

For truly a well-illuminated Missal is a fairy cathedral all of painted windows, bound together to carry in one's pocket, with the music and the blessing of all its prayers besides. And then followed, of course, the discovery that all beautiful prayers were Catholic—all wise interpretations of the Bible Catholic;—and every manner of Protestant

written service whatsoever, either insolently altered corruptions, or washed-out and ground-down rags and débris of the great Catholic collects, litanies, and songs of praise....

—From St. Gertrude's Press, St. Gertrude's Convent, Cottonwood, Idaho, a home of Benedictine nuns, come several brochures well-worth publication. "Am I Also Called?" is a second edition of a little booklet dealing with the perennially interesting subject of vocations. "The Suffering Saviour, Model of the Christian," translated from the German by the Rev. Fintan Geser, O. S. B., is the first English edition of a series of fifty practical meditations. "Mental Prayer," by the Rev. Father James, O. S. B., contains two brief treatises, one being a detailed explanation of mental prayer; the other, the preparation of the soul for prayer. While the last-mentioned work is particularly helpful to religious, it may be read with profit by any aspirant to Christian perfection.

—American visitors to France expect to be fleeced, and, oftener than not, their expectations are fully realized. Those, however, who haven't "money to burn" will be grateful for a hint given by a writer in the London Times *Literary Supplement*, in a notice of a new French guide-book. "We note amid much useful information as to hotels, which are printed in the order of rank, with rough indications of prices, the repetition of an old fallacy which may appear unimportant, but has often confused English people travelling or staying in France. It is stated, as in most guide-books, that it is necessary to pay at least ten per cent. on the bill in 'tips.' This is true for a meal or a short stay. If, however, one imagines a very usual case, that of a man and his wife staying at a seaside hotel, their bill for a month amounting to 2500 francs, it is quite incorrect to suppose they need give 250 francs in gratuities. That is not French custom, or if it is, it is one *pour les étrangers*. For about half the amount named one would probably have sufficiently cordial farewells from the staff."

—Of "Jock, Jack, and the Corporal" and "Mr. Francis Newnes," two new books by Father C. C. Martindale, S. J., it is much easier to say that they are thoroughly enjoyable Catholic stories than to find a single term that will serve as an accurate characterization of either. The first of the two is, indeed, so much of an apologetic treatise, that

one is not surprised to see it equipped with an index, yet it is at the same time an interesting novel. The author has something to say, in his biography of Msgr. Benson, of the latter's "Religion of the Plain Man"; and a good alternative title for "Jock, Jack and the Corporal" might well be "Plain Religion for Any Man." We doubt very much that even the best-equipped Catholic apologist, who reads its pages, will deny that the author has thrown new light on several of the fundamental questions of life and religion; and there can be no doubt whatever that the ordinary lay reader will have his faith strengthened as well as his interest enchained by the entertaining narrative which centres around the three patients in a military hospital.—"Mr. Francis Newnes" is more of a novel and less of a treatise than its companion book. The hero is the "Corporal" of the first volume; and it may save the prospective reader of that first volume some doubt or confusion to explain that the "Jack" of the title is the "Sergeant" who is not specifically called "Jack" until well on in the narrative. There is more than a suggestion of Dickens in both these books—the humor of Dickens without, of course, any of the near-vulgarity in which that humor was sometimes couched. If any defence were necessary for this style of book, it might be found in Father Martindale's statement in the dedication of the second one: "I do not wish to write just novels; but neither do I fear to try to incarnate, in a measure, God's Catholic Truth." We sincerely hope that he will give the reading public yet other incarnations of like quality. Price, \$1.60 each.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
 "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 3 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Henry Edward Manning; His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washburne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Ernest Blackborow, of the archdiocese of Cardiff; Rev. Thomas F. Fahey, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Luke Fitzsimons, diocese of Hartford; Rev. W. J. Nugent, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Felix O'Hanlon, diocese of Rochester; and Rev. Henry Parker, S. J.

Sister Evangelista, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. of Good Counsel, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Paula, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Alphonsine and Sister Salome, Sisters I. H. M.

Mr. Edward Moss, Mrs. T. H. Clarke, Mr. James H. Cox, Mr. Cornelius Burke, Mrs. Elizabeth Borman, Mr. Charles Capésius, Mrs. C. O'Malley, Miss Ella Burke, Mrs. Mary Thomas, Miss M. Edwards, Mr. William McGowan, Mr. Henry Clark, Mr. J. F. Moore, Mrs. Mary Carroll, Mr. E. A. Colbeck, and Mr. August Bloss.

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



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

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Adornment.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

SAINT MARTIN like, eternal day
Hath given a cloak to night,
With silvern moons and starry lay,
To make its velvet bright.

Behold! what comforting is mine,
For whom the Lady Fair
Hath set the Ageless Sun to shine
Upon the heart I bear.

The Cult of the Blessed Virgin in the Orkney and Shetland Isles.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

THREE centuries is a long time, if we measure it by clocks. Yet, in a remote portion of the British Isles, we find three centuries but as to-day and yesterday in relation to the efforts of men to stamp out devotional practices,—sacred legacies, bequeathed by generations of simple, pious folk, and fostered by precept and example adown the Christian ages since the Cross was first raised on the wild shores of Britain, and the rough, untutored pagans were converted to the teachings of a crucified Master.

In the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the force of the strong hand and the power of gold have turned away the hearts of the people from holy Mother Church; but neither the hand of the law,

nor the needs of the hour, nor the passage of time, have quite estranged them from the Virgin Mother of God and His saints. To this day, devotion to our Blessed Lady is practised in these islands, although in many instances the real meaning of it has long since ceased to be clear to the devotees. But the forms still remain, and will, doubtless, so remain until another religious upheaval brings the Church into her own again amongst these loyal, kindly, primitive people.

In Wiesdale, Shetland, there is now a ruin which was once a grand church, dedicated to the Mother of God. A tradition concerning the building of this church is still firmly believed by the islanders. Two wealthy ladies, sisters, having encountered a terrible storm off the coast of Shetland, made a joint vow to the Blessed Virgin that, if she would bring them safe to land, they would erect a church in her honor on the spot where they came ashore. Landing safely at Wiesdale, they proceeded to carry out the vow with as much despatch as possible, when it came to pass, much to their amazement, that on the arrival of the workmen each morning, they were wont to find as many stones ready quarried as would be required for the building during the day.

This church was, and sometimes is, frequented by people from all parts of Shetland, who believe that, by making an offering in money, or kind, they may obtain deliverance from any trouble

under which they labor. They light candles and place offerings there even now; and, thinking their works of penance more acceptable there than elsewhere, "make the rounds," as practised at holy wells in Ireland, by walking on their bare knees around the ruined church. If they are unable to visit the church in times of distress they are firmly convinced that, by turning their faces towards it, Almighty God will hearken to their prayers and grant their petitions through the intercession of His holy Mother.

One of the elders of the Scottish Orthodox Church, who lived in that neighborhood, is said to have been in the habit of gathering up the money offerings and putting them into the poor-box; and, not many years ago, there was found in the pulpit of Wiesdale church a small pyramid of all the different coins current in Shetland, from the largest German silver coin down to a "stiver."

Hymns to Our Lady were also in vogue up to a recent date. On New-Year's Eve, it was the custom for bands of men to go from house to house singing these hymns in full chorus; and no slight could be felt more keenly by a Deerness farmer than to have his house passed unvisited by the New-Year singers. The following chant will give some idea of the part God's holy Mother played in the festivities:

Gude New'r even, Gude New'r night—St.
Mary's men are we;

We're come here to crave our right—before
Our Lady.

I'll tell you how Our Lady was dressed—St.
Mary's men are we—

If ye'll gie tae us some o' yer best—before
Our Lady.

She had upon her well-made head—St. Mary's
men are we—

A crown of gold, an' it fu' braid—before Our
Lady.

In the Orkneys, when butter is disinclined to come at the churning, nine

"*Ave Marias*" are wont to be chanted over the churn,—a practice which brings one, as it were, almost with the stroke of a fairy wand to the most deeply Catholic parts of Ireland where the recital of the "Hail Mary" is an exorcism for all trouble, sorrow, or pain. Another remembrance of our Heavenly Mother is in naming the skylark "Our Lady's Hen." This little bird is held sacred on that account, and even the roughest boy respects the little creature's nest "for love of Our Lady."

These devotions and pious practices are not without grave significance to the justices of the peace and the ministers of the Church Established by Law; but all efforts to obliterate them have been in vain.

Devotion to particular saints exists also, although in a somewhat crude form, both in the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and holy wells and lochs, blessed by holy persons, are frequented for pious purposes. Of these, St. Tredwell's in Westray—the waters of which are said to be medicinal,—is the most noted. Diseased and infirm persons resort there for cures,—washing their bodies, or the affected parts, in its waters, and making "rounds" for their intention, i. e., walking barefoot, or on bare knees, along a certain defined route,—praying and observing strict silence the while. To this day, faith-cures are said to be witnessed at St. Tredwell's Loch.

On the east coast of the Orkneys, there are three holy wells which were reputed talismans against any disease, save the Black Death; but their fame is now mostly a thing of the past. Many places of worship in the Orkneys, originally dedicated to some favorite saint, are still held in veneration by the people. They visit them when in trouble, and repeat *Pater Nosters* and other prayers within their ruined walls. When in any imminent danger, the people

iously invoke these saints, and vow to perform services, or to present offerings to them, in the event of successful interposition on their behalf with Almighty God. Moreover, these vows are regarded in quite as serious a light as debts of honor, and strict punctuality in performing them is the rule rather than the exception.

A particular place of pilgrimage, especially during Lent and on Easter Sunday, is a chapel dedicated to St. Tredwell. So great was the devotion to this saint that the first Presbyterian minister of the parish had his pastoral powers taxed severely in the endeavor to induce his parishioners to give up the habit of making their devotions in St. Tredwell's ruined church before putting in the necessary appearance enjoined by law at the so-called Reformed Church.

St. Cross, or Cruz, is another holy spot, and pilgrimages are still made there by a few of the older inhabitants. Some of its virtues were believed to extend even to the shell snails that found shelter in its mouldering walls; these shells used to be collected, dried, powdered, and prescribed as a remedy for jaundice. A Presbyterian minister of the place in his zeal against what he called superstition, razed Cross Kirk. When it was demolished, there were found behind the place where the altar had stood, and beneath the pulpit several pieces of silver in various shapes brought thither as offerings by afflicted people,—some were in the shape of an arm, others represented a head, others had the likeness of a foot.

The use of holy water still survives in the Orkneys, although in rather a quaint fashion. It is named "Forespoken Water," for the reason that, when a healthy child becomes suddenly ill, or a grown person becomes affected with nervous complaints, they are said to be "forespoken," i. e., some thoughtless or unkind person has said "He's a

bonny bairn," or "Thou't lookin' well tha day," without adding "God saif the bairn," or "God saif thee." The form of the ceremony is as follows, some medicinal plant being first dropped into the water:

Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Bitten sall they be,
Who haif bitten thee.
Care to their near vein,
Until thou get'st thy health again!
Mend thou in God's name!

Another no less familiar form of the ancient prayer is this:

In the name of Him that can cure or kill,
This water shall cure all earthly ill,
Shall cure the blood and flesh and bone,
Cure without and cure within,
Cure the heart and head and skin.

The patient for whom "Forespoken Water" is prepared is given some of it to drink, while the remainder is sprinkled over him. Animals, too, are treated in the same way. The water is sprinkled over the sick person or beast in the form of a cross—the Sign of the Cross being used with the greatest reverence to this day in these remote islands as a guard against all evil—bodily and mental.

It is a pity that the Church can not gather these people, among whom such remnants of love for her still linger, into her capacious arms once more, and turn devotions which are slowly but surely becoming superstitions into their lawful channels. "The harvest indeed is ready but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest."

WHATEVER we may do, God's Church will live; but if we do nothing, or only little, victories and glories which might have come will be wanting to her, and we ourselves, shall bear the stigma of cowardice and of indolence in presence of God's call to the fields of honor and of duty.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXII.

THE disclosure which he still had to make to Eloise, concerning her grandfather's second will, lay heavily on the mind of Gregory Glassford. It was important that she should know as soon as possible. He had engaged a lawyer, at his own expense, to confer with the lawyers of the estate to look after the interests of his ward, and to contest, if necessary, those curtly expressed clauses of this final instrument which deprived Eloise Brentwood of the House at the Cross Roads.

It is true, he might have allowed her to receive the information through the dry-as-dust formulas of the law and from the pen of her grandfather's lawyer. But he fancied that she might find it easier to hear it from his lips. So he wrote and asked her to take a motor drive with him. Eloise had replied by telephone expressing her regret that she was engaged for the afternoon. Though she did not mention the fact, she was in reality going to the races with Reggie Hubbard, chaperoned, however, by Mrs. Critchley and the Southern lady with whom Gregory Glassford had conversed at dinner, and who had manifested a sentimental interest in the young couple.

At the telephone, Gregory, who listened in silence to his ward's elaborate apologies, suspecting, in fact, that her engagement was connected with young Hubbard, asked her to name as early a date as possible for the drive. "For," he declared, "I have something very important to tell you, and a drive will give the best opportunity."

"It will be heavenly," said the girl; "it is so long since I had a drive with you, and I am dying to hear what it is you have to tell."

"I am afraid you will find it very far from pleasant," Gregory responded.

"I am coming, all the same, Gregory," the girl answered; "but why must it be always something unpleasant?"

"Why is life? Why is a man born to trouble, even as the sparks fly upwards, especially when he permits himself to be made guardian to a young lady?"

"The day after to-morrow, then," decided Eloise; "and do take me for a nice, long drive."

"The length of the drive depends on circumstances," the young man answered; "brevity in a drive is sometimes as desirable as brevity in speech."

"It never, never is," exclaimed the girl; "long drives are the pleasantest, and I shall be ready to the very minute."

"Punctuality, I know, is one of your virtues; but how about the weather?"

"I want to go, rain or shine."

"Driving in a downpour," argued Gregory, "is the reverse of agreeable; and I am not going to be responsible for influenza."

"Well, if it pours, will you come here instead? I really can not wait any longer for the news."

"If weather is against us," Gregory said, "we must get a half hour to ourselves indoors. So, rain or shine, I shall see you the day after to-morrow."

Eloise was so much on the tenterhooks of curiosity that she found Reggie Hubbard less interesting than usual; and it was only quite late in the afternoon that she was roused to enthusiasm about the races. That was when a small and hitherto obscure horse, with eyes of fire and finely-curved nostrils, swept past the favorite to victory.

Eloise, leaning out of the motor, clapped and cried, "Bravo!" and altogether quite delighted Mr. Critchley.

"Why, you are quite a sport!" he exclaimed, "and the rôle becomes you. I can assure you, it is far more becoming

than the dead and alive society manner."

It was on the return drive that Mr. Hubbard said casually to Eloise:

"I suppose Glassford went to the War."

"Of course he did! Why, Reggie, you must surely remember! He went over to France long before the United States was in the struggle. He served with a French battalion for nearly three years, until he was so badly wounded that they had to send him home. He got his wound carrying another man in."

"I had forgotten, if I ever heard it," Hubbard responded, perceiving with annoyance the thrill in the girl's voice. "And, of course, nobody ever talks war now. It is quite out of date, over and done with."

"Why, you were there yourself."

"To be sure! I went over with our own fellows. Part of the time I served on the staff. Then came the Armistice, and presto! we were home again. But don't let us talk war. It's terribly boring, and you and I have other things to talk about."

Eloise did not know that one of the things which had prejudiced her guardian against the man beside her was his singularly bad record over seas. No one had impugned his courage; but, as to the rest, there was little good to say. So the topic being an unpleasant one, Reggie was anxious to change it, and keep the girl interested in that most absorbing of topics, herself.

"I wonder," remarked Hubbard, "that Glassford should have let you go to France so soon after the conflict."

"Oh! he knew the convent was quite safe. Nothing had changed there; and he had met, and had been quite charmed by, some of the nuns."

"That was it! Why, to be sure, I might have known that so clever a fellow as Glassford knew what he was about; but he hit some of us pretty hard

by sending you away. You realize that, don't you?"

Whether she did or not, it thrilled her to hear him acknowledge, with a note of feeling, real or assumed, that he had regretted her departure.

"I owed Glassford a grudge for that," he went on lightly, "but such old scores are best forgotten."

"And I loved the convent, while I was there. Some of the nuns were adorable, and they could tell me all about Foch and Petain and Castelnau. Gregory was enthusiastic about them, I can tell you!"

"I daresay, but I hope he has dropped all that now, and found something better to talk about with charming young ladies."

And dexterously Hubbard again led her mind away from a subject that was distasteful to him, and ventured very near to that declaration which he was not yet prepared to make.

XXIII.

When Eloise rose next morning, she was glad to perceive that, though the weather was overcast, there was nothing to prevent the drive to which, with a quite unaccountable eagerness, she looked forward. For, after all, motors were no novelty in her present surroundings. But she felt that she would prefer to hear whatever her guardian might have to say driving through the country than sitting opposite to him in a room at Mrs. Critchley's where he could observe, with his penetrating eyes, every change in her expression. She felt persuaded that the unpleasantness at which Glassford had hinted was connected with Reggie Hubbard. For what else could it be!

With that smile upon her lips, which Mrs. Critchley had likened to that of a sphinx, she told herself that she was little likely to be influenced by anything that might be said. For Reggie Hubbard had become as integral a part of

the brilliant life around her as Mrs. Critchley. Life without him would soon become stale and commonplace. His presence lent a glow to every ballroom, and dull, indeed, was the dinner or the bridge table where he did not sit opposite her, and show by numberless signs the attraction which she held for him. Yet, sometime, she supposed it must end, and she would have to pursue her way without him. For everybody told her he was not a marrying man, had no very solid means of support, and would never entangle himself matrimonially with any one but a great heiress. She longed to be able to give the lie to all those wisecracks, and to prove that her power was sufficiently great to make him forego his ambitions. If once that object were obtained, she might be content to let him go, and turn her thoughts in other directions. She stopped abruptly in her cogitations to ask herself, what then? Her heart beat fast, as she wondered if then she might devote herself to Gregory Glassford, provided that he gave her the opportunity.

A mocking voice within her seemed to say that he was a fish too big for her net. Her heart sank at the thought. If, as her own judgment told her, she could not marry Hubbard, that is, if he proposed marriage, what should she do without Glassford's strength upon which to rely? For these two men, of all those who fluttered about her, seemed worthy of a moment's consideration.

Her hat and veil adjusted she sat down near the window and looked out upon Fifth Avenue. The girl's thoughts flew back from that animated scene with compelling force to the House at the Cross Roads and that atmosphere of the old, and, to the imaginative mind, the weird, with which it was invested. Looking around upon her luxurious apartment, she mentally compared it with the shabby room where she had

awakened that first morning. She saw quite distinctly the worn carpet, the weather stains on the wall, remembered her decision that such a condition of things must be altered.

And, then, there was Marcia. She recognized, in that moment of retrospection, all the qualities possessed by her cousin: the subtle strength, the unmistakable charm, the magnetism that influenced everyone. Marcia had to be reckoned with; she could never be disregarded in any scheme of life to which she entered. Her spirit, in fact, so dominated the old house, that, even were she absent, its potency must remain. There were other spirits, too, Eloise reflected. She shivered at the thoughts thus conjured up, and she failed to notice that Glassford was at the door. The horn of his motor roused her from her reverie. As he looked up and met her eyes, he wondered at the expression in them. Horror was there and fear. Of what could the girl have been thinking! She was seated beside him in the motor and carefully wrapped up before she told him:

"Gregory, I don't think I can ever go back to that dingy, old house."

"Which house?" he asked, taken by surprise.

"Why, the House at the Cross Roads, of course. I am sure it is haunted; and though, you know, I am as fearless as anybody, it gets upon my nerves."

"Is that what you were thinking of just now?" Gregory inquired.

"Yes; how did you know?"

"By no very subtle form of witchcraft. I saw it in your eyes, as you looked out of the window."

The girl was far from displeased at this proof of the young man's interest.

"Fancy, you're noticing that; and don't you agree with me, Gregory, that it is an uncanny place?"

"No; I have told you before that I love it."

"How odd! I shudder to think of going back there! And imagine having it tied about my neck like an old man of the sea."

"If you really feel like that," responded her guardian, slowly, "the news I have to tell may not be so unpleasant after all."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Eloise. "Do explain yourself."

"This one was not of my creating, dear girl."

She laid a hand on his arm. Her face was eager.

"Tell me, oh, tell me! dear Gregory."

Yet he waited, trying to frame the words upon his lips, while the motor swept along the broad, open spaces of the boulevard and upwards to where Long Island Sound would lie before them as a broad sheet of silver.

"My dear, little girl," Gregory said, speaking with a great tenderness, "I must tell you that your grandfather—"

"What about him? I always seem to see him, as Marcia and the others described him, coming up the lane with his horses, and being helped up the steps by the coachman, and sitting in that carved chair where Larry confronted him so bravely on that last day."

She was talking much faster than usual with a strange excitement.

"Perhaps, it was because of that," she went on, "he cut them out of the will, and left the house and everything to me."

"No; apparently, it had a contrary effect," declared Gregory, "and, indeed, he took those measures for a very different reason."

"How did you find out those things, Gregory," Eloise asked, "or did you know them all the time?"

Gregory shook his head, as he paused to adjust the rug more tightly over the girl, with the remark that it was growing chilly.

"I heard it from Gilfillan." Gregory's

voice sank low and Eloise exclaimed:

"That horrible man, with his baleful eyes."

"He wanted to be a very good friend to you," the guardian said, "only he took the wrong way, as he did in almost everything."

"A good friend to me!" Eloise repeated slowly.

"Yes; you know he loved your mother."

"My beautiful mother! Why, she must have laughed at him."

"You must remember, Eloise, that when he loved her, he was young, gay, a favorite, an expert dancer."

Gregory spoke very deliberately, and Eloise was aware of a cold chill that swept up the road from the Sound. She heard, as in a dream, the voice of her guardian saying:

"You saw Ambrose Gilfillan when he was old and prematurely decrepit. Such men do not usually wear well. In any case, your mother danced with him and dined with him, and it went hard with the poor wretch when, very wisely, she married a better man."

The gray November atmosphere seemed grayer than ever, and the little rifts of sunlight, striving to pierce the clouds, were unnoted by the unseeing eyes of the girl. Instinctively, she felt that Gregory was drawing a parallel.

"So," Gregory went on, "the tragic became blended with the commonplace. Gilfillan continued to love your mother, and for her sake he would have befriended you."

There was another pause, while the narrator sought for suitable means of expression:

"Also he hated less even the man who had won where he had lost than another, whom, quite falsely, he fancied had contributed to that result. The latter was Walter Brentwood."

Eloise started, asking with some asperity:

"But what has all this to do with the—"

"It has everything to do with it, as you shall hear," answered Gregory; "and what you said a moment ago about hating to go back to the old house, will, I hope, make my task easier. I have heard you say more than once that you wished Mr. Brentwood had never left such a legacy."

Eloise did not answer. She could not deny that she had often made such rash assertions, partly out of contradiction to her guardian and to Marcia.

"So, I hope," Glassford resumed, "that you will be glad to hear that you need never go back, unless you wish, to the old house, and then only as a visitor."

"Why, Gregory," exclaimed the girl, with widely staring eyes and a catching of the breath, "you must be mad, quite mad."

Assuring her of his sanity, Glassford explained how Gilfillan, gaining an influence over the grandfather in his decadence, by false statements, had induced the old man to will everything away from Walter Brentwood's grandchildren.

"But how could he do that without good reason? I was always told he was a just man."

"So he was," and Gregory proceeded to unfold the iniquitous workings of Gilfillan's tortuous policy, and his final concealment of the will.

"So that was the mystery concerning Walter Brentwood, of which I used to hear the Critchleys and others speak," she said, in answer to it all. "But what a fool my grandfather must have been, an arrant, doddering fool!"

"Eloise!" cried Gregory, shocked at her words and the violence of her manner, "remember he was an aged man, with mind and body both enfeebled."

"But to believe that wretched, slimy

creature in preference to his own son, and a Brentwood at that! Surely, he must have known by that time the things of which men of the name were incapable."

"Gilfillan had worked adroitly upon his failing powers," Gregory replied; "but he must have discovered certain things for himself, or else his visits to the House at the Cross Roads and its occupants, together with Larry's defence of his father, induced him to break through that net of meanness and treachery. He made another will and left the old house to Walter's children."

"And what is to become of me?"

"You are provided for in other ways."

To Gregory's consternation, the girl burst into a passion of sobs and tears, so that he turned the car into a quiet lane in an endeavor to pacify her.

"My heart is broken," she sobbed; "I would rather have that house, which it was cruel to pretend was mine, than anything in the world. I always wanted a house of my own."

"But I thought you said—" Gregory was beginning in bewilderment.

She interrupted him, indignantly:

"How dare you take my words literally! Can't you see that since I have been here, I love to think of that other house, with its ghosts and its dreariness. I hate its shabbiness; but that can be changed. It pleases me to frighten myself with its eeriness."

"You are a strange child!"

"Everybody is strange and hateful—except Reggie Hubbard."

She added the last words with deliberate malice; but the dart fell harmlessly upon her sorely perturbed guardian. He sat silent during the fit of sobbing. When its violence was over, Eloise goaded herself into another outburst of rage:

"Gilfillan, I suppose, brought out this pretended, later will, because I was rude to him that day at the old house. The

toad! the viper! I didn't see how Marcia could tolerate his presence for an instant."

"He brought out what you call the pretended will," remarked Gregory, "as an act of reparation on his deathbed."

Momentarily, Eloise was silenced by the solemnity of the man's tone; but her anger was far from being exhausted, and she was determined to give it full vent.

"You," she said, turning upon Gregory, with flashing eyes, "were carried away by a false pity for Marcia, who, more than any one I have ever known, is capable of taking care of herself. You have treacherously conspired against the daughter of the man you pretended to love. So I brand you as a traitor!"

Gregory turned very pale. The shock to his whole nature was the greater, because, never having had sisters, and his mother having died when he was very young, he had known women chiefly in their hours of ease, when they were bent on pleasing. So he could make but little allowance for an anger that was partly hysterical.

His silence and the expression of his face, in which her quick mind read something of his thoughts, lashed the girl to greater fury:

"I can understand," she continued, "why you lent yourself to this odious conspiracy."

Curious to know what new solution of the problem had presented itself to her mind, Gregory turned his eyes upon her, remarking very quietly:

"Perhaps, it is better to wait till you are calmer before telling me anything further. You may regret all this afterwards."

"I shall regret nothing, and I want you to know what is in my mind. Like Gilfillan, you wanted to be revenged; and you have lent yourself to this scheme, because you are insanely jealous

of my love—yes, I tell you, my love for Reggie Hubbard."

So great was Gregory's amazement that he stared at her, wondering if she had actually lost her mind. It struck him, suddenly, as so preposterous, when he remembered that moonlight night, and how he had hung on Marcia's words, that, without an instant's consideration, he burst into a laugh. The sound increased the girl's rage to such a pitch, that her voice became a shrill scream.

"You can laugh," she exclaimed, "you base traitor! Turn the motor and take me home as quick as possible, or I shall get out and walk, rather than sit here beside you."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, you senseless child," Gregory insisted, sternly, though he did turn the car round and began to speed homeward.

"I apologize for laughing," he said, after a long silence, in a cold quiet voice, that somewhat calmed his companion's rage; "but your assertion that I could be jealous of the man you mention struck me as supremely ridiculous. I should quite as soon have paid that compliment to—Gilfillan."

The words stung her to fresh fury, with the added mortification of having placed herself in a foolish position.

"You are showing your true nature!" she exclaimed with great bitterness.

"My nature, whatever it is," Gregory answered, "I have never tried to conceal. However, that there may be no such monstrous misunderstandings of my attitude, it is as well to tell you that I have proposed marriage to your cousin Marcia."

It would be difficult to describe the mingled sensations with which Eloise heard this avowal. Shame, rage, bitter mortification, astonishment, rushed one after another upon her with surprising force. And there was sorrow, too, grief at a loss which now seemed far to out-

weigh that other of the property. Frozen into silence, her eyes really seemed to grow smaller with the contraction of the pupils.

"So you are to be congratulated," she spoke at last with icy coldness.

"Would to God I were!" Gregory said vehemently. But Eloise took no notice, pursuing her train of thought in words, that, by their concentrated bitterness, were more venomous than her later fury:

"How artfully everything has worked into the scheme! Your love for Marcia, which made you want to give her the house, and give you, too, a life interest in that place! I suspect that Marcia has had a hand in arranging this—masterpiece of craft and treachery."

"Eloise," said Gregory, turning upon her, "it is a happiness to remember how incapable Marcia would be of ascribing such motives to any one. But I am sorry to say your congratulations are premature. Marcia has not accepted me."

"She will," said Eloise; "she will, though,—she will never let you go."

"I wish I could believe you a true prophet," Gregory responded.

"You really want to marry her in her dowdy clothes" (Eloise spoke spitefully), "from that ruin of a house!"

"I would marry her with joy, if she lived in a hovel; and, as for her clothes—it is long, long since I noticed anything but her face."

"Would any one have ever believed it of Gregory Glassford!" exclaimed Eloise with an ironical laugh, "and while I have been taking up so much of the romantic gentleman's time. You must surely have thought every moment an hour."

"Whether I did or not is quite immaterial," he flung back at her. "But I am anxious to finish this matter of the will at once, if you will allow me."

"What more can you tell me than that the house belongs to Marcia?"

"And Larry?"

"Oh, poor Larry, he had nothing to do with it!"

"No, indeed, he had not," Gregory assented gravely; and he proceeded to tell her what the lawyers had decided as to the validity of the new will, and how he had engaged an attorney to act in her behalf, and, if there were grounds for so doing, to contest the will. She heard this explanation with a new and very unpalatable sense of shame. He had taken that fighting chance of securing it to her, even when he would be depriving Marcia of what she loved best.

When that miserable drive was over, Gregory assisted his ward to alight.

"The pavement may be slippery," he remarked, "it has begun to rain."

"Even the weather is miserable," said the girl, as they mounted the steps.

"Believe me, Eloise," Gregory spoke earnestly, "I am sorry you take the loss of the house like this. I had hoped you would be relieved."

"You are very kind," she answered.

"And you are not. Still, I forgive everything in a moment like this."

"I do not find it so easy to forgive, as you will find," she flung back, as she passed inside the door; and before it was closed again, he saw her going slowly up the richly-carpeted staircase. His heart smote him, as he remembered her joy when coming to Mrs. Critchley's.

"Everything is at cross purposes," he reflected, sadly, "only time can disentangle these knots."

And thus he left Eloise.

(To be continued.)

Le Rossignol.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

THEY tell me God forgets this lovely earth,
His care for men a dim, romantic tale;
Yet have these listened to the epic mirth—
Those songs God taught unto the night-
ingale.

The Fall of De Lamennais.

IT is profitable to read the lives of the saints; for the story of their great penances and heroic virtues is calculated to strengthen us to bear our lighter crosses and begin to mount the heights of sanctification which they have reached. It is useful also to look back on the careers of those who have fallen by the wayside, in order that we may avoid the dangerous places that were the occasion of their ruin.

One of the saddest life histories of modern times is the record of the Abbé de Lamennais, who, after a pious childhood and youth, was ordained priest and for a long time edified all who knew him by the practice of sacerdotal virtues; then fell, proud, disobedient, defiant; lived for twenty-two years away from the altar and stripped of his priestly vestments; died unshriven, and was buried, at his own request, in unconsecrated ground.

The Rev. Félicité Robert de Lamennais was at one time, according to the testimony of M. de Montalembert, "the most celebrated and the most venerated priest in France." His philosophical system attracted to him a school of disciples. His "Essay on Indifference" moved his admirers to proclaim him the last of the Fathers of the Church. His ability was conspicuous in his own country and was recognized abroad. The path to preferment was wide open to him; a glorious prospect of beneficence spread out before him. But his pride shut the gate of duty and barred the road of honor; and his persistence in error wrecked his vocation, ruined his life, and drove him to an unhallowed grave. In 1830 he was at the pinnacle of his popularity; in 1832 he was in the quicksands of darkness, doubt, and disobedience.

In October, 1830, he founded at Paris the *Avenir* newspaper. His chief assist-

ants were the Abbé Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert. The object of the paper was to free the Church of France from all entangling alliances with the State, to advance the interests of the masses of the people, and to put in action the principles of a Christian socialism. It consequently advocated liberty of opinion for the press, as opposed to the government censorship; liberty of education, in hostility to the Napoleonic State monopoly of instruction; liberty of association, in antagonism to the revival of ancient anti-monastic laws; independence of the clergy from State support, and war on the Budget of Public Worship; laws for the protection of labor, for a more equitable distribution of wealth.

The radical ideas and the intemperate language of the new journal raised a storm of ill-will against it and its conductors, not only in secular official circles but also in the Catholic ranks. Every issue was a firebrand of discord. The laity were distracted by it; a majority of the clergy opposed it; enemies sprang up on all sides of it. Still it went on hammering against the established order, denouncing its critics, defying the civil authorities, and demanding the adoption of its programme. Advice privately given in the interest of moderation was unheeded; public censure was resented. The editors protested that they were loyal to the Church, and were ready to submit their teachings to its judgment, and to abide by its decision.

Finally, the whisper that the teachings of the *Avenir* were unorthodox, which for some months had been passing from mouth to mouth, grew until it became a loud cry. It was echoed by a hundred journals; it was heard by De Lamennais and his friends, and they were indignant. They denied the impeachment of their soundness in the Faith. To make manifest and incon-

trovertible the correctness of their position, they determined to appeal to Rome. Yes, they would go in person to the Pope and place their cause in his hands. This would afford them the opportunity, said Lacordaire, 'of justifying their intentions to the Holy See, of submitting all their ideas to its decision, and of thus giving a striking proof of their sincerity and orthodoxy, which, happen what might, would always bring a blessing on them, and would be, as it were, a weapon snatched out of the hands of their enemies.'

Accordingly, they suspended the publication of the *Avenir* and set out for the Eternal City in December, 1831. They expected to be welcomed with effusion, to have judgment passed immediately on their doubts, to return home in triumph. They had a cool reception. Their request for an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff was met with a demand for a written statement of their views and purposes. When this was furnished, they had to wait two months before learning what disposition was to be made of it. At length Cardinal Pacca informed them that the Holy See would examine their doctrines, and that meanwhile they might return to France and quietly await the result. Then they were admitted to an audience with Gregory XVI., who received them affably, led the conversation to subjects of general interest, but dismissed them without referring to the *Avenir* or the object of their visit to Rome.

"This conduct on the part of the Roman Court," says Father Chocarne, "which so deeply wounded the pride of M. de Lamennais, opened the eyes of the Abbé Lacordaire. Removed at a distance from Paris, the field of battle, restored to himself, enlightened and purified by that calm and luminous atmosphere which one breathes at Rome, the dawn arose in his soul and he understood the truth. He saw that, not

being able to give its approbation, the Holy See could do nothing kinder or more favorable than to keep silence and say, 'We will examine.' And, above all, he understood Rome. Paris is to Rome, in a religious point of view, what a frontier constantly harassed by the enemy is to a great capital standing in tranquillity behind her lofty walls; or what the crew of a ship is to the pilot who directs her. When the head has grown gray and we look back at the distance of thirty years over our own history, which of us can not detect himself smiling at the resemblance of those many infallible systems which he was constantly constructing in his younger years, and at that simple conviction which he had that the world was going to let itself be transformed according to his ideas?

"A journey from Paris to Rome often produces the same effect and dispels the same illusions. We leave a capital where all is youth, ardor, and eagerness; and we enter the city of old men and sages,—the city which is astonished at nothing because she has watched all human greatness pass away like the stream which bathes the foot of her hills; where Truth alone remains immutable, impassible, eternal. The Abbé Lacordaire went through this salutary disenchantment. He had come from Paris with a man who had made himself a name as vast as Europe. This man was possessed of genius, an eloquent pen, and had a following of disciples who looked on him as the only one who could save the Church in her struggle with society. How was the Church about to receive him? She was going to take scarcely the smallest notice of him. But he brings a system which contains her salvation. A system! The Church has seen them all in their turn, but salvation has never come to her from them. But this man possesses the secrets of the future, and he comes to tell the

Church how she is to speak to kings and to nations. The Church has received from on high the Gift of Counsel, as she has received the Spirit of Truth. The Society draws its life from her, and no man can teach her what she owes to nations or to kings."

But the Abbé de Lamennais would not rest content with being put off and having the answers to his questions deferred. He resolved to provoke a decision; he exerted all his powers to force an explanation from the Holy See. But his efforts were futile. The Roman Court remained silent. Finally he lost patience; he publicly announced that he would not concern himself about Rome's opinions: he would return to France and revive the *Avenir*. This was in flagrant contravention of the direction given by Cardinal Pacca.

Accordingly, in a bitter and defiant mood, the Abbé quitted Rome. On his way he sojourned at Munich. While there the authors and artists of the city tendered him a banquet. In the midst of the feast the guest of the evening was called aside. An envoy from the Apostolic Nuncio handed him a sealed packet. He opened it. It was the famous Encyclical Letter *Mirari*, dated August 15, 1832, which condemned his vagaries. He returned to the company of his entertainers in a doleful frame of mind; but with an effort he forced himself to be genial, and escaped as soon as he could from the conviviality that now mocked the desolation of his soul. The next day, however, he drew up an act of submission and sent it to Rome.

He then proceeded on his way, but turned aside from Paris and sought his ancestral home of La Chesnaie in Brittany. There he sank into a profound melancholy. Pride and passion turned his blood into gall. He raved in his impotent wrath and his wounded vanity. His soul grew darker as the days went by. Peace abandoned him.

One of his associates, Lacordaire, abandoned him to his obstinacy, accepted the correction administered by the Papal Encyclical, and returned to his sacerdotal functions,—at first subject to suspicion, but eventually welcomed to the pulpit of Notre Dame, and acclaimed one of the glories of the Church of France as the restorer of the Order of St. Dominic. His other editorial confrère still stood by De Lamennais.

For two years De Lamennais brooded over the Church's condemnation of his plans for social reform. Then in the Spring of 1834 he published a book, "The Words of a Believer," which electrified his enemies, shocked his friends, and threw a lurid light on the declivitous path he had entered. In it he reiterated his objectionable theses, and endeavored to justify them. The Abbé Lacordaire's comment on this volume was: "I can not rejoice at the abyss which obstinacy has dug under the feet of a man who has rendered great services to the Church. I hope that in His own time God may yet stop him in his course; but I do rejoice that the Sovereign Pontiff, the father of not merely one Christian soul but of all, has at last by his sacred authority decided the questions which were tearing to pieces the Church of France, and turning out of the right way a crowd of souls deceived in all sincerity, and to whose dangerous fascinations I myself had yielded."

When these "Paroles d'un Croyant" appeared, the tie that had bound M. de Montalembert to De Lamennais was severed. Long afterward the former wrote: "With the vain hope of sheltering myself from the troubles of so trying a crisis, I had taken refuge in Germany, where I was pursued by the appeals of M. de Lamennais. Whilst believing himself bound as a priest to sign formularies of retraction, the un-

happy man replied to my fears and filial representations by congratulating me on the independence I enjoyed as a layman, exhorting me to maintain it at all costs. 'This Voice,' he wrote to me, 'which in old times shook the whole world, will not now so much as terrify a class of schoolboys.' And Lacordaire wrote to M. de Montalembert: "You are astonished at what the Holy See requires from M. de Lamennais. It is certainly harder to submit when we have spoken out before men than when all has passed between our own hearts and God. This is the special trial reserved for genius. The great men of the Church have had to snap their lives in twain; and, in a certain sense, this is the history of every conversion."

But the unhappy De Lamennais went from bad to worse. In 1836 he startled the world with a new work, "Les Affaires de Rome," which was a labored attack on his judges. The famous Madame Swetchine said of its author: "No one but an angel or a priest could have fallen so low." Père Lacordaire published a reply, and in his "Letter on the Holy See" vindicated the rulers of the Church from the aspersions cast on them by the suspended priest. Here are his concluding passages:

"When time shall have done justice to all those miserable theories which, by enslaving the Church, have deprived her of a great part of her influence on human society, it will be easy to know what remedy to apply. It will then be clear to all that the art of governing men does not consist in giving free reins to the power of evil, and in putting good under watch and ward. Good will be set free; and men, wearied with the policy of the world, will be told at last: You wish to devote yourselves to God? Devote yourselves. You wish to retire from a world which is too full and in which intellects superabound? Well, then, retire. You wish to consecrate

your fortune to the relief of your suffering brethren? Consecrate it. You desire to spend your life teaching the poor and the young? Then teach them. You bear a name loaded with three centuries of hatred because your virtues have appeared late in a world which is no longer worthy of them, and you are not ashamed still to bear that name? Then bear it. All you who desire good, under whatever form,—all who would wage war on pride and revolted sense, come and do what you will!

"We have exhausted ourselves in framing new combinations of social forms, and the elixir of life has never yet flowed out of our broken crucibles. He who has life, alone gives it; he who has love diffuses it abroad; he who possesses the secret can alone reveal it to others. Then will begin a new age, over which new treasures of riches will be poured out; and this wealth will consist neither of gold nor of silver, nor vessels brought from the uttermost parts of the earth, and containing precious and costly things; it will neither be steam nor railways, nor all that the genius of man shall be able to tear out of the bosom of nature. There is but one thing that we can truly call wealth, and that is love. Love alone unites all things and fills all things; it knits together God and man, earth and heaven; it is the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things."

After that publication, the Abbé de Lamennais drifted with the current that was bearing him to the rapids and the falls. On the 27th of February, 1848, he began a daily paper, *Le Peuple Constituant*, which was suppressed by General Cavaignac in the early days of the June insurrection, on account of its advocacy of the workingmen's uprising. The unfortunate Abbé was then sixty-six years of age, having been born at St. Malo, in Brittany, in 1782. He sank deeper and deeper. He drove off all his

old friends. He lived alone in a garret. Toward the end of his days he had a struggle for bread. Poor, sad, solitary, he was an object of pity when in February, 1854, he died.

Wretched De Lamennais! His face, as it appears on the bass-relief made by the sculptor David, shows a noble countenance, with refined features and an exceptionally sensitive mouth. His eyes were large and lustrous; his nose was prominent, aquiline, finely chiselled; the head, well-shaped and proudly poised on a strong neck and broad shoulders. Altogether a striking personality.

Mrs. Martin's Mistake.

BY MARY CROSS.

MRS. MARTIN withdrew her attention from the constructing of a gorgeous lamp shade, to say, with the air of one who challenges adverse criticism:

"I think I shall call on the Garnetts." And, as the expected happened—Alice's stare of astonished disapproval,—she added an explanatory note: "They might give me something for the bazaar, you know."

"If you do call, mamma, make it perfectly clear that it is only on business," commanded Alice. "For mercy's sake don't begin any sort of social intercourse with them!"

"Why not, good cousin?" asked Frank, who at mention of the name Garnett had begun to be interested.

"Nobody calls on them; they know nobody; nobody knows anything about them, except that they appear to belong to the have-seen-better-days class, and have probably come to a strange place to live cheaply."

"All excellent reasons why Aunt Martha should show them some little kindness," he opined.

"Oh, if the girl wasn't rather pretty, you wouldn't care two pins one way or the other!"

"What a monstrous accusation! But what is the connection between my caring or not caring and Aunt's intended call?"

"You can be very dense when you like," said Alice, tartly; "but if Mr. Garnett turns out to be a ticket-of-leave man, don't blame me."

"Certainly not. It would be most unreasonable to blame you for the past misdeeds of a man you never knew," said Frank; at which Alice tossed her head, finding no other retort ready.

Mrs. Martin was a manufacturer's wealthy widow, who liked to lead "her set," not only in dress and entertainments but in philanthropy, and she was generally to be found at the head of any social or charitable movements in Moffat. At present her energies were absorbed in the promotion of a bazaar; and she was so anxious to secure the triumph of her own stall thereat that she was disposed to extend patronage even to "the strangers in our midst," the Garnetts, who, without credentials, or introduction, had ventured to take up their unassuming abode in a select part of the place.

Who they were, what they were—that fragile-looking gentleman and his blue-eyed daughter—the most inquisitive of gossips had failed to ascertain. The simplicity of their mode of life and adjuncts did not commend itself to the "stylish"; nevertheless, all was fish that came to the bazaar net, and Mrs. Martin determined to try to obtain at least "a sprat" from Mr. Garnett for the good of the cause. So she stepped from her pedestal of severe exclusiveness, and deigned a visit to the outsiders.

They seemed on the whole fairly well-bred persons, she confided to Alice afterward; the girl was shy and quiet, but the man was rather agreeable. The

liberality of his donation had greatly surprised as well as favorably impressed the good lady.

"I should have conscientious objections about using the money," said Alice, severely. "For anything we know, it may have been dishonestly acquired."

"Let us hang out a sign, 'Mangling done here,'" Frank suggested. "Everyone will understand that we apply the process to character, not clothing."

"You are always excessively touchy about those Garnetts," said his aunt. "What do you know about them?"

"Nothing," he replied, after a pause.

What, indeed, did he know, except that the girl's eyes were deep and blue, that her smile was "all that's best of sweet and bright," that her personality haunted him, though he had never exchanged a word with her?

Some weeks later, an acquaintance of Mrs. Martin's found it her duty as a Christian to inform the lady that her nephew was "getting entangled with that Miss Garnett"; he had been seen walking with her; he had been observed going to or from her father's house,—a piece of news which set Mrs. Martin quivering with indignation. That that girl—a nobody, a nonentity of doubtful antecedents,—should seek to entrap Frank was not to be tolerated for an instant. To remonstrate with him might do more harm than good. From the first he had been disposed to take Miss Garnett's part; and if told that he must not associate with her, he might, with masculine perversity, regard her as all the more desirable because of that very prohibition.

So Mrs. Martin resolved upon the somewhat extreme step of remonstrating with the girl herself. Probably when she knew that Frank was, to all intents and purposes, dependent upon his aunt, from whom he should not receive a shilling unless he married as she desired and approved, Miss Garnett

would retire from the campaign, and spread her snares elsewhere. Thus Mrs. Martin reasoned.

On the day of her second visit to the Garnetts, Mr. Garnett was confined to his room with a cold. The sweetness and kindness of Miss Garnett's reception of her made the worldly-minded matron a trifle ashamed of her errand, and she went about it more delicately and less bluntly than she had intended.

"Perhaps, my dear," she said, "you will permit me to give you a word of warning. You are a young girl, and my nephew is a very handsome and attractive young man. But he is not in a position to marry. For your own sake, you must not encourage him to come here."

Aideen rose, a trifle pale.

"Your nephew has not asked me to marry him," she said quietly. "As we are leaving Moffat almost immediately, I will take this opportunity of wishing you good-bye."

"W-won't you be here for the b-bazaar?" the elder lady stammered.

She had much difficulty in getting off the scene with grace, feeling that she had received a rebuke, all the more effective because administered without heat or temper.

On her homeward way, however, she decided that it had been less of a rebuke than an evasion. The girl had not promised to discourage Frank, nor, indeed, had she committed herself to any definite statement at all beyond that she was leaving Moffat. If that were true, Frank was still accessible by means of the post-office. Mrs. Martin decided that, after all, there was nothing for it but to speak to Frank himself; and as soon as might be she opened fire on the unsuspecting young man.

"Why didn't you tell me you visited those Garnetts, Frank?" she asked; and he pleaded guilty with:

"Well, you don't like them, and Alice

would 'rather hear a dry wheel grate on the axle' than their name; so, in the interests of domestic peace, I said nothing."

"But how did you come to know them at all?"

"I met Mr. Garnett on the hill one morning. Walking toward home with him, he turned faint, and I escorted him to his door, and—"

"Yes, yes! And you were invited in; and next day, as in courtesy bound, you called to inquire about him, and he wasn't able to appear, but his daughter received you. O my dear boy, I know how such people manoeuvre! You are getting yourself talked about, allow me to tell you."

"I am a comfort to the local gossips, no doubt. They might easily have a more unpleasant subject of discussion, mightn't they?"

"Be serious, Frank. You can't marry that girl."

"Can't I? Why not?"

"Because I will not allow you,—that is, if you marry without my consent, you shan't have a penny of my money."

"So much the better for Alice," he said good-humoredly; "and maybe so much the better for me. A man may do a worse thing than work to win a wife. Come, Aunt Martha! If you only knew Aideen Garnett, you would like her, and wish me good luck in my wooing. For certainly I'll win her if I can."

"I hope you will make your position perfectly clear to her, then," answered Aunt Martha, angrily. "Think the matter over well before you commit yourself. When you have done so, I think you will abandon the idea of marrying a penniless nobody rather than give up your home, your expectations, and the affection of your relatives. You know very well on which side your bread is buttered."

She would have felt less secure in her belief had she been able to see him only

a few mornings later in the little garden where Miss Garnett was gathering roses.

Aideen colored when the young man approached, partly because of an embarrassing recollection of his aunt's mission to her, partly because—well, she could not have explained satisfactorily her tendency to blush whenever Frank was near her.

"Father will be glad to see you," she said. "He is in the sitting-room, reading."

"I don't want to see him just yet: I want to see you, if you will spare me a few moments," the young man replied. "Have you time, patience, interest sufficient to listen to a statement of my position and affairs? All I have in the way of money is a hundred a year that my father left me. I have been brought up to regard myself as co-heir with my cousin Alice to my Uncle Herbert's money; but his widow has absolute control over it, and can leave it to whom she pleases. She will not allow me any of it if I oppose her wishes. Some time ago I saw that our wills would come into collision, and that within myself deliverance lay. With a view to gaining my independence, I applied for the post of secretary to our M. P., Sir Arthur Allison. I have not yet received a reply; influence is wanted to secure a post like that, and for lack of it I may be rejected. But there are other openings."

"We know Sir Arthur," she said reflectively; but Frank went on:

"I am trying to show you that I have nothing in the world to offer you but my love. If you will give me a word of hope, I'll work for you with all my strength and energy, and make a home for you. For indeed, Aideen, I love you dearly."

A smile, tender almost to tears, trembled on her lips.

"I shall never leave my father," she

said. "He is ailing and delicate, and needs me."

"What then? I can make a home for both of you. I can help you to take care of him. It will be a great happiness to try; what it will be to succeed I haven't words to express."

"You are very courageous," she said, still smiling.

"Courageous, with you to win! Aideen darling, will you wait for me?"

"I will," she whispered; and Frank felt that the gates of an earthly paradise had opened.

"When may I see Mr. Garnett?" he asked at length.

"Write to him. We are going away to-morrow, and there is not much time for an interview. But don't write until I give you permission. Let me tell father in my own way and my own time."

"I fear he won't think me good enough, Aideen."

"He has other views for me," she admitted candidly. "But he likes you; and when it comes to a question of my happiness, you can easily guess what he will do. And now I want you to promise me something, and it is that I shall always be to you just Aideen Garnett, the girl you love; that you will not let anything come between us."

"Why, it is as easy as breathing to promise that!" he exclaimed; and they parted betrothed lovers.

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"The danger is over, mamma: the Garnetts have gone," Alice announced a few days later. "I passed the house yesterday, and it was closed. Frank seems to have been left behind in more senses than one."

"I was sure the girl would have nothing to say to him when she knew his position was not what it seemed. But we must not be too hard on the poor boy. He is no match for a pair of adventurers. All's well that ends well."

Sir Arthur Allison had consented to

open the bazaar on the first day, and in due course arrived to fulfil his duty; delivering himself of his speech with one leg twisting round the other, after his uneasy habit. Surviving the effort, he set forth on a tour of purchase, and was speedily captured by Mrs. Martin, who presented her daughter and her nephew to him. He buttonholed the latter, as if struck by a sudden happy thought, and dropped his voice to the key confidential.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry, don't you know, for having neglected to answer your letter!" he murmured. "Do you mind if I go into the matter here for a minute? I wasn't quite sure of your efficiency, and so delayed replying to your application. But Lord Carlavrock assured me that you were just the man I wanted. He's an old friend, and I am delighted to take you on his recommendation."

"I am afraid there is a mistake," said Frank, blankly. "I haven't the pleasure of knowing his Lordship."

"Oh, I think you have, don't you know! He seemed, at any rate, to think you had been kind to him during his stay here. Perhaps Lady Aideen is at the bottom of it; for she is always doing something for somebody in her quiet way. Of course he was here incognito. His health had broken down, and the doctors ordered him absolute quiet and seclusion. There are snobs everywhere, even in Moffat; and probably he would have been pestered with attentions if he had been known as the Earl of Carlavrock. So used his family name. Possibly you remember him as Mr. Garnett."

"Yes, I remember," answered Frank, rather faintly.

It was a little while before he recovered sufficiently to remember his promise to Aideen, and understood why she had asked it: no difference of rank or position was to come between them.

That the girl they had slighted and deemed unworthy of their notice was the only child of a wealthy nobleman was truly a bitter pill for Mrs. Martin and Alice. At a later date they were able to "take the taste away" by allusions to "Lady Aideen, my niece," "Lady Aideen, my cousin," because, to the surprise of the fashionable world, her ladyship married the secretary of an M. P., with her father's full approval.

The Spirit of St. Francis.

THERE is nothing more noticeable in the character of the Saint of Assisi than his exquisite tenderness regarding the temporal needs of his brethren, the wise temperateness with which he ordered and arranged everything pertaining to their physical well-being, or the simplicity of his directions in the matter of each individual requirement. He even went so far as to say that mortification, when carried to that excess which incapacitated a man from performing his duties with exactness, was really self-indulgence. His general teaching is to the effect that, as the body is to be used only as an instrument of the spirit, it should be guided in such manner that it will be as useful and perfect an instrument as possible; inasmuch as if a servant does not nourish himself, or is not given, by his master, sufficient nourishment and care to render him capable of always performing his duty, he can be neither a good nor a faithful servant.

We have in the beautiful "Fioretti" a vivid picture of the manner in which the Seraph of Assisi made a practical application of this eminently wise and most prudent doctrine.

"Once on a time," writes Brother Leo, that quaint and delightful chronicler, "when blessed Francis began to have Brothers, and was staying with them at Rivo Torto, near Assisi, it happened

one night, when all the Brothers were asleep, about midnight, one of them called out and said: 'I am dying,—I am dying!' And all the Brothers woke up in horror and fear. And blessed Francis got up and said: 'Arise, Brothers, and kindle a light.' And when the light was kindled, he said: 'Who is he that said, "I am dying"?' The Brother replied: 'It is I.' And he said to him: 'What is wrong with you, Brother?' And he said: 'I am dying of hunger.' Then blessed Francis had a meal prepared at once; and, as a man full of love and discernment, ate with him, *lest he might be ashamed to eat alone; and at his desire, all the other Brothers ate also.*"

Could anything have been more exquisitely kind, courteously discreet, and at the same time more winningly simple than this action on the part of St. Francis, through love and care for the Brother, who might have been "ashamed to eat alone"? And when all was finished, he made them a little discourse, which he thus concluded: "My will is, and I enjoy it upon you, that each of the Brothers, as our poverty allows, satisfy his body according to his need."

An incident quite as touching, and bearing upon the same subject, occurred also at Rivo Torto. We read:

"Another time, when blessed Francis was at the same place, a Brother, who was very spiritual, was ill there, and very feeble. And blessed Francis, taking note of him, was moved with pity for him; but because at that time Brothers in health and sickness treated poverty as abundance, with great joyousness, and used no medicines in their infirmities, and even felt no need of them, but rather preferred to take things harmful to the body, blessed Francis said within himself: 'If the Brother were to eat some ripe grapes in the very early morning, I believe it would do him good.' So blessed Francis reflected and acted accordingly.

"For he got up one day in the very early morning, and called that Brother secretly, and took him to a vineyard which was near the colony. And he chose a vine on which there were good grapes for eating; and, sitting with the Brother near the vine, he began to eat some grapes, for fear that the Brother should be ashamed to eat alone. And while they were eating, the Brother was set free [meaning that his ailment departed]; and together they praised the Lord."

Incidents such as these, recorded by an eye-witness, never lose their flavor, but come down to us through the centuries that have elapsed since the son of Pietro Bernadone cast aside his raiment in the streets of his native city, and, in the sight of his former frivolous companions, went forth to enter upon the mission of love and labor he was never to lay down till he cast aside the body which had hampered him, and went forth to Paradise, singing psalms and praising God.

The Orthodox Way.

A Mexican lady tells of a feeble-minded peon cook she once had, who could neither read nor write, nor even tell the hour by the clock, but who was able to boil eggs with perfect accuracy. When asked one day: "But how do you know when they are ready, Rosa [Teresa]?" she answered with a smile which showed all her fine teeth, "I boil them by the *Credo*."

She had learned the Apostles' Creed, like other unfortunates of her class; but although she did not know quite well what all the words meant, she had found that they did nicely to boil eggs with. "She put the eggs in the pot (in the coffee pot with the coffee, but that is a mere detail), and then began to recite the Creed. At *Amen* the eggs were ready."

In Heaven We Shall Know Our Own.

THE elect contemplate God, admire His infinite perfections, and rejoice in His ineffable goodness. Therein lies their supreme happiness, which fully satisfies all their desires and aspirations. But divine Goodness goes still further. Besides these joys of pure love, the blessed in heaven have the happiness of knowing and loving their brethren in that abode of joy.

The Church has always favored this belief, and her Doctors in every age have proclaimed it in their writings. Some of them teach that souls, after death, retain the memory and knowledge of what they had done here below; others declare that they see their friends who await them in heaven; that others again express their ardent desire to break the ties which bind them, in order that they may fly to a friend or brother whom they have lost, and whom they are confident they will meet and be reunited with forever in the enjoyment of perfect happiness.

But there is no need to multiply testimonies on this point; for all are based upon the words of the Gospel. In the Parable of the Rich Man condemned to torments, Our Lord declares that the just and the wicked know one another in the future life. Abraham knows the rich man numbered among the damned, and the lost soul sees Lazarus among the elect. Thus the blessed recognize not only those whom they knew in this life, but also those who had been strangers to them here upon earth. This is evident from the fact that when Our Lord was transfigured on Mount Thabor, the three disciples who witnessed the great miracle recognized Moses and Elias in the two glorified personages with Him, and called them by their names.

From this we may conclude that, on the day of the Resurrection, every soul

will recognize the body with which it was united in the present life. It will also recognize those whom it knew on earth. The brother will know his brother, the father his children, and the friend his friend. But in heaven knowledge is forever associated with love, and that love is far greater than any which unites hearts in this world. In that abode of bliss the heart expands and is made more exquisitely tender. Just as the sun, as it ascends in the firmament, increases in brilliancy and the warmth of its radiance, so the just soul on entering eternity experiences a wondrous increase in love, not only for God but for its neighbor.

Then, too, we shall love the elect in proportion to their merit. But, after our parents, brothers and sisters, there are others whom we shall love in a special manner. They are those with whom we have been united in holy friendship; whose counsels, example and prayers have detached us from the vanities of this world, and have brought us to taste the delights of divine love. For when souls have thus mutually edified one another upon earth, and have shared their joys and sorrows, it is but natural to believe that they will know and love one another in heaven. God could not wish it to be otherwise.

Paradise is the realization of all our highest aspirations, and the most imperative desire of our human nature is to know and love forever those whom we have known and loved in time. As the poet Whittier sings:

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play;
Who has not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Notes and Remarks.

Our long cherished hopes for the submission to the Church of Lord Halifax, the most influential member of the Establishment—more influential than even the Archbishop of Canterbury—have been revived by what his Lordship said at a recent meeting of the English Church Union at Sheffield. After pointing out the condition of non-Catholic Christendom—the prevailing abeyance of discipline, the neglect of Sunday observance, the loosening of the principles on which Christian society depends, etc.,—he solemnly asked how the dangers involved in such a state of things were to be met; and impressively added: “a head in the late war was essential for success and to avoid defeat. May not a head for the Churches of Christendom be as essential for the success of the warfare of the Church against sin and unbelief? Might we not do well to welcome Pius XI. as our armies welcomed Marshal Foch? Are there not sufficient grounds, without sacrifice of principles, to accept the Roman position of a Primacy by divine appointment having been conferred on St. Peter, or at least to enter into negotiations which may pave the way for some definite terms of reunion?”

These words of Lord Halifax are all the more noteworthy from the fact that for fifty years he has presided over the English Church Union. Now, more than ever before, our Anglican brethren seem disposed to consider the conditions on which they may become Catholics. What those conditions are can always be easily ascertained.

One passage in particular of President Harding's Thanksgiving Day proclamation should not be unheeded. It reads: “For the bounteous yield which has come to us from the resources of our soil and our industry, we owe our

tribute of gratitude, and with it our acknowledgment of the duty and obligation to our own people and to the unfortunate, the suffering, the distracted of other lands."

The Holy Father has already appealed to American Catholics in behalf of the starving peoples of Russia, Austria, parts of Germany and the Near East; and Mgr. Bonzano, his Delegate in our country, declares: "No work is more deserving of immediate support than this, and I am sure that those who heed the call will receive from God the blessing which the Holy Father invokes in advance on their behalf."

A New York journal said recently of the Governor of Kansas: "Henry J. Allen is the kind of man, strong in character, strong in sense of responsibility and strong in performance of duty, that puts power into public office, commands respect for public service, and sheds luster on American leadership." We should like to believe that the executive in question measures up to this high standard—but he doesn't. Just about the time the Eastern editor was writing his eulogy, Gov. Allen was addressing a public meeting at Great Bend, Kansas. Here is a brief quotation from his speech:

You are both to blame. You Catholics who go out and say "I don't vote for a man who is not a Catholic. I am going to put my political activity behind my religion." You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, and you men who join the Ku-Klux Klan say: "Here is an Order that exists for the protection of white supremacy and to save us from the Catholic Church." You ought to be ashamed, honestly, you ought to be ashamed!

We don't know whether his charge against Kansas Catholics is true or false, though we believe it to be generally false; but, even if it be true, there is no parity whatever between religious narrowness, bigotry if you will, that confines its operations to the disposal

of its ballots, and the anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, and anti-Jew fanaticism that gives outward expression of its creed, not in ballots, but in bullets,—in murder and rapine, and defiance of all properly constituted law and order. In placing the two classes on a level, Mr. Allen, if correctly reported, was saying "the thing which is not," was deliberately maligning his Catholic fellow-citizens, was—in the guise of a broad-minded leader—truckling like the veriest ward politician to anti-Catholic prejudice. An equally unfair parallel was suggested in a later alleged utterance on the same occasion: "I am not a Catholic. I am a Methodist and a thirty-second degree Mason and a Knight Templar. I belong to everything, except the Knights of Columbus and Ku-Klux Klan, and I wouldn't join either of them."

Unless the Governor of Kansas apologizes to his Catholic fellow-citizens in general, and to the Knights of Columbus in particular for this implied slur, there will be many to believe that one other society to which he does not belong is that of—cultured gentlemen.

We had thought that the necessity of one day of rest each week was long ago almost universally recognized by economists and industrial leaders, as well as by religious teachers. It seems, however, that it is still a question of "practical politics," of present interest. Such being the case, it is not less gratifying than significant to find so outstanding an American as Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—a man of broad mind and large heart,—discoursing in this wise:

I believe that, generally speaking, the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week should no longer be tolerated in industry, either from the viewpoint of public policy or of industrial efficiency; I believe that both have been proven to be unnecessary, uneconomic and unjustifiable. As a matter of general policy, subject only to the demands of occasional emergency, modern industry is justified in requiring the eight-hour day and

the six-day week, as a labor standard toward which all the parties interested should steadily press. Even in those industries where the continuous process is an inevitable feature, the routine should be so adjusted that the employees can have at least one day's rest in seven, and can obtain that share of leisure for self-development which accompanies the work-day of approximately eight hours.

It must of course be supposed that before issuing their joint Pastoral to the priests and people of Ireland, the Irish bishops took pains to inform themselves thoroughly as to the actual state of the country, and were careful to weigh well the words in which they were going to express themselves. Indeed, they declare: "We issue this pastoral letter under the grievous sense of our responsibility, mindful of the charges laid upon us by our divine Master to preach His doctrine and safeguard His sacred rule of faith and morals at any cost. We must 'Obey God rather than man.'" It is a very stern document, to say the least. Referring to the demoralization and destruction occasioned by the civil war, the bishops write:

Our country, that but yesterday was so glorious, is now a byword before the nations for a domestic strife as disgraceful as it is criminal and suicidal. A section of the community, refusing to acknowledge the Government set up by the nation, have chosen to attack their own country as if she were a foreign Power. Forgetting, apparently, that a dead nation can not be free, they have deliberately set out to make our motherland, as far as they could, a heap of ruins. They have wrecked Ireland from end to end, burning and destroying national property of enormous value, breaking roads, bridges, and railways, seeking by this insensate blockade to starve the people, or bury them in social stagnation. They have caused more damage to Ireland in three months than could be laid to the charge of British rule in so many decades. They carry on what they call a war, but which, in the absence of any legitimate authority to justify it, is morally only a system of murder and assassination of the national forces—for it must not be forgotten that killing in an unjust war is as much murder before God as if there were no war. They ambush military

lorries in the crowded streets, thereby killing and wounding not only the soldiers of the nation, but peaceful citizens. They have, to our horror, shot bands of these troops on their way to Mass on Sunday; and set mine-traps in the public roads, and blown to fragments some of the bravest Irishmen that ever lived. Side by side with this woeful destruction of life and property, there is running a campaign of plunder, raiding banks and private houses, seizing the lands and property of others, burning mansions and country houses, destroying demesnes, and slaying cattle.

"A section of the community." We are wondering exactly what percentage of the population that section represents, and just how guilty are those comprising it of the crimes laid to their charge. If the bishops' words are to be taken precisely as they read, the situation in Ireland is far more deplorable than some persons who lately visited the country are willing to admit. The present disposition on the part of Irish-Americans to refrain from unqualified condemnation of the Irish Republicans is general and, in our opinion, wise. To regard idealists as outlaws and to treat refractory patriots as rebels, has sometimes resulted in driving them to desperation. Those on this side of the ocean who have reason to love Ireland best seem most disposed to refer to the lamentable conflict there in terms of greatest moderation.

Writing from the Rhineland, a correspondent of our High Church contemporary, the *Church Times*, refers in glowing terms to the evidences of faith and piety which he witnessed everywhere. "Of course, Catholicism flourishes, and is at its noblest in the Rhineland. . . . A wonderful sight on a Sunday is Cologne Cathedral, with the whole nave filled with worshippers."

Readers who stop to reflect will wonder how, if the Germans were "Huns" during the War, that any section of them could have been so suddenly and thoroughly converted since

the Armistice. American soldiers of the Army of Occupation, on becoming acquainted with inhabitants of the Rhineland, were often heard to exclaim: "Can this be the people we were fighting against, and whom we regarded as barbarians and called 'Huns'!"

The elections just held presented several features which would have been regarded, half a century ago, as utterly preposterous. The fact that Catholic women were candidates for State and Federal offices would have been sufficiently surprising to our grandparents; but the additional fact that Catholic Sisters should be found going to the voting booths and depositing their ballots, would, in an earlier day, have seemed simply scandalous. We have changed all that—and changed it for the better. The performance of their duties as citizens in no way detracts from the sanctity and modesty of our nuns. They are merely rendering unto Cæsar, occasionally, the things that are Cæsar's, just as they render unto God, habitually, the things that are God's. Nor does the ambition of some of our Catholic women to hold political offices lessen in any way their worth and worthiness.

It is possible, of course, and indeed probable, that in the reaction from the old-time disabilities under which they labored, some women may become unduly engrossed in politics, to the detriment of more intimate and binding duties; and hence the words of Pius XI. to the Union of the Catholic Women of Italy are worth the attentive perusal of women of all lands, and of all creeds as well. On the occasion of its second national congress in Rome, a few weeks ago, the Union was congratulated by His Holiness, who said:

"Your President-General says that your particular aim is the defence of the family in every contingency in which danger presents itself—religious,

moral, cultural, economic defence, and defence in every other respect in which it is needed; a defence which does not limit itself merely to the prevention of evil, but, above all, seeks to encourage and multiply what is good. Truly, the protection of the family, which is the first root of society, the source of all the good and the peril of all the evil that may befall a people, the shrine of all the virtues, religious and civic, private, public and political, is worthy of your efforts. O women, young girls, university students, mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, the family is your kingdom and in it you are really queens! God grant that no woman may ever be tempted to renounce that sovereignty, so deeply rooted in nature itself, in order to aspire to other ephemeral kingdoms and vain triumphs!"

The ponderously oracular presidents of the British Association are subjected to a somewhat disconcerting parallel by the editor of the *Catholic Herald of India*. Sir S. C. Sherrington's statement, in his recent presidential address to the Association, that "the human being is merely a cleverly devised animal machine," and "The mind, as hitherto regarded, is non-existent," moves the irreverent East Indian editor to quote from the contradictory statements of successive presidents of the Association, with this result:

1912. "The problem of the origin of life is on the point of solution." 1914. "The problem of life still stands outside the range of scientific investigation." 1922. "Life is not more than working mechanism." 1912. "Everything...is reducible to matter." 1914. "Memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now." 1914. "Personality persists beyond bodily death." 1922. "The mind is non-existent."

"This," says our bright contemporary, in playful mood, "is Science with its perennial variations."

A Notable Contribution to Catholic Criticism.

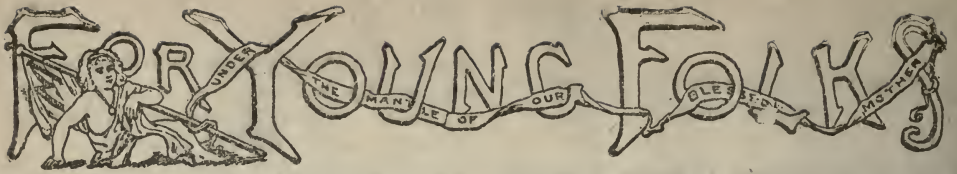
Prof. Shuster's book* is indeed a notable contribution to Catholic criticism. It will be easy to find fault with it here and there, and justly to appraise its limitations; but the fact that such a book has been written at all, that its intelligence and information are very much needed by the general public, are sufficient recommendations. He began his book with a right idea of the modern situation. To quote his own words: "We all feel that the older English letters were concerned with an established point of view; that, while Spenser was an Anglican and Milton a Puritan, their human creed, their idea of man, was substantially the same. But the pressure of these latter days has lain heavily on every kind of art; and literature has been forced to voice the protest or the defence of a multitude of individuals deriving their strength from sources which have very little in common. In many ways, the influence of this state of affairs has been evil, and has led to recklessness and perversity in the statement of opinion, as well as to the abandonment by a large portion of the reading public of anything like standards, not only of judgment, but even of taste." There one finds a precise and accurate description of present conditions among writers and readers. Prof. Shuster wrote his book to help change the conditions, and it will do that very thing.

The author begins with a good review of the conditions in England leading to the Catholic revival, discusses Kenelm Digby as the discoverer of the Catholic past in England, devotes three chapters to Cardinal Newman, gives a chapter to the leaders of his time, reviews the characteristics of Patmore, Hopkins and Aubrey de Vere, lauds Francis Thompson as the master-poet, in a very brilliant chapter, does justice to Alice Meynell, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Louise Imogen Guiney and others; discusses Ruskin, Pater and the Pre-Raphaelites with much discrimination, presents a good account of the chroniclers of Aristendom (which means the essayists and journalists), allots enthusiastic chapters to Mr. Benson, Chesterton and Belloc, pays merited compliments to some lesser lights, permits Ireland a meagre chapter and America another, still more meagre, and closes with a review of the entire book and of the Catholic spirit, as forcible as it is charming. The style

is good, the plan harmonious and well carried out, and the workmanship excellent; so that the book is entitled from every point of view to a place in all working libraries.

It is interesting to observe how the peculiarities and fashions of the time weave themselves, quite unconsciously often, into the texture of a book. Prof. Shuster has not escaped himself and his time in his manner of writing. Hence the faults of the book, neither few nor inconsiderable. They are mentioned here only to bring about correction and change in future editions; because the work is bound to be read, to exercise a healthful influence, and to lead to other books on the same subject. A single chapter on Irish authors, a single chapter on American authors, a complete absorption of the book on English writers of the Faith, is a blunder in proportion; it is followed up in the essays on Benson, Chesterton, Belloc, and becomes somewhat irritating in the notes on Christian Reid, Brownson, Longfellow, and the appreciation of oddities like J. G. Hunecker. Brother Azarias' name does not appear at all in the book, though he wrote, without doubt, the most finished essay in our modern tongue on "The Culture of the Spiritual Sense"; and his five volumes are as purely literary as any critic could desire. Brownson was the most powerful intellect this Republic has so far produced, and he suffered obscurity, not because his essays were lacking, but because the American public, then as now, wished to know nothing of Catholicity in any form.

Probably Prof. Shuster lost his courage as his book grew, tried to give everybody a becoming notice, and thus fell a victim to untoward circumstances. One may venture to suggest in the next edition the necessary changes: more space and thought to the American, Irish and Irish-American writers; removal of the lesser writers; more attention to Longfellow and less to Walter Pater; omission of Hunecker, who died as he lived, without practical expression of the faith in which he was born; introduction of Brother Azarias, some notice of Tennyson; and a truer appreciation of Newman's poetry. These recommendations are in line with the thesis of the book. The author's style is now and then marred by signs of haste. On the whole, the work is admirable, has earned a distinctive place in criticism, and should be the handbook of students, readers and experts, for a long time. Its faults were, perhaps, inevitable, but can easily be remedied; and as the only book of its kind, full of good things, well written, moderate in its judgments, sprightly in its tone, it should receive a hearty welcome.



The Month of the Poor Souls.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

PRAY for them, little children,
When you hear the wild winds sigh:
Some under seas are sleeping,
Some in lone graveyards lie.
To-day, with light feet bounding
Where once, perhaps, they trod,
Whisper your *Requiescant*
Close to the ear of God.
Murmur it over and over—
"O may they rest in peace!"
Be sure that the Lord will listen,
And grant them swift release,
Whether in tombs long mouldered,
Or under the fresh-turned sod;
For the prayers of the little children
Are keys to the Heart of God.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

VI.

FROM the dark corner in which he was kneeling, Camille soon distinguished two dark shadows on the opposite side of the field: they were men going toward the fruit-trees.

Camille's first impulse, it must be confessed, was one of fear. Then he remembered that he had the horn near him. Picking it up, he blew a long, shrill blast; and, protected by the shadow of his little house, he awaited the result.

Much frightened, the trespassers started on the run to the low place in the wall. Suddenly Camille heard the step of the patrol and the cry:

"Who goes there?"

A moment later the same voice called out, "We have them!"

Camille then ventured out into the road, and saw, not far from him, a group of National Guards surrounding two wicked-looking men. He went nearer: the light carried by one of the Guards fell full on the prisoners' faces, and Camille was amazed.

"Why, those are the strangers I met the other night!" he exclaimed.

This remark attracted the attention of the corporal commanding the Guards, and he began to question the boy.

"In the first place," replied Camille, "it was I who blew the horn."

"What! Are you the boy Uncle Raymond told me about?"

"Yes, sir; I suppose I am the one."

"Do you know those men?" he asked, pointing to the prisoners, who were being led off to jail.

"I do," said Camille,— "that is, they hailed me as I was coming up the Champs-Élysées from the suburbs night before last. The larger one asked me to show him the way to the Rue d'Orleans; he talked like a foreigner."

He then related the circumstances of his adventure. The corporal, who was a nephew of Mr. Raymond, completed the story by telling his companions of Camille's noble and generous conduct on the occasion.

"Well, you would have done the same, sir, wouldn't you, if you had known how to play on the violin? Then, too, the ten francs have brought me a good profit. Would you like to see my house?" concluded Camille.

"Your house!" said the corporal. "If you have a tree to perch on in my uncle's field, you ought to feel happy."

The patrol, headed by the corporal followed Camille.

"Is this where you sleep?" they asked

when they saw the four walls and the glass-strewn boards.

"Yes," was the reply. Then, shaking his head, Camille added with a sorrowful expression: "Only just a month ago, when my uncle was alive, I should have thought myself very unfortunate with only a home like this. But now, after the fear I have had of sleeping in the street and of being taken up by the police, I thank Heaven for so nice a shelter."

"Poor boy!" said the man, touched by the sadness of Camille's voice. "Comrades, we must do something for him."

"I'm not very rich," said one, "but I'm a shoemaker by trade. I'll take it upon myself to see that he gets a pair of new shoes: he needs them. And here are five francs, corporal."

"I'll send him a bed and mattress," said another.

"Here is a little offering of money, corporal," said yet another.

The corporal took the money and offered it to Camille.

The boy drew back, blushing, and exclaimed:

"I don't want it, sir! I don't need it!"

"Take it, my boy!"

"I don't want to accept money until I have earned it, sir," said Camille.

"What do you know how to do?" asked the corporal. "Can you read and write well?"

"Yes, sir, pretty well, they say."

"Well, I'm a printer and one of my proof-readers needs an assistant. Come to-morrow morning early to this address (handing Camille a card), and you will find work. In the meantime accept the money; take it as a loan, if you don't want it as a gift. You can return it at your convenience."

"I'll gladly do that, sir," said Camille; "but I shall return it, you may be sure."

The men now took leave of our hero and went away.

"Upon my word," said Camille to

himself, weighing the money in his hand, "it pays well to do right. To-morrow, I shall ask Marie to buy me some shirts and socks."

VII.

Camille rose early the following morning. The idea of being employed in a printing-office had run through his mind all night, and kept him from sleeping. After eating his scanty breakfast and giving some crumbs to his pigeons, he set off, accompanied by Fox.

He had gone but a short distance when he met the corporal of the Guard, who was now off duty and who was about to get into a buggy.

"You're just in time!" he called out to Camille. "Jump in, and I will take you to the office and get you settled there for your work."

The boy did not need a second invitation: he took his place beside his new patron, and the horse started off at a gallop. Fox trotted along behind. In a quarter of an hour Camille found himself at his destination.

"Mr. Germain," said the printer, presenting Camille to an old gentleman, who wore a green eye-shade that half covered his face, "here is a boy who can hold copy for you, I think. You can report to me if he is able to do that kind of work."

"You shall know before an hour's time," replied the other. "Come right in here, my boy," he added, leading the way to a little office partitioned off in the middle of the large room. You are to follow me in this manuscript. You must be watchful and stop me if you notice the slightest omission. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir!"

"Now come sit down beside me, and we will begin."

Camille was so obedient and so considerate for Mr. Germain that before the end of the day the two were the best of friends. Camille had told his story,

and the old proof-reader had offered to take him to board with him.

"But I have only a little money to pay for it," objected Camille.

"You may expect to earn thirty sous a day," replied Mr. Germain.

Upon hearing this, Camille opened his eyes wide and exclaimed:

"Thirty sous!"

"Thirty sous a day make nine francs a week. You can give my wife twenty sous a day, and she will furnish you with breakfast and dinner. Does that arrangement suit you?"

"I should think so, sir!" replied Camille, in tones of gratitude.

As the old man had promised, Camille was employed to work at thirty sous a day. Mr. Germain took him home and introduced him to his wife. That kind woman found it difficult to decide which one to pet the more, the boy or the dog.

Late in the afternoon Camille took leave of his new friends. With a happy heart and a light step, he hurried along the street on his way to his home, followed by Fox.

As he approached the orchard he met Marie, who seemed to be waiting for him. In her hand she held a handkerchief folded like a bandage.

"Let me tie this over your eyes, Camille," she said gaily.

Without making any explanation, the girl tied the handkerchief firmly around his head; then, taking his hand, she led him forward.

VIII.

Camille realized that he was in his field. Although he could see nothing, he could hear suppressed laughter, whispering, and a confused sound, as if several people were walking stealthily about. Soon he felt the floor of his cabin under his feet, and then the bandage was removed.

He looked around, and great was his surprise at what he saw. The bare, uneven walls of the room were covered

with pretty yellow and blue paper; it was no longer a large, empty space, but a cosy chamber, containing all that was needed for comfort.

On one side was an iron bed, made up ready for occupancy; on the other stood a wardrobe, through whose half-open door one could see clothing on the shelves. At the foot of the bed was a small buffet, from which escaped an odor that proved that this piece of furniture was not the least useful. Besides these, there were two cane-seated chairs and a pine table.

One can readily understand Camille's astonishment at sight of this transformation; he hardly knew whether he was awake or asleep.

A burst of boisterous laughter, and a pinch slyly given him by Marie to rouse him from his stupor, proved that he was not dreaming. Then for the first time he saw that there was quite a crowd of people present. There were the masons, the blind man and his daughter, among them he saw his patron, the printer, and some others who were strangers.

"Well, what do you think of all this?" said the printer, going up to Camille. "Do you think that the ten francs given to the blind man have brought you enough profit? Everything here belongs to you. Bed, wardrobe, buffet, table and chairs were given you by these gentlemen. You do not recognize them I see. They are the Guards who came to your rescue last night. You will find somewhere, too, a basket of good things to eat and drink. I took it upon myself to invite the men who built the house for you, and the blind man and his daughter to take supper with you. Now good-bye, my boy! Be ready for work to-morrow."

The printer and his friends took their leave; and Marie, who had been anxious to open the buffet, now did so. Inside she found a large meat-pie, a roast fowl

two loaves of fresh white bread, and several other things.

Camille watched her and called out cheerily:

"There's enough for all of us! Let's have our supper at once."

"The evening is pleasant, so let us set the table outside," suggested Marie. "We can put some of those boards across the large stones for seats."

"Oh, good!—good!" exclaimed the masons, hastening to execute the girl's orders.

At ten o'clock the guests departed. Camille went alone into his little room; and, after putting things in order, he fell on his knees at his bedside and thanked God from the depths of his heart for all the blessings he had received. For the first time since he had come to Paris, he had a real bed to sleep on.

"How comfortable it feels!" he kept saying to himself. "After one has been without a bed as long as I have, he appreciates the luxury."

Soon, the soft bed aiding, he fell fast asleep.

We shall now pass on in our narrative to the month of February, 1838, when an event took place which was greatly to affect the fortunes of our little Robinson Crusoe.

IX.

It was Sunday, a day of rest at the printing-office. Camille went out early to buy some food; afterward he went to Mass at St. Roch's. The service over, he lingered on the steps of the church, watching the carriages drive up for their owners.

Fox did not content himself with merely watching them: he ran out among them, sniffing about and getting under the feet of the horses. He received more than one blow from the coachmen, which sent him back in shame to his master.

"That serves you right," said Camille.

"What do you want to go out there for?"

The dog did not heed his master's reproof nor the harsh treatment he received: he kept on running out. He had evidently a large curiosity to satisfy.

Nearly everyone had now left the church, and Camille decided to go home and read a book which Mr. Germain had lent him. Suddenly he heard a call: "Fox! Fox!"

The boy looked around just in time to see his dog jump into a carriage in which a lady was seated. The door was closed at once and the horses started off on a brisk trot.

Camille's first impulse was to follow the vehicle, but it soon disappeared from view.

"I've lost my dog!—I've lost my dog!" he cried out in such genuine distress that several persons turned around to look at him.

But he cried in vain. Fox had disappeared, perhaps forever.

Sorrowfully, the poor boy turned his steps homeward. On reaching his enclosure, everything seemed lonely and deserted; his well-filled room even looked bare and cold. What was to become of him without his dog?

"Oh, Fox was more than a dog to me!" he exclaimed, sobbing. "He was a companion and a friend."

The next morning the boy's grief was still more bitter. What had become of his affectionate dog, that at the least movement on the part of his master would bark and leap about with joy?

He rose from his bed and tears filled his eyes. He ate his solitary breakfast, fed his birds, and started off for the printing-office. As he passed before the fruit-store where Marie was employed, instead of the cheerful greeting he was wont to give her, he stopped and, putting out his hands, exclaimed:

"I've lost my dog, Marie!"

"What a misfortune!" said the girl, who felt very sorry to hear this news.

On reaching the office, Camille replied to all who greeted him with the words, "I've lost my dog!"

"Don't think too much of your trouble now," said Mr. Germain. "Work comes first, my boy."

Alas, it must be confessed that Camille was not very attentive that day! The proofs were badly read.

"I'll have to find you another dog, I think," said his kind patron.

"Oh, no, no!" answered Camille. "I should only have to lose him again."

(To be continued.)

A Witty Pair.

As Dean Swift and his servant, Tom, were once upon a long journey they put up at a wayside inn, where they lodged all night. In the morning the Dean called for his boots. The servant immediately took them to him. When the Dean saw them, he said, "How is this, Tom? My boots are not cleaned."—"No, sir," replied Tom; "as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again."—"Very well," said the Dean; "go and get the horses ready."

In the meantime, the Dean took breakfast, but ordered the landlord not to let Tom have any. When he returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready. "Yes, sir," answered Tom.—"Go and bring them out, then."—"I have not had my breakfast yet, sir."—"Oh, no matter for that," said the Dean; "if you had, you would soon be hungry again."

As they rode off in silence, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and began to read. A gentleman met them, and, seeing the Dean reading, was not willing to disturb him, but he said to Tom: "Where are you going?"—"We are going to heaven, sir."—"How do you know that?"—"Because I am fasting and my master is praying."

How Paganini Triumphed.

IF the jealousy which is so sadly common to all mankind, musicians sometimes seem to have more than their due share. When Paganini's fame as a violinist began to spread abroad there was great excitement in the musical circles of Europe, and many of his professional brethren went so far as to arrange conspiracies which were intended to drive this new star from the firmament of sweet sounds.

When he first visited Paris for the purpose of displaying his wondrous gift, the great violinist found the members of the orchestra which was to accompany him acting with indifference,—in fact, playing so wretchedly, on purpose to confuse him, that at a rehearsal he deliberately stopped and laid down his violin. "Gentlemen," he said, "why was I not furnished with an orchestra of some merit? You do not know how to read music or to keep time. I advise you to go to practising scales; and if the director can provide me with suitable accompanists, I will continue this rehearsal; otherwise there will be no concerts in Paris."

These remarks, delivered in the most quiet tones, had their effect, and the musicians begged leave to try again. So they started a second time, when all went smoothly until one rude fellow, who beat the bass drum, wishing to show that although the others had been conquered he had not, began to pound in such a manner that everything was wrong again. Then Paganini rushed toward the drummer declaring that he would beat him over the head with one of his own drumsticks. The man was thoroughly scared and ran away; the other performers laughed, and the practice proceeded.

After one concert in Paris jealousy vanished; for Paganini became the idol of all the musicians.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne announce for publication early in the new year a translation of "Charles de Foucauld" ("The Hermit of the Sahara"), the latest work of M. René Bazin.

—"More Beetles," by J. Henri Fabre, translated by the late Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, the fourth and last volume on beetles in the collected English edition of Fabre's entomological works, is now ready.

—"The Religious Vows and Virtues," edited by James Harrison, O. P., with a preface by Vincent McNabb, O. P., is a translation from the Latin of Bl. Humbert de Romanis, O. P., a scholar of the Thirteenth Century. The book contains what the preface aptly styles a characteristic fragment of Thirteenth-Century asceticism. The translation is notably good, and the little work will be welcomed by all those whom it especially addresses. Benziger Brothers; price, 75 cents.

—"The Seven-Fold Gift," by William F. Robison, S. J., Ph. D. (B. Herder Book Co.), consists of a series of seven Lenten lectures on the Sacraments. They constitute a co-ordinated and valuable treatise on a subject which, like the Church itself, however old, is ever new. This is the fourth volume with which Father Robison has enriched our apologetic and devotional literature, and it is likely to prove quite as popular as its excellent predecessors. A twelvemo of 225 pages; price, \$1.50.

—"The Divine Counsellor," by Martin J. Scott, S. J., an exceptionally neat twelvemo of 155 embroidered pages, comes to us from P. J. Kenedy & Sons. In this volume, Father Scott departs from the style of his former books, and takes up the form of the old-time spiritual writers,—a dialogue between Our Lord and the reader on the following subjects: "Life's Hardships," "Trust in God," "Eternal Punishment," "Temptation," "Confession to a Priest," and "Scruples of Conscience." As usual, the author is distinctly practical and eminently readable.

—A new volume of the "Household of God Series," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., contains three biographical sketches, the first being that of "Marie Thérèse Couderc," foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Cenacle (1805-1885); the second tells the story of "Marie Thérèse de Soubiran," foundress

of the Society of Marie Auxiliatrice (1834-1889); and the third deals with another member of the same society, "Mère Marie Elisabeth de Luppé." The last-mentioned is the shortest of the three narratives, but by no means the least readable; and all three, indeed, will interest the lay as well as the religious reader considerably more than may seem probable from their titles. Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.75.

—"Discourses and Essays," by John Ayscough (B. Herder Book Co.), is a collection of papers, short and long, on a variety of subjects with no particular indication as to which are essays and which discourses. In a second edition, it might be well to mention the occasion on which this or that discourse was given, especially as the book is not equipped with an index. "On this side of the Atlantic" would in that case be less ambiguous than it is at present, on page 211. That the volume is enjoyable goes without saying; it would be difficult for John Ayscough to be otherwise than entertaining. That many of its pages contain excellent material for serious thought on the part of Catholics and non-Catholics alike is evident from a mere cursory examination of this collection. It forms a 12mo of 220 pages. Price, \$1.75.

—The theory of Demosthenes, that the three parts of oratory are "action, action, action," has evidently been applied to fiction by Mark S. Gross, S. J., whose "To the Dark Tower" has just been published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The author sees to it that his "adventure-romance of breathless intensity and charming vividness," as it is modestly styled on its "jacket," shall escape the criticism of being lacking in incidents. The adventurous small boy will find that there is "something doing" on every page,—so many things appealing to his breathless intensity that he is in danger of being surfeited therewith. As the small boy's capacity for "thrills" is, however, practically unlimited, he will doubtless enjoy the story more than his more sophisticated elders. The narrative is a thoroughly Catholic one, with the religious note not unduly stressed. Price, \$1.90.

—In none of the numerous novels by Miss Isabel Clarke is there more masterful character drawing than in her new story, "Average Cabins." The plot is an intensely interesting one, and it is developed with the skill and dis-

tion of style to which the author has accustomed us. It is a sad story, however, for the most part. The least sympathetic of readers will pity the much-suffering heroine, and, while admiring her brother, will regret that he did not show as much prudence as charity in his dealings with the one whose sins were so strangely punished. A fine piece of work is the description of the meeting of the Ponsford clan (chapter XXXI). Particularly good, too, is the portrayal of Pamela, who, though a "flapper," proves herself a "brick." "Average Cabins," like all of Miss Clarke's books, belongs to the class of novels of which there can not be too many. Benziger Brothers; price, \$2.15.

—Almanacs and calendars for 1923 continue to make their appearance. German readers will welcome *Der Wanderer Kalender*, which is one of the best of our annuals. It contains the usual amount of good reading and numerous illustrations, two of them being colored.—From the Frederick Pustet Co. comes *Regensburger Marien-Kalender*, with its attractive cover, in keeping with which are the reading matter and pictures.—The loose-leaf "Calendar of the Blessed Sacrament," issued by the Sentinal Press, New York city, is well calculated to foster devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and will be preferred to ordinary calendars by many Catholics.—The Salve Regina Society offers a series of twelve Christmas and New Year cards, which are enclosed in white envelopes and put up in neat boxes. Some of these cards, we must say, would be more desirable without the verses that are printed on them.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon: (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John J. Lilly, of the diocese of Kansas City; and Rev. Henry F. Hyland, diocese of Syracuse.

Sister Ann, of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

Mr. William H. Drain, Mr. George Ashwell, Mr. Cornelius Burke, Mrs. Nora McGrath, Miss Melanie Carles, Mr. H. G. Hener, Mr. Frank Kutz, Mr. Joseph McKnight, Mr. William McKnight, Mr. Edward McKnight, Mr. Edward Primeau, Mr. John Stuve, Mr. Lawrence Banville, Mr. David Johnston, Mrs. John Haley, Mr. Patrick O'Donnell, Miss Helen M. Larkin, Mrs. J. J. Love, Mrs. D. B. Brainard, Mr. William Hale, and Mrs. Alex Smith.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: A. E. O'T., \$1; A. W., \$100; Moline, Ill., \$5; Letitia D., \$1; John, \$5; J. B. L., \$8; Ella M., \$130; Emily Bull, \$2; K. M. M., \$30. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: in honor of St. Anthony, \$2.50; Mrs. M. E. W., \$5; Mary Boste, \$5; J. M. K., in honor of the B. V. M., \$10. For the famine sufferers in Russia and Armenia: Mrs. M. E. W., \$5; E. J. P. R., \$10; K. M. M., \$30. For the Foreign Missions: Baker, Oregon, 25 cents; Marie Drury. \$2.



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

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The Wings of Sound.

(Written after hearing a rendition of Gounod's
"Ave Maria.")

BY SYDNEY SNELL.

SOFTLY the light falls on a field of faces,
A field of serried ovals, dimly pale,
Like some strange growth in parched and
desert places,
That waits athirst the healing of the rain.
Winds in the forest trees; the silvern falling
Of rain on leaves new-opened in the Spring;
Bird-song, and waters unto waters calling—
Earth-music throbbing from the violins.
Then through that muted sweetness, in gradation
Voices of organ, flute, and 'cello break,
Bearing the theme to some high consummation,
Beauty ineffable and ultimate.
Ah, the vast seas of sound that break and
thunder!
Grandeur unbearable of chord on chord,
Until the soul from flesh is rent asunder,
And carried to the very feet of God.

LET us frankly admit that the spirituality of many people is merely a cloak for laziness. Their goodness is negative. Everyone knows this type of gentle "good" person wrapped up in spiritual selfishness. They are very sweet-tempered, yet unbendingly obstinate. The convenience of others, obvious duties, the plain call of charity, must all give way to their own spiritual comfort.

—J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P.

A New Movement for the Conversion of England.

BY MRS. REGINALD BALFOUR.

Since the War, Englishmen are impressed with a new sense of the reality of religion. They observed its effectiveness in the face of danger; its power to heal, tranquillize and uplift in the face of death. They have observed the definiteness of Catholic teaching. In Protestant England, many have adopted Catholic emblems which before would have repelled them. The message of War-shrines, crucifixes and rosaries awoke stirrings, maybe, of the old Catholic tradition never wholly obliterated. Belief in the efficacy of prayers for the dead is becoming more frequent. It is dawning on many that their choice must be between the Catholic religion or no religion at all.

THESE words were spoken by Cardinal Bourne, to encourage the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild, which he has greatly at heart, and to indicate the first showings of the harvest its members have to cultivate together.

The Evidence Guild is a band of zealous Catholics, both men and women, whose mission is to preach Catholic doctrine to the "crowd" out-of-doors, in the parks and open spaces of our towns, at the street-corners, in the highways and byways,—anywhere that they can get a hearing. Though the English are not an eloquent nation, they love to listen to oratory; stump speeches and outdoor sermons have always played a large part in English life. Anybody may have his say in the open air, if he can get anyone to listen to him, and is tolerated and unmolested by the police and the public so long as he controls his audience and causes no disturbance.

On Sundays, Hyde Park is the scene of such open-air oratory. Many thousands of Londoners, weary of the monotonous English "Sabbath," and its enforced idleness, parade for hours around the hundred and one speakers who offer their panaceas, religious and political, for the ills of the world. Individual Catholic preachers have spoken to this moving, fluctuating mass for many years, and the Guild of Ransom has kept a small band of men thus employed, in combination with their special and more effective work of organizing processions through the streets of London in honor of the English Martyrs, of Our Lady, and certain great festivals of the Church. The Catholic Evidence Guild has, for the last four years, taken its place amongst these outdoor preachers. It aims at sending, into this mission field, a highly trained and organized band of workers, thoroughly equipped with knowledge of the soil in which they have to work, with their theology "at their fingers' ends," ready and alert to withstand attack, to foster inquiry and to allay prejudice. Like all great movements, it sprang from a small individual effort, blessed and fertilized by Almighty God.

One of the isolated preachers of whom we have spoken, an Australian, the nephew of Archbishop Redwood of Melbourne, seeing the harvest and the fewness of the laborers, obtained the Cardinal's leave to join others to his efforts. Their new feature was to preach beneath the crucifix, a thing not done since the Reformation in England. With the Cardinal's earnest encouragement, the work has grown, till, at the present day, the Guild has a membership of 800 men and women, and is a practical working organization to train, test and equip them as preachers to this drifting, unshepherded, ignorant mass of the English people.

Let us look at the material upon

which they work. England may be said now to be pagan. Though her Government is nominally Christian, and she has an established Protestant Church, secularism in education and social legislation has secretly eaten her heart out. The Church of England has long since lost its hold on the great majority of the people. True, the old prejudice against "Poperly" in the masses hardly exists; it has vanished with the remnants of faith, and is relegated to the thinning ranks of the Protestant League. So, in a way, there is a clear field in which to labor.

But the uneducated classes are hard to reach. If they have any life of ideas, it is reached by politics and communist propaganda. In them, a curiosity and a personal need for religion has to be created, as in a regular missionary country. "Most of the people in the crowds to whom we speak," writes a member of the Guild, "are indifferent to the whole subject of religion. Sometimes it seems as if they stood and listened because it is too much trouble to move away. Others there are who have vague notions of God and the future life, who admire Jesus Christ as the highest human example, but are not in any sense Christians. Then there are Protestants of every denomination, from Salvation Army to Church of England. Scattered among the crowd and causing the main opposition are a few atheists, secularists, and others whose only tenet seems to be merely negative hatred of the Church."

It is the vast middle class of England that will be the first to be educated by the Catholic Evidence Guild (it is largely from this class that the speakers are drawn). This class, if it has any religion, is Non-Conformist, that is, they maintain a Protestant attitude towards the Established Church of England. Theistic and Protestant in the essence, and hating ritual and

sacramental doctrine, the Non-Conformist sects preach a social creed, based on politics, internationalism, humanitarianism, modernism, etc.

Each sect is divided and subdivided into varieties and shades of opinion, depending largely on their pastor's or leader's cast of mind. The one uniting element is that all deny the Incarnation in the Catholic sense; all explain away the divinity of Jesus Christ, each in his own fashion, and regard Him merely as man. Hence supernatural religion is dead in the great mass of Englishmen, and it must all be re-taught to them. This is what the Catholic Evidence Guild is doing.

With a small portable rostrum and a tall crucifix, to be planted upon it like a landmark, a "squad" of the Catholic Evidence Guild speakers establish themselves at their "pitch." A "squad," in the phraseology of the League, is a detachment of several members of various degrees of training under the direction of a "squad leader." This may be either a man or a woman; but he or she must have passed all the tests of the training committee as a speaker, a theologian and a debater, and also be experienced in the handling of the crowd.

Some of the members of the squad may have passed their tests in one subject only; they have one set address they are safe to deliver, and one subject they are safe to handle. They give this address, and, if questions are asked, or the "heckling" is more than they can deal with, the squad leader puts some one else in their place, or mounts the platform himself to face the crowd. Thus movement and variety are ensured, and speakers succeed each other, allowing for rest to voice and mind for the preacher and continuity for the audience.

Often the preacher begins to speak to the empty air. Gradually, a group collects round him, individuals, detaching

themselves from other preachers, or arrested as they stroll by. The preacher holds their attention and more gather to hear him. He is interrupted by a voice in the crowd—some one challenges his statement. This may be a *bona-fide* inquirer, or it may be the professional "heckler," paid and trained by the Protestant League to refute the Catholic doctrine that is being preached.

This is what the lay preacher welcomes. In the give and take of question and answer, he can gain the confidence of his hearers, stimulate their curiosity to more inquiry, allay their suspicions, and establish a personal relationship which will often bear fruit. But it is precisely for this business of question and answer that the lay preachers must be trained. It is easy to get up one's doctrine for even an extempore address that follows a set line of thought; but it needs a ready memory and a nimble mind to follow and answer the objections and questions of a heterogeneous crowd, to distinguish between the genuine inquirer and the cynical scoffer, to deal with the blasphemer, and to answer all with courtesy, and give them true doctrine on all points.

At most of the "pitches" on Sundays, a priest takes his turn at preaching. Certain Dominicans (who wear their habit in defiance of the law forbidding it), Jesuits and Redemptorists, are devoting themselves to the work. These are all well-known preachers. Without the Guild, their message would be confined to Catholics in the churches, where the "crowd" would never come to hear them. Associated with the Guild and uniting their labors to the laymen's, the support is mutual. Anti-clericalism, as it is known in Continental countries, does not exist in England. The Church is too much of a "beleaguered city" for it to exist within its walls; and, to the outsider, a priest in his habit is either

an object of idle curiosity, or he is accorded a certain rough approval from the fact that he has embraced a life of poverty and labor.

Across the great noisy street, from where the lay preacher holds his audience in Hyde Park, the same work for the conversion of England is going on in a different form. In one of the great houses overlooking the Park is established a community of nuns, who, in perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in their small chapel, pray night and day for the restoration of the Faith to England, and for the success of those who are laboring to this end. The house is unsuitable and restricted for this growing community, but it was chosen for its position on the site of the gallows where the English Martyrs died for their Faith in the reign of Elizabeth. To be hung, drawn and quartered at "Tyburn Tree" was the glorious fate of hundreds of priests and religious, in the Sixteenth Century.

These, our English Martyrs, were beatified by Leo XIII. in 1886. Their blood is offered day and night in the prayers of the nuns of Tyburn Convent for the country for which they died. Before the altar two candles burn perpetually, on one of which is written "For England," on the other, "For the King." It is the practice of one or more of the speakers in the Park to slip across to Tyburn Convent, whilst his companions address the crowd, and spend his free half hour in prayer and adoration. Other laymen and women, unable to preach themselves, have made it their practice to spend the hours at which the preaching takes place, in prayer in their own parish churches, or elsewhere, thus sharing in the great work.

But Hyde Park is now only one of many "pitches." At the dinner hour on Tower Hill the preachers are busy. "Pitches" have been established in

Regent's Park, in the suburbs, and in the provincial and industrial towns of the Midlands and the North. They are growing rapidly in number. The preachers are recruited from every class, and are of all ages and conditions. Professional men are devoting all their leisure to the work; others have resigned lucrative professions to live on small, private means, that they may give their time altogether. Young men beginning life as clerks, journalists, civil servants, men and women of the leisured class, some converts, some from the old Catholic families,—all are throwing their energy and enthusiasm into the work.

After four years' activity, the Guild is now in thorough working order. It is about to publish its year-book, with constitution, rules, counsels and special devotions to the Holy Spirit. Great stress is laid on prayer, and stringent rules are formulated for the training of the speakers. Twice a week, a short lecture is given to an audience of say forty or fifty aspiring preachers and other associates of the Guild. The lecturer takes some subject, for instance, Miracles, and explains it very concisely and fully from the point of view of the crowd. As we have seen, this point of view is so varied that great knowledge and skill are needed to present a question so that all aspects are represented.

The lecture over, the class divides into three or four groups which collect round other teachers, who then summarize the lecture, and call upon one or more of his group to speak on it for five or ten minutes; questions are put; the teacher, or another, plays the part of *advocatus diaboli*, proposing difficult objections, such as are likely to be put by the crowd.

A syllabus of the lecture is handed round for study, books recommended and lent; and the students are expected to perfect themselves in the subject and be ready to give a "test lecture" in it

during the week. The tests are severe, being always conducted by a priest, who seeks to catch his pupil in weak theology, or careless reasoning. A very high standard of efficiency is finally reached.

Since the very early days of what opponents call the "Anti-Roman Campaign," when there were one or two disturbances on account of its presence, the crucifix has been unmolested. But the Anti-Roman Campaigners are not so tolerant. Formerly, it was necessary for a bodyguard of young Catholics to go out with the preacher to defend the crucifix. If the opposition revives, this may be necessary again. But though it taxes the preachers individually, the Guild welcomes evidence of bitter sectarian opposition, for, they say, wherever it becomes aggressive, the crowd come round to their side. The listeners watch the battle of words, and show their sympathies to the one who, coolly and steadily, can hold his own, and give positive doctrine for empty and bitter criticism or abuse.

They are full of hope and confidence, this band of missionaries. They do not look for a quick crop of individual conversions, though very many are wrought incidentally; but are ready to dig, to plough, to harrow and sow the seed, for future generations to harvest. It must be a slow, patient labor theirs; a work of destruction of prejudice and of re-construction and re-education of the ignorant in the rudiments of the Christian faith. Some day, England will return to the Church, how or when who can say? Will it be after much tribulation and chastening? It is thus God deals with individuals. It is in the hour of our need we learn to call upon His mercy.

LIFE is only a day passed quickly and gone; but the merit of it, the glory given to God, will remain forever.

—Fr. Doyle, S. J.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXIV.

UPSTAIRS, Eloise paced her room in an anger, which, at first, absorbed all other feelings. With it was mingled a bitter mortification. She remembered with annoyance, how arrogantly she had asserted her claim to the house; and that arrogance had been part of the pleasure she took in her new possession. She recalled every detail of the place as she had seen it first. She would have liked to remember something which Marcia had said or done to provoke her. Eloise knew that she had deliberately striven to provoke Marcia; and it was Marcia, who, without the slightest effort on her part, had won Gregory,—had won him by her half-amused, almost disdainful holding aloof on the occasion of his visits; an avoidance to be replaced later by a frank friendliness, because of the man's interest in Larry.

"If I could only remember one effort she made, one look or one word, it would be a comfort," Eloise reflected desperately. "I hate to think of her winning him without using a single weapon."

The realization of her own loss, which so far outweighed that of the property, suddenly put all other thoughts to flight. Once more she gave herself up to uncontrollable weeping:

"My heart is broken, Gregory!" she exclaimed. "You can never be mine again."

She pleaded a headache, and excused herself from dinner. Yet later in the evening, following upon a pencilled note from Reggie Hubbard, she dressed herself with great care, and went down to spend an hour with him in the conservatory. She told him nothing of her sorrow, but he, seeing that she was out of spirits, and aware that she had spent

the afternoon with Gregory Glassford, made an unwonted effort; and his presence was more efficacious than anything else could have been in soothing her heartache.

Larry Brentwood, busy in his office, had a surprise which was not altogether pleasant. He heard the voice of his cousin asking to see him. He sprang up and went forward hastily to meet her, bringing her away from a group of loungers who were waiting for Glassford.

"Larry," Eloise said, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Consider it granted," Larry said, "if it is in my power."

"I want you to come with me to that lawyer's office. I mean my grandfather's lawyer. His name, I think, is Perkins."

"Of course, I'll be glad to do so."

"Well, let us go at once. I want to see a copy of the will."

Larry bent his head. He felt that this was possibly a sore subject, and a very difficult one to discuss with his cousin.

"I mean, of course, the will that Ambrose Gilfillan found."

She was going to say, "pretended to find"; but, out of consideration for Larry, omitted that qualifying phrase. Larry reached for his hat.

"You do not mind?" the girl said, hesitating an instant, and looking up into his face.

"Not at all. It is most natural you should want to see it. Only I wonder you did not ask Gregory to get you a copy."

"I preferred to ask you," Eloise responded; "my guardian is occupied with other matters."

"Oh, he would find time for that!" Larry assured her, quite innocently.

"I shall not put him to the trouble," she replied.

"Then, there is the lawyer, Alfred Higgins, who is acting for you."

"I want to see Mr. Perkins and get the will from him," declared Eloise, decidedly; "and if you do not care to come, I shall go alone."

"Just give me time to lock my desk," Larry said; and, leaving word with the office boy that he would be back in half an hour, he followed Eloise to the street. One of the loungers—it was old Tompkins—had risen to open the door for her with a bow that belonged to another century.

"What are all those men doing there?"

Larry laughed.

"Chiefly nothing," he answered; "some are waiting for Glassford, who has been out of town since yesterday; others are hoping to pick up some information, or are simply killing time."

Eloise stood and looked around her at the narrow street with its high offices that almost shut out the sunlight, and in some of which the destinies of at least half the world seemed determined. The bustle and the stir, the suppressed excitement in the air, appealed to the girl's present mood.

"I should like to be down here," she exclaimed. "Oh, why are we women condemned to such narrow lives!"

Larry did not attempt a reply to that conundrum.

"Let us see," he said, "Mr. Perkins' office is on Broadway, just round the corner. I suppose it's scarcely worth calling a taxi?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, "I want to see everything. I have hardly ever been down here."

Larry pointed out as they went this place or that of special interest. Eloise was trying hard to forget all that was vexatious in the recent turn of affairs. Her resentment against Glassford was still strong. In him she saw a chief factor in all her misfortunes. Nor did

she pause to reflect that he could not possibly have acted otherwise. He had been forced by the confidence which Gilfillan, on his deathbed, had reposed in him to take cognizance of the man's disclosures and of the will which he had for so long concealed.

She would probably have regarded the matter in a more reasonable light but for the avowal which Glassford had made of his love for Marcia and his desire to marry her. She tried to picture the scene, wondering in what words Gregory had made his offer, and in what manner, precisely, Marcia had made her refusal. She wondered if Larry knew. She would have liked to ask him; but there was something in that quiet young man, for all his genial kindness and winning courtesy of manner, that made Eloise hesitate to question him about his sister's affairs.

Nor did the interview with the stately old lawyer tend to soothe the girl's wounded feelings. Mr. Perkins was plainly surprised to see her.

"My dear young lady," he told her, "I have been acting in this matter with the young attorney, Mr. Higgins, whom your guardian very properly engaged to represent you."

"But is there no possibility of—mistake?" Eloise asked.

"None, whatever—in so far as I have been able to ascertain."

"Or treachery on the part of Ambrose Gilfillan?"

"Treachery there certainly was in abundance, atoned for by the production of that later will and the man's confession, both verbal and written."

"But how could he ever have managed to deceive anybody?"

"Oh, my dear Miss Brentwood! that is one of the problems with which we lawyers have frequently to deal. Why my late client was so unduly influenced by the man in question into believing the most improbable allegations against his

son; and finally, when he had reason to change his mind, making his latest will without informing us, and in such a fashion, that it enabled Gilfillan to carry out his nefarious purposes,—all this is, indeed, a mystery."

Nor would he permit any further discussion of the subject, declaring that every step had been taken and every possible effort made to test the validity of the latest will. He even gave signs of resentment at the attitude of doubt which Eloise had assumed, and suggested that Perkins and Co., to say nothing of Mr. Glassford and his attorney, were not accustomed to have suspicion cast on their proceedings. He promised, however, to send her a copy of the will.

Before leaving the office, he shook hands warmly with Larry, who had remained an embarrassed spectator.

"I understand you are the son of the late Mr. Walter Brentwood," he said, "for whom I had the highest esteem."

"Of course, everyone had, except his foolish, old father," commented Eloise, in an audible aside.

But Mr. Perkins took no notice of her, except to give her a ceremonious bow as he held the door open for her.

"Would you like to see Mr. Higgins?" Larry ventured to ask, when they were downstairs.

"No, I would not. He was probably browbeaten by that detestable old man, and afraid to ask a single question."

"You are unjust," said Larry, firmly. "Gregory Glassford and he, not only thrashed the whole matter out, but Mr. Perkins himself took every possible step to be certain that no forgery had been attempted."

"Let it go, then," said Eloise, "and, at least, I am glad that you will benefit by the transaction."

"It would be absurd to say that I am not glad, in one way," admitted Larry, "especially on account of mother and

Marcia. But, believe me, I am sorry that you should be the loser, especially as you seem, after all, to value the old place."

"I did value it," Eloise said, with tears in her eyes, "but there is no use in talking any more about it; and, I suppose, with the money I can get another house—but it will not have any ghosts. Do you remember when we talked about the ghosts, and I tried to make you believe I was really afraid?"

"I remember very well," Larry laughed. "You were trying hard to persuade yourself that we really had a ghost or two."

"Walk as far as the Subway with me, Larry," she suggested. "I know you are dying to get back to the office."

He could not help admiring her poise and self-possession in the face of that adverse decision. He went down the steps with her, since she refused a taxi, and waited till the local should come thundering by.

"Larry," Eloise said, "I know you are sorry for me, and I want to thank you."

"Eloise, till you get your new house, since that is your desire, all of us want you to consider the old house home. It does belong, you know, to all the Brentwoods."

"I do not think it will ever be my home again, Larry, as you shall know, one of these days."

She did not explain her enigmatical words. The train came, and the girl was soon lost to sight.

When Larry returned to the office he found Glassford there, who had arrived in time to arrest a flow of eloquence on the part of old Tompkins. He was elaborately explaining who the feminine visitor to the office had been, her precise relationship to Larry and to the late Mr. James Brentwood.

Glassford did not ask Larry any questions; but he, disliking the appearance of secrecy, volunteered the statement

that, at her request, he had accompanied Eloise to Mr. Perkins' office.

"Ah!" exclaimed Glassford, with a slight compression of the lips. Then he added, cordially, "I am glad you did."

He made no further allusion to the subject, and Larry did not feel called upon to mention any details of the interview with Mr. Perkins.

XXV.

Since the evening of the walk in the moonlight, Marcia had been in an unusual mood, as Larry was quick to perceive, and as even Mrs. Brentwood remarked. She went light-heartedly about her work, singing, at times, an old song:

What makes the day sae bright?

What makes my heart sae light?

Robin Adair.

Or she stood at the window and looked out, mentally tracing such portions of the path that she and Gregory had walked together. The lane and that stretch of lawn outside the house would always, after this, be associated with one who, hitherto, had but touched the surface of her life. Now, he belonged to it, whatever might be the final result of the words he had spoken.

"Gregory Glassford!" Only the other day, as it seemed, she had heard his name and had looked forward to his arrival with the idle curiosity of a monotonous life, and had presumed him to be merely the sort of man who would shine in the Critchleys' set, and attach himself to some one, young and immature, like Eloise. Now, he had come into her life, and stood resolutely there, with many of the attributes she most admired in a man, and had asked her to readjust all her ideas; had begged, in fact, for the one great gift she had to give, herself.

Sometimes, as the others noted, she was unusually irritable, annoyed by trifles, which she was accustomed smilingly to disregard. Her nature was in conflict with itself.

"Why should I desire another existence?" she mentally exclaimed, as though some opposing voice was questioning her, "since I am satisfied with this, and *he* must,—he must marry Eloise, when she tires of other men!"

It is true that a chill desolation crept over her at the very thought; and she was glad when that second voice seemed to argue, that, speaking as he had done out there, under the moon-swept sky, feeling, as he evidently did, that it would be impossible for Gregory to marry any one else. It was altogether a puzzling question, which deprived her of peace of mind. Now the house was hers and Larry's, and she had Gregory Glassford besides, if she cared to accept the gift he had unreservedly offered. Surely, he would not ask her to go away, and she told herself, it would be impossible to leave her stepmother.

"No, no! I can't leave her, Gregory, not even for you."

That was usually the sum and substance of her meditations.

"You mustn't mind, Larry, if I have been cranky," she once said, laughing. "I have been very busy of late."

"House cleaning?" inquired the brother. "I thought it was done in September."

"So it was; but I have been doing a sort of mental house cleaning, turning my mind inside out."

"I should judge it would be less fatiguing than the other kind."

"No, it is more fatiguing."

She did not think it necessary to add, that, on mature consideration, it was really her heart she was trying to put in order.

To Mrs. Brentwood, Marcia merely said:

"If Gregory Glassford should come here—"

"He scarcely ever does, Marcia, as is quite natural, since Eloise is gone."

"Still he may come again. He has

spoken to Larry about driving out some afternoon."

"I'm sure I hope he will, my dear. I am always glad to see him, and, no doubt, you are too, Marcia. He is so nice a man, and your dear father and uncle thought very highly of him."

"I was going to say, mother, it might be better not to mention Eloise to him."

"Not mention Eloise? Why, it seems the most natural thing in the world to couple their names together. Most men are pleased with such little jests, as link them with those they admire."

Mrs. Brentwood remained silent a moment, knitting a row or two as she pondered.

"Of course, Mr. Glassford may not be just that kind of a man."

"So, mother, since we don't exactly know which kind of a man he is, it may be better not to say anything about my cousin."

"I dare say you are right, my dear, you generally are; and I won't mention the subject."

Curiously enough, Mrs. Brentwood was to receive another jar to her tranquil acceptance of facts, before that day was ended. Marcia had gone out, and, as was customary, some one of the household was left on guard, in case the old lady should require anything. Very often Minna was employed for the service; but on this particular afternoon, Eliza came to keep "the mistress" company. Mrs. Brentwood was glad, for she always enjoyed a chat with this faithful servant.

In the course of their confidential chat, Mrs. Brentwood remarked, in her kindly fashion, upon their late visitor, and the attraction which she seemed to possess for Mr. Glassford.

"Mrs. Brentwood, ma'am," exclaimed Eliza, "if you'll excuse me saying so, it is no flibbertigibbet like Miss Eloise that such a fine young man as Mr. Glassford is looking after."

Mrs. Brentwood stared at her in surprise, as the cook continued her oracular discourse:

"I have seen a good bit in my time, and although the ways of men, and of women too, for that matter, is past findin' out, why, ma'am dear, you may take my word for it, he has his mind set on Miss Marcia ever since he laid eyes on her."

"Oh, Eliza!" remonstrated Mrs. Brentwood, "I'm sure you are mistaken; and though it would be delightful in one sense of the word, why, as matters are, it would be distressing."

"Distressing or not, I seen it comin' ever since the gentleman began his visits here; and now it's come. I'm goin' to tell you, what I wouldn't breathe to any one else, seein' that Miss Marcia wouldn't like it."

The poor lady in the chair, devoured by curiosity and interest, in which was curiously blended hope and dismay, sat quite erect and looked with troubled eyes at Eliza.

"You see, Mrs. Brentwood, ma'am, I had been over at my sister's, and comin' home, that last fine night, when the moon was full, what should I see but Mr. Glassford and Miss Marcia sweet-heartin' in the moonlight. By that, I mean, he was talkin', pleadin' like, and she lookin' up in his face, with those blue eyes, the very ditto of Mr. Walter's, God rest his soul! You mind, ma'am, how he used to look?"

Mrs. Brentwood, taking out her handkerchief, began to weep silently.

"You and I, ma'am," continued Eliza, "knew what it was to set our hearts on some one that the Lord took away very soon. I was just three years and six weeks married—I was married out of this house, though it was long before your time,—and when the great blow fell on me, and the best husband that a woman ever had was took, and buried in the one grave with our fine boy of

two, why, I just came back here, and here I've been ever since; and I've seen courtin' and marryin' and the like, year in, year out; but I never seen anything plainer than what it was Mr. Glassford had in his mind, nor what he was tellin' Miss Marcia out there in the moonlight."

Eliza paused, exhausted by her own eloquence, while Mrs. Brentwood feebly murmured:

"Dear, dear, this will be very unpleasant news for Eloise."

"Don't waste any sympathy on her, ma'am. But as I was sayin', there they was, and Miss Marcia very pale and listenin' to him with trouble in her eyes, I suppose, because of her cousin; and neither o' them noticin' myself any more than if I had been one of the trees by the roadside."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Brentwood, "they must have been very much engrossed to mistake you for a tree."

She glanced, as she spoke, at the portly form of the cook, who instantly responded:

"That was only a manner of speaking, for I stood behind a tree, till they had passed on, and God be with all those that are gone, whom I had seen, walking up the lane, or over the lawn, busy with their own love-makin'; but I never seen a finer couple than the young mistress and Mr. Glassford; a grand gentleman he is, and if she listens to him, that's a match will have been made in heaven."

"Oh, it hasn't gone that far yet," said Mrs. Brentwood, "and there is no telling about Miss Marcia; but I don't know how we shall ever face Miss Eloise."

"Miss Marcia has spirit enough for anything, and she can up and say to her: 'If a gentleman came here, and seen us both, and set his heart on me, without so much as my finger bein' raised, there's no one to blame.'"

Into the room at that very moment

came the young lady under discussion, and her quick eyes saw that there was something unusual in the situation. After her fashion, however, she asked no questions, but gave Eliza time to recover from her evident perturbation; for the cook was afraid that she had heard, and might be displeased at the liberty taken of discussing her affairs.

Sitting down, she began to tell Eliza of purchases she had made.

"You know, good people," she said, "I went all the way to Harlem. It's the noisiest, most crowded place. But I love the water, and there was an old man at the market who began to tell me, he 'minded the time when the Sylvan Wood and the Sylvan Stream were plying up and down the River, and everything was so quiet.'"

"Why, I remember that time myself, Miss Marcia," said Eliza.

"So do I, my dear," put in Mrs. Brentwood, "though I was quite young then. But how did you get to Harlem?"

"I walked over and took the Subway."

"That must have been a dreadfully long walk."

"Oh, no, mother, and I got a cross-town car down there."

Her cheeks were glowing; her eyes were sparkling after the exercise, and Eliza was prompt to remark how happy she looked.

"The walk did me good," Marcia agreed. Eliza, declaring that she would be late with her cooking, and having an uncomfortable feeling of being caught in an indiscretion, returned to the kitchen. There she snubbed Sarah, the housemaid, who, during the course of the evening meal, made a casual reference to "Miss Eloise's beau."

"He's no more her beau than he's yours," snapped the presiding genius of the kitchen, which silenced the girl, and left her in profound astonishment.

Meanwhile, Marcia was saying:

"I am writing to Eloise."

"Are you, indeed?" asked the elder woman, a pucker of anxiety between her brows.

"I am asking her to consider this house her home. Do you approve?"

"I do most heartily. It is a kindly thought, and a proper course of action."

"I shall show you the letter when it is written."

As she went towards the desk, which stood in an alcove, she added:

"I should particularly like to have her here just now."

"Should you?" inquired Mrs. Brentwood, wondering if this desire had any connection with what Eliza had been saying.

"Yes," said the girl, "she would help me in something I am trying to do,—at least, I think so; and—it would settle one or two matters."

Mrs. Brentwood sighed.

"You know best, and if it would help you in any way, of course it would be well to have her here; though you mustn't be shocked at my saying, that it was a great relief when she went away."

Marcia burst out laughing.

"Nevertheless," she said, "Larry tells me she feels the loss of the house dreadfully, and I want to assure her that, as a Brentwood, she has her share in it."

Mrs. Brentwood nodded.

"That is right, of course, Marcia."

As the girl sat down at the desk, she thought:

"Of course, I have my private reasons, though I should have done the same in any case. But now I want to keep Mr. Gregory Glassford at bay; and I would like Eloise to be here and to have as much of his society as possible. Down there, she scarcely sees him at all, while here, I can keep out of the way and things will settle themselves in whatever way is best."

The letter which she presently read to her stepmother was as follows:

"MY DEAR COUSIN:—Ever since the unexpected turn of affairs that followed Ambrose Gilfillan's death, I have wanted to say, that I hope you will always regard the House at the Cross Roads as your real home; not where you may come on a visit, but where you will always find your rooms undisturbed. They are the best we have to offer, and mother, Larry and I unite in offering them with love and the hope that you will soon occupy them. I should be glad if you came now, if it would not interrupt your season at Dolly's.

"Affectionately yours,

"MARCIA."

She put into that epistle, which was written with much care, all the warmth and sincerity of a kindly, generous heart; and she did not know that destiny was, even then, preparing an unexpected answer to her letter.

(To be continued.)

The King's Feast.

BY EUGENE P. BURKE, C. S. C.

THIS morn a great King called me
 To His palace hall to dine;
 I heard no word the great King spoke,
 But I ate the Bread the good King broke,
 And supped His royal Wine.

I supped the Wine He held me,
 And my heart grew warm within;
 I felt the sweep of unseen wings,
 And knew the joy of secret things,
 And the open shame of sin.

I walked into the city
 Where the buzzing highways are;
 And men in a fog groped all about,
 But deep from my heart a Light shone out,
 Clear as a single star.

And some men's hearts were starving,
 And some men could not see;
 But I had known a glorious thing:
 The Bread and Wine of the holy King
 Were Food and Light to me.

Apparitions of a Soul from Purgatory.*

IN the month of September, 1870, Sister Mary Seraphine, of the Redemptorist Convent in Mechlin, Belgium, suddenly experienced an indescribable pain of soul, as oppressive as it was inexplicable. Hitherto she had been light-hearted and joyous—a true Frenchwoman by nature as by birth. Unconscious of any cause to which this unusual sadness might be attributed, she endeavored to overcome, or at least to disregard it; but all her efforts were quite futile.

Far from conquering her depression, a few days after her first attack of melancholy, Sister Seraphine found herself besieged as it were by an invincible power, which surrounded and followed her everywhere, leaving her no rest or peace, night or day. She felt herself frequently drawn, for instance, by her Scapular; again a heavy weight seemed to press upon her right shoulder. "It is just like a load of lead," she explained to her superioress.

On September 29, there arrived from France a letter, which, owing to the disturbed condition of the country at the time, had been delayed two weeks. It announced the death of Sister Seraphine's father on the 17th of the month. This gave the key to the mystery. Henceforth the poor Sister's trouble became intensified, and she often heard groans which resembled the ejaculations her father used to utter when in pain. A distinctly audible voice now began to repeat in her ear: "My dear daughter, have pity on me, have pity on me!"

On October 4 the Sister experienced new mental pains, and became physically ill. Her head was the chief seat of this additional suffering, which was so intense as to be scarcely tolerable. These

* This narrative, the truth of which was vouched for by the venerable Abbé Curieque, is perhaps one of the most remarkable of its kind ever recorded. Some details of minor importance are omitted.

attacks lasted until the middle of the month. On the evening of October 14, when she had retired at the usual hour, she saw approaching her, between the wall of the room and her bed, her poor father, all enveloped in flames, and seemingly a prey to extreme sadness. So pitiful was the spectacle that the Sister could not help raising plaintive cries. At the same time it seemed to her that she, too, was being burned.

The next evening, about the same hour, just as she was reciting, at the foot of her bed, the *Salve Regina*, she again saw her father in the same position as before, and still in the midst of flames. At that hour she was henceforward to see him during the frequent apparitions that were to precede his deliverance from Purgatory. On this occasion Sister Seraphine asked herself interiorly whether her father had not perhaps been guilty of some injustice in his business affairs. Answering her thought, he said to her: "No, I have committed no injustice; but I suffer on account of my continual impatience, and for other faults which I am not permitted to tell you."

She then asked him if he did not receive solace from the Masses that were being celebrated in his behalf. "Oh, yes!" was the reply; "I feel every morning a refreshing dew that eases my soul. But I need the Stations of the Cross, the Stations of the Cross!"

The next time that the apparition occurred the Sister, following a recommendation that had been made to her, exclaimed: *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum*—"Let every spirit praise the Lord!" As her father did not reply, she said to herself: "May it not be the evil one?" But, reading her thought, the father protested: "No, no! I am not the demon."—"In that case," she answered, "say with me: 'Praised be Jesus and Mary!'" He repeated the ejaculation twice, and added these

words from the Gospel of St. John: "And the Word was made flesh."

"Alas!" he continued, with deep moans, "I have been more than a year in Purgatory, and you have no pity on me!"—"But, my poor father," replied the Sister, "it is hardly a month since you died." To this he answered: "Oh, how foolish I was to oppose your entering religion! It is only through you that I can obtain any relief. My other children think me as being in heaven." As a matter of fact, his other children did think him already in heaven, as may be seen by this extract from a letter written by one of them to Sister Seraphine: "Father died like a saint. He is certainly in heaven."

On the following evening Sister Seraphine saw her father overwhelmed with sadness, but not surrounded as before with flames. He complained, however, that he had not been relieved from his torments so notably on that day as on the day before.—"But, my dear father," said the Sister, "don't you understand that we can not be praying all day?"—"I don't ask," was the reply, "that you should be always on your knees; but that your work may be done for my intention, and the indulgences you gain be applied to me. . . . O my dear daughter, remember that you offered yourself as a victim on the day of your profession! . . . Ah! if people only knew what Purgatory is, they would suffer everything to escape it, and to help the poor prisoners who are detained therein. You, my daughter, ought to become a holy religious, and observe faithfully the smallest details of your rule. The Purgatory of religious is terrible."

The permission enjoyed by this holy soul to appear to his daughter and appeal to her for help was due, the Sister learned, to the many good works he had performed during his lifetime. He was especially devoted to Our Lady, in whose honor he approached the Sacraments on

each of her feasts; he was very compassionate toward the unfortunate, and did not stint his charitable offerings; he had even once begged from house to house in aid of a convent for the Little Sisters of the Poor.

At different times Sister Seraphine put various questions to her father, but it was not always permitted him to answer them. On one occasion she begged him to leave upon her a visible mark. "You see, dear father," she urged, "how much I suffer from my uncertainty as to whether I am not the victim of an illusion, and whether your apparition may not be simply the work of my imagination. I beg you, then, to leave upon my hand a mark by which I may know that it is really you whom I see."—"No," was the reply, "I will not leave any mark. The pain you suffer is willed of God, and the uncertainty that torments you is destined to hasten my deliverance." Later on, however, the apparition touched Sister Seraphine on two different occasions. She felt as if badly burned; and her skin was blackened by the touch, although her habit showed no trace of fire.

On All Souls' evening he seemed to smile, and said: "We have been greatly comforted to-day, and many souls have gone to heaven."

On one occasion Sister Seraphine asked her father: "Do the souls in Purgatory know those who pray for them, and can they pray for the faithful still on earth?" The answer was in the affirmative. He further informed the Sister that he had seen (probably at the moment of judgment) God in all His beauty, as well as the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; that the sight had enraptured him, and that ever since then his desire to possess God had been growing more and more ardent. He added that his Guardian Angel came often to comfort him.

Toward the end of November, Sister Seraphine saw her father as usual one evening; but he seemed closer to her than before,—a circumstance that caused her excruciating pains. She appeared to herself to be all on fire, so real was the sensation of being burned, especially about the ears. Her father told her on this occasion that, if the community continued to pray for him, he would be delivered from his fiery prison during the Christmas festivals. It is noteworthy that this soul was immediately solaced by even the most secret prayers or good works offered to God for his intention, and that he had knowledge of such acts.

Acting always on the instructions of her confessor and superioress, Sister Seraphine in the meanwhile continued to seek information from her father. She once asked him whether it is true that all the torments of the martyrs were less painful than the sufferings of Purgatory. He replied that it was strictly true. To the question whether the members of the Confraternity of Mount Carmel who wear the Scapular are delivered from Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death, he replied: "Yes, if they have faithfully fulfilled their obligations to this end."

On November 30 the Sister heard her father exclaim, with a dolorous sigh: "It appears to me an eternity since I entered Purgatory! My most acute pain at present is the unquenchable thirst to see God and possess Him. I am continually darting upward to reach Him, and feel myself thrust back into the flames. Sometimes I am about to escape by a supreme effort; but I feel divine justice detaining me, because I have not yet completed my satisfaction."

The Sister reiterated the prayer which she had for some time been addressing to her father, that he would obtain for her from God the moral strength necessary to preserve herself

in the state of grace amidst the excessive bodily sufferings and the painful interior struggles which she had continually to endure. "I have prayed for you," he said to her, "and will continue to do so; but in return you must make up your mind to suffer still more until I am delivered."

On December 3 her father, although still sad, appeared resplendent to Sister Seraphine. On that occasion, he said: "My dear daughter, you will endure great sufferings from now until Christmas Day, when I shall be delivered."

From that evening, December 3, until the 12th, the apparition no longer visited Sister Seraphine; but on the 12th, 13th, and 14th it recurred at the usual hour, radiant with additional splendor at each successive visit. From the 14th until the 25th it again ceased to appear. In the meantime the Sister's sufferings became intensified, and on Christmas Eve she was so prostrated that it seemed almost impossible for her to drag herself to the chapel. However, she attended the Midnight Mass. Her father appeared to her for the last time between the two Elevations, resplendent as the sun at noon.

So brilliant and luminous was the apparition during this farewell visit that Sister Seraphine could only catch a glimpse of his face; the rest of his figure was lost in a blaze of effulgence. From that hour she experienced an ineffable peace of soul, together with an invincible conviction that she had not been a prey to the illusion of her senses or to the machination of the demon.

Little remains to be told. On that same Christmas Day Sister Seraphine was attacked by the disease which six months later crowned her aspirations to behold the glories enjoyed by her beatified father. Her sufferings were long and agonizing, but she bore them all with the greatest patience, and died like a saint.

The Old Homestead.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

IT was only a cottage homestead, builded of the gray rubble of the district, but, with its thatched roof, beneath whose deep eaves the swallows nested, its diamond-paned windows, and its wide porch, it is pictured in the pages of Memory's Book. When I think of them, I am young again.

My father, who was a landscape gardener in a part of East Anglia, which I will style Westerham, built this rural home himself, and when he wedded bonnie Jean, a country beauty, he brought her to it. In course of time, merry children peeped out of the windows, or played on the porch, or in the big, green garden.

What a garden it was, to be sure! When I recall it, I think of the lines:

I have a garden of mine own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.

There was an orchard thickly planted with cherry trees, yellow plums, called bullace, pearmain, and other fruits. There was a bower, too, and a large grassplot.

Flower beds, orchard, grassplot,—all were square. "An honest man should be square in his dealings, so I'll have my garden square," was my father's dictum.

I seem to see him as he said it. A little man in gray homespun, with merry blue eyes and curly brown hair. Our mother was a complete contrast, tall, stately, dark-eyed, and dark-haired. On one side our father's forbears were Flemish, our mother's came of old English and Southern stock.

A sweet story of true love was handed down in her family. During the Napoleonic wars, one of her ancestors owned much land in the neighborhood; but

when he was fighting on the Continent his bailiff or steward proved unfaithful to his trust, and decamped with a large sum in gold. The faithful wife went to meet her husband on his return, and broke the ill tidings as gently as might be to him.

He dismounted from his horse, and, putting his arm round her, said: "Don't fret, sweetheart, we have each other, and no one can rob us of our love."

Grandmother had wedded Pat, the thatcher. She had been a belle, and when he died, the old suitors came round her like flies round a honey pot. One of them, a well-to-do man, who had Esquire after his name, waited for her as long as Jacob served for Rachel, and made a yearly offer of marriage; but the thatcher's fair widow had always the one reply: "I thank you for the honor you would do me, but I have wedded once and that is enough. I shall live for my children till the good God calls me."

She had a little cottage next door to our homestead. Grannie and her spinning wheel and knitting pins are amongst my earliest remembrances.

When my wee sister, Jean, slept in the village—God's acre—I was the youngest girl of our household, and, as such, had certain privileges. One was to sit on a three-legged stool next to mother at breakfast, and be "Q" in the Corner, which means Quiet; the other was to kneel near father at prayer time. How often, when I've been tired or lonely, have I seemed to feel his arm round me!

Going to market was a weekly event of some importance, and my father sometimes took me along with him. It was early to bed and early to rise, and we two shared the front seat in the square cart behind gray Dobbin. I can recollect my dear companion pointing to the rising sun with his whip, saying: "Look, my child, there is one of the

most beautiful works of our Heavenly Father." In many respects he reminded me of St. Wulstan, the saintly ploughman or hind, to whom so many of the churches in East Anglia are dedicated.

Father's charity was great. All that he had he shared with others. Once when the weather was bitter, he filled the large cart with his best potatoes, and when he reached a small, outlying hamlet, in which there was want of food, he let down the back board, and the potatoes rolled out as the cart rattled on.

"Pick 'em up and cook and eat 'em!" shouted father, and the hungry people blessed him.

The old Bluecoat School at Birmingham had a most quaint frontage. On either side of the doorway, high above the street, were the colored effigies of two children, a little boy and a little maid in Georgian costume, and beneath them in golden letters were the words: "We can not recompense you, but you will be recompensed at the Resurrection of the just." And on the massive door were the apostolic words, "Charity is kind."

All these golden words could have been applied to my father. Seldom was the chamber over his porch without an occupant. Once, as I well remember, he brought home a young lad whom he had found wandering through the woods on his way to East Dereham workhouse. The boy was in a wet and dazed state, and could give but a scanty account of himself; name, place of residence, belongings,—all had been erased from his mind by some terrible shock. Had he a mother? No, she was dead. Had he a father? No! He had been found hanging from a hook like that, and he pointed to an iron hook in the ceiling.

There was much crime about, and it may well have been that the little wanderer's mind had been shocked by

some grim tragedy. Our mother cared for him and sat up till dawn mending his clothes with only pussie and the grandfather's clock to keep her company. Then she would rise extra soon in the morning to boil the milk and prepare breakfast for the wanderer and her little flock. I often dressed and ran down the sanded stairs and helped her, swept the floor, and put the little wooden bowls round the table. Then I took my place on a small three-legged stool next to mother.

Our living-room was both quaint and cosy. Its walls were adorned with paintings on glass, representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Behind the door was the grandfather's clock. There was a corner cupboard for the homemade cake and sweet wine, and a carved bureau, which was the family bank. It was kept locked, and mother was the custodian of the key, guarding it in her hanging pocket.

The Old Homestead Garden was fairyland to my little sister and me. I remember how slowly the train seemed to go when journeying to it. Grandfather always met us at the Station, and we climbed into the square cart, behind gray Dobbin, and jolted along through lanes sweet with flowers, or white with snow. I can especially recall one Spring arrival. The hedges were white with Maybloom, the fruit trees in the orchard were in flower; beside the purling river grew in abundance wild mint and the blue forget-me-nots.

The cart drew up at the front garden gate with a jerk, and Grannie came forward from the porch, a tall, slight, white-haired, dark-eyed figure, in a gray homespun gown and black satin shoulder cape. "Bless you, my dearies," said the kind voice; and we were gathered into her arms, drawn to the breast on which so many aching heads had rested.

We went into the living-room, heard once more the slow, familiar ticking of the big clock, had sweet tea from the equally familiar dark-blue, willow-patterned cups, and then ran into the orchard, just to have a look round. It was like a peep into fairyland. Overhead was a canopy of pink and white blossoms; there were primroses at our feet, and all was very still. Hand in hand, we re-entered the house, said our bedtime prayers, kissed our grandparents, and went up the sanded stairs to bed—happy.

The mantel-shelf in the homestead living-room was the pride of grandmother's heart. It had a china statuette of the Little Corporal in a dark blue coat and tricorne hat; a model of a cottage, at whose door Darby appeared for rainy weather and Joan for fine. A china cow and two Chelsea china figures, a shepherd with his flute, and a shepherdess with roses.

I admired these figures, wished to handle them, to dust them, and wasn't allowed. But one luckless morning I climbed up and moved them, and broke the shepherdess. Colin was left without Colinette.

Regret and swift repentance came, as I looked at the broken figure, and I felt that the disgrace in which I lived for a day was deserved. But my heart was very sore, and even my sweet grandmother's kiss, "and you won't do it again, dearie," failed to heal it. Bedtime came, and I kissed grandfather and began to climb up to bed.

Half way up a voice hailed me, "Look on each stair, my dear, and tell me what you see."

Wondering, I obeyed, and there on a sanded step before me shone a new silver shilling.

"Grandfather, I've found a shilling."

"It's for you, because you mean to be a good girl."

I ran down the staircase two stairs at a time, put my arms round the dear old man and kissed him. He drew me tenderly to him, and murmured, "My little lamb, my own little lamb!"

When I found myself in the little white bedroom, I repeated the closing lines of my bedtime hymn over again:

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there, with Thee to dwell.

When I think of the old homestead, I think of love and forgiveness, of merry eyes in peaceful faces.

Peace amid Stormy Seas.

BY E. M. WALKER.

IT is largely to the Benedictine Order that we owe the European civilization which the Old and New World inherit. It was the peaceful, patient and hard-working monk who cleared the forests and drained the marshes, and tamed and taught the savage, warring tribes, so that from them, in course of centuries, sprang the great Mediæval scholars and craftsmen and the builders of the Gothic cathedrals. A monastery meant skilled agriculture and shelter and food for the poor, as well as school and library, and right of sanctuary for a hunted man. The sons of St. Benedict were the builders of civilization as well as of churches. Gradually, out of the chaos, a settled order of things evolved and all the glories of the arts of peace. Wars there still were; but there were principles held in common by those in conflict, and there was the sense of Europe's unity.

Looking out over the menacing turmoil of Europe to-day, we can well understand that people are to be found despondent enough to tell us that civilization, as we know it, is going under. The few years since the Armistice have been disappointing, and fresh storm-

clouds are massing on the horizon. And everywhere there is a loosening of morals, a callousness as to human suffering, and a mad snatching at any possible short-cut to wealth and luxury. It does really sometimes look as if Europe might be called upon to start and build up her civilization all over again. The thought almost tempts one to sin against hope.

The remedy, of course, is for each individual to Christianize and civilize himself, to have no truck with modern paganism. Only so will the mass be leavened. Meanwhile, the man of good will can stay himself upon the thought that the arm of God is not shortened, and that the means by which the Goths and Huns of old were conquered and transformed are still available to-day.

Quietness, confidence, prayer, work—they bide their time; and how strong they are in the end! This was powerfully brought home to me when reading the account of the opening, in the southwest of England, of Buckfast Abbey's monastic church. Built on the old Twelfth-Century foundations, it is 240 feet in length and 62 in width. Already it has a tower high enough to carry fourteen bells, which are rung from a gallery round the lantern. But the remarkable point about it is that it has all been built by the monks themselves.

This Summer, newspaper men flocked down to Hayes in Middlesex because it got about that a monk there (a Spaniard this time, a missionary of the Immaculate Heart of Mary) had built a parish hall unaided. Yes, unaided, this monk had raised a hall 60 feet long by 20 wide and 16 high, panelling it to three-quarters of its height, and lighting it by four small windows and a large oriel. He had laid parquet flooring too—thousands of blocks; and this in addition to numerous religious and domestic duties. He himself did not think that it was anything really re-

markable, this Spanish monk; but all the journalists did.

A very charming non-Catholic writer, Mr. Edward Hutton, told in the *Nineteenth Century* how deeply the building of Buckfast had impressed and moved him. He, too, had felt the pressure of the age-long forces of confusion and evil; and in a descriptive article on Dartmoor—that wonderful high stretch of moor and rock towering above the fertile land of Devon,—he took comfort in the monastery nestling at the foot of “that monstrous, untamed thing above, whose darkness may be discerned from the village street or the meadows by the stream.” What to others was but an exhilarating holiday ground, became for him the symbol of evil, and as of old the men of God were there grappling with it. He writes:

Some forty years ago French monks came hither, bought the ruins of Buckfast and some six acres about them, and settled there. A little chapel arose mid the ruins of 400 years before; and among the novices presently to be found in the place was the present Abbot Vonier. He tells us the story that one Christmas night as he made his meditation before the Night Office of the vigil of the Feast of the Nativity, he saw, as in a vision, Buckfast new made, all towered and splendid, and the monks, as of old, singing in a noble choir.... And this strange dream—dream or vision, was it?—he confided to the abbot of that time, who replied, as the old, in kindly mood, will do to the young, that all things were possible with God. Well, the very thing has come to pass. With their own hands the monks have built the great church of the novice's dream. ... And the novice who had that Christmas vision not so long ago is now abbot of Our Lady of Buckfast. His dream has come true. And so once more the old Faith, which came up the long roads from Rome so long ago, faces what it faced and outfaced before—all that the Moor stands for, and perhaps not only as we see it in its desolation there in Devon, but in the hearts of men.

Such a history may well increase our confidence, even if the world seems to rock. It reassures. It evidently reassured Mr. Hutton; and if we want more

reassurance still, we can go to Abbot Vonier himself, and turn to the concluding sentences of his very beautiful and thoughtful little book, “The Divine Motherhood”: “There was a time when the world's evil did frighten my soul, when I looked upon it with scared eyes and an anguished heart, as if there were something mighty with power and substance in it. But from the day when I began to understand thy Motherhood more clearly, and to love it more ardently, my soul has ever made merry over the idle efforts of the princes of darkness to cow men's spirits into timidity through their idle attempts at establishing a mendacious sovereignty of gloom. The Creator of the starry skies smiles at thee, O fairest of all women, and thou returnest His smile in triumphant peace; and I know that with God smiling at His sweet Mother the grim powers of evil are already defeated.”

Returning a Compliment.

ABOUT five o'clock one December evening in the year 1700, the young Duke of Anjou arrived in Chartres, on his way to Spain, where he was to reign under the name of Philip V. The youthful monarch was the guest of an ex-chamberlain of the French King for the night; and his numerous retinue found quarters elsewhere in the town. On the following morning all were to proceed to the parish church to hear Mass. The Duke would be received at the church door by the pastor, and the etiquette of the time demanded that the latter should deliver an address.

Like a good many other eminent personages before and since his day, the Duke dreaded the ordeal of a long harangue, however eulogistic it might be; and he faced Father Le Gastellier with an air of resignation rather than of pleasurable anticipation.

The priest, however, had probably heard of the Prince's apprehension, and accordingly treated him to a surprise. "Sire," said he, "I have heard that long speeches are often a nuisance and a bore; so your Majesty will allow me to make a very short one." He then began to sing the first stanza of an old carol of the locality, adapting it to the occasion:

All the folk in Chartres who live,
And in fair Montlhéry too,
Haste their grateful thanks to give
For the joy of meeting you.
God go with you on your way,
Kindly Prince, and let you reign
Years a hundred and a day
O'er the lovely land of Spain!

The young King and his courtiers, delighted with the delicacy of the compliment that was sung with such gusto, cried out, *Bis!* (twice),—the early equivalent for the present *encore*. The priest complied with their request and repeated the stanza; whereupon the Prince handed him ten pounds for his parish charities. Father Le Gastellier accepted the money with a few words of cordial and graceful thanks; and then, a merry twinkle in his eye, he stretched out his hand again. "*Bis*, your Majesty!" said he in his turn; and, amid the laughter of the assembly, Spain's new King gave the quick-witted priest a second ten pounds.

Father Le Gastellier was a most worthy priest, even more distinguished for piety, charity, and learning than for native wit and drollery, of which he possessed an unusual fund.

OUR Heavenly Father knows what we stand in need of before we bend the knee or lift the heart. But He wishes us to pray—He has made us so that it is our duty to pray,—because it is more essential that our being should be kept in touch with Him and His kingdom than that we should obtain what we seem to want.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Early Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

WHILE devotion to the Blessed Virgin is as old as Christianity itself, there is no doubt that it received a great impetus at the time of the Nestorian heresy. It would be difficult to maintain that there is the same *amount* of devotion to Our Lady on the surface of the earliest ecclesiastical history as there is in our own time,—at least in the technical sense in which the term is generally used. In other words, though the faith of the Church on the subject could not vary, other objects seemed at first to call forth a greater share of the attention and sensible affection of Christians.

It is beyond doubt that this devotion existed. St. Irenæus, so closely connected with St. John, brought it to France, and in his writings gives Mary the name of patroness. Tertullian declares that "by her faith she destroyed the fault which Eve had committed by her credulity." Open the works of St. Ephrem: you will imagine you have made a mistake, and hold those of St. Bernard instead of an Oriental monk of the Fifth Century.

Still, the writings of the Saints alone do not suffice to prove the existence of, any more than to create, a popular devotion. While doctrine in the shape of a dogma issues from the head of the Church, in the shape of devotion, it starts from below: it must influence the mass before it is worthy of the name. As an illustration, place yourself in imagination in a vast city of the East in the Fifth Century.

Ephesus, the capital of Asia Minor, is all in commotion. A Council is to be held there, and bishops are flocking thither from all parts of the world. There is anxiety painted on every face, so that you may easily see that the assembly is one of general interest. Most unwarrantably have the Nes-

orians taken the matter out of the terms of theology, and asked not only whether Our Lord had a double personality, but whether Mary was the Mother of God. Most injudiciously have they allowed the Council to be held at Ephesus, the old See of Mary's adopted son—the Beloved St. John.

But perhaps they did not know the love of the people for the Mother of Christ, of whose sojourn there, real or supposed, many a tradition still lingered; perhaps the Ephesians themselves were not conscious how well they loved her. But now the fact is plain. They crowd around the old cathedral of St. Mary, and watch with anxious faces each bishop as he enters.

Well might they be anxious; for it is a fact that Nestorius has won the Court over to his side, and it is rumored that many bishops are disposed to vote with him. He himself is the Patriarch of Constantinople—the rival of Rome, the imperial city of the East. John of Antioch is also expected with his quota of votes; and he, the patriarch of the See next in influence to Nestorius, is, if not a heretic, at least of that wretched party which, in ecclesiastical disputes, ever hovers between the camp of the devil and the camp of God.

The day wears on, and still nothing issues from the church. It proves at least that there is a difference of opinion; and, as the shades of evening close around them, the weary watchers grow more anxious still. At length the great gates of the basilica are thrown open, and, oh, what a cry of joy bursts from the multitude as it is announced that Mary has been proclaimed to be, what everyone with a true Catholic heart knew that she was, the Mother of God.

As the news greeted their ears, men, women, and children, the nobly and lowly born,—all crowded around the bishops with loud acclamations. They

accompanied them to their homes with a long procession of lighted torches.

There was but little sleep in Ephesus that night; for very joy all remained awake. The whole town was one blaze of light; for every window was illuminated. During many days after, the most celebrated prelates of Christendom preached on Mary's praises in her own cathedral; and the people flocked especially to hear St. Cyril deliver, in his majestic Greek, a sermon such as one might now hear in Rome.

Here we have the exemplification of a devotion still and deep until now; not loudly exploited until circumstances caused it to seize a sensible hold upon the minds and hearts of men. A life-and-death struggle with heresy has brought it out. Henceforward it will be outwardly manifested by all peoples as a living flame, never to be extinguished, but always growing in fervor while the world shall last.

Edifying and Stimulating.

Our leading article this week is the thoroughly attractive as well as edifying story of the out-of-doors Catholic preachers of England. A graphic account of the organization, training, and practical working of these Twentieth-Century lay missionaries, it will not only elicit praise for our devoted co-religionists on the other side of the Atlantic, but will stimulate missionary endeavor in our own country. "England may be said now to be pagan," writes the author of the article; and in much the same sense, a similar assertion would be true of the United States. We are not minimizing the excellent missionary work that is being done by lay Catholics here; but we can not help wishing that the practices of England's Catholic Evidence Guild were as prevalent in many of our larger cities as they are in London.

Notes and Remarks.

How many there are who have learned the discipline of faith because they were taught, first, to abhor it! In the opening instalment of the account of his conversion, Mr. Chesterton stresses this point well. "There has been," he says, "a happy increase in the number of Catholics; but there has also been, if I may so express it, a happy increase in the number of non-Catholics, in the sense of conscious non-Catholics. The world has become conscious that it is not Catholic. Only lately it would have been about as likely to brood on the fact that it was not Confucian."

Here in America this hectic outcropping of intellectual opposition to the Church is a particularly noteworthy and, all things considered, a welcome phenomenon. Ten years ago, one got the impression that Catholicity has never been mentioned in cultivated society since the "Mayflower" sailed. To-day, the life and work of the Church are growled at by the intellectuals with more and more ferocity. Another decade, and the publication of (we hope) a constant series of strong Catholic books will induce a veritable intellectual revival. Let us look forward hopefully.

Readers of *THE AVE MARIA* will rejoice to learn what a great number of things were accomplished through a comparatively modest donation lately sent to stricken Austria. An orphan asylum housing sixty children and under the supervision of Benedictine nuns was rescued from dire need and enabled to "carry on" for some time to come; ten families, most of them blessed with numerous children, obtained long-needed food and clothing; three charitable institutions were benefited; and a number of priests received Mass stipends enabling them to continue their work. In each and every instance those

who profited sent glowing personal letters of thanksgiving, which we should like to reproduce if space permitted. And yet the amount forwarded, in American money, was only a little more than one hundred dollars! It is difficult to understand concretely the value of the "cup of cold water" in Austria to-day: to get either an impression of what the cup will do, or of the multitude of fervently grateful prayers it calls down upon the benefactors. Surely here is a splendid opportunity to put a little of our surplus money out at interest that can be reaped daily and eternally in the bank of God.

Bishop William Manning, of New York (Protestant Episcopal), does not agree with those who declare that since the War our country has fallen completely from high ideals. He holds that spiritual progress has been made since the Armistice. His Lordship—if that is what they call him—must admit, however, that, in the case of the Armenians, our ideals did not show up very well. In fact, he himself has said: "The treatment of the Armenians by the nations that are called Christian, our own among them, can not be defended. These brave people were our allies during the War. They rendered important military service, and again and again they were promised that after the War they should have freedom, national existence and protection from the Turk. They have been massacred, outraged, in large part exterminated. To-day, betrayed by those who should be their staunch friends, their situation is desperate indeed."

While it is probably true that, in the country as a whole, there was less anti-Catholic prejudice displayed—at least openly displayed—in the late elections than was the case in other days when the "Rum Romanism and Rebellien"

argument, or its equivalent, played a conspicuous rôle at the polling booths, we can not flatter ourselves that the prejudice has more than partially died out. Oregon's election was distinctively anti-Catholic, and, in more than one other State, the bugbear of Papal antagonism to American liberties was cleverly manipulated by astute politicians wherever it was thought to be safe. Occasionally, however, the bugbear proved to be a boomerang. Says the *Catholic News*, of New York:

Despite the fact that a State-wide underground attack was made upon the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, because he is a Catholic, Alfred E. Smith was elected by an overwhelming majority. He defeated his Republican opponent by a plurality of more than 400,000 throughout the State. No candidate for Governor in the history of New York ever before rolled up such a vote. The triumph of Mr. Smith is a stinging rebuke to the anti-Catholic fanatics, not a few of whom were ministers, who, the Sunday before election day, advised their congregations to vote against Smith. His tremendous vote shows that American Protestants are not largely influenced at the ballot box these days by appeals to religious prejudice. To the credit of Governor Miller be it said that he was not a party to the proscriptive campaign conducted against Mr. Smith.

The following was the result of an effort on the part of a certain Sunday school-teacher to test the knowledge of some little boys—ages not stated—regarding the Litany of Loreto:

Teacher: "What is the meaning of 'Mystical Rose'?"—Dead silence for a few moments, and then Small Boy, with uplifted hand: "I know!"—Teacher: "Well, what does 'Mystical Rose' mean?"—Small Boy: "He lives in Essex Street."—Teacher: "What! 'Lives in Essex Street'?"—Small Boy: "It's a grocery store—Mr. Kilroe's."

A capital illustration of the necessity of explaining things to children, and of the folly of trying to convey any idea to their minds by the employment of words not in their own vocabulary. Much of children's learning is mere

parrot work. It is a thousand times better that they should "know by heart," as they express it, and fully understand the few necessary prayers than be able to "rattle off" any number of devout formulas. In view of the fact that many of the "fallen away" are found to have forgotten their plain English prayers, and the lessons of the Little Catechism, it would seem to be the wiser plan to stick to the vernacular and to the simple essentials in teaching religion to children. Their minds are like their slates. Of all that is impressed upon them only what has been scratched in, so to speak, will endure.

Standing aloof from the political strife in the Ireland of to-day, a farmer rather than fighter, George W. Russell—better known to the reading world as "Æ"—looks upon the condition of his native land with intelligible optimism. "I think with no dependency of our future," he writes. "I believe that in fifteen or twenty years' time the state of Ireland will be such that it will justify to the world the long struggle for self-government and the sacrifices made to attain it. The Irish Free State depends largely on agriculture. It is closer than any other country to the greatest market in the Old World for food stuffs. Whatever happens, men must be fed, and, as Great Britain can not feed itself, a neighbor with a surplus of butter, meat, eggs, poultry and potatoes is certain of a market."

This seems like good sense as well as sound economics. Of Mr. Russell's hopes for the future form of distinctively Irish civilization and culture, one may get a glimpse in this extract from a recent paper of his:

The Chinese sage Laotze said: "If I had a little nation, and my people could hear the cocks crow and the dogs bark in the neighboring State, my people would be so contented they would never wish to go across the river to explore." Something of this deep content-

ment in rural life Irish reformers hope to create. It is truly a noble ambition, for the concentration of vast populations in great cities threatens the beauty and health of humanity. Those who would create a rural civilization and bring men back to natural life, to sunlight and sweet air, may finally serve cosmic purpose more than those who build up the mightiest cities and the most heaven-assailing towers. Who can say over what the Earth Spirit broods with most delight, her proud children who forget her in their own creations, or the inhabitants of some quiet valley who can listen to her whispers and be bathed in her peace?

During the Summer a violent typhoon, gathering steadily its force with the darkness of the night, wrought havoc in the city of Swatow, China. Dwellings, public buildings and systems of communication were wrecked by the wind, and, later, the sea rose and poured a flood of water and débris into the stricken town. Giving an account of the disaster and appealing for aid, Mgr. Rayssac, Vicar Apostolic, can not refrain from telling the readers of *Les Missions Catholiques* a little story of adventure and heroism. Three Ursuline Sisters had recently arrived in Swatow, and had set up a modest establishment at some distance from the Bishop's residence. Seeing that they were in danger, the Sisters resolved to take refuge under the episcopal roof, but were caught up in the storm and swept into a great pool of water, where they spent the rest of the night, clinging to a beam and trying to avoid pieces of tile and wood cast about by the wind. They turned up in the morning quite undaunted. "They thought," says the Bishop, "that the misfortune was a promise of divine benediction upon the arduous work they are to undertake here." So, indeed, it was, if devotion and heroism obtain the usual reward.

There is such a thing, no doubt, as the unnecessary "parading" of one's

religion, the ostentatious proclamation by word or deed that one is a Catholic; but it is a far less common evil than is the constructive denial of Christ to which human respect so often leads Catholic men and women. How many there are who refrain from acting according to their convictions simply through fear of being laughed at! How many who compromise their religious beliefs lest they be assailed by scoff and sneer! What impels the Catholic, who at home blesses himself before and after meals, to omit the Sign of the Cross when dining abroad? What prevents the Catholic matron from checking the flow of calumny and detraction, indulged in by younger people whom it is her right and her duty to admonish and rebuke? What keeps the respectable father of a family from discountenancing, instead of applauding, the profane jest and immodest story recounted in his presence? What leads the Catholic youth or maiden to accompany non-Catholic friends to sectarian religious services? What urges the Catholic of any age and either sex to eat meat on a Friday, or miss Mass on a Sunday for the sake of an outing? Nothing else than moral cowardice, truckling to that "world" which Our Lord reprobates as His foe. Christ, we should never forget, may be denied in little things as well as in great; and it is He Himself who assures us: "Those who deny Me before men, I also will deny before my Father who is in heaven."

If there be any truth in the proverb that misery loves company, then a great number—by no means great enough—of American Catholic parents, distressed over the detestable machinations of those mysterious persons who seek to destroy our parochial schools, may find a modicum of comfort in the thought that their coreligionists in Germany are experiencing the same anxiety and dis-

tress over a similar danger. For the German Hamiltonians have a Bill before the Reichstag which so menaces the liberty of religious education as to cause the utmost concern to the Catholic population of the "Reich." "But," says the German correspondent of *La Revue Catholique des Idées et des Faits* (Belgium), "the bishops have not failed to point out repeatedly and in divers ways what are the legitimate claims of Catholics in the matter of education. They have exhorted their people to bring united and energetic action upon the Reichstag with regard to these claims. Happily, their appeal has been heard. Numerous gatherings have considered the school question, especially the Congress of the Catholics of the 'Reich' held during the Summer in Munich. A monster petition has been organized, under the auspices of the hierarchy of Bavaria. It is not yet completed, but as many as 3,324,057 signatures have been obtained; in other Provinces, 1,130,000 more."

The writer concludes his report by citing the resolution of the petitioners. In answer to the clause in the new Bill which would make the "neutral school" "the rule in every commune," they declare defiantly: "We shall not suffer the denominational school, no matter where, to be at a disadvantage. Catholic schools for Catholic children! In no circumstance will we yield to a diminution of our parental rights."

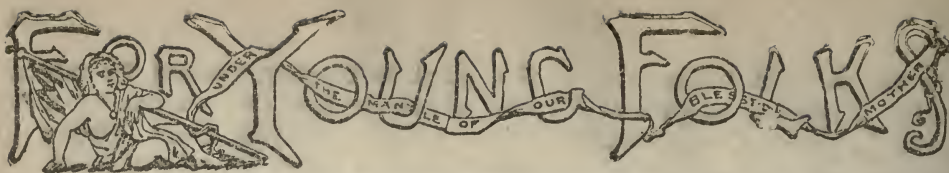
There would be decidedly more comfort in the fact of the Catholic laity of this country thus organized and thus militantly defending their rights, than in the remembrance of company in a similar persecution.

As was to be expected, the press notices of the death, on the 13th inst., in Paris, of the Hon. Bellamy Storer, at one time American Minister to Belgium and to Spain, and later Ambassador to

Austria-Hungary, revived the memory of the unpleasantness which led to his summary removal from Vienna by President Roosevelt, who charged that he and Mrs. Storer had made unwarranted use of some of his letters. It is a sad story, the whole truth of which has never been made public. Mr. Storer was a gentleman of the highest character, and President Roosevelt was under great obligations to him. We have never read a more glowingly grateful letter than one in which these obligations were acknowledged by the President. But he was in dread of losing his popularity at the time, and at no time did he allow the best of friends to be in his way.

Before entering the diplomatic service, Mr. Storer was a Member of Congress from Ohio. He was an intimate friend of President McKinley and President Taft, and was held in the highest esteem by many other distinguished men at home and abroad. All who knew him admired his patriotism, unselfishness, honesty and urbanity. A model American citizen in every respect was Bellamy Storer. He had been a convert to the Church for many years. Peace to his soul!

It is hard, in the present temper of our people, to speak out against new forms of un-Americanism without incurring the suspicion of reactionism; yet an honest citizen can not well keep silence when so many prominent citizens are preaching new and strange doctrines, and the nation seems to be apostatizing from the creed of the Founders. At a time when the majority of voters seem to have forgotten—if they ever knew—that politics is the science of government, and every large city affords proof of the difficulty of thoroughly assimilating immigrants, it behooves us to have "a middlin' tight grip" on our wondrously wise Constitution.



When the Birds Come Back.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

COVERED with their Winter wrapping
Are the violet and rose,
It will be a dreary waiting
Till the early crocus blows;
But the blossoms only slumber,
For the sun is on their track:
There will be a glad awakening
When the birds come back!

Hasten, bobolink and robin!
Hasten, oriole and wren!
We will love you more than ever
When you visit us again.
For you are Our Father's singers,
And what bounty can we lack
As we listen to the music
When the birds come back!

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

PART IV.

I.



IT was seven o'clock in the evening. The moon shone bright, and its light served to make the snow covering the ground seem colder still. Camille was walking sadly homeward; and on passing the Café des Ambassadeurs, he noticed a pale, thin young man, without a hat, shivering under an old coat. The strange part of it was that he strongly resembled Gustave.

Camille was interested at once; in spite of the nipping cold, he stood still and stared at this almost perfect image of his cousin. Just then a gentleman crossed the street in front of them. Camille saw the tramp go up to the passer-by and put out his hand.

"I have nothing for you," said the other sharply.

"I must have some money! I'm dying of starvation!" answered the beggar.

Encouraged, doubtless, by the desertion of the street, the tramp boldly seized the gentleman's arm and held it fast.

Camille had at once recognized the voice as that of his cousin. There was no longer any doubt in his mind; so, rushing up to the beggar, he grasped his arm, exclaiming:

"Gustave! what are you going to do?"

"Who told you my name?" said the tramp, trembling with fear. "Where did you know me?"

In his agitation he dropped the gentleman's arm; and the latter hastened away, glad to escape further annoyance.

"What are you going to do, Gustave?" repeated Camille, in a tone of sorrow and reproach, looking at his cousin with an expression of surprise and fear.

Recovering himself, the young man stared hard at the boy,—without recognizing him, however.

"Who are you? What do you want with me?" he asked harshly.

"Don't you know me, Gustave?"

"No: I never saw you before," replied the tramp, turning to go away.

"I am Camille."

"Camille!"

"Yes: the nephew of Mr. Thomas,—Camille, your cousin,—the boy you abandoned in the gardens of the Tuileries. Do you live in Paris? What are you doing here?"

Gustave—for it was indeed he—remained silent; shame kept him from replying.

"It's too cold here to talk," said Camille. "Let us go to your house, or

to mine, if you prefer; then we can be more comfortable."

"To *my* house! I have no house," said Gustave, in a choking voice. "If I had a shelter, do you think I should be prowling around here at this time on such a cold night? Do you think I would beg if I had had anything to eat to-day?"

"Don't talk so loud, Gustave," said Camille. Then, with gentle words, he persuaded his cousin to go home with him.

The latter followed in silence; but when he was inside the cabin, he could not restrain a cry of surprise.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"In my home," was the reply. "I'll make a fire in my little stove and you can warm yourself," Camille added, bustling about. "Since you're so hungry, open that cupboard. You won't find a great deal in it—only the supper and breakfast of a poor apprentice: some bread and jam and a little wine."

"Whose house is this?" inquired Gustave again, eating with avidity.

"Mine, or the same as mine."

"How's that? Does this land belong to you, and the house and furniture?" asked Gustave, in surprise.

"The land does not: I am only the guardian of it; the house was built for me by some friends. I suppose it is not really mine either; though the furniture is my property. But, cousin, how does it happen that you who were so rich—"

"Oh, it's a sorry enough story!"

"Tell it to me," said Camille, sympathetically.

"Well, I will."

Gustave sat down close to the stove after finishing his supper, and he and Camille held the following conversation.

"My story is not a long one," began Gustave, affecting a careless demeanor. "I've been unfortunate, that's all."

"And I've been *fortunate*," answered Camille. "But as there was a reason

for my good fortune, there must have been one for your misfortune."

"How did so much good luck happen to come to you?" asked Gustave.

Camille then related, in the simplest way, what our young readers already know.

"Now it's your turn to tell me about your misfortunes," added the boy.

"Well, after leaving you asleep at the Tuileries, I went back to Bordeaux. I began by discharging all the old servants."

"What, Gustave! Do you mean to say that you dismissed Jacques and his family, and Jeanneton and old Bouilé and little Lignac, all of whom were born in my uncle's house?"

Gustave continued without paying any attention to this remark:

"You must not be astonished at hearing that a man can waste a fortune in six months, for nothing is easier. I hired new servants and they robbed me; friends borrowed my money; I gave no end of parties and dinners; I made bad investments, and one fine day I found myself with no property and with only ten thousand francs in my purse."

"Ten thousand francs!" exclaimed his listener. "Why, if I had that much I'd think I was rich. So you have ten thousand francs left?"

"Listen to all of my story. I knew that the gaming-houses of Paris were closed; but I had often heard my father say that there were places called stock exchanges where one could win enormous sums. So I came up to Paris, risked my ten thousand francs, and lost the whole. Being now reduced to poverty, I sold off my belongings, piece by piece. Finally, yesterday, as I wasn't able to pay the rent for a little furnished room I occupied, my landlord turned me into the street, keeping what was left of my wardrobe. When you met me, I had had nothing to eat for fourteen hours."

"What a good thing it was that I met you!" said Camille.

"Don't you bear me any ill-will?" asked Gustave, in surprise.

"I did, so long as I thought you were rich; now that you are poor, I pity you and hold no grudge against you. Remember what your father used to say, Gustave: 'Whoever does evil, finds evil; who does good, finds good.' Each of us has found his just reward."

"Have you any place for me to sleep here?" asked Gustave, trying to conceal under a yawn the annoyance Camille's last remark caused him.

"I have only one bed," said Camille; "you may have half of that."

"I'll try to content myself with it," returned Gustave, beginning at once to get ready to retire.

Camille followed his example; he had just finished his night prayers when he heard a well-known bark.

"Gustave! Gustave!" he cried, his voice choked with emotion. "I prayed to God to send my dog back to me, and here he is."

II.

The next morning Camille invited his cousin to go with him to the printing-office. When they reached the Place de la Concorde, they noticed a fresh poster opposite them, before which several persons were standing. They went up to it, and Gustave read the following advertisement:

"Dog lost. Fifty Francs' Reward.—A small black spaniel, with long, drooping ears, marked with tan spots on his face and paws, was lost in the garden of the Tuileries two years ago. Last Sunday this spaniel was found on the steps of Saint Roch's Church, but disappeared again last night. He answers to the name of Fox. The finder is requested to bring him to the residence of Madame Marbœuf, No. 37 Rue Lafitte, and receive reward."

"Madame Marbœuf!" ejaculated

Gustave mentally. "That's strange!—very strange!"

"It's *you* they want, my poor dog!" said Camille. "But they shall not have you," he continued, looking at the animal affectionately.

Much preoccupied, Gustave asked to be excused from accompanying his cousin any farther, promising to meet him again in the evening.

On reaching the office, Camille at once told Mr. Germain of the advertisement for the lost dog and asked his advice in the matter.

"My advice is this, my boy," was the answer. "Since this dog doesn't belong to you, you must give him up."

"I shall never give him up, sir," said Camille, determinedly.

"But—but—you might be accused of stealing him."

"Stealing him!" exclaimed Camille, blushing,—*"stealing him!"*

"But it would be the same as theft to keep anything that doesn't belong to you when you know the owner."

"Then, I suppose I'll have to give him up," sighed Camille, disconsolately.

Camille picked up his dog and was about to start off with him. Before doing so, however, he turned to the workmen, who were watching him with sympathetic faces, and said:

"Do you think I might ask the lady to sell me her dog?"

"You have the right to do so," answered one of the men.

"Just as the lady has the right of refusing you," said Mr. Germain not unkindly.

Camille set out, his heart full of sorrow. The poor animal kept his eyes fixed on his young master, as if begging not to be abandoned by him.

(To be continued.)

THOSE who do not know the value of time have been well called the greatest of spendthrifts.

The Author of "Little Women."

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

IN beautiful Concord, Massachusetts, so closely associated with some of our greatest American writers, and distinguished further as the scene of the first battle of the Revolutionary War, stands the old "Orchard House," where Louisa May Alcott wrote "Little Women," a book over which children everywhere have laughed and cried for two generations and more.

The Alcott family lived in many different homes, but none was quite so much beloved as "Orchard House," the gabled building on one of Concord's elm-shaded streets. This was the home where was lived the joys, sorrows, and adventures that have made "Little Women" so famous—the home where hard trials were borne with love and courage, and where, in spite of the scanty fare, they always had something to share with the less fortunate; for, in the opening chapters of this much-read book, which is a true chronicle of the happy childhood passed at "Orchard House," we are told how cheerfully, willingly, the little Alcott girls ate a breakfast of bread and milk that a poor woman, with six children, might enjoy their own share of a good meal.

"There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help the right way." This sentence in "Little Women" beautifully describes the life of Louisa M. Alcott, who, as Jo of the story, laughed away the household trials, and whose defeats only made an incentive to greater efforts. Meg, Amy and Beth are true portraits of her three sisters, who take an important part in the famous book; while her mother, as Mrs. March, is well represented, and reference is made to the father as "the quiet man sitting among his books."

Kindness and tenderness were among the strongest traits of Louisa M. Alcott's character, and it would be hard to find a duplicate of her earnest solicitude for the frail invalid mother and the quiet father. As soon as she was old enough to realize the poverty of the family, she began to shift the burdens of the parents to her own shoulders, and to help with the support of the family; for, with all her father's learning, he was a very unpractical man.

As a child, she had written stories for the amusement of her playmates, but now she began to pursue this work earnestly, and great was the joy and excitement when her first little story was accepted and, better still, paid for. When, several years later, she received a check for \$100 for one of her short stories, she says that she went to bed that night a millionaire, to dream of all she could buy for the family.

Her greatest desire in life was to lift the family out of their poverty. The motives which prompted her to action were not love of money or fame, but the means to bring comfort and happiness to those whom she loved so well. When, in 1868, "Little Women" was published, and Louisa May Alcott's fame and fortune were made forever, visions of the frail mother who could have all the comforts of life, with her father's dream of a school of philosophy realized, and May, her talented sister, having a year abroad, brought more happiness to the authoress than any thought of her own fame. These things, together with the knowledge that her book, carrying its own message of life's great intentions, was bringing joy and happiness into the lives of thousands of youngsters, was wonderful to the woman whose own girlhood had been full of burdens and sacrifices.

Her charity did not end at home, but flowed out to many who never even knew its source; and her wonderful in-

fluence was felt by all those with whom she came in contact, for she touched with fingers of sympathy and love the tender chords in all the tired lives about her, and caused them to vibrate in pleasant harmonies.

Time gave her the reward of her years of faithful, self-forgetting service, for the frail mother lived for several years to enjoy the comforts which her daughter had coveted and earned for her. Her father's life-dream was gratified in the school for which he had longed; his library was replenished; and the young sister, who had longed so ardently for a year abroad, was now able to start.

It was at her mother's sick bedside, just before the gentle woman passed away, that Louisa M. Alcott wrote "Under the Lilacs," and as one reads the story, brimming over with humor, it is hard to realize that it was with an aching heart the chapters were written.

Louisa May Alcott was born on her father's birthday, November 29; and, two days after his death, on March 6, 1888, when friends were performing the last sad rites for Mr. Alcott, the news came that the daughter, too, had passed away. Then it was that people began to realize something of the self-sacrifice that had been hers through all the long years until overwork had stilled the tired heart.

At her request she was buried at the feet of her father and mother, guarding in death, as she had so tenderly done in life, the two who were dearest to her.

Louisa May Alcott's books are a real monument to her, for in their pages she has taught thousands of young people the beauty of quiet, homely work, and that character and happiness do not depend upon unusual talents or great fortunes, and that loyalty to duty, in whatever forms it appears, is the highest principle of life.

A Cool-Headed King.

HISTORIANS of Sweden and biographers of Charles XII., who ruled over that country in the Seventeenth Century, relate numerous stories, showing the bravery and presence of mind of that famous monarch. His disregard of danger was greatly admired by his soldiers, who were in dread of proving themselves unworthy of so brave a commander, one who always led them in person. When his horse was killed under him at the battle of Narva, he leaped nimbly upon another, saying jocosely to his bodyguard, "These people will keep me in exercise."

On another occasion when the King was dictating a letter to his secretary, a bomb fell through the roof into the next room in the house where they were sitting. The terrified secretary let the pen drop from his hand. "What is the matter?" said Charles, calmly. The secretary replied, "Ah, sire, it is a bomb!"—"But what has the bomb to do with what I am dictating to you? Go on," said the King, as if nothing had happened, and without stirring from his seat. It is probable, however, that the secretary's handwriting became very shaky after that.

How Spiders Travel.

Some spiders have a peculiar way of travelling. They first spin a fine thread, to which they remain attached, and then wait for the wind to blow. When the current of air arrives, they are transported much as a ship is in a strong breeze. The spiders can regulate their route, in a measure; being able to increase or decrease the length of the thread when they wish either to descend or to alight. A thread which is about a yard long, strange to say, can easily sustain the weight of a fairly good-sized spider.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We welcome new and cheaper editions of "Great Penitents," by the Rev. Hugh F. Hunt; and "The Soul of Ireland," by W. J. Lockington, S. J. They are very neat books. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

—In our notice of "Jock, Jack and the Corporal" and "Mr. Francis Newnes," by Fr. Martindale, it should have been stated that these excellent books are published by *Matre & Co.* The price of them is \$1.60 each.

—We regret to learn of the death of Miss Frances Noble, the author of "Gertrude Mannering" and other popular novels, and a contributor to Catholic periodicals. She was a native of Manchester, England, and was educated by the Sisters of Loreto. *R. I. P.*

—"The Printed Message," by the Rev. George Thomas Daly, C. S. S. R., a new pamphlet issued by the Canadian Catholic Truth Society, is a forceful plea for the spread of Catholic literature generally, and emphasizes the importance at the present time of publication, propagation, and support, in the case of the C. T. S. of Canada.

—Lists of new and forthcoming books from London include "The Life Everlasting," by Bishop Vaughan; another volume of essays by Sir Bertram Windle, the famous Catholic scientist; a *Life of Father Charles Plater*, S. J., the pioneer of the retreat movement, by Fr. Martindale; and an illustrated *Life of the Holy Father*, in which his own account of his Alpine-climbing is given.

—The Appleton Co. have just published "From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon," by the late Fr. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. This work was completed shortly before his recent death. In it he tells of a journey from a great modern city, through the colorful Far East, to the ruins of what was once Asia's proud capital. One never opens a book by Fr. Zahm without the expectation of finding information and entertainment, and one is never disappointed. He always had something interesting to tell, and it was always interestingly told.

—The religious of the Carmelite Monastery, Wheeling, West Virginia, have paid authentic and exquisite tribute to the tercentenary of the canonization of their great foundress in the publication of "Devotions in Honor of St. Teresa of Jesus." Everything about this booklet, the fineness of its spiritual selections, the beauty of the illustrations, etc., is worthy

of the "undaunted daughter of desires," who inspired, and the devoted religious who executed it. In the interest of future editions, a flexible binding is to be recommended, and the correction of a slight repetition. Price, 40 cents, postpaid.

—A careful perusal of "Acute Cases in Moral Medicine," by the Rev. E. F. Burke, M. A., Ph. D. (The Macmillan Co.), enforces assent to the dictum of Bishop Schrembs in the book's preface: "The real value of the present publication lies in its splendid presentation of the fundamental principles of Christian morality bearing on the duties of the trained nurse." That the Bishop cordially recommends the work as a textbook for our schools of nursing is a well-deserved tribute to its author. Apart from the merits of the text, we particularly admire the accessories of the work,—a table of contents, a glossary, a bibliography, and an index. The volume is in sixteenmo form, 136 pages.

—The varied and uniformly fructifying literary work of Canon Sheehan has long since been accorded its rightful place in the story of modern novelists. And yet, the author of "My New Curate," was perhaps more genuinely a philosopher and mystic than an artist in narrative. He saw so many things clearly from the high ground of his own high life that it would have been strange, indeed, not to hear plain, honest speech from him on a multitude of topics. Certain of his lectures and essays have been gathered under the title, "The Literary Life and Other Essays." Although the title paper, an arresting, rather melancholy, talk on the characteristics of an author's life, is widely known, we vote honestly for the shrewd, tender, calmly reminiscent "Moonlight of Memory." There, one gets a view of the Canon's dreaming that leads directly to a second volume of his "Poems." Here are the verses not previously issued in book-form. Some of them are well worth preserving; but admirers of the author may wish, with reason, that the number of inclusions had been curtailed. Both volumes are published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, \$2.35 and \$1.05 respectively.

—How frequently the lover of poetry is brought suddenly to a halt by the irreverent question, "Just what is poetry?" We know, but the heart is too full for speech; or, rather, speech is not full enough for the heart. A

recent writer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* does very well. Approaching the problem from the point of view of Shakespeare, he quotes Bacon's definition, "the poet submits the shadows of things to the desires of the mind," valiantly tackles Shakespeare's revelation of his own personality and "high thought," and concludes with the following effective passage: "Absolute poetry is the direct embodiment, through symbols that are necessarily dark, of a pure, comprehensive and self-satisfying experience, which we may call, if we please, an immediate intuition of the hidden nature of things. The next highest poetry is born of the adjustment of the human soul to the memory of this experience, and it passes from less to greater purity as the poet's instinctive rebellion against holding this world to be a world of appearance only, passes into a profound and serene acceptance. As he approaches this final condition, he is able more and more to see the actual world as a manifestation of the reality he has experienced, or, if we define his work from the creative side, he can more and more powerfully compel the actual world to furnish him with symbols of his deeper experience; thus he 'submits the shadows of things to the desires of the mind.' Probably there are many other kinds of poetry, and of these possibly some have a good title to be called great poetry; but the poetry which moves us most will be found on the path of the process of the adjustment we have tried to describe."

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Henry Granjon, bishop of Tucson, Arizona; Rev. J. A. Kessler, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. Cornelius Leahy, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Carl Rumpelhardt, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Edward Fladung, diocese of Columbus; Rev. John J. McCoy, diocese of Springfield; and Rev. J. R. Rosswinkel, S. J.

Mother St. Claude, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister Dionysia and Sister Gertrude (Chusan, China), Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Richard Woodrow, Mr. W. F. Cameron, Hon. Bellamy Storer, Miss Frances Noble, Mr. P. A. Murray, Mr. Michael Funk, Miss Mary Vaughan, Mr. Richard Tosi, Mrs. Elizabeth Minogue, Mr. Vincent Bahel, Miss M. J. Murphy, Mr. William Weber, Mr. H. A. Reid, Mrs. N. L. Connor, Miss Helen Kelly, Mr. Francis Engel, Mr. John Hohmann, Mr. George Flanagan, Mr. James Murphy, Mr. J. M. Jeep, Miss Mary Tanger, Mr. John Lynch, Mrs. Hannah Buckley, Mr. Gerald La Roche, Mr. John Pope, Mrs. Agnes Young, Mrs. Joseph Boudrot, Mr. Stephen McDonald, Mr. Hugh Chisholm, Mrs. Louisa McReady, Mrs. Margaret O'Toole, Mr. William Mero, Mr. F. A. Proctor, and Mr. Sylvester Gallant.

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



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

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Remembrance.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. JOVANOVIČH,
BY B. O'B. C.

WHEN the full summit of his life man gains,
And views the downward journey that remains,
Silence and solitude are all around,
Where many a cherished friend before he found.
Life snatches daily that which once it gave;
Most that was dear has sunk into the grave.
Yet, as the sky after the sun has gone
Is still afire with lucent rays that shone,
So yesterdays have many a happy gleam
To cheer forsaken age's reminiscent dream.
How grateful to the heart this warming glow!
Swift through the dark its ministrations go.
Now love and joy and youthful hopes are fled,
Gentle remembrances come in their stead,
Only—where stormy rapture once held sway
A placid melancholy reigns to-day.

A MULTITUDE of spiritual exercises, imperfectly done, often superfluous, or not to the purpose, resemble the useless tendrils of a vine, which must be pruned away, if it is to bear good grapes; whereas the real life or root is nourished and strengthened by a few good works very carefully performed; that is to say, done in a spirit of very fervent love of God, wherein all true Christian perfection consists.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Story of a Paris Cemetery.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AT the eastern extremity of Paris, in a quarter little frequented by the idlers and tourists who through the gay boulevards as well as the bright Champs-Élysées, are two spots around which, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, still linger memories of tragic horror and Christian heroism. One of these spots is the Place de la Nation, formerly called Place du Trône; the other is the cemetery of Picpus, a short distance away.

The Place du Trône was so called because here, in 1660, a temporary throne was erected, where Louis XIV. received the homage of the city of Paris after the treaty of the Pyrenees. It now bears the name of Place de la Nation; and, like the Place de l'Étoile, at the opposite extremity of Paris, it forms a central spot whence more than a dozen streets or avenues branch forth in every direction. But, in spite of its large fountain and two high columns, it has nothing of the bright and aristocratic appearance of the Place de l'Étoile.

As our readers are aware, the public executions during the Reign of Terror were carried on at first on the Place de la Révolution—now called the Place de la Concorde,—situated between the Champs-Élysées and the Tuileries; and the bodies of the victims were con-

veyed to the adjoining cemeteries.

In June, 1794, the inhabitants of the houses situated on or near the Place de la Révolution grew weary of the sickening scenes of horror that daily took place before their eyes; and, yielding to their remonstrances, the authorities consented to transfer the guillotine to a more distant part of Paris. It was, in consequence, erected on the Place du Trône, where it remained standing, and in daily use, from the 14th of June to the 27th of July. During that short space of time more than thirteen hundred persons were executed.

Among these victims were men and women of every age and rank. They were executed usually in groups, after a mock trial that lasted only a few minutes; without being allowed to defend their cause and without a priest to attend them. Many of the souls that winged their flight to heaven from this memorable spot were of rare holiness, and with the horror inspired by their unjust fate mingles the reverence that is excited by a sacrifice nobly and generously offered. Others, less perfect in life, seemed in presence of death to attain a wonderful degree of submission and resignation.

The Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife were executed on the 27th of June. When they left the prison to be taken to the guillotine, a voice in the crowd cried out: "Courage, Monsieur le Maréchal!" The old man stopped and turned round. "My friend," he said, "at the age of seventeen I went to battle for my King; at the age of eighty I go to the scaffold for my God. I am not to be pitied."

Three weeks later, on July 17, sixteen Carmelite nuns ascended the steps of the guillotine, singing the *Laudate*. The chant grew weaker as one by one their heads fell under the knife, and at last the prioress remained alone to finish the glorious hymn ere she joined her mar-

tyred daughters. Five days afterward three ladies, closely related to the brave old Maréchal whose words we have recorded, shared the same fate. Their history is singularly interesting, throwing as it does unexpected light upon the hidden and more intimate life of some of those great ladies of the Old Régime, whom we are perhaps apt to consider as frivolous and worldly.

These noble women were the Duchess de Noailles; her daughter-in-law, the Duchess d'Ayen; and her grand-daughter, the Viscountess de Noailles. The first was a widow, and the husbands of the two latter had left France: the one was in Switzerland, the other in America. The Duchess d'Ayen, with her deep, somewhat austere piety, strong sense of duty and utter unworldliness, was a remarkable figure in Paris society during the latter years of the reign of Louis XVI. She brought up her five daughters with grave tenderness and untiring devotion, and they all fully responded to her care. One of them died before the Revolution, but the four surviving sisters—one of whom was the wife of General Lafayette—suffered the untold miseries of those days of terror with rare courage and resignation; and, in exile as in prison, proved worthy of their early training. The Viscountess de Noailles was the eldest of the five, and circumstances made her the inseparable companion of her mother in life and death.

For some months previous to their execution, the three ladies had been kept close prisoners in their own house. They were occasionally visited by an old priest who lived in seclusion, named Père Carrichon; and, foreseeing the fate that awaited them, the Viscountess made him promise that he would assist them if they were led to execution. He gave the promise, saying that he would wear a red and blue coat in order that he might be more easily recognized.

Some months passed by; the measures directed against the ex-nobles became more and more stringent. The three ladies were first transferred to the prison of the Luxembourg, thence to the Conciergerie, where they were to be tried and condemned. Père Carrichon relates that on the 22d of July, 1794, Monsieur Grelet, the brave and devoted tutor to whom the Viscountess de Noailles had entrusted her three children, visited him and exclaimed: "All hope is at an end! They are at the Conciergerie, and I am come to summon you to keep your promise."

The old priest, in a touching account of the tragedy, relates that he put on the red and blue coat which had been agreed upon; and made his way to the Conciergerie, hoping against hope that the news might be false. Alas! toward five in the evening the carts with the victims passed him by. He saw in the first the aged Duchess de Noailles; in the second, the Duchess d'Ayen and her daughter; the latter dressed in white, "looking so young, so pure, so calm!" In vain he followed the carts and strove to attract the prisoners' attention. At last a violent storm broke forth; the spectators fled to escape the rain, the guards relaxed their vigilance, and Père Carrichon was able to approach close to the carts. The Viscountess was the first to see him. A radiant smile illumined her countenance. She spoke to her mother, and both reverently bowed their heads; while under the pouring rain, in the midst of thunder and lightning, the old priest, unnoticed by the guards, gave them absolution.

Arriving at the Place du Trône, Père Carrichon, lost in the crowd, kept his eyes fixed on the three victims. The aged Duchess was calm and resigned; the Duchess d'Ayen looked exactly as she did when about to receive Holy Communion; the Viscountess de Noailles cast earnest glances at the

priest, as if to charge him with unspoken messages for the husband and children she was leaving; then, turning to her companions, she seemed to encourage and exhort them to confidence. It is no wonder that Père Carrichon, on leaving the spot when all was over, felt more admiration than horror. He went home, we are told, "praising God."

When she was called upon to leave the Luxembourg prison for the Conciergerie, the Duchess d'Ayen chanced to be reading a chapter of "The Imitation." She rose to obey the summons, hastily wrote upon a scrap of paper, "My children, courage and prayer!" then placed the paper to mark the chapter; closed the book, kissed it, and gave it to her fellow-prisoner, the Duchess of Orleans, the ill-fated widow of Philippe-Egalité. Her voice quivered and her tears fell fast as she begged the Duchess to convey the book to her daughters.

The fall of Robespierre saved the Duchess of Orleans from a fate similar to that of her friend, and she was able to give the precious book to the daughters of the Duchess d'Ayen. It has been my privilege to see and touch the hallowed volume. The scrap of paper written by the martyred Duchess marks the chapter of the "Royal Road of the Holy Cross," and the yellow pages bear the stains of her tears.

It was full of these tragic memories that I made a pilgrimage to the cemetery of Picpus, where the thirteen hundred victims of the Place du Trône were laid to rest. The account of Père Carrichon, confirmed by that of other eye-witnesses whose best and dearest perished on that fatal spot, tells us that immediately after their execution the bodies and heads of the victims were thrown into carts painted red and dripping with blood. The executions usually took place toward the end of the day, and it was toward dusk when the

hideous carts made their way, along a solitary country road, to a lonely spot called Picpus. Here, close to a ruined church that had belonged to the Augustinians, an immense pit thirty feet square had been dug, and into this the bodies were roughly thrown. Sometimes the relatives or friends of the martyrs followed at a distance, concealed by the gathering twilight, weeping and praying.

When the fall of Robespierre put an end to the Reign of Terror, the guillotine disappeared from the Place du Trône; but times were still too perilous for the survivors to pay any homage to those who lay in their unblest and unhonored grave. But when the cemetery was put up for sale, with the adjoining fields, toward the end of the century, the Princess of Hohenzollern, whose brother was among the victims, bought it and enclosed it within four walls. She did not venture to do more, and so years passed by. In 1802 the Duchess d'Ayen's daughters, who had returned from exile, were moved to tears on visiting the lonely spot, where no religious emblem, not even a cross, marked the grave of their beloved ones. Under the inspiration of these noble women, a subscription was organized among the families of the victims; and by degrees the united offerings of rich and poor enabled the originators of the work to build, close to the cemetery, a church and a convent, which, with full heart and reverent steps, I have visited.

I first bent my steps toward the Place de la Nation, following the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, along which the carts pursued their *Via Dolorosa* during the fatal Summer of 1794. Some of the tall houses on either side may have been the silent witnesses of many a pathetic scene. They probably stood there when the Carmelites of Compiègne passed by singing the *Te Deum*;

and when, amidst thunder and lightning, Père Carrichon gave a last absolution to the ladies of the house of Noailles. I seemed to see the Carmelites kneeling at the foot of the scaffold as their joyous *Laudate* floated upon the air; or, again, the Viscountess de Noailles' angel countenance as she bade a silent farewell to the old priest, her last friend on earth.

The Rue de Picpus is close to the "Place." Just a few steps bring you to No. 33. You enter; and, accompanied by a guide, cross a quiet court, and finally turn to the right and enter a cemetery. Here, by a special privilege, the relatives and descendants of the victims of 1794 are buried. On the tombs you read some of the noblest names in France: Levis Mirepoix, Talleyrand-Périgord, Duras, Noailles, La Rochefoucauld, Montmorency, Rosambo, Polignac, etc. A handsome monument is that of the Catholic orator and writer, Montalembert.

Another no less striking tomb is that of General Lafayette. Close to him lies his devoted wife, Adrienne de Noailles, whose grandmother, mother and sister were among the victims of the Revolution. Lafayette's tomb is one of the last in the long line of monuments to the right; just beyond it is a high wall enclosing the piece of ground where the victims of 1794 rest in a common grave. Against the wall a large white marble tablet bears the names of the sixteen Carmelite martyrs. A smaller medallion, also of marble, has an inscription in remembrance of the poet André Chénier, another victim of the bloody month of July, 1794. You open a gate and enter the square enclosure, surrounded on all sides by the original wall erected by the Princess of Hohenzollern when, a hundred years ago, she purchased the hallowed ground, to save it from profanation. Her brother, Prince Frederick of Salm Kyrburg, lies among

the victims so ruthlessly cast into a common grave; and members of the same family have chosen to be buried close to the spot.

The surface of the great pit, thirty feet square, extends under the wall at the extremity of the enclosure. "It is here," says the guide, pointing to the spot, "that they were buried." And, moved by the recollections that sweep across your mind, you kneel down and pray *for* and *to* those whose souls, no doubt, are at rest with God.

Absolute stillness reigns all around: no sound from the great city reaches the solitary spot, where you kneel by the silent dead. Slowly and unwillingly you at last retrace your steps. Before leaving you enter the church. Large marble tablets bear inscribed the names and ages of the thirteen hundred victims who perished at the Place du Trône. An impression of peace and pardon seems to prevail in presence of the altar, where the Holy Sacrifice is daily offered for the poor souls, many of whom were hurried into eternity without the assistance and consolations that, in calmer times, our holy mother the Church bestows upon her departing children.

Then you re-enter the noise and turmoil of the city, bearing, perhaps, a bunch of violets from the silent, green enclosure, so fitly called the Champ des Martyrs; and in your heart are the vivid and pathetic memories of a tragic past—memories that remain so closely linked with the story of a Paris cemetery.

EVERY child should be measured by its own standards, trained to its own duty, and rewarded by its just praise. It is the *effort* that deserves praise, not the *success*; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has.—*Ruskin*.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVI.

IT was what the French call St. Martin's Summer, when Marcia celebrated her twenty-second birthday. "St. Martin and I have the same feast day," she declared, "only I was born into a troublous world and he into heaven."

Elaborate preparations were carried on in the kitchen: Eliza had prepared a wonderful cake, round which she was determined to light twenty-two candles; Minna had gone off early to procure a floral offering from a neighboring conservatory to be presented on behalf of the servants; Mrs. Brentwood and Larry had held whispered conferences, which resulted in the procuring of a very handsome travelling bag.

Larry had committed the extravagance of a full set of silver for the toilet table, for which offence against the rigid economy that had long been practised in the household; he was later reproached by Marcia. He excused himself by saying that it was the first time he had been able to afford anything worth while.

Early in the forenoon came a most beautiful and carefully selected basket of flowers from Gregory Glassford. It followed close upon the letter which Marcia had put in her pocket, awaiting a quiet moment to look at it. She read it at last with varied emotions.

"MY DEAR MARCIA:—This is your birthday, as I learned from Minna on my last visit to the old house. She told me she was making a pincushion for Miss Marcia. She swore me to secrecy, but since I have no doubt you are now in possession of that gift, I am not violating confidence.

"So, it being your birthday, I ventured to send you the flowers. They will con-

vey my message better than these clumsy words, and laughter is always so near those blue eyes of yours that I have an uncomfortable suspicion you are laughing at me when I try to explain myself. I had to exercise very strong restraint on myself not to follow the flowers. Perhaps, I may yet. I told Mrs. Critchley I had asked you to marry me and had been refused. I did this for a special reason, so do not be annoyed. She was immensely interested, and said she thought there was a proverb somewhere that fitted my case—about faint hearts. I told her if a stout heart was of any use I had one.

"I am writing this at my desk in the office. I catch old Tompkins' eye upon me, and I fancy he suspects I am writing a love letter. Were he to become certain of the facts, why, he would at once conjure up from the past all the love letters that were ever written. So I have to be careful. My birthday-wish for you is happiness, and with that wish I dare to unite my own. It is that when another birthday comes round, I shall have the right and privilege of safeguarding that happiness. If it be otherwise, and you persist in your refusal, it will be a sad and lonely man who will still sign himself, with sincerest regard,

"GREGORY."

"I wish Eloise would come," was Marcia's comment, as she folded up the letter and put it away in a tiny cupboard in the corner of her room. "But I am not going to spoil the day by thinking about it."

There was little doubt, however, that both the letter and the flowers added to the general brightness that made the old house take on a festive air. Even the cat seemed to recognize that something unusual was on foot. Decorated with a bow, she came purring about her young mistress, as though she were offering congratulations.

"Yes, I know it all, Pussy; you would

like to be able to speak and to say, 'Happy birthday!'"

"To whom were you speaking, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Brentwood, who had put on her best gown of old-fashioned brocade with a lace cap and fichu.

"Only to the cat," answered Marcia.

"Oh, I thought some one might have come in without my hearing."

"Minna sent her in to show her pretty pink bow; she is dressed up like everyone else."

Mrs. Brentwood gravely regarded the cat.

"One would really think she knew; she has an unusual look in her eyes."

"Perhaps, she has smelt of the good things Eliza is cooking," Marcia suggested, and going over to the window she continued: "This is really a perfect day. Too bad, that it is afternoon already, and soon it will be over."

She gave an exclamation.

"Why, here is Larry!" and Marcia opened the door for him.

"Glassford sent me home to celebrate the birthday. How on earth did he know?"

"Through Minna!"

"He asked me to bring this box, though I had a parcel of my own. Birthdays are sometimes troublesome," said Larry, divesting himself of his hat and coat. Mrs. Brentwood, wishing it was time to make her offering, remarked:

"Now, that Larry is here I may show you a little present I have for you."

She produced the bag which Marcia could truthfully declare was handsome.

"Larry chose it," the stepmother explained, triumphantly.

"I knew you could change it, if it weren't right," the young man said apologetically.

"I will never change that," Marcia declared, "it is just lovely!"

And bending she kissed her gratified stepmother.

"A bag is always useful, I know," she said, "and yours, my dear, was getting very shabby."

"It was like you to think of it; and, Larry, I couldn't have chosen so pretty a one myself."

Larry, then, produced the beautiful set of silver, which was received with tearful gratitude.

"It is too fine for me!" she objected, "I never had anything so handsome in my life. But what a shame to spend so much all at once."

"You had better open Glassford's box," Larry suggested, to cut short her expressions of gratitude and of reproach for his extravagance. It proved to be a work of art, in the shape of a *bonbonnière*, containing the choicest sweets of a celebrated confectioner.

"If this goes on," said Marcia, "I shall be thoroughly spoiled. My beautiful bag, my wonderful silver and my candy!"

"You mustn't forget the flowers," Mrs. Brentwood said, "that exquisite basket also is from Mr. Glassford."

While Larry was admiring the flowers, there came a deputation of three from the kitchen, Eliza carrying a very fine bouquet of flowers from all of them, with a book from herself, "a poetry book," as she called it, which she had heard Marcia mention; handkerchiefs from Sarah with insertions of fillet crochet, made by herself, and lastly Minna's pincushion, embroidered in daisies on a blue ground.

Marcia knew that to the givers there was more joy than even to her, the recipient of those gifts, great and little, which these simple hearts had offered. Eliza's eyes were moist, and tears streamed down her rugged cheeks as she murmured:

"I mind the day you were born, a comfort and a blessing to everyone from that day forward."

Marcia thanked her humble friends

with her gracious tact and sympathy, and added:

"These flowers shall decorate the table to-night for dinner, and I am going to arrange them myself, except a few which I shall keep to wear."

When the others were gone, Marcia and Larry sat down, one on each side of Mrs. Brentwood's chair.

"It is nice to be together, just the three of us," Marcia said, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction; "and to be here still, and likely to remain, in our old home."

"Thanks be to God for that!" Mrs. Brentwood exclaimed.

"It would have seemed so strange to live anywhere else," Larry said, looking around that room, gay now with flowers, the hearth piled high with blazing logs.

"It would indeed be strange," agreed Marcia, "and I, for one, should hate to think of it."

She spoke with a vehemence that seemed unnecessary. Larry stared, and Mrs. Brentwood, remembering the things she had heard, looked at her stepdaughter with troubled eyes.

While they were still speaking, the telephone rang, and Larry, hastening to answer it, came back to summon Marcia.

"Glassford is at the phone," he said, briefly. With a heightened color, Marcia answered the call.

"Larry," whispered Mrs. Brentwood, "what do you think of it all?"

"Of what, mother?"

"Why, is it Eloise, or have we all been mistaken?"

"Aren't the pronouns a little indefinite?" Larry said, stroking the wrinkled hand of his stepmother as he spoke. "What is it about which we have been mistaken?"

"It is really *he*, Mr. Glassford, and our mistake was about his feelings."

Larry laughed merrily.

"I don't think we need be concerned about his *feelings*, dear old mother; and that mistake, if it be one, time will rectify."

"If it weren't for Eloise, I should be delighted, Larry."

"Perhaps, we had better not talk about it," whispered the young man; "but I do think Gregory is very fond of Marcia."

At the telephone, meanwhile, a brisk conversation was being held.

"Marcia." The very pronouncement of her name thrilled the girl, but she responded, steadily:

"Oh, is that you, Gregory? How can I thank you for your gifts! The flowers are exquisite, you must know how I love them."

"I am glad, indeed, if those trifles please you, but I am going to ask a favor."

"It is granted in advance."

"Don't be too hasty, till you hear what I have to ask."

"I know it will be nothing unreasonable."

"This is your birthday, Marcia, and I feel as if I couldn't keep away. May I come?"

"We shall be delighted! Be sure and be in time for dinner. Your coming will complete the day."

"Thank you, Marcia."

"After dinner," the girl resumed, "there will be—no moon. So you may, perhaps, play *Patience* with mother."

"You are trying to make me play *Patience*, all right. I am sure of that."

"It is a good game."

"Monotonous! But to be in that dear living-room with you, I will do anything!"

"You see, I want to warn you that it will be very quiet."

He could hear the sound of laughter in her voice as she continued:

"After the *Patience*, I may, perhaps, sing for you."

"And I will turn the leaves for as long as you like."

"Oh, not very long, that would be too great a trial."

"And after that?"

"Well, after that, in due time, you will wish me many happy returns of the perfect day, which will then be over, and I shall say, how glad I was you came."

"The programme makes me long to get there. But if, before leaving, I should ask you about next birthday?"

"I shall say, that there is no use looking so far ahead. Who can tell that there will be another birthday!"

"You are hopeless!"

"No. In the meantime, I am enjoying this one as much as possible. Good-bye, now, for a little while, when I shall hear Minna announcing that 'the big gentleman is at the door,' and Eliza, who is your fast friend, will put in 'God love him!'"

Marcia, pausing a moment to regain something of the perfect composure she had lost during that conversation, returned to the living-room.

"Gregory has asked if he may come to dinner."

"That will be most agreeable," said Mrs. Brentwood, flushing with pleasure. "It is so kind of him to think of it."

"It will be kind of us to give him a slice of chicken and a piece of birthday cake—for I know Eliza has one, though it is carefully hidden!"

"He will appreciate that; he likes cake," declared Larry; "the thought must have spurred him on to the effort. Then, there is the company—"

He glanced at Marcia and said quizzically:

"He took quite a while, old girl, to proffer his request."

Marcia laughed and said carelessly:

"I was giving him the programme, warning him that he must not expect things to be *à la Critchley*."

"Don't you think, my dear, you ought

o wear some of Mr. Glassford's flowers?" asked Mrs. Brentwood.

"No," said Marcia slowly. "I promised the others downstairs first, and besides, I don't want to spoil that basket."

"It isn't as if Eloise were going to be here."

"Then, I might be tempted to wear them," returned Marcia; "but you won't forget, mother, what I asked you the other day, to leave Eloise at Mrs. Critchley's."

"Oh, I'll do that willingly, my dear," the old woman said with such alacrity, that her children burst into a laugh.

"Now, I didn't mean anything ill-natured," Mrs. Brentwood observed; "I only meant that I should be careful to follow your injunctions."

"Like a good, dutiful mother—I do believe that is the car in the lane."

She hurried out of the room, and Glassford, just alighting and looking up at the door, was disappointed that it was Larry and not Marcia who appeared to bid him welcome. The kindly warmth of Mrs. Brentwood's greeting, however, pleased the young man immensely.

"Marcia has gone to arrange the flowers," she explained; "she will be here in a moment, and as glad as we all are to see you."

"I wish she could truthfully have said, 'a great deal more so,' " he thought.

She appeared at the moment, with face radiant and eyes that smiled at him, till his heart was warmed. He arose and held her hand in his. He spoke in a low tone, that none besides themselves might hear.

"Marcia, how good of you to let me come."

"I couldn't well refuse, could I," Marcia said, "after all your kindness."

"Please do not be adamant, relax a little to-night."

"If you are chilly," she said, "take a chair near the fire and wait as best

you can, for Eliza's banquet. She is outdoing herself to-night."

Gregory sat down, half amused, half provoked, and altogether charmed by her attitude.

"Doesn't Marcia look fine, Larry?" he said; "she should always wear blue to match her eyes, and those flowers—are perfect."

"From my friends in the kitchen," Marcia explained.

"Ah! they knew what to choose."

At the moment Sarah announced dinner, and they proceeded towards the dining room, the young hostess saying cheerfully:

"Wait till you see my birthday cake! I know it will be a marvel."

"Wait till he tastes it!" said Larry.

"Larry has discovered one of my weaknesses."

All eyes were presently fastened on the cake, a marvel of artistic beauty, with its twenty-two candles.

"Here's to the time when I was two and twenty," said Gregory, raising his wineglass to his lips, "many golden years ago; and here," he added, looking at Marcia, "to the lady of the cake! In the words of Rip Van Winkle, 'May she live long and prosper!'"

After dinner, Gregory reminded Marcia of her promise to sing to him.

"But you haven't had your Patience yet!"

"Mrs. Brentwood wouldn't touch a card for anything to-night, I'm sure. Nobody does at a birthday celebration."

"You are going to upset my programme."

"Please, please let us have this one number."

"My voice, remember, is as homely as the House at the Cross Roads."

It was not, having been carefully trained at the convent; but Gregory would have been willing to listen to any sort of music at all for the opportunity of turning the pages.

"I love the old ballads," she said.

"I love to hear you sing them," Gregory returned; "you are a marvel to keep such a gift concealed, and then to spring it on me in this fashion. Why, it would charm the very birds from the bushes."

"Gregory, Gregory," declared Marcia, "you have caught that pernicious habit of flattering in the 'marble halls' you frequent, the mansions—well, if not of the blest, at least, of the great."

"You have the bad habit of playing the hypocrite, and affecting to disbelieve all the good things that are said of you."

"Next thing we shall quarrel, and never speak to each other as long as we live."

"Oh! I shall speak; and, in time, I hope to make you hear."

"Don't talk of me. Like Portia, I am awearry of myself. Tell me gossip,—I mean, nice gossip from the Critchleys', and about Eloise. How often do you see her? Very often, I suppose."

"You would be surprised to hear how long it is since I saw your cousin."

"Oh, that is too bad! O Gregory, that is altogether wrong!"

"I deplore it, but she was very angry when I said good-bye to her."

"About what?"

"Chiefly about the will, and another subject, which I have felt bound so often to broach."

"Oh, I see!" said Marcia, thoughtfully; "it is in the nature of—"

"A warning against one of her associates. She bitterly resents that, as, perhaps, is natural. Poor, little Eloise! I took the opportunity that day of telling her of my hopes in your regard."

"Gregory, why did you do that?"

There was real distress in the girl's tone, but, unheeding, Glassford continued:

"And how those hopes were met by coldness and indifference."

"Coldness and indifference," Marcia said, musing,—"that was how you described my attitude."

"I told her you had refused me."

"Now," cried Marcia, with a gesture of despair, "she will never look at you."

"In the sense you mean, it is very probable she never would have looked at me. Why should a girl of her calibre, just fresh from school, look at a world-worn man of affairs?"

"It is only when we reach the age of twenty-two—" Marcia began mischievously.

"I am trying to explain in my blundering fashion, that so immature and unformed a child, as Eloise is in most things, would never waste a thought on me."

"Are you sure, quite sure, Gregory?"

He evaded her question and the intent look of her eyes, as he answered instead:

"To me, she is as attractive—as a piece of thistledown."

"That is ungenerous, though thistledown is rather an attractive substance, out in a sunshiny field, with a gentle wind blowing. However, I have begged Eloise to consider this her home, and as a particular favor to me to come at once. In that false, artificial life down there, you see her in a wrong perspective. Here you can learn to know and appreciate her."

"So that is what you really want me to do?" asked Gregory, looking at her sadly.

"Yes, just that."

"Well, I warn you, that I won't; not if you brought her here a hundred times, and not if I talked to her every hour in the day."

A cold look crossed Marcia's face, and Glassford continued:

"Now, don't misunderstand me. I am very fond of Eloise and would do anything in the world to serve her, except what you suggest, for the reason

that I love you far more than I can ever make you understand."

"Let us join the others," Marcia said rising. "I must not neglect them, on my birthday night of all others."

"I am the only one for whom you have no pity!"

"I would, if you needed it, for I am your good friend."

He followed her back to the others, who were actually at the card table, and Gregory played a hand or two, with a sharp look out upon Marcia who sat by the fire.

"She may after all be quite heartless," he thought, bitterly, "certainly no word of mine has power to move her."

He bade her good-night very coolly, and would have refused her proffered hand, only that the others were looking.

"Now for my birthday wishes," Marcia exclaimed.

He gave her a strange look as she went on: "and then I shall say, as prettily as possible, how glad I am you were here for my birthday."

"If you weren't, Marcia," he muttered in an undertone, "I should say you were just—a coquette."

"That would be quite wrong, so don't mind the birthday wishes, but just say—Good-night!"

"You have all my wishes, all my heart—everything," Gregory said, "and you are willing to throw them away as a child does its plaything."

"What we are willing to do and what is best to do, are quite different matters. So, good-night, Mr. Gregory Glassford, and come soon again."

While Larry went out to the garage with his partner, Marcia stood on the porch and looked up at the sky. It was a dark night, and Marcia called out to Gregory as he brought round the car:

"You have a dark night for your drive home."

"Yes, one misses the moon," he answered, "but I shall not lose the way."

She waved him a cheery farewell, and he vanished into the night.

Next morning, Marcia felt something of the reaction which invariably follows upon any occasion of special jubilation; the flowers, despite her careful tending, drooped, the candles around the cake were burned almost to their sockets, the songs that she had been singing still stood upon the rack, but she could not have sung them now for her very life.

"Poor Gregory!" she said to herself, "I tried him too far last night. If Eloise comes, I think I shall go away to Aunt Livingston, who has been asking me so often, and then Gregory may get over this foolish fancy that he has for me."

She was dusting the room and putting it in order, when the postman came. He took out a letter, one of those letters which change the whole aspect of affairs, and handed it to Marcia. It was from Eloise.

(To be continued.)

Assurance.

BY S. J.

OH, I am sick of the striving!
 My dreams were too high!
 I, alone, am a laggard,
 Why should I try?
 How they are mounting, those others,
 Friends of my soul,
 (More beautiful, they, than my dreams were),
 Straight to the goal!
 One with the tread of a warrior,
 One with a smile,—
 One like a child faring homeward,
 Singing the while.
 Friends of my soul? And I lagging?
 Surely, I jest!
 The thought makes my sad heart grow merry,
 Gladness-possess:
 For mine is the strength of the warrior,
 Smiting his foe;
 And mine is the smile, and the singing:
 My dreams were too low!

A Saint from the Marshes.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

AMONG the many sad results of the Reformation was the obliteration from the memory of names once held sacred through the length and breadth of England. Now, thanks to painstaking research and labor, the mist is being gradually cleared away, and the old heroes and heroines of the Church in our island are once more appearing in their true light.

St. Gilbert of Sempringham, the Saint of the Fenland, is one among many who came to be almost entirely forgotten; and yet few English saints are so remarkable. He lived nearly a century from about 1089, during the reigns of Red William, Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II. He was the friend of saints and kings, even of the great Pope Eugenius III.

The son of a Norman baron, Jocelin, and a Saxon mother, he came into the world very weak and misshapen, thus incurring, from the first, the dislike of his father. In spite of the tenderness lavished on him by his mother, the child grew up wayward and peevish, and gave no signs whatever of his future sanctity. As long as the chatelaine was able to shield her son from the annoyance and rough usage of his father, life was fairly smooth for him. But when he passed beyond her control, the dislike of the soldiers and servants, who were encouraged by the Baron himself, made the boy's days almost unendurable. Keenly sensitive to his deformity, which was openly ridiculed, there was great danger of his mind and heart becoming as maimed as his body. Luckily his mother had early instilled into him her own deep Saxon faith, and, besides a real, personal love for Our Lord, he had a deep and chivalrous devotion to "Most Holy Marye."

Curiously enough, the boy, who was debarred by physical incapacity from all knightly pursuits, seems to have had no compensating mental abilities. This was a further source of irritation to Jocelin. His unfortunate son could not even be a cleric.

Things went from bad to worse. The boy could not learn, or had been so brow-beaten by his father and tutors, that he was, for the time, incapable. At last, he made the desperate resolve to run away from home. He knew the way to the great town of Lincoln, but all beyond was unknown to him. He was familiar only with the flat, low-lying fen-lands that stretched away beyond his father's domains to the sea; and the green pastures of Northamptonshire and Cambridgeshire that were on the other side of the little village of Sempringham.

The boy's character was very strong, and he carried his project through, arriving in Paris, where those two great scholars, Abelard and William of Champeaux, were at the zenith of their fame. The lad led a quiet and laborious life, and it is pleasant to know that his father seems at last to have come to appreciate his sterling good qualities that had hitherto been latent. Jocelin liberally supplied all his needs, and looked eagerly for the return of the young student.

Gilbert left home a lad, and returned a man, though we do not know how long his exile lasted. He had already acquired a reputation for sanctity and learning, and his character seemed to have become remarkable for its strength and singleness of purpose. Certainly, all that was best in his nature he got from his mother. His love for her singularly influenced his later life, and gave him that for which he was ever most noted, an extraordinary reverence and kindness towards women.

Jocelin seems to have quite forgotten

his early aversion to his only child, and henceforth they lived on terms of great friendship and even affection. Although on his return to Sempringham, Gilbert entered, as far as his bodily weakness would allow him, into all the pursuits suitable to a young nobleman,—his heart and mind were already yearning after higher things. He did not realize all that God meant him to do, but he was ever listening for the divine voice that seemed to be calling him.

Jocelin was apparently a just and even kindly feudal lord, and his Saxon vassals had, it would seem, little, if anything, to complain of. But their lack of any kind of education seems to have been a grief to the young baron, and, in 1120, with the consent and help of his father, he opened a village school wherein he himself was teacher.

From the first, Gilbert opened his school to all comers. There, at least, class distinction was unknown. Saxon churl or Norman noble, peasant or thane, were equally welcome; and each stood on his own merits. Girls and boys alike thronged to seek the learning which all desired. An old chronicler tells us that the master was especially proud of the maidens, not a few of whom became proficient in Latin. But his chief aim and desire was to make all his scholars good Christians, and he spared no pains with their religious instruction. The boys slept in dormitories in the school and were always under the eye of the master.

But God was calling his servant to a still nobler work. Jocelin had built two churches, the stately church of St. Andrew at Sempringham and of St. Mary at West Torrington. Both of these he bestowed on his son, who, however, was not yet in Holy Orders. Gilbert had a chaplain appointed to serve the churches, and spent the rest of his patrimony on the poor.

Gilbert was summoned to Lincoln by

the Bishop, Robert Bloet, who had recently fallen into disgrace with the king, and wished to have the holy clerk near him. Gilbert handed over the school to the priest, Geoffrey, who had been his companion and fellow-worker, and continued in the Bishop's palace the same retired, simple life that he had led in the village. He was ordained priest shortly after he came to Lincoln, being consecrated by "Alexander," who had been surnamed the "Magnificent."

When the bishop was summoned to attend the Council, in 1127, to deal with Church reforms, Gilbert declined to accompany him, because he feared he should be drawn into worldly concerns, and returned to Sempringham.

Gilbert was now Lord of Sempringham, but worldly honor and glory were of no value in his eyes: he longed only to promote the honor and glory of God. A plan was now evolving itself in his mind. We have seen how readily the village maidens had responded to his call to learning, and among his pupils he had seen many choice souls. His teachings and maxims had sunk into their hearts, and they handed them down to their children who were now growing up.

Gilbert knew full well that, since the Conquest, the lot of women in England had undergone a sad change. Held in honor and esteem in the Saxon days, now they were of no account—the very Saxon ladies were bargained for by Norman nobles. There were few convents, and those mostly for women of quality. Gilbert's chivalrous nature revolted at such a state of things, and God showed him that there lay his life's work. He was to found an Order for women of the people.

He first of all built a small enclosed convent next to the church at Sempringham. But so many girls desired to serve their Heavenly Bridegroom in religion that, almost in spite of his wishes, he

was forced to extend the work. Later on he established lay brethren who served the nuns on their farms and lands; and later still he founded the Canons Regular, or "Gilbertine Canons," who were to minister to the spiritual needs of the "Spouses of Christ."

The Order prospered exceedingly. Bishops and nobles bestowed land and money on it, and numerous houses were established; but St. Gilbert's anxieties were thereby so much increased that at last he resolved to ask the Cistercians to take over his foundations and incorporate them in that great body. For this reason he travelled to Citeaux to lay his petition before the General Chapter of the Order in September, 1147. Among the three hundred abbots there assembled he found St. Bernard and Pope Eugenius III., who was assisting at the Chapter as a simple monk. When Gilbert's request was made known, the assembly deliberated long and prayerfully, but found themselves obliged to decline.

Gilbert was deeply grieved at this decision, but the Pope assured him that it was clearly God's will that he should govern the Order he had founded, and soon after St. Bernard invited the holy man to accompany him to his own Monastery at Clairvaux. Here the two friends consulted together about the Constitutions of the Gilbertines. When they were completed the work was shown to Pope Eugenius, who read them carefully and signified his entire approval.

The fact that St. Bernard had helped in the drawing up of the Constitutions of the new Order added greatly to their value. Many aspirants flocked round Gilbert on his return to Sempringham, and numerous offers of land and money were pressed on him.

The Gilbertines followed the Cistercian rule of total abstinence from

meat, and devoted much time to manual labor. As their lands were mostly pastoral, the Order in time became, as the chronicles says, "a great wool-growing community"; and the industry of spinning and weaving wool occupied much of the time of both choir and lay Sisters. The nuns were to be strictly enclosed, and the visits of outsiders was discouraged. The Rule has a very quaint passage about this. "Since the ancient enemy proposes to himself to have restitution in the speke-house for the loss he sustains in the chapter, we will have the entry there to be rare and necessary, and we utterly interdict chattering and useless speech among the brethren and sisters alike."

The Divine Office was chanted by canons and nuns. From Easter till September all rose at midnight for Matins and Lauds. From two o'clock till five they took a second short rest till Prime. High Mass then followed. It is curious to read that after this, those under the age of thirty were allowed a slight "mixture," or what we should call breakfast, of ale and bread.

The one real meal was taken at midday and a small collation in Summer after Vespers. All retired to rest at seven in Winter, at eight in Summer. Tender care of the sick and infirm seems to have always been a marked characteristic of the Order. St. Gilbert's own bodily sufferings would no doubt have made him compassionate the ills of others.

The holy founder was already past eighty, when, in 1165, he fell under the displeasure of Henry II. on account of the help he and his brethren had given to St. Thomas à Becket. Indeed, it was owing to their good offices, and under their guidance, that Becket escaped to France. They led him from the Benedictine Abbey near Northampton, and sheltered him in several of their monasteries, notably at Hoyland in the

Fens, and later at their great house of Chicksand in Bedfordshire. At last, accompanied only by a canon, and one or two lay Brothers, he made his way down to Eastry in Kent, and landed at a little village near Gravelines.

King Henry was in France when the trial of the monks was to take place, and the Earl of Leicester feared to condemn them. He therefore sent to ask his Majesty what was to be done, and received the answer that "the holy abbot and his canons were to go in peace, and the king would deal with them on his return."

Needless to say, the monks went and remained in peace, for, strange to say, Henry always showed the best side of his character when having to do with Gilbert. Indeed, one day shortly before he died, he travelled with great difficulty to London to obtain an interview with the King. When the latter heard that the old man had arrived, he went at once to the lodgings where he lay, and falling on his knees begged his blessing, promising to accede to any demands he might make.

The latter days of St. Gilbert were saddened by internal rebellions and disputes in his Order among the lay brethren. False accounts of the occurrences were carried to Rome and to St. Thomas in his exile, and the old saint was not only misjudged, but severely blamed. Sorrow upon sorrow seemed to rain down upon the aged man of God. The case was finally tried in the ecclesiastical courts, and Gilbert's character vindicated. But he was not long to survive these years of suffering and humiliation.

One thing seems to us most extraordinary, and that is, that Gilbert had never made his profession in the Order he had founded and governed. But in his extreme old age, he yielded to the many entreaties of his canons, and pronounced his vows at Bullington in the

presence of Roger of Malton, his devoted counsellor.

One trial greater perhaps than any other still awaited our saint. All his life he was used to pain and weakness, which increased as years went on. But now, added to all this, the continual tears he shed caused him to become quite blind. To a man of his habits, and used to the continual supervision of his different communities, this must have indeed been worse than death. He resigned his office to his beloved Roger of Malton, though he still continued to visit the priories on horseback as long as he could. Finally he was carried from place to place in a litter.

At length the summons came. The aged saint was at the little Priory of Newstead, when, on Christmas Eve, he was stricken, and the last Sacraments were administered. His sons knew how he longed to die at Sempringham, and they determined to carry him back the forty miles. In the arms of his beloved children he came home to the little village where he had been born just one hundred years before.

The month of January was a sad time for the nuns of Sempringham and the Brethren who flocked from all parts to see their beloved father once more. But in February (that most trying of all months in the low-lying marsh land), all knew that the end had come. Roger of Malton watched his father and friend day and night; and so peaceful was the flight of that great soul to God, that the saint had been dead some time before Roger was aware of it.

The old Chronicler could find no better words in which to describe the tenderness of the saint for his children than those Our Lord had Himself used: "He gathered us all as a hen does her chickens under her wing." St. Hugh of Lincoln, his friend and protector, sang the Requiem at his funeral, and the whole Order assembled for it.

Many persons claimed to have seen visions of the saint in glory, and miracles were wrought at his tomb in Our Lady's church at Sempringham. Pope Innocent III. canonized him in the year 1202, and ordered his feast to be kept on February 4th. The Chronicler of Sempringham was ordered by the "Master" to write the Life of their well-beloved founder.

Our saint's days on earth were ended, but he still continued to watch over his Order, which survived in England till Henry VIII. seized its houses and lands to fill his own coffers. The fact that the last "Master" was unfaithful to his vows and to the Faith made the destruction of this purely English Order an easy matter. The remains of some of its monasteries still attest to the size and solidity of the buildings, and many of its churches still bear witness to the zeal of the Gilbertines for the beauty of God's house.

It seems sad that the old Order should be only a memory. But in truth it was more suited to the Middle Ages than to modern ideas. The dual monasteries, the control of the prioress over the finances of both houses, etc., would not meet with sympathy nowadays. St. Gilbert did a great work, and it lasted God's good time. And he will still continue to work by the edification that his example will give to those who care to learn about the chivalrous love of this great servant of God, who thought nothing too difficult to do in his Divine Master's service.

His love of God's Mother should make him dear to all who belong "to Our Lady's Dower." And the great esteem in which he held women could teach a sorely needed lesson in these degenerate days. If men are to imitate this holy man in their esteem for women, surely women should be as our saint wished them: "made after the pattern of most Holye Marye our Ladye."

An Event on the Mountain Side.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THERE was an air of innocent and unusual excitement about Miss Watson's movements. Her hands shook so that she could not tie her bonnet strings; and when she went to fill the cat's saucer with milk she poured it on the white floor instead. At last, when she was ready to set out on whatever errand or quest had so disturbed her, a peep into the narrow looking-glass told her that there were several details of her toilette—a crooked bonnet, for instance—that needed attention.

"I declare," she said to her aunt, aged eighty-two, "I shall never get there in the world! Now, this is the medicine to take at three o'clock; and I've put the drinking water on this chair close to you; and, whatever happens, don't strike any match."

Just then there came a knock at the door. Miss Watson was in despair. Not once in many days did a neighbor cross her threshold; but, neighbor or not, this visitor should be "sent packing." She opened the portal gingerly, and a man lifted his hat. I do not suppose that Miss Watson had been the recipient of a similar courtesy a dozen times in all her long life, and she was disarmed.

"My little daughter"—and here Miss Watson, opening the door wider, saw a child at the man's side,—"my little daughter is thirsty. May she have a drink of water from your nice old well?"

Miss Watson had not thought much of her well, and had had serious thoughts of a patent pump; but the long, weather-beaten well-sweep acquired a new dignity from those pleasant words.

"Wait till I get a dipper," she said. "And won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, I thank you!" replied the visitor. "We have something of a walk before

is, and I am somewhat of an invalid." Here, as if to prove his words were true, he had a fit of coughing that left him pale and weak.

To a New Englander any cup of tin is a "dipper," and the dipper of Miss Watson made several shining journeys to the oaken bucket before the travelers turned to go.

"I am afraid we have detained you," the stranger remarked. "You were going out."

"Well, I was going, to be sure," replied Miss Watson; "but there isn't any particular hurry. I'm going to a vendue. One of my neighbors is dead and his nephew has come to sell his things off. It's around the other side of the mountain. Maybe you're walking that way yourself?"

"We are," answered the stranger; "and we'll walk along with you, if you are willing."

Miss Watson went into the house to repeat her instructions to her aged relative; then ran back once more to put the cat out, so she would not attack the canary. But at last the trio were started on their journey.

"Your little girl seems bashful," said Miss Watson.

"She does not speak English well," was the reply. "But she is thankful to you,—are you not, Dolores?" he asked in accents strange to Miss Watson; and the little maid returned the radiant and eloquent smile which stands for gratitude in any language.

As they went along Miss Watson became voluble, as often happens when one who lives in seclusion meets a sympathetic listener.

"I wouldn't have taken you for a foreigner," she began.

"No?" and the stranger looked amused.

"You're white as anybody, and your English is all right. Now, what might you be? Italian, perhaps?"

"My kind lady," he returned, "with your permission we will dismiss the subject of nationality for the present. Will you enlighten me meantime in regard to the sale—vendue, you called it?"

"Well, you see where I live, on this sort of shelf on the mountain; Abner Dean lived about half a mile further along. I've always known Abner. He and I were children together, and we were young folks together, and—"

"I understand," said the stranger, gently.

"We expected to get married, but he went down to Hilltop and saw somebody he liked better, and I wouldn't hold him to his promise. That was fifty years ago. I kept my promise just the same, and he or anybody else never knew I cared. He had four children, and they all died except one. There was a consumptive streak in the family."

"And the one who didn't die?"

"He ran away to sea. His father was very strict with him; and one time when he went to a dance down in the village Abner said: 'No son of mine goes to such a sink of iniquity; and if you go again, you needn't come home.' And Sammy went again, and the next morning he went over to the Shoals and shipped on a Spanish schooner that had stopped there to get a load of fish. After that Abner never spoke of him; but he became more and more religious, and was a master-hand at expounding the Scriptures and railing at sinners. His wife was a poor, weak little thing, and I must say he took good care of her till she died. Now he's gone, and his nephew from up the coast has come to take possession of things. They've all got to be sold to pay the mortgage.

"There are some things I want to bid in, if I can afford it. I can't bear to see his old rocking-chair go to strangers; and there's the old grandfather clock, that I used to see him wind when he was so little he had to get on a

chair to do it. And, if I've got enough money, I'm going to have the looking-glass. The day I was sixteen he said: 'Do you want to see a pretty picture?' and made me look in that glass. But, as I said, he never knew I cared because he married the Hilltop girl; and I was a real good neighbor, if I do say it, and always was ready to help with the children when there was sickness. But I've talked you nearly to death, and there's the house! I see we're in time."

The old Dean dwelling, grim and grey and dignified with the weight of two hundred years, sat where the shelf of the mountain suddenly widened to a plateau. There was even room for a row of elm trees, which took root sturdily and flourished as well as those in the lowlands. The yard was filled with a thin crowd of people, and in the house they fairly swarmed.

The reticence maintained by the dead man had excited curiosity for many miles around, and the result would have been ludicrous if it had not been so pathetic. Summer boarders, in clothes of latest vogue, examined the marks upon the pewter porringers and Lowestoft teapots; and farmers' wives and village women held up the homespun sheets and towels, and put a possible value upon the ancient chairs. A lady in a smart Summer suit had seized a cradle, pronouncing it "Too cute for any use," and threatening to become its possessor at any cost. At that sight Miss Watson, who had managed to maintain her composure hitherto, broke down and wept furtive tears in the friendly shelter of a blue and white counterpane which was stretched upon a clothesline for inspection. The stranger caught a glimpse of her.

"Be brave, madam!" he whispered in his somewhat formal manner. "Strange things sometimes happen."

Little Dolores slipped her hand into

an old one covered by a faded cotton glove, and put her face against its owner's sleeve. The auctioneer got upon the kitchen table and rang a bell.

"My friends," he said, "this is a solemn occasion. A fellow-citizen has been snatched away, to be seen no more. At this momentous time we should realize that existence is fleeting, and I will proceed to business. The contents of this house—the beautiful contents, my friends,—are to be knocked down to the highest bidder; and as some of you are desirous of getting back to Hilltop, I will, by request, first attract your attention to this cradle. This is a cradle, gentlemen, that may have come over in the 'Mayflower.' I defy any one to say that it did not. How much am I offered for it as a starter?"

The lady in the silk gown was alert, and the tears were running down Miss Watson's old cheeks.

"Half a dollar!" came in silken tones that matched the gown. Then, as if to verify the stranger's prediction, something happened; for he arose and interrupted the auctioneer.

"There is no need of continuing this sale," he said in a voice loud enough for all to hear.

The auctioneer's mouth opened, but so amazed was he that no words came. Abner's nephew was more fortunate.

"Upon my word, sir," he began, "you are making yourself rather officious. May I ask by what right—"

"Cousin," said the stranger, "these things are mine and I do not choose to sell them. I am Samuel Dean."

"How do you do, Samuel!" exclaimed the cousin. "You have been rather late in coming forward; but, so far as I am concerned, you're quite welcome to the whole house, mortgage and all." And he extended a friendly hand.

One by one they crowded about the pale man who had come to claim his own; and, as the news spread through

he house, it was "Sammy, do you remember?" and "Sammy, have you forgotten?" and a chorus of "Who would have thought it?" One was silent. Miss Watson, holding fast to Dolores, trembled but did not speak.

"I think," said Samuel, "that there could be no better time for an explanation than this, when you are all together. I was eighteen when, after a misunderstanding with my poor father, I shipped on a Spanish schooner at the Shoals. For thirty years he would not forgive me; but a while before he died his heart softened and he wrote me this letter. 'Come home,' it reads. 'I shall be gone, but the old house will be here. Come home, my son!' And I have come home, and brought my little girl, whose mother is dead; and, please God, we are going to make a home again here on the mountain. She is of different blood from you, and your ways and hers will at first seem strange; but I ask you to be her friends when I am gone."

Then they saw that the scourge of the Deans was pursuing him, and knew that the little maid might not have her father long.

And yet he lives to-day,—frail, it is true, and often, as it seems, at the door of death; but happy and at peace. The air from the pine forests upon the mountain and the careful nursing of Miss Watson have combined to grant him a new lease of earthly days. The aged aunt has long slept with her ancestors; and Miss Watson, with her cat and canary, is domesticated at the old Dean home.

The religion of Dolores troubled the good Puritan until she found out that it was the faith of the child's father as well. Then she was reconciled; for if Sammy believed it, it could not be wrong. There are rumors that she even goes over to the Beach to Mass on special occasions; and for once rumors tell the truth.

The Folly of the Cross.

THE following little story, which originally appeared in the *Franciscan Annals of Wales*, has been republished by the *Catholic Guardian of Ceylon*. We reproduce it, in order to propagate still more a lesson so valuable and so well inculcated. The wisdom of the world is never disregarded and is easily followed. The folly of the Cross is little understood and seldom accepted, though it is the true wisdom.

A score of Franciscan novices were gathered together one evening in their little oratory; it was "question-time." They had been reading from the "Little Flowers," how the Archangel St. Michael had appeared to Brother Peter and said to him: "Brother Peter, thou hast given thyself much pain, and in many ways afflicted thy body; lo! I am come to comfort thee. Therefore, ask what grace thou wilt, and I will obtain it for thee from God."

The conversation had turned on this legend, and the master of novices asked them: "Suppose the great Archangel were to appear to you, Brothers, and put to you the same question, what grace would you ask for?"

Many and different were the graces that each of the novices would have desired to ask; but, among them, we will select two on account of the great contrast between the temperaments of the two Brothers. "I would ask St. Michael," said one, "for a true missionary spirit, that I might win many souls to Christ." The request was in keeping with everything about him. He was a young man of impulsive spirit, who promised fair to be one day a zealous missionary. Next to him sat a novice of his own age, but with a delicate constitution, gentle, quiet, unobtrusive. His name was Brother Giles. These two were fast friends. Perhaps their con-

trast was the bond of union between them. "And you, Brother Giles," inquired the novice master, "what grace would you ask of St. Michael?"—"I would ask him," he answered meekly, "to obtain for me the grace to esteem others better than myself."

At this reply his friend was so surprised that he looked at him as if to make sure he was in earnest, so strange did his words seem. But Brother Giles was in real earnestness, and he was to learn, later on, through bitter experience, the deep wisdom of his reply,—that self is like a parasitic weed, which, if not pulled out by its own roots, will spread in a field and smother and kill all good seeds sown in it.

In due time the two novices were ordained priests, and though their work took them to a distance from each other, prayer and friendship kept them closely united. Father Giles continued in the gentleness and unobtrusiveness of his novitiate days. Learned, and yet unconscious of his learning, continually more or less in bad health, but always bright, always obliging, always ready to render service, ever forgetful of self. Quietly, without clamor, he labored to sanctify himself and others, and soon endeared himself to all who came under his influence. It was said of him: "Father Giles' kindly smile is like the soft rays of the sun that bring life and color wherever they shine, and his words are like the gentle rain, which is absorbed by the earth and brings fertility to the soil. His presence is like magic. Around him, seemingly without effort on his part, all religious activities are quickened; holiness spreads; conversions multiply; his presence cheers; his prayers seem always to be answered." And the secret of it all? Because to Father Giles, being was more than doing, prayer was above labor. He was truly humble, esteeming others better than himself.

The Enigma of Self-Sacrifice.

HUMAN nature is much the same the world over; and absolute unselfishness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, is apt to astonish the average man, be his skin white, red, yellow or black. "What is there in it for me?" seems to be so natural a question with regard to any enterprise one purposes undertaking that the elimination of self-consideration is looked upon by the mass of mankind as practically impossible. Civilized people, of course, profess to believe in the disinterestedness of religious who bind themselves by the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience to labor for the salvation of souls and their personal sanctification; but we question whether such disinterestedness is really more explicable to many a civilized non-Catholic than to the Arab merchant Omar, of whom one of the White Sisters of Algeria writes:

"...Another idea preoccupied him. Each of the travellers [across the Desert of Sahara] was seeking some interest or other,—he himself was looking for business, the Count for pleasure; the black domestic followed his master; little Ahmed was going to rejoin his parents. But these women *marabouts* [the Sisters], what could possibly be their interest in making the wearisome journey?

"I," he said to me one day, 'always make something by my trips; and you, what do you make?'

"I could not repress a smile as I replied that we did not travel to make money. But he put on a knowing look that plainly meant:

"Go tell that to some other than a merchant of Ghardeia.'

"Now, look here," he began again. 'I sell dates and I buy wool: the wool is for me. I sell baskets and I buy a burnoose: the burnoose is for me. You travel, tire yourself out, give alms:

what is there in all that for you?"

"The friendship of God and Paradise, if I serve Him well," I replied. "Do you understand?"

"A little,—only a little."

"A few minutes later, reverting to his fixed idea of Arab commercialism, he ventured:

"Well, anyway, you must make for yourself at least five francs a day?"

"So far from trying to make anything for myself," I rejoined, "I have given all the money I possessed to the poor."

"Then," said the disconcerted Omar, "I don't understand at all."

An Entirely False though Exceedingly Common Notion about God.

(Dr. Samuel Johnson.)

If God were a Power unmerciful and severe, a rigid exactor of unvaried regularity and unfailing virtue; if He were not to be pleased but with perfection, nor to be pacified after transgressions and offences, in vain would the best men endeavor to recommend themselves to His favor; in vain would the most circumspect watch the motions of his heart, and the most diligent apply himself to the exercise of virtue: they would only destroy their ease by ineffectual solicitude, confine their hearts with unnecessary restraints, and weary out their lives in unavailing labors. God would not be served, because all service would be rejected; it would be much more reasonable to abstract the mind from the contemplation of Him, than to have Him before us only as an object of terror, as a Being too mighty to be resisted, and too cruel to be implored; a Being that created men only to be miserable, and revealed Himself to them only to interrupt even the transient and imperfect enjoyments of this life; to astonish them with terror, and to overwhelm them with despair.

On a Point of Self-Delusion.

THE statement that the sermons which snatch the greatest number of souls from the thralldom of hell are those on the flight of dangerous occasions is quite credible; and it has probably been verified time and time again by all who are charged with the care of souls. At any rate, there is, along the same line of thought, a declaration which each one may verify for himself; that in seven cases out of ten our relapses into sin are directly due to our non-avoidance of the occasions of sin,—to our seeking, instead of shunning, such occasions.

There are few points on which the ordinary Christian is more averse to probing himself, more inclined to be thoroughly satisfied with a superficial examination of his inner self, than the matter of determining what particular occasions among those to which he habitually exposes himself are dangerous. As to some of these, there can be no question. To frequent the society of the dissolute, to read anti-religious or immoral books, to attend theatres in which the plays are unequivocally indecent, to gaze at sensuous pictures,—this, of course, is avowedly and unmistakably to seek the occasion of sin; and is, in itself, irrespective of subsequent thoughts, desires or deeds, positively sinful. So, in general, is our deliberate quest of such persons, places or things as have heretofore been the means of leading us into sin.

Now, as regards most of such persons, places or things, we are probably willing to acknowledge that they are real dangers to our spiritual welfare; and we can without much difficulty bring ourselves to a determination, genuine at least for the moment, henceforth to avoid them. Concerning some of them, however, we are loath to adopt either the opinion of friends, the deci-

sion of our spiritual guides, or even, as has been said, the verdict of our own thoroughly awakened conscience. We try to persuade ourselves that, in the future, we shall experience no difficulty whatever in avoiding any transgression; that such conditions or circumstances constitute at most a remote, not a proximate, occasion; and hence that there exists no peremptory need of our shunning them.

Repeated experiences give the lie direct to such specious sophisms. If ever the maxim, "No man should be judge in his own cause," finds appropriate application, surely it is applicable here. When our confessor, experienced in the tortuous windings of the human heart, skilled in diagnosing moral diseases and in applying adequate remedies thereto, uninfluenced by any other than a wholly unselfish desire for the rehabilitation of our spiritual life,—when this physician of the soul warns us against what his practised eye recognizes as veritable dangers, it behooves us to acquiesce in his judgments, distrust the promptings of self-love, and sacrifice affections which, in the final analysis, are plainly incompatible with a really firm purpose of amendment.

We all admit that "he that loveth danger shall perish in it"; that no one can touch pitch without being defiled; that to delight in occasions of evil and to fall into sin are, as St. Augustine says, one and the same thing. What we need to be reminded of, perhaps, is that some practice which we persist in declaring to be quite innoxious is in reality, so far as we are concerned, a true and proximate occasion of sin; and that, however much it may cost us to give up that practice, our spiritual welfare requires its abandonment. "If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee," applies to more Christians than are at all willing to admit the application.

Notes and Remarks.

We had something to say in these columns recently of the intellectual dishonesty of Mr. Towner, of the Towner-Sterling Bill, in citing the number of illiterates in Georgia and New York, respectively, without mentioning the vast disparity in the populations of the two States. Archbishop Curley also spoke of Georgia the other day, and he also made comparisons; but, being intellectually honest, he neither suppressed the true nor suggested the false in his argument. "I have lived near Georgia for seventeen years," he said, "and the laymen of Georgia with a diocese of 20,000 people or so—the laymen and women of Georgia—have done more for their laymen's organization than the laity of New York, Baltimore and Boston combined. I am talking, as you understand, from the standpoint of proportion in numbers. I came up from Georgia last week, and I know what they have done in eradicating prejudice. They have set an example for every diocese in the country."

We have had occasion more than once to congratulate the laymen of the Southern State on the excellent work they are doing for the Church, and congratulate them anew on this notable tribute paid to them by so notable an authority. Another paragraph from the same address of the Archbishop of Baltimore deserves wide circulation, emphasizing, as it does, the perennial duty of all Catholics in this Republic,—that of interpreting, by word and example, the Catholic faith to the millions of non-Catholics among whom we live. Said the Archbishop:

The American public, the great mass of our population, of our 100,000,000 people, is honest. They may be opposed to us, they may be prejudiced, but, as Americans, I like to believe, and I think I am right, that their opposition is not a vicious opposition. It is an opposition that has grown out of ignorance.

Their opposition is to a Church that never existed and never could exist under the name Catholic; and if you and I were raised in the surroundings in which many of the enemies of the Faith have been raised, we might be much worse enemies of the Catholic Church. There is great work, therefore, to be done by the priests and people in America who have received the gift of Faith. That is, to place it before those who are anxious to know. There is a groping after the supernatural. There is no man who does not realize that his heart's desires can never be filled by the things of earth.

As was naturally to be expected, Mr. Edison's drastic criticism of the products of our colleges has subjected him to numerous counter-criticisms. With no intention of entering into a discussion of the truth or falsity of the great electrician's statements, we are moved to quote the reply of Dr. Van Dyke, of Princeton, who, when asked what he thought of Edison's views on culture, answered: "Not much. It is not his stronghold. On publicity he is an expert. On electricity he is good, but sometimes whimsical. On education, as a process of teaching men to understand and think broadly and accurately, he reminds one of a sub-freshman coming up from a 'prep' school where modesty is not in the curriculum."

If Mr. Edison resembles an ultra-conceited schoolboy when he discusses culture and education, plainly he should be regarded as an incompetent critic when he discusses, as he sometimes does, the deepest questions of philosophy and theology.

The assertion, still repeated, that Newman and the Oxford converts were influential "because they were keen and well-bred scholars—only that," was adequately refuted years ago by the late Dr. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., who was, perhaps, the most learned, and certainly among the most fair-minded, Protestant clergymen in the United

States. He said: "It was not mere acuteness which gave Newman his wonderful perfection of style. Still less was it mere acuteness which enabled him to check the progress of Protestantism in England,—a check from which we can not well say that it has recovered. At all events, the older Protestantism, negative and bitterly polemical, founded on the assumption that Rome is the 'mystery of iniquity,' has very little left in England. Its representatives are such men as the late Mr. Kensit; and a few papers, which it would provoke a smile to describe as having anything to do with the world of thought."

Were it not that Archbishop Bonzano's recall to Rome presages his elevation to a position of greater influence and higher responsibility, his departure from Washington would seem a real misfortune or be considered a severe deprivation. As Apostolic Delegate to the United States for the past ten years, he has endeared himself to prelates, priests and people, and earned the deep respect of those outside the Church. The Holy See could not have been more honorably represented than by Mgr. Bonzano. His qualifications for the difficult and delicate post assigned to him by Pius X. were in evidence from the first, and, as the years went by, became more and more conspicuous. His prudence and zeal, his firmness and gentleness, his disinterestedness and kindness,—tact, forbearance and courtesy caused him to be universally admired and beloved.

Whatever may be Mgr. Bonzano's new position in Rome, he will be recognized and deferred to as the one most thoroughly informed concerning the character, status and prospects of the Church in our Republic. His knowledge of it is first-hand, and it is intimate. While representing the Pope, he was

here to see and to learn. He saw with his own eyes, and disregarded no source of information. He knows both what will promote and what would retard the progress of the Church in the United States. That knowledge, please God, will prove a lasting benefit in manifold ways.

In his gracious farewell letter to the hierarchy, Mgr. Bonzano declares that he would bear away pleasant memories of our country and people; not less pleasant will be the memories of himself that are cherished by all who came in contact with him, or who experienced his beneficent influence.

Whether or not distance lends enchantment to the view, it undoubtedly furnishes the proper perspective in which to observe great scenes in nature, great monuments in art, and even great social events in real life. It is accordingly interesting to note how our American Prohibition is regarded at the Antipodes. Mr. Johnson, whom irreverent paragraphers style "Pussyfoot," has been visiting Australia, with the view of converting the people of that far-away continent to become as "dry" as are (supposed to be) the dwellers in this country. His reception was civil but cool. This quotation from the *Advocate*, one of the leading Catholic weeklies of Australia, adequately represents the Antipodean attitude:

As to the matter of the address, we find it hard to decide precisely the result of Prohibition in America. Mr. Johnson regards it as an unqualified success; others have informed us that it is just as gigantic a failure; a third class take a middle course, and insist that the only States where Prohibition is yet successful are those which accepted it long ago, and in which the young folk growing up have never tasted alcoholic drinks. We feel certain that the Prohibition known in America is by no means an ideal system, and that it is idle to put it before Australians as a desirable system to adopt. Rightly or wrongly, our people are of the belief that the man who can

afford to pay gets drink in the U. S. A., while the poor man goes without, or gets the vile "hootch." If Mr. Johnson can propound a scheme on different lines from those followed in America the public here will give him a very sympathetic hearing.

It has been with a sense of genuine disappointment that we have failed during the past few weeks to find in any reputable secular journal an adequate comment on the extraordinary speech of the American Ambassador to England, delivered at the Authors' Club, London, on Oct. 23. The question, "Have Women Souls?" must have connoted in many minds a humorous address, or one intended to be humorous. Even as such, it would have come with execrable taste from a representative of the United States speaking in a foreign capital; but, if it was seriously meant, as it appears was the case, then Mr. Harvey deserves, and should receive, a strong rebuke from the President who appointed him. The only apposite comment on the matter that we have seen is in the *Catholic Universe*, of London: "We are not surprised that such stuff should find its way into the daily Press—it is specious and sensational—but we do regret that the dignity of a great and friendly nation should be lowered by such utterances from its official representative." A stern but well-deserved rebuke.

A pointed little story, which will bear retelling here, is related by the *Register*, of the Diocese of Harrisburg. "Father Bridgett, the English Redemptorist, known to many by his historical and controversial works, used to tell how, when he was still a Protestant and a student at Cambridge University, he went one day with a friend to see the Catholic church, then a poor little building almost hidden away in a narrow side street. The church was closed, but the sacristan who lived near-by, an old

Irishman, brought the keys and showed it to the visitors. As they were leaving the place, Father Bridgett's friend and fellow-student said to their guide: "Now, Pat, do you really imagine that you have all the truth hidden away in this little church of yours, and that all the famous and learned men of the University know nothing about it?"—"Well, sir," said the Irishman, "if they know about it, isn't it a queer thing that they can't agree about what it is?" Father Bridgett used to say that this reply set him thinking, and the thinking was his first step toward the Church."

It will add to the interest of this anecdote to state that Fr. Bridgett, who had been a parson of the Anglican Church, became rector of the wondrously flourishing Redemptorist convent in Limerick, Ireland; and one of the little boys who used to serve his Mass is now Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer.

In defence of Mr. H. G. Wells, "Outline of History," which the people of Kansas object to have used as a textbook in the schools of their State, on the ground that it negatives the basic truths of Christian doctrine, and because its author is an agnostic, the editor of the *New York World* observes: "The only way the Kansas theologians can find out whether Wells' 'Outline' is true is to ask the historians. . . . The test of history is truth, not propriety, not morals, not doctrine. . . . There is no higher test than truth."

"At first blush," replies the editor of the *O-K Weekly*, "it would seem that the argument of the *World* is unanswerable. But it isn't. The editor is unwittingly guilty of sophistry. For he has assumed as proved the very question in dispute, namely, that the non-Christian interpretation of history is true. If the editor of the *World* will critically examine what he has written,

he will doubtless be shocked when he discovers that he is at least as dogmatic as the theologians. . . . Neither Wells nor the *World* can prove that Christ was not the Son of God. They can merely 'argue' the point from *a priori* principles. But *a priori* principles aren't worth a hang in the presence of overwhelming evidence of a contradictory character. We accept the testimony of Christ and His Apostles as true. Let Wells and the *World* rave on!"

We had occasion several months ago to commend the wisdom of Judge Bartlett, of Detroit, in subjecting reckless automobile drivers not only to a fine, but to a term of imprisonment. In view of the increasing number of clearly avoidable accidents resulting from the "speed mania" of such drivers, his course elicited the applause of judicious citizens everywhere. We are gratified to learn that the same wise judge has recently employed another effective means of converting the guilty chauffeurs to a saner view of their responsibilities and a concrete realization of the injuries which their infraction of the law entails. A week or two ago, Judge Bartlett conducted twenty-eight violators of the traffic laws to the children's ward of a hospital, and showed them a number of little ones whose presence there was caused by such reckless driving as they had just been convicted of. Once a week hereafter, he will personally conduct a similar visit; and we shall not be surprised to learn that his plan does more to prevent motor-car accidents than fine or imprisonment has thus far effected.

Under the title "Moulders of Great Britain," Mr. Frank Dilnot has contributed to *Our World* some personal sketches of the outstanding figures in the England of to-day. In discussing Arthur Balfour and John Burns, he mentions

two incidents which brighten his paper, and would be variously characterized by early-Victorians and by up-to-date journalists. The former would probably refer to Shakespeare's "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," or Tennyson's "Kind hearts are more than coronets"; while the latter may conceivably speak of Mr. Dilnot's "pep," or ability to "put things over." The reader may characterize the incidents as he pleases; here they are:

Let me tell you a little anecdote of this cool aristocrat, Balfour. Arthur Henderson, the Labor leader, lost a gallant son in the War, and there was a memorial service at the Wesleyan church in Clapham, a suburb of London, where the Hendersons resided. The only man in the British Cabinet who boarded a trolley car on a Wintry morning and went down to that suburban church to show his affection and esteem was Arthur Balfour."

Of him, whom Mr. Dilnot calls the one genius shown up by British Labor, we have this no less interesting and inspiring anecdote:

Here is a little illustration of John Burns, the man. As president of the local government board his offices were the magnificent pile of new buildings at the corner of Parliament Street facing Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons. When the King was crowned his windows afforded the best sight of the pageant in London, and, as Minister, they were at his disposal. Burns gave several of them to the highest in the land, including royalty. The best sight was to be obtained from his own room, a spacious apartment on the first floor. He reserved that exclusively for the thirty-five scrubwomen who clean out the Local Government Offices. "I do not forget that my mother was a poor scrubwoman. God bless her!" he said.

As a rule, one is fully satisfied with a report of only the most pithy part—generally a small part—of the average extempore speech. But we should like to have the full report of a recent address by former Vice-President Marshall before the Kiwanis Club of Atlantic City. From a special dispatch

to the *New York Herald* we get this decidedly delectable extract:

I had a great time in Washington, sitting at the entrance to the "Cave of Winds" [Congress] and seeing the great, and the near great, and the hope to be great, and hearing them declare that they had rather be right than President, when not a blamed one of them had a chance of being either.

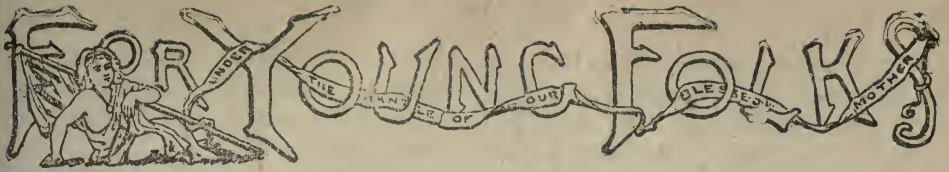
Because I was dropped from the roster of Representatives must not be taken to mean that I have lost interest in civic affairs. I often had the thought that American democracy, if it is to be maintained in its pristine glory, must be maintained, not by the shouting and turmoil of captains of this land, but by the common sense of every-day Americans. I have thought that politics is good, but if the best is to continue, religion is better.

Society, like nature, needs to heal its wounds. One remedy is to elect men to legislative office who promise to pour oil and wine into those wounds. A few years after they are in office you discover that their oil is cottonseed oil and their wine wood alcohol.

Calling the Oregon election "A defeat for Americanism," the editor of *America* draws therefrom the moral that, if Catholic institutions are to continue in existence, Catholics must organize to protect them, and, most important of all, *keep* organized for that purpose. His conclusion is obviously sound and quite as timely:

In every diocese of this great country there should be a permanent vigilance committee of upstanding, educated Catholics, free from the taint of politics, whose sole aim would be the welfare of Church and State. By legitimate methods they could thwart in their very inception many of these organized un-American attacks on the liberties which Catholics as well as Protestants won by hard-fought battles. Thus could our people live their lives in comparative peace, free from the more violent warfare which the Klan and Masons and several other sundry secret organizations are waging against them.

The organization of such a committee would appear to enter naturally into the sphere of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Or, perhaps the K. C.'s will rise to the emergency.



A Barren Valley.

BY E. BECK.

THERE'S a treacherous valley deep and wide,

And to all it is seeming fair;

But its beauties many a pitfall hide

And 'tis set with many a snare;

And the dwellers there, both young and old,

Oft weep in sore distress

For the day when they were tempted to stray

To the Vale of Idleness.

There are paths that lead to pain and need

In that valley wide and low,

There are caverns, too, of sin and crime,

Of misery and woe.

There are streams that bear full many a bark

Whose sails droop languidly,—

Crafts that in waters deep and dark

Stranded yet shall be.

There are flowery ways that thousands tread,

And with careless steps and slow;

And what Failure means, 'tis often said,

These lingerers shall know.

No righteous fame, no noble name,

No joys that truly bless,

Were ever won nor shall be won

In the Vale of Idleness.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

III.

“DEAR, O dear! what shall I do without you?” Camille kept saying to himself, looking fondly at Fox, who had never seemed so dear to him before.

At last he reached the street named in the advertisement. As he approached the house, he saw his cousin about to enter it. He quickened his pace so as to overtake him.

“What brings you here?” asked the boy.

“And *you?*” asked Gustave in his turn, his face showing his annoyance.

“You can see for yourself,” replied Camille, looking down at Fox.

“So you have come to claim the promised reward?” sneered Gustave.

The look Camille cast on his cousin at this suggestion could not be described.

“Say, Camille,” urged Gustave, turning to go, “don’t mention my name to Madame Marbœuf, will you?”

“Why do you ask that?”

“You’ll know later,” was the reply.

Camille rang and inquired for the mistress of the house.

“On the first floor to the left,” explained the portress. “So you’re bringing back Madame’s dog? You’re fortunate to find him, the reward is a big one.”

Camille rang a bell, and a lackey in a green and gold livery appeared. As soon as he saw Fox, he exclaimed:

“So it’s Madame’s dog you have there! How glad she’ll be! She lost him two years ago—the day she took the coach to attend a funeral. He disappeared at the Tuileries while she was waiting to return home,—at least, that’s what the maid who went with her told me.”

As he was talking, the servant conducted Camille through several richly furnished apartments. Finally they reached a little boudoir, where an old lady sat in an easy-chair before the fire, embroidering. The servant opened the door and said:

“Madame, here’s Fox.”

“Fox!” exclaimed the lady, dropping her work and stretching out her arms. “Fox! So you don’t recognize your mistress, you ungrateful dog!”

Fox, like his young master, stood on the threshold, as if unwilling to enter.

"Fox," repeated Madame Marbœuf in a coaxing tone, "don't you care for your mistress? Here is a sweet biscuit."

Fox wagged his tail by way of thanks, but that was all.

Madame Marbœuf was a woman about sixty years old. Her face still bore traces of great beauty.

"You see, Madame," Camille ventured to remark, "Fox is as sorry as I am that we are going to be parted."

Then, for the first time, Madame Marbœuf glanced at the boy.

"It's all right. I thank you," she said to him; then, turning to a servant, she continued: "Pierre, give this boy fifty francs. You may go now, child."

Seeing that Camille did not stir, she added kindly:

"Don't you think the reward large enough?"

"I would like to make a proposal to you, Madame," said Camille, struggling to keep back his tears.

"There is nothing to prevent you from doing so. What is it?"

"Let me keep Fox. He's my friend, my companion. I'm a poor, abandoned boy, without any relatives. Oh, I beg of you let me keep Fox!"

"What a strange boy!" thought the lady, without being moved in the least. Then, smiling kindly, she said: "I'm very sorry for you, my child; but this dog is mine, and I shall keep him. Go now and get your reward."

"I don't want anything except Fox. He's all I ask," answered Camille, sorrowfully. "Please don't refuse me. See how the poor fellow looks at me! If he could speak, I am sure he would say: 'Please, Madame, do not separate us; have pity on both of us!'"

Without heeding this touching appeal, Madame Marbœuf again addressed her servant:

"Pierre, take this child away and give him a hundred francs.—Go now," she said to Camille. "A hundred francs is a good price for a dog."

"For you to give, perhaps," replied the boy, made bolder by the manner in which he was treated. "Sell me Fox, please, since you think money can replace a friend. Please sell him to me. How much do you ask for him? I haven't the money now, but I'll earn it and bring it to you."

"Take the boy away, I say!" repeated Madame Marbœuf; and as Camille was about to speak she added impatiently: "Enough!—enough!"

Camille hung his head and followed Pierre, without daring to cast a last look at his friend, whom Madame Marbœuf held back. The poor animal gave a prolonged howl as the door closed on his beloved young master.

Camille was going away without stopping, when the servant called out:

"Wait! Here's your reward! I'll count it out in a moment."

"I should have earned it badly," replied Camille, with his hand on the door-knob; "for before night your mistress' dog will be with me again."

As he spoke, the boy bowed politely and went out of the house. Instead of taking the street leading to the printing office, he went a short distance in the opposite direction, then sat down on the curbstone and began to whistle.

"Aren't you going back to work?" asked Gustave, coming suddenly upon his cousin on his way back to Madame Marbœuf's.

"No: I'm going to spend the rest of the day right here," was the reply.

"A queer boy!" said Gustave under his breath, hastening away in another direction.

IV.

Exactly what Camille had foreseen happened. Fox, who had escaped from his mistress once before, was not long

in doing so again. As soon as he was outside he heard his master's whistle and came running up to him, out of breath.

"So here you are at last!" exclaimed Camille, caressing the dog. "Come on!"

The two now hastened off together, each showing joy in his own way.

When the proof-reader saw Camille reappear with Fox, he shook his head.

"So you weren't able to make up your mind to return him?" he said. "That isn't right, Camille."

The boy then related what had happened, excusing himself as best he could. The printers, who were listening, chimed in with various comments:

"I would do the same."

"And I, too."

"I would keep the dog."

"I would have taken the hundred francs."

"No, I wouldn't have taken the money; but I would have told the old lady what I thought of her."

"You think it would be easy to talk to a lady with such haughty manners!" said Camille. "Well, I could only beg her to let me keep Fox."

"What did she say to that?"

"She doubled the reward, claiming that a hundred francs ought to console me for my loss."

"You should have offered her the money, when you asked her to sell you the dog," said one of the men.

"She would only have laughed," replied Camille.

"She may have thought you didn't have any money; but if you had showed it to her—"

"I couldn't do that, just then, but I told her I would earn the price."

"That wasn't the same: to promise money is not to show it. One does not hesitate long at sight of twenty fine five-franc pieces."

"Perhaps you would not, Gaspard;

but with rich people it is different," answered Camille.

"But I hold to my opinion," maintained Gaspard, pounding his case with his fist to emphasize his statement.

"And I agree with you!" was heard on all sides.

"We'll try the experiment shall we, comrades?"

"But I have only fifteen francs," protested Camille.

"Would you be willing to give that much to have your dog back?" asked Gaspard.

"Yes; I'd give my fifteen francs, and my savings for next week, and the next and the next," replied the boy.

"Well, we'll do the rest, comrades," said Gaspard.

Then, mounting a stone table, he called out in a loud voice to gain the attention of all present:

"A comrade is threatened with the loss of his dog—no, I'm wrong,—of his friend, the only thing he has to call his own. This comrade needs a hundred francs. Are we good for this sum?"

"Yes! yes!"

Gaspard placed his cap at his feet and said with gravity: "Let me set the example." He then dropped a piece of silver into the cap.

"I follow," added Mr. Germain, as he dropped in a five-franc piece.

The others filed up, each one putting in something.

"Oh, how very kind you all are to me!" exclaimed Camille. "How can I thank you enough!"

Although the boy was not very hopeful as to the outcome of this proceeding, he was none the less moved at the proofs of so much good-will.

As soon as the required sum was made up, Gaspard rolled the money in a piece of paper, asked for Madame Marbœuf's address, took off his blouse and started on his errand.

A Puzzled King.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was in the habit, whenever a new soldier joined his bodyguard, of asking him three questions. These were: "How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Do you receive your pay and clothing as promptly as you wish?"

One day a young Frenchman presented himself, with the usual recommendations, and asked to be admitted into the number that served near the person of the King.

"You have the proper qualifications," answered the officer. "You are tall and straight and well drilled. But you do not speak German. However, if you are shrewd and will take the trouble to learn a few German phrases by heart, there will be no difficulty. The King always asks a new member of the guard three questions. You have but to learn how to answer them, and all will be well; for most probably he will never address you again."

The soldier did as he was advised, and soon had the necessary phrases at his tongue's end.

The next day the Great Frederick was going about as usual, and seeing the stranger, set about addressing him; but, unfortunately, he varied the usual order of his questions, and propounded the second one first.

"How many years," he asked the anxious young fellow; "have you been in my service?"

"Twenty-one years," promptly answered the soldier.

The King, seeing how young he was, knew that it was not possible that he had carried a musket for so long a time, and said, in a surprised way:

"How old are you?"

"One year, may it please your Majesty."

It will easily be believed that this second extraordinary answer did not

diminish the King's astonishment, and he exclaimed:

"I declare one or the other of us must have lost his mind!"

The soldier, delighted with the progress he was making in a foreign language, replied with great gusto:

"Both, your Majesty."

"Well, I must say," observed Frederick, "I have lived some time, but never before has one of my own soldiers announced to me that I was a fool."

The soldier, having said every German word he knew, kept silence, very well contented with his success. And Frederick, now anxious to solve this mystery, began to speak in French.

"Oh," said the soldier, relieved, "I can talk French all day! I learned just enough German to answer your three questions."

The King had a hearty laugh, and remarked as he passed on, that it was best to know what one was saying before trying to converse.

It is said that this honest soldier made a faithful guard, and became a trusted favorite of the King.

A Greedy Little Girl.

It happened on Thanksgiving Day. Jennie's uncle called after dinner to see her father. The little girl entered the sitting-room, wearing a troubled expression. Uncle Austin immediately noticed this, and said to her:

"What's the matter, Jennie? You look mournful."

"I *am* more'n full," whimpered little Jennie.

* * *

Any one that eats too much, at least in my belief,
Never can be happy, but must surely come to grief.

Though you may be hungry, you never should be greedy.

Think when you have plenty of the many who are needy.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new edition of Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests" and other Catholics who suffered for the Faith in England during the years 1577-1634, edited by Fr. John Pollen, S. J., is announced.

—The Cambridge University Press will soon publish a volume of "Early Latin Hymns," with Introduction and notes by A. S. Walpole. It forms part of the series of "Cambridge Patristic Texts."

—From Matre & Co. comes a cheap paper edition of "Work, Wealth and Wages," by the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J.,—a work which was appreciatively noticed in these columns when it first appeared, some months ago, in cloth covers. Price, 25 cents.

—New books published by Sands & Co., London, whose American agents are the Herder Book Co., St. Louis, include "The Anchorhold: a Divine Comedy," by Enid Dinnis; a translation of a work by the Abbé Moreaux on "What Shall We Become after Death"; "The Boy's Book of Saints," by Louis Vincent; and "A Mystery for Children," a volume in verse, by Sister M. Anthony.

—"Christ versus Capitalism," by the Rev. H. O'Laverty, B. A. (Sydney: Pellegrini & Co.), is a sixteenmo brochure, which deals with the "Logical Basis of Social Reform," "The Rise of Capitalism," "The True Meaning of Government," "Religion and the Worker," "Miracles," "Atheism," "The Hidden Life," "The Spread of the Faith," and "The Church at the Present Day." There is much in this little work that is worth while; but it would be much more so, if its author had supplied an index.

—"Damien and Reform," by the Rev. George J. Donahue, is a blending of some few new things and a good many old things about the priestly hero of Molokai. The author credits Stevenson, Stoddard, and Clifford with a number of his extended quotations; but there are altogether too many extracts, especially poetical ones, to whose authors there is no reference whatever. The work hardly justifies the "reform" of its title; but the world will be all the better for a fuller knowledge of Father Damien, and, accordingly, we wish the book a large sale. Published by the Stratford Co.

—"San Juan Capistrano Mission," by the Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., is the

third volume in the new series (local history) of the "Missions and Missionaries of California." A profusely illustrated large octavo of 259 pages, with an analytic table of contents and a good index, this volume is a worthy successor to "San Diego Mission" and "San Luis Rey Mission." As the former of these two is called "The Mother of the Missions," and the latter, "The King of the Missions," so the present work has for sub-title "The Jewel of the Missions,"—a characterization which a perusal of the text proves to be fairly accurate. Father Engelhardt's reputation as a scholarly and painstaking historian, as well as a graphic writer, is too well established to need any emphasizing; to say that the present volume is fully as excellent as its predecessors is sufficient praise. Printed for the author at Los Angeles, Calif.

—The "Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the 19th Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association," like its predecessors, constitutes a good-sized volume, and one full of matter of especial interest and helpful suggestion for all engaged in educational work, whether in Catholic institutions or not. The papers now presented, excepting those which deal with problems specifically Catholic, shed much light on questions perplexing the minds of all whose privilege it is to labor for the instruction and formation of youth in any school or college. Were this work placed in the hands of and read by intelligent Catholic parents, we feel certain that it would have more weight in determining them to choose a Catholic college for son or daughter than many sermons delivered with that particular end in view; it would inspire the readers with genuine confidence in the ability and character of those who, in large measure, have made our Catholic colleges the equal, if not always the superior, of secular institutions. The Catholic Educational Association deserves the active and generous support of our people, a support which it asks and which, if it is to "carry on," and enlarge its scope, is sorely needed.

—"The longer we live," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the more we find that we are like other persons." If this be true, then there will be very many readers who will share our opinion that the one epithet which most accurately describes "The Story of Extension" (Extension Press) may well be—fascinating.

The story in question is told by the only person who knows it thoroughly, the Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D., LL. D.; and, inevitably, the book is not only a complete life of a Society, but a partial autobiography as well. We would not have it otherwise. The personal note emphasizes the actuality of the narrative. Msgr. Kelley has much to say of himself, of course; given the subject, it had to be said, and it is said, modestly. Generous tributes of praise, appreciation, and gratitude are invariably given to others,—prelates, priests, and laymen. A perusal of this eminently readable volume will go a long way towards converting a hitherto somewhat indifferent or narrow-minded Catholic into an ardent advocate and generous supporter of our missions—home and foreign. As a picture of Catholic life in the far-away parishes of our country, the book is a revelation; and as a vindication of a number of policies and methods which, not so many years ago, were criticized more vigorously than intelligently, it is completely adequate. Considered merely as a piece of book-making, the volume is remarkable, and chiefly so because of its cheapness. A handsomely bound, large octavo of 300 pages, with 130 illustrations, its price is only \$2. It is the best two dollars' worth of Catholic literature in book form that has reached our table for many months.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Trapp, of the diocese of South-wark; Rev. Isidore Cortesi, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Patrick McGee, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. James McDonnell, C. P.

Sister M. Francis, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Bernardine, Sisters of Charity; and Mother Teresa, Order of Mt. Carmel.

Mr. A. A. Cameron, Mr. Robert Snow, Mr. John Hyde, Major Francis Herbert, Miss Mary C. Gavan, Mr. L. L. Kämp, Mrs. Viola Thurin, Mr. Thomas McKeevar, Miss Alice Bagot, Mr. Thomas Reyburn, Mr. H. F. Sills, Mrs. J. E. Barrett, Miss Annie Kelly, Mr. Donald McDonald, Mr. Francis Kimberly, Miss Mary Nevins, Mrs. Anna Elundell, Mr. John Barrett, Mr. Donald Chisholm, Mrs. William Ryder, Mr. Walter Kelly, Mr. Samuel Taylor, Mr. W. F. Fortune, Mr. Timothy Murphy, Mr. Ignatius Pataski, Mrs. Mary Quinlan, Mr. John Fox, and Mr. Charles Montague.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: T. H. E., \$2.50; per Rev. M. D., \$10; J. S. C., \$10; R. M. C., \$10; A. J. Prendergast, \$10; Dr. H. D. McManus, \$10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: T. F. G., \$3.50; Mrs. M. R. K., \$1. For the victims of the famine in Russia and Armenia: E. P., \$17; friend (Greeley), \$20; T. H. E., \$2.50; M. (Omaha), \$2. For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. Margaret Hall, \$2; Mrs. A. G., \$1. To help the Sisters in Alaska: J. H., \$5.



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

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 9, 1922.

NO. 24

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Prophecy.

BY A. W. P.

WHEN greatness of our day for selfish gain,
For spoils an hour may yield, stoops low
to win,

We need not count the ancient struggle vain—
We have great deeds to prove great hearts
have been.

The quiet years, that bring all wrong to earth,
Shall play once more their immemorial part:
In souls unnumbered, right shall find true
birth,
And of our day the future shall take heart!

Thoughts on Our Patronal Feast.

ONE day when Moses led his flock toward the desert of Mount Horeb, the Lord appeared to him in a burning bush surrounded by flames. Seeing that the bush burned without being consumed, Moses said: "I will go and see this great sight—why the bush is not burnt." (Exod., iii, 3.)

A daughter of Adam, the child of a fallen and sullied race, appears before us, in the language of the heavenly spouse, all beautiful and spotless. Let us examine this wonderful privilege: it will be well to consider it first in itself and in its nature, and then reflect on its reasonableness and propriety.

The mystery of the Immaculate Conception is that exceptional privilege by which the Virgin of Nazareth was, from

the moment of her conception, preserved immaculate, or uncontaminated by original sin. A daughter of Adam, Mary was subject to the common law, and exposed to that stain which falls as a malediction on all the posterity of a guilty father; for it is written in the Sacred Books that Adam begot sons and daughters after his own image and likeness; so that all men must say with the Royal Prophet: "I was conceived in iniquities; and in sins did my mother conceive me."

But was the degradation of such an origin compatible with the mysterious destiny of Mary? No. From all eternity the Incarnation of the Word and His great work were foreseen in the divine counsels, together with the fall of man; and from all eternity, also, Mary was specially predestinated to give the Word Incarnate His virginal flesh. But before being the Mother of the Son of God she was the privileged daughter of the Father, who had her eternally present in His mind, who begot her mysteriously before all creatures. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning." The Holy Ghost, on the other hand, made her His mystical spouse, reserving to Himself the day marked for the Annunciation, on which He would descend and operate what Clement of Alexandria calls "that divine prodigy, that divine novelty—a virgin-mother."

Who does not understand the reasons,

the propriety, which claim for the Blessed Virgin an existence altogether pure, an immaculate conception? She alone is not here in question, but God Himself. It is God the Father, that can not consent, by delivering Mary over to the evil spirit through original sin, to consign to His mortal enemy the privileged daughter of His eternal tenderness; it is God the Holy Ghost, that can not suffer in the heart of His mystical spouse that stain which would most wound His heart; it is God the Son, that would come forth like a ray from the Morning Star; it is the August Trinity, who, in associating Mary with Their greatest victory over the demon, could not for a single instant leave it in the power of the prince of darkness to call her his slave.

In the wars of France with the Emperor Charles V., the Constable de Bourbon went over to the Emperor. The Marquis of Vilane, one of the great lords of the day, being asked by the Emperor to lend his palace to the Constable for a time, answered: "Sire, I can refuse nothing to your Majesty; but if the Duke of Bourbon lodges in my palace, I will set fire to it as soon as he has left, as to a place contaminated by treason, which can no longer be inhabited by a man of honor." How could the Son of God, Himself true God, dwell in Mary if she had been, even were it only for a single instant, the dwelling-place of Satan? For the honor of God, as St. Augustine says, we must exempt the Blessed Virgin from the general law; and when there is question of sin, we can not mention her.

Without doubt, admitting the transmission of original sin to all mankind, and the human generation of Mary, the Immaculate Conception is a mystery, the secret of which surpasses our understanding. We may ask how Mary escaped a stain which belonged to her very origin; but the secret of this pres-

ervation is not more mysterious than the secret of the transmission of the original taint. Explain the rule in virtue of which original sin infects all mankind, and then, as a Christian philosopher declares, we shall be able to explain the exemption of Mary. Whether we suppose that Mary was separated from the general mass of humankind by a special disposition of the Creator, or whether we represent her to ourselves as forming a part of the general mass but distinguished from it by a special grace, it always remains true that the divine honor, which was concerned in her origin as well as in her destiny, does not permit her to be involved in the universal malediction; and what the honor of God demands, His supreme will and power can effect. In other words: without taking upon ourselves to argue with the divine will and power against what it was becoming that God should do for Mary, let it suffice for us to say that God did it; and the fact in this case is not less striking for its truth than for its congruity.

The truth of the Immaculate Conception is written on the first page of the Sacred Books with the history of the original stain: "I will put enmities between thee and the Woman, and thy seed and her seed," said the Lord God to the demon, who had disguised himself in the form of serpent; "she shall crush thy head." Either this oracle has no reference to Mary, notwithstanding the entire series of prophecies in regard to the Messiah, which are but its development,—notwithstanding the interpretation of the Church and of all commentators,—or it implies the privilege of the Immaculate Conception. If we suppose Mary to have been for one instant subject to the demon by original sin, then their radical opposition and enmity disappear. That the oracle be fulfilled, it is necessary that, as soon as the serpent attempts to raise his head against

Mary, she should crush it: she should escape his empire entirely; and even before receiving the breath of life—in her mother's womb—she should make him feel that natural enmity which is ever to exist between them.

Under what a countless number of figures is Mary Immaculate presented to us both in the Old and in the New Testament! She was prefigured by the Ark of Noe, which escaped the general deluge uninjured; by the closed garden mentioned in the Canticle of Canticles, the enclosure of which nothing could violate, and into which no artifice could introduce corruption; by the virtuous Esther, who by a solitary exception was not comprised in the decree of death issued by her spouse against the entire Jewish race to which she belonged; by that new tabernacle, not made by the hands of men, through which St. Paul beholds the Pontiff of future blessings, Jesus Christ, enter; by the new Jerusalem, which the Prophet of the Apocalypse beheld descending from heaven like a spouse awaiting her husband, and which a voice from the sanctuary declared to be the tabernacle wherein God wished to dwell amongst men.

Who does not know of the glowing words of the holy Fathers proclaiming the same belief throughout the Church? Irenæus, Ephrem, Ambrose, Augustine, Bernard, Justin, vie with one another in calling the Blessed Virgin a lily among thorns, a virgin earth, an incorruptible mass, which the heaven of sin never spoiled; the fountain of grace; the immaculate sheep, Mother of the Lamb without spot.

We must also remember that living book called Tradition, which proclaims as loudly as the Sacred Books the belief in the Immaculate Conception. To those who one day asked in what book the Salic law was written, the answer was returned: "In the hearts of the French people." If, laying aside the Scriptures

and tradition, any one should ask, where is the dogma of the Immaculate Conception written, we might in like manner reply, in the hearts of Christians; that is to say, in that epistle of Jesus Christ spoken of by St. Paul, which is written not with ink but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone but in the fleshy tables of the heart.

But what sets the seal on the testimony of the Scriptures and the Fathers and Doctors, and on the faith of the generations that have gone before us, is the authority of the Church; it is that solemn decision of the successor of Peter, Pius IX., of glorious memory, when, surrounded by two hundred bishops, and arising in all the plenitude of his infallible authority, he decreed that "the doctrine which holds that the most Blessed Virgin Mary was, by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, in consideration of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, preserved from all stain of original sin, was revealed by God, and is therefore to be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful."

And we still remember with what enthusiasm, with what outpourings of joy and jubilation, this decree electrified the Catholic world from one extremity to the other. What meant those transports of joy and those feasts celebrated in honor of Mary? What signified those crowns and garlands of flowers and lights with which the statues and pictures of the august Virgin were surrounded on that day, in the humble village chapel as well as in the grand basilica? What but that myriads of voices and myriads of hearts were united in proclaiming, with the illustrious Pontiff, that Mary our Mother was conceived without sin?

No life is a failure which is lived for God, and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end.—*Faber.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVII.

MRS. CRITCHLEY had been considerably perturbed by the communication which Glassford had made to her with regard to Marcia. She was no little amazed, despite the possibilities which her experienced eyes had seen in the girl. Yet it seemed almost incredible that one who had lived practically all her life in a rural retreat, engaged in the dullest of occupations, should have succeeded where so many city girls had utterly failed.

"She is clever, that girl," she thought, "and she has distinction, which will tell when Gregory brings her to town. It is so rare nowadays, that people have almost forgotten what it is like."

These reflections she put into speech for the benefit of Mr. Critchley. Seated in her boudoir, in the daintiest of tea gowns, she spoke as an oracle. Nick was usually a safe receptacle for her confidences, if duly warned; otherwise, on occasions, he was prone to repeat her most cherished secrets to a group of her friends from whom she was most anxious to withhold them.

"How charming you are looking to-day, Dolly," Nick said, regarding his wife with a real tenderness.

"I think this gown is becoming," Dolly agreed; "I got it to match the new wall paper and this exquisite chintz."

She looked around at the details of her own particular sanctum with real satisfaction. A moment later, she asked with real anxiety:

"Do you not think that the chintz is just a shade too dark for that design in the rug?"

"Why, my dear," responded her husband, looking down at the design and up again at the chintz-covered furni-

ture, "I haven't considered the matter, and," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I would need magnifying glasses to discover the difference."

"You are hopeless, Nick, but I really have an important matter on my mind. It is about Glassford. You will never guess what he has been doing."

"Nothing criminal, I hope."

"You know very well, it is nothing criminal."

"We lawyers never *know*, we are only reasonably sure."

"It is no use talking to you, Nick."

"But, please, do talk to me. I am devoured by curiosity to hear your news. So we will start with the major premise, Glassford is a fine fellow. So, as he won't give me a chance to assist in hanging him, or sending him to States prison, or even to the Tombs, tell me what has he done?"

"He has fallen in love!"

"Fallen in love? Why, I expected him to do that any time this twenty years! I only marvel that he escaped so long."

"But it is so disappointing."

"Why? Did you expect him to shut his heart forever against the charming girls you were flinging at him? I suppose you would like him to have gone about with one of those steel-plated contrivances warranted to protect against serious injury."

"You are absurd!"

"No. Gregory is absurd, after resisting so long. But who is the irresistible lady? She ought to be labelled, 'Dangerous.'"

"Can't you guess who it is?"

"My mind is not exactly concentrated on the matter, but I believe it is not Eloise."

"Do you really? How clever of you, Nick! Without appearing to see, you always find out things."

"I haven't found out anything this afternoon."

"Well, I'll tell you; it's Marcia Brentwood."

Mr. Critchley gave a prolonged whistle of astonishment. Then he said:

"Ah, Glassford is a level-headed fellow, as wise in choosing a wife as in picking out lucky stocks!"

Mrs. Critchley frowned, especially as she heard the half-suppressed sigh with which her husband spoke.

"What do you mean, Nick?"

"Tired of artificial flowers, I suppose he wants another sort of growth."

"To be sure," Mrs. Critchley said, "she is very striking,—a distinguished looking girl, with blue eyes so like those of her handsome father."

"I remember the father well enough, but I couldn't take an affidavit about the color of his eyes."

"He was my first love, Nick."

"He has had a long line of successors, Dolly."

"It was ages before I met you, of course."

"I am relieved to hear that."

"I was just a little schoolgirl. He hardly noticed me except in that nice way he had with everyone."

"And, I suppose, this Marcia has inherited the nice way, together with the beautiful eyes."

"I am going to bring her here, Nick."

"I hope you will be careful to label her. But do bring her, Dolly. I should like to know any one related to Walter Brentwood."

He brought the conversation to a close by saying:

"Daughters sometimes are a bit disappointing. For there was Jim Brentwood, one of the finest fellows that ever lived—"

"And, I suppose, you mean to say that Eloise—"

"Isn't quite what I expected of his daughter. But she's an attractive little girl; and, if I'm not much mistaken, she'll come out all right."

"You are in a grumpy humor to-day, Nick."

"How do you derive that adjective, Dolly?" Mr. Critchley asked reflectively; "from grumps, a condition or state of mind? Can you give me the origin of the word? I should like to know, because I thought I was in a particularly good humor."

"Go away, Nick," she said.

The laughing Nicholas went out as he was told, but put in his head again to say:

"I hope Glassford will get married soon. He was one of the few sensible young men I could get hold of. And while this madness lasts—"

"He is not going to get married at all."

"What?"

"Marcia won't have him."

"Well, all I can say is, Marcia hasn't her father's brains."

"Go away, Nick!" she repeated.

"Behold me gone!" said her husband, vanishing down the corridor.

Mrs. Critchley, sinking back on her *chaise longue*, consoled herself:

"Except in this matter of Gregory, Eloise has been a wonderful success. I must try to break up the Hubbard affair, though; it has gone quite far enough. She must make a good match."

Eloise came tapping at the door. Mrs. Critchley thought she had never seen her look so radiant.

"That dress you have on is perfection, dearest," the elder woman exclaimed; "Madame Lucette has outdone herself. Where did you go?"

"To the Art Gallery. It's so wonderful there, and we went to the Library. I wanted to find a certain book, and he—"

"Who is he?"

"Reggie, of course." There was a note of defiance in the tone.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Critchley, "that is not quite what your friends

would wish. For a girl of your attractions in what we may call her first season, it should not be 'Reggie, of course,' but Reggie occasionally,—when he can be useful at dances, or as a dinner partner. You know, my love, it will never do. I want a millionaire for you, or, perhaps, one of these titled men from overseas. That would be most delightful!"

"Those titled men, individually or collectively, usually want a millionaire's daughter, just as you would like me to get his son, or even himself, at the age of Methusalem."

"I know, my dearest, it is all very tiresome, this social game. But it has to be played with skill. Reggie is a dear, of course; I worship him myself. But, between you and me, a girl with half your intelligence would see that he is impossible."

Eloise remained silent, with that smile upon her lips which always made Mrs. Critchley uncomfortable. But Dolly continued,

"He would be the first to admit that himself, and, if he had a sister, would keep her carefully away from his own type of man."

"Like the rest of them, you are unjust to Reggie," returned Eloise, flaring into sudden anger, "just because he is not a millionaire."

"But don't you see," went on Mrs. Critchley, almost pleadingly, "he doesn't want to marry any one himself. He wants to be free."

Eloise's face darkened, and for a moment she was silent, nursing her anger.

"She is her mother's daughter," thought Dolly. "My poor sister was the most spoiled creature in existence."

"Yes, it is well known," she went on, "that Reggie wants his freedom. Everyone says he will never put on the marriage yoke."

"Everyone is wrong, as usual,—the hateful, gossiping set!"

A visitor was announced, and the conversation came to an end. Mrs. Critchley felt uneasy; and, during the period of the visitor's stay, her thoughts were upon the interview which she intended having with Eloise, when it must be definitely understood that she must give up Reggie. Eloise was barely civil to the visitor, who she felt had come at an inopportune moment.

Realizing, perhaps, that she had gone too far, and uneasily divining what was in her aunt's mind, she made some excuse and escaped to her own room.

Eloise stopped and looked about her, her feet sinking into the rich depths of the carpet. Every detail of those luxurious appointments, which appealed to her luxury-loving soul, impressed itself upon her with a new meaning.

"Could I sell myself for these?" she pondered.

If so, it was clear to her mind that the millionaire who could give them to her would not be wanting.

"I love all these things passionately," she told herself, "but they are not worth what this would cost. I will tell Dolly this evening, and be done with it."

Meanwhile, at the House at the Cross Roads, Marcia sat down to read the following letter.

"MY DEAR MARCIA:—Your letter was kind, more kind, perhaps, than might have been expected. I have wondered more than once, if I might not have been tempted to accept, save for a new train of circumstances, which will prevent the House at the Cross Roads from ever being my home again. My decision to marry Reggie Hubbard, as soon as possible, is my best reason for declining your invitation, for which, in all sincerity, I thank you all. I am experiencing much opposition, but my decision is inalterable. Otherwise, I am the happiest girl in the world, since I love my future husband,—a rare enough condition nowadays. You will

realize that one of these days, for you can not be serious in your refusal of Gregory Glassford. Give my love to Aunt Jane and to Larry.

"So, on the eve of the great adventure of matrimony, with a tear for those I love and a smile for those I detest, I beg you to believe that I would ask you to the wedding only that Nick Critchley, for reasons of his own, refuses to have a wedding. Dolly, in spite of *her* opposition, would have one in order to show a new Paris gown that has arrived and some special improvements in the house. But Nick is unexpectedly firm, and I am therefore—for the loss of the wedding,—

"Inconsolably yours,

"ELOISE."

Marcia laid down the letter. She walked restlessly about the room, asking herself useless questions.

"Eloise going to marry this man against whom Gregory Glassford and others have warned her; going to wreck her life! Can nothing be done? Are we all to stand aside and let her commit such an act of folly?"

And the wind, sweeping round the house in a mournful November blast, spoke of the futility of arguing with the girl, once her mind had been made up.

"She talks of love! Is it possible she could really love him and prefer him to Gregory Glassford?" This question, too, as Marcia knew very well, was futile. Gregory had positively asserted that, loving one woman, he could not marry another.

It was characteristic that Marcia's first concern was entirely for Eloise, for whom she seemed to feel a certain responsibility. She had been there with them at the old house; and she was a Brentwood.

Marcia sat down beside her step-mother, with the feeling upon her of how helpless is one human being in presence of tragedy that may be lying

in wait for another. Each, according to the old Scotch saying, must "dree her weird."

"Mother," began Marcia, "I have had some strange news this morning."

"Yes?" assented Mrs. Brentwood. "Well, in one instant I shall give you my attention. I am trying a new knitting stitch, and I am just at a critical point."

So Marcia, letting the letter fall into her lap, waited with a curious realization of what divers elements life is made up. There was Eloise, in that gay world for which she had longed, intent upon what she fancied to be her own great good,—alive, eager, passionately absorbed in her own moves on the chess-board of life; and here was Mrs. Brentwood, who had had vicissitudes in her time, of love and of sorrow, now concentrating her whole attention upon the complicated stitches in her knitting pattern. And Marcia herself seemed involved in a tangled web of cross purposes and of mistakes.

"Well, my dear, I have got the stitch," exclaimed the old lady triumphantly; "it is going beautifully, and will be, I think, one of the prettiest I have ever tried. But what is your news?"

"Eloise is going to be married."

"Married! Why, that is the last news I should have expected to hear," murmured Mrs. Brentwood, with visible disappointment; "and it's so strange *he* never said a word about it."

"Who," inquired Marcia, with some impatience.

"Why, Mr. Glassford, to be sure; for, of course, he is the bridegroom elect."

For some reason, Marcia found this remark irritating, and she had to control herself before she answered, dryly:

"No, and I almost wish it were he."

She paused. Some voice within her inquired if she were telling a falsehood. She abhorred deceit of any sort.

"He is not to be the bridegroom?"

said Mrs. Brentwood, with a note of jubilation. "Well that *is* extraordinary! But, I hope you didn't mean, dear, that you wished he were the prospective husband?"

"My wishes have nothing to do with the matter," answered Marcia, wearily, "and Eloise is to marry Mr. Hubbard."

"Mr. Hubbard? Do I know him? Have I ever seen him?"

"No, no," said Marcia, more impatiently than usual; "of course you have never seen him."

"I am not so sure," mused Mrs. Brentwood, trying to stir the ashes of her memory. "Was his name Reginald, or something of the sort; and, how old would he be?"

"About thirty-six or seven, and his name is Reginald, or Reggie, as they call him."

"Yes, that was the name," declared Mrs. Brentwood; "but I hope—I sincerely hope—it is not the same man. He was quite young then, but your father did not think him a nice lad at all; and James would never have allowed him to know his daughter."

The poor old lady pulled herself up short, with a pucker between her brows.

"There, God forgive me for being uncharitable. For the poor young man may have settled down and become an excellent member of society."

Marcia looked grim, but, compressing her lips, made no comment, except that it was surprising her stepmother should have known him.

"Only in the most casual way, my dear, for the reason I have given."

"Gregory will be terribly upset about this," was Marcia's next remark.

"Oh," exclaimed her stepmother, with a sly smile, "I don't think he will be inconsolable!"

Marcia waved away the suggestion.

"It isn't that," she declared; "but he will be so sorry for Eloise, and, perhaps, blame himself."

"He need not do that," responded Mrs. Brentwood; "for young people in such matters can not be controlled, any more than you would expect to stop a mountain torrent."

She qualified this statement by the additional remark:

"Unless they are controlled by their own conscience, and will listen to the voice of the Church. I have seen some who sacrificed a great deal rather than disobey the Church."

In the course of the day, a note came from Gregory. It was brief and evidently written under the pressure of great excitement.

"DEAR MARCIA:—Perhaps you have heard the terrible news that Eloise is determined to throw herself away upon that worthless fellow. She will be married by a priest, for Hubbard, who cares nothing about any religion, offers no objection, and even Dolly will insist on *that*. But what would her father say? It would have grieved him to the soul that she should marry a non-Catholic at all—and such a specimen as this! The thought of you is a ray of light in the darkness. For I feel this matter very keenly—for her father's sake and her own.

"Ever your true and devoted

"GREGORY."

Meanwhile, at the Critchleys, there had been some very stormy scenes. After the departure of the visitor, who had interrupted Eloise's passionate defiance of all who had ever denounced Reggie Hubbard, she sat in her boudoir, where she mechanically allowed the maid to dress her hair and array her in a gown of white and silver. Then she sent the maid away, and sat scarcely noticing her reflection in the mirror, so busy was she in formulating words which should best express her determination to marry Reginald Hubbard. She could not deny that she dreaded the interview, for Dolly sometimes showed

the iron hand under the velvet glove; and she had rather definitely stated her views about Reggie.

There was a tap at the door, and Dolly entered.

"Eloise, dearest, I am so glad you are dressed early, for now we shall have half an hour to continue our conversation. Of course, that woman had to arrive just at the wrong moment; and she is so tiresome an old thing! But let me look at you, Eloise."

The girl rather listlessly complied, rising and standing, with the gown falling in perfection of outline around her.

"That gown is a dream, a poem, Eloise, and it suits you perfectly!"

Eloise quite understood that this adroit flattery was but the prelude to something distinctly disagreeable.

"Yes, you are really exquisite."

She stopped, rather hesitating as to what she should say next, for Eloise did not help her at all.

"I think we were saying, or, perhaps, it was I who said, that Reggie would never be persuaded to bind himself by the bonds of matrimony."

"That has been said, and very falsely said, over and over again, Dolly. But to prove the falsehood of that assertion, here is the first link in the chain he is only too willing to wear."

Eloise produced as she spoke a ring of sapphires and diamonds. Mrs. Critchley's tone changed to an icy coldness, such as Eloise had never heard before.

"What is the meaning of this display of jewelry?"

"It simply means," declared the girl, her whole air irradiating triumph, "that I am engaged to Reggie. We intend to be married as soon as possible."

Mrs. Critchley's face grew white under her rouge.

"Eloise," Mrs. Critchley said, "do you dare to tell me this after all that has passed between us; after the warning which Gregory has given?"

"Gregory, who could never see any good in Reggie, who is as blind as a mole with prejudice!"

"Let me tell you, my dear girl," said the aunt, speaking in that low, quiet voice, which was never raised to anything like violence, "that you are digging your own grave, socially."

"You can not frighten me with such childish bugaboos as that. Reggie is the most popular man in our circle, as you have often said."

"I see now how foolish I was to disregard Gregory's advice."

Eloise made an impatient gesture, and her aunt added:

"You will repent, not only once, but all your life, of throwing yourself away on a man whose reputation is far from being good."

"And yet you had him here! It was through you, Dolly, that I met him and learned to love him. It is too late to tell me now what, if it were true, I should have been told long before. I should never have been permitted to meet him."

"And have you no thoughts of religion? What would your father have said?"

That was a vulnerable point, and it touched Eloise; but she was as immovable in her resolve as the hardest granite.

"If it would pain him, I am glad that he will not know anything about it."

"It is wicked to say such a thing."

"He is safe in heaven, and I have my own happiness to consider. I love Reggie so much that I would willingly die rather than be separated from him."

Mrs. Critchley stared.

"If you disapprove, then I shall leave your house, and Reggie and I will be married in the Little Church Round The Corner."

Mrs. Critchley recoiled in horror.

That church, the epitome, in her mind, of all that was sensational and

socially abhorrent! To do her justice also, what faith her worldly life had left her rose up in arms.

"You would be married, or, rather, not married at all—in a Protestant church?"

"No, Dolly, I didn't mean that. It would be by a priest, of course. Reggie is perfectly willing."

"He would be married by a Mahometan if it suited his purpose!"

"Oh, Dolly!" implored the girl, with a wail in her voice, "don't speak like that."

Mrs. Critchley had some heart left under its crust of worldliness. Suddenly, she felt sorry for the girl, as only one woman can feel sorry for another.

"You don't know what you are doing, you foolish child, and I know that I have been to blame. But if you are bent on throwing your life away, there must be no scandal. You will be married from this house, and by a priest in the sacristy of the cathedral."

So it was arranged. Dolly even began in her own mind to concoct schemes for a large and brilliant wedding.

But here the usually compliant Nick presented an obstacle which could not be overcome.

"I will have no large wedding from my house, to celebrate such a union. Why, it is monstrous! If Eloise were my daughter, I would rather see her dead than married to such a man."

"And yet you permitted him to come here, Nick."

"I am now repaid for my folly."

"But the wedding will help to drown all the talk."

"Talk or no talk, it shall not be! I will not have it supposed that I countenanced such a marriage."

So Mrs. Critchley, who, during her married life had learned to know when certain things were final, had to give up her dream of a public wedding.

(To be continued.)

A Pilgrimage in Olden Times.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

RELIGIOUS pilgrimages were very different in days of yore from what they are at present, when special trains convey the pilgrim smoothly and speedily to his destination, where he is lodged in a comfortable hotel and takes his seat at a well-appointed table. We have only to look back to the period immediately preceding the Reformation to behold our forefathers, on their way to some hallowed shrine, trudging wearily, with staff and wallet, along rough, uneven roads; or, if more well-to-do, mounted on a sturdy horse or mule. The destination of the pilgrim band of whom Chaucer sang—who rode forth, "a merry cavalcade, with full devout courage," in the freshness of an April morn, from "famous London town,"—was not one of the sanctuaries of Our Lady, then so numerous in England, but the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, whither for the space of three centuries thousands of pilgrims used to flock, when the fame of the wondrous miracles wrought at the scene of his martyrdom spread far and wide.

The passage of these caravans journeying slowly along has left its mark on the places they passed through. Their memory survives in the ruined wayside chapels which sprang up in their track, and the local names still in use even in this prosaic age. Pilgrim's Ferry, Palmer's Wood, Paternoster Lane,—these and similar terms still linger on the lips of those who know not their meaning, and recall to the better-informed the procession of pilgrims, once a common sight, wending their way over lonely woodlands and through green lanes to pay homage at some celebrated shrine, to implore some grace from her who is ever the consoler of the

afflicted, and the channel of all blessings to those who venerate her.

Thus the pilgrims used to journey along, going from church to church, from hostelry to hostelry; if their pilgrimage took place in Summer, enjoying the fresh air and leafy shades. They lingered, we are told, at the village fairs, and stopped at the larger towns to rest, eager to hear and tell the news; for the pilgrim of Medieval days was, as Dean Stanley reminds us, a traveller with much the same tastes as travellers now, although the circumstances of modern life are so widely different. The pilgrim of old, however, undertook the journey in the first instance from devotion—in the hope of obtaining some miraculous bodily cure or much-needed spiritual grace; but not infrequently, we may believe, other and secondary motives crept in: curiosity, love of change and adventure doubtless actuated many amongst the less serious and less devout crowds.

Chaucer's company of pilgrims was a motley crew, including men and women whose characters were as varied as their rank and state of life. With such bands of pilgrims, there oftentimes came a troupe of jugglers, minstrels and storytellers, who beguiled the way with music and laughter as they walked or rode along; so that, we are told, "in every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, the sound of their piping, the jingling of their bells, and the barking of the dogs that ran after them, they made more uproar than if the king came there with all his clarions."

But we have to do with more devout and pious pilgrims, so we will accompany the travellers to the shrine of the martyred Archbishop at Canterbury.

On climbing the last hill on their approach to the ancient city, they found themselves close to the lazar-house founded in 1084 by Archbishop Lan-

franc, for the reception of ten men and seven women. The devout pilgrim never failed to visit this ancient leper-house; many royal personages and distinguished strangers paused before its walls and contributed an alms for the benefit of its afflicted inmates. Here, we read in contemporary records, Henry II. came on his first memorable pilgrimage to do public penance at the Archbishop's tomb; Richard I. on his return from captivity in Germany; the Black Prince, accompanied by his prisoner, King John of France.

A little farther on, the pilgrims first caught sight of the grand cathedral; they fell on their knees when they saw the golden angel that in bygone days crowned the central tower, and knew that their goal was nearly reached. Here Chaucer's company made their last halt, and merriment gave place to a grave and serious mood as they pressed round to hear, not a tale, but a sermon from a venerable ecclesiastic.

On entering the town, the poorer class of pilgrims made their way to the ancient hospice founded by St. Thomas to receive poor wayfaring men. In the Fourteenth Century it was repaired and statutes drawn up for its government; and from that time it was devoted to the use of poor pilgrims, for whom beds were provided and their wants supplied at the rate of fourpence a day. The religious houses were open to all comers; and while royal visitors were lodged in St. Augustine's Abbey, the monasteries of the mendicant Orders were largely frequented by the poorer classes. A considerable portion of the buildings was set aside for their reception, while the prior himself entertained distinguished strangers, and lodged them in a splendid suite of rooms overlooking the monastery garden. For ordinary visitors there was the guest hall, near the kitchen, under the charge of a cellarer appointed to provide for the needs of

the guests. There were, besides, numerous inns in the town, one of which possessed a vast chamber for the accommodation of pilgrims, known as the "Dormitory of a Hundred Beds."

Twice a year—at the Summer festival of the translation of the remains of the saint, July 7; and at the Winter festival of his martyrdom, December 29—Canterbury was crowded with pilgrims, and notices were posted up in the streets ordering the due provision of beds and entertainment for strangers. On the jubilee of the translation, in 1420, no fewer than a hundred thousand pilgrims are said to have been present. On such occasions every available corner was occupied; the numerous inns, hospices and religious houses were thronged; and many travellers had to camp out in the meadows surrounding the city. The lanes and streets leading to the cathedral were lined with booths and stalls for the sale of souvenirs, such as are still seen in the vicinity of all famous shrines in Europe.

It was on the 29th of December, 1170, that the four knights, acting on the exclamation rashly uttered by Henry II., in his irritation at the determined opposition of the Archbishop to his attempted inroads on the privileges and rights of the Church, crossed over from Normandy, where the Court then was, and made their way to Canterbury. Entering the cathedral, they threatened the Archbishop, calling him a traitor. Standing upright before a pillar, he confronted them with unflinching courage; they threw him down, dashed his brains out upon the pavement, and fled hastily. Three hundred years later he was canonized by Pope Alexander III.; after that pilgrims flocked from all parts to Canterbury.

But we must go back to our little company, who have turned off from the main street of the town into a narrow,

the beautiful Christchurch gate leading into the cathedral precincts, now gaze with admiring wonder at the majestic structure, beautiful and graceful when seen from without; whilst within, its riches and magnificence—before the hand of the despoiler wrought its fatal work, and the martyr's ashes were scattered to the winds—filled all hearts with joy and amazement, as the ancient chronicler tells. We can imagine the pilgrims lingering in the chapels and chantries that lined the nave, resplendent with painting and gilding; or kneeling before the statues robed in cloth of gold and covered with jewels.

After passing along the lofty nave—now, alas! stripped of all its architectural glory—first of all the pilgrims were led up a vaulted passage and "many steps" to the transept of the martyrdom, where the altar, at the foot of which the saint fell, remained to show the actual place of the murder; and its guardian priest displayed the rusty sword of Richard le Breton, which struck the fatal blow. Next, descending a flight of steps, they were led into the dark crypt, where other priests received them, and presented the saint's skull, encased in silver, to be kissed.

This *Caput Thomae* was one of the chief stations at which offerings were made; and the altar on which it lay marked the site of the original grave where the saint was hastily buried by the frightened monks on the day after the murder. This tomb acquired a miraculous virtue; the fame of the cures and wonders wrought there spread far and wide. It was the scene of the penance of Henry II., and the central object of interest to pilgrims who came from all parts of Christendom. The sums of money offered here, until the translation of the saint's remains to the new shrine, reached in one year the amount (enormous in those

twenty thousand at the present time.

From the dark vaults of the subterranean chapel the pilgrims were led up the steps to the north aisle of the choir. There they were allowed a glimpse of the relics—almost countless in number,—set in gold, silver or ivory caskets; and of the magnificent ornaments and sacred vessels kept under the high altar. After this they mounted a long flight of steps leading into the Trinity Chapel; there before their eyes was the goal of their journeyings—the shrine, covered by a painted canopy of wood, beneath which the body of the blessed martyr reposed.

Up the worn steps, which still bear the marks left by thousands of feet and knees, the pilgrims climbed, murmuring words of prayer or chanting hymns. At a given signal the canopy was drawn up, and the shrine itself, embossed with gold and sparkling with gems, was revealed to the eyes of the pilgrims, who all fell on their knees; whilst the prior with his white wand pointed out the priceless jewels which adorned the shrine, and told the names of all the royal personages by whom those and other gifts had been presented.

Then the pilgrims went their way,—some to view the convent buildings with their gabled roofs and stained windows; others went out to see the city. The knight and his son in Chaucer's tale went to look at the walls and fortifications; the Prioress and the Wife of Bath to walk in the herbarary of the inn. But for more distinguished personages there was another sight in store,—one which the devout pilgrim would not willingly forego, and of which we must not omit to speak.

Returning to the crypt, by the light of lanterns the prior led the way into the chapel of Our Lady of the Undercroft, which was divided from the rest of the crypt by iron railings. Here was to be seen what Erasmus called "a dis-

play of more than royal splendor." Surrounded by exquisitely carved stonework screens, and a beautiful reredos with delicate traceries and mouldings, richly colored and gilt, was the altar of Our Lady, twinkling with hundreds of silver lamps. In the central niche, under a pinnacled canopy, stood the famous silver image of the Mother of God, before which many a sufferer had sought and found relief. Below it was a jewelled tabernacle, fronted with the portrayal of the Assumption worked in gold; on each side the magnificent candelabra wherewith the Black Prince enriched his favorite shrine.

Looking back over long centuries, we kneel in spirit with the pious pilgrim, who, at the time of which we speak, little thought that the glorious shrine was soon to be destroyed, and only the broken pavement and the hollows made by the pilgrim's knees left to mark for future generations a spot hallowed by the prayers and devotion of ages.

But while we lament over the havoc wrought by heresy in the past, let us rejoice that there are yet many favored spots where God is pleased to dispense extraordinary graces through the intercession of His Holy Mother and His saints,—graces, moreover, which are not only bestowed on the pilgrims themselves, but not unfrequently on those who are spectators.

My Acts.

TEMPTATIONS fierce my path beset,
My prayers remain unanswered; yet
Even on the cross God's will is met.
I believe in God!

Night's darkness falls upon my way,
In fear I wait the dawn of day;
But still my tired heart can say—
I hope in God!

And when I shall have stood my test,
When near my Lady's throne I rest,
Then shall I sing, the angels' guest,—
I love my God!

The Bartley Pride.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

WITHIN a stone's-throw of a certain picturesque old square of New York city, where the very rich and the very poor daily meet and pass each other, stands a comfortable house, whose window balconies and steep steps bordered by a wrought iron balustrade proclaim it to have been built during the earlier half of the century. The lapse of years has brought many changes to the adjacent residences; the original owners have either passed away or removed to other localities; the children who played upon the sidewalk when the street possessed here and there a shade-tree, are scattered as were the leaves of those pleasant trees in the bright October afternoons of the long ago.

A few of these children of day before yesterday, upon whom the sun of fortune still shines, now preside over pretentious homes of their own, some three miles farther up town; others have sunk to poverty; a full quota have, like the older generation, gone the way of all mortality. But, despite the mutations of time—although at a once exclusive dwelling on the block the rooms are now rented *en suite*, and the next building has been turned into flats,—the house whose narrow door bears the antiquated nameplate "Bartley" maintains its accustomed dignity, and continues to grow old gracefully.

Sometimes the parted curtains of the windows that open upon the balconies reveal a passing glimpse of the old-fashioned drawing-room, with its white woodwork and upholstery of green and gold brocatel. But more homelike by far is the smaller parlor beyond; and here, one evening of the year 1890, just after the reading lamp had been lighted and the blinds drawn, sat an elderly lady, in whose thin face, despite its re-

finement and delicacy, might be read signs of an unreasonably stern and imperious character. On the opposite side of the mahogany centre table stood a man, of middle age,—a visitor, whose call was evidently intended to be brief; for he had not removed his overcoat and still held his hat.

"You will, I hope, pardon me for troubling you personally, Madam," he was saying; "but as the interest on this mortgage is already several days overdue, in order to avoid further delay, I decided to bring the money directly to you. There was a slight misunderstanding in regard to the matter last year—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mrs. Bartley. "My agent proved dishonest. I thank you for your consideration, Mr.—?"

"Hanmer," said the caller, quietly.

"Ah—Mr. Hanmer, the gentleman who now has charge of my affairs is, I have reason to believe, entirely trustworthy."

Mr. Hanmer bowed.

"Then, perhaps I have made a mistake in coming?" he began.

"Oh, it is of no consequence! Of course I can give you a receipt if you desire to conclude the business forthwith," she replied carelessly, picking up a pen from the bronze antlers of a diminutive stag's head that stood upon the table, and opening a portfolio that lay near by.

Mr. Hanmer took an envelope from the breast pocket of his coat and put it down beside the portfolio.

"Here is the amount, Madam," he said: "five hundred dollars, *in cash*, as required by your former representative—I supposed through your preference. But now I comprehend that it may have been to facilitate his unfortunate peculations. Will you be so good as to count over the sum?"

For a moment Mrs. Bartley hesitated, but, being a practical woman, she

quickly perceived that the truest politeness lay in compliance with his request. As she turned over the bills with an air of well-bred indifference, the visitor could not but note the jewels which sparkled upon her slender fingers; for well he knew that the worth of more than one of these represented the equivalent of the year's interest upon this mortgage which hung, a haunting dread, over his little home.

What to the aristocratic lady before him was the value of this money which he and his devoted wife had saved through rigid economy and at the cost of many small sacrifices? he speculated, a trifle grimly. Would Mrs. Bartley buy with it, perchance, another gem?

Unbidden, there arose in his mind a picture of his wife in her cheap dress and wearing no ornament; her toil roughened hands, upon which gleamed only the marriage-ring he had placed there ten years before. The contrast aroused in him a sense of impatience. "Ah, well! Jewelled hands are seldom the most helpful ones," he reflected.

The bitterness of the feeling startled and brought him to himself. "God forgive me!" he thought. "Why should I harbor such unjust reflections about this gentle lady! To grumble at her wealth because I am poor is but to rail at Providence. Here indeed I see material ease and prosperity; but how do I know what grief may have bowed that stately head! How thin and worn by years is the wedding-ring that gleams among the flashing emeralds, rubies and diamonds upon those nervous fingers! Does it compass a life story of happiness or sorrow?"

But while he thus idly cogitated, Mrs. Bartley had finished making out the receipt.

"Here, Mr. Hanmer, is my acknowledgment in due form that the money has been paid," she said, handing him the slip of paper.

He took it mechanically, thrust it into his wallet, and remarked with an involuntary sigh, as of one who has gained a moment's freedom from the weight of a burden:

"Thank you! The matter is, then, disposed of satisfactorily for another year. I have the honor to wish you good-evening, Mrs. Bartley."

A touch of the little silver bell upon the writing-table summoned Henriette, the trim maid, to attend him to the door; and presently the mistress of the old house was again alone. Taking up the envelope that contained the money, she leaned back in her chair and counted over the notes again.

"Five hundred dollars! It is not a large sum, yet I wish it had not been paid to-night; for if Tom chances to discover that I have it in the house, he will try to cajole me into yielding up to him the lion's share of this," she murmured to herself. "Poor, foolish mothers, how easily we are won over! But I will not be imposed upon longer. You have exhausted my patience, idle son! Where shall I put this little packet away for the time?"

Rising, she crossed the room and slipped the envelope behind a row of volumes on the book-shelves. No, that would never do. Tom seldom took down a book, yet he might chance to do so to-night. There was the *faience* vase on top of the china cabinet; but once Tom after lighting a cigarette had dropped the still burning match into its creamy depths. What was that letter on the table? Oh, yes! the note Tom had sent up from the club saying he would surely dine at home to-night, and that he had something to tell her. Humph! Tom's confidences were usually of a pecuniary nature, but she would be weak no longer. He must give up this easy life and settle down to earn his own living as his father had done. Passing through the folding-doors into

the drawing-room, she again counted the money—five hundred dollars. Many a young man of his age was compelled to eke out a subsistence for half a year on no larger sum.

At this point, however, her reflections were cut short by the sound of some one coming up the front steps, followed by the click of a latch-key in the house door. There was Tom now! In haste Mrs. Bartley thrust the envelope Mr. Hanmer had handed to her, together with her son's careless missive, into the small satin work-bag she carried on her arm; and returned to the smaller parlor just in time to greet gay, handsome Tom, as he came breezily into the room, bringing with him something of the dash and fascination of the pleasantest side of life in the metropolis.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Tom!" exclaimed his stately mother, as she looked up at him from her easy-chair, her still fine eyes brightening with welcome.

"You see I have kept my promise," he replied, cheerily, as he bent down and lightly kissed her cheek. "In fact, I—"

He broke off abruptly; for Henriette appeared to announce, in her halting English:

"Madame ees served."

"Oh, bother the dinner! I want to tell you, mother—" exclaimed the young man.

Had circumstances permitted, Mrs. Bartley would have made the rules of her household as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This was certainly not the moment for the discussion of Tom's affairs nor those resolutions that usually required so fair an amount of gilding. Raising a hand in gentle protest against his impetuosity, she said, with a smile:

"After we have dined, my dear."

Young Mr. Bartley impatiently kicked aside a hassock; but he quickly controlled his annoyance, and, offering his

arm to his mother, led her into the dining-room. Throughout the meal he was nonchalantly good-humored as usual; but when they had once more repaired to the parlor, his boyish face grew graver, and, drawing his chair nearer to her own, he began:

"Mother, I must tell you now. I have resolved to turn over a new leaf in earnest this time. I intend really to set to work, and hope soon to be as staid as a judge."

The greyhaired lady nodded with approval, if a little incredulously. She had heard these protestations before.

"Yes, I am at last fully aroused to the necessity of making a serious beginning," he went on—"now I have the happiness of some one else to work for as well as my own—in short, mother, I am engaged to be married."

Poor Mrs. Bartley! As she listened the walls of the room seemed to sway to and fro, as if about to topple over and crush her beneath the ruins. That this announcement must come some day as a matter of course, she had often told herself. But now—ere Tom had ever earned a dollar for himself! The notion was preposterous.

"Engaged to be married!" she cried, her voice betraying something of the tumult of pained surprise and displeasure which his words had awakened in her heart. "And what young woman has been so rash as to consent to share your fortunes, my dear?" she continued, forcing a light laugh.

But Tom was too eager to go on with his story, and too much in earnest to resent the irony of her tone.

"Who else could it be but Sallie Burton, the sister of my friend Ned, you know?" he rejoined, joyfully. "You have seen her—don't you remember—we met them driving in the Park? Pretty as a picture, is she not? And—"

"Tom, what have you done! Do you not know a score of charming and noble

girls of your own social position, any one of whom would—"

"As to that, mother, is not New York society composed of as many circles as Dante's *Infer—Paradiso*?" exclaimed the young man, hotly. "The Burtons are an old Southern family, and Sallie was educated at Manhattanville; what more could you desire?"

But Mrs. Bartley chose to ignore the question.

"So you have asked this paragon to be your wife, although you have no means of support beyond whatever allowance I may elect to give you!" she said presently. "You are aware that, by the terms of your father's will, you do not come in for your share of his property until you have attained the age of twenty-seven—more than four years hence—"

"Oh, I know!" he interrupted. "And perhaps I should not have pleaded for a promise from Sallie; but she is going South to visit, and I was afraid I might lose her. You were young once yourself, mother. Can't you pardon young people for not being worldly wise? I thought you would be pleased, on the whole, since Sallie is a Catholic."

This was indeed by far the strongest point of his argument. But even in this respect Mrs. Bartley considered he might have made a much more judicious choice. There was a certain pious little heiress, for instance, whom she herself had selected for him; and of course no young woman of sense would reject the suit of her handsome son. As he stumbled on, therefore, his words fell coldly upon her ears.

"So now I have told you all, mother dear. And—it is deuced awkward, but I am hard up, as usual, and—well, I must have money to buy the dear little girl a ring; so you will advance me a few hundred, won't you?"

He paused and looked into her eyes with smiling confidence. Many times had

she deemed it expedient in the past to read him a lecture upon his open-handed way of spending money; many times had she urged him to take up seriously his profession of the law, for which he had qualified himself by a course at Columbia; but never, in the end, had she failed to comply with his request for funds. That she would do so now did not occur to him for a moment.

"It will have to be a diamond, of a splendor in keeping with my social position, I suppose," he added, with an ill-chosen attempt at pleasantry.

"One who has not wherewith to purchase a betrothal ring would have done better to postpone his betrothal," replied Mrs. Bartley, icily. "You have already overdrawn a very liberal allowance. I decline to make you any further advance. I shall never consent to this folly, Tom; let me hear no more of it. Doubtless, however, when Miss Burton learns the true state of your affairs she will be quite ready to withdraw from this absurd engagement. I wish you good-night, my son, and the wisdom to repent of your hasty self-entanglement."

Thereupon the stately old lady swept out of the little parlor with what her son had often teasingly called her "grand air," and slowly mounted the stairs. A few moments later, as in her own room, she bent nearer to the mirror of her dressing-table and unfastened with trembling fingers her jewelled brooch, she suddenly bethought herself of her work-bag.

"'Twould be, indeed, somewhat of a sacrifice of dignity to return to the parlor after so dramatic an exit; but, on the other hand, how could she be guilty of such negligence as to leave five hundred dollars lying on the table downstairs over night? Should she ring for Henriette? Probably the servants had retired. Tom would bring her the bag. No, she would not ask him; she would go for it herself.

As Mrs. Bartley opened the door of the parlor, Tom, in some embarrassment, started up from her own especial chair into which he had evidently flung himself upon her departure. The writing-table was disordered; upon several sheets of paper had been scrawled a few words, as though he had begun to write a letter, and after a number of fruitless attempts had abandoned his purpose. Her little satin bag was nowhere to be seen.

"I left my work-bag upon the table," said his mother, self-possessed at once upon noting his confusion.

"It is not here—I have not seen it," he protested, with apparent abstraction.

Mrs. Bartley waited, quietly insistent. Finding that she seemed determined to linger, he began, albeit rather testily, to search about.

"Oh, perhaps this is what you mean!" he said at last, catching up the bag from behind the table. "It must have fallen upon the floor."

He restored it to her with studied deference; but, as their eyes met, his smile was proud, and she felt a trifle inexplicable. Foolish boy! had her words of advice not yet recalled him to his senses? Of what new folly was he dreaming? Thus mused the disappointed mother, as she again turned away from the son to whom she had hitherto been, perhaps, over-indulgent.

In silence, with the half-formal, half-affectionate courtesy he had been wont to pay her from his boyhood, he held the door open for her, and when she had passed out closed it softly; then, lighting a cigarette, sat down to begin anew his letter-writing. Scarcely had he done so, however, when, to his discomfort, his mother once more appeared before him.

His mother! Was it really she or some Nemesis of retributive justice who stood over him, her tall frame wonder-

fully revived by the spirit of a terrible anger? Never before had he seen her so aroused, nor would he have thought it possible. Usually her displeasure was characterized by sternness and frigidity. Never before had he seen the color burn thus in her usually pallid cheeks, nor marked so strange a light in her eyes. Was it conscience that held him spellbound as she thus confronted him, exclaiming in excitement.

"Tom, how could you do it! Restore it to me at once!"

"Mother, I—"

"Do not parley with me, worthless fellow that you are!" she continued "nor pretend innocence. Where are the five hundred dollars that you took from this bag?"

"Five hundred dollars in the bag!" he laughed ironically. "Since when have you carried money thus, mother?"

"I tell you I am not to be deceived by trifling. See, here in this envelope were five hundred dollars—paid to me this evening by Mr. Hanmer,—the interest of the mortgage I hold upon his house. I counted it myself and put it in the bag, together with this note you sent to me this afternoon. I kept the bag by me until a few minutes ago. When I returned for it you declared that you had not seen it, yet presently found it upon the carpet. The packet, however, is missing. I denied you money: you were resolved to have it. Could any explanation of my loss be plainer?"

"Mother!"

"No more! Restore the money or leave my house!"

Tom folded his arms and bent down his head, as though utterly confounded.

Mrs. Bartley waited a moment and then reiterated her demand.

"I can not restore it to you," he said.

"Then begone!" cried the exasperated woman. "I am tired of your graceless excuses,—idler, spendthrift, thief!"

As the last word fell from her lips

he leaped to his feet, cruelly stung by the reproach. As quickly, however, came a revulsion of feeling; and, saying only, "Very well, I will go," he strode out of the room.

Should she call him back? Her pride and the sense of his unworthiness forbade. But would he not come to himself presently, softened and repentant? He had been easy-going and extravagant, but never before had she detected him in a dishonorable act. What was that noise? The opening of the house-door. Still she remained motionless, as though chained to the spot where he had left her. The door closed with a dull, hollow sound which re-echoed through the hall. He was indeed gone.

(Conclusion next week.)

Kosciusko's Horse.

The great Polish patriot, Kosciusko, who was as kind as he was brave, once wished to send some bottles of choice wine to a sick priest at Solothurn, and gave the commission to a young man whom he requested to use the horse which he himself usually rode, remarking that the old animal, though anything but swift, knew the road well, and would take him to the very door of the priest's house.

On his return, the messenger declared, with a smile, that he would never again use the horse unless his master gave him a well-filled purse to take along. Kosciusko, inquiring what he meant, the other answered: "As soon as a beggar on the road took off his hat and asked for alms, the animal stood stock still, and would not budge until I had given something. Having only a little money with me, I was obliged, when it was all gone, to make a pretence several times in order to satisfy your horse. I believe he knows all the beggars in the country, and they must have made the acquaintance of his master."

A Popular Sanction that Is Lacking.

BY sanction in general is meant a binding force or influence, or a consideration operating to enforce obedience to any rule of conduct. One of the word's secondary meanings is "confirmation or support derived from public approval, from exalted testimony, or from the countenance of a person or a body commanding respect." As for the term "popular sanction," its specific signification is the knowledge that the people, in their private and individual capacity, will regard with favor or disfavor a given action as a motive for or against such action. It has become increasingly clear of late months in this country—so clear that our President and his chosen advisers are forced to comment upon the fact—that Prohibition in general and the Volstead Act in particular lack this popular sanction.

In common with many other publicists, we called attention, a few years ago, to a point which all experience justified us in making, that sumptuary laws are enforceable only when the great majority of the community affected by such laws favor their enactment. We further declared that the general, or quasi-general, violation of any unpopular law inevitably tends to a lessening of respect for all law. It is precisely this last truth which President Harding is now commenting upon with well-warranted seriousness and anxiety.

Wendell Phillips might have had the Volstead law in prophetic fancy when he said: "With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die, or grow indifferent, and statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force." The trouble with not only the Prohibitionists but a multitude of other "reformers," in this land of liberty, is that they forget or deny the maxim of that master of analytical jurisprudence, Montes-

quieu: "We should never create by law what can be accomplished by morality." And they are now learning to their dismay what any respectable knowledge of history or of human nature should have taught them long ago, that laws which are in advance of public opinion are generally but a dead letter. Rightly or wrongly, millions of Americans regard Prohibition, with its attendant enactments, as a radically unjust encroachment on their personal liberty; and, while they are commendably law-abiding with respect to all other Federal or State statutes, they look upon violation of the Volstead Act as quite unmoral, or at most consider the act a purely penal law, to be evaded at their own risk, but with no loss of prestige among their friends and acquaintances. This is obviously an incongruous state of affairs, and, in its ultimate tendencies, a dangerous one as well.

The wholesale violation of prohibitive enactments in Philadelphia the other day, on the occasion of the athletic contest between the Army and Navy football elevens, has emphasized the necessity of re-examining the whole matter of our treatment of the liquor question, and especially the question of securing any adequate enforcement of the laws now on our statute books. The greater publicists of the country, irrespective of their personal views on the abstract merits or demerits of Prohibition as a principle, recognize that the present failure to enforce it is a condition, not a theory, and a condition that imperatively needs amelioration. In the metropolis of the Mid-West, the leading newspaper declares: "The great body of law affecting life in this country rests upon the almost unanimous consent of the people. It represents the experience of mankind, the essential needs of human life, and the will of the people. We doubt if a majority of crooks would vote for the repeal of laws protecting

property and life. They try to beat the law, but they know that society could not exist without it, and that they who live by violating the law could not live without it. No such consent backs the Volstead Act. In many States it is opposed by the majority of citizens."

Much the same view is taken by an Eastern paper of equal prominence. Commenting favorably on Gov.-elect Smith's plan to submit the dry issue to an early referendum of the voters of New York, the *Herald* says:

Moreover, there is something else on which light can be thrown by a referendum on the dry question here and elsewhere. If there is room for doubt as to how the public feels about the Prohibition law in this and other States, there is no room for doubt that it is next to impossible to enforce a nation-wide law generally and successfully when the people in the big mass are not behind it....

New York, as said before, can not of itself settle this national question. Only the country can do this. But with a State referendum, whichever way it goes, New York can give the national Government some very valuable information which may help it to settle the question so far as concerns the Volstead Act, and so far as concerns the chances of enforcing either that law or the Constitutional amendment itself.

In these last lines is implied a contingency which the New York journal is not alone in thinking within the bounds of probability,—the eventual revocation of the Eighteenth Amendment. Politicians of all parties agree in declaring that not only had Prohibition much to do with the late election returns, but that it is destined to play an even more prominent part in the elections of the future, notably in the next presidential elections. Within the next two years, most probably one or the other of the two great political parties will introduce a definite "light wine and beer" plank into their platform; or else a third party will be formed with that issue as their sole platform. After all, no question is settled finally until it is settled right.

Notes and Remarks.

Far more noteworthy than anything we have read in connection with the present agitation about Christian Reunion among members of the Church of England (who are beginning to realize how hopelessly they are disunited themselves), is the letter of the Anglican Vicar of Bilton, published in the *Guardian* and reproduced, in part, by the *London Tablet*. He observes that whilst many may regard the Petrine texts as affording "a convenient text for the ambitious aims of the Roman Pontiffs," they may not have equally considered whether the Protestant interpretation of those texts "may not be influenced by the necessity for the justification of an accomplished schism." Then, in reference to the growing concern at the sapping of the very foundations of Christian doctrine, he points out as "a remarkable fact that, whatever else may be laid to the charge of Rome, she has always been sound on the cardinal doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement," which is "at least a literal fulfilment of the promise made to Peter. We may even say that the Church which he founded still serves as a rock to support and strengthen the Church of St. John and St. Paul. The Anglican, and even the Eastern Churches, have been withheld from down-grade theology by the silent influence of this steadfast witness. How long, for instance, would our religious authorities be able to withstand the modern clamor for increased facilities for divorce if Rome were to falter in this matter? It shows a great lack of the sense of proportion in any Christian to strain at a few details such as the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin or Papal Infallibility, and to swallow wholesale theories which, if pushed to their logical conclusion, would undermine the whole fabric of Christianity.

... There would be a danger of Christianity evaporating, if we were left with the pan-Protestant Church, which would be all that we could attain if Rome be left out of the scheme...."

The Vicar of Bilton will yet come to realize that no dogmas of the Church can rightly be called "details." The honor of the World's Redeemer is bound up with the Immaculate Conception of His Blessed Mother; and Infallibility is an essential prerogative of His Vicar upon earth.

Speaking at a recent meeting of Congregationalists in Boston, the venerable Dr. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, expressed himself strongly in favor of religious teaching in the public schools. "They are desperately in need of it," he is reported as saying; and further: "The failure of our public schools to turn out good citizens and good voters is conspicuous. We shall have to look it squarely in the face.... First teach children their duty to parents, brothers and sisters. Children in the public schools are getting nothing of such teaching. Many of them are getting nothing of it at home. Teach them the meaning of loving their neighbors. Beyond that is the motive of putting into children's hearts love of Almighty God."

The late Dr. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University and Carnegie Institution, another foremost American educator, shared the same view, and in a letter to us declared that he had held it all his life. Dr. Eliot, on the other hand, would seem to have arrived at his conviction only lately.

We suppose that, occasionally, Catholics in this country find themselves in the situation of a correspondent of the *Bombay Examiner*, who writes to that paper about the inconvenience of being called intolerant and narrow-minded he-

cause of one's refusing to accompany a friend to service in a non-Catholic church. The natural comment would seem to be that one's religion ought to be worth some inconvenience; but the editor of the *Examiner* is kind enough to answer: "If some Catholics and Protestants happened to be wrecked on a desert island, there would be no harm in their saying some family prayers together, provided no Protestantism was introduced into them; for this would be quite a private convenience, and not connected with any church. But as soon as the official entity of a Protestant church or denomination enters in, there the Catholic must say: 'I have nothing to do with this non-Catholic institution, nor do I take part in anything which proceeds from it; whether in the way of services, or ceremonies, or concerts got up in aid of that church.'"

Then follows a suggestion well worth adopting by a Catholic when the proper occasion presents itself:

The position is clear, and its underlying principles are clear. Hence, if ever a Catholic is put into such a position, his only course is (quite genially and civilly) to decline to participate. If he is then turned upon and reproached for narrow-mindedness and intolerance, a very effective retort is ready at hand: "You talk of my narrow-mindedness and intolerance, but what about your own? The very essence of tolerance and broad-mindedness is to leave each man at liberty to stick to his own convictions and follow his own principles. And yet, as soon as I do this you begin to grudge me that liberty, and try and make things disagreeable. In doing this you display just the very narrow-mindedness and intolerance which you attribute to me; and in trying to correct my fault, fall into the same fault yourself." In this way one can easily turn the tables on one's adversary.

The "student of science," for whose benefit we quoted the famous declaration of Lord Kelvin, "Science positively affirms a Creator," should know that many scientists, whose earlier writings betrayed the irreligious temper, came

completely round to the opposite point of view in their later days. Romanes, once an outspoken materialist, but a devout Christian before his death, is a famous example; and Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" embodies a long complaint against the defection of eminent confrères who once stood with him against religion. Virchow's pronouncement that materialism is as far from proving its point as ever it was; Du Bois-Reymond's reaffirmation of the soul in man; Wundt's confession that the book in which he resolved man into mere brain functions was 'the great crime of his youth which it will take him all the rest of his life to expiate,'—these are some of the "perversions" which Haeckel laments. Prof. Tait, like Lord Kelvin, an eminent Scotch scientist, furnishes another striking instance. Dr. Orr, a distinguished Scotch professor, declares that "Tait, before his death, came across an article in which there was a lot of this claptrap about all men of science being sceptics, and it rather set up the good man's back. He wrote an article in which he asked the simple question, 'Who are the greatest men of science of our time?' He went over the list of them, and then he asked, 'How many of them are sceptics?' And he could not find a sceptic in the whole list."

It is one of the most common, indeed one of the most inevitable things, to hear denunciation of the ribald secular press from the pulpit. Church racks offer, as an antidote, diocesan journals and pamphlets, all instructive and edifying, and more or less attractive and interesting. But it would be most naïve to fancy that the intellectual horizon of the average Catholic ends there. He reads more; particularly, she reads more. The literature of the day, news current in social, ethical and philosophical thought, are followed by Cath-

olies, led on by the force of that stupendous advertising which to-day creates leaders over night. What amount of publicity does Catholic writing of the same quality and scope get by comparison? Shockingly little. The papers and pamphlets in the rack do not discuss these matters, and it is scarcely their business to do so. But how about the pulpit; how about the priest, who, by reason of his long training, the parishioners rightly look up to as an educated leader? The fact is that no Catholic book of any sort—at least, none more recent than the Catechism—is referred to from the pulpit at any time and under any circumstances. And yet, it is only too obvious that a transcendent opportunity to advertise Catholic literature is being missed. If every priest made it a point to mention briefly a book a week, the complexion of the Catholic reading mind would be much rosier and clearer at the end of a year. Every argument that appealed to missionaries, from St. Paul down, is in favor of such a practice.

A good illustration of the difference between the kind of knowledge absorbed from newspapers and that derived from reliable books, or competent teachers, is afforded by a recent competition among members of the Methodist Episcopal Church as to the "greatest man in history." Instead of naming John Wesley, or some athletic celebrity, as many as 750,000 young people of that persuasion named Thomas Edison. Not one in a thousand of them probably ever heard of Volta. The best way to store and elevate the minds of children is to provide them with newspapers; the comic supplements will cultivate and refine their taste.

A recent author, who need not be named, and whose book, dealing with "the dark period of history when

Martin Luther was born," need not be mentioned, is respectfully referred to the following lines from the pen of Luther himself. We quote them with exact reference:

Any one reading the Chronicles will find that, since the birth of Christ, there is nothing that can compare with what has happened in our world during the last hundred years. Never in any country have people seen so much building, so much cultivation of the soil. Never has such good drink, such abundant and delicate food been within the reach of so many. Dress has become so rich that it can not in this respect be improved. Who has ever heard of commerce such as we see it to-day? It circles the globe; it embraces the whole world. Painting, engraving—all the arts—have progressed and are still improving. More than all, we have men so capable and so learned that their wit penetrates everything in such a way that nowadays a youth of twenty knows more than twenty doctors did in days gone by.

—*Luther's Works. Frankfort Ed., vol. x, p. 56.*

Here we have Dr. Martin Luther's own estimate of the century at the close of which he wrote.

The Freemasons of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, having taken charge of the corner-stone laying of some high schools, a Lutheran clergyman, the Rev. N. P. Uhlig, writes to the *Christian Cynosure*, registering an objection to such practices. "What," he says, "if the ceremonies had been turned over to the Catholics or to any other Church or clan? There would have been going heavenward a mighty shout of protest that the school Board had favored a particular class or clan of which not every taxpayer is part and parcel. It matters not whether this group is large or small; for the school Board to favor a clan was an un-American act."

The point is well taken, and we trust that Brother Uhlig will protest as vigorously, when the occasion arises, against a practice which is quite on all fours with that which he condemns,—the holding of high school "commence-

ment exercises" in Protestant churches. We have had occasion, more than a few times, to denounce that practice as patently unfair to such Catholic pupils as may attend the schools.

The eugenists continue to advocate some processes altogether subversive of personal liberty and ordinary common sense; and an apostle of common sense, Gilbert K. Chesterton, takes them to task in his customary adequate fashion. We have room for but one brief paragraph from his most recent discussion of their vagaries. He writes: "However, there is one eugenistic process we fully approve; it is to hang the murderer. It is infinitely more moral to hang a man who has committed a murder than to sterilize a man who might commit a murder. We would rather trust a hangman to settle the past than trust a doctor to settle the future. The first knows what he is doing, and the other does not, and the difference is that." And a very notable difference it is, too.

Years ago, the Rev. Spencer Jones, a leading light of the Church of England, in a lecture on "Rome and Reunion," remarked: "It is allowed that the question before us is the question of jurisdiction; and one aspect of that question manifestly is the relation of national Churches to the Church Universal. That being so, some of us in England turn our faces more particularly toward the Holy See; and at once the cry goes up that, while it is right, of course, to be Catholics, we must remember to be Catholics, in the widest sense; which on closer consideration comes to signify—any sense but the Roman sense; and this, I think we must allow, is—the greatest nonsense."

These words were spoken a long time ago, but they have been unheeded for the most part. To all but a section of

the Anglo-Catholics the Roman sense is still nonsense. But it is gratifying to learn that the activity of the section referred to is on the increase. Two Anglo-Catholic congresses were held last month in different English cities, and others are in prospect. At all such gatherings voices like that of the Rev. Spencer Jones are raised, and the number of sympathetic listeners is correspondingly increased.

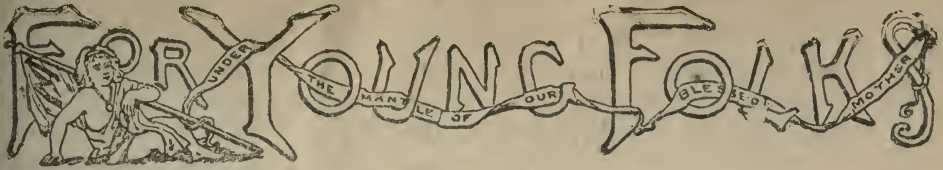
The *Lamp* prints a little anecdote of the War that may be old to many of our readers, but which is new to us. "A Catholic priest and a Wesleyan parson, who had been serving as chaplains in the same regiment, were saying goodbye at the end of the War. 'Well,' said the priest, 'after all we mustn't forget we've both been serving the same Heavenly Father—you in your way, and I in His.'"

If, as we hope, the priest's farewell was accompanied by a grasp of the hand and a twinkle in his Irish eyes,—of course he was Irish—the other "padre" must have been amused, if a little nonplussed. Serving God in God's way, is the only way to serve Him.

Prohibition has made us a nation of lawbreakers, say some; and the income tax has made us a nation of liars, say others. But there were lawbreakers before Prohibition, and there were liars before the income tax.—*Springfield Republican.*

To which statement the *Boston Post* very patly replies:

True; but there never were in this country, or any other, so many "lawbreakers" as have been made by the Volstead Act. They are in the millions, and they include great numbers of men who are, in the usual walks of life, good citizens and decent members of society; men who can not and will not believe that a law that makes a crime of something that is not inherently criminal is worthy of their respect. There must be something radically wrong with a statute that has such a peculiar and hitherto unknown effect as this. It were better modified than defied.



Little Brother.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

YOUR hands are soft, little brother,
And they grasp the tender things;
But the time will come, little brother,
For cuts, and burns, and stings.

Your head is fair, little brother,
Where the mother's kiss drops down;
But in after years, little brother,
You will know the thorny crown.

Your feet are pink, little brother,
As you lie on your quilted bed;
But anon they'll ache, little brother,
As mire and stones they tread.

Your eyes are clear, little brother,
As a tree-encircled bay;
But tears will blur, little brother,
When you start on the long life-way.

Your heart is pure, little brother,
As a well where the fairies drink;
But life holds a cup, little brother,
And sorrow flows over the brink.

And I would not shield, little brother,
For all of my love for you;
It's the only way, little brother,
To find if we're false, or true.

The battle is yours, little brother,
If you'll hold to the road that's straight;
And victory is yours, little brother,
When you pass through the Sunset Gate.

THE right of England to the title "Our Lady's Dowry" may be traced back to the year 694, when King Withred, his nobles, bishops, abbots, and abbesses, in solemn assembly in Kent, formally declared all church property in the kingdom to be from that day consecrated and given over to God, the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

V.

BY the end of an hour Gaspard was back from Madame Marbœuf's. Tossing down his cap, he exclaimed angrily:

"An image of stone, sure enough! The boy was right,—indeed, he was. She laughed in my face! 'What do you want me to do with your hundred francs?' she asked in a biting tone, pushing the money away as if she were afraid. 'I have my dog and I'm going to keep him.' It seems that she does not know yet of her pet's disappearance. I was very careful not to tell her that he was in our possession. 'As for the hundred francs,' she went on, 'it is I who owe them; and since you have come on the part of the boy, I will give them to you if you will take them to him.'—'Thank you!' I said; and without waiting to hear more, I left. That's all of it. Here's your money back, comrades."

"I'm grateful to you for your trouble, just the same," said Camille, pressing Gaspard's hand. "I have to propose another plan; you can tell me what you think of it—"

"I wonder if there's to be any work done here to-day?" broke in the foreman.

"We haven't begun yet," answered Gaspard. "But don't worry: we shall be ready in a few minutes, and will make up for any lost time. Now, what's your plan, Robinson Crusoe?"

"It's this," said Camille. "Madame Marbœuf loves animals, especially dogs. For this reason she would think more of their caresses than of my tears. Now, what if some one of us were to write to her in Fox's name?"

"A capital idea!" replied Gaspard.

After many comments, and many rough drafts of a letter which were torn up, begun again only to be again destroyed, the following was decided upon:

"DEAR MISTRESS:—Lost in the Tuileries two years ago, chased about by everyone, tracked like a mad wolf by the men in charge of the grounds, wounded and covered with blood, I was about to perish—for no one cared to save a poor dog,—when a little boy, lost like myself, took pity on me. He bathed my wounds and bound them up with his handkerchief. He had only one sou, but he spent that for a morsel of bread, which he shared with me. You see, Madame, such things can not possibly be forgotten.

"Since that time the boy and I have been fast friends. With us, neither is master: we are friends. We understand each other perfectly.

"I know, Madame, that you have the right to have me advertised all over the city, to take possession of me when you find me, and to carry me to your house by force; but you can not make me stay there against my will.

"If you tie me up, I will break my rope; if you shut me up, I will jump out of the window—even if it is a hundred feet high,—at the risk of killing myself.

"You will perhaps say that I am ungrateful. Here is my reply to that charge. You are rich, Madame, and you bought me; Camille did not buy me, but he saved my life. Then, too, let me tell you that I prefer the life I lead now to the one I led with you. It is very tiresome to be a lady's dog. In your house I was fat and clumsy, and my limbs were stiff and weak. With my friend Camille, my food is simple but healthful. I am happy here; and contentment is better than riches, as you must have heard.

"Do an act of justice, Madame, and leave me with my new master. You will gain nothing by forcing me to return to your house. On the other hand, by leaving me here, you will win two friends; and I promise you, on my honor as a spaniel, that I will come to pay my respects to you every Sunday and do my best tricks for your amusement.

"Awaiting your reply, let me assure you of my deep respect and sincerest attachment. Not knowing how to sign my name, I place my paw at the end of this letter.

"P. S. You may address your reply to Fox, General Delivery."

This document was addressed to Madame Marbœuf and dropped in the letter-box. That lady replied next day as follows:

"MY DEAR FOX:—As it is impossible to write all that I have to say to you, do me the favor, on the receipt of this, to make me a visit, and bring your friend with you.

"Your former mistress,

"ANTOINETTE MARBŒUF."

This letter was read in the presence of all the men employed in the office.

"What shall I do about it?" asked Camille, looking around at his friends.

"I'd go," said one.

"I wouldn't," said another; and so on until nearly all had expressed an opinion.

"Well, I think I'd better go and see what the lady wants of Fox and me," concluded Camille.

So, taking his dog under his arm, he started off.

VI.

On reaching No. 37 Rue Lafitte, Camille walked right past the porter's lodge and ascended to the first story. He was about to ring, but, seeing the door ajar, he hesitated. As he stood there, undecided what to do, he heard voices in angry conversation.

"I tell you to leave my house and

never set foot in it again!" exclaimed Madame Marbœuf.

"But what if I find him and bring him back to you?" answered another person.

"I would receive him, as he has nothing to reproach himself with; but as for you, I drive you away like the scoundrel you are. Go!"

"But, Madame—"

"You are henceforth a stranger to me. Go, I say!"

As her command was not immediately obeyed, she continued in a louder, more decided tone:

"If you don't go, I'll have my servants put you out."

Then the door swung wide open and a young man with a haggard countenance rushed out. It was Gustave!

"What are you here for?" he said.

"I want to see Madame Marbœuf," replied Camille.

"Come away at once! That woman is a fiend!" exclaimed Gustave; and before Camille had time to collect himself, his cousin seized his arm and dragged him away.

On reaching the last step, the two jostled against a stout man who was just starting up the stairs.

"Wait a moment," said the gentleman, laying his hand on Camille's shoulder.

The boy looked up and at once recognized a friend.

"Is that you, Mr. Raimond?" he asked, with beaming countenance.

"And is it you, my little watchman? Who is this young man?"

"My cousin, sir—"

"Come on!—come on!" interrupted Gustave, urging Camille along, to prevent him from saying more.

As soon as they were in the street, Camille began to ask questions. These Gustave refused to answer, parting from him with the words:

"You'll know all soon enough."

VII.

Camille thought it would be better before seeing Madame Marbœuf, to hear the explanation his cousin had promised to make; so he put off his visit until the next day.

When he reappeared at the office with his dog, all crowded around to hear what had happened. The boy told his story; and, as it promised to become the sole topic of conversation, the foreman cut the matter short by sending Camille off with some proofs.

He had just taken his departure when a servant wearing a green and gold livery entered the office.

"Does a boy named Camille, who owns a black spaniel, work here?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Gaspard; "but they are out now."

"Well, I was sent here by Madame Marbœuf."

"What does the lady want?"

"She wants the boy to come to her house at once."

"We will tell him when he returns," answered Gaspard.

The man bowed and went away.

It was nearly dark when Camille had finished his errands; so, instead of returning to the office, he set off for home. On reaching the enclosure, he was astonished at finding the gate open. He ran up to the house; on entering, his breath was quite taken away at what he beheld. Madame Marbœuf was sitting on one of the chairs, and Mr. Raimond on the other; standing around the room were the blind man and his children, and the old soldier.

Madame Marbœuf seemed much affected; Mr. Raimond pounded his cane on the floor; the blind man stood very erect, trying to make out by the movements of the others what was going on around him; Paul and Marie were weeping, but not from sorrow. Madame Marbœuf was the first to speak.

"Come here, my child!" she said, stretching out her arms to Camille. "Now tell me why you didn't come to my house when I sent for you."

The boy was about to reply when Gustave walked into the room. No one spoke, but all looked at him with an inquiring expression.

"I am a very guilty person," began Gustave, in a choked voice; "and, as my first punishment, I want to accuse myself before you all,—before Camille in particular. Ah, my cousin, you were indeed right when you said that even in this world the evil one does brings its punishment! My first evil action was to burn my father's will, in which he left you enough to support you. By this I deprived myself of the means of saving my father's estate. You know with what cruelty I made the trip to Paris and abandoned you.

"On my return to Bordeaux, I found that a sister of my father, of whom he had never spoken, being on bad terms with her husband, had come from Paris with the intention of becoming reconciled with her brother; but it was too late. This aunt was a rich widow, and for that reason I went to visit her. Her first question was an inquiry for her sister's child—you, Camille. Knowing that you had no fortune, her intention was to have you share hers. She asked me to bring you to her. I told her I had placed you at a school in Paris. She praised me for this, and asked for the address of the college. I gave her the first number that came into my mind.

"She returned to Paris, and it was not long before I received a letter from her, reproaching me for having deceived her. I made her no reply. Soon after I lost all the fortune I was not worthy to possess, and I came to Paris, where my ruin has been completed.

"One evening, famished with hunger, I was begging in the Champ-Élysées when a little boy's voice fell on my ear.

I turned around and asked: 'Who are you?'—'Camille,' replied the boy; and it was indeed my cousin.

"He received me kindly, sharing with me the money he earned. Perhaps you think I was touched by this noble conduct. No: the demon of jealousy took possession of me; I hated Camille for being better than I was.

"Don't shrink away from me, Camille. If I make this confession, it is because that rage has been succeeded by repentance and remorse. We went away together that morning, and saw the advertisement for the lost dog. For Camille it was a cause of grief; for me, of great joy.

"I left him and went to your house, Madame. Great was my surprise at finding Camille and his dog at your door. I stammered an excuse for my presence, and waited outside for my cousin, anxious to know the result of this interview, in which everything might be exposed. Camille came out; and as he lingered I went away, for fear he might make known the relationship existing between us; for, Camille, Madame Marbœuf is the sister of my father and of your mother."

"Yes, dear child," said that lady in a tender tone,—"yes, I am your aunt, and from this day my house shall be yours. Come and kiss me."

Quite overcome, Camille looked from his aunt, who held out her arms, to Mr. Raimond, who motioned to him to approach the lady. All present were in tears.

"Come, dear child!" urged Madame Marbœuf; and, all hesitation gone, Camille rushed into her arms.

"How did you know that I was your nephew?" inquired the boy.

"Through your cousin himself," said Mr. Raimond. "I went over this morning to see Madame Marbœuf, who is a friend of my wife's, to invite her to dinner. I met you at the foot of the

sairs, you remember, with this young man. You were about to tell me what you were doing there, when he hurried you away. I mentioned the matter to Madame Marbœuf, and she told me that the young man was a nephew whom she never wanted to see again, because of his treatment of another nephew of whose disappearance she spoke. This explanation made some matters clear to me. While we were talking the young man entered the room."

"Madame," he said, "pardon me for daring to come into your presence again. I am a guilty wretch and I deserve neither pity nor forgiveness; but I want to tell you that the nephew you are seeking is the boy that came here with your dog."

"He went away, after telling us where you work. Madame Marbœuf at once sent a servant for you, but you had just gone out on your errands. Then we decided to surprise you here; but beforehand Madame wished to see the blind man and the old soldier of whom I had told her."

The reader may readily imagine the joy of a poor boy who had been so long without a family at thus finding one again. He went from one to another, pressing the hands of his old friends in his great happiness. Then, suddenly remembering that he had forgotten his cousin, who stood in a corner apart, he went up to him and said:

"Please do not envy my happiness."

"Why, how could I? Do you not deserve it?" replied Gustave, kindly.

"You know we shall share everything," added Camille quickly. "I have found an aunt, but she is yours too."

"No, dear!" interposed Madame. "I recognize only one nephew—yourself."

"O aunt," said Camille, "won't you forgive him?"

"No,—my fortune is lost to him forever. It is not just for the wicked to receive the same reward as the deserv-

ing," answered Madame Marbœuf. "The only thing I will promise is to close my eyes on what Camille chooses to do for his cousin."

"Then don't worry, Gustave! You shall want for nothing," whispered Camille in his cousin's ear.

As he did so the boy felt little teeth nip gently into his hand. It was Fox, who seemed to resent being forgotten.

"Oh, you're right, Fox,—you're right to remind me!" said Camille, bending over and caressing his dog. "It is to you that I owe everything; but for you I should still be the little Robinson Crusoe of Paris; and you would be Friday, poor doggie!"

Delighted with his master's caresses, Fox seemed to say:

"But it was your kindness and mercy, dear master, that changed little Robinson into Madame's nephew, and Friday into a happy dog."

As for Gustave, in spite of Camille's generosity to him, he enlisted in the army and went away to Africa.

Fox was very happy as the years went by. He grew fat and round, but that did not prevent him from standing on his hind legs and jumping when his master said to him:

"Come, Fox, dance for Robinson Crusoe of Paris!"

(The End.)

A Useful Tree.

One kind of Brazilian palm is said to be the most useful tree in the world,— "a whole department store," some one calls it. Its roots make a valuable blood purifier; its timber takes a high polish, and is much sought by cabinet-makers; the sap is made into wine or vinegar, and from it sugar and starch are obtained; the fruit of the tree is used as a cattle food; the nut is prepared and used as a substitute for coffee, while the pith makes fine corks.

Victims of Etiquette.

SPAIN is one of the countries where old customs linger to an extent almost beyond belief, and where the Court is noted for the severity of its etiquette. There is, for instance, an ancient law which has never been repealed, making it a grave offence for any subject to touch the person of the sovereign. As might be expected, there have been grave results from a rigid following of this extraordinary and (to us) ridiculous rule.

A long time ago a Spanish queen was riding, attended by a groom, when her horse threw her, and she was dragged some distance with her foot in the stirrup. Her escort did not dare to interfere, and she would have been dashed to pieces upon the pavement if it had not been for the heroic interference of a strange young man, who, risking his life, stopped the horse and rescued its rider from her perilous position. However, in so doing he had touched the queen's foot. Well knowing the penalty he had thus incurred, he made off with all speed and did not stop until he was safe beyond the frontier.

Philip III. really died a victim to the same etiquette. Upon one occasion, as he sat before the fireplace, the blaze waxed fierce; but the servant whose duty it was to move the royal chair to a greater distance from the fire was not in attendance, and no one else dared to take so great a liberty; and the King got so warm that when he was rescued from his plight the reaction gave him such a heavy cold that he died.

The present young King of Spain had a similar danger when a little fellow; but, happily, the result was not so serious. One of his aunts made him a present of a swing; and when he used it for the first time the motion frightened him and made him dizzy. Then he began to cry and would have

fallen if it had not been for the promptness of a lackey, who lifted him quickly and put him upon the ground. The servant had, however, committed a serious breach of discipline, and the queen-mother was obliged to dismiss him from her service. But she at once showed her real feelings by appointing him to another and better position in her household.

A Noble Deed.

There are several instances in history where men have refused a cup of water, although perishing of thirst, but have given it instead to a comrade whose necessities were greater. Here is a true incident, which may well take rank with other examples of lofty heroism:

The brave Sir Ralph Abercrombie received his death wound at the battle of Aboukir; and his faithful soldiers carried him to his ship on a litter, placing a folded blanket under his dying head, that he might rest more easily.

"How comfortable my head is now!" he said, faintly. "What have you put under it?"

"Just a soldier's blanket," they answered, deeply touched.

"But *whose* blanket?" he insisted; "what is the man's name?"

"Duncan Roy, of the Forty-Second, Sir Ralph."

"Well, take it away, and have it sent back to Duncan Roy. If he gets through this day alive, I want him to have his blanket to-night. I don't believe I could die in peace if one of my poor lads was deprived of anything for my sake."

Another blanket was found, but Sir Ralph was soon beyond aid. We can easily imagine how Duncan Roy, of the Forty-Second, kept his blanket, if he survived the carnage of the day, as a token of affection from the brave commander, who loved his soldiers more than his own comfort.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An artistic brochure, "Some Notes, Historical and Otherwise, Concerning the Sacred Constantinian Order," by Ernest Gilliat-Smith, is issued by J. M. Dent and Sons. The notes are of genuine interest, dealing as they do with a little known Order, and ably discussing also one of the least known of all the clots, St. George.

—From St. Mary's' Academy, Winnipeg, Canada, come two new dramas by S. M. A.: "Zuma, the Peruvian Maid" and "Cross and Chrysanthemum." The former is the story of missionary endeavor and martyrdom in Japan. Both plays are for male and female characters; they were written to encourage interest in the Foreign Missions.

—A cable dispatch from London last week announced the death, after a long illness, at the age of seventy-two, of Mrs. Alice Meynell. She was most distinguished as an essayist and poet, but was also an art critic and lecturer. A long list of books bears her name as author or editor. Like her parents and her sister, Lady Butler, painter of the "Roll Call," she was a convert to the Church. *R. I. P.*

—In a twelvemo of 269 pages, "Unity and Rome" (The Macmillan Co.), the Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, D. D. discusses what he styles the greatest question before Christendom to-day. While the book holds no specific appeal to Catholic readers, even they will be interested in a number of admissions made by his clergyman; who "is looking beyond Episcopalianism and Anglicanism to the broader vision of a re-united Church."

—That Agnes K. Martyn is a genuine poet, those who dip into "The Patch and Other Poems" will easily be persuaded to believe. She has a genuine suggestive power that etches a rough image from the stone of her thought, and succeeds in making it impressive. Browning's way of doing things is in the background of Miss Martyn's technique, and one must add that, like him, she has trouble sometimes in saying the thing she wishes to reveal. The book has a fine religious flavor, not in the east mawkish and quite practical. Burns, Dates and Washbourne; price, 5 shillings.

—Number 141 of the psychological monographs issued by the Psychological Review Co., Princeton, N. J., is "Percy Bysshe Shelley," by Thomas Verner Moore, of the Catholic University of America. Approaching the case of

Shelley from the point of view of a psychologist interested in the study of character formation, the author analyzes the great but unbalanced poet's "complex" with much skill and, we believe, with success. Shelley was, of course, a gifted artist, and therefore somewhat foreign to the laboratory atmosphere of such a monograph as this. But everyone with a leaning either towards literary history or towards the study of character will profit greatly by this work. Price, \$1.

—While "The Mexican Southland," by Kamar Al-Shimas (Benton Review Shop, Fowler, Ind.), purports, on its title-page, to be a translation from the Persian, "Kamar Al-Shimas" is merely a *nom de plume* taken by Norton F. Brand, at present U. S. Consul at Fernie, British Columbia. Mr. Brand was formerly consul in the Valley of Oaxaca, some two hundred miles southeast of Mexico City, and is accordingly competent to describe that interesting region with realistic charm. As comparatively little has been written concerning this portion of Mexico, his work enjoys the additional advantage of novelty. A handsome octavo of 327 pages, illustrated by numerous engravings, and furnished with a good table of contents, a glossary and a satisfactory index. Price, \$3.

—"The Firebrand of the Indies," by E. K. Seth-Smith (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a title which might connote all sorts of adventures—political, piratical, and others,—were it not followed by a sub-title, "A Romance of Francis Xavier." The broad lines in the career of the Apostle of the Indies are followed, from his college days and his connection with St. Ignatius of Loyola to his death far away from that beloved spiritual father. The narrative is interesting enough to charm any reader, Catholic or non-Catholic, who believes in heroic courage in the pursuit of a transcendent ideal. So reverential is the treatment of the various episodes that one might fancy the author a co-religionist of his hero, if he had not quoted, on page 123, the non-Catholic version of the *Gloria*, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

—Lovers of good poetry will recall an exquisite book by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., "The Dead Musician and Other Poems," which was unfortunately swallowed up in a publisher's failure. The choicest of

that collection, with some new and appealing additions, has just appeared under the title, "Cloister and Other Poems." Father O'Donnell's best gift is the ability to create beautiful lyrics of an extraordinary and haunting religious suggestiveness, but the present volume contains also two excellent longer poems. Priests have an emotional life too, fuller and freer, perhaps, than any other, but above all else individual and aspiring. To give this life expression in a form that suited it admirably was Father Tabb's abiding and generous service; he has had no successor, we firmly believe, to equal Father O'Donnell. Of course, the two are not alike. Of the Virginian priest's genius and its characteristics we need say nothing here: Father O'Donnell excels in ability to combine color with melody, or, let us say, stained glass with chant. The following quatrain, "Bread and Wine," with the sub-title, "Passionis Tuæ Memoriam Reliquisti," will probably convince the most inveterate doubter that modern expression of sacramental moods may still be great verse:

Herod's Fool and Pilate's King,
Purple cloths and white we bring;
Cloak Thee in the pale wheat, hide
In clusters of the blue hillside.

The little book is excellently fashioned. The Macmillan Co., price, \$1.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.
- "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
- "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
- "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
- "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
- "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
- "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.85.
- "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
- "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Gordon, of the diocese of Leeds; Rev. D. L. Murray, diocese of Winona; Rev. Ladislav Vardkert, diocese of Altoona; Rev. John Quirk, S. J.; and Rev. Augustine Stocker, O. S. B.

Mother M. Josephine, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Mother M. Monica, S. H. C. J.

Mr. John Harrison, Mr. D. J. Williams, Mrs. Caroline Vaughan, Mrs. Anna Tolano, Mr. John McGovern, Mr. Stephen Sullivan, Dr. S. D. Fox, Mr. George Baur, Miss Anna Kerrigan, Mr. E. J. Bissert, Mrs. Mary Murtaugh, Mr. Joseph Stachel, Miss M. J. Keefe, Mr. J. M. Dawson, Mr. Alexander Grant, Mr. J. W. Chisholm, Mrs. Louise Finnigan, and Mrs. Alexander Macdonald.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the sufferers in Central Europe: Florence Schafer, \$5; Sisters of St. Helen's College, Louisville, \$20; friend (Moline), \$5; K. R. (South Bend), \$5; Wm. Keigher, \$5; a candy sale, \$28; F. X. M., \$2; John J. Nelligan, \$100; K. A. K., in thanksgiving, \$2; Rev. H. C. J., in memory of parents and relatives, \$100. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: W. P. Kinney, \$1. For the sufferers in Armenia and Russia: Mrs. W. P., in honor of St. Anthony, \$5; K. A. M., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, i., 49.

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The Angelus.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

HARK! on the air what music soft!
 Far over meadow land and croft,
 The Vesper voices soar aloft;
 And in their tones mysterious blent,
 The message by the Angel sent—
 The Word, and its accomplishment.
 The skies flood as with dawn begun;
 From height to height what glories run—
 'A Virgin hath conceived a Son!'

The radiance deepens; clear and strong,
 From angel throng to angel throng,
 Wings flash celestial paths along,
 And pæans unto pæans tell;
 Earth's myriad voices upward swell
 Response: 'Among us did He dwell.'

They move! Heaven's golden doors unclose;
 I touch the threshold; nearer flows
 The chant, more near the splendor grows;
 It sinks—it fades; o'er earth and skies
 Afar the last soft echo dies—
 'In glory from the grave to rise!'

ALAS! there are too many Catholics who continue through a lifetime in a routine that is outwardly adequate and sufficient, but which the want of good motives, the strong infusion of vanity or self-seeking, and the coldness of divine charity, combine to rob of its supernatural value in the eyes of God, and of its merit unto everlasting life.

—Bishop Hedley.

The Trial of Joseph, a Lesson to Us.

BY JOSEPH P. CONROY, S. J.

ALL through the preliminaries to the birth of Christ, almost nothing is heard of Joseph, the husband of Mary. All the other participants in the great impending event are taken care of, thoroughly informed of God's will, directed how to act, relieved of all the stress of uncertainty and doubt. And Joseph, the head of the Holy Family, who was to assume the responsibility for its safety, hears not a word.

The Angel Gabriel delivers to Mary a carefully detailed message concerning the birth of Christ, but passes by Joseph without the slightest hint of the mystery. Mary herself says nothing to him. Immediately after Gabriel's visit, she leaves her home for a three months' stay with Elizabeth, with the consequence that Elizabeth knows of the coming birth of Christ before Joseph does. Indeed, it would seem that Zachary, too, was aware of it long before Joseph. He distinctly prophesies Christ in the "*Benedictus*," eight days after the birth of John; and it does not appear that Joseph knew then of the mystery.

Indeed, Joseph seems isolated, neglected, set aside. The others sing their splendid hymns of praise and prophecy and thanksgiving, filled with the knowledge of God's plan, happy with His intimate whisperings to their souls,

glad of their privilege to co-operate so closely with Him. Joseph is left alone, vaguely sensing strange, unusual happenings about him: silence, where he expected speech; reticence, where he hoped for openness; a gulf apparently opening between him and Mary, and steadily widening; the chilling mists of distrust deepening into a hopeless blackness, without a ray of light anywhere to indicate the way out of an intolerable situation. It goes so far that at last he finds himself groping in utter darkness. He is thrust into the piercing dilemma, whether to keep Mary or to put her away. He knows that Mary has vowed virginity to God. He sees she is with child. He has reached the last depths of grief, and the dust of humiliation rains down on him.

St. Matthew tells us this with a cold and terrible simplicity: "When, as His mother, Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child, of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon, Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately." The breaking point was touched. For Joseph it was death in life.

Consider the peculiar agony of this trial of Joseph. Conscious of no fault, a "just man," he sees everyone and everything seemingly conspiring against him. He is not a suspicious man by nature. Mary, with his permission, had been away from Nazareth for three months. He waited her return patiently, quietly. He did not send for her, nor inquire about her. He trusted her entirely, because he was sure he knew her character, and that there was reasonableness in everything she did. Upon her return he spoke no word of upbraiding, showed no curiosity as to why she visited Elizabeth. And even as the dreadful suspicions grew upon him, he was silent, though his soul was upon the

rack—"he thought on these things," Matthew tells us. He was struck at the most tender spot of his soul—his wife, his home, his family reputation. God had forsaken him; Mary had deserted him. No voice of explanation from any side. Scarcely any human soul could suffer more than this. Why did not Mary speak? Her silence accused her more fearfully than any words. Surely, Joseph could say with the Psalmist: "Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice."

Mary was tremulously alive to the suffering of Joseph; but she trusted that God would, in His own time, be kind to him, and tell him all that He had told herself. She placed her own soul, joined with the soul of Joseph, in the hands of God, and, in virginal silence, left the solution to Him.—Indeed, it was God alone who could solve it for Joseph.

And Joseph showed himself in every way worthy of his position as head of the Holy Family. His patience, his delicacy, his charity and fortitude stand out in bold relief against the sombre background of his sorrow and humiliation. He "thought on these things," and every thought was a prayer. He looked for no revenge, nor for any public rehabilitation of his name. "Not willing publicly to expose her, he was minded to put her away privately." And the very thought of putting Mary out of his life forever, crushed his heart.

"Why," it may be asked here, "why all this suffering for Joseph? Why could not he have been told of the mystery at the start, as Mary was told? Or, at least, as soon as Elizabeth? Later on, Joseph was the first who knew the will of the Lord. Why not now? Or, if it was more appropriate that Mary should know it first, why delay so long with Joseph that his soul was torn with grief? It seems unnecessary suffering inflicted upon an innocent man; a cruel punishment, where there was no crime."

The answer is plain. Joseph was, first of all, a striking example of God's law, that the way of the saints is the way of suffering. As gold in the furnace, the Scripture tells us, so must even the just man pass through the fire of tribulation. More than this, there is an especial reason why Joseph should endure suffering, and endure it at just this particular time. He was the head of a Family that was destined to be pre-eminently, among all families, one of suffering. The head of that Family could not be exempt. And as the head, the visible leader of the Family, it was fitting that he should be likewise the first who should suffer visibly. And now was the only time when he could be visibly the first. God chose that hour for him, and chose it well.

And so, though Mary suffered more than Joseph, and Jesus more than both, yet God gave to Joseph the great privilege of leading the way for both into the valley of desolation, and of first feeling in his own heart and soul the agony of abandonment which foreshadowed the later agony of Jesus and of Mary.

Moreover, not only as guardian of the Holy Family, but as patron and guardian of the universal Church, it was Joseph's office, and his destiny to show the way to us, his children, down into, and through the deeps of suffering, earth's vale of tears. Great spiritual leadership is conferred only upon those who have won their way through the difficulties they must later teach others to surmount. God tells us to go to Joseph for direction, for strength, for sympathetic understanding. How could we do so with confidence in Joseph's power to grasp our troubles, complicated, bewildering, often not to be told in words, but rather to be felt by intuition,—how could we go to him in such a state of soul, if we did not know that he, before us, had been all but stifled in the darkness of soul aban-

donment, all but withered in the flames of despair?

No: Joseph is our guardian, our trusted friend, exactly because he has himself endured terrible things, has fought his way through them to God, and has never forgotten the agony of that time. He knows from practical experience what each human heart must bear from outer shadows that wrap it round, and from inner fires that torture it. And as he reaches his father's hand to us to hold and sustain us, we take it trustfully and lovingly, knowing that himself has passed that way before us, and assured that one who has been so familiar with sorrow will guide us over remembered ways to the shores of peace.

Our lesson is clear. When we are tried by sorrow in whatever guise, by disappointment, poverty, temptation, misunderstanding, sickness, or death, it does not mean that we are forsaken of God. It is then, in fact, that He is very near to us, either to bring us back to Him, or, as with Joseph, to draw us even closer to Him, and to prepare us for the great things which He expects of us. Suffering is the best argument for any of us that the world can not be our place of rest, and that God is our only consoler and our single friend.

When it comes, then, meet it as Joseph did—with silence, with prayer, without precipitate action, hurried decisions, moody complainings, but with heart poised in the hand of God, with soul balanced and awaiting His final word; and, as with Joseph, so with us, as we "think on these things," the angel of the Lord will appear to us; the grace of God will flood our wavering souls with that peace which is won only through suffering.

If answering again is as oil to the lamp of calumny, silence is the water which puts it out.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXVIII.

WHILE Mrs. Critchley and Eloise were accepting, with as good a grace as possible, the disappointment of having a large wedding, Reginald Hubbard presented himself at the office of Gregory Glassford, requesting the favor of a private interview.

"I do not know," he began, in his careless, insolent fashion, "if you had any authority in your rôle of guardian to make or mar a woman's life?"

"I wish I had sufficient authority," Glassford said, coldly, "to forbid altogether the marriage which you have proposed to my ward, and of which I totally disapprove."

"For reasons best known to yourself, of course?"

"For reasons known to many others besides myself," replied Glassford, looking him sternly in the face. Before the gaze of those piercing eyes, Reggie cowered.

"My authority, such as I had, has ended," Gregory further declared, "and my ward has chosen to disregard my warnings. Therefore there is no more to say."

"Your attitude, Glassford, is pharisaical and absurd. As a man of the world you ought to know—"

"As a man of the world, if you put it that way, I do know the sort of husband I should choose for my ward."

There was an open sneer on the other's face.

"No doubt, you had your mind made up on the particular sort of person you would select."

Glassford was well aware of the hidden meaning contained in those words, but he had no mind to enter into such a discussion, nor to give the other the

slightest information as to his own hopes and aspirations.

"Nothing can be gained by further discussion of this subject, Hubbard; but I want it distinctly understood that I am opposed to the marriage."

"I think that will be pretty generally understood," Reggie flung back at him.

"I must only hope so," responded Glassford. "However, I have no power to forbid this marriage, and consequently no more to say. There can be no object in prolonging this interview, and the morning is always my busiest time."

Hubbard withdrew, an ugly scowl penetrating the mask of cool indifference he habitually wore. For the man was inwardly raging at an attitude which Glassford's character and high reputation made particularly damaging. Yet, there was nothing he could do or say. He fared almost worse with Mr. Critchley, whose easy good-nature and tolerance had emboldened him to hope much.

"I tell you plainly," the lawyer declared, "that, were it possible, I should forbid the banns. As that can not be done, and to avoid talk, Eloise will be married from this house. But I will have no public wedding. The ceremony must take place as privately as possible, and be performed by a priest."

"But, Mr. Critchley, you must be aware—"

"I am unhappily aware that I was altogether wrong in giving you the freedom of my house. These cursed social customs should be changed that permit such men as you to be introduced to a man's wife and daughters."

"After such outrageous language," sputtered Hubbard, "I feel strongly tempted to withdraw altogether."

"I wish to heaven you would for the sake of that poor little girl!"

"If it were not that her feelings have to be considered."

"Her feelings would very soon be restored to normalcy."

"I shall leave the decision to her," Hubbard said, hurrying out of the room. But he did no such thing, merely telling Eloise in a general way that he had been insulted by Glassford and also by Mr. Critchley, to whom, no doubt, the former had spoken.

"Gregory never did a mean or underhand thing in his life," said the girl, flashing into one of her fits of sudden anger. "He may be prejudiced, and, if you like, puritanical, but he is open and above board in all his actions."

"With such an opinion of him," replied Hubbard, "it is a wonder you ever thought of throwing yourself away on poor, worthless me!"

After which, seeing it was high time to change his tone, he adroitly appealed to the girl's sympathy, declaring that she alone could help him to retrieve the errors of his past life, if only the Pharisees would stand aside. From that he passed to flattery: told her over and over again of the love which he had striven to conquer so that she might marry a better man, and how instead it had conquered him and brought him to her feet.

There was just sufficient sincerity in all this to deceive the girl's naturally acute mind and to give her a sense of triumph. It was a skilful snare, which has caught many inexperienced feet, and no one in the whole world, as Eloise thought, could plead his cause like Reggie. He had such a beautiful voice, he so readily thought of the right thing to say.

"I would rather have you, Reggie, with all your faults, than anyone in the wide world."

The man felt a twinge of compunction. She was so young; and how little she knew!

So it was arranged that the wedding should take place very soon, since, as

Eloise expressed it, "everyone was being disagreeable."

Mrs. Critchley was as disappointed as Eloise herself at Nick's decision.

"As you are going to be married at all," she declared, "I would give in, and have a decent wedding. You and Reggie would look well walking up the aisle—"

"We wouldn't be walking up the aisle in any case," Eloise said, looking down at the ring upon her finger, with a certain sadness in her tone.

"Oh, no, I forgot! It is altogether most unfortunate. If only you had chosen a Catholic, and all that; why, the archbishop might have consented to marry you, and there could have been a lovely wedding."

"All that would hardly have been sufficient inducement to choose—any other but Reggie."

"Well, I do think, Nick should have made the best of it. Men are so unreasonable, and though I am as much opposed to the match as any one, still I would have had a reception after the ceremony."

"Oh, Dolly, if you knew how happy I am, you would know how little anything like that matters!"

So the wedding took place very quietly in the afternoon in the sacristy of the cathedral. Only the immediate family were present, which included Marcia and Larry, whom, at the last moment, Eloise had begged to come; and Gregory Glassford, with his heart full of misgivings. He had, however, thought it best to accept the invitation, had given a very beautiful present, and had felt a lump rise in his throat when he had spoken to Eloise for the first time by her new title.

"You dear, dear Gregory!" Eloise had said, relenting towards him, "I am sorry you are not pleased; but you will see what a delightfully model husband Reggie will make."

"I see what a charming bride he has got," Gregory responded, in his efforts to be cheerful, "and that he is a very lucky fellow."

Outward harmony prevailed, however, and Glassford even shook hands with the bridegroom, who acted as if nothing unpleasant had occurred.

"It was so sad, Gregory, that I could have cried all the time," declared Marcia; "but, after all, perhaps things will turn out better, and this Reggie is, at least, good looking."

"A woman's plea for mercy," replied Gregory.

Back at his home Mr. Critchley said:

"I tell you, Glassford has risen a good many more pegs in my estimation, if what you told me the other day is true."

"Oh! you mean about Marcia?" queried Dolly.

"Yes. That girl is a *rara avis*. If I were a young man, and had not the sweetest little wife in the world, I should want to marry her myself."

"I must have her here for a visit. I am sure she will be a success," Mrs. Critchley answered.

XXIX.

The wedding over, Marcia returned home immediately, despite Mrs. Critchley's cordial invitation to remain for a fortnight or so. She did, however, promise to come back after Christmas, and make such a visit as her wardrobe would permit.

"You know," she declared, frankly, "it would cost a fortune to make me presentable. Why, I never had more than one or two evening dresses in my life, and they would have to be made over, and as for the rest—"

"Oh, you need not let that stand in your way!" Mrs. Critchley said. "You have quite bewitched Nick, so that he will not hear of a refusal, and Madame Lucette can fix you up something in a day or two; and they say you can get such perfect costumes ready

made at one of the good places. I have never tried that myself, but lots of people find them satisfactory."

Marcia laughed aloud.

"Dear Mrs. Critchley," she began—"Say Dolly; I hate formality!"

"Well, then, Dolly dear, I should be in the poorhouse and have to mortgage the old place, if I so much as crossed Madame Lucette's threshold, or bought anything at what you call 'the good places.'"

"Why, my love, I know that very well; but I have no daughter of my own, and I mean, of course, that I would provide anything you needed."

"I don't think I should like that," Marcia objected. "Not that I do not appreciate your generous kindness. You are a dear to think of it!"

"You were so like your father when you threw back your head and said that you would not like it. I was very fond of him once, and I wish you would let me do this."

"Please let me come in my old gowns done over," pleaded Marcia; "and if you really think they are not fit to be seen, why, Madame Lucette may make me just one grand costume. Perhaps I can afford that."

So it was settled, though the good-natured woman of the world, with secret misgivings as to Marcia's outfit, resolved that, if it were possible to prevent it, no dollar of the girl's money should go to Madame Lucette.

"They have such a curious pride, those Brentwoods," she reflected. "Walter or Jim would have acted just the same and, as for that old—hidalgo, I will call him for want of a better name—the grandfather, why, it would have taken a brave man or woman to offer him a favor."

So Marcia went back home, and Gregory Glassford kept his thoughts fixed upon the old house. To him it was as the shrine that enclosed Marcia. Yet,

as no word or sign reached him from that Mecca of all his hopes, he felt a delicacy in proceeding thither uninvited, whereas Larry, on his sister's account, refrained from taking the initiative; and it was not likely, that an invitation would be forthcoming from Marcia.

Therefore, busy member of the Exchange that he was, he had no other resource than to devote himself to those affairs, which kept the Street in perpetual activity. He was never for a moment idle during those days when buying and selling went on in unremitting succession, when telephone calls, which he alone could answer, messengers from this great firm or that, with confidential messages, telegrams in cipher to which he only possessed the key, alternated with letters to be dictated to the stenographer for out of town customers.

At last, when there was breathing space, he sat still a few moments absorbed in the fascinating puzzle of a subtle change in Marcia's attitude towards him since the day when she had heard of Eloise's engagement. He listened as in a dream to the voice of old Tompkins telling his tales of the past, like some ancient timepiece ticking out the hours.

He was relating how the Bubonic plague had once served to boom Brazilian coffee in Wall Street, and had made many a fortune.

"Walter Brentwood," he said, "stood to win that day. What a good-looking chap he was, with his face flushed and his eyes bright as he met me outside the Exchange, and cried out: 'Congratulate me, old boy, I'm in luck, this time!' His eyes were as blue as the sky, and, looking into them, you couldn't help loving the man."

"Yes, that was it," thought Gregory, "the same quality which had descended from father to daughter."

When Friday wore to its close, Gregory, who was feeling the strain,

determined to cut the Gordian knot which had restrained him from visiting the House at the Cross Roads.

"Larry," he exclaimed, "I have been waiting in vain for an invitation to your house."

Larry at once responded with all possible cordiality.

"You know you are always welcome, and that everyone will be delighted to see you."

"May I presume on that so far as to run out for the week end? We have had a strenuous time here in the office, and your home is the most restful place I know."

Larry having given the required assurance, Glassford suggested:

"You had better telephone to know if it will be quite convenient. I should feel more at ease about going."

Larry protested that the question would be the merest form. Nevertheless, he did so at Glassford's earnest request. Gregory was in high spirits all during the drive along the familiar way, and he said to his companion:

"This is like going to Paradise, Brentwood."

It was Sunday afternoon, however, before he found the opportunity he sought.

"Do come with me for a walk, Marcia," he urged, "there is something that really must be talked over between us. I can not possibly stand any further uncertainty, and we must come to some agreement."

Marcia made no objection. She, too, felt that the crisis had to be met and passed in one way or another.

"There has been a light sprinkling of snow," she remarked, looking out of the window, "but that does not matter, does it? It will be a glorious day for a walk."

There was a silence, somewhat constrained, between the two as the walk finally began.

Glassford broke it abruptly, with the courage with which he would have faced a falling market.

"I want to know once for all, Marcia, whether that No of yours was really final. I should not have dared to hope, only that the reason you then gave seemed insufficient."

His nervousness was apparent; perhaps it communicated itself to the girl, for she remained altogether silent, while he continued:

"Every moment seemed an hour in that accursed world down there, where all is false and hollow, till I could get back to this dear place. I wouldn't give it for any palace in the land!"

"Well," returned Marcia, "it is permissible to love the old house and even its present owners within limits."

"Oh, why is your head always so much stronger than your heart?" Gregory exclaimed.

"Perhaps it has had more practice."

"You are enough to break a man's heart with your coldness."

"I haven't tried any other way yet to accomplish that terrible result," suggested Marcia, giving a laughing, upward glance at him.

"You are joking, when I am in more deadly earnest than I ever was in my life; you are not like any woman that I ever met."

"Is that a compliment or the reverse?" Marcia inquired. "Would you like me to resemble any particular one of them?"

"Only your own precious self. And do you know, Marcia, you are beautiful to-day."

For, with all the charm she had exercised over him, he had never before thought her beautiful. But there was a new light in her eyes, darkened by emotion, a color in her cheeks, which the exhilarating air of Autumn had not brought there.

"No," Marcia contradicted, "there is

some glamour over your eyes. I am not beautiful."

"Your name suits you so perfectly, too. I love it," Gregory exclaimed.

"Do you?" Marcia queried, reflectively. "I believe it was given me in memory of some relative."

She would have liked to have kept the conversation on such safe lines, but Glassford returned speedily to the original topic.

"I want you to answer me to-day, Marcia; but I beg of you to give me some hope, and not to speak the word that will banish me completely from the old house—and you."

"No word of mine will ever willingly banish you, Gregory."

"Yet that little plain word 'No' will effectually do it."

"Gregory," Marcia said, and her tone, in its turn, was pleading, "give me time. Let me adjust my mind to this new idea of yours."

His face brightened, for at last there was something that permitted him distantly to hope.

"Let me look at you," Marcia said, quaintly, stopping short in their walk, "and try to discover what sort of man you really are."

He stopped, flushing and laughing, wholly charmed with her pretty little fancy.

"For, you know," she went on, "I was accustomed to consider you in only one light, as Sarah the housemaid used to express it. She always called you 'Miss Eloise's beau.'"

"You are absurd," Glassford exclaimed, "and yet how captivating!"

"In this new rôle, you certainly succeed in making very pretty speeches; but I have to get accustomed to the idea that they are all for me."

"And have always been!"

"That you are mine," she said, slowly, "and that it is my love you wish to win. If you were to go away—" She stopped,

and looked not at him, but over the darkening landscape.

"If I were to go away?" he prompted eagerly.

She brought her eyes to his face, with a smile that was enchanting.

"I should be more sorry than I can tell you," she admitted; "and at the very last moment I might cry out to you: 'You must not go! I can not bear it.'"

He would have seized her hand, but she waved him aside.

"And yet I am not sure that it is love. It is in my nature to be grateful for kindness. I can see and admire all that is best in you, but, so far, you still appear to me in that other light."

"How can I disabuse your mind of that stupid error?"

"By nothing you can say or do just now," Marcia answered, gently.

"You might have known that long ago, if you had not been purposely blind."

"It was a very natural impression. I never thought of you, except as a visitor to my cousin, and in some way or another, one of the clan."

"Did you never suspect at all?"

Marcia hesitated. She was too truthful to deny that there had been moments when doubts of his attitude towards Eloise, and of his feelings towards herself, had entered her mind.

"That day at Claremount, Gregory," she admitted, "I was somewhat surprised and rather troubled."

"Can't you remember any other occasion?"

"You mean before that walk?"

"That memorable walk! I mean before that walk."

"There was one evening on the porch. But I put it all aside, thinking it was pure imagination, or that you were one of the many who scatter bits of love-making as they go."

"A gay deceiver?"

"No, hardly that; but it made me un-

comfortable, and I kept away from you as much as I possibly could."

"I remember very well, but I hardly thought you had so poor an opinion of me."

"I may have thought it was the fashion in Mrs. Critchley's world. But I could never give my love lightly, though I am very fond of you, and—"

"But what then?"

"Time may work changes, Gregory,—gradually; and I shall learn to look on you in just the light you wish—and if that happens, I will love you very much, and never change; you may be sure of that."

"With that goal before me, I can wait and hope; nothing will be too hard. Only let me see you often; let me feel that I am making some progress."

"Come as often as you like, Gregory; only it must be on no invitation of mine, and this conversation leaves you free as air."

"It has bound my chains considerably tighter. If it had been possible to love you more, I have done it during this last hour."

"Well, at least, we understand each other; and I feel that truth is best."

"If you would marry me as it is," suggested Glassford.

"No, I will not marry you as it is, but if the day comes that I can say to myself 'I love this Gregory Glassford better than anything in all the world,' then I shall marry you."

"But how shall I know?" he asked.

"Perhaps I shall tell you; perhaps you will find it out for yourself; and now, you dear Gregory—for you are very dear to me, in one way or another,—let us go home for fear we should be lost in a snowstorm."

There was something joyous and exhilarating in their walk together, with new hope in the man's heart, and in hers the certainty that this man, upon whose strength she already relied,

whose qualities she so greatly admired, was hers—hers to take in the grasp of her slim, capable fingers, and to keep forever, if she so willed.

When they stood in front of the house, they paused, Marcia rather breathlessly, and looked up at its cheerful lights, its warm and hospitable invitation, as though it were saying:

“Come in here both of you to the house of your kindred, and I will give you comfort and tranquil happiness; for the joys of other generations are here mingled.”

“It will be lovely to get near the fire, this inclement evening,” said Marcia, “and Eliza will give us a good high tea, and there will be only friendly faces there, mother and Larry.”

Gregory felt and appreciated the atmosphere she pictured. But, he said:

“If you would only add ‘after our walk together.’”

“I will say that, Gregory; I wouldn’t have missed it for a great deal.”

They went in to Mrs. Brentwood, who sat in her armchair, with cap awry, as of old, and Larry reading on the settle.

“Here we are, with the snow in close pursuit of us!” called out Marcia.

Mrs. Brentwood, very cheerful and smiling, looked up into Marcia’s face, as the latter bent down to kiss her.

“How comfortable and happy this old house is,” thought Gregory.

(To be continued.)

The Dark before the Dawn.

BY S^r. R. C.

IS it light or is it shadow
That is creeping o’er thy soul?
Ah, the waiting hour of daydawn
Soon to glory full shall roll!

And the Advent’s frosty darkness
Shall be lost in morning light,
When thy Child, the Sun of Justice,
Breaks upon thy eager sight.

Some Points about Christian Names.

IN Gaelic Ireland there are two forms of the name of Mary. When it is used as the name of the Blessed Virgin, it is Muire, but for all other women it is Moira; the form assigned to the Mother of God being, out of reverence, never given to any girl. In Catholic Spain when a girl child is christened “Mary,” one of Our Lady’s titles is always added; and out of the same spirit of reverence, the girl, as a rule, is not addressed or spoken of as “Maria,” but only by the added title, sometimes in an abbreviated form. Thus a girl who has been baptized with the name of “Maria de Carmen” (Our Lady of Carmel) is known simply as “Carmen”; Maria de Mercedes (Our Lady of Mercy) is “Mercedes”; Maria de Dolores (Our Lady of Sorrows) is “Dolores”; and Maria de Concepcion (Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception) is “Concepcion,” or, more usually, “Concha.”

“Ysabel” (Isabella) was the name of the most famous of the queens of Spain. Few people realize that she bore the same name as the most infamous of English queens, the persecutor, Elizabeth; for Ysabel or Isabella are simply the usual Spanish forms of the name Elizabeth. In Spanish books, one reads of our Blessed Lady going to visit “her cousin St. Isabella.”

There seems, at first sight, no possible connection between the English John and the Dutch and German Hans, which is its equivalent. But the fact is that, in the familiar process of name-shortening, that has been going on through all time, they represent the beginning and the end of the name in its original form. “Jehohanan” (i. e., God hath mercy) would be the old Hebrew or Aramaic name of the Baptist and the Evangelist. From this we have in various languages the derived forms, Johannes, Johann, John, Jehan, Jean, Juan, Giovanni, etc.

The Teutonic "Hans" is the familiar shortened form of Johann. Old French made it Jehan, whence the feminine form, "Jehanne"—the name used by St. Joan of Arc.

Take two other names that seem to have nothing in common till one traces their history—Chlodwig and Aloysius. The evolution of Aloysius from Chlodwig was a process extending over about a thousand years. The first Christian King of France was really a Teuton chief of a tribe of invading Franks. He called himself Chlodwig—not an easy name for the Gallo-Romans of old France to pronounce. In Latin documents and records it was represented by Clodovicus. In popular usage it was shortened and softened into Clovis, by the same process by which St. Remigius, the Gallo-Roman bishop, who baptized him, became St. Rémi. On the other side of the Rhine, Chlodwig became Ludwig, in Latin, Ludovicus.

In France we find presently nobles and kings whose name is Ludovicus in official documents, but Louis is in ordinary usage. In Italy, after the Angevin invasion, the name came into use in the softened forms, Luigi and Aluigi. When Father Cepari wrote the life of the young prince of the Gonzaga line in classical Latin, he Latinized Aluigi into Aloysius. We speak of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, but French writers call him St. Louis de Gonzague. Devotion to the saint made the new name popular in Catholic countries, and in German Switzerland and south Germany it took a shortened form—Aloys.

Santa Claus—the mythical bringer of Christmas gifts, whose legend (of fairly modern origin) unhappily obscures the story of Bethlehem with the children in many homes—bears the broken-down name and title of a Catholic saint. In pre-Reformation days, the children's great festival was the day of their patron, St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra,

December 6. It is still so observed in northwestern Europe, especially in the German and Flemish Catholic lands.

In the evening, there is a knock at the house door, and the little folk are all on the alert for the expected visitor. In comes a neighbor, disguised in a flowing, white beard, an ample, colored cloak, and a gilded and painted mitre of stiff paper. He wears a ring on his right hand, and carries an improvised crosier. He is followed by a young fellow, dressed up for the occasion in colored jerkin and hose, and shouldering a heavy bag of presents. It is the good Bishop of Myra come to visit the children. He has an uncanny knowledge of the affairs of the household, and there is some alarm among the little ones as he asks about their conduct during the year and suggests that some of them have been naughty, and ought to be punished rather than rewarded with his gifts. But on a promise to be good children in the future, all share in his bounty, and he bids them good night, and goes on to some other house. In schools and colleges there is often an improvised stage on which the legend of St. Nicholas is enacted, and at its close, the Bishop, attended by a winged angel, comes down among the audience to distribute bonbons and "*pain d'épice*," the spiced sweet loaf of St. Nicholas' Day.

English-speaking folk shorten Nicholas to "Nick," but Germans, Flemings and Dutch take the other end of the name, and in familiar usage make it into "Claus." Thus in Switzerland St. Nicholas von der Flue is in popular parlance "Bruder Claus." In Holland, in Catholic days, St. Nicholas, the children's friend, was "Sankt Claus." When New York was still New Amsterdam, the Dutch colonists, though they had given up all keeping of saints' days and all idea of patron saints, clung to the children's annual sharing out of presents, but transferred the distribu-

tion to Christmas Day; and "Sankt Claus" no longer appeared as a "Popish" bishop, but as a benevolent old gentleman, fur-clad as befitted the hard weather of the season.

In some way "Sankt" was softened into Santa, and literary people popularized the "Santa Claus" fiction in Christmas stories, pictures and verses in the Nineteenth Century. To them we owe its recent developments—"Santa" driving over the snowy roofs in his reindeer-drawn sledge, laden with presents, and taking the very unpleasant route down the chimneys to deposit them in shoes and stockings left out by the young folk for his coming on Christmas night. In recent years, the myth has crossed the Atlantic; and in many an English home alas! the children now hear more of "Santa" than of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Bartley Pride.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

MRS. BARTLEY glanced at the tall old clock that for nearly forty years had kept watch, a sentinel of Time, beside the entrance to her little parlor. Its hands pointed to a quarter of twelve, and an oppressive stillness reigned in the house. The flame of her anger had died down at the closing of the hall door, after she had driven her only son from her. Although she strove to kindle anew the smouldering embers of her indignation against him, the heart of the proud and imperious woman was oppressed with a weight of desolation.

"My boy, my boy!" she moaned, wringing her hands. "What are five hundred dollars to me! A paltry sum compared with the sorrow of this break between us: the grief to have discovered that you thus sought to deceive me, Tom! Surely whatever I have had I

have always regarded as yours too, my son. But that you should thus meanly defraud me and then disavow your guilt! I had meant, at the expiration of the period set by your father's will, to place the management of all my affairs in your hands. But if you would thus cheat me out of a small sum, how could I entrust to you the greater? How often is a too fond and confiding woman reduced to penury by the unscrupulousness or mania for speculation of the husband, son or brother to whom she has given the charge of her fortune! No, I must be firm. To-morrow Tom will bring back that money, and when he does I will place twice the amount to his credit at the bank. The quarrel was a foolish one at best. But for that silly girl all this would not have happened. Alas, how soon must a poor mother yield up her place in the heart of her son to another!"

The next morning Henriette found her mistress sitting bolt-upright upon the sofa in the drawing-room. Thus had she fallen asleep, wearied at last with watching and listening for the returning step of her boy upon the pavement without.

"Henriette, where is Master Tom?" she asked, as she opened her eyes.

"If Madame pleases, ze young master must have slept at ze club," answered the maid, with a sharp glance.

"Ah, yes! I remember. Henriette, Master Tom may be absent for a few days; but see that his room is kept in order. Be particular to have everything as best suits him; he may return at any time."

"Master Tom he say he find nowhere ze service like zat he 'ave at home," said Henriette, with a toss of the head.

But neither in a few days nor after many days did Tom return. Where had he gone? What was he doing? These were the questions that stern old Mrs. Bartley asked herself over and over, in

her proud isolation. Yet at least he had money, she grimly assured herself; for not a trace of the missing five hundred dollars was to be discovered, although she searched again and again.

True, she made no inquiries of the servants. But they knew nothing of the money, and she must at least shield her scapegrace son before the world; for even in her most tender moments, of his guilt she was convinced. Could evidence be more conclusive? But five hundred dollars would melt away betimes, even though husbanded more carefully than was Tom's wont.

Although the mother did not forgive, she could not forget her boy. Was he in want? How could she learn his whereabouts or need? Ah! she might write to his friend Mr. Burton. Through Sallie, he might know something of Tom, unless indeed the girl had been prompt to ignore her foolish lover, now that he was poor and a—well, Mrs. Bartley hoped the boy had not confessed his fault to that frivolous young person. She did not wish him to be humiliated before these people. All she desired was that he would penitently acknowledge his error to her, and ask her forgiveness. But until then—

She wrote a formal letter, as devoid of feeling as might be, to young Burton, and received as brief an answer. He regretted that he had not heard from his friend Bartley for some time. He understood that he had gone West, but did not know his address. No, Tom had never borrowed any money of him; Tom always seemed to have plenty of money.

Humph! this was but another proof that Tom was well supplied with funds when he went away. Months passed; Mrs. Bartley would not acknowledge even to herself that she was worried, yet there was a burden of anxiety upon her heart.

One Sunday morning, coming out of church, her glance was caught by the

strangely familiar face of a young girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of wistfulness. Where had she seen the face before? Ah, yes! this was the girl with whom Tom had fancied he was in love,—the girl by whom he had been undone, since but for her he would be at home, happy and respected, instead of a wanderer, disgraced in his mother's eyes.

Two years went by. Still occasionally Mrs. Bartley and Miss Burton met by chance. The latter was a trifle paler and thinner now and had lost something of her girlish beauty. Once or twice she had actually appeared on the point of accosting the elder lady, who, however, swept by with so haughty an air that the young woman drew back abashed. Had she intended to inquire about her quondam suitor?

Mrs. Bartley would acknowledge to no one the complete breach between her son and herself. But a sense of self-righteousness is very sustaining; the more she felt her loneliness, the more she hardened her heart against him. Long before, she had replied to the note of Ned Burton, apologizing for having troubled him with her inquiries, and intimating that her anxiety concerning Tom was at rest; this would, she grimly reflected, lead these people to infer that she was in possession of his address.

Another year quietly slipped away. One day there was an alarm of fire in the neighborhood of the old East Side Square. It came from the Bartley house. For an hour the venerable mansion was a scene of dire confusion. The slight blaze was soon quenched by the alert fire laddies, but the cozy parlor and the white and green drawing-room were ruined by the smoke and the deluge of water that had been poured into them. Within a few days came an army of artisans: the walls must be redecorated, the furniture renewed, order restored from chaos.

In the midst of the havoc and confusion Mrs. Bartley stood one morning, stoically watching a workman whose task was, one might fancy, to complete the work of despoliation.

"Sure, ma'am, that chimneypiece was a pretty bit o' a shelf in its day," said the loquacious laborer, as he prepared to tear down the old mantel of the drawing-room, erstwhile so admired for its antique carving.

The next moment, with mallet and chisel, he had separated it from the plaster, and the great frame fell with a crash, bringing with it a shower of lime and making a cloud of dust.

"Yes, a pretty bit o' a shelf," repeated the man, turning over a section of the scroll work and noting how the smoke had crept along its white surface, and how the flames, like fevered hands, had plucked away the sculptured fruit and flowers of the graceful design. "'Tis indeed a pity"; and, half absently, he pushed aside with his foot a portion of the litter upon the hearth. As he did so his quick eye espied something besides the fragments of plaster and charred wood among the débris.

"Here's a letter, ma'am! Belike you dropped it 'while ago?" he said, interrogatively, at the same time picking up a sorry-looking envelope and drawing it across the sleeve of his blouse to remove the dust that had settled upon it.

"No, I had no letter," disclaimed the lady indifferently, turning away. "It can be nothing more than a scrap of paper that some one may have cast into the grate."

"Faith I dunno!" answered the good-natured Irishman. The simplest letter was to him an affair of importance, not to be thus lightly disregarded. "I dunno," he reiterated meditatively, peering into the yellowed envelope.

A second glance, as though to make sure that his eyes were not playing some trick upon him, and forthwith Mrs.

Bartley, who had just passed into the other parlor, was startled by an exclamation.

"By the powers, it is money!" said the astonished workman.

"What is it you say?" asked the lady sharply, wheeling around and taking one or two steps toward him, while her manner grew strangely agitated.

"Sure it is nothing to be frightened at, ma'am!" he replied, observing her sudden pallor and the nervousness she vainly sought to control. "Nothing to be frightened at, but rather a rare good fortune to rejoice over; at least 'twould be so to a poor man like meself. See!" he said, crossing the room and placing it in her clasp, with a gentle consideration for her perturbation that would have done credit to the chivalry of a Sir Walter Raleigh. "'Tis nothing more nor less than an envelope stuffed fat with greenbacks. Maybe there was a small crack between the chimneypiece an' the wall this long time; an' this rich letter fell into it somehow—I dunno."

Paying no heed to his words, Mrs. Bartley looked down, through spectacles that had grown suddenly misty, at the time-stained paper in her trembling hands. It was an envelope addressed to herself in the writing of her only son,—the envelope of the careless note she had received from Tom on the very day, three years ago, when she had driven him from her with a cruel accusation.

With shaking fingers she drew forth the contents—the five hundred dollars paid to her by Mr. Hammer as interest upon the mortgage she held on his property,—the five hundred dollars that by mistake she had placed in this envelope instead of returning it to the one in which it had been handed to her by Mr. Hammer,—the five hundred dollars which had never been in her work-bag at all; for on that eventful evening, at the sound of a footfall upon the doorstep, she had hastily and mechanically

thrust the little packet behind the marble statuette upon the chimneypiece, whence it had fallen through the crevice between the mantel and the wall:

This was the money she had unjustly accused Tom of having appropriated, refusing to hear his protest, insisting only upon his guilt; and, while locking within her mother's heart what she was pleased to consider the ignominious secret, she had justified herself by the conviction that her sternness was fully merited.

Poor Tom! how hardly had she dealt with him! And, after all, he had been only a little indolent and pleasure-loving; never really wild, much less vicious. Of late she had longed for his presence so much; had even begun to doubt of the wisdom of her course, and felt she would forgive him without reservation could she but find him and induce him to return. If his need of money had been a temptation to him, still she was his mother; she should have had patience with him, and striven to strengthen his weak will. There had never been a question of mine and thine between them, and no doubt he had not regarded the possessing himself of the money in the light of a theft. Thus had she meditated more than once. And now the finding of the packet showed that it was *she* who had wronged *him*.

She started; to what might not her harshness have driven him? Rendered desperate by her injustice, had he lost courage at the beginning of the battle of life, flung away his good name, and become, in very deed, the unscrupulous ne'er-do-well she had called him? All her mother's fears and anxieties were aroused by the thought as she stared blankly at the bank-bills.

The workman stood by, speechless with astonishment. Presently, however, the old lady recovered herself with an effort, and turned to him abruptly.

"What is your name, my good man?" she inquired.

"Michael Flaherty, at your service, ma'am," was the ready answer.

"You have a family?"

"Troth an' I have, as fine a half dozen of boys and girls—"

"Well, take this!" she interrupted. "You have restored to me much more than the money-value of this packet." And, pressing two twenty dollar bills into his hand, with a faltering step she left the room.

The man remained standing, as though dazed, looking stupidly at the money.

"By St. Patrick, is it dreamin' I am!" he ejaculated at length. "Sure did any one ever see the like! Here have I come by a month's wages in the winking of an eye, an' without doing a hand's turn, one may say! But she's a quare one! But sure the Lord only could tell whether she is happy to find that bit of a fortune; since, although it's glad she said she was, sorry she looked about something, for a fact. Heaven bless her for remembering the children, anyhow! I'll bid them pray God may give it back to her many times over."

The thought never once occurred to honest Michael that, having espied the packet lying in the dust, he might have adroitly covered and later examined it at leisure; in which case he might now have been in possession of all the money, and no one the wiser.

But Mrs. Bartley? Henriette, finding her mistress in a nervous tremor of excitement, was seized with a great fear.

"Ees it zat Madame feel ill?" asked the devoted maid, aghast.

"No, no! I am not ill, nor losing my mind, as one might perhaps suppose," faltered the old lady, conscious of the startled impression produced upon the Frenchwoman by the sudden breaking down of her own usual reticence and

reserve. "I am not ill, but—Henriette, is Master Tom's room in order?"

"Eet has ever been prepare for him, Madame."

"That is well. He will probably be home very soon now; there are business matters which require his attention. Telephone for a carriage, Henriette,—I am going out."

An hour later Mr. Edward Burton was surprised at his law office by a call from the mother of his chum. Small wonder, however, that he did not at first recognize, in this lady, almost pitifully hesitating in manner, the erstwhile arrogant Mrs. Bartley who had written to him so coldly of her absent son.

"Mr. Burton, do not say you can not tell me," she began, inconsequently; "for I have been to his other friends without success. If you can give me no news of my son Tom, I—but you do know where he is, I feel assured. Tom was never a good correspondent. Now, however, a matter of business—"

Thus she attempted to ignore, at least outwardly, the breach of more than three years between herself and her boy.

For a moment the eyes of the young lawyer flashed. Should he tell this proud, relentless woman what he had learned of Tom's life during these years: of its struggles, privations and disappointments? As he faced her, however, there was something beseeching in her glance, and the little subterfuge with which she had sought to hedge around her dignity had in it an element of pathos which disarmed him.

"I supposed you were well aware of Tom's whereabouts, Mrs. Bartley," he answered, instead. "I am happy to be able to inform you that he has been for over a year now in the office of a law firm of Chicago. But by one of those coincidences which make real life stranger than fiction, he is coming to New York next week to see—my sister."

Mrs. Bartley's proud face flushed. Tom was coming, but not to her! Yet how could she expect him to forget what had passed between them?

"I can not tell you more. When he wrote he merely remarked that he was coming home."

"At what hour is his train due? I will drive to the station to meet him—you do not know when he will arrive? Then, Mr. Burton, will you be so good as to telegraph to my son that *his mother begs* him to come to her as soon as possible?"

"Madam, I will gladly do so at once," answered the young man, softened in spite of himself.

Two days later Tom came home. In his old-time, boyishly affectionate manner, he embraced his stately mother; and so overcome by emotion was she that she would have fallen but for the support of his strong young arms.

"God is very good to send you back to me, Tom," she murmured,—"to give me a chance to undo the wrong I did you. If you had died and I could never ask you to forgive—"

"Hush, mother!" he said, checking her with a kiss. "I am come to entreat *your* forgiveness for the many anxieties I have caused you during the past years. I would have come without your message; although to receive it was, I own, a great happiness. As for our estrangement and its cause—of course you were right to blame me for entering into an engagement to marry with no financial prospects ahead."

"But—"

Again he interposed hurriedly.

"As for the rest, I knew it would be found to be all a mistake. I reproach myself for having permitted the breach between us to endure so long," he continued, as he ensconced her in her accustomed chair and seated himself upon an ottoman beside her. "At

first I was sullenly aggrieved and indignant, I will admit. Then, as my anger cooled, I resolved that I would not return to you like a bad penny, but would work and wait until I could come to you and say: 'Mother, I am no longer the worthless idler' who merited your scorn. I am now a wage-earner, struggling to make a place for myself in the world.' And after I had made a little headway I *did* write; but it seems you could not have received the letter.

"I sent you a message by Sallie, too. You remember Sallie, mother? She has always told me when she happened to see you. But when she attempted to give you my message, she fancied that you repelled her and—well, Sallie has a spirit of her own, too, you see; and she is so foolish as to be very proud and sensitive where I am concerned. It was hardly fair to keep her bound by an engagement so long; but she has been staunchly loyal to your graceless son. And now that I have secured a salary, though a modest one, I have come home to make her my wife. You will give us your blessing, won't you, mother dear, and let bygones be bygones?"

For a brief moment Mrs. Bartley was silent; then, wiping the tears from her eyes, she said, with a smile of tenderness, as, leaning forward, she laid her hand caressingly upon Tom's shoulder:

"May God bless and give you happiness, my son! But you will not go away again? If you do, I shall be as one alone in the world."

"How can I remain, mother, when my position is in Chicago?"

"Soon, according to your father's will, you will be in possession of an independent income."

"Not for nearly a year yet," he reminded her, cheerfully.

"Stay, Tom; and I will advance you the money necessary to secure any professional opening here in New York

you may wish and that it is in my power to obtain for you."

"In that case, of course I shall be only too glad to stay, mother," Tom said, kissing her cheek.

Thus it came about that, although the aristocratic elderly lady still dwells alone in her spacious home, her son and his wife Sallie live in a sunshiny house on the Square near by, and Ned Burton has for his partner in the law his former chum, Tom Bartley.

Protestant Bishops and Divorce.

BY A CONVERT CLERGYMAN.

Prohibition of the remarriage of all divorced persons, except innocent parties to whom divorces have been granted on grounds of adultery, was decided on by the House of Bishops of the American Protestant Episcopal Church at the triennial convention held at Portland, Oregon. No penalty has been attached to the violation of this law, but the majority of those taking part in the convention agreed that any person disobeying the law should be unable to receive Holy Communion. In their letter, the bishops declare that "the menace of divorce is disrupting the American home and poisoning the springs of social life."

THE above appeared in an Anglican religious weekly the same week that the Protestant Bishop of Oxford barred the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Oxford, from taking part in the Oxford Diocesan Conference on the ground that his Grace, after being divorced, was married by a Protestant minister. The action of this Protestant bishop has created a considerable stir in England, one Sunday paper devoting a leading article to the subject, says: "Stripped of ecclesiastical jargon it means that the bishop pronounces adultery to be an unpardonable sin."

If the Protestant bishops are unfairly attacked, they have only themselves to blame for having pursued a middle course. The Catholic Church, following

her Divine Master, regards divorced persons as just as much married as if they had not been divorced, and therefore they are incapable of another marriage until one of them dies. Divorce is impossible, though separation is allowed for reasons which, among Protestants, are held to justify divorce. The Catholic Church insists that the solution of the present difficulties lies, not in increasing the opportunities of divorce, but in the refusal of divorce altogether, believing, as it does, that so only can the higher interests of society be safeguarded from the scandals of an expanding divorce system, leading to the menace of promiscuity.

The position of the Catholic Church is understood and respected by the "man in the street," even though he may not accept her ruling; but the position of Protestant denominations is neither logical nor Christian. Thinking men and women outside the Church are coming to see that its remedy, in certain cases, of allowing separation—i. e., permission for the parties to live apart without the power to remarry,—is a course of wisdom, as it leaves the door open for reconciliation.

The Protestant bishops have wobbled on this question as on every other. They have taken the line that the civil law should be left where it is—that divorce should be allowed, but only for adultery. Yet, it is perfectly clear that if divorce is allowed at all, there is no earthly reason why it should be limited to cases of adultery. Desertion, for example, breaks the marriage tie with greater finality than a single act of misconduct. Added to which, so long as people can get divorce in this way, they will sin in order to get it; which means that the present law which the Anglican bishops support actually puts a premium on immorality.

Marriage thus becomes nothing more than an agreement between persons to

cohabit. It follows that once the indissolubility of the marriage bond is abandoned in principle the conception of marriage as a sacred and lifelong engagement is undermined. It becomes a mere experiment, terminable at will.

The Divorce Law Reform Union, which is taking a prominent part in the general election in England, is as illogical as the Protestant bishops. These self-styled sex-equality reformers, acting on the principle—a principle dear to the Anglican episcopate—that you must draw the line somewhere, compel a wife—left perhaps to face starvation—to wait for her husband to desert her for three years instead of letting her remarry in as many hours or minutes; and keep her tied to the man who becomes insane periodically or drunk intermittently, holding, as they do, that incurable insanity, or habitual drunkenness, is essential for divorce and remarriage. I am amazed at the moderation of the Divorce advocate both within and outside the Protestant Church.

The Protestant Church of England must choose God or Cæsar: either they must abolish divorce altogether, or advocate divorce on application. If they take the latter course, they will obviously further wreck the stability of married life and break up the home. If, on the other hand, they choose God, they will have to sever their connection with the State. There are High Anglicans who take their stand on this question with the Catholic Church, but they are an insignificant minority. It is, I think—I thought so in my Anglican days,—quite possible that the split up of the Protestant Church will come on this great moral question, and not on such questions as Doctrine and Ceremonial. But whether it will mean that the "Anglo-Catholic" will then seek admission into the Catholic Church is another matter. Submission to

authority is alien to the minds of most High Anglicans, and they might form a schism from a schism.

May the bishops of both the American Protestant Episcopal Church and their brethren in the Protestant Church of England be led to see the truth as expressed by the Church of all Lands!

Causes of French Irritation.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

THAT there has been a change toward France in American opinion, as it finds expression in the American press, is unmistakable. The press in France has commented on this many times in the last year, and has even gone so far as to say that the critical attitude which this country has assumed toward France is the result of German propaganda. It certainly is not due to that—at least directly. It may be traced instead, without the least hesitancy, to the changed attitude of Great Britain toward her former ally. Whenever the leading British papers begin to find fault with any of the world Powers, great or small, one finds, very soon after, the American press following suit.

This is sometimes due to inherent pro-Britishism on the part of certain American editors; more largely, it is simply the result of the ignorance of world affairs which prevails in American newspaper offices, resulting in a "follow-my-leader" policy whenever English statesmen, or English journalists, give the cue. They are "on the job"; they know. We are dependent on them for our information. They are our big brothers, so to speak. We listen when they talk, for they talk our language. The other folk whose language we do not understand, or do not understand so readily, are at a great disadvantage. So that, without any

conspiracy, or any consciousness of propaganda, we find ourselves quite generally taking the British viewpoint about world affairs.

We all know that since the War the breach between France and Great Britain has widened perceptibly. English newspapers have been representing France as more militarist than Germany ever was. France has been placed in the limelight as the one country standing in the way of world peace and world reconstruction. And here in America, our journalists, and our public men generally, have been affected by this constant suggestion from across the water.

No doubt, the French are very sensitive about this, and have seen propaganda where there is none. Two of the big moving-picture dramas of the last season have been condemned in France as being virulently anti-French in character. Both of them were made in America—"Orphans of the Storm," and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Both are condemned by French critics as examples of the anti-French feeling in the United States.

It was quite astonishing for those of us who have seen these plays to have them condemned in France as pro-German. Certainly, on my seeing the "Four Horsemen," I felt, if anything, that the picture was most bitterly anti-German. And the picture of the French Revolution, given in the other play, seemed by no means overdrawn. It portrayed, not the proneness of French human nature, but of all human nature, to run to extremes in the pursuit of an ideal. The French people are no different, fundamentally, from any other people in this respect. It should be remembered, too, that the "Movies" live and thrive on what is sensational, bizarre, and out of the ordinary. One does not expect from the screen a correct picture of life, but a startling impression.

However, our sensational journalists have not been withheld by any respect for the truth from printing certain things about France which are pure fables, and which are calculated to reflect no credit on the French people. We can not say that our skirts are entirely clean. A recent issue of *L'Illustration*, of Paris, finds fault, and very justly, with an article which appeared some time ago in the San Francisco *Chronicle's* Sunday edition, presuming to tell the story of a sale by auction of marriageable girls in the French village of Fontenay. In true Sunday-edition style this article is sensationally illustrated with the picture of a French girl in an alluring pose, while a group of men of varying ages and conditions, one depicted as a typical old roué, gaze with appraising eyes, as the auctioneer flourishes his hammer and stimulates the buying. To drive the idea home, there is reproduced also a picture by Edwin Long, showing the sale of women in ancient Babylon; and the impression is sought to be created that in the little Catholic village of Fontenay in France a marriage mart, an auction sale of women to the highest bidder, is being carried on to-day.

Of course, there is a "story" explaining the illustrations, and this is written in that style so familiar to readers of Sunday supplements. It goes on to tell about the auction sale of women in Babylon of old, and then describes what American tourists have seen, of the same kind, in a village of modern France. The story describes how, on a platform erected on the public square of that village, young women of marriageable age are exposed for sale on the day of a "marriage fair," while around them circulate men who have come hither to purchase a wife. From time to time one of these buyers ascends the platform, embraces one of the young women whom he has chosen and, after

dickering with her parent or guardian at the foot of the platform steps, proceeds to take her home.

Naturally interested in such a spectacle, the American tourist, on whose report the newspaper story is based, is described as making inquiry as to the sale. He is told that it is a sale of marriageable young women—a fair held for that purpose,—and that Fontenay has discovered this means to remedy the falling off in marriages caused by the Great War; furthermore, that the custom is not unique with Fontenay, such marriage marts being held in many other places in France. To give verisimilitude to the story, the *Chronicle* pretended to give the name of one of the women, Mlle. Dide de Rabouin, who was described as "young and with quite a large fortune."

L'Illustration, commenting on this product of American newspaper enterprise, says it will not insult the good sense of its American readers by denying this false story. Everybody knows very well that there is no such thing in France as the auction sale of women as described in the San Francisco paper. But to make absolutely sure that the whole story is a fabrication pure and simple, the Paris paper submitted it to the *maire* of Fontenay. He replied: "As you have well understood, the article in the American paper is purely imaginary. But it is an evil invention that reeks of German propaganda. There has never been at Fontenay-le-Comte an auction sale of young marriageable girls, nor anything that would give the least pretext for a story so fantastic; and the registry of the commune contains no such name as Mlle. Dide de Rabouin." The *maire*, continuing, says that every year there is held in Fontenay, as in many places in France (and indeed in other European countries, including England and Ireland), a "hiring fair," when young men and women are hired

for service on the farms. He hints that probably some ignorant American tourist saw such a fair, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was an auction sale of women.

Of course, a mere matter of truth does not concern the Sunday supplement; it is concerned with sensation, and France, being very far away, most likely any story about that country, particularly at present, when we are feeling critical toward the French, will go unquestioned. But Catholics, at least, ought to take all such stories with a large grain of salt.

Advent Prayers of the Church.

*Translated by Francis Gage (1652).**

Rowse up, we beseech Thee (O Lord) thy power, and come away; that from the eminent dangers of our sins (thou protecting) we may deserve to be freed, and (thou delivering us) we may be saved.

Raise up our hearts, O Lord, towards preparing the ways of thine only begotten Son, that by his coming amongst us, we may deserve to serve thee with purified souls.

Lend, we beseech thee O Lord, thine ear unto our Prayers, and enlighten the darkness of our minde, with the grace of thy Visitation.

O Lord, we beseech thee raise up thy power, and with thy mighty virtue come away to our succour; that, by the help of thy grace, what our sinnes retard, the indulgence of thy propitiation may Accelerate.

* "The Christian Sodality; or, Catholick Hive of Bees Sucking the Hony of the Churches Prayers from the Blossomes of the Word of God, blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service throughout the yeare. Collected by the Puny Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these Elements of his Name. Printed in the year of our Lord MDCLII."

Makers of Books in the Middle Ages.

ACCORDING to Mr. G. T. Ferris, it is impossible to know just when the monopoly of the production and distribution of books passed out of the hands of monasteries. That many laymen were engaged in this work as early as the Tenth Century, however, is clear from the letters of Pope Sylvester II., who refers to the scribes to be found in all parts of Italy, in town and country, engaged in the transcription of books.

The increase of knowledge and the foundation of many universities in the Eleventh Century gave birth to a distinct trade of bookselling, and within a hundred years the *librarii*, as they were called, became a recognized guild or profession of great importance. They were under the protection and management of the universities, where large numbers of students were gathered; and though they were jealously watched, they had great privileges,—all the rights and immunities which members of the university enjoyed.

The universities did everything to elevate the trade of the bookseller, which also included the avocation of the book-maker. It required a man of good parts to be a successful publisher at that time. Such an institution, for example, as the Sorbonne or University of Paris required the highest guarantees of character, capital, and literary capacity in the licensed bookseller. He must be an adept in all the knowledge and science of the period, as well as perfectly skilled in the mechanical needs of his business. The bookseller could not even fix a price on his products. Four of the guilds in Paris, for example, were sworn as appraisers by the authorities of the Sorbonne to fix the selling value of all books, and any deviation from their regulations was a penal offence. For students, the price was two-thirds of that asked of the general purchaser.

A Strong Dilemma.

UNDER the heading, "An Enemy of Columbus," the Boston *Evening Transcript*, which has never been noted for over-friendliness to Catholics, or the Catholic viewpoint on current topics, recently printed an editorial, dealing with a correspondent who wrote in much perturbation about the observance of Columbus' Day. Commenting first on the correspondent's state of mind, the Boston editor said: "He is disturbed on two accounts: first, because he thinks the celebration is being perverted to propaganda in behalf of the Roman Catholic Church, and secondly, because he is sure that Leif Ericsson, and not Columbus, discovered America. It is evident, however, from the strenuousness with which the correspondent maintains the first objection, that he would never have thought of the second if he had not thought of the other first. If the great Hispano-Genoese navigator had not been made the patron of a knightly Order of young Catholics, it is plain that he would have been a good enough discoverer of America for this correspondent. That adoption having taken place, it became necessary at once to prove that Columbus was a mere interloper in the Western Hemisphere, the Norwegian having anticipated him by several centuries."

The *Transcript* refused to be stampered by any fear that October 12 may become an occasion for "doing the behests of Rome"; and it declared that "the observance is, in fact, not only a proper and seemly act of rejoicing in an event of primal importance to every American, but a tribute to a man who was ready to lay down his life for the spread of civilization and enlightenment, as well as of Christianity."

"As to Leif Ericsson," continued the *Transcript*, "he is but a legend, a supposition. His boat may have touched

our shores; but if he discovered America, it did not stay discovered, whereas in Columbus' case it did."

A day or two after, the same Boston paper printed a letter from another correspondent, which made it plain that, no matter who it was that discovered America, it is impossible to escape from the Catholicity of the discoverer. This correspondent was willing, he said, to accept Leif Ericsson as America's discoverer; continuing thus: "The trouble is, however, that if your enemy of Columbus does not wish to see the Genoese honored because of his Roman Catholicism, he might not like the honoring of Leif Ericsson either; for, if Leif was any sort of a Christian, he was most certainly a Catholic Christian. In the event of a celebration to honor Leif, his form of religion would, no doubt, come in for mention; his present-day co-religionists would make much of the fact that he was a Catholic; and some Catholics might start an Order of Knights of Leif Ericsson!

"If your correspondent wishes to go further back for a discoverer of this Continent, he will run across traces of another man. But this one would be worse still for him. For it would be an Irish priest—St. Brendan, who, Irish stories tell us, was in America one thousand years before Columbus."

With the Erring.

One may sympathize with the refractory without siding with them. In many cases they are wrong-headed rather than bad-hearted; and oftener than not there is cause for the contumacy which they manifest. Only those who have sincere pity for the erring can hope to succeed in convincing them that they are in the wrong. Until their dispositions are changed, arguments and threats are worse than useless, serving only to irritate or to exasperate.

Notes and Remarks.

The secular reviewer of a new book, by Principal L. P. Jacks (dealing with such searching questions as "Why am I here," and "For what end have I been sent into the world?"), makes the observation: "Even in Catholicism popular piety has caused theologians and Popes to yield to its demands." An exposition of the parable of the tares and the wheat by some Catholic mystic—a mystic preferred—would be profitable reading for this writer. The tolerance of the Church and her most representative teachers is only the reflection of the indulgence of Christ. There are theologians and theologians, polemics and polemics, of course. Those who are always searching for signs of unorthodoxy and seeds of superstition, who regard every religious notion that is not common as "suspect," who would confine the action of grace to the channels of the Sacraments, who endeavor to whitewash all the scandals of ecclesiastical history—this school of champions and apologists often does quite as much harm to the cause of religion as theologians who are accused of being lax and polemics who are charged with *Liberalism*. No teaching which the Church does not condemn need be considered heretical, and any practice of piety which she tolerates ought not to be derided. Only in matters unessential and unimportant does the Pope ever yield; flax that is smoking he never extinguishes.

A distinction not infrequently lost sight of by Catholic voters in England—and other countries—is pointed out by the London *Universe*:

It is odd that some quite intelligent persons seem still to be in ignorance of the difference between political freedom and political indifference. It should hardly need repeating that the "non-political" attitude deliberately adopted by the Church in certain countries,

like our own, where it seems best to authority, is not an attitude of indifference but an attitude of liberation. It is adopted because in the circumstances it seems best to leave the individual—save in regard to test questions—to form his own political judgments for himself; not at all because political judgments are matters of indifference. They are quite the reverse, and the responsibility of the Catholic elector is all the greater to form them conscientiously and with a full sense of their high moral importance. He is not bidden to be indifferent to political issues; he is set free to judge them with a far greater sense of individual responsibility.

An example of "test questions," mentioned in the foregoing, was furnished in the late elections in England. Catholic voters asked the candidates just what would be their action, if elected, in the matter of Catholic schools—and voted accordingly.

At the eighteenth anniversary meeting of the Big Brothers and Sisters in New York last week, Mrs. Smith Alford advocated a spanking week for children, with "careful, prayerful spanking." She maintained that this would do much good in raising the future citizens of the Metropolis. Mrs. Alford has evidently been reading the newspapers to good purpose. On the very day of the meeting, four boys, not yet in their "teens," were arrested for holding up and robbing other boys in Central Park. In one case there was a threat to kill—"money or your life!" The charge against these embryo highwaymen was juvenile delinquency. They were too young to be imprisoned, but they were quite old enough to be spanked; and this punishment should have been administered by some officer of the police station—"carefully and prayerfully," as Mrs. Alford suggests.

Holy Writ itself gives sufficiently specific directions as to the proper mode of procedure in this matter; and there is an appropriate prayer for the occasion in the Litany of All Saints—"Pre-

vent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, etc." Father Tom Burke, the famous Dominican preacher, used to say that his good mother never failed to recite this prayer before chastising him. Until he was old enough to be reasoned with, he used to wonder why the prayer never prevented the punishment.

While M. Brunetière's accurate description of the various classes of the Church's inimical critics will be most appreciated in France, and Europe generally, his adequate characterization of some of these classes is applicable everywhere,—on this as on the other side of the Atlantic:

Who, then, are they who reproach religion with being too wearisome? Those who do not practise it.—Who are they who reproach the Church for exacting faith in her revealed doctrines?—Those who believe in the worst fooleries and in the most absurd superstitions.—Who are they who reproach the Church for not recognizing the dignity of man?—Those who claim the monkey for their father, chance for their master, pleasure for their law, annihilation for their end.—Who are they who upbraid the Church with being a religion of money?—Those who despoil her of her goods with the utmost cynicism.—Who are they who accuse the Church of being intolerant?—Those who can not allow any one to hold an opinion differing from their own.—Who are they who charge the Church with being an enemy to light?—Those who, despising liberty, have closed Catholic schools and driven out the nuns and the religious teachers.—Who are they who reproach the Church with being an enemy of the people?—Those who, ignorant of history, are persecuting the charitable institutions established by religion (hospitals, *crèches*, workshops, etc.)—Who are they who indulge with the utmost audacity in violent tirades against the Church and her teachings?—Those who know nothing whatever of religion or of what its precepts require.

Here we have a timely catechism, and an adequate one as well.

The place occupied by English universities in English national life has been of late months receiving not a little attention in journals of all phases

of political opinion. Of rather general interest is one article published in the *New Statesman*, under the caption, "Are Lectures Worth While?" This educational query is not unequivocally answered in the negative; but the trend of the article is towards the decision that too much importance is attached nowadays to this once sacrosanct method of imparting university knowledge. A brief extract will give a taste of the article's quality:

Attendance at lectures provides the easiest way of checking the student's diligence, but the way which it provides is almost the worst imaginable. It is more than possible to emerge from a full course of lectures less equipped than as the fruit of a few hours' reading, and an hour or two of personal discussion with a teacher. There is, of course, a growing development of seminar and group work; but this is still regarded as quite secondary to the lecture, and, for some undisclosed reason, as mainly valuable for advanced students. Yet, it is surely quite evident that no one so much as the beginner needs the personal contact with the teacher that will at once put him in the right way of study.

The last point is very well taken. What all students need most, and what beginners need more than others, is the individual attention of their instructors. Any method which eliminates such attention is so far imperfect.

The chaotic conditions in the Near East are such as to fill the minds of people, the world over, with serious misgivings as to the eventual outcome of political bickering and religious fanaticism. Possibly, the world may at last come to its senses, and understand that the great stabilizer of civilization is, after all, the Catholic Church which has been so often, and so unjustly, maligned for her influence on social progress and political action. Pertinent to the matter is the following extract from the *Month*, of New Zealand:

History, as it is written, gives at times, not portraits, but gross caricatures that are a dis-

ortion and perversion of actual truth. Especially has this been the case in regard to the Church during the past three-and-a-half centuries. It has been well described as, to an extent, "a conspiracy against truth." The publication of official documents has resulted in the reversal or revision—among sincere researchers after historical fact—of many ideas that had come to be part and parcel of the great anti-Catholic tradition in England. And the throwing open of the Vatican Archives, in 1883, to persons of every creed who are competent to explore those 'mines of historic wealth, has resulted in the dynamiting of many a hoary legend and cherished tradition that has clustered around the stormy period of the Sixteenth Century. That stronghold of Protestantism, the *London Times* once admitted (on August 29, 1883) that "history contains ample grounds for Pope Leo's boast that, when the Roman Empire decayed, the Papacy stood as a bulwark against the flood of barbarism, that the Church stored up fragments of Greek and Latin literature, fostered art and refinement, withstood the devastating inroads of the Turk, raised its voice on behalf of Christian unity and peace, and, moreover, gave Europe a centre."

Not the least interesting of the contributions to *America* on the general subject, "Why So Few Converts?" is a letter from an Episcopalian in Philadelphia. The writer has been going occasionally to a Catholic church in company with a friend, a convert. Here are some of his varied-experiences:

At the recent celebration of the Feast of All Souls, one naturally looked, at the High Mass at least, for some exposition of the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church. The only part of the services on that occasion which I really understood (as I am not well versed in Latin) was the announcement of some matters of local interest, and the perfunctory reading of the Gospel, without any explanation whatsoever. It would seem that Catholics and non-Catholics alike who were present (including a fine array of school children, admirably disciplined by the good nuns) might have been gratified by an appropriate discourse.

Recently I asked a group of young Catholic people belonging to what may be called the educated class, the significance of the "Forty Hours Devotion." Not one could inform me.

I was obliged to turn to the "Catholic Encyclopedia" for enlightenment. Apparently Catholics are not so well informed as to be able to dispense with religious instruction. If this practice of neglecting every opportunity to preach the Word of God is at all general, would this not have some appreciable influence in causing a decline in the number of converts to your Church?

The foregoing may well suggest useful thoughts to some of our pastors and to very many of our laymen. It is never safe to take for granted that the members of one's congregation are fully acquainted with even the simplest of doctrines; and self-respect, if no higher motive, should impel our lay folk to study their religion.

We are fondly hoping that the former mayor of Liberty, Kansas, Mr. Theodore Schierlman, who was kidnapped and flogged by a party of men claiming to represent the Ku-Klux Klan, and said to be citizens of the town, will win the suit for \$30,000 damages which he has brought against it. The claim is filed under the provisions of a section of the General Statutes of Kansas for 1915. If it is rejected, the case will be brought before the Federal Court at Fort Scott. The winning of a few suits like this, in our opinion, would do far more towards disbanding the "Invisible Government," and to discourage such outrages as that committed on Mr. Schierlman than any amount of pulpit or newspaper talk, or even a proclamation by the President.

Poetic justice, that ideal distribution of rewards and punishments which is most often encountered in poetry and fiction rather than in the sordid transactions of real life, does occasionally make its appearance as an actuality, and such appearance is universally hailed as a distinct pleasure. A case in point is recorded in the *Baltimore Sun*

of recent date; and such of our readers as do not have access to that excellent journal will thank us for reproducing a story which is both uncommonly pithy and decidedly pointed:

The priest in the confessional will not give absolution to any penitent who is in a position to pay his just debts, and who refuses to pay them. This attitude of the Catholic Church has enabled Catholics of a certain town, not a hundred miles from Baltimore or Washington, to give bigotry a blow right under the heart.

There was a doctor in that town, a non-Catholic. He was a good doctor. He was called out at all hours of the day and night to minister to the sick. He never declined a call, and he did much free work for the poor. Unfortunately for him, too much of his work was free. He could not get his patients to pay him for the services—the very patients who were telling the world what terrible people Catholics were. Disgusted, the doctor, who had the best house in town, decided to sell his home and shake the dust of the place from his feet. He sold his home at a bargain to one of the few Catholics in town, one of the leaders of his congregation.

Indignant, one of the "prominent citizens" of the place went to the physician and said: "That was an unpatriotic thing you did. This Catholic man now has the best home here, and he got it for a bargain. People have refused to sell any lots in town to the priest of that man's Church, because the priest is bent on having a parochial school here. You have opened the way to him to have such a school."—"You bet I have," replied the doctor; "I did it deliberately. I sold my home to a Catholic because the Catholics of this town were the only ones who paid their doctor's bills. You people, who are continually asking for the annihilation of the Catholics on the grounds of religion, are downright dishonest. What this town needs is a little more Catholicism and a little more honesty."

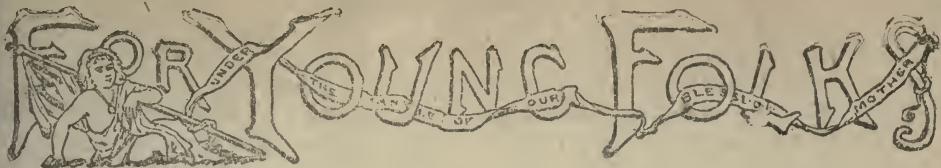
In the November issue of *Truth*, the monthly organ of the International Catholic Truth Society, appears an interesting report of the annual meeting of that excellent and vigorous organization. We have been particularly impressed by what is said of the remailing work of the Society. In case any of our readers are unfamiliar with this phase

of Catholic action, so often referred to in these columns, we quote a short paragraph:

Remailing means sending your Catholic papers to somebody else after you have finished with them. If you subscribe to *Truth*, *America*, the *Sentinel*, *Ave Maria*, *Sunday Visitor*, *Messenger*, etc., you are eligible for the work of remailing. We do not handle any secular papers, and take this opportunity of clearing up this point, as we are frequently asked if such literature is included.

The statistical report of the distribution of Catholic papers by remailers thus far in the current year shows that nearly a million and a half of papers and magazines have been forwarded to families that are non-subscribers to such periodicals, thus making active missionaries of what would otherwise, perhaps, have become only mere lots of waste paper. It is gratifying also to learn that the year's sale and free forwarding of pamphlets make a total of well on to four hundred thousand copies. The I. C. T. S. is accomplishing excellent work in the missionary field; and its office, which is located at 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., may well be addressed by Catholics anywhere who are desirous of knowing how they may take an active part in its meritorious achievements.

The death, in an automobile accident, of Mr. Nicholas Gonner, editor of the *Daily American Tribune*, of Dubuque, Iowa, is a great loss to Catholic journalism in the United States. In him the Church had a most devoted champion, one whose self-sacrifice was commensurate with his zeal. He was a model Catholic, and was regarded by those who knew him intimately as a man among men and a Christian among Christians. Mr. Gonner's family and co-laborers have the heartfelt sympathy, and he will have the fervent prayers, of all who knew his worth and appreciated his services. *R. I. P.*



When We have Company.

BY ERIC WEST.

MY folks are mighty, queer, I think,
When we have company;
For though I've been a naughty boy,
And acted frightfully,
They always praise me to the skies:
They say I'm serious and wise.
The other day my aunties came—
They live quite far away—
And after mother praised me up,
I laughed to hear her say:
"Perhaps, with boys, it's not the rule,
But Johnny loves to go to school."
Now when we're all alone at home
They tell me I'm a scamp,
And daddy threatens every day
To sell me to a tramp;
It doesn't seem quite right that they
Should scold me just because I play.
So when I'm out past supper time,
I sneak up stair by stair,
And as I stand upon the porch,
I always say a prayer
That when I enter there, will be
A parlor full of company.

A Little Knight of the Green Ribbon.

MR. CUSTER sat in his office, awaiting the onslaught bearing down upon him from the rear door of the establishment of which he was the owner. The day before he had advertised for an errand-boy from twelve to fifteen years of age, and this was the response,—a dozen of small boys who came clattering along in a sort of irregular procession, each one eager to find favor in the eyes of so important and prosperous a man as the senior partner of Custer & Sons. As the group advanced nearer, he

divined in one quick, comprehensive glance that they were not at all a bad-looking lot, and began to think he might have some difficulty in making a choice. They entered, ranged themselves in line along the wall, with the exception of one little fellow who stood somewhat aloof.

Mr. Custer was about to address them when a clerk appeared at the door and asked him to step out on a matter of business with a new customer. As he did so, he was pleased to see that the small boy we have mentioned held the door open for him to pass. He was a broad-shouldered and sturdy little fellow, with swarthy skin and coal-black hair; a type, however, to which the New England merchant of fifty years ago was not favorable, as it suggested the "foreign element," a burning question at that period.

The boy's clothes were much worn, but clean. He had a knot of green ribbon attached by a gilt shamrock to his button-hole; and, seeing it as he passed, the merchant slightly frowned. Well did he recognize this badge of what he considered impudent and ignorant; for if he were not both, no alien Irishman would dare flaunt his odious green in the Land of the Free. But Mr. Custer was a just man, and little things had weight with him as showing character; the action of the boy in opening the door both pleased and impressed him.

When the gentleman had followed the clerk into the main body of the establishment, the boy made his way into the group of his companions, who had now left their places against the wall, and began to talk to one another.

Five minutes later, when Mr. Custer returned, he found himself in the midst

of a turbulent crowd. One was lying on the floor, bleeding at the nose; two were brushing the dust from their coats, as they raised themselves from where strong and angry blows had placed them; all were talking and gesticulating; while he of the green ribbon stood glaring at the others.

"What's this,—what's this?" asked the merchant, as the boys, abashed at his sudden advent, grew silent.

"I was the one that threw them down, sir," said the little Irishman, stepping forward. "I ask your pardon, sir, for making a disturbance in your place; but them fellows—them fellows—"

"Well? What did they do to you?" inquired the merchant, angrily.

"One of them said I was a Dago with a green ribbon on me; and when I told him I wasn't a Dago, but Irish, he began to call me a Roman Catholic and a Paddy from Cork; and the three of them fell upon me, and I floored them."

The merchant cast a glance around the group, but only one pair of eyes met his bravely,—those, bright, blue and fearless, of the Knight of the Green Ribbon.

"And *are* you—what they called you?" asked the merchant, dryly, with a frown that made the hearts of the other boys beat with hope.

"Thanks be to God, sir, I am!" replied the boy. "And I'm proud of it, too. And my mother says it's the only way to do in this country,—to stand up for the religion and the name. She didn't tell me to fight, sir,—she'd rather I wouldn't; but I couldn't help it, with the fellows jeering and laughing at me because I was wearing St. Patrick's ribbon on his own blessed day."

"Well my young friend, you have considerable pluck," said Mr. Custer. "But let me tell you that the name of Paddy will stand in your way wherever you go. Better change it, my boy."

He spoke more in jest than earnest,

partly also to observe the effect of his words on the other boys, as well as to tease the little Irishman. The opponents of our brave little Knight snickered in chorus, whereupon Mr. Custer frowned darkly upon them, and they subsided into a state of gloom. But the fighter proudly lifted his head as he replied:

"My name isn't Paddy, sir, so I couldn't change it if I wanted to. But if it was, I *wouldn't* change it,—no, not for all the gold in America!" Then, fearing that in his excitement he might have failed of the respectful tone he had always been taught to use toward his elders, he continued more gently: "Asking your pardon, sir, for all this fuss that I've been the means of making, I'll be going now."

"Where did you say you lived?" asked the merchant, as the boy approached the door.

"I didn't say, but we live at 39 Foley's Court, and my name is Dominic Murray," answered the boy. And, touching his cap, he was gone.

"Now boys," said Mr. Custer, turning to the rest of the group, "just write your names and addresses on this pad, and if I want any of you I'll send for you. But I have a word to say before you leave. By nature and education I lean away from the Irish and the Roman Catholics; but remember—there are good people among them. Remember that! Finally, whatever may be your and my personal opinions concerning them, bear in mind that if we always stand up for our religion and our country as that little Irishman did just now, we shall be model American citizens. And, to conclude, it is very unmanly to attack another without provocation."

With these words the merchant turned to his desk; after writing their names and addresses, the boys took their departure. One of them, at least, remembered the lesson; for it was he

who told me the story. The rest of it he learned from the hero himself, whose friend he became later.

The next day Mr. Custer made his appearance at 39 Foley's Court, where he met the Widow Murray, who was busily engaged in ironing.

"You are the mother of little Dominic, I suppose, Madam?" said the merchant, who never failed in courtesy to any woman.

"Yes, sir, I am," was the response.

"He applied at my office for a position yesterday morning," continued Mr. Custer.

"And maybe lost a good chance by his hot-headedness," rejoined the widow.

"He told you about it, then?"

"Yes, sir. He tells me everything. He's a great comfort to me, sir."

"You did not approve of his conduct, though?"

"Not entirely, sir. But, though I couldn't greatly blame him, 'twould be better if he'd kept his temper. 'Twas an offence against yourself, sir, to make a row in your office. I hope there's nothing serious about it?"

"I am come to tell him that he may have the place if he wants it, Madam. As for the other boys, they got no more than they deserved. But I hope you will counsel Dominic to patience and moderation in the future. I can not have brawls among my employees; and before Dominic is entitled to a vote he will have to defend his country and his religion many a time."

"Thank you, sir! I'll remind him."

"Send him up to my store to-morrow morning. I have no Irish among my men, but I have a mind to find out for myself of what stuff they are made."

"Some of them are of good stuff, as you call it, sir, and some are bad," replied the widow. "But if I may say it, sir, you will never find anything to boast of in one who denies either his country or his religion."

"Very true, very true!" answered Mr. Custer, bowing himself out of the humble dwelling.

Dominic Murray remained fifty years in the employ of Custer & Sons, and died the death of a model Christian, having continued from childhood to old age a true son of St. Patrick.

The Dog and the Law.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

BOYS and girls, as a rule, have somewhat vague and indefinite notions about law. It is, accordingly, rather doubtful whether, even among the brightest of our young folks, there are many who understand the legal status of the dog,—that is, what the law will and won't do about one's keeping a dog, recovering it if stolen, killing it if vicious, and so on.

For many years, centuries indeed, the common law did not regard the dog as the subject of property; which means that if I coaxed your "Jack" or "Gyp" to stay with me, the law wouldn't make me give him back to you, at least while he was alive. If he happened to die, and you went to law about your ownership, you could recover his skin. Then, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was laid down that the law takes notice of some particular kinds of dogs—greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, and "tumblers." The owner of such a dog could force a thief to give the animal back, though the law wouldn't inflict any punishment for the stealing. Some two hundred years later, however, during the reign of George III. (1770), it was enacted that the stealing of any dog was a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, imprisonment, or whipping.

In only a few of our States have statutes similar to this English one been passed; and the result is, says an authority on the subject, that "in general the dog retains his inferior

common-law status in this country, as not the subject of larceny." For the benefit of the small boy, this statement may be translated as meaning that, so far as the law is concerned, it is no more harm to take a dog that is without a collar than to catch a squirrel, a bird, or a butterfly. It is consoling, however, to know that this same authority adds that in most of our States the law would help the owner of a valuable dog to recover the animal, if it were stolen; and of course every dog (at least every one owned by a boy or girl) is "valuable," even if it has never won a prize at a dog-show.

People who live in the country are better off in the matter of keeping dogs than those who reside in cities and large towns. These latter are obliged to pay a dog-tax, or procure a dog-license; while the former can generally keep as many dogs as they wish without paying a cent for the privilege. It is well to know that the owner of a dog is not responsible for injuries inflicted by the animal, unless the dog is of a vicious or savage temper, and the owner knew or had reason to believe that the animal was dangerous. In this latter case the owner is responsible, even if there is no proof of special negligence on his part. Moreover, the owner of a dog whose vicious temper or "crossness" make it a common nuisance, can be prosecuted. And, even in England, or in those States of this country in which the law recognizes the dog as property, a savage dog may be killed in self-defence; so if our boys and girls own any canine pets that are inclined to be cross, they should try to improve the animals' tempers. An excellent way to do so is—never to be cross themselves.

A COMMON Oriental saying runs: Regard no fault so slight that you may brook it, no virtue so small that you may overlook it.

How the Egyptians Managed.

OUR farmer turns over the ground with a steel plow drawn by horses. Then he makes the soil fine with a harrow, which has iron teeth, or teeth made of hard wood. After that he sows the seed and rakes it in with the harrow. The Egyptians at first had no plows or horses, but they soon found a way out of the difficulty: they used their pigs for plows and horses.

Once every year their great, yellow river overflowed its banks, as it does to this day, and covered the land with mud. When the river went back into its channel again, the fields were dry. Then the Egyptian called his pigs together by blowing a horn, and turned them into the fields.

The pigs were happy, for there was a feast before them. At once they put in their noses and began to plow for wriggling worms and dead fishes. Soon a large field was plowed by the noses and harrowed smooth by the feet of the pigs. The work was done for the present. The pigs were called off and the seed wheat sowed over the field. Then the seed had to be covered.

The Egyptian wants the feet but he doesn't want the noses this time. While the pigs could harrow in the seed with their feet, they could also, if turned into the field with free noses, eat up all the seed. So the Egyptian caught every pig and tied a tiny basket, or muzzle, over its nose. Then he turned the whole herd into the field again.

Then there was trouble. The pigs could see and smell the wheat, but could not eat it. Half crazy, they scampered over the whole field, and thus trod in and planted the seed. After the crop was grown and ripe, the straw with heads full of wheat was spread on a clean piece of ground. Again the pigs, with their noses muzzled, were turned on to thresh the grain.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne announce "The Summa Contra Gentiles" of St. Thomas Aquinas, translated by the English Dominicans. It will be in four volumes, uniform with the "Summa Theologica."

—Those who have been searching for "Saints and Places," by John Ayscough, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Benziger have just issued a new edition of this exceptionally interesting and edifying book, with numerous excellent illustrations. Price, \$3.

—"Souvenir of a Dual Jubilee: Scranton, 1896-1921; 1868-1918," affords, not only an interesting account of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. M. J. Hoban, D. D., the beloved bishop of Scranton, but presents some valuable data for a history of the Church in the State of Pennsylvania. A handsome volume, as well as an important one, on the production of which all concerned are to be sincerely congratulated.

—Harper & Brothers publish, in neat and attractive form, "Man and the Two Worlds: A Layman's Idea of God," by William Frederic Dix and Randall Salisbury. It is a little treatise—without table of contents or index—on the self-sufficiency of every man in matters religious. The authors "believe that whatever divine revelation there is made from God direct to the individual, without the interpellation of any ecclesiastical medium." The book has little value, of course, for professing Christians of any denomination, none whatever for Catholics.

—The fifth series of "Musa Americana" contains the rendition of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar in Latin accentual iambic verse, with English text, by Anthony F. Geysler, S. J., A. M. In these days of jazz and radio, it is refreshing to find a classical club "putting up" a play of Shakespeare in the rhythmic accents of the classic tongue that reverberated over the old Roman Forum to the banks of the Tiber. Father Geysler has done his work well, as was to be expected of the author of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in Latin. Loyola University Press.

—Dr. Manzetti's arrangement, for three equal voices, of Byrd's Mass for as many unequal voices does credit to the composition of "England's Palestrina." In an organ accompaniment to the Missa pro Defunctis, Dr. Manzetti shows that the strict observance of

the rhythmical signs of the Gregorian Chant is no hindrance to a facile and felicitous interpretation of it. The Responsoria of the First Nocturn of Tenebræ composed for three equal voices by the same distinguished author are masterful and devotional—in perfect accord with the text.

—Pierre Téqui, Paris, has issued new editions of some standard spiritual books: "Paroles D'Encouragement de Saint François de Sales," edited by Ferdinand Million (2 francs); "A Jésus par Marie" enseignée par le B. Grignon de Montfort (3.50 francs); De Lombaerde's "Ma Journée avec Marie, ou Pratique de la vie d'intimité avec la Douce Reine des Cœurs" (3.50 francs); "Explication au Petit Office de la Sainte Vierge Marie," by Charles Willi, C. SS. R. This last work, though intended for the use of religious, will suit lay folk as well. The treasures of the Little Office are explained, and accompanied by the text in French and Latin.

—The "Report of the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference" is differentiated from similar reports of other educational associations by its subject-matter. The Conference dealt with one subject only—history. The meeting took place in June last at St. Fidelis' Seminary, Herman, Pa., when the Very Rev. Provincial of the Capuchin Fathers welcomed "representatives of the three branches of the Franciscan Family, who have now assembled for the first time in the history of the country to deliberate on a subject of vital concern to all the Friars." Both the papers read and the discussions following are informative and interesting.

—The severe verdict of M. Gonzague Truc, a distinguished French critic, who has just completed a widely-read inquiry into the methods and purposes of the younger literary generation in his country, might well be passed on our own young *litterati*: "The literary operators are developing their vein and their path; to compensate for a lack of originality, the 'young writers' are trying to excite attention by being peculiar. All forms of writing are tending to dissolve in the novel, the authors of which do not seem to possess sufficient culture to be inspired by any idea. To get a satisfactory notion of contemporary literature, it is necessary only to read the titles of the latest books. So far as 'philosophy' is concerned, it is absent from imaginative

writing of all kinds, and is monopolized by the mandarins of the University, quite as reprehensible as any other trust."

—A glimpse of the admirable mind of St. Bonaventure is afforded by three of his treatises translated by Dominic Devas, O. F. M., and edited under the title "A Franciscan View of the Spiritual and Religious Life." These essays form a clear presentation of the Saint's own religious practice and development, and for that reason are all the more valuable and attractive. The matter is taken from his daily life, and is exhibited in a simple style, much after the fashion of a series of familiar letters; the reader is made to realize that here are plain, fundamental facts sincerely recorded. St. Bonaventure bestows especial praise upon poverty and interior prayer, bidding us aim at having all things "rough, cheap, and sparing," and designating as *unstable* that "outward structure of good works which is not held together by devotion and frequent prayer." Some of the other best sections of the volume are on: the Value of Monastic Life, the Causes of Decline, Safeguards for Superiors, including Patience, Devotedness, and Discretion. The translator evidently aimed at making the English pure and idiomatic, and for that he deserves commendation. His work is scientific, too, with a brief biographical notice of St. Bonaventure, a systematic arrangement of the treatises and their divisions, and an index. Published by Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.
- "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
- "The House Called Joyous Gard." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner; O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
- "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
- "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
- "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
- "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
- "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
- "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Haustermann, of the diocese of Covington; and Rev. Robert Moran, diocese of Omaha.

Sister Theodore, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Mother M. Joseph, Order of St. Ursula; and Mother M. Loretta, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

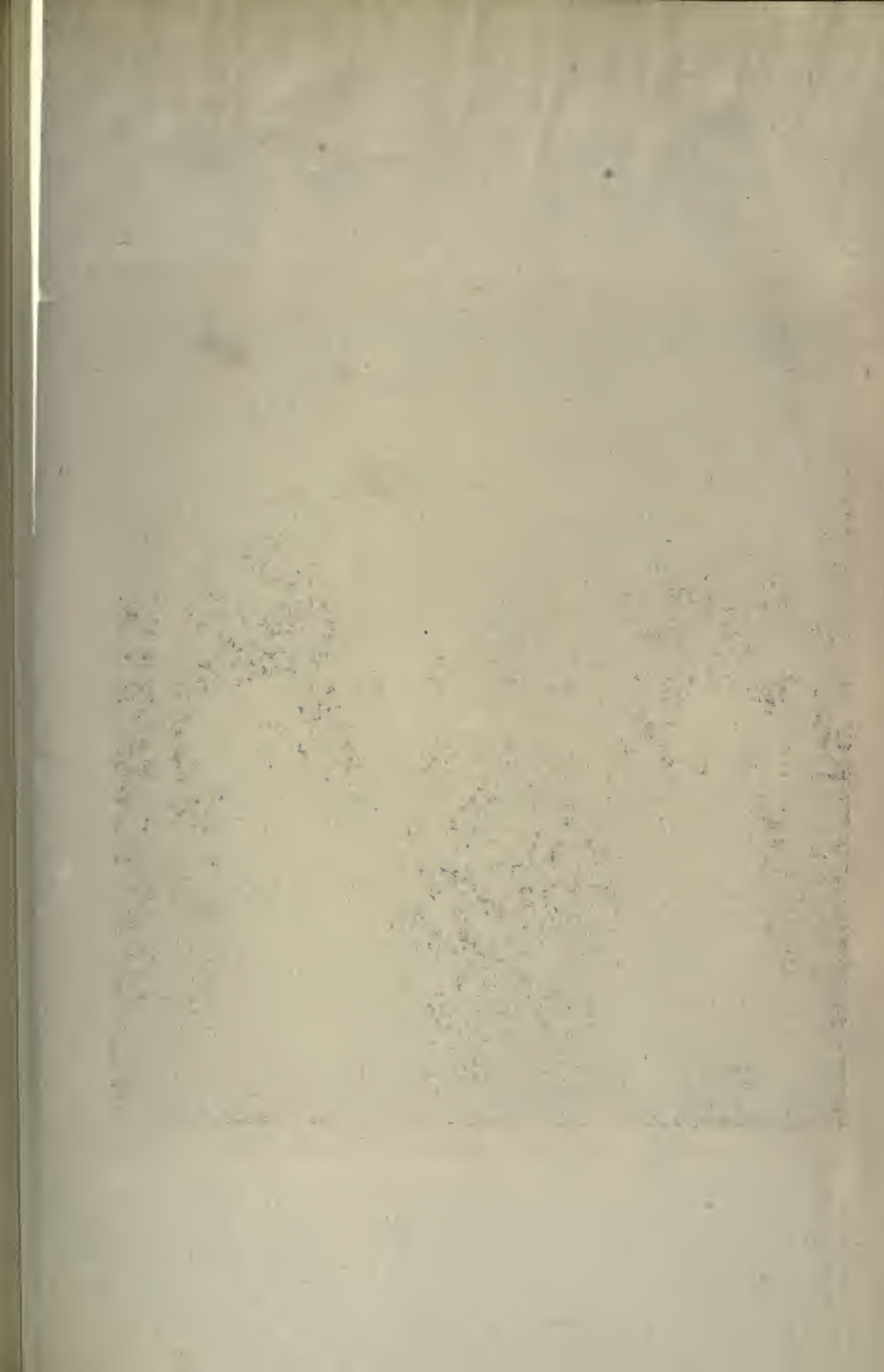
Mr. William Walters, Mr. Alfred Motzel, Mr. Nicholas Gonner, Mrs. Elizabeth Winkle, Mr. W. T. Pace, Miss Mary Malia, Mr. A. D. Chisholm, Mrs. F. J. Roniger, Mr. Edward Elliott, Mr. Thomas Battle, Mr. J. P. Fraser, Mr. John Conroy, Mr. Michael Conroy, Mr. George Hummel, Mr. Ernest Peltier, Mr. Edward Hilke, and Mr. R. B. Viana.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the War victims in Central Europe: "in honor of the Infant Jesus," \$5; C. R. St. James, \$25; M. E. Coupe, \$3; Edward Mulhall, \$5; M. G., \$2; Julia Guinaty, \$1; M. Haggerty, \$5. For the sufferers in Armenia and Russia: "in honor of the Infant Jesus, \$5; Mrs. John B., in honor of the Holy Family, \$1; M. Haggerty, \$5.25. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: S. Z., 50 cents.





THE EXPECTED OF NATIONS.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



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

[Copyright, 1922: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Proclamation of the Church at Christmas.

IN early times Christians prepared for the greater festivals by spending the previous night in watching and prayer; this is implied in the very word vigil. In course of time these vigils fell into disuse, and the name is now applied to the day instead of the night preceding the feast. On account of the midnight hour, when Christ was born, this ancient form of keeping vigil has survived at Christmas.

In cathedrals and monastic churches, where the Divine Office is celebrated every day, it is usual to announce from the Martyrology, at the end of Prime, a short memorial of the saints and mysteries to be kept on the morrow. On Christmas Eve the announcement of Our Lord's Nativity is made with unwonted solemnity. The priest who makes known the glad tidings wears a cope, and is accompanied by acolytes bearing lights and incense, as for the chanting of the Gospel. At the closing words all present kneel or prostrate themselves, out of reverence for so great a mystery. The announcement is as follows.

In the year from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood of Noe, two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the nativity of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming forth of the people of Israel out of Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten; from the anointing of David, king, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year from the building of the city of Rome, seven hundred and fifty two; in the two-and-fortieth year of the empire of Octavian Augustus when the whole world was in peace, in the sixth age thereof, JESUS CHRIST, Eternal God, and Son of the Eternal Father, intending to sanctify the world with His most blessed Presence, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months being past after His conception, is made man, born in Bethlehem, Judæa, of the Virgin Mary. The Nativity of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, according to the flesh.



Love's Bonds.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

BY tender Mother-hands
 Enwrapt in swathing bands,
 Upon the straw,
 The Holiest is lying—
 So helplessly is lying—
 Bound all by love!
 Here in the Host so small,
 Burning with love for all,
 Our God remains;
 Is found in bonds most strait—
 Urged by a love so great—
 Oh! Mystery of Love!

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXX.

DECEMBER was unusually cold, and there had been one or two snowstorms that had given an opportunity for sleigh rides. Even Mrs. Brentwood, who could never be persuaded to go out in a motor, had suffered herself to be wrapped up very warmly and taken for a long drive, down as far as the Park, in Gregory's double sleigh. It was an inheritance from his father, and he had never thought of using it in all these years, till he wanted to give pleasure to these dear people.

Central Park was a sight in itself. The winding roads, which in Summer were clad in all the bravery of living green, were now utterly white. The branches of the trees and the skeletons of the shrubs were hung in snow wreaths. The snow had hardened sufficiently to make the sleighing quite passable; and the knowledge that this pleasure could only be enjoyed for a couple of days, at the most, brought crowds of New Yorkers to join in the merry whirl of jingling sleigh bells,

coachmen in fur caps and capes, and children shrieking with delight. Life seemed to have thrust out of sight, for the present, all that was sordid or sad or evil. Her miseries she had laid away in a Pandora's box, of which none just then might raise the lid. Marcia entering into the spirit of the occasion, looked radiant.

"It is so nice to have you with us, mother," she said, giving her arm a little squeeze, "only, I hope you are warm enough and won't take cold."

"There is no danger at all, my dear," answered Mrs. Brentwood, "and it has made me feel quite young again to be here in these scenes with which I was once familiar."

"If only you liked motors, Gregory would drive you down here often, I am sure."

"As often as ever you would come," Gregory called over his shoulder from the front seat.

"You are so very kind," Mrs. Brentwood responded; "I am sure you have made life very different for all of us."

"I have only begun to live myself," Gregory replied, but in an undertone, meant only for Marcia's ears.

"I have a great many plans," he added, "if only some others will help me to carry them out."

"I am sure they would, if they knew," Mrs. Brentwood declared, politely but vaguely; and Marcia laughed her pleasant, wholesome laugh, that seemed to match the sleigh bells.

When Gregory brought them home he urged them to come again next day. But the unpropitious sun came out strongly, and presto! the snow had vanished, and there were only muddy streams, and the earth showing its brown face again.

"I almost think I should like to live up in Canada, where they have sleighing for months at a time," said Marcia.

"You would soon tire of it," Larry

argued, "and scarcely notice the jingle of the sleigh bells. Here it is a delightful novelty."

"I always remember," he continued reminiscently, "when I was a little boy, grandfather used to send us out in the sleigh. Once he came himself, and I was so frozen with terror I never spoke one word."

"Poor old grandfather!" exclaimed Marcia, "he must have had a lonely life."

"He did in his last years," put in Mrs. Brentwood, "after his wife died and his sons grew up. Then James went away, and that unfortunate argument occurred with your father."

"I suppose that was why he attached himself to Ambrose Gilfillan," surmised Marcia, "who was so unlike him in every way."

"Partly that, my dear, and partly because he had been very fond of Gilfillan's mother in his college days, although she was his cousin, once removed. The family naturally objected to the marriage; but your grandfather, who was tenacious, never forgot."

"There seems to have been any number of romances in the Brentwood family," observed Larry.

"There were a great many, indeed," Mrs. Brentwood declared. "Some of them I have heard and forgotten; others were only hinted at."

"People are less romantic these days," Larry rejoined, "don't you think so, Marcia?"

But, whether by accident or design, Marcia did not answer, and Larry, who shrewdly suspected that she had a full-fledged romance under way herself, did not pursue the subject.

"You will have your own, Larry, all in good time," the stepmother prophesied. "None of the Brentwood men made mercenary matches, or tried to mend their fortunes in a way that is now so common. For you must know,

Larry, your father had his real affair of the heart long before he met me. Like all of his name, he was a lover of beauty. I understood that very well, but I never complained, since he gave me a true and honest affection, and made my life very happy."

The old woman wiped the tears that began to fall down her wrinkled cheeks, and there were tears in the eyes of Marcia, who had stolen near and stroked her hair; while Larry, awed and uncomfortable by this glimpse into a life history, stirred the fire, and bringing over a stool put it under his stepmother's feet.

"You will be more comfortable," he remarked simply.

For answer she took his hand and pressed it.

"What should I have done without you both, my dears? I should have had a very lonely life."

Christmas was rapidly approaching. Marcia was very busy those days in the kitchen, making the mincemeat, helping to prepare the ingredients for the plum pudding, and shelling nuts, stoning raisins, and turning a variety of ingredients into homemade sweets. They were days of great enjoyment, particularly for Eliza and Minna, who liked to have their young mistress with them.

"You'll be having Mr. Glassford for dinner on Christmas," Eliza declared, as though she were an oracle speaking from some hidden shrine.

"It's very likely," Marcia assented. "Mr. Larry will be sure to want his partner, and mother is quite infatuated with him."

"And Miss Marcia," put in the cook, slyly, as though she were addressing the opposite wall, "won't be so very sorry herself to have that splendid gentleman at dinner?"

Marcia laughed and colored.

"For any one could see with half an eye," ventured the cook, "what it was that brought him here so often."

"There was Miss Eloise, his ward, you know," suggested Marcia.

"Ward she was, to be sure," declared Eliza; "but, as I told the mistress, from the moment he set eyes on you, he cared little for any one else."

"Oh, how foolish you are, Eliza!" Marcia exclaimed. "Your own partiality blinds you."

"Eliza, there's something burning on the stove," came the voice of Minna, at what Marcia considered a very opportune moment. For the subject of Gregory, she never had been able to discuss with any one, not even her mother, nor with Larry. And yet, in her inmost heart, this testimony was gratifying. For she knew that Eliza had, indeed, keen eyes, especially where they were sharpened by faithful affection.

A question that agitated the household was whether or not Eloise and her husband should be invited to spend Christmas at the old house.

Marcia expressed the opinion:

"It is far more likely they will go to the Critchleys; and yet, I suppose it would be better to ask them."

"Probably it would, my dear," agreed Mrs. Brentwood, "though if Mr. Glassford has such a prejudice against that young man, it may spoil things for him no little."

"Gregory must get over that prejudice," Marcia declared, "for he will have to meet Reggie Hubbard, now that he is one of the family, and on account of Eloise."

"I suppose it is unavoidable," sighed the old lady, "but it would have been so pleasant, just the four of us!"

"It is the kind thing to do, I think, mother, under all the circumstances," put in Larry. And so it was settled, even before that occurred which made the invitation a necessity. For Eloise

went into the office in Wall Street when she knew Glassford would be out, and openly made the request to Larry that she and her husband should be invited to the House at the Cross Roads for Christmas.

"Do persuade Marcia to let us come," she pleaded.

"It will not be very hard," Larry had responded, "for mother and Marcia have already talked of sending you an invitation. Only they thought it likely you would go to the Critchleys."

"We don't want to go there at all. I feel that it wouldn't be like Christmas, and Reggie has some foolish grudge or other against Nick."

"Then you are sure to get your invitation at once," Larry promised; "and you know how glad we shall be to have you out there again."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Will you *really*? And yet I was rather—horrid, sometimes."

"Marcia said you were to consider it home, and we all feel that way."

"It is more like home than any other place," Eloise said, impulsively, "except, of course, our own apartment: But apartments can't be exactly the same, and that old ghostly house will be an ideal place to spend Christmas. I won't mind even if grandfather comes up the lane or sits in the carved chair."

Larry laughed. Then he thought it well to tell her of the other guest who most certainly would be there.

She paused a moment as if struck by the idea.

"Oh, yes, I might have known that he would be there! I shall be glad to have dear old Gregory beside me at the table. I hardly ever see him now."

After she had risen to take her leave, she spoke again.

"Reggie and he are not very fond of each other. But they will have to meet, and Christmas ought to be a time of peace."

Larry escorted her to the door. When they reached it, out of the range of possible listeners, the girl asked:

"Do you think Marcia cares for Gregory?"

Larry startled, pulled himself together and answered:

"Don't ask me any riddles like that."

"If she doesn't she will break his heart. He has never cared for any one else, you know."

"He must be a hard-hearted fellow, then," declared Larry; "or is it only hard-headed?"

"I hope Marcia does care for him," Eloise declared; "I don't want him to be hurt."

As Larry bade her good-bye, he said, hastily:

"I am all on Glassford's side, too, but it is impossible to tell about Marcia."

So Larry brought home the news to his sister, who hesitated no longer, but despatched a very cordial invitation to the pair. Reggie, on reading it, remarked:

"It is civil of her, and all that, of course, and she quite took my fancy at the wedding, as, I believe, I have already told you. But, if you think, dearest, that I can stand the boredom of all that Christmas nonsense in which no sensible person believes, you are mistaken. One is expected to make himself ill with plum pudding and other indigestible messes, after being forced for civility to go to church in the morning, and all the rest of it."

"Do you mean to say that you will not go, Reggie?" Eloise inquired, sitting up straight in her chair, and looking at him.

"I mean precisely that and nothing else," Reggie responded, curtly.

"But it is an invitation you can not refuse."

"Such an invitation has never come my way," Reggie went on, nonchalantly, "I always refuse what I don't want to

do. For one thing, I have no notion of sitting through a family dinner with that conceited fellow, Glassford."

"I am beginning to fear you are not worthy to blacken his boots."

Reggie raised his eyebrows.

"A commendable wifely sentiment," he said, carelessly; "but you and I are not going to quarrel about a simple matter like this. We have done quite enough in that way, lately."

Eloise with tears, which she resolutely drove back, remembered how only the other day this man, for whose sake she had alienated most of her friends, had given a glimpse of his true nature. He had come home in bad humor from an afternoon at the club, in which he had lost heavily at cards. For, if he were not a gambler by profession, he had long been in the habit of adding to his income by games of chance. On that day, however, luck had been against him, and as he sat with Eloise waiting for dinner, he began to twit her half in jest, in which he could be very offensive.

"Do you know, dearest," he began, "that I believe one of my chief reasons for marrying you and giving up my freedom, was to spite Glassford?"

Eloise sat very still a moment, telling herself that he was only jesting, and that she must not resent what was so clearly an attempt at a pleasantry. But Reggie went on, with a suspicion of truculence in his tone:

"I would have done a good deal to get even with the fellow, and there was my great opportunity."

"If that was your only motive," Eloise said, slowly, "you were defeated even there."

Her husband started and looked at her, searchingly.

"Because," she continued, calmly, "Gregory had long been in love with my cousin, Marcia, and had proposed marriage to her."

"By Jove!" Hubbard cried, starting to his feet in excitement, "if I had only known that!" Then he subsided and sank lazily back into his chair:

"Why, I might have gone in for the girl myself. She certainly is—well, I won't say what—for fear of hurting your feelings,—but I wouldn't have given the fellow credit for such good taste."

He turned upon his wife, suddenly.

"Why didn't you ever tell me that before?" he demanded.

"I scarcely thought it was any of your business," Eloise responded, pale to the lips and trembling with indignation. For in all this brutal pleasantry, she felt that there was a sinister suspicion of truth.

"Well, my love," Reggie resumed, "you are always springing unpleasant surprises on me. The first time was when you let me know that you had lost that fine piece of property up in Westchester, which is growing in value every day. I was planning any number of house parties to the old ruin; but you kept that matter very closely to yourself, my dear, until we were safely married."

"Until I had disregarded the warnings of all my friends, and chosen you."

"They were quite right in telling you I never was cut out for a Benedict, my dear. But, like other self-willed little girls, you would have me, for better or for worse."

Eloise felt the taunt keenly, trying, however, to get under control that temper which brought bitter words to her lips, and a feeling of something like hatred into her heart.

"So, you see, everything has not been quite *couleur de rose* for me. First the house gone, and then my pretty little scheme of revenge that gave such a piquancy to all our courtship. It is humiliating to think that, while I supposed Glassford to be suffering the

pangs of jealousy, he was only doing his duty as guardian."

Eloise, with a scarce audible exclamation, flew out of the room and refused to come to dinner. Reggie, who was hungry, enjoyed his meal thoroughly as well as an after-dinner smoke. This done, he leisurely went to make his peace. For he began to fear that he had gone too far, and something in the face of his wife made him see the possibility of an open scandal. With all that art by which he had won her, he now set himself to allay her resentment and to persuade her that he had been jesting all the time and could not resist the temptation to see how attractive she looked when in a temper.

"There is no need to quarrel about the affair," Reggie had declared; "I have always disliked quarrels, and managed to live at peace with my fellow-men. So the best thing for you to do, is to spend Christmas at your cousin's house, if you care to, and I shall go away for a day or two with a couple of friends."

Eloise listened aghast at such a proposal.

"But don't you see how it will look, and how people will talk, on our very first Christmas?"

"Wife," responded the man, "if I had paid attention to what people say, I should have had a mighty dull life. Dulness I abhor, and why should I celebrate something I don't believe in?"

Nor could any device of hers alter his attitude, and Eloise saw how delighted Reggie was at the prospect of getting away from her.

As the days wore on to Christmas Eve he began to get anxious.

"What train are you going to take?" he inquired; "or will Glassford drive you? I needn't be jealous of him, you see, since he never was my rival, and is after the attractive Marcia."

To all of which Eloise made no

answer, but sat playing with her rings and looking down at them as though they possessed a magic charm.

"Can't you answer my question?" Reggie asked.

"I was recalling," said Eloise, calmly, "what some author—isn't it George Eliot?—has said, that 'a difference in jokes is a great strain on the affections.' I have been realizing that lately."

"Let the affections take care of themselves and answer my question. What train do you intend to take?"

"I don't intend to take any," answered Eloise. "I am not going."

He stared at her first, and then stormed.

Eloise got up from the chair in which she was sitting, but before she had reached the door, Reggie put his back to it.

"You are so exasperating," he cried, "that you make me forget myself. But you are not going out of this room till everything is decided."

"This is certainly decided," replied Eloise, with eyes that flashed and breath that came hard; "I am not going to the old house. I shall let the servants have a holiday and prepare my own meals, or, possibly, I may go over to the Critchleys for dinner."

"And set everybody talking!"

"Nothing you can say will influence me in the slightest," said Eloise, in a white heat of indignation; "and I tell you that I will not allow you to use such language in my presence. Open the door at once!"

There was something in the aspect of the girl that cowed even the brazen effrontery of her husband. He then silently opened the door and permitted her to pass.

Eloise at once wrote a civil note to Marcia, saying that she was heart-broken, but that her husband had made other plans, which it would be difficult to alter, and expressing the hope that,

before long, they should have the pleasure of visiting the dear House at the Cross Roads.

But Eloise did not go to the Critchleys, though Reggie, declaring that he could not break the engagement he had made, left her alone to sob her heart out on that festival which, of all others, enkindles the spark of human affection wherever it has not been smothered by the world. The presents which she had received from many quarters seemed to her as hollow mockeries, and only the services at the church, with their beautiful echoes of song that has resounded through the ages, made her realize that Christmas had really come.

There was something of relief in the mingled sentiments with which the refusal of the invitation had been received at the House at the Cross Roads. The presence of Eloise alone would have been another matter; but not one of the Brentwoods felt that they cared to see such a man as Hubbard. Gregory hearing the news, and shrewdly suspecting something of what had occurred, reflected sadly on the change he had noted in Eloise, though he had met her but for a moment.

"What I read in her face," he thought, "was disillusionment"; and when he heard later, through Reggie's own indiscretion, that the young wife had been left to spend Christmas alone, he added the forcible expression that rose to his lips:

"How I wish I had the thrashing of that scamp!"

The state of affairs at the old house, however, caused his own heart to rejoice. He had driven out on Christmas Eve, and had accompanied Marcia to the three Masses. In the afternoon, when Larry went off for a walk, and Mrs. Brentwood, according to her wont, slumbered in her chair, Marcia asked him to help her with the presents. It was then that she observed:

"I have nothing in all these parcels for you, Gregory!"

"Nothing at all," he laughed, with a slight feeling of disappointment, as he noted the care and thought she had bestowed on the others.

When they had finished the tying of parcels, the writing of names, the inclosing of cards, Marcia sat on a low stool by the fire and let her hands hang idly down.

"When, oh, when!" said Gregory, "will you speak that word I am so anxious to hear, and tell me you will be my wife?"

"Let me finish about the presents first," Marcia said, with an indescribable expression of humor and tenderness in her blue eyes, as she surveyed the young man sitting before her on the rug. "Now instead of giving you a knitted scarf, a waistcoat, or silk handkerchiefs, none of which you wanted, I thought of something which you have so often been saying that you wanted."

"What on earth can it be, Marcia?"

"You can not give a guess. Well, it was just one Marcia Brentwood who lives at the House at the Cross Roads, County of Westchester."

He would scarcely let her finish.

"I can't put into words what I feel," he said. "What man that really cares can speak!"

"There is no need to speak," Marcia said very quietly, "for you know, or think you know, that you want me, and I have at last brought my mind round to regard you as mine and not another's."

Just as Mrs. Brentwood stirred in her chair, and gave signs of awaking, Marcia whispered:

"I wonder if you will really go on caring for my gift; or if the time may come when you will be minded to cast it away."

"I would sooner part with my life, Marcia!"

Mrs. Brentwood now fully awake said:

"Why, my dear, I must have been asleep."

Before they went in to dinner, and while they were waiting for Larry to return from his walk, Gregory said:

"If I had only known, in time to get your ring, but let me measure your finger now."

She held it out laughingly, as she said:

"Christmas presents are supposed to be a surprise, so I couldn't tell you before."

"Would you rather have only diamonds, or a mixture of other stones?" Gregory asked.

"I would rather hear nothing about it till you put it on my finger. I want you to choose it; and I haven't thanked you yet for the beautiful gifts and flowers and sweets for us all."

"If I had dared I would have sent something worth while," declared Gregory, "only I was afraid of my haughty, little lady."

"You mustn't give me any expensive gifts just yet," Marcia said seriously.

"Please let me give you a string of pearls I saw at Tiffany's."

"I would rather not," Marcia replied.

"Well, I shall buy it and keep it for the wedding day."

"After that," Marcia laughed, "I shall no longer be able to control you. But until then,—why, I am old-fashioned, and—why should I explain? You understand, dear, don't you?"

The dinner was the most elaborate that Eliza could prepare, and the table a mass of lights and flowers, with Christmas emblems everywhere. When the dessert of fruits and ices was placed on the table, Gregory asked:

"May I tell them, Marcia?"

"The better day, the better deed."

"I want you, dear friends, to know," he announced, "that this Christmas is

the happiest of my life; for Marcia has promised to marry me."

It was hard to say whether smiles or tears predominated; heartfelt wishes were spoken in few and tender words.

"Every time I see a piece of holly," Gregory declared, "I shall feel like jumping for joy, and," he added, as they came out into the living room, "I am only afraid that I shall wake to find it all a dream, and that you have thrown me over."

"I shall never do that, Gregory," Marcia assured him; "if change comes it will be from you. That is why I took time to make up my mind, because I don't want to have the wear and tear of changing it."

"I wish Eloise could have come," Larry said.

"Yes," agreed Marcia, "though I don't suppose her husband would have fitted in very well. I can't imagine him enjoying a quiet dinner here with us."

"He's a blight wherever he goes," Gregory declared; "but we would all like to have had little Eloise."

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Brentwood, "though I don't think she always liked being in so quiet a place."

"She could have endured it for one day," put in Marcia.

"She was really very fond of it," Gregory remarked, "as I had occasion to know, when I had to tell her of the change in her grandfather's will."

Meanwhile, Sarah, overhearing the news had carried it to the kitchen. Eliza burst into tears, murmuring:

"God love them both, and give them happiness, for a finer couple, the Lord never brought together."

Minna danced about with glee at the joyful news, which would make the "big gentleman," a permanency thereabouts; and Sarah kept repeating: "And me thinking all the time he was Miss Eloise's beau!"

Only it was Christmas, Eliza would

have dealt in pointed remarks about the stupidity of some people. As it was, she merely grunted, and they were all soon engaged in opening the parcels which Marcia had sent down on the "lift," saying she would be with them in a moment. There were gifts from Mrs. Brentwood and from Larry for each of the three, and munificent offerings from Minna's "big gentleman," which made her dance about again in delight, and Eliza hold up her hands in wonder. Sarah in a kind of refrain repeated:

"In all the places that I ever lived, I never seen such presents!"

"It's the big heart Mr. Glassford has," pronounced Eliza, "and in that he matches Miss Marcia, aye, and Mr. Larry too." She put her arms round the neck of her beloved young mistress and whispered:

"God's best gift to you is the man He sent your way."

(Conclusion next week.)

Noël.

BY JOHN R. MORELAND.

THE night was long,
The moon hung low,
The wind was keen
And chill as snow.

The huddled sheep
Were very still;
The shepherds watched
Upon the hill.


The inn was filled
With vague unrest;
But safe upon
The Virgin's breast,

The Infant Jesus
Slumbered warm,
Held in the curve
Of Mary's arm....

And shepherds came in
Starlight dim,
With humble gifts,
And worshipped Him.

Christmastide at the Embassies in Washington.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

CHRISTMAS Day of 1922, despite the roseate visions of four years ago, does not dawn upon a world reunited in the bonds of peace and good-will. But the rays of its blessed sun will shine upon a spectacle in the capital city of the mighty Western Republic which is radiant with hope. Forty-nine nations have their envoys established in Washington, and of these but four come from non-Christian lands: Japan, China, Persia and Siam. In the other forty-five homes, with a national entity and its inspirations, aspirations and heritage of tradition, there is a fervent manifestation of the true Christmas spirit, a following of the Star which must bid us hope. Only a very few years ago many of these free nations, represented in the diplomatic corps, groaned under the rule of aliens. Many now living in friendship and mutual co-operation side by side in the American capital, have, during centuries, been hereditary foes, and their supplications to the Prince of Peace included a fervent appeal to be delivered from one another!

On the hills which crown upper Sixteenth Street in Washington, D. C., and roll westward so gracefully to Rock Creek Park, may be found the home over which the Republic of Poland has raised its venerable standard of crimson and white. It is the olden, heroic flag which waved before that invincible army which blocked the victorious Turks in their efforts to devastate Europe. It will be a joyous household that will follow the Star in the official domicile of this ancient Catholic stronghold. Long ago Poland, so poignantly called the "Knight among the Nations," crowned the blessed heroine

of Christmas with precious gems as "Virgo Mater, Regina Poloniæ"; and she will be crowned anew in the national as well as in the individual significance, wherever the crimson and white flag waves. The Minister, Dr. Ladislaw Wroblewski, and his wife come of heroic blood; and as they represent the victorious generation which placed Poland among the nations of the earth again, so their immediate ancestors represent those who lived and died wholly and hopefully that she might regain her lost place. Once upon a time, the Pole knelt at the Christmas altar and uttered the terrible indictment contained in the national hymn, "Jeszcze Polska" (Poland is not yet lost), "Our lamentations mount to Thee, O Lord, on the steam of our brothers' blood." Now the age-old "Come all ye faithful" and the "*Gloria*" will be their thanksgiving.

In the strict sense, the Christmas season in the Polish legation began on December 6, when the feast of good St. Nicholas was, according to the Slav calendar, celebrated through Eastern Europe. But there was a note of gravity even in this fête day, a remembrance of the time when Poland had no present, only the memory of a great past, and faith in the justice of God, which would bring a glorious future. The children—there are three, a boy Frederick, who habitually wears the uniform of the Polish guards, though he is not yet ten years old; a little girl, Mary, clad always in white and blue in honor of the Heavenly Mother to whom she has been dedicated; a boy of three called, in the wonderful symbolism of the Slav, Adam, born in Warsaw in the first year of freedom, the new man in the new era,—before going into the city to enjoy the sights, divide their spending money into three parts, one for the church and for the poor children dependent on its care; one for the children of Europe still crying for bread, and

the remainder for their own pleasure.

Poland, like the other traditionally Catholic Slavic nations, has clung to the old way of celebrating Christmas in the joyous sense on December 24 instead of the day of the calendar, December 25. This, said Madame Wroblewska, is that, all excitement and distraction ended, the day of the Birth may be observed, as it should be, in prayer and with thoughts of the things of eternal value, and not of the shams and shallow treasures of this world. As this is usually a fast day, the grand repast of Christmas, the formal banquet, to which the Minister will invite all the members of his staff, and such Polish people in the city as may be seemly, is composed entirely of fish. There are national ways of making fish soup which are carefully followed, and ancient ways of baking and steaming fish, all cherished in the mind of the Polish housewife. But the banquet is spread after a formula handed down through the centuries. To recall the Manger, the dining table is covered with straw, and the cloth spread upon it. Shepherds and their flocks nestle among the floral decorations, and the Star is everywhere—at the main entrance of the mansion, in the white and red berries of mistletoe and holly, from the great chandelier in the banquet hall, in the cakes and candies, in paper and silk, and in the twisting of the small flags of crimson and white. The festive board is spread about dusk, and at the western window, young Frederick in his uniform, and, no doubt, looking very martial and grave, will take his stand and watch intently. When the first star is visible, he will announce this in clear, ringing tones, and, stepping to the fire blazing brightly on the hearth, he will light a taper, and with a prayer old as the Christian faith, since it has come direct from the Catacombs, he will touch the waiting candles which adorn the feast. Then the entire assembly

will chant an ancient Christmas hymn.

Afterward the youngsters, for they assist at this dining at least in its initial stages, will be led to the drawing-room where the Stable of Bethlehem is spread before them. And here also is their tree, gorgeous in good things, in fruits, in tiny little emblems sacred to the Poles,—their white eagle, the figurines of their heroes, their saintly heroes, and all the creatures which the Gospels place around the Manger. The gifts for the family and for the entire household and guests are plainly marked and placed in orderly piles behind the tree; and a merry part of the evening is the sorting out of the packages for the rightful owners. There are always stories of the hetmans, those renowned warriors of olden Poland, of whose marvellous adventures the Western child has no knowledge, of the magicians, much like the Egyptians who gave the handkerchief to the mother of Othello. At the end, the Minister, Dr. Wroblewski, will read to his assembled guests the Gospel of St. Luke, and with this beautiful and touching picture of the wandering of the Holy Mother and the Foster-father and their shelter in the stable, the evening will end at the Manger, with the strains of the Polish hymn of thanksgiving. On December 26, the merriment will begin again. But Christmas Day is spent piously and quietly.

Were Dr. Bedrich Stepanek, the Minister from Czecho-Slovakia, at home in the fair city of Prague on the Moldau, Christmas Eve would prove one of the busiest days of the year. For it begins with the first peep of day in Bohemia; and in the rural sections, which comprise so much of this smiling land, its opening feature is the procession which, lighted by the Christmas tapers, marches through the house singing the old hymns of the Czechs, which go back to the early Tenth Century. Every room is visited, and then the

outhouses, where every beast and fowl, and even the birds, are provided with good cheer. Usually the family then attends Mass in the private chapel. A breakfast of delectable viands would follow this religious celebration, and at dusk there would be the same watching for the star as prevails in Poland.

But Dr. Stepanek is a bachelor and lives in a modest home in the northwest part of Washington. He will, however, follow the customs of his country to the extent of having a typical Bohemian dinner for his staff. There are two little girls in the legation of Czecho-Slovakia, Neran and Aldomar, children of Dr. and Mrs. Rudolf Kuraz, and for them all the traditions will be observed in their home,—the blessing of the house at the dawn on Christmas Eve, and the placing of food for the birds and squirrels, which are the only creatures which might be deemed dependent on them. They will have a Manger all in readiness, and, of course, St. Nicholas will furnish them with a tree. They will have all their little friends in, and for these Americans, with no knowledge of the sacred memories which Bohemia cherishes, it will be a novel experience; and the symbolic supper will be something to relate all through the holidays. For it has been since the half-heathen days of the land, that the feast on Christmas Eve, should begin with the sprinkling of the company with water sweetened with honey, and if a bounteous sprinkling falls on a young lad or lassie, it means that his or her future wife or husband will be of an honesty clear as water and of a temper sweet as honey,—surely a very good gift for the future to hold in store for any who seek the career of matrimony! Fish is the chief dish, even this year, when the eve of Christmas falls on Sunday, for it is the tradition. Because our Divine Lord chose His Apostles so largely from fishermen, this food is emblematic on

His greatest feast in the very old Catholic countries. The little maids from Bohemia will sing their hymns in the native language for their guests, and will perhaps perform some part of a miracle play for their delectation; for so they spent Christmas Eve in Prague.

Some ten years ago, the most picturesque fête in the entire city was that of the embassy of Austro-Hungary. A large tree was lighted and stripped of its manifold treasures about dusk on Christmas Eve. And all in the city who had contributed in any way whatsoever to the comfort or necessities of the embassy, were special guests. The boy who delivered the newspapers, the youth who lighted the city lamps before the door, the delivery boy in many guises, from the telegraph company and from the various stores, all were asked, and received not alone good things from the tree, but a truly liberal gift in the shape of a shining gold piece from the generous ambassador. Then there was a big supper for the embassy staff, at which the mammoth boar's head was brought in aflame, and, when served to the company, taken to the other dining-room, where there was an astonishing assortment of guests, the policeman on the beat, the firemen of the nearest engine house and drivers of milk carts. But the gayeties ended decorously about 10.30 o'clock.

Great placards "for sale" have for months disfigured the fine old red-brick mansion, so long the embassy of Austro-Hungary, and still decked with the double eagle of the Hapsburgs. Austria is represented only by a *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Edgar Prochnik. He and his family will keep no state, and will pass a sad Christmas, mindful of the sorrow and privation at home. All that can be spared from absolute necessities goes across the seas; and the little children have been trained to give all their spare pennies for those who lack bread, and

to rely fervently on the Christ-Child to bring them gifts and nice things to eat on the great day. Madame Prochnik is a convert and a native of Saint Paul, Minnesota. She passed the entire period of the War in Vienna, and two of her children were born there. Her life is consecrated to the charity which strives to keep alive the suffering people of Austria; and though she will not darken the sunny hours of Christmas for the children, all of her sympathy, and nearly all of her income, goes to Vienna where so much is needed.

Nowhere is the contrast so great between the condition of Hungary and that of her former allied state, Austria, as in their legations in Washington. Count Laszlo Szechenyi, the Minister from Hungary, dwells in a great palace in the section which is called Washington's Mayfair, the noble avenue which surrounds Sheridan Circle and extends beyond the last bridge across Rock Creek. His wife, who was born a Vanderbilt, and small daughters seem as remote from the active interests of Washington life as they are from the miseries of Europe and their former home. But they give generously to the Austrian cause, and the little girls on Christmas Eve are to feast their friends in the diplomatic corps,—Poles and Yugo-Slavs and Greeks and Bohemians, and tiny Belgians and French tots and the flaxen-haired youngsters from the Scandinavian countries. When it is recalled that Europe was so often drenched in blood through the feuds of many of these nations, especially Poles, Yugo-Slavs and Magyars, the juvenile party at the Hungarian legation, albeit none of the ancient Magyar customs will prevail, is a blessed symbol of peace and good-will.

Though of the oldest of European peoples and most venerable in the annals of the Faith, the Republic of Lithuania is the youngest in association

with the capital of the United States. Only within the past month did President Harding receive Dr. Valdermaris Carnékiš, envoy from this Baltic country, which has won its freedom after centuries of oppression. But the envoy from Lithuania has not set his stage adequately for a Christmas worthy of his ancient traditions. No priest who speaks that tongue is available, and since the divine birthday is primarily a religious feast, Dr. Carnékiš and his staff will pass the season in New York, where, amongst other important aspects of the Lithuanian Christmas, there will be people of their own race and many poor, and a priest who will offer Mass after the olden way.

A joyous note enters the Christmas-tide in considering the long list of Latin-American republics, all Catholic and, without exception, all boasting those jewels of a Catholic household, large families of children. Five small Panamanians will be up with the first streak of dawn to see their first Christmas tree, and to journey with their parents to St. Matthew's to hear the first Mass and the carols of the choristers. In their sunny land, evergreen trees are unobtainable, and in their great country home, the chaplain said the Midnight Mass and afterwards carried away treasures heaped about the living-room for friends and for the poor. Madame Alfaro, wife of the Minister from Panama, but recently arrived at the American capital, is by descent British. Her family, therefore, keeps the feast after the best traditions of the Briton and the Latin. But Christmas is a day of prayer; and the gala day of the children is not until January 6.

All of the twenty Latin-American legations keep the holy day after the ways of the tiniest, Panama. But because their little ones sometimes insist on taking over the more material ways of North Americans, many concessions

are in order; and Christmas trees are lighted and gifts distributed either on the eve or on the great feast. The three little tots from Venezuela and the seven from Ecuador will have a Christmas tableau about their tree. A varying note is sounded from Brazil, where the ancient Portuguese customs obtain. Christmas is a day of prayer, and the Christmas spirit is charity to the poor. All merriment and gift-making is held in restraint until New Year's Eve.

All the Ambassadors and Ministers from Catholic lands attend at least one of the solemn services of the morning, accompanied by their staffs and families; and this is among the most brilliant international aspects which the American capital can assume. St. Patrick's fairly glistens with foreign celebrities. A fair proportion of the diplomats still attend St. Matthew's, while many of the Catholic Europeans habitually go to St. Paul's. And some tender customs will be observed besides the pious national ones described. Were the little ones in the Polish legation at home in Warsaw, they would make a pilgrimage to the home of the great Sobieski at Wilanow, where, among the solemn cypresses, the patriot of Poland sleeps. Were the young Bohemian girls in Washington in their home in Prague, they would place fresh roses on the shrine of the intrepid national saint, John Nepomucene, in that unique holy spot on the centre of the busiest bridge crossing the Moldau. The little Poles in Washington will bring flowers to the gallant Kosciusko whose bronze effigy adorns Lafayette Park; for, after the blessings of religion, all of the knightly nation value civil liberty, and render an almost passionate homage to its champions.

If the loving scenes in the American capital could but presage an international enactment, what a glorious Christmas would the coming year bring into the world!

The Innocent of the Yeun.

BY ANATOLE LE BRAZ; TRANSLATED BY
E. M. WALKER.*

AMONG the Christmas stories that lulled me to sleep in my childhood, I know of none more steeped in melancholy charm than the story of the child of the Yeun.

The Yeun is a vast plain of partially dried-up marshland, a kind of immense bog, stretching away as far as the eye can reach at the foot of the Ménez-Mikêl, on the southern slope of the hills of Arrée. It is to my mind the grandest and also the wildest of all the inland landscapes of Brittany. In Summer, the expanse of steppe lies green and pink, violet or pale of hue in the sunshine, varying in color with the capricious play of the light; the murmur of insects, the rustling wings of plover or teal in the willows, hardly trouble the absolute silence. But in Winter it is transformed into a veritable Walpurgis country, whither rush the bellowing troops of the winds. On this sinister arena, open to every blast, they struggle, they fight, they roar—it is a tumult of despairing death-rattles and appalling yells.

One is tempted to ask how men can be found willing to dwell in so sombre, so "disinherited" a land, ringed round by such desolate horizons. For, in spite of all, the marsh is not without inhabitants. In spite of all, four or five families have been founded on the circumference of the Yeun, and have now been rooted there for centuries. Isolated, cut off from intercourse one with the other on account of the distances, and feeling, moreover, no need of a break in their solitude, you may hear them remark: "We can see one another's smoke. Besides, a man's own house is enough."

* By permission of Calmann-Lévy, Publishers, Paris.

With them, every house is, indeed, in a certain sense, self-sufficient. Only, gathered round the same hearth, there are often several generations. People live to be very old in this land of peat and stagnant water and black poverty. Those who are weak quickly go under: fever (a dark-skinned fairy clothed in rags, say the peasants) twists their necks with her bony fingers. But the strong hold out for long, long years, and attain an age that is almost Biblical. The health-giving air from the neighboring hills preserves those whom the malaria of the Yeun has not destroyed.

And then life flows so calmly in these latitudes. Its course is smooth, monotonous, without an eddy or a turn: it is a somnolence, a torpor comparable to that of the brown ponds that here and there lie sunken in the bog. It only spends itself, if one may use the expression, by evaporation. Here, as everywhere, we find men and women modelled into conformity with their environment. They have become the captives of the Yeun. Their thoughts and their gaze reflect the melancholy vistas of the marsh. Rare are the words that they exchange; nor, for that matter, have they anything to tell another. They lie under the spell of an eternal, vague, and incommunicable dream.

I.

One of the four or five hovels that border the Yeun is known by the name of Corn-Cam. It nestles at the base of the Ménez-Mikêl at the angle made by the highroad of Morlaix and the little hilly path that leads to Saint-Riwal. The building has a poverty-stricken appearance; its walls are of rocky stones of the color of grey lava, roughly joined together by clay; its roof of slate is gaping here and there, and through the breaches, the rotten joists and crumbling wood of the timber-work can be seen. Over the

door hangs a bunch of mistletoe as old as the house itself, and which would have been whirled away by the wind long ago had it not been for the spiders' webs that hold it in position.

Corn-Cam is an inn, a gloomy inn, where never a traveller, either on foot or on horseback, comes knocking for a lodging; yet, from time to time, some chance waggoner, or wandering rag-and-bone man, turns in for a brief space. Very often he finds no one but the "ancestor," close on a century in age, seated like a mummy on the hearthstone; and in this case the customer serves himself, laying a penny on the table by the side of the glass he has just emptied. The confidence of innkeepers in this land of poverty is equalled only by the honesty of the passers-by.

So it was indeed some thirty or thirty-five years back, and in those days the household I tell of consisted of six persons: first, the *tadiou-coz*, the great-grandfather, who was entering on his ninety-eighth year; then, his daughter, Radégonda Nanès, who had early been left a widow and was now almost seventy; his grandson, a rough and sullen man of some fifty years of age, who had forgotten that he ever had another name but the one he went by universally, Bleiz-ar-Yeun, the Wolf of the Marsh; then there was the Wolf's wife, a piteous-looking creature; and, finally, their three children, a little girl and two boys.

The *tadiou-coz* had ceased to move out of the chimney corner where he was slowly completing the business of dying; his limbs had become so stiff as to resemble the motionless branches of a withered tree, and since he uttered a series of piercing cries whenever they attempted to lift him, either with a view to carrying him to bed or to getting him out on to the doorstep for a little air, they had ended by leaving him day and

night in the same spot, so that he had grown, as it were, incrustated, rooted to his bench in the posture of a pagan idol, his hands resting on his knees, his feet fastened to the hearthstone. They would have almost forgotten that he was there, had it not been for the regular rattle of his difficult breathing.

They fed him with gruel, pouring it into his mouth with a wooden spoon as one does to a small child. For a long time this was Radégonda's duty, but when with increasing age her sight and strength began to fail her, Bleiz-ar-Yeun said to the little girl: "You must look after the grandfather in future."

The child who bore the pretty name of Liettik, diminutive of Aliette, was now nearly twelve years old. She had inherited the frail and delicate constitution of her mother, and it was generally supposed that her mind was as feeble as her body. Her brain-power was said to be deficient because if anybody spoke to her, invariably her thoughts seemed elsewhere, and, as a rule, she would make no reply. Her parents had tired of sending her with her brothers to the mixed school of Saint-Riwal on the other side of the mountain, for the teacher could not even get her to learn her letters. At the Catechism Class, again, Liettik was the despair of the kind old rector. Not that she was anything but very docile, very good, very anxious, apparently, to listen; but the lessons could find no foothold in her little brain, as soft as the boggy marshes of the Yeun.

One day, after a long and exhaustive instruction on the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the rector questioned her, confident that this time at least she had grasped what he had said. But Liettik gazed at him with those eyes of hers, eyes that were too big, and gave so absurd an answer that the other catechumens could not refrain from laughing. The old priest shrugged his

shoulders and said in a tone of the profoundest pity: "You should not laugh. Liettik—Liettik is an 'innocent.'" Thenceforward, she became for all the people of the district, "the 'Innocent' of the Yeun."

There was nothing to do but to keep her at home, and this was a source of annoyance to her parents. Her father, in particular, treated her harshly, looking upon her as a useless mouth that had to be filled, though she ate scarcely more than a bird. He had intended when she was twelve to place her on the farm of Roquiner's, where, as a little servant, she would have earned five francs a year, not to mention two ells of cloth, three pairs of sabots, and a bushel of buckwheat. That dream was at an end now. No one would hire an "innocent." Bleiz-ar-Yeun was furious with his daughter because now never would she bring to the common purse that five franc piece.

Liettik was terribly afraid of him, but she was more afraid still of the *tadiou-coz* who inspired her with a fear mingled with horror. He seemed to her a strange being, vaguely supernatural. His face and hands looked hewn in stone, and his chin and cheeks resembled the grey moss on the rocks of the mountain. But it was above all his immobility which frightened the child. She thought of him as a man who had died long since, but who had been left behind by the *Ankou*—that personification of Death in Lower Brittany,—Death trundling a cart, the sinister axle of which may sometimes be heard to grind in the stillness of an Autumn night.

Sombre are the legends that spring up on the lonely borders of the marsh. People point to a treacherous crack in the centre of the vast quagmire; aquatic grasses veil its opening, and nobody, or so say the inhabitants, has ever touched the bottom in an attempt to sound its depth. It is the gaping crevice of the

eternal well, a sort of Breton Orcus. Men call it the *Youdik*, which means a soft pulp. It is there, so runs the legend, that from every corner of Brittany the "conspirators" are brought—those wicked ghosts whom the other world rejects, and whom the world of the living is in no mind to take back, because of the malicious tricks they delight to play on mortals. The only way to get rid of them is for an intrepid priest to touch them with the end of his stole, and make them pass into the body of a black dog. Then some one catches hold of the horrible beast and drags it along to the *Youdik* and pushes it in, being careful meanwhile to turn his head aside and make the Sign of the Cross three times. According to the testimony of Radégonda, the *tadiou-coz* in his day had hauled more than one dog along by a leash to the edge of the fatal hole. Who knows if, out of spite, the malevolent spirits had not nailed him down to the ill-fated bench by the Corn-Cam hearth, there to await the Day of Judgment? Some such hint had Liettik gathered from the tongues of gossips.

"You must look after the grandfather in future, Liettik." It is easy to guess the terrifying effect of these words of Bleiz-ar-Yeun. For a moment she even thought of drowning herself in the marsh. But, half-witted though she was, this at least she remembered of the rector's instructions, that Christians have no right to destroy themselves, nor indeed had she any mind to come into the sinister proximity of the lost souls of the *Youdik*. As to resisting any decision of her father's, that was a sheer impossibility. She submitted, accordingly, but at the price of atrocious torture, a kind of moral agony, a dumb and prolonged shipwreck, during which her last glimmer of intelligence foundered. She had been an "innocent"; she became an idiot.

Amid the total ruin of the child's mental powers, one single sentiment survived: fear of *le vieux*, a fear irritated and exasperated by the incessant contact she was forced to have with him. Each time she was obliged to approach him, she was seized by a nervous trembling that increased her natural awkwardness, and thus, that which was a torment for her became also a torment for the *tadiou-coz*, accustomed, as he was, to the quick and skilful hands of his daughter Radégonda. He gave expression to his dissatisfaction in a manner of his own by uttering a kind of suppressed moan, and Liettik, too, would burst out into a despairing howl and rush away out of the house, pursued, as she imagined, by a pack of black dogs. After one of these upsets, the Wolf of the Yeun, in order, as he put it, "to knock some sense into her," would make her poor little body blue with his rough blows.

When the Autumn rains were falling, Radégonda Nanès relaxed her knotted and rheumatic limbs in the gentle sweetness of her last sleep. Her body was carried to the cemetery of Saint-Riwal in a wagonette drawn by a nag and two oxen. While the carpenter was nailing down the coffin, Bleiz-ar-Yeun reflected aloud:

"I wonder if *le vieux* knows what is happening. Surely, he will turn his head now!"

He was wrong. The *tadiou-coz* maintained his attitude of mournful rigidity. Only that evening, when Liettik gave him his gruel, he refused at first to open his lips; and the child saw two tears roll down his tanned and withered cheeks; two tears almost as large as the symbolic ones that are painted in white on the black wood of a Breton catafalque.

At the sight she too began to sob without knowing why. And during the days that followed, she approached *le*

view with less reluctance, and slept of a night without dreaming that he was sitting on her chest to smother her. However, with the long, sad Winter twilights, all her fears returned.

November passed, with its melancholy tolling for the dead, and December set in, "the very dark month," as the peasants call it. It is a peculiarly gloomy season of the year, more especially in the neighborhood of the hills of Arrée.

All day long, all night long, the wind from the Atlantic came tearing through the gorges of the mountains, then, issuing on the open spaces of the Yeun, gave free vent to its violence, rushing along like a mad bull, with moans and shrieks and bellowings, with loud, hoarse cries and all kinds of far-echoing and mysterious noises. Sometimes the house appeared to rock, to threaten to turn turtle, like a boat in peril on tempestuous seas. The ancient slates upon the roof rattled in fear, cupboard doors flew open unaccountably, and the small beams of the framework trembled feverishly. On these evenings, Liettik, whose bed was hidden like a lair under the hollow of the staircase, lay hour after hour motionless on her straw mattress, watching the movement of great black shapes in the darkness, afraid even to close her eyes on account of the strange lights that would glide under her eyelids: up and down they went, passing and repassing and intermingling for all the world like huge spiders of fire.

And these were not the only terrors. The child would have wished to be blind, but still more would she have longed to be deaf; for what she thought she saw was as nothing compared with what she imagined she heard. The thousand voices of the storm froze her with horror. They rang in her ears, charged with menace.

Once (it was three or four years ago)

the latch of the door had been rattled as though some one were demanding entry. And Bleiz-ar-Yeun had called:

"Get up, Liettik, and draw back the bolt for whoever is lifting the latch."

Quickly she had sprung from her dark hole, had slipped on her knitted petticoat, and had gone, shivering, to open the door. And behold, outside there was no one! No one and nothing, except indeed the marsh, of a bluish tint in the distance under the moon, the marsh with its mists, its big white shadowy shapes fleeing close to the ground, driven onward by invisible lashes.

Liettik had said in a low voice: "There is no one at all on the road, father."

"All right," answered the master of Corn-Cam. "Go back to bed." And then he had muttered to his wife: "He is forever up to some trick, that devil of a wind!"

This sentence had been branded, as though by a red-hot iron on the simple brain of Liettik. And ever since that day the wind had been for her an enigmatic and phantasmal being, an ambiguous personage, belonging neither to the living nor the dead, a species of wild vagabond, a wandering Jew of space, composed of moving, roaring darknesses, the enemy of trees, of houses, and of the sleep of children.

Moreover, what was his barbarous clamor but the rattle of "the ancestor," magnified, intensified, and extended to the whole of nature? So that Liettik ended by conceiving the world under the image of an immense peat bog, bathed in a too-fleeting sunshine during Summer, peopled during the rest of the year by grimacing faces, odd and disturbing monsters, and poor little souls in distress. She tried to find relief from such ideas in the thought of Paradise. But Paradise was so far away, and so high up! Nor did she much relish the idea of going there like Granny Radégonda

in a box. She would have liked, for her part, to make her way yonder on foot, in the company of her Guardian Angel, that good angel whom she incessantly invoked, and to whom she confided all her miseries when she said her prayers at night—only she wished he could have been more visible, for if she could have had a glimpse of merely the tip of his white wing it would have greatly helped to reassure her.

(Conclusion next week.)

Christmas in the Middle Ages.

BY N. TOURNEUR.



IN Mediæval times, as old records show, Christmas was a season of great joyance in England and Scotland. The festive spirit set in on December 16, with the ceremonial singing of the antiphon "O Sapientia," and by the festival of St. Thomas, held on the 21st, as it is to-day, all the household's plans to celebrate Christ's birth were completed.

Archbishop Wickwane, for his Christmas at Southwell Abbey in Yorkshire in 1279, gave detailed instructions four weeks beforehand that geese, chickens, and other kinds of poultry be provided for the brethren's repasts during the season of Christmas. Though constantly reminded by the religious services of the great feast approaching, there were also hints of good cheer and of certain dispensations from the monastic rule, such as that granted by Pope Alexander IV. to the monks of the Abbey of Kelso, permitting them to wear caps to shield their tonsured heads, because the coldness by day and night brought much grievous sickness among them.

Nor were the lay folk forgotten. On St. Stephen's day, when the tenants of the great religious establishments were wont to bring their presents of young pigs and poultry, honey, mead, etc., they

were assembled—as at Thurgarton Priory, Nottinghamshire, and other monastic houses—for a bounteous feast in the refectory. To those who could not come in person gifts of viands were sent—a manchet, or white loaf, too often their only white bread in all the year—also a flagon or jar of what was in the cellarer's care.

Christmastide was formerly the season for the payment of certain rents to monasteries—payments in kind, not in money or service,—deer and other game of a signorial lord, the merchant's ginger and cloves and like spices, and the peasant's half-pound of beeswax and a large basketful of eggs. The Mediæval buttery at Christmas time was amply stored, as the surrounding poor and needy knew to their great joy, for generous was the distribution of good cheer to them.

In England, ever since the days of the Saxons, Christmas has been the season of benevolence; and in Mediæval times there was then much commingling of rich and poor. The lord and his family made merry with their tenants and changed places with their servants at table. Feuds were forgotten and disputes ignored, while the Yule logs blazed; and the poor had food such as they but seldom tasted.

In all this, the Mediæval Christmas showed a vivid and splendid example of what too many moderns forget—Christ's humility and love of the poor.

Yuletide Decorations.

The evergreens suitable for Christmas decorations are the ivy, laurel, bay, arbor-vitæ, rosemary and holly. The mistletoe is excluded on account of its use in the religious ceremonies of the Druids. The holly has always held chief place of honor, and long before the birth of Christ the ancients used it as an emblem of the life which survived through the desolation of Winter.

Humble Honor to the Christ Child.

OF all kinds of music, vocal or instrumental, unsuitable for religious service, whistling would probably be set down by the majority of persons as the most inappropriate; yet in the Abruzzi district, Italy, it is the custom of the men attending the Midnight Mass to keep up a continual whistling during the services, and loudest of all at the Elevation of the Host, in memory of the Shepherds' pipes at Bethlehem. In some villages the effect is still more increased by whistling through reeds, dipped in a vessel of water placed in the church for the purpose. In some of the Roman churches, particularly the church of Ara Cœli, the voice of the priest and the soft sounds of the organ are almost drowned by the blowing of penny whistles for the same reason.

All visitors to Italy know of the Pifferari, who, early in Advent, forsake their native mountains to wander through the streets of Southern Italy to pipe and warble melodious consolation to the Blessed Virgin in her expectation, and heralding with their strange wild music at Christmas time the birth of the Prince of Peace.

The Christmas Crib.

ALTHOUGH the practice of setting up and venerating the Christmas crib was made popular by Saint Francis of Assisi, it was quite extensively known long before his time. The cathedral of Rouen possessed a crib of which it was very proud, and to which references were made by many preachers whose sermons have come down to us. Some years ago a collection of cribs of all the Christian centuries was undertaken by Mr. Max Schmederer, a wealthy citizen of Munich, Bavaria, and given by him to the National Museum in his native city.

A Good Plan to Suppress a Great Evil.

THE abortive investigation by Congress of the Ku-Klux Klan some months ago probably stimulated the leaders of that un-American organization to renewed activity, and intensified their conviction that such activity would be condoned by the country at large. They have been sadly mistaken. Investigations more radical and less half-hearted than that in Washington have been going on in recent months, with results of excellent promise. Several weeks ago so conservative a journal as the *Boston Transcript* called on its State and Federal representatives to busy themselves in opposing the machinations of the Klansmen, speaking in such plain terms as these:

Under the leadership, therefore, of Massachusetts men in Washington and on Beacon Hill, Massachusetts can and should lead the nation by the power of her own example and by the initiative of her own head servants to the immediate extermination of the political and sectarian plague commonly called the Ku-Klux Klan. To trifle with this enemy of our own household, to palter with it, to pretend indifference to it, is to aid and abet the spread of its influence and the increase of its power. Now is the time, Washington and Beacon Hill are the places, and our head servants there and here are the men to act against the Klan. If the people of Massachusetts re-enforce the demand for action, they will get it, and the glory and the honor will go to the Commonwealth whose distinction it is to be the oldest democracy in the Western World, now, as in the past, a militant defender of "an American character" in all our national relations, foreign and domestic.

While Boston has been deliberating, however, Chicago has been acting. The American Unity League, established in that city a few months ago, has already effected much; and its recent establishment in New York promises, with the co-operation of the municipal authorities, to do still more in effectively stamping out this organized attempt to disregard American individual rights,

and substitute mob rule for the reign of American law. Speaking at the organization meeting of the League in New York, its executive secretary gave this interesting information:

You will behold what we beheld in Chicago. We had Klansmen flocking to our office every day begging that their names be suppressed. We always agreed, provided they showed us proof from the King Kleagle of Illinois that they were no longer members of the Klan.

We have had four investigators in New York for four weeks. We have their report which shows that there are more than 50,000 Klansmen in your city. No one else has this list. Our organization is about 40 per cent Roman Catholic; the balance is divided between Protestants and Jews. There are, too, some Negroes in our membership. We live on contributions of ten cents and upward.

Publication of names of Klansmen is the greatest weapon any enemy of the Klan may wield. You will be surprised when we begin publication. Our list contains the names of well-known financiers, clergymen, doctors, lawyers and business men. We have never been sued for false publication. We have never been successfully contradicted. We have been threatened, and they've even tried to bribe us. The moment we open our offices we shall be besieged with Klansmen asking mercy.

We endorse the League's plan. Like all other cowards, the Klansmen dread publicity; and desertion from their ranks will follow soon on the publication of their names.

Sated with Glory, Famished for Money.

The prevalent opinion that the literary men of our day are much more liberally rewarded than were those of former times—in the days of "Grub Street" traditions, for instance—is controverted by a French sociologist, M. d'Avenel, who has written a large volume on the subject. He emphasizes the niggardliness of the wages earned by those who depend upon brain-work for a living, and declares that many geniuses of to-day might well cry out with Corneille: "I am sated with glory and famished for money."

Notes and Remarks.

"Some one missed a great opportunity in the little town of Bethlehem one night," writes the Rev. Dr. Hugh Black (in the *Delineator* for December), "when Mary, the Mother of Jesus had to find a lodging in the stable because there was no room in the inn. She had the right to expect common kindness, but no one was willing to forego his ease. She was thrust out among the cattle through lack of ordinary humanity. Some one lost a great opportunity to have his name linked on to Christmas to the end of time. To have been the host of the Holy Family at such a time!

"Of course nobody could have guessed what chance for fame was lost. Nobody could have imagined the place in human history to be attained by the Babe who lay in the manger. We certainly can never be offered the opportunity which some one missed at Bethlehem. But in the wonderful teaching which has echoed down the centuries and which thrills us to-day, Jesus Christ has shown us how we may offer Him the hospitality denied to His Mother and Himself that first Christmas so long ago. 'I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

* * *

Dispensing gifts at Christmastide to children, images of the Divine Child, makes amends to Him for the neglect of which He was the victim. Children are especially cared for because the Infant Jesus was rejected and obliged to find shelter in a stable. Sweets and toys are given to them because of His deprivation and desolation; they are clothed and fed, because He was cold and cheerless. During this season, when children everywhere in our land of prosperity and abundance will crowd around trees laden with gifts and tables

loaded with dainty food, millions of little ones in Austria, Germany, Armenia and Russia will pass joyless days, ill and hungry, in cold rooms, at desolate firesides. There are at the present time, in Germany alone, as many as six millions of starving, tubercular, dying children. Hunger and tuberculosis have already claimed more than a million innocent victims.

How can any one, least of all any Christian, now feast and make merry without a thought of the suffering and misery in so many foreign lands, without making an effort to contribute something for its alleviation?

Food for reflection is presented to Frenchmen as well as Americans in a leading editorial published last week in the *Chicago Tribune*. Seldom—very seldom, indeed,—do we find in “the world’s greatest newspaper,” as it calls itself, anything half so important as the editorial to which we refer. It is apropos of M. Clemenceau’s visit to this country, and entitled “America to Europe.” Frenchmen are told something which they would do well not to forget:—“The dangers of France are the children of Germany. The ideas which come to maturity twenty years from now are the fateful scale-holders in Europe. If there are to be four or five children in a German family and one or two in a French family, and if these children come to military age in a tradition of hatred and injury, we do not see what can prevent war.”

Americans are reminded that, in the nature of things, America can never be cogent in the councils of Europe. “It might see the wise thing, being free from centuries of complications, but would be unable to make it prevail. The United States never would be a consequential factor in the shaping of causes. It, therefore, can not safely or wisely be committed to consequences. It is not

in the power of the United States, even if it devoted all its intentions to this purpose, to stop the operation of cause and effect in Europe. The Europeans may be able to modify causes. Their salvation is in their own hands, if it is anywhere. Europe should cease looking elsewhere for relief from its oppressions. All the causes originated there, and all of them exist there. If the cause of misfortune were to be found in the United States, an appeal to the United States might be directed. But when the cause is in Europe the cure also is to be found there.”

M. Clemenceau may count his visit to the United States a failure. He tried to make us see dangers to our Government which do not exist, and advantages (through an alliance with France) which are not apparent. We are of the opinion of the writer quoted that the “Tiger” has not changed the general American attitude or opinions with regard to Europe.

A great newspaper is a daily history, and all too often it conforms to Washington Irving’s characterization of history in general,—“a kind of Newgate Calendar, a register of the crimes and miseries that man has inflicted on his fellow-man.” Long before Irving, Gibbon had said: “History is little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind”; and precisely that is what the modern editor considers to be “news.” Hence the necessity, on the part of readers of newspapers, of a sense of due perspective and proportion; otherwise their idea of the state of the world at large, or of any particular part of it, is sure to be distorted. Our editors, like Whately’s historians, “give us the extraordinary events, and omit just what we want,—the every-day life of each particular time and country.” A glaring case in point is the contemporary history of

Ireland, as mirrored in the great papers on both sides of the Atlantic. Assassination, rioting, incendiarism, turmoil, murder, reprisals, and vandalism of every variety,—such is the story told of the passing day in the land once universally known as the Island of Saints and Scholars. And the story is a false one, utterly false in the impression naturally created, even though the narrative of the selected facts may be rigorously true.

There are crimes in Ireland: yes, and there are spots on the sun, but the crimes are as inconsiderable in the general life of the country as are the spots which fail to vitiate our sunshine. We commend to all our readers this authoritative statement of the Dublin correspondent of our alert contemporary, the London *Universe*:

I have often pointed out in this column the false impression likely to be conveyed by the daily press in Great Britain, which notices Ireland most often when it has to record something to our discredit. It is always the abnormal that makes the best newspaper copy. You hear all about the Irregulars, a few hundreds or, at most, a few thousands, and, perhaps in consequence, picture Ireland as a delightful place to live cut of. Yet all the time we have our hundreds of thousands of communicants, our crowded churches filled with men as well as women, our flourishing sodalities, our innumerable societies of benevolence, a whole nation living from day to day the Catholic life. It is painful to have to contemplate any corruption of this ideal. But it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that the corruption is at all widespread.

Given the absolutely new political condition in which the country, after centuries of subjection, now finds itself, Ireland, all things considered, has so far done remarkably well as a Free State; and we have an abiding conviction that, in spite of appearances, her troubles are nearing their end.

In "The Vocation of Grief," a paper contributed to the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. Sidney Lovett

deals in a reverent and mystical Christian manner with the truth that, as he says, "the soul that grieves is ever the soul in flight." It is good to meet with such an essay, good, even though the Catholic reader may strike, here and there, upon a discordant note. Such a reader can do no better than to take down the Missal and reflect carefully upon the words of the Mass for the Dead. What sublime and many-sided considerations of the problem are there set down with a kind of inspired art! The "*Dies Irae*," for instance, of which a great agnostic has said, "It alone proves that the Church has a better grasp of human nature than all other human institutions," deals realistically with the most harrowing thoughts that can confront the mind, but finds, none the less, the voice of hope and perfect prayer at the end, in the most beautiful stanza, perhaps, that has ever been written. There is solace in the Epistle and Gospel, stern prayer in the impressive Preface. Always the petition is mindful of the fact that, in the mercy of Almighty God, the dead are not gone, but merely taken up into a higher rank of the Church's universal communion. To understand the mortuary Mass in this way is not only an exercise in true devotion, but likewise an experience in great literature.

Peace and good-will represent the distinctive spirit of Christmastide. If there is a season when rancor and wrangling, enmity, bitterness—ill-will of any sort is peculiarly out of harmony with the mysteries commemorated in the Church's liturgy, it is surely during the octave of Holy Night. If there is one place where even the most indifferent Christian should blush for his animosity toward his fellowman, it is beside the Crib of Bethlehem. An unforgiving spirit, the desire for revenge for real or fancied grievances, the averted glance,

the refusal to greet former friends or acquaintances at all, the hundred and one methods of manifesting utter unwillingness to condone the offences of our brethren and let bygones be bygones,—all such action, un-Christian at any time, is monstrously so on the natal day of the Prince of Peace. "You know not of what spirit you are," said Our Lord to the Apostles who wished to avenge a slight proffered to their Master; and we certainly ignore the spirit of Christmas and the lesson it should teach us if we can not from our heart forgive our bitterest enemies, and infuse conciliatory love and genuine sympathy into the tones with which we wish each member of the social circle in which we move a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Without subscribing, of course, to many of the doctrines and opinions expressed by Dr. Knox, late Anglican bishop of Manchester, in his new book "On What Authority?" one may hope that certain passages of it will set its readers thinking, and influence them to study other works in which claims that Dr. Knox rejects are ably vindicated. What we admire about this champion of Evangelical Churchmanship is his downrightness. Not only does he defend his fragments of Christianity, he goes out to attack those who would destroy them. Modern research, he claims, presents no arguments by which men need be tempted to reject the conception of Christ as the supreme incarnation of God held by Christians from the first. Rationalism can neither account for Christ nor give an adequate explanation of the New Testament; its representation of Him and its abandonment of the miraculous element are not only irreconcilable with the Evangelic records but with Christian experience. The Atonement is an essential element in the Gospel. Higher

culture, better education, finer moral standards, do not put away sin, and can not bring salvation: "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." The instrument by which that work was accomplished was the Cross. If we must use our minds, we must also remember that "the appeal of the Cross is to the heart, and the heart has its own reasons which can not always be explained philosophically."

One of the basic fallacies of the Prohibitionists—fallacies to which we have occasionally called attention—is that there is, and can be, no alternative to Prohibition save the American saloon as it existed prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. We have pointed out that few, if any, of the opponents of Prohibition—at least the millions of reputable opponents—desire the return of the saloon; but they hold that the abandonment of Prohibition by no means necessitates that return. As a matter of fact, the organized opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment constructively condemn the saloon. At a conference held a while ago in St. Louis, the executive committee of the Association Opposed to Prohibition resolved: "That the conference go on record as unalterably opposed to the saloon, and that the advisory committee be instructed to prepare and recommend to the various State branches appropriate legislation providing for a plan of distribution that will not permit the return of the saloon."

If such action as this had been taken by our statesmen a decade ago, it is more than probable that we should not be at present the laughing-stock of liberty-enjoying people in all quarters of the world.

A very desirable, though not always existent, quality in a debater is his capability of seeing matters from his oppo-

ment's point of view. This quality is conspicuous in an article, "The American Standpoint," contributed to a recent issue of the *London Round Table*, a quarterly chiefly concerned with foreign affairs. Its author mentions a number of influences which tend to keep the United States in an isolated position as regards the rest of the world; and undoubtedly interprets a widespread American sentiment pretty correctly in this paragraph:

The other influence is the feeling, already noticed, that it is America's business to show the rest of the world a progressively improving example of how a people can live happily and prosperously rather than to go crusading to help other nations in distress. And this feeling has been intensified by the spectacle of Europe since the War. If many Americans have felt acutely that the United States should take a hand in the work of reconstruction, they have also felt that the greatest necessity of all is that the nations of Europe should themselves begin to show some sense of European community, and not try to make America take sides in their own internal quarrels.

It has been well said that the salvation of Europeans is in their own hands. If, as is plain, the future is beyond their own control without the United States, it is also beyond control with the United States.

In view of the more than generous assistance given to our State universities and other non-Catholic colleges, the country surely has a right to expect that the heads of such institutions should by word and deed exercise a steadying influence on public thought, should refrain from that evil, more or less inherent in democratic masses,—loose thinking and loose talking. That these intellectual leaders—or at least some of them—do not so refrain is evident from a statement made recently by Dean Gleason L. Archer, of the Suffolk Law School. "One of the crying needs of the present day," he said, "is the Americanization of some of our

college presidents. In my judgment, the un-American utterances of some of these heads of great educational institutions have done more harm to our national security than could a regiment of the undesirable aliens we have deported. A college president, son of a President of this nation, has announced in solemn tones that the wage scale of an unskilled laborer should be enough to support himself, but not enough to support a family. Capitalism, in its maddest moments, has never dared to voice such a sentiment as that. The learned gentleman apparently seems to have forgotten that his own grandfather was an unskilled laborer."

This is the season to remember the children—one's own, of course, if one has any, and then others not so fortunate. It is right that the festival of Christ's childhood should become also the feast of human children, whom He made His brothers all. And what could be better than an attempt to get children themselves to help their starving and freezing little friends in Austria, Russia and the Near East? That they often do so is a blessed fact, to which THE AVE MARIA can testify, by reason of more than one important donation. Getting children to sacrifice some pleasure, some little cherished, anxiously-hoarded coin, is the best kind of character training, and also that most perfect charity which our Blessed Lord valued so highly. How necessary it is for them to live and practise, in these days of terrible hate, the transcendent truth of love! George MacDonald writes:

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st, a little Baby thing,
That made a woman cry.

And perhaps, in the image of our sacred Redemption, the world is to be saved again by the hearts of innocent little children.




The Shepherd Boy at the Stable of Bethlehem.

BY VIRGINIA PIATT.

FEAR not to enter in,
O timid shepherd boy,
And bring your little lambs,
Your heart's delight and joy!
And let them gather round
The Manger cold and bare,
To greet the new-born Babe,
So sweetly smiling there.
Breathe gently, little lambs,
To drive away the cold,
For see! but swaddling clothes,
His baby form enfold.
And thou, O shepherd boy,
The deepest joy be thine,
When nestles in thine arms,
The Lamb of God divine.

An Eventful Christmas.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

N the outskirts of a great city there once stood two very tall tenement houses, each the only dwelling on the block it occupied. In them lived the men who worked in the lead-factory not far distant, which was one of the chief industries of the town. Although the workmen were engaged in an occupation which was injurious to health they were, for the most part, poorly paid. Many of them had wives and children, but there was no school in the neighborhood, and the little ones spent the greater part of their time on the streets.

Between these two tall buildings, at the corner of the street, in the middle of a pretty little garden, stood a neat

cottage of two rooms, where lived a widow and her two children, George and Martha, a boy and girl of eleven and nine. She had seen better days, but was now forced to obtain a livelihood by house-cleaning and washing. Weakness of the eyes prevented her doing any less menial employment; and very glad indeed she was when at the end of the week she could show a dollar or two over and above the sum required for the daily needs of the little household.

Mrs. Hughes' children were very different from the others in the neighborhood. They were quiet and reserved, clean and decently clad; and for this reason they soon became odious to their neighbors, who, while not using violence against them, often made them a target of ridicule and sneers as they passed to and from the school which they daily walked two miles to attend.

One morning the children were on their way to school when they met a stout man in seedy clothes coming out of the nearest tenement house. He had a large wart on his nose, which gave him a rather comical appearance.

"Good-morning, youngsters!" said the stranger, pleasantly. "Shall we walk on together?"

"If you please, sir," replied Martha demurely, at a nudge from her brother, who was too bashful to reply.

"And what are you doing in this neighborhood?" the man continued. "You don't live hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, we do," answered the little girl again, after a vain look at her brother. "We live in that cottage at the corner of the street."

"It looks something like the Garden of Eden might in the Desert of

Sahara," said the man, with a merry laugh. "I've been wondering who lived here. You see I haven't been here long myself."

"Mother loves flowers," said Martha.

"As we are neighbors, we must get better acquainted," remarked the man. "It's a pity two such nice little children as you are should live among the vagabonds that infest this part of the town."

"Oh, they don't mind us very much!" said George; "and we never did mind them. Mother told us not to. Now some of them are very nice to us. There's a lot of nice boys and girls among them."

"I believe you," answered the man. "That's what brought me here."

The children did not understand him, and he did not explain further.

As the little party turned the corner they encountered a crowd of boys who began to make rude remarks upon the disfigurement of the stranger's nose. Shamefaced, George and Martha did not dare to look around; but when they had passed the ill-mannered group, and ventured to glance at their companion, his face wore the same cheerful expression.

They parted at the next corner; but from that time forward it was not unusual for the trio to pursue their walk city-ward two or three mornings of every week. In this way the stranger learned a great deal of their history, though they knew nothing more of his than they had learned the first day. He came and went, always in shabby attire. Apparently, he was as poor as his neighbors; and, so far as they knew, had no employment. Once George and Martha saw him hailing a cab at the corner of a street some blocks distant from the tenements. But when they wondered to each other as to his destination, their mother bade them hold their peace and not meddle with the business of their neighbors.

There was never much flavor of the Christmas holiday in the tenements; this year less than ever, for times were dull and work slack. Those among the residents who were fortunate enough to be able to lay in a shoulder of pork or even a couple of pounds of sausage for the Christmas dinner were the envy of their neighbors. In the little cottage a garland of holly berries with their beautiful green leaves made a cheerful picture through the shining window-panes, which Martha had polished inside and outside till they were as bright as the green glass and its grimy casings would allow.

The children and their mother sat beside the fire, cracking nuts, with large, rosy apples toasting on the hearth. The widow was telling the two, as she had told them every Christmas Eve since they could remember, the story of Bethlehem; and they were listening to every word which fell from her lips as though they heard it for the first time.

While they sat contentedly together, an unwonted incident had occurred in the tenements nearby. It began on the top-floor of one of them by the doors on either side of the long narrow corridor being thrown open from without, whereupon a large package was cast into each room, and the door closed again with a slam. As the packages burst open in transit to the floor, showers of toys and candies fell from the thick brown paper which had covered them. When the dwellers in the various rooms opened the doors again in order to discover the source of these mysterious gifts, they beheld bulging sacks lying at the thresholds, which, on being hauled into the light and unfastened, revealed goodly supplies of potatoes, meat, flour, and various other commodities.

These sights so amazed the poor people that for the moment they forgot to wonder where they came from;

though one or two among them declared they had seen a tall figure in a shaggy coat and wearing a long, white beard rapidly descending the stairs, and heard a wagon rattling down the street. The same thing occurred throughout both tenements, which were soon alive with the loudest and most cheerful excitement they had ever known. It was a long time before the hubbub subsided.

One kind-hearted old woman, on the top-floor of the tenement where the newcomer lodged, made bold to try his door, only to find it locked. There was no tempting-looking sack outside it either; and she hobbled away, saying to herself: "Ah, poor man, it seems he was forgotten! But, please God, we'll spare him a taste of our own store to-morrow."

Such a happy Christmas as they spent in the tenements next day had never before been dreamed of.

.....
 "My, what a blast! And I did not hear the wind blowing!" exclaimed Mrs. Hughes, as the door rattled on its hinges and then flew open, while at the same instant a gigantic figure, clad in a long fur overcoat and pointed fur cap, fell headlong across the door-sill, scattering an armful of packages in wild profusion. Before it had time to right itself, in an awkward effort to regain its feet, the long grey beard and mask fell off, revealing to the mother and children the face of—the man with the wart on his nose!

"Ho! ho!" he gasped, as he vainly clutched at the false face, which rolled toward George. "I didn't anticipate any such ending as this to my little frolic. I didn't indeed. I was merely trying to have a little fun on my own account, being a lonely and a lonesome man; but it seems it wasn't to be kept a secret. You'll find a few little toys and candies in those packages, ma'am," he continued, turning to Mrs. Hughes.

"They will please the children, I think."

"By Jove, this rig' is very hot!" he went on, removing his fur coat. "Now, by your leave, since the cat is out of the bag, madam, I will stop a while with you and these pleasant, well-behaved children of yours."

"Do, sir; do! You are very welcome," replied Mrs. Hughes. "And thank you sincerely for the presents. Speak up, children, and thank the gentleman."

"They're not used to my strange way of falling in upon them," laughed the man; "but we'll be at our ease again in a moment, after I've lugged in the bag outside the door."

So saying he departed, soon returning with a sack filled to bursting with provisions sufficient to last a month. In five minutes they were all chatting gaily; and the church clock was pealing ten as the man with the wart on his nose rose to take his leave, after having promised to eat his Christmas dinner with his new friends. He made but one condition: that if, as was likely, they should hear of anything unusual having occurred in the tenements, they were not to reveal his identity,—a promise which all three made most willingly, and faithfully kept.

After the man had left them the next evening, and they sat beside the dying fire recalling the pleasant events of the day, George inquired:

"Mother, where in the world do you suppose he got all those things? They must have cost a lot of money. There is not a family in the tenements that did not get loads of things. And to think that no one even suspects who it was!"

"I imagine some rich and eccentric man employed him to distribute them," said the widow. "It does not do to be too curious. It is enough for us to know that we have spent a happy and plentiful Christmas, and to thank our dear Lord for having sent us so good and kind a friend."

'Tis Christmas Eve again. But the tenement district—how transformed! In a large, roomy, comfortable two-story building recently erected on a vacant lot near by, a "Social Settlement" has been established, and the whole place seems to have been changed thereby. There is a school for the children, and a day nursery for the very little ones, whose mothers are forced to leave them during the day while away at work. There is a small infirmary for sick children, who are waited on by ladies who leave their homes to minister to the wants of their poorer brothers and sisters. There is also a sewing-room, where the matrons and larger girls are taught to cut and fit and baste and hem and gather. Later there will be a cooking-school, and an evening school for the working men and boys.

To-night the large and beautiful hall on the ground-floor is filled with happy men, women, and children; some of them participating in the Christmas exercises, all sharing in the bountiful gifts which hang from the enormous Christmas Tree on the platform, blazing with light and color. Too soon it is over,—the first glimpse of fairy-land some of them have ever seen.

Suddenly Miss Montague, the resident matron, appears upon the platform, while following close behind her Santa Claus appears once more. The hall is filled with the subdued murmur of many happy voices, and presently the matron raises her hand.

"I have first to announce," she says, "that the benefactor of this settlement has appointed your neighbor, Mrs. Hughes, to take charge of the sewing department of the house, a position for which she is fully competent. I am sure you will be glad to hear it."

Loud cries of approval followed this announcement; and the glances and smiles of the crowd were directed to the spot where the widow and her two

children were sitting in silent surprise.

"And there is something else which will please you all very much. We have long wished that the originator and benefactor of this good work should make himself known, but up to the present time he has chosen to keep in the background. At last, however, he has consented to reveal his identity. In a moment you will have the pleasure of knowing him who has given his time, his labor and his money in this most worthy cause." Then turning to the figure beside her, she added smilingly: "Mr. Santa Claus, will you kindly remove your mask?"

The crowd quickly bent forward, every soul in the silence of eager expectation. From out the wide and shaggy sleeves a hand appeared and went up slowly, lifting the curiously pointed cap, to which were attached the mask and long, white beard. And then, as the assembly recognized the grizzled curly locks and rugged features, a cheer which shook the house arose, as there stood revealed before them, his countenance radiating the pleasure and satisfaction he felt at the sight of those glad, uplifted faces—the man with the wart on his nose!

To My Nieces and Nephews.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

NOT the worth of the gift but the motive that prompts it

Is the source of our joy when remembered by friends;

Would we give others pleasure, we need but small treasure

Of silver or gold to accomplish our ends;
For of kind words and thoughts each may give without stinting,—

And of such your affectionate uncle gives here:

For your welfare a prayer with a hope that you'll bear with

His "Right Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

Bethlehem and the Village of the Shepherds.

BETHLEHEM is situated in the centre of Judea, about two leagues from Jerusalem. It was called in Hebrew Beth Lechem, a name given to it by Abraham, signifying house of bread. It was likewise called Ephrata, fruitful. It was in allusion to the meaning of these two names that St. Paula, on reaching the place which bore them, exclaimed, full of joy: "I salute thee, Bethlehem, true house of bread, where was born the Bread that came down from heaven! I salute thee, Ephrata, fertile land, where God came into the world!" Bethlehem was likewise called City of David, because it was the birth-place of that prince, one of the ancestors of Christ and the most illustrious of all the kings of Israel. Lastly, it is sometimes designated in Holy Scripture as Bethlehem of Juda, to distinguish it from another town of Bethlehem, which is in no way remarkable, situated in Galilee.

The village where dwelt the Shepherds to whom the Angels appeared for the purpose of proclaiming to them the birth of the Saviour is at a considerable distance from Bethlehem. The very spot where they saw the heavenly light and heard the angelic strains is enclosed with walls, and planted with olive-trees. In the centre of the enclosure is a grotto in which the Empress St. Helena caused a chapel to be built and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. About one half of the inhabitants of the Village of the Shepherds, as it is called, are Catholics.

The dress of the country-people around Bethlehem, if we may believe the general opinion, is as nearly as possible what it was in the time of our Blessed Lord. That of the women, both in the town and in the environs, awakens in the mind touching reflec-

tions. They are dressed in precisely the same manner as the Blessed Virgin in the pictures which represent her; not only the fashion of the garments but the colors are the same: a blue gown and red cloak, or a red gown and blue cloak, and a white veil over all.

A Christmas Legend.

AMONGST the earlier descendants of William the Conqueror was one Walthen, a priest, whose mother had married David, King of Scotland, and whose father bore in his veins the blood of the brave Siward. St. Walthen, of course, loved the beautiful feasts of Christmastide; and on one occasion, after a very fervent preparation, he was standing at the altar celebrating the Midnight Mass, when a strange thing happened.

It was so solemn, so intensely still in the chapel, that the very candles seemed to be holding their breath in expectation. The worshippers silently wondered that Walthen was so very long at the Elevation, and waited impatiently to learn the cause. And what do you suppose was the cause? A very wonderful thing indeed.

As St. Walthen lifted the Sacred Host and pronounced the words of Consecration it suddenly disappeared, and in his arms lay a lovely Babe, smiling up into his eyes and stretching out Its tiny hands to caress him. The Saint's heart gave a great leap, and then he stood still for a long, long time, drinking in the beauty of the Blessed Child that had sought a Bethlehem within his arms. Then suddenly again the Sacred Host lay on the altar, and St. Walthen finished his Mass, with great thoughts swelling in his heart and tears of joy streaming from his eyes.

Who would not like to have been in St. Walthen's place that happy Christmas morning!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The King of the Belgians has graciously accepted a copy of "Finding a Soul," a spiritual autobiography by E. E. Everest, expressing his pleasure with the work, and promising to give it a place in the Palace Library. It is a true story of a girl's conversion to the Catholic Faith, was published by the Longmans, and recently noticed in these columns.

—"Le Nouveau Droit Canonique des Religieuses," by E. Thévenot, (Pierre Téqui, Paris) is a treatise, with commentary, on the parts of Canon Law dealing with the religious Orders of women (Can. 487-681) and religious in general. An appendix is devoted to the Roman Curia, their functions and duties. The work is well written and has a detailed index. It will prove beneficial to religious superioresses and the directors of nuns.

—Parents and others who are looking for appropriate Christmas "boxes" for boys—of any age—may do worse than procure from Kenedy & Sons "Scouting for Secret Service," by Bernard F. J. Dooley. We have thoroughly enjoyed this story. There is plenty of action, a rather baffling case of mistaken identity, good character-drawing, thrilling adventures with interesting villains, a satisfactory solution of sundry mysteries, and as adequate a finale as could be desired. A twelvemo of 259 pages; price, \$1.35.

—P. J. Kenedy & Sons have issued "The Mystery of Jesus," the fifth volume of a series of excellent treatises on mystical theology, by Dom Savinien Louismet, O. S. B. Having in his preceding volume treated of "Divine Contemplation for All," the author devotes the present work to one of the objects of that contemplation. The treatise is divided into three distinct parts: preliminaries, the amazing human life of Christ on earth, and the mighty sequels, in time and eternity, to that life. The volume merits fully as much praise as has been generally given to its predecessors. The price is \$2.10.

—Something new in geographical textbooks is "Geography for Beginners," by Edith P. Shepherd (a school principal of Chicago), published by Rand McNally & Co. The work is profusely illustrated with excellent pictures: the paper is exceptionally good, the type is large enough to be read with ease; and the binding durable. The vocabulary is simple enough to be understood by any pupil of the

third grade. The distinctive feature of this textbook is that it appeals to the child's personal interests, treating, as it does, of building materials, fuel, clothes, and foods. A point which will recommend the work to many teachers is that it may be used as an introduction to *any* series of geographies.

—The Macmillans have brought out "Religion—Third Manual" and "Religion—Third Course," by the Rev. Roderick MacEachen, D. D. The former is meant for the teacher of Christian Doctrine; the latter is intended as a textbook for the pupils. We have spoken so appreciatively of Dr. MacEachen's former works in this series that we need at present mention only the chief point distinguishing the present books from their predecessors: the adoption of the analytic instead of the synthetic method of presentation. There are no questions and answers in these volumes. Instead, there is a heading of each division or chapter, a proposition of Christian Doctrine, and this proposition is treated from the standpoint of life. An approbatory preface is contributed to the "Manual" by His Grace, Archbishop Curley.

—Those who cherish the memory of Msgr. Cyril Sigourney Fay, and surely they are many, will greet with pleasure a selection of his literary work issued under the title, "The Bride of the Lamb and Other Essays," by the Encyclopedia Press. The bulk of the volume is made up of a series of sermons on the divine marks of the Church, done with a superb reticence and a keen understanding of the Protestant attitude. These qualities lent the Monsignor's preaching its peculiar charm and effectiveness. One is rather surprised to discover that these sermons are just as arresting and persuasive in printed form. We know of no address, composed since Newman laid down the pen, to which one might so confidently send a cultivated non-Catholic puzzling over the supernatural aspects of the Church as to Monsignor Fay's, "The Will to Live the Supernatural." It was a happy thought to include verse, always delicately wrought and calmly didactic, in this volume, and the preface written some years ago by Cardinal Gibbons. Price, \$1.25.

—The quality of "Christ, the Life of the Soul," by the Rt. Rev. Dom Columba Marmion, O. S. B., is indicated by its sub-title, "Spiritual Conferences"; for spiritual book it

is, in the most genuine sense of this much-misapplied term. Its central theme is sanctity by and in and through Christ and His Sacraments. It is soundly theological throughout, but at no time is it academic. Though veritably honey-combed with Sacred Scripture, each citation in the book is so fitting that, far from obstructing the smooth flow of the author's thought, it seems rather to be an integral part thereof. The delightful charm of Gallic simplicity and lucidity of expression appears to have suffered little, if at all, in the translation. While this is not a book that can be scurried through, it is, on the other hand, neither so technical that the average lay reader could not grasp its meaning, nor so exalted in the piety it inculcates that he could not easily put it into daily practice. After reading Tissot's, "The Interior Life," a certain religious remarked: "Now we can put away all our other spiritual books; here is enough." But should he read the present volume, we feel sure that he will qualify his statement thus: "All, save this one." The work carries with it a letter of approbation from His Holiness, Benedict XV., and laudatory prefaces by their Eminences, Cardinals Mercier and Bourne. It is published by the B. Herder Book Co., and sold at what we think the rather exorbitant price of \$4.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washburne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Cobituary.

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

Rev. John Berthelot, of the diocese of Toledo; Rev. Thomas S. Bannan, diocese of Belleville; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Denis Savage, diocese of Mobile; Rev. Thomas McNeive, S. J.; and Rev. Francis Gaffney, O. P.

Brother William Ryan, S. J.

Sister M. Nazareth, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Theona, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Thomas Norman, Mrs. J. F. Scholfield, Mr. T. P. McAdams, Miss Catherine Faye, Mr. David Hummi, Miss Ellen Corbett, Mr. John Montgomery, Mrs. E. P. Scanlon, Mr. George Bauer, Mr. Thomas Mohan, Mr. John Frey, Miss Ada O'Brien, Mr. E. H. Gerst, Mr. E. K. Howard, Mr. Anthony Roeslein, Mr. John H. Eagan, Mrs. Cecilia Monaghan, Mr. George Trebare, Mr. L. A. Spehr, Mrs. Mary McCole, Miss S. M. Solari, Mr. John Clancy, Mr. J. A. Traube, Mr. H. W. Thompson, Mr. John J. and Mr. Patrick Flaherty; Miss Anna Roth, Mr. George Miller, and Mr. W. A. Eton.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the War victims in Central Europe: friend (Iowa), \$1; Mrs. A. G., \$1; friends, in honor of the Holy Family, \$2; M. W. Purcell and friends, \$100.30; friend (Iowa), \$1; M. McH., \$5. For the sufferers in Armenia and Russia: E. P. R. J., \$10; B. C. M., \$5; friend (Baltimore), \$1; Roth family, \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. 67. LUKE. 1., 48.

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Transformed.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

SO Beauty comes on blushing feet
 To break sin's muddy barrier-bars;
 And, turning sour draughts to sweet,
 She rends the darkness into stars.
 Though bones and roses dry to dust,
 The stricken, living body sings;
 Men's golden virtues can not rust,
 Storms never clip an eagle's wings.
 To conjure buds on starving boughs,
 And turn hard stones to daily bread,
 Brings glory to Baptismal vows,
 When grace is poured on heart and head.
 The White Swan floats at close of day
 Upon the thunder-creeping tide;
 Nobly serene He cuts His way,
 With stark, red wounds in breast and side.
 Dashed down are silver cups of song,
 The mad winds come to drown all mirth;
 Broad, sunlit roads are for the throng
 That cries for music on the earth.
 The sword is shaped—the Cross looms high—
 No hand-clasp now,—no friend with friend;
 A sign points straight beyond the sky
 The way to go, until the end.

LET everyone be fully persuaded that if his piety toward the Blessed Virgin does not hinder him from sinning, or does not move his will to amend an evil life, it is a piety deceptive and lying, being lacking in proper effect and in natural fruit.—*Pope Pius X.*

Christmas Customs of the Gael.

BY A. J. C. R.

There is light and there is laughter; there is music,
 there is mirth,
 And lovers speak as only lovers may;
 Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on earth
 As Christmas-time in Irèland far away!

THUS "the poet of the Irish exile," Denis A. McCarthy, sings in his charming little poem "Christmas - Time in Ireland." In words that bring a mist to the eyes of those who have lived the Christmas season in Ireland, he tells of the greetings and blessings of the kindly folk, of the early Mass and the saintly soggarths, of the bright holly berries, the feasting and song; and of the inevitable shadow that hangs over every Irish feast,—the sorrow for those "Who, scattered far in exile, sadly stray." But those exiles have brought with them, to the far lands whither their wandering feet have strayed, many of the quaint and pious customs of the land whence they came; and have left an indelible mark upon the Christmas customs of other lands, the origin of which, in many instances, has been lost or forgotten.

We know the custom of hanging the Christmas stocking comes to us from Belgium, the Christmas tree from Germany, the bestowal of the Christmas gift from the old English custom of handing contributions to the "mummers" who carried their gift boxes from house to house. But, were we to go back far

enough, it is said these customs could be traced to the days of the Irish missionaries, and are but variations of the ceremonies they brought to the Continent from the Isle of Saints. Be that as it may, many of the outstanding features of our Christmas celebrations are directly traceable to the festivities of the ancient Gael.

When St. Patrick came to Ireland in the year 432 A. D. he found there a highly-civilized and cultured people, abhorring, in their religious rites, the revolting human sacrifices common to the rites of many pagan lands, although the Druids offered sacrifices of animals and birds to their pagan deities. With the wisdom that characterized his great missionary work, the Apostle of Ireland simply adapted these old religious customs and feasts to the spirit of the religion of Christ. And from the first, the commemoration of the birth of Christ, the Light of the world, poignantly appealed to the imagination of the Gael.

Among the pagans, the days of the Winter solstice—and Summer solstice as well,—when the sun seemed to stand still from December the twenty-first to the twenty-fourth, were observed with various rites and ceremonies to find favor with their gods. The circular logs, lighted by the pagans on December the twenty-fourth to propitiate their gods, were lighted by the early Christian Gael in honor of the birth of Christ, the Sun, the Light of the universe. Whence comes the old custom of the Yule-log. Holly and evergreens decorated the houses of the pagan Gael to celebrate returning life, and holly and evergreens still decorate the homes of Christians the world over, to celebrate the coming of the Christ-Child; and but few realize the significance or antiquity of the happy custom.

Christmas, it is often said, is the home feast; and from far and near the scattered loved ones exert every effort

to return to the old homestead for the Christmas feast, that there may be no vacant chair on that happy day. And those at home, who wait to welcome the wanderers back again, have swept and garnished and prepared the choicest foods their means can afford, not realizing that these same preparations have been made for the celebration of December the twenty-fifth from time immemorial in the land of the Gael.

Ever since the dawn of Christianity in Eire, the Gael had made this a day of feasting. On December the twenty-fourth, the blood of some animal was drawn and preserved to ward off accidents during the coming season. The following day the carcass was prepared and eaten. With the coming of Christianity, the hospitable feast was carried over, and made the time of family reunions, of music, song, and good cheer. And when the Gael wandered far from that isle of his heart's devotion, he gathered such of his friends as were in the new land around him, and made Christmas the home feast.

Among a race so imaginative, it is not to be wondered that many legends have sprung up around a festival which makes such an appeal to the heart. And of all the Irish legends of Christmas, that which tells of the wandering of the holy Babe, in the bitter cold and storm, seems the most characteristically Irish. From this legend, or its variation, which tells that the Blessed Mother wanders again over the cold earth with her divine Babe in her arms, looking for shelter as she did on that first Christmas night, comes the custom, now being revived in this country, of setting a candle in the window and leaving the door "on the latch," that the wanderers may know there is warmth and shelter for them within.

This legend can easily be understood, when it is known that among the pagan Gaels were men known as brughfers,

whose duty was to conduct the Houses of Hospitality. These houses were never closed, and a large candle was kept burning during the night to guide wayfarers to shelter. A brughfer was obliged to entertain any traveller who came to his door. It was, therefore, a short step for every Christian home to become a house of hospitality for the shelterless Mother and Babe.

Padraic Pearse, beloved teacher and heroic martyr of the Ireland of to-day, has immortalized that legend, and the simple faith of the Irish peasant, in his exquisite bit of Irish life portrayed in "The Mother." He tells that "there was a company of women sitting up one night in the house of Barbara of the Bridge, spinning frieze." The oldest of them all was old Una ni Greeliś, who asked: "Doesn't the world know that the glorious Virgin goes round the townlands every Christmas Eve, herself and her Child?"

"I heard the people saying she does."

"And don't you know, if the door is left ajar and a candle lighting in the window, that the Virgin and her Child will come into the house, and that they will sit down to rest themselves?"

"My soul! but I heard that, too."

The day of Christmas Eve came, and Pearse thus describes the preparations of the Irish housewife: "She swept the floor of the house, and she cleaned the chairs, and she made up a good fire before going to sleep. She left the door on the latch, and she put a tall white candle in the window." When all were asleep, she got up to await the coming of the glorious Virgin that she might make her request. "No one was there. Not even a mouse was stirring. The crickets themselves were asleep. The fire was in red ashes. The candle was shining brightly. She bent on her knees in the room door. . . . She felt, somehow, that the Presence wasn't far from her, and that it wouldn't be long until she

would hear a footstep. She listened patiently. The house itself, she thought, and what was in it, both living and dead, was listening as well. The hills were listening, and the stones of the earth, and the starry stars of the sky.

"She heard a sound. A footstep on the door-flag. She saw a young Woman coming in and a Child in her arms. The young Woman drew up to the fire. She sat down on a chair. She began crooning, very low, to the Child." What would the world do at Christmas-time without the childlike faith which has its roots in Eire?

But the Christmas festivities in Ireland do not end on Christmas night: they are extended through January the sixth, which is called Little Christmas, or Women's Christmas. In the south of Ireland, St. Stephen's day is celebrated by the unique pastime of hunting the wren, a vivid description of which can be found in Kickham's "Knocknagow." There are many and diverse legends surrounding the origin of this quaint custom. Some writers give this sport a purely political significance, making the wren, one of the smallest of the birds, typify Ireland itself, and the struggle of the wren to escape, symbolic of Ireland's struggle for freedom. But, as the hunting of the wren was an ancient custom in the Isle of Man, it is more probable that the sport was given an added significance by the people during the Penal days.

From time immemorial, January the sixth was set apart as Mother's Day by the pagan Gaels. And to-day in Ireland the Feast of the Epiphany, Women's Christmas, is considered almost as important as Christmas itself; and, like so many others of the Irish feast days, the ceremonies for this day were taken over from the pagan festival, given a Christian significance, and celebrated in commemoration of the Christian ideal.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXI.

MRS. BRENTWOOD went to bed early, but Marcia and Larry sat up, with fresh logs on the hearth, to see the Old Year out. When midnight sounded, the brother and sister kissed, with the old wish: "Happy New Year!"

"It will be a happy one for you, Marcia," Larry declared, "for Glassford is a first-rate fellow."

"Yes," said Marcia; "and then he is not only one of us in faith, but also fits well into the house and household."

Larry cordially agreed, and Marcia said after a pause:

"We have been very happy, in spite of all our struggles; and oh, how good and brave you have been, Larry!"

"You were the soul of everything, Marcia, and I don't know what we shall do without you."

They were still sitting by the fire, and Marcia, turning her eyes upon him, spoke in a low voice full of feeling:

"Listen, Larry, I am going to tell you a secret. I shall not be going away at all for very long; Gregory has promised me that we shall stay here most of the time. He already talks of building an extension, so that he may feel a bit of the house is his own."

"Hurrah!" cried Larry, his face brightening, "you are wonderful, old girl, for making people happy."

"This is Gregory's doing, though I told him I should not care to marry any one if I had to desert my post here. But, I suppose, we must go to bed now."

They stood a moment to listen to the bells.

"Those New Year's bells," Marcia said, "always seem to make me shiver. When I was a child, I used to cover my head, so as not to hear them."

"Oh! *you* mustn't think of anything sad," Larry declared, brightly; "and that last bit of news will keep *me* cheerful for many a day."

In her prayers that night, amongst all the others, Marcia did not forget to pray for her grandfather. Gazing up at the stars, bright in their 'heaven's home,' she thought of Gregory Glassford with a rush of gladness, because he was hers, not only for this new year, but forever, so long as he and she should live—and afterwards. She drank to the full of that cordial of happiness, which is the rarest of all tonics; and she scarcely gave a thought to the fact, that henceforth she was done with petty economy and management, and lean and cheerless poverty.

She dreamed a whimsical dream that her grandfather came up the lane with his horses to drive her to the wedding, and that he told her he was going to give her the carved chair for a wedding present.

XXXII.

Early in January, Marcia went to spend a week with Mrs. Critchley. That lady had heralded her advent as Gregory Glassford's fiancée, adding that it was quite a romance, and that the successful financier had been in love with her for ages. This, with the added prestige of being the daughter of one of the most popular of all the Brentwoods, and of the beautiful Cornelia Livingston, excited the utmost interest in the girl. Though not beautiful, she was described as striking, effective, or chic, according to the mind of the observer.

Mr. Critchley was, from the first, her devoted admirer; as Mrs. Critchley expressed it:

"Nick is daft about you; and, if you were not such a strait-laced little Puritan, I should be wildly jealous."

She took almost as much interest in the dressing of this new guest as she had done in the case of Eloise. But she

was not at all successful in carrying out, with or without the help of Julie, those "improvements," to which Eloise, with but a feeble protest, had submitted. There was something about this girl which prevented even the artful Julie from insisting on anything. That experienced maid gave her suggestions, and some of them were followed; but it was Marcia who was mistress, and gave directions, which Julie could not disregard. The result was so good that Mrs. Critchley was satisfied.

"I see you are right, my love," she declared, "every woman should study her own type and act accordingly."

"Have I a type?" Marcia asked; "if so, I haven't made a study of it. I know what I like; and it wouldn't be possible, Dolly, to change me into a beauty."

"You'll do," Mrs. Critchley answered; and, taking Marcia's hand in both her own soft, dimpled ones, she said: "You will make Gregory a lovely wife, and I knew from the very first that he was distracted about you."

"He managed to keep up an appearance of sanity," jested Marcia, who knew very well that this fair-spoken woman had been anxious to marry Gregory to Eloise.

"You are an enigma," Mrs. Critchley was provoked into saying, "taking everything so coolly, when you are carrying off the best match in our circle, whom half the girls, you know, were dying to get."

"I'm glad they didn't succeed, that's all," laughed Marcia; "and I will never give him up to any one, till death do us part!"

In spite of herself, her tone had become earnest; and she turned away that Mrs. Critchley might not see her tears.

"We'll be having a lot of men, besides Nick, raving over you; and, of course, it will be an immense advantage having Gregory in your train, and making the other women wild with envy."

Marcia did not altogether like the allusion; it offended the fastidiousness for which the Brentwoods were famous. She made no comment, however, but followed her hostess downstairs.

"My dear Miss Marcia," exclaimed Nick, with an admiring look, "what admirable good taste you show! Some of these foolish, modern women can not realize that nature never makes a mistake."

"She might have done more for some of us," laughed Marcia; "those lovely women I have seen here make me feel like creeping into a mousehole."

"You are just making a fuss about nothing, Nick, and I won't have you turning Marcia's head; but, between you and me, doesn't she look stunning?"

"Exactly what I have been saying."

Gregory, who arrived for dinner, was of the same opinion, and noted her with proud and delighted eyes.

"It has been wonderful," Marcia said, as they came out of the Opera together, where many a glass had been levelled at that handsome couple in the Critchleys' box. "I never had so delightful a week in my life!"

"I am afraid you'll think me selfish," Gregory responded, "when I tell you that I long to see you back in the house, which suits you as a frame suits its picture."

"Why, you poor, old Gregory!" the girl exclaimed, "think of the long years when you shall have me opposite you at the table, just a plain, work-a-day Marcia, with none of these fine people to give me a civil word, and you, yourself, taking Marcia very much for granted."

Of course the ardent lover could not foresee such a time at all; for, sagacious as he was, and with the experience of many before him, he could not believe that this woman he had chosen would ever cease to be wonderful.

Larry was a good deal at the Critch-

leys' during those days, and, like his sister, made a very favorable impression on every one.

"Quiet, of course, and not just like most of the other young men, but gentlemanly, and every inch a Brentwood."

Such was the general verdict. At one of those dinner parties, Larry met Dorothy Van Alstyne, a niece of Mr. Critchley's, and a young girl after Marcia's own heart. She was a convent graduate, and had but lately become a Catholic. But that is a story which can not be told in these pages.

Eloise Hubbard came almost every day to see her aunt, and she and her husband were included in some of the festivities. But it was while Marcia was still in town that definite rumors began to circulate about Reggie Hubbard. It was very generally whispered that he was neglecting his wife, and showing very marked attentions to other women.

Marcia shut her eyes as far as possible to these horrifying rumors, and tried to believe they were, at least, exaggerated. But Mrs. Critchley openly deplored the wreck which that foolish Eloise had made of her life, and the shocking manner in which the late social favorite was outraging the conventions. Gregory Glassford but too fully realized that any intervention of his would be worse than useless, and might easily be misconstrued. Mr. Critchley wrote a stern letter to Hubbard—which remained unanswered,—threatening to take Eloise away. He even went so far as to broach the subject to Eloise, who was looking pale and haggard, preserving a cold and impassive demeanor, and sustained by the indomitable pride which had come down from her forbears. She received Mr. Critchley's proposal with indignation:

"Why, how absurd you are, Nick! Reggie enjoys himself, after his own fashion, as so many men of our set do,

and I make it a rule never to interfere."

"But, my dear girl, when a thing goes so far as to excite public comment, it has passed the limit of legitimate amusement, and should be stopped."

But Nick could not move Eloise from her attitude. For a wife to leave her husband was, in her eyes, the unpardonable sin; and her Catholic principles asserted themselves with overwhelming force. They showed her the path of endurance, but not always of patience.

Returning through the early darkness of the Wintry streets, after that conversation with Mr. Critchley, she found her husband at home, smoking in what was known as "the den." Deeply wounded as she had been, she was besides bitterly mortified by the publicity which had now been given to his conduct. She began without delay to reproach the incorrigible Reggie with his misdemeanors. Scarcely changing his listless, lounging attitude, he replied with his usual cynicism:

"My dear, you are making a mountain out of a molehill. A wife should have more confidence in her own attractions, especially as she has the secure position of having a man tied hand and foot."

"Have you no respect?" Eloise asked, "I will not say for what is right, for God Himself, but, at least, for public opinion!"

"So the Critchley bunch has been talking, or, perhaps, the virtuous Gregory! Let them attend to their own affairs now. They knew very well I was not the sort of man to settle down tamely to domestic life. Yet they threw me in your way, and permitted things to take their course."

Eloise burst into a storm of tears. For the very arguments he now used, were those she had disregarded, and for which she had quarrelled with her guardian. Having a surface good nature, and being, after a fashion, fond

of the girl he had married, the young man made an attempt to console her.

"Come, come, little girl," he said, putting his arm around her, "one would think you had lived in the Middle Ages! Be a little more modern. Women nowadays do not expect to keep husbands tied to their apron strings."

"I am a Catholic," Eloise cried, "and not a pagan like the rest of you."

Reggie laughed easily.

"Pagans we certainly are, and don't pretend to be anything else. In fact, if I had considered that side of your Catholicity, I might have strongly objected to your religion. It rather pleased me at first. It was a novelty to meet somebody who had definite ideas about what they call right and wrong. You had the remedy in your own hands, if my paganism did not please you. You should have chosen one of your own form of belief, who, at least in theory, holds your puritanical ideas. You Catholics don't always practise what you preach; but, as the world goes, you are, I admit, about the most consistent."

He enjoyed seeing Eloise writhe under the home truths, which he thus enunciated, and which her conscience sternly echoed.

"It is rather hard on you," the man went on, having returned to his lounging attitude near the grate, and reflectively lighted a cigarette, "to have the marriage knot tied so hard that it can not be undone."

"To be tied for life to a cynical unbeliever like yourself, is the punishment I deserve," Eloise retorted.

"Wouldn't there be any way out?" Reggie inquired, partly out of idle curiosity, and partly because of a thought that was framing itself in the back of his mind, "in case I should prove insupportable."

"You know as well as I do what my Church—the only Church—teaches."

"Well, then, my dear wife, the wisest thing you can do is to close your eyes, and be the submissive little darling your religion inculcates."

He changed his tone once more, and partly out of that same curiosity and without vital interest, he asked:

"Have you completely ceased to care for me after all your protestations?"

"No," Eloise flashed back at him, "and that is the most terrible part of it. In spite of all that has happened, I still love you, as I promised before God."

"Only on account of your promise?"

"Not only on account of my promise," Eloise answered, with that sternness in her aspect that had caused her cousins to notice a resemblance to her grandfather, "because the law of God would not force me to do what is impossible. But a woman with a conscience and a pride in her own womanhood can not so easily change."

The man was momentarily pleased and flattered. The very sternness of her aspect took away any suspicion of what he would have called maudlin sentimentality.

"I will try to be a good boy, Eloise, and keep within the prescribed limits of holy matrimony, as understood by you extremists."

The promise and the feeling by which it had been evoked, were short-lived. Before many weeks were over, it was known that Reginald Hubbard had left his wife, sailed for Europe and—not unaccompanied. Mrs. Critchley was shocked, disgusted and expressed herself as being in despair. Possibly, she was remorseful, but she did not express such a sentiment. Eloise had been foolish to the point of insanity, wilful and perverse, and Hubbard's conduct had been unspeakable, but just what any sensible woman might have expected from such a man. Mr. Critchley, not being a Catholic, suggested the only possible remedy for the condition of

affairs. Proceedings must be at once instituted for a divorce. And though his wife argued that it was useless, he went at once with this advice to Eloise. She met him with a calm refusal.

"A divorce would be of no benefit to me," she declared. "I married him for better or worse. I am still his wife."

"But Dolly says your Church allows a legal separation."

"It does, but that is unnecessary since my husband has gone away. So leave me in peace, dear Nick, with my broken heart."

There was a touch of her old, appealing grace in the last words, and the lawyer's eyes were dim as he turned away.

Gregory felt worst of all about the matter, and he asked himself over and over, if he had left anything undone which would have saved Jim Brentwood's daughter from such a fate. But his conscience was clear, and the matter had been virtually taken out of his hands, when Eloise had again taken up her abode with Mrs. Critchley.

"Such people," he said, bitterly, "play with fire and are astonished when they, or some one belonging to them, is burned."

It was a topic which he had hated to discuss with Marcia, because of her white purity and aloofness from evil. Her remarks upon the subject were few and simple.

"The evil of the world is so terrible; it seems to me like a huge, dark shape. It makes one so glad to have been brought up within the Church."

"The only force that can protect any of us," asserted Gregory.

"Sometimes I wonder," Marcia said, "that Catholics do not glory in the Church, and fling out her banners with brave hearts and high heads. I love that idea of St. Ignatius, of people fighting under two standards, the good against the evil. But isn't it splendid

of Eloise to have refused even a separation?"

"She has acted like Jim Brentwood's daughter," Gregory agreed, "and a true Catholic. Poor, little Eloise! She has carved out a difficult path for herself."

"I would like to go and see her," observed Marcia; "but, perhaps, she can not bear to receive any one just now."

Gregory expressed the opinion that it might be wiser to wait a little.

So Marcia contented herself with writing a letter to which, for some time, no answer came.

Her own marriage with Glassford, which had been arranged to take place before Lent, was unavoidably postponed, owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Brentwood. Marcia had remained in close attendance upon her stepmother, even after the doctor declared that, if she did not consent to procure a nurse, she would be in danger of a physical breakdown.

Marcia was surprised one day towards the beginning of March when she was feeling jubilant, because her stepmother was able to come downstairs, to receive a letter from Eloise.

"MY DEAR, DEAR MARCIA:—I got your sweet letter, which no one else but yourself could have written. I did not answer it at once, because I found it hard. In silence was the only way I could endure, and it would have been intolerable to see the old place and you all in that first depth of misery.

"Now, it is different. My heart is aching with a new sorrow. Reggie is ill, dying, they tell me, as the result of an accident in an airplane. He begs that I will come to him in London. I am sailing early in the week, but I felt that I could not leave New York without throwing my arms round your neck again, and bidding farewell to Aunt Jane and Larry. I want to see Gregory, too. Deep in my heart there is a warm corner for him, who is like no one else.

I know how sorry he has been for me, but he has shown himself so kind, so delicate. Never a word against my husband, nor a reminder of his past warnings!

"Hoping to be with you next Friday by the 5.25 train,

"Lovingly,

"Your heart-broken cousin,

"ELOISE."

On the appointed evening Larry was at the train. Mrs. Brentwood, paler and feebler, was in her armchair. Gregory stood near Marcia, who was watching at the window, and recalling that other time when she had been waiting with so many misgivings for the coming of grandfather's heiress, who arrived with her Parisian toilets and her polish of manner which so often broke through and showed the petulance and the self-will beneath.

"Yet," Marcia reflected, "there had been some quality under it all that made it seem impossible that Eloise should ever stoop to meanness."

Presently, came a pale, worn and subdued Eloise, who flung herself into the arms that Marcia opened wide. Gregory Glassford remained in the background till Eloise, turning, saw him.

"You dear, dear Gregory!" she murmured, with quivering lip, "how good it is to see you all, and what it will cost me to go away again!"

"Where is Aunt Jane?" Eloise questioned, and rushing over she knelt down and laid her head on the old woman's kindly breast.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, we are so sorry for all your trouble," Mrs. Brentwood said, brokenly, "but so glad to have you here, if only you could remain!"

"And you have been so ill, Aunt Jane, and I never knew it!" responded Eloise.

That evening, as the two girls sat beside the fire, when the men had gone to smoke, Eloise herself referred to the

topic which was uppermost in both their minds:

"As I told you, in my letter, Marcia, I am going to Reggie. He has sent for me."

Marcia nodded comprehendingly.

"You will have to go, of course," she said, "but it is hard."

"Hard, yes, in a sense," Eloise answered, "but my heart is with him; and only death can break the tie."

"Spoken like your father's daughter," applauded Gregory, who just then entered; "but even religion does not oblige you to remain with such a—"

"Don't say the word, Gregory," she pleaded; "I married Reggie, you know, of my own free will. Besides it is not a question of remaining with him. He is dying."

Gregory bent his head.

"Bravo, little Eloise!" he exclaimed.

The tears were streaming down Marcia's cheeks as she caught and held her cousin's hand.

"Brave, generous heart!" she murmured.

"You see," Eloise went on, "it is simple duty; and I have been remembering so often, lately, how Mère de Villiers at the convent used to say: 'Duty, my dear girls, is clad in gray. It is only in eternity you will see her robe of gold.'"

"That is a beautiful saying," exclaimed Marcia.

"Yes, and how little heed I gave it. Duty seemed then for old crones, possibly for the middle-aged. Now, it has caught and chained me."

She rested her chin on her hand and looked into the fire.

"Words like that," she added, presently, "sink in and come back to us when the path of life is dark. So the labors of those dear nuns were never wholly lost."

Despite his fiery indignation against the man who had been false to every

obligation, Glassford saw all too plainly where the finger of duty pointed, and made no attempt to alter his former ward's decision. Marcia made the only hopeful suggestion that occurred to her:

"You may save his soul."

"If he has a soul to save!" muttered Gregory under his breath.

Eloise caught the words and gave him a strange look.

"I shall try to find it, Gregory, for love is very powerful; and if I do, I shall be glad that I went across the seas, and you will be glad, too."

"Glad, yes, for you will have been repaid."

Eloise went to church on Sunday morning with the others and prayed as she had not done since she knelt far away in the Gothic chapel of the convent. In the afternoon she paid a friendly visit to the kitchen and its occupants, and she said reminiscently:

"Do you remember, Eliza, how I first came down to see the kitchen, and how Minna tripped you and was deluged with flour?"

Eliza made what pretence she could at laughing, but she told Marcia afterwards that it made her heart bleed to see the change in that poor lamb.

The inevitable leave-taking came all too soon. Mrs. Brentwood clasped her in a final embrace, saying:

"Even should I not be here, my dear, the others will welcome you home, if Providence ordains that you return a widow."

"Oh, I hope my husband will live for many years!" Eloise responded. "They tell me he is helpless, but I will take care of him."

"Of course," murmured the old lady.

"I could not fancy the old house without you, Aunt Jane. You must go on living for all our sakes."

She turned to Marcia, who was pale and agitated. For a moment the two stood facing each other.

"As mother has said," whispered Marcia, "if another sacrifice is asked of you and you are left alone, you will come back here, will you not?"

"Perhaps," Eloise answered, "though something tells me I shall never see the old house again."

For in the sleepless nights she had kept of late, facing the alternative of years of nursing a man to whom her very presence might be distasteful, or the anguish of parting with one whom she had not ceased to love, she had been haunted by the thought of a haven of peace, which might still be hers, where other girls were tossing red-cheeked apples in the orchard, or praying in the Gothic chapel.

As she wept in Marcia's arms, neither of the girls could have believed a few months' before what such a parting would cost them. Eloise hurried down the steps, where Gregory and Larry were waiting.

She entered the motor, waved a last greeting to her cousin, and passed swiftly out of sight forever.

"How poor and commonplace we other Brentwoods seem," said Marcia, when Gregory came back with Larry after seeing Eloise off to Europe. "For if her husband lives, Eloise has set her feet on the path of martyrdom; and if he dies, she will mourn him as if he had been the worthiest in the world."

"Women are certainly incomprehensible beings," replied Gregory.

"Perhaps so, Gregory, but there must be some good in Reggie Hubbard after all. For he cabled that, since the doctors gave no hope of his recovery, he was longing to see his wife."

"It is like him to want her there in his helplessness, wretch that he is!"

"He may really be dying, and you mustn't be so hard."

"No, I shouldn't be hard at all, when the dearest of all the Brentwoods is willing to throw herself away upon me."

"Eloise's action shows, Gregory, that we Brentwoods have some qualities."

"Which I should be the last to deny."

"Do you remember, I once said to you," recalled Marcia, "that a great sorrow or a great love would bring out the nobility in my cousin's character?"

"I remember very well. It was in those unhappy times when I scarcely could persuade you to talk to me at all."

"You will be saying one of these days that I have made up for it since. But there is Larry calling."

"Poor old Larry!" Gregory declared, "he took Eloise's departure very hard. If I didn't know there was a pretty little Dorothy, I might have thought he had felt a more than cousinly regard for my ward. Dolly was at the boat in a state bordering on distraction. Critchley wouldn't come at all, he was so indignant, and couldn't for the life of him understand why there shouldn't be a divorce."

"He is such a fine, large-hearted man," Marcia commented, "but, of course, he can't understand."

A month later came a cablegram from Eloise.

"Reggie died yesterday. Will have a Requiem at Farm St."

Glassford was now glad that Eloise had gone to win Reggie's soul to God.

"She will soon get over her sorrow," he pronounced cheerfully, though Marcia was quite scandalized by the prophecy; "and, then, she will have her whole life before her."

Neither of them knew what Eloise's secret intention had been; and they hoped that they would soon see her back again in the scenes to which she had become attached. But she never came.

The first week of May was now close at hand, when there was to be a wedding in the old house. Gregory and Marcia looked forward eagerly to the day, for it was to be their wedding.

A Memory of a Winter Day.*

BY PADRE LUIS COLOMA, S. J.

I.

IT was early, on a wild Wintry morning, that the porter came to my room to announce a visitor. I thought of some pious person who wished to speak with me before the first Mass. As I entered the parlor, darkened by the rain outside the long, narrow windows, I remember how sombre the room looked, and how vague the form of a woman sitting on a sofa in the corner. She appeared strangely agitated, and was sighing deeply. As soon as she heard my footsteps, she rushed toward me, now weeping aloud. I saw that she was evidently a servant from some great house, and under the influence of violent excitement. She covered her face with both hands as she stopped before me, and in a voice full of grief and terror cried out:

"Father! Father! the devil appeared to my mistress!"

For some cause or other, instead of concern or sympathy, an impulse to laugh seized me. I stopped for a moment to control my rebellious face; and the poor woman, who had probably never before considered that a Jesuit might be a risible animal, stopped too, visibly troubled. But the next moment with redoubled energy came the tears and the sobbing.

"Yes, indeed, Father, the devil appeared to her,—or perhaps a soul from Purgatory; and she sent me running to beg that you would come quickly."

"But who is your mistress?"

"Doña Adela."

"Doña Adela what?"

She gave a name connected with so many noble houses that I could find no clue, and I was obliged to say:

"I do not know her."

"But she is the Señora Doña Adela, Countess of M." And, leaning toward me, she added in a half whisper: "The Buddhist!"

"And you say that the Buddh—that Doña Adela wishes to see me?"

"Yes, Father, and she begs you to come at once."

"But what has happened? What is it all about?" I persisted, trying to get some light upon a circumstance which was becoming strangely interesting from its connection with the name of the lady in question.

"*Dios mio! Dios mio!* An awful thing, Father! I was in the cabinet folding the clothes, and my mistress at her desk writing. Suddenly I heard a noise of breaking glass, and there was the Señora at the door, pale as death, struggling for breath and gasping, 'My sister! my sister! Concha! Concha!' I thought I should die, Father; and I fell into a chair, shivering all over."

"But, my good woman," said I, trying to calm her agitation, "what was there so strange in Doña Adela's calling for her sister?"

"Father!—when her sister is six months dead! But it must have been the devil; for her sister was a saint,—a saint, if there ever was one."

"But what more did your mistress say about it? What did she tell you?"

"How could she tell me anything Father, when she could not speak, and I trembling like a leaf, until suddenly she began to shriek again, flinging herself on the floor, covering her head with the curtains as if she were trying to hide? Her maid ran in, and the porter and servants from below,—for it is a very quiet house and my lady keeps a large retinue. When she saw her people about her, she recovered somewhat and spoke quite firmly. 'Mariana,' she said, 'go at once for a priest.' I ran to the parish church, but the pastor was away on a sick call. I met Juanita Gutierrez

in the vestry, and she told me that there were many Fathers in this house; so I ran—I ran—" and she broke off again, weeping.

I stopped for a moment, trying to discover some trace of sense in the incoherent story. But still the strangest part remained,—that "The Buddhist," Doña Adela, had desired to have a priest brought to her. Before anything else I must make sure of this point.

"Are you *sure* your lady asked you to go for the priest?"

"Absolutely, Father, with her own lips."

I hesitated no longer, but prepared at once to follow the old woman, who was to be my guide through what promised to be a strange experience. She hurried on before, jostling against the passers in her excitement, and looking back now and then to make sure that I was following.

Meantime I cudgelled my brain to recall what public rumor or private information had ever told me of the person I was about to see. Because of the seclusion in which she lived, and my own busy life, I had never even met any one who had known her. But I remembered an evening long ago, when returning from a sick call at one of the hospitals, that a very old and richly emblazoned carriage had passed me, drawn by a team of six fat mules. I saw vaguely the dark shadow of some one reclining on the cushions, and the face of an exceedingly ugly old woman peering through the glass. My companion, who knew something of everyone in Madrid, told me that the shadow was "The Buddhist," and the face at the window her attendant. Then in a flash I realized that the person hurrying before me was the same.

Doña Adela de M. must have been at this time quite seventy years old. Her father, who was the younger son of a noble house was very wealthy and

a member of the Cortes of Cadiz. During the revolutions of 1823 he had emigrated to France. They lived in Paris, and here his daughter was educated, at a time when the "Brains of Europe," as it was called, had gone mad over Victor Hugo and his contemporaries. In the literary heaven of the time, two stars of equal magnitude blazed in the zenith—the so-called "Muse," Delfina Gay, afterward Madame de Girardin; and the Baroness Dudevant, already celebrated in misfortune under the name of George Sand. An uncommon love of literature drew them closely together, and both were intimate friends of Doña Adela.

No one knew the reasons which caused "The Buddhist" suddenly to abandon Paris fifteen years later, and seclude herself in the old mansion of her ancestors, with an elder sister, the Señora Concha, who, according to the account of the maid, had died six months before.

"The Buddhist" never received visitors, and never went out save to breathe the air on long carriage drives. She never entered a church nor approached the sacraments; and the only time her parish priest had called, he was respectfully but firmly denied admission. The common people, with their strange instinct for divining character and solving mysteries, had named her "The Buddhist" and "The Devil," on account of this want of piety, added to her literary fame.

At the same time that these half-forgotten scraps of gossip floated through my mind, there came another remembrance. "The Buddhist" had never married; but, in spite of her many eccentricities, her lack of religious belief, and the corruption of the society in which she had passed her youth, there had not been the slightest hint of irregularity where honor was concerned, or anything upon which detraction could feed. This was an anomaly:

as if an onion had produced a rose, or a turnip blossomed into lilies. I am ashamed to confess that it had occurred to me earlier that perhaps an ugly face had been the guardian of virtue. All this confusion of thought, of which I was vaguely conscious, left a certain uneasiness as we approached the house.

The mansion we at last stopped before was old, with a splendid escutcheon carved above the arch of the vestibule. The great oaken portal, which opened as if we had been expected, ushered us into a magnificent courtyard, with a spacious marble stairway leading to the galleries above. The place looked neglected and unfurnished, as if the palace were unoccupied. In a moment or two, my guide—still heaving deep sighs, although she had stopped weeping—drew aside a heavy red portière and invited me to enter.

"Wait, if you please, Father," she said, "while I tell my lady."

There was a sudden change in the character of the room within. I found myself in a small parlor which might have belonged to a Parisienne of the time of the Directory. It lacked only a Merveilleuse, seated on the small sofa of ebony and brass; but the portrait of a very beautiful woman hanging upon the wall above took the place of the missing chatelaine. I recognized it at once, even without the legend written below: "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Opposite hung another picture, more recently and poorly painted, of a pale young man with a lofty forehead, very thick black hair, a high cravat reaching nearly to the ears, and a closely-buttoned coat. It was Victor Hugo at the time when he was writing his romantic dramas. A third portrait, in the best style of David, represented two figures; one, a lady in white satin under the trees of a garden, reading or declaiming to another from a book she held in her hand.

In gold letters on the open page was the word —

“——!” I murmured to myself; “the romance which Chateaubriand could not bring himself to read, although he was a man of few literary scruples!”

At the feet of the French novelist— for it was indeed she—a slender youth reclined upon the grass, his head resting against her knees as if listening to the reading, and the mouthpiece of an Eastern pipe in his lips. I could not recognize her face; but in the regular and delicate features, I saw at once the likeness of the woman of seventy to whom I was at the next moment presented. The duenna, agitated as ever, had just appeared at the open door.

“Father, the Countess is expecting you,” she said.

II.

I entered the room at once, and stopped, astonished, at the portal; for this woman was not the caricature of beauty which so many of her time had been: far from it. She was cowering in a *fauteuil* of red damask, drawn closely to the hearth, on which a huge fire was blazing. As I came in, she arose with difficulty; and I could not but admire the slender, majestic height, which seventy years had scarcely bent.

“I am sorry to have troubled you, Father. Mariana misunderstood my message, and went to you instead of calling the parish priest.”

Never had I heard a voice more sweet or exquisitely cadenced. But my admiration did not prevent me from understanding that the lady was politely informing me that I was not the person she desired to see; and I rose, bowing, to leave the room.

“You have not troubled me in the least, Madame; but since there has been a mistake—”

“Oh, no, no!” she exclaimed quickly. “It is all the same to me,—you may be better able to resolve my doubts.”

I took the chair she indicated, and for a moment an embarrassed silence followed, as is usual before a conversation which one scarce knows how to begin. I broke it first:

“Your maid tells me that you received a great fright this morning.”

“Fright?” she repeated, as if she did not understand the word. “Fright? No,” she went on, trembling slightly as she spoke, “but surprise, annoyance, no doubt. I should never have believed that what happened was possible. And yet—”

“We are progressing a little,” I thought, and, folding my hands, I prepared to listen to her story. She hesitated a moment and resumed:

“You are not perhaps aware that I lost my only sister six months ago,—my poor Concha?”

I made an affirmative sign.

“She was a good woman—gentle, kindly, but—”

It appeared as if she were about to say “fanatical.”

“Devout,” she continued, “and not very clever. She left her estate to a nephew of her deceased husband, and appointed me executor, leaving to me also the duty of having Masses said for the repose of her soul” (this with an almost imperceptible smile). “I troubled very little about that part of it, and I confess now that this was wrong. Although our opinions differed utterly, I should have respected her wishes. In the end I recognized this, and wrote to the parish priest a fortnight ago, asking him to say a daily Mass for my sister until further notice. To-day I got up early, as is my custom, and sat down to write to the Father, saying that the Masses might cease.” (She threw aside the shawl in which she was wrapped, as if it had suddenly become too warm.) “I was writing in the next room, which is my boudoir. I had finished the note—a very short one,—and was about to add my signature, when I became sud-

denly conscious of a disagreeable impression. It was a feeling that I was no longer alone, that my sister was close by, at my right hand. I had heard of people who imagined something similar in the dark; and resolved not to yield to the impulse to look up, but to finish my work, as I did. But I could not help glancing aside as I lifted the pen from the paper, and—this is the awful thing, Father, which I wish to explain but can not.”

She flung herself forward, almost out of her chair, trembling like a leaf. Then in a lower tone, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice:

“It seems impossible, but it is certain—absolutely certain, without the shadow of a doubt. At my shoulder, leaning on my chair, I saw something that I can not describe in words, for it was out of the natural order. But I saw it clearly, as I see you this minute. It was an immaterial presence, like a column of smoke fashioned into a vague substance; it was like shape without form or color, or words without a voice; and in the midst something I knew to be my sister. Two eyes that were hers—her sad eyes imploring a favor,—and two tears of fire that glowed as they fell. I sprang from my chair so quickly that it struck against the window behind me, breaking the glass. Then the shadow moved nearer the table, stooped down and with a point of that—obscurity—touched the paper and blotted out my name.”

The lady stopped with a sort of groan, and, falling back in the great armchair, wrapped herself in the cashmere again, shivering with cold or terror.

I had not yet recovered from the impression her story and excitement had produced in me.

“This must have been an illusion,” I said at last. “Did not you yourself blot the signature in rising so hurriedly,

with the fringe of your mantle or the lace of your sleeve?”

“No, no!” cried the Countess. “I was not wearing the mantle; and the sleeve—look!”

She stretched out both arms and showed me the tight sleeves of a gray taffeta bodice, with white cuffs, on which was no slightest stain of ink.

“That is what shocks me,” she went on, no longer seeking to hide her emotion. “That is what I want you to explain. Do you think it possible that a soul could come from the other world to prevent me from depriving it of a few prayers?”

“Yes, Madame,” I answered, “I believe it possible, but I do not think it at all probable. I think it possible, because God can accomplish anything. If you allow that God exists, you can not deny this attribute; and if you allow His attributes, you can not deny His power of exercising them. But I do not think it probable, because God ordinarily attains His ends by natural means; because the supernatural is rare, and often confounded with natural results, the working of which happens to be unknown to us or hidden. Besides, were you suffering from insomnia? Had you slept well the night before?”

“Seven hours uninterruptedly, as if I were fifteen years old.”

“Did the death of your sister disturb you greatly? Were you nervous, perhaps, recalling it?”

“No, Father. My sister was an ordinary woman. We were not congenial, and her death troubled me very little. If I was not moved by it at the time, was I likely to be six months after?”

“But when you began to write the note, had you no compunction at not carrying out the wishes of the dead?”

“*Compunction!*” almost shrieked the Countess, rising in her chair. “None. All that I felt was annoyance at having thrown away for Masses money that

might have been better employed in giving alms to the poor, or—flinging it out of the window.”

It is impossible to describe the accent of angry conviction with which the woman before me pronounced this phrase, “flinging it out of the window.”

“But at least,” I said, “you were thinking of your sister. It must have weighed upon you that her wishes had not been carried out.”

“No, Father, I was thinking nothing of the kind. I had already written an important letter to Paris, and was so much preoccupied with its contents that I made three mistakes in the four lines I was sending the pastor. I was not in any sense under a stress of feeling in regard to my sister.”

“Then if the illusion could not have been caused in this way, it must have been by some other physical phenomenon. How does the light fall in your boudoir? Might there not have been some optical effect, some arrangement of mirrors?”

“I do not believe it. And even if it were so, how could any arrangement of mirrors blot out a name? Come in with me; examine the place for yourself.”

And the Countess rose haughtily, almost defiantly, preceding me to the inner room. The rôles were changed: I seemed to be the incredulous one, and she the believer struggling to convince me of the prodigy.

“Then you have not examined the letter since?”

“No, I have not had the courage to look at it.”

At this point it would have been almost the truth to say that I was in the same position. But, hurried on by the force of circumstance, I passed through the door of the room. We were both silent, perturbed. The room was sumptuously furnished and very elegant, but in the same old-fashioned style as the salon outside,—as if its mistress

had preserved all the fashions of a certain epoch. At the farther end was the desk, covered with papers. A beautiful writing case in ivory and gold was upon it; and a sheet of note paper on which one could see a few lines of writing and a long, wide horizontal stain, where the signature should be.

The Countess lifted the paper, making a great physical effort, as if she were touching a snake, and placed it in my hand. The name was indeed blotted out. I examined it carefully in front, at the back, held it between me and the light, touched it. “The Buddhist” was quite right: this was no ink stain; it had not been blotted out by the fringe of a mantle or the drapery of a sleeve. It was identical in color and effect with the imprint left upon paper by passing something burning over it.

I looked at my companion. She was leaning against the frame of the door, pale as death. The paper trembled in my hand. We came out of the boudoir, and talked long and earnestly.

Three years afterward, in a far-away land I received the conventional announcement of a death. It was that of Doña Adela, Countess of M., who died in Seville on the 24th of April, “after having received all the sacraments of the Church.” The card made no mention of relatives or friends; her spiritual director had taken charge of the obsequies. I hastened to recommend the soul of the departed to the Throne of Grace and Mercy.

At Christmas.

BY T. E. B.

AN Infant crying in the night,
Amidst the sleet and snow,
Far from His home of warmth and light,
Where Love's red fires glow;
Will you not share with Him a part
Of the warm cradle of your heart?

The Innocent of the Yeun.

BY ANATOLE LE BRAZ; TRANSLATED BY
E. W. WALKER.

II.

ONE morning Liettik woke up quite happy after having fallen asleep in tears. In the interval she had "dreamed gay"; and, following in the wake of beautiful dreams, there comes at times a mysterious joy that floods the heart with sweetness. Snow had fallen during the night—that pale snow of the West that powders the whole world with diamond dust. The Yeun was glorious to look at, decked in all this whiteness.

The wind was quite silent.

Liettik lit the fire, and prepared the soup for her father's breakfast.

"What sort of weather?" he asked, as he slid out of bed.

"Snow everywhere!" replied the child. Her little face was almost radiant.

"Ah, well," said Bleiz-ar-Yeun to his wife, "you won't catch me working in the bog to-day. Some flocks of wild ducks have been seen towards Bodmeur, and if only the police of Brazpars will keep from meddling, I shall come home to-night laden with yellow-beaks."

So saying, he put on the shoes he kept for poaching, took his gun, and went out.

Liettik spent the greater part of the day squatting on the doorstep. The vast, snowy landscape enthralled her; never before, for as long as she could remember, had she known the Yeun under this imposing aspect, wrapped in this rigid majesty, this religious silence. The sky was of dull azure, without a cloud. The air was transparent as crystal. The eye could plunge, as through clear water, to infinite distances. Beyond the ring of mountains that she knew, Liettik saw others rising up, the very existence of which she had not suspected. Spires that she had never

before perceived, stood out against the sky on the edge of the horizon. A larger universe was revealed outside her past experience; and her feeble imagination was overwhelmed by it. She scarcely moved from the door until the evening, her hands rolled up in her apron on account of the cold.

At the first approach of twilight, a tall, dark silhouette was outlined against the greyish-white background of the darkening solitudes. It was her father. He had killed nothing—the ducks must have flown away towards the south,—but he had fallen in with his eldest boy in the fields of Kergombou. The lad's employers had sent him to invite his parents to their *réveillon*—they held out a prospect of eels and a boar's head.

"To be sure," sighed the Wolf's wife in the tones of the chronic sufferer. "To-night is Christmas Night."

"Do you feel strong enough for the walk? It's not bad weather, as you know. The Kergombou household will look out for us before the Mass."

"My faith, it will perhaps do me good!"

Liettik had not appeared to be listening to the conversation. She continued to kneel upon the hearthrug, stirring her grandfather's gruel, while her mother made her preparations, pinned on her shawl, and fixed the *coiffe* upon her thin, grey hair. Bleiz-ar-Yeun said to Liettik:

"Hand me a stick from the fire to light the lantern."

The child started, big tears trickled down her cheeks, and in her eyes was an expression of agonized fear.

"Please—please!" she entreated. "Don't leave me! I'm too frightened! Not alone—oh, not alone with *him!*"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Go to bed if you're afraid," he grumbled, while Liettik's mother added by way of consolation:

"Be reasonable, and I will bring you back your share of the *réveillon* in my handkerchief."

They were about to leave the house when the child, beside herself with fear, clung to the skirts of her mother:

"Mamm!—Mamm!"

With a rough gesture, Bleiz-ar-Yeun pushed her back into the entrance, and, seizing his wife's arm, slammed the door violently behind them. Liettik threw herself face downward on the floor of damp earth where the carters were accustomed to stand to empty out the dregs of glasses after drinking. There she lay, stretched in the mud, her head buried in her clasped hands, in order that she might hear nothing, see nothing. But no matter how hard she tried, she could not help hearing the sinister rattle in the breathing of the *tadiou-coz*. In the silence of the snow-wrapped night, in the stillness of the empty house, it grew more and more strident and lugubrious, until it resembled the ceaseless noise of a blacksmith's bellows, with the air whistling as it escaped through the leaks. And she could not help seeing him either—a dread, mysterious, shadowy figure, sculptured, somehow, in the chimney corner, with the stone grate for pedestal, like the statue of an ancient god guarding the hearth.

Obsessed by the image of the old man, Liettik dared not make a movement, for fear of attracting his attention. She tried, however, to crawl along to the hole which served her as bed. Suddenly, she halted. The oaken bench on which the *tadiou-coz* was cowering had given a creak. She raised her head; her heart was beating as though about to break from terror of what might happen. And she was, in truth, confronted by a sight that froze her to the marrow. Supporting himself by his bent arms resting on the back of his chair, *le vieux*, whom she had always known motion-

less as a block of granite, was striving to stand upright on his legs.

"I'm done for!" thought Liettik. "He's coming after me! Certainly, he's going to strangle me, and drag me along to the *Youdik*, as once he dragged the black dogs."

She fancied she felt already the pressure of his nails, as sharp and as hard as claws; and, sinking at the foot of the staircase, she fainted away, after having made a last, desperate Sign of the Cross.

How long she lay thus, stiff of body, like a bird overtaken by the snow, she could not have told. When at last a feeble glimmer of intelligence returned to her, it seemed to her that her soul was changed. The past had faded away,—vanished. She was neither cold nor frightened. She was no longer the sad Liettik of a short time back, but a little light thing, vague in form, having scarcely any consistency, one of those feathery cotton flakes which she used to gather in the Yeun in bygone Summers, and amuse herself by blowing up towards the sky for the pleasure of seeing them float gently away. Was she asleep? Or was she in a waking dream?

Suddenly she heard a voice at her side say:

"Liettik, dear little Liettik, open your eyes! I am not what you imagine. Open your eyes, in the Name of Jesus of Bethlehem, and you will see me as I am in reality."

The voice was weak, tremulous and broken, but so tender were the accents that they went to her very heart.

Liettik peeped through her half-open eyelids, and saw a thin, old man kneeling by her side, his face bending over hers. His skin was yellow and shrivelled, and in all things he was like the *tadiou-coz*, except that on his lips hovered one of those lingering, melancholy smiles that gleam like starlight on a Winter's night.

Merely for the sake of that smile, the child would gladly have kissed the ugly old man. He had lifted her head, and was smoothing with his hand her disordered hair, which had escaped from under her *coiffe* and was soiled by the mud. With a sigh of ecstasy, she submitted to the gentle human caress, never noticing that the hand which touched her temples so delicately had fingers the color of soot.

Still soothing her by his caresses, *le vieux* questioned:

"You're not afraid of me any more, are you?"

"Was I afraid of him? Why should I be afraid of him?" Liettik asked herself.

"It is sad to live too long, you see. One becomes a burden to oneself and others. The evening of man's life is wreathed in clouds, and I have lasted far beyond the evening, right on into the gloomy heart of the night. And so I have come to have the appearance of a phantom, and the children of my children are afraid of me. But no, you are not afraid. Ah, Liettik, how I should like to see you smile!"

Liettik did better than smile at the *ancêtre*: she kissed his rough beard, and it felt to her softer than silk.

What, then, was it that had so changed the soul of Liettik, the soul of the old grandfather, the very soul of the material objects round them? For even the miserable interior of Corn-Cam bore an unwonted aspect. The peeling walls, the faded furniture, were the same, it is true, and the same candle of resin was burning in front of the hearth; but everything looked bigger, vaster, and wore a solemn and imposing air. A marvellous star was shining down through the skylight in the roof; and its beams, travelling from an untold distance, rested on the uncovered head of the *tadiou-coz* and surrounded it as with a halo.

Suddenly he gave a start:

"Listen, Liettik!" he murmured, raising his finger.

A deep musical sound, the heavy vibration of bells calling to and answering one another, filled all space with their sonorous, echoing tones.

"The Midnight Mass, my child," said the old man gravely. "It is our hour. Get up, and come."

Go,—where? Liettik did not even think of asking: They started off, hand in hand. In the moonlight, the sad immensity of the Yeun was a sight of the most entrancing beauty. Luminous paths stretched across it, and along these paths innumerable files of people were hastening, singing psalms as they went. At their head walked a Woman in a blue mantle, carrying in her arms an Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes of gold, like the son of a king. The fresh night air seemed to be warmed and scented by the fragrant breath of all these canticles.

The old man and the child joined the mysterious procession. The snow felt soft under their feet. Never had Liettik trotted along more briskly. Once across the marshes of the Yeun, the column began the ascent of the slope that led to Saint-Riwal. The little market-place was deserted, but the Christmas candles gleamed from every window, and long plumes of smoke were waving in the still air above the roof-tops. The church was all a-sparkle. As soon as they entered the churchyard, *le vieux* said to Liettik:

"Let us rest here for a moment."

He sat down on the steps of the great Calvary, in the shadow of the Cross, one hand resting on the little girl's shoulder.

The Midnight Mass was just ending. The bells were ringing loud and fast, and the faithful began to come out through the porch. Liettik recognized the neighbors from Kergombou, who were accompanied by her father and

mother and elder brother. She had an intense longing to speak to them.

"Wish them good-night," said her grandfather, "but do not be surprised if they pass without seeing you."

And, indeed, her greeting was in vain, for they did not even turn their heads; perhaps their thoughts were too busy with the prospect of the eel and the boar's head. Presently, among the fast-scattering congregation, Liettik caught sight of the teacher—"Mademoiselle," as they called her in the district. But Mademoiselle did not hear her greeting any more than the others. Neither did the old rector, who was the last to leave the church, walking absent-mindedly, his face sunk in his muffler, his hands wrapped in the sleeves of his great-coat.

At length all the people of Saint-Riwal and the neighborhood had disappeared, and in the silence of the lonely country-side could be heard the happy voices of the retreating peasants, wending their way home through the folds of the hills to eat the traditional "Christmas night meal." And lo! once more the Woman in the blue mantle appeared, pressing to her bosom the Infant wrapped in gold, and once more the column of psalm singers formed up behind her.

"Come!" said the *tadiou-coz*.

At first Liettik thought that the hour had struck to go back to Corn-Cam. But instead of leading down hill, the road they followed sloped gently upward, and was bordered on both sides by strange trees, in full leaf, for all it was mid-Winter, and with tops that swayed in ordered rhythm with a loud, melodious murmur. The sky, which was of unusual purity, seemed to draw nearer to the earth, or, rather, the earth was sinking, foundering, in the yawning void of space. Corn-Cam, the Yeun, Ménez Mikêl, the whole familiar landscape, lay beneath her—nothing more than a little spray floating on the sea of darkness

below. Then the spray itself faded, vanished! And Liettik could see nothing but the vault of heaven, and the mystic pathway suspended in mid-air, and the choir of pilgrims mounting, mounting.

She was just about to ask: "But really, *tadiou-coz*, where *are* we going?" when, across the shining azure depths of space, a flight of angels passed, singing low and sweetly:

Qui meurt à minuit, la nuit de Noël,
Va sans purgatoire au pays du ciel!...

(Here, in the time of my childhood, the old peasant women, who told us this story, used to say by way of peroration: "And that was the passing of Liettik. May God keep her soul in His joy!")

Two years ago, when travelling in the interior of Brittany, I came in the freshness of evening to the poor little *bourgade* of Saint-Riwal, after having wandered all day long among the hill-tops and the valleys of the Arrée. By good luck, I chanced upon an almost comfortable lodging in the house of a certain Lannuzel, a man of venerable age and a prepossessing innkeeper. Curious as I was to find out if the memory of little Aliette still survived in the district, I could not have halted at a better spot. Lannuzel had known her: they had been to the Catechism Class together.

"A saint and a martyr," he said.

He remembered her very features, her sad eyes, of the color of burnt peat, her thin lips almost always tightly closed, her pale and freckled face.

"How did she die?" I asked.

My host shook his head. According to him, there was something suspicious about it, and the police ought to have been notified. However, he told me all he knew, giving it as his opinion that she died because she broke her heart.

One thing is certain, that Bleiz-ar-Yeun and his wife did not leave Kergombou till dawn, and that on reaching

home they found the door wide open and stumbled over the body of Liettik on the pathway. A waggoner of Morlaix, who happened to be passing, helped to carry the dead child in; but no sooner had they entered the kitchen than another tragic sight confronted them: the cindery form of the *tadiou-coz*.

The fire, which had burnt itself out by then, must first have caught the straw in his sabots, then crept up to attack his woollen stockings, the patient work of the dead Radégonda. The flames had left behind them the black traces of their passage, and yet the *tadiou-coz* sat stiffly there in his habitual attitude, his hands resting on his knees, with the aspect of an Egyptian statue. The expression of his face showed no sign of suffering.

They were buried together. The same cart bore both big and little coffin to their last resting place.

Bleiz-ar-Yeun and his son collected in the parish for a tombstone. It lies at the foot of the Calvary—a heavy slab of slate on which the naïve and pious chisel of a local artist has carved two trees, probably meant to be symbolic: a knotted oak and a diminutive willow. Below them, in rough lettering, is an inscription, as simple as the lives of the two whose names it records:

MIKEL EUZEN. ALIETTA NANES. 1844.

(The End.)

MEN, not angels, are the Church's charge, and she remembers we are dust; not with loud yells, vindictive, does she hound the fallen to utter destruction, but out of sinners, she fashions saints. The human dust, in her hands, is built up into a man reflecting not the first Adam but the Second. And that is her real offence against the world: not that she would make sinners of men, but saints; for it is an undying reproach to the world that saints are possible in it.—*John Ayscough.*

America's First Christian Grave.

WHO was the first man to be buried under the shadow of the Cross in America? He was not a Spaniard, nor was he of Anglo-Saxon stock. His name was Thorwald, one of the sons of Eric the Red of Greenland, whose friend, Biarne Bardson, when driven out of his course on a voyage from Iceland, discovered North America. This was in the late Summer of the year 986.

Thorwald, fired by his friend's discovery, and the voyage in 1000 to Vinland by his brother, Leif, reached America in the Autumn of 1002, and passed the Winter at Leifsbudir or Leif's-booths, which was situated at Mount Hope's Bay. He and his Norsemen remained in Vinland, that has been identified with Massachusetts and Rhode Island, till the Summer of 1004. Then Thorwald, leaving a party at Leifsbudir, set sail in his long-ship with her square, woollen sail and oarsmen. They passed Kialarnes, or Keeleape, which is Cape Cod, and kept on until they came to a headland overgrown with wood.

Thorwald was so pleased with this spot that he told his comrades he would like well to have his settlement here. As the men were returning to their vessel they noticed three hillocks on the sandy beach, which they found to be three canoes, and under each, three natives. A fight ensued. Eight of the natives were killed; the ninth escaped with his canoe. Shortly afterwards a large band of aborigines rushed upon the Norsemen from the interior. Thorwald and his men retreated to their ship, but not till he had received a wound under the arm from an arrow.

Finding the wound to be mortal he said to his men: "Get you about your departure as soon as possible, but me ye shall bring to the headland where I thought it good to dwell. Mayhap, it was a prophetic word that fell from my

mouth about my abiding there for a season. There shall ye bury me, and there place a cross at my head and also at my feet, and call the place Krossanes (Crossness) in all time coming."

This his men did, placing a cross at his head and his feet, for already the Catholic teachers among the Norse, had wrought good work; and in many parts the worship of Thor and Odin was cast down. Thorwald and his men were, indeed, worshippers of the "White Christ." After burying Thorwald, the Norsemen rejoined their companions at Leifsbudir, and sailed in the Spring of 1005 for Greenland. But, at Krossanes, which has been identified as Gurnet Point, lay the first Christian grave which had been made in all America.

Late in the Eighteenth Century, a Norse cemetery was found on Rainford Island in the Bay of Boston. Here, it has been discovered, were buried at later dates the dead of the many Norse expeditions from Greenland to North America. Between 986 and 1347, the last date given in history to a voyage from Greenland to America, there were frequent visits by these Vikings to Massachusetts and Rhode Island, to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

Lending Libraries.

Circulating libraries were instituted in the Middle Ages, still sometimes called the Dark Ages—by those who are in the dark about them. They date from the Fourteenth Century, when the University of Paris, as a help to the students attending it, had a law enacted which compelled all booksellers to keep books to lend out on hire; and this example was imitated at Toulouse, Bologna, Vienna, and Oxford. Complete catalogues of books were exposed for the public, with the prices of hiring affixed, and the students had a right to make copies of them.

Not to be Bought.

IN an age when wealth takes on undue importance in the estimation of the average man, and when youth may well be excused for repeating the complaint formulated in "Locksley Hall,"

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?

Every door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys,—

it is inspiring to read of men who quietly and unostentatiously thrust aside the proffer of riches in exchange for the abandonment of unselfish devotion to their country. One such man was the late Arthur Griffith, for whose untimely death the best friends of Ireland are still grieving. Writing in the *Southern Cross*, of Buenos Aires, Sean Ghall, an intimate friend of the dead statesman, relates this incident:

"In the early days of the *United Irishman*, an American newspaper magnate called on Arthur Griffith. I was present in the office. 'You are Mr. Arthur Griffith, the journalist, sir.'—'I am Griffith.'—'Well, I am — of New York. I have long been on the look out for a paragraph writer whose sentences shine and scintillate. You are my man; you are the best of paragraphists.'

"It was Tuesday afternoon. Griffith was up to his eyes in work. He was going to press the same evening, and he had four long columns to fill. Taking his cigarette from his mouth, he looked steadily at the visitor. Then he removed his glasses and rubbed them, as he always did when moved by the spirit of Comedy or of Tragedy. He maintained a sphinx-like silence. 'My dear sir, if you come to New York I shall guarantee you £1000 a year—I shall write you a cheque for a year's salary in advance; it is more likely to be £2000 when you get there.'—'Excuse me, but I must finish my copy for press. I decline your offer.' The Gold Bug was amazed. He

looked round the poor office and continued in a contemptuous tone: 'Sir, you are toiling in a hovel when you might work under luxurious conditions in America. Mr. John O'Leary, the famous Fenian leader, who gave me your address, says you do not make thirty shillings a week clear money for yourself many a week.'—'Well,' rejoined Arthur, with an amused smile, 'that satisfies me. Why worry?'—'But think of my wealth with a smaller brain-box than yours.'

"Griffith continued writing in silence for half an hour, as the American limned a golden vista of wealth and influence. Quietly he stood up and said: 'Good-bye. I have work to do. You mean well, but your generosity is misplaced. I shall not leave Ireland for the wealth of Golconda.'—'You are a d— fool, Mr. Griffith. Think of what money has done for me.'—With that cold eye and impenetrable mask of a face, Griffith questioned: 'Has it made you happy?'—'It has, fairish. I ooze comfort and prosperity, as you see.'—'Well,' concluded Griffith, as he touched the bell, 'I am happy. Good-bye.' Then he went on writing, leaving an amazed and disgusted would-be benefactor to depart, shepherded by the clerk.

"Later in the evening I met the son of Midas in the Gresham Hotel holding forth against a 'God-forsaken country and a d— fool of a man, who spurned wealth and power.' John O'Leary in his quiet aristocratic way, put his hand on the orator's arm: 'You are mistaken, sir. There are greater, higher and holier entities in life than you ken of. Ireland's soul is safe whilst men like Griffith are its guardians—men who prefer service to gilded servitude.'"

It is precisely because Ireland, during her seven long centuries of subjection, was never without patriots of Mr. Griffith's calibre that her soul was kept visibly alive and that her aspirations have finally been fulfilled.

Notes and Remarks.

An editorial friend, who seems to realize better than most persons the tremendous strides with which this country has been advancing since the Declaration of Independence, expresses the opinion that our Government will require eminently sane leadership and firm hands to guide the Ship of State during the next one hundred and fifty years. He writes: "It has been four hundred and thirty years since Columbus discovered the Western Hemisphere. That does not seem so long ago; but what has been accomplished in that period of time is marvellous. The part of the unheard-of country, now known as the United States, has moved to the front in many respects, and is to-day regarded as the richest and most powerful nation on the face of the globe. It is looked upon as the land of liberty and freedom; but the construction placed upon these words by many people who make up the conglomeration of races and nationalities embodied in the population, is blazing the way to trouble which must be stopped, or it will lead to the overthrow of the Government and consequent chaos. Disrespect for those in authority, disregard of law, corruption in office, bribery and graft, are some of the things which are undermining our Government."

As a rule, Catholics in England, Ireland, France and other European countries, rather envy the political freedom, equal opportunities, "square deal," etc., enjoyed by their co-religionists here in the United States. Just at present, however, these are wondering whether we are quite so enviable as they have been led to suppose. The recent elections in Oregon and the spreading activities of the Ku-Klux Klan disclose conditions that can scarcely be described as ideal. In contrast to such conditions, the ap-

parent decline of anti-Catholic bigotry in England, as indicated by the relatively large number of Catholic candidates recently elected to the House of Commons, is distinctly gratifying. Not so long ago political parties in England commonly refused to put forward Catholic candidates because of the prejudice against their creed. When this stage was passed and Catholics did become candidates, it was rather the usual than the unusual thing for sectional agitation to be raised against them by Protestants, although such agitation occasionally failed of its object. At present, observes the *London Tablet*, "It is satisfactory to be assured by observers of the contests just closed that there has been a marked decline in the tactics that took religious prejudice to the polls. In some cases, as in that of Mr. Charles Mathew, in the East of London, a candidate gained rather than lost, even among non-Catholics, by his known profession of the Catholic Faith."

No Catholic educational institution should have failed to commemorate the anniversary, this month, of the birth of Louis Pasteur, whose achievements place him, not only among the most illustrious of scientists, but among the greatest benefactors of mankind. In bacteriology he held first place, and his discoveries in this branch of science are of inestimable importance. Although, according to some of his biographers, Pasteur was unfaithful at times in the practice of his religion, he never denied its claims upon him. In his case, there was no rejection of God, no disregard of the Church, no antagonism between Science and the Christian Religion. "The more I study, the more my faith becomes that of a Breton peasant; and deeper study might make it the faith of a Breton peasant's wife." This is a familiar saying of Pasteur. His belief in God as the beginning and end of all

things could not have been stronger. He often expressed his conviction that "the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart." In the closing years of his life he found supreme consolation in the teaching and Sacraments of the Church; and died, according to one account of his last moments, with the Rosary entwined about his fingers.

In an address at the commemoration of the Pasteur centenary at Columbia University, Prof. Emanuel de Margerie, of the University of Strasbourg (exchange professor of engineering), referred to Pasteur as one of the greatest glories of France, and declared that one of his characteristics, which has had a profound effect on French thought, was his attitude of faith both in the laboratory and in his private life. "Faith, that virtue which makes heroes and saints, and gives them power to endure as small things many hardships and sufferings—faith was from his youth a characteristic feature of Pasteur's personality, and it permeated his thoughts and deeds. In reading over the beautiful history of his life, one can not but be struck by the candid manner in which Pasteur remained to the end, and without any apparent conflict between the two sides of his nature, an unhesitating Christian in his religious concerns, as well as an intrepid reasoner in the demands of science."

Careful reading of recent books dealing with the origin, customs, and native laws of certain African tribes among whom European missionaries of various denominations are laboring, and of whose advancement and prosperity glowing reports are given, confirms our conviction that those missionaries are wisest who go most slowly in pulling down, in favor of a spurious form of civilization, laws long established and customs jealously cherished. The moral

effect is often disastrous. To Christianize rather than to civilize, should be the aim of the missionary; and the more completely he forgets most of the manners and customs of his native land the greater will be his success. Not a few African chiefs have come to regard all white men as humbugs and hypocrites, and the more they learn about European civilization the less regard they are likely to have for it.

'Do the people of your country practise what you preach here?' asked an educated Mohammedan of a missionary from Europe. 'You blame the Barotse mothers for killing children born deformed; what about killing children before they are born, whether deformed or not? You lie and plunder and murder, but for all such crimes you have soft names. You go abroad to preach peace, and you wage war at home. Your hands are still red with the blood of your brethren in Europe. Let me tell you, your civilization has failed.'

"A Career of Service: The Story of a Success that Came through Self-sacrifice." Such is the title which a writer in the *Delineator* for January gives to an article describing the wondrous work of Mother Alphonsa in behalf of incurable cancer victims. We quote the more notable passages:

Nathaniel Hawthorne gave to the world more than books and stories of idealism: he gave a daughter, Rose; and the idealism of the father's stories lives again in the life of his youngest daughter. For Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has dedicated her life, to become a servant of the poor who are victims of incurable cancer. To-day she is known simply as Mother Alphonsa of the Third Order of St. Dominic, founder and mother-superior of St. Rose's Home, New York, and of The Rosary, at Hawthorne, N. Y., the only free hospitals for incurable cancer. To one or the other of these hospitals during the past twenty-six years thousands of friendless and penniless cancer victims have come to die. Among them were those who, because of the nature of their

cruel malady, were no longer welcome at home and those who had faced the closed doors of all general hospitals and to whom special sanatorium treatment was prohibitive. By the years of sacrifice, grace, service and dauntless courage of Mother Alphonsa, for the first time in months, sometimes in years, these sufferers have known the blessedness of expert care given sympathetically and ungrudgingly. In the cheerful sun-parlors of the hospitals, in the simple gardens, or in the beds, outcasts who were once alone in their terror find that life still holds some measure of comfort and companionship.

Mother Alphonsa's hospitals are always full to overflowing. Every horror of cancer is represented here, yet it is horror magnificently ignored. Each patient quietly waits the end of his suffering. And it is only by virtue of one victim's release by death that another finds entrance. Three hundred and fifty-five died in St. Rose's Home last year, one for almost every day in the year, and as many more are welcomed in.

The clever writer who conducts "Our Library Table" department in the London *Catholic Times* deplors the fact that literary societies are not nearly so popular as they seemed to be a generation ago. In response to the argument that the Catholic Evidence Society, the Catholic Social Guild and other kindred societies, are doing in England the work desiderated, and doing it with special objects in view, he truly says: "It is just the fact that a literary society has no special aim or purpose other than to add a mental interest and grace to life which gives to such a society its individual usefulness and charm." Concluding a suggestive discussion of the matter from many angles, he correlates his subject to wider and larger ones in this paragraph:

Catholics in the truest sense are the heirs of all the ages. We are the true aristocrats. Ours is the noblest of royal houses. The Church is the only institution left standing to front modern civilization as it fronted the Empire of ancient Rome. But what has this to do with such a simple matter as a literary society? Only this—that aristocrats should be a cultivated class, and cultivation can be most easily acquired through sanctity or through

literature. Your true saint, in the abnegation of self, will be a great gentleman according to the standard of his age. But failing saintliness, with its war against selfishness, pride and greed, and with its ever-present consciousness, immortality, cultivation of mind and manner—and of heart, too, if the will is responsive also to full ideals—can most easily be learnt from literature. Hence a desire to see us Catholics amidst our multifarious activities a little concerned—and not priggishly or too self-consciously concerned—with great writings, because they have a value not quotable in the market-place, a charm which whist-drives and dances, backing winners and watching football matches never permanently hold, and a message which life itself is all too short to learn in full. The best literature is of the stuff of immortality, and should be known and valued for its own sake by those who, more than all others, know that the spirit of man is immortal.

The rapid disintegration of the various Protestant sects that has been going on of late years has surprised no one who ever seriously examined the dogmatic basis of these different bodies. Logically, they are all doomed to division and subdivision, to unending rupture, discord, disunion, and final extinction. A tendency that is attracting considerable notice at present is visible in another non-Catholic body, the Jews. The decline of religious feeling among the followers of Judaism is so marked that a leading rabbi has been heard to say: "Unless family affliction induce a temporary personal interest in the ordinary services, our members are content to support the Synagogue by proxy." Furthermore, he declares, that "among the majority of the Jews of our day Judaism has largely shrunk into a memory, and stands for nothing vital." This is undoubtedly true of both Judaism and Protestantism. The only really vital religion is that of Jesus Christ and His earthly Vicar.

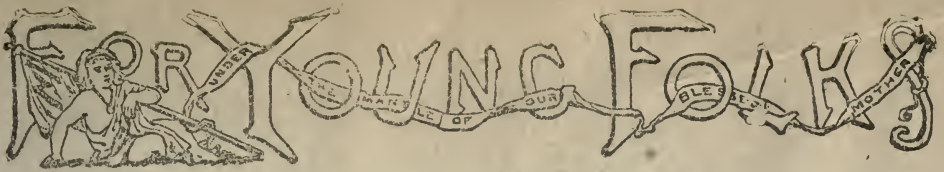
We have been hearing of late months so much about the number of Catholic students in State universities and other

non-Catholic colleges, that it is something of a surprise to learn of the number of non-Catholic students in our own institutions of learning. Of the 2011 students attending Marquette University, as many as 1274 are not members of the Church. Most of them belong to various denominations, ranging from the Orthodox Greek Church to Christian Science; but 283 of the number profess no religious belief whatever. We understand that some other Catholic universities, especially those whose courses in law and medicine are exceptionally good, also have a large number of non-Catholic students. This is doubtless an excellent thing for the sectarian portion of the student-body; but there may be a question as to the advisability of allowing the percentage of non-Catholics to rise much higher: the general atmosphere would run some risk of becoming vitiated.

Religion that is worth while is not a mere garment to be put on once a week for Sunday purposes; it is an integral portion of one's very being, and its dictates color one's ordinary speech and actions. Two cases in point are mentioned in a recent issue of the *Catholic News*, of New York:

The natural way in which public men who are Catholics often drop into Catholic expressions when speaking before audiences indicates that their religion means something to them. "To expect New York to continue with her present form of government," said Governor-elect Smith in one of his campaign speeches, "is like asking a grown-up man to wear the same suit of clothes he wore at his First Communion." Mr. George M. Cohan, at a large gathering of theatrical people, where he presided, in announcing the death of Frank Bacon, famous actor, said: "I ask you to stand for one minute in silent prayer for the repose of the soul of Frank Bacon, who is dead in Chicago."

Striking evidence that Catholic doctrines constitute the warp and woof of the speakers' mentality.



The New Year and the Old.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

SEE yonder laughing boy!
It is the glad New Year;
Our hearts are wild with joy
To bid him-welcome here.
His hands are filled with gifts,
O'erflowing at our feet;
The promise on his lips
Is hopeful, gay and sweet.
But mark yon whitehaired man!
His form is thin and weak,
His eyes are dim with age,
Wan is his faded check.
Once he, too, brought us gifts,
We took them from his hand;
Once he, too, reigned a king
O'er all the joyous land.
His lamp goes out to-night;
But shall we, then, forget
How oft beneath its glow
Together we have met?
Ah, no! Come clasp his hands,
E'en though their touch be cold;
And while we greet the glad New Year,
Sigh gently for the Old.

OF all birds, St. Francis of Assisi used to say that he best loved the crested lark, because she wore a hood like a true religious, and praised God so sweetly as she flew into the sky. The night before he died, after a rain that had washed clean the earth, a multitude of these little birds flew to the house where the saint lay, and, wheeling in a circle over the roof, sang as if they, too, were praising the Lord and welcoming "Brother Death."

Frank Taylor's Good Fortune.

BY ROSEMARY HOAR.

THE 5.20 trolley from the suburban town of Millville fairly bounded over the rails one Winter afternoon; for it was already behind time, and the city men who worked in the little factory village would be waiting to crowd into it for the return trip, a few minutes after six. There were only two passengers. The old-fashioned little lady, who wore a black silk dress and a fur coat, fidgeted and clung to the seat whenever an unusually hard bump threatened to displace her; the boy opposite had picked up the *Record*, which the conductor had thrown aside, and was absorbed in the contents of the want-column. Above the edge of the newspaper could be seen a fringe of auburn hair; and when the boy put the paper down, the little lady looked curiously at his freckled nose and large dark eyes. His face seemed troubled, and his clothes were badly worn. This small motherly woman had a very large heart, which leaped right out of its place whenever she laid eyes upon a forlorn-looking child. Her only boy had been left fatherless at ten, and together they had struggled on, each helping the other. He was a prominent business man now, but no one except his mother knew how long and how hard had been the road to success.

While the kind woman was musing upon the child, wondering whether he were fatherless, motherless, or needed help, and wishing she could know just what was troubling him now, the car came to a sudden halt, and she arose to step out. But a crowd of rough men

rushing in, all eager to obtain seats, brushed past her, blocking the way. Turning toward the other end of the car, she paused, checked by the same condition. The little boy stood behind her. He was in a hurry, and hoped that some man in the crowd would have the politeness to step aside and let her pass. He saw that she was bewildered. The conductor was busy outside.

"Let me go first," he said to her, touching his tattered cap respectfully, "and you follow close."

With surprising strength, the little fellow elbowed his way out, jostling through the crowded platform as only a small boy can, squirming in zigzag fashion to make all the more room for his follower; and, having stepped off victoriously, helped the old lady to do likewise. Then he was off, and the timid little woman had not time even to say "Thank you!" Nothing could have been more disappointing to her grateful heart. She repeated the whole affair that night to her son, who first fumed and raged at the disrespect his mother had received, and then became interested in her rescuer.

"If he had only waited so I could speak to him and learn his name!" said Mrs. Atchison.

"Evidently not the kind of boy who does things expecting a reward, mother," commented Mr. Atchison, thoughtfully. "What did he look like?"

A minute description followed.

"And I know he needs help," concluded Mrs. Atchison. "O Henry, if you would only find him!"

"Well, mother dear, I'll see what I can do to-morrow."

When Frank Taylor had assisted Mrs. Atchison from the car, he hurried home and thought of her no more. He had been in the city all the afternoon looking for work, and was too much concerned about other things. When the boy

entered the house, his mother's eyes scanned his face, but she asked no question: that searching glance told her all. She greeted her son as usual with a cheery word and smile.

"Come, Frank!" she said. "I've just made some nice hot soup. Come and have some. There, baby, do wait and let mother attend to brother first; he's cold and tired." (This to the baby clinging to her skirts.)

"I'll wait on myself, mother," he said, proceeding to do so. "Where are Alice and Gertie? Can't they take care of baby for a while?"

"The doctor was just here, dear, and I had to send them on errands."

"What did he say, mother?"

"Oh, nothing much!" answered the woman, walking to the stove that the boy might not see her tears.

"Mother, tell me what he said," demanded Frank, following her.

Mrs. Taylor found it impossible to meet Frank's eyes with deception.

"He said that the cough has been wearing on your father too long, and that he should have given up work long ago; and that if he expects to live he must go out West for a few months, or maybe a year."

The boy choked down a lump.

"How much money have we left in the bank, mother?"

"Very little, dear. But when your father gets better, maybe he will be able to work in Colorado; and if he succeeds well, we can all go there. I can do washing and sewing, and Gertie and Alice can help about the house. I'm sorry, though, we couldn't keep you at school, Frank."

"Never mind about me, mother. I'm sorry you will have to take in washing; but perhaps it won't be for long. I'll look for work again to-morrow morning, first thing, and I'll get it too!" declared the boy; for he was determined to do so if it was at all possible.

"Frank, do look here!" cried Alice, early next morning, rushing into the house. She had been sent for a loaf of bread and the morning *Record*, that her brother might read the "Wants."

"What is it?" he asked from the room where he had been polishing his shoes, brushing his clothes, and accomplishing sundry other little feats relating to a very thorough morning toilet.

"Look, Frank!" repeated his sister. "Wanted: a good, smart, honest boy. Must be red-haired and freckle-faced. Atchison & Ray."

Frank dropped the shoebrush.

"Are you fooling?" he demanded.

"It's right there—see?" was the quick reply.

The boy read the advertisement eagerly. For once in his life he was glad of his hair and freckles, and did not quarrel with his sister for drawing attention to them.

"Isn't that a funny thing to put in an advertisement, mother?"

"It does seem odd; but some business men, they say, do queer things. It will be no harm to try your luck; you'd better take the next car."

An hour later Frank found himself one of a row of boys in a waiting-room outside Mr. Atchison's private office. The youngsters had hair of various degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown. Some were speckled; others could boast only a few of these marks. It all seemed so funny to Frank that for a while he forgot about his trouble, and greeted each newcomer with a smile, wondering in the meanwhile as to how red would be the hair and how many the freckles of the next arrival.

The first admitted for examination had a fiery head and as many rusty spots as any one could desire. Mr. Atchison himself had opened the door to let him in, and, as he did so, swept an amused glance over the line of appli-

cants. In a few moments that boy came out and another went in.

"Said my hair was too red an' I had too many freckles," declared No. 1, with a grin that showed a front tooth missing. "Maybe you'll do," he said, passing Frank; "you ain't got so many an' yer hair's most brown."

Frank felt encouraged, although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Atchison was not a man with time to waste in looking over a crowd of boys without a purpose.

"He's got his granny in there with him, an' she says I wasn't the right one at all: I was too pert altogether," said another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a comical face.

Frank laughed and grew all the more curious. Why should a business man have an old woman helping him to select an office boy? Perhaps—

"Next!" called a voice at the open door, and Frank was admitted.

"Why did you hurry away so last night?" was the most unexpected greeting from a little old lady who rose from her chair to meet him.

"What—I—please excuse me. I don't know what you mean," answered the astonished boy.

"Why didn't you wait after helping me off the car yesterday?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, suddenly recognizing her. "I remember now. I was in a hurry home."

"Why were you in such a great hurry?" demanded the little woman in a tone that almost hid the kindness which lay behind it.

"I knew my mother would be waiting," replied the boy; "and I wanted to hear what the doctor said about my father. He's sick."

"There! I knew something was the matter," she said triumphantly, turning to her son.

"Would you like work, young man?" asked Mr. Atchison, who until now had

not had a chance to speak. "What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I never worked before; I just left school. But I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best."

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless women ought to do pretty well in any line," said Mr. Atchison. "You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon."

"And now, come with me. What's your name? Frank? Come with me, Frank; I want to ask you some questions. Is the carriage waiting, Henry? It's quite a drive to Millville. I don't like the city, and want to get out of it," she continued, addressing Frank; "and I won't ride in those cars any more."

"Well, I'm glad mother has some more people to look after," laughed Mr. Atchison softly to himself, as the door closed upon the two. "Since she got that poor Rice family upon their feet, she's been rather idle. If I mistake not, that boy is deserving of help, too. But I'm sure mother will have the whole family's history to tell me to-night."

And, with the triple satisfaction of having pleased his mother, done a good turn for just such a youngster as he himself once was, and having obtained a capable boy into the bargain, the busy man set about his work.

In the meantime the kindly old lady and the jubilant Frank were speedily taken to the Taylor home. Half an hour's conversation between Mrs. Atchison and the boy's mother was sufficient to convince the latter that the way out of her various troubles was open to her. And nowadays, with her husband's health fully restored, and her son in receipt of a rapidly increasing salary, she often blesses the incident that gave rise to her good fortune,—the act of courtesy shown to an old lady by her dear red-haired, freckle-faced Frank.

The Christian Countersign.

What the watchword, or countersign, is for soldiers, the Creed was for the first Christians, especially during the times of persecution. It was everywhere a means of recognition among themselves. If one unknown to any of the worshippers wished to attend their services, at which the Apostles' Creed was always recited, the sentinel stopped him at the door, saying:

"Give the countersign,—repeat the watchword."

If the would-be attendant was able to recite the articles of the Creed, without missing anything, he was admitted; if not, he was refused. Prior to the Council of Nicæa (325) the Apostles' Creed was never committed to writing, but only confided by word of mouth.

An Old Custom.

What is probably the most ancient survival of feudal tradition is what is called planting the horngarth, a ceremony which has been carried out for centuries at Whitby, England. A wounded boar, so the story goes, was fleeing from its pursuer and was sheltered by a pious hermit, who was slain by the angry hunter. The planting of the horngarth, or penny hedge, is done as an act of reparation for that cruel murder. The horngarth is formed by placing a hedge of stakes in the tide-way in the upper part of Whitby harbor, in the presence of the lord of the manor. When it is completed a horn, hundreds of years old, is brought forth and three loud blasts are blown.

Why the Angels Love the Stars.

§ THINK the angels love the stars,
For every flake of snow
Is like the sparks of shining light
That in the heavens glow.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The earliest known specimen of Philippine typography was Padre Blancas' Tagalese grammar printed in 1610, the first three pages of which are occupied by a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. Books were printed in the Philippines ten years before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock.

—The recently published "Letters" of Lord Wolseley show him to have been frank, if harsh, in his judgments on the productions of certain poets as well as on the performances of certain politicians; for instance, on the "mystic and un-understandable gibberish" which Browning "called poetry."

—The house of J. H. Fabre, the famous entomologist, has become the property of the French Government, after a notable ceremony presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction. This simple old dwelling, at Sérignan, was the scene of Fabre's most important and difficult labors, and will, undoubtedly, attract many visitors.

—It is with interest that one draws attention to two organs voicing the faith and convictions of young Catholics in Europe: one, *Les Lettres*, is already a distinguished and successful monthly; the other, *Pfingstfeuer*, appears in the interest of younger German Catholics at Breslau every two months. Both publications seem to be distinguished by a keen understanding of the virtue which the great Apostle celebrated under the name of charity.

—English Catholics will welcome the "Catholic Diary" and "Catholic Almanack and Guide to the Services of the Church" for 1923, published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne. The arrangement of both is excellent, and the format so convenient that they may serve as pocket companions. The "Diary" is now in its fiftieth year of publication, which shows how indispensable it has become. The "Almanack" is the work of the editor of the English "Catholic Directory," the best book of its kind that we know of.

—Canon William Barry thinks that the late Mrs. Meynell "would have graced the Laureate's wreath, had it been offered to her"; and in a fine tribute to this "saint of literature," as some one called her, paid in the London *Tablet*, says: "Among our Catholic women writers, so many of whom add lustre to philan-

thropy and literature, Alice Meynell is sure of lasting renown.... Her voice was that of a sister-soul chanting the Gospel of peace, resignation, hope, and courage to her fellow-Christians."

—In Vol. LV. of his pastoral works, Mgr. J. M. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield, continues to illustrate the manifestations of the Catholic life in well-organized parishes. The watchful eye of the diocesan chief pastor foresees dangers, and a warning note is sounded. The spiritual welfare holds naturally the first place in these writings; but wise and paternal counsel as to temporal affairs is also afforded. The sacerdotal meditations presented are a sure tonic for the priestly soul; the circular letters on a variety of subjects are wise and practical. This volume deals with the exciting events from 1914-1917, and the high ground taken reveals no false note concerning duty to God and country.

—Our word "idyl," like Tennyson's "gentleman," has, of late years, become "soiled with all ignoble uses"; but it is the only word fitly to describe "Mother Machree," a novel by the Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J. It is an idyl of the city, a beautiful story beautifully told of a childish Catholic singer. Father Scott assures us that, in the main, it is a true story; and its climax once more verifies the dictum, that truth is stranger than fiction. Were the novel only a bit of fiction, the dénouement would probably be different,—and yet we are not sure that any other conclusion than that of the book could be so intrinsically artistic. In any case, readers who sense the underlying philosophy of the author's treatment of these pages from life will hesitate to say that little Bernard's career lacks true symmetry. The Macmillan Co.; price, \$1.75.

—A new Marian book that deserves a cordial welcome from all clients of our Blessed Lady is "The Fairest Flower of Paradise," by the Very Rev. A. M. Lepicier, O. S. M., one of the consultors of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation. It is an exposition of the various titles in the Litany of Loreto. To each invocation are given three brief considerations, followed (as in the traditional books of devotion) by an example and a prayer. The prestige of the author and his official position warrant our calling attention to the fact that the twenty-sixth invocation

appears as "Vessel of Singular Devotion," and to the further fact that the concluding invocation, following "Queen of Peace," is "Queen of Thy Servants." The volume (a 12mo of 320 pages) is so arranged that it may be used as a book for spiritual reading, for meditation, or for the May and October devotions. Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.75.

—Those who are interested in proving that poetry is as universal as nature will find a good argument in "Lays of Goa" and "Lyrics of a Goan," which make up an attractive little volume by Joseph Furtado, of Bombay. His genuine feeling for Catholic beauty, his eye for the lovely things in Oriental nature, and his shrewd, finely-humorous appraisal of men, find expression in simple English stanzas that are not without distinct charm. Here is a descriptive sample:

A quiet village on the way—
With all its temple bells a- ringing,
The chirp of birds in temple eaves,
Its maidens at the well a- singing;
Singing to peepul's dancing leaves—
A stranger too at twilight dim,
With dogs and children after him.

Surely this is a better inducement to visit Goa than Mr. Kipling has provided. Those who wish to invest in the book, which is also a souvenir of the exposition of St. Francis Xavier, may send two rupees to B. X. Furtado and Sons, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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

- "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.
- "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
- "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

- "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
- "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50.
- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
- "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
- "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
- "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.
- "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. James Bobier, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Timothy Sullivan, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. John Eis, diocese of Columbus.

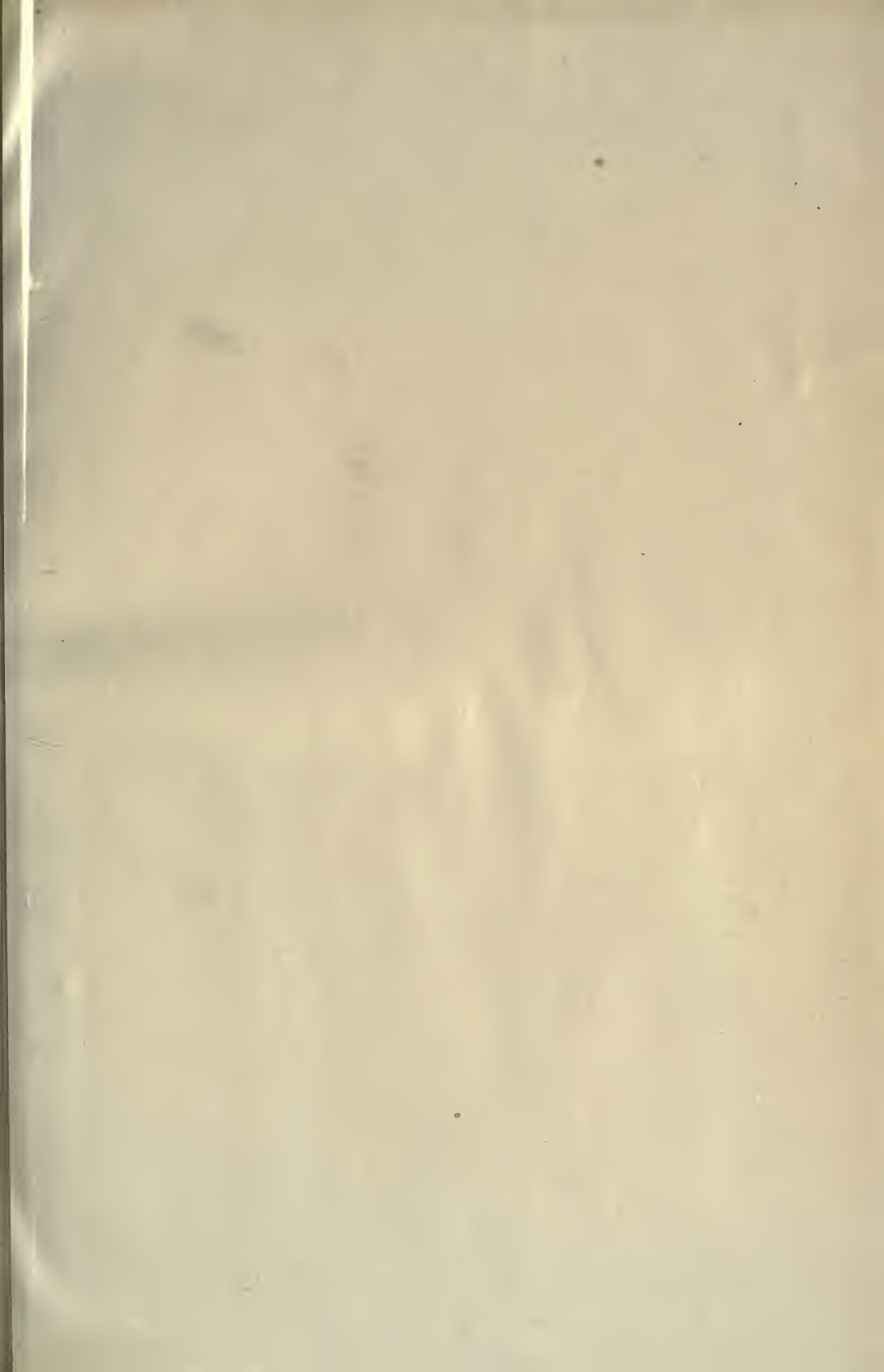
Mr. W. J. Atkinson, Mr. Charles Ruthmann, Mr. Thomas Martin, Mr. J. C. Conkling, Mrs. J. Hartnett, Mr. Edward Lundrigan, Mr. M. Golden, Mr. John Craven; Agnes Craven, Mrs. Hannah Mulligan, Mrs. Thomas Adelsperger, Mr. George Adams, Mrs. Bridget Hayes, Miss Mary Walsh, Mr. Albert Burkard, Mr. John Dalton, Miss Charlotte Forster, Mrs. B. Welch, and Mr. Joseph Pim.

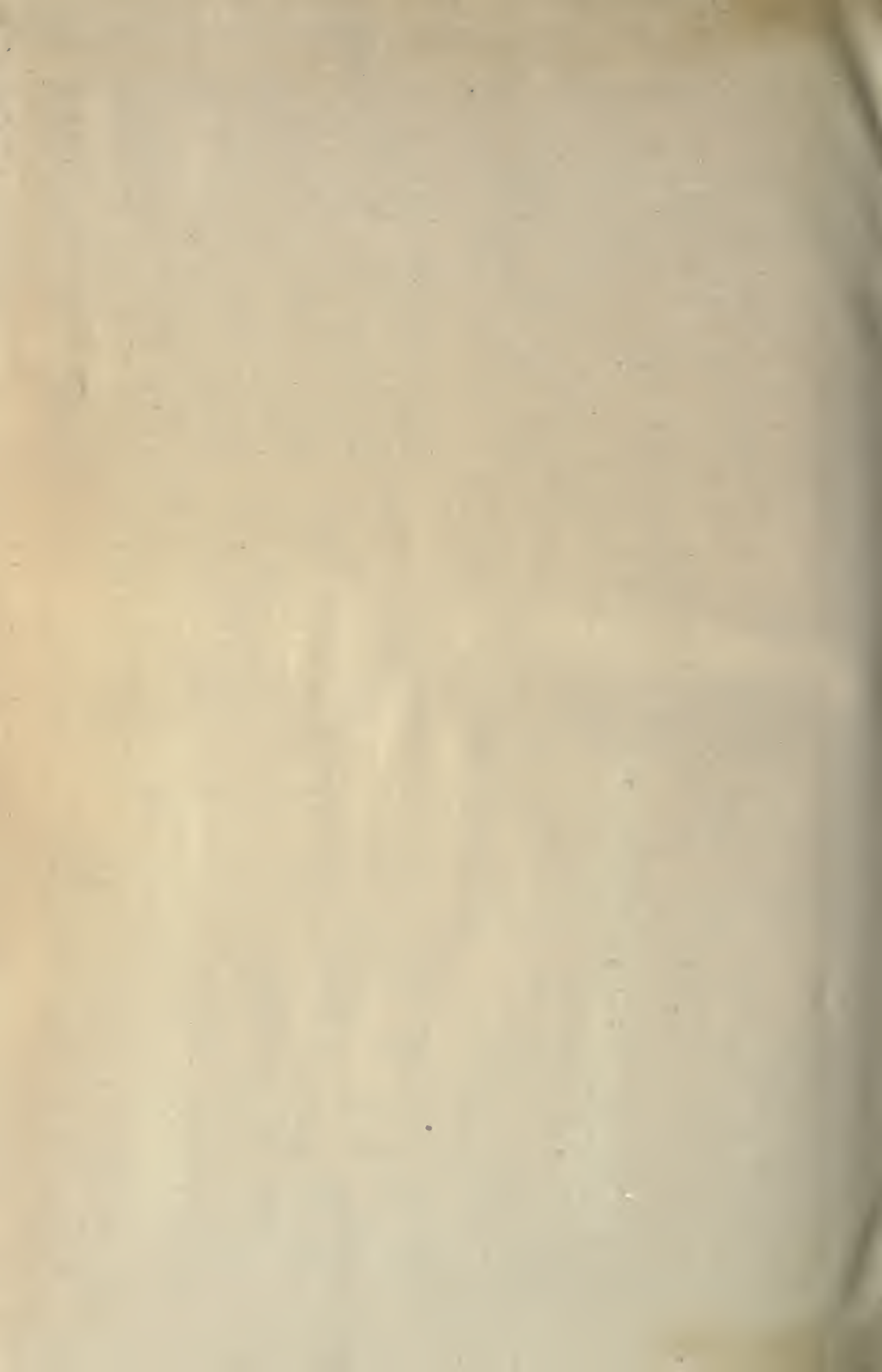
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the War victims in Central Europe: Antonio Tabacchi, \$5; Mrs. T. F. Cavanaugh, \$5; K. McM., in honor of the Infant Jesus, \$20; P. V. H., \$5; friend, \$25; Rev. W. A. M., \$1; A. J. B. S., \$2; Margaret Morning, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$5; Miss J. S., \$10; Mrs. C. L., 50 cents; M. O., in honor of Our Lady, \$2.50; M. A. J., in honor of the Infant Jesus, \$5; Mother M. Bertrand, \$5; C. J. D., in thanksgiving, \$50. For the sufferers in Armenia and Russia: per Mrs. M. C. H., \$5; Mrs. Mary Fitzpatrick, \$100. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Ellen Crawley, \$5.





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Ave Maria.

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